

ROY SMECK'S UKULELE FUN BOOK

A POCKETFUL OF UNRIVALED SONG HITS

SIMPLE AND CATCHY ARRANGEMENTS

OF 29 FAVORITES, OLD AND NEW,

AMONG THEM:

PARADE OF THE
WOODEN SOLDIERS
(IN THE GOOD OLD
SUMMER TIME)

PEANUT VENDOR
PAPER DOLL
YOURS

BALLIN' THE JACK GLOW WORM

POINCIANA

**THERE'LL BE SOME
CHANGES MADE**

SONG OF THE ISLANDS
EL RANCHO GRANDE
MANHATTAN

AND MANY MORE

EDWARD B. MARKS MUSIC CORPORATION

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80

ROY SMECK'S UKULELE FUN BOOK

a pocketfull of unrivaled song hits

Fox Trots (Dixieland to Sweet),
Waltzes, Rumbas and many other types
of current and standard successes
especially arranged for ukulele

by
ROY SMECK
"Wizard of the Strings"

complete with charts and diagrams for
the beginner and the advanced player

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Printed in U.S.A.



ROY SMECK,

known for 25 years as a virtuoso of the ukelele, Hawaiian and Spanish guitars, banjo, harmonica and many other instruments, has justly earned the title of "Wizard of the Strings." He appeared in scores of motion pictures for the major movie studios, and performed the first ukulele solo in sound pictures. Aside from his movie career, he built himself a national reputation with innumerable cross country tours and appearances with such outstanding artists as Mischa Elman, Martinelli, Harold Bauer and the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. Finally, he has augmented his standing as a performing artist with any number of fine recordings as well as with numerous collections of ukulele music which he arranged and edited.

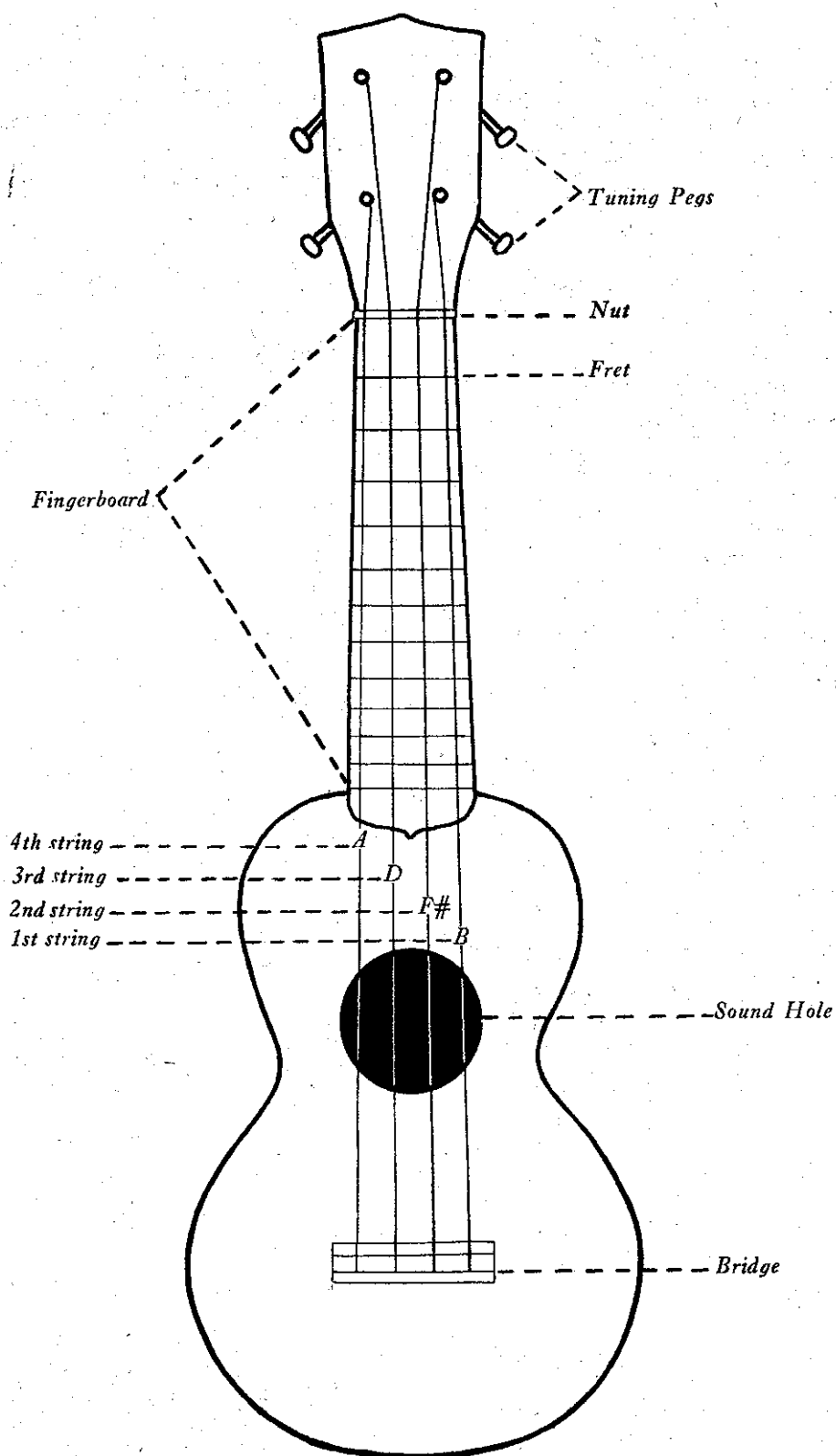
Trying constantly to improve his instrument, he perfected, among other inventions, a tuning device which makes the playing of even the most difficult and unusual keys a matter of greatest simplicity.

The book which follows is a collection of the song successes of today and yesterday as arranged for the ukulele by this great artist, preceded by a set of detailed instructions for playing this more popular than ever instrument. Should you have any other questions about the instrument or the author of this book, please feel free to write to the publishers who will be glad to forward your letters to Mr. Smeck.

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THE UKULELE



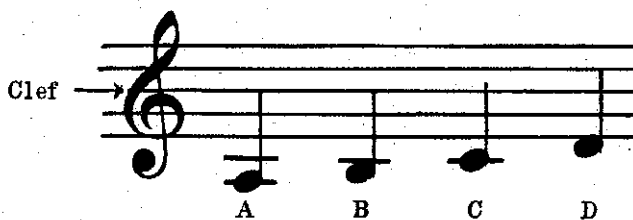
MUSICAL NOTATION

7

Staff, Notes, Lines, Spaces



Notes below the staff



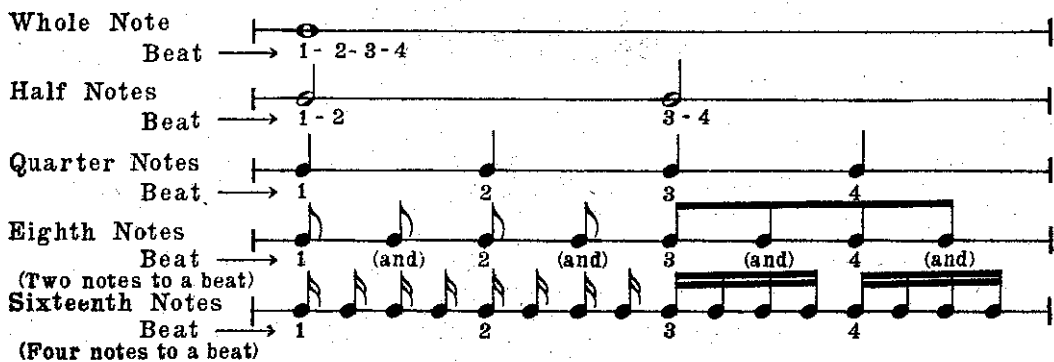
Notes above the staff



Sharps, Flats, Naturals

The *Sharp*— $\sharp$ —raises a note one fret or one half-tone
 The *Flat*— $\flat$ —lowers a note one fret or one half-tone
 The *Natural*— $\natural$ —restores a note to the original fret or tone

Note Values



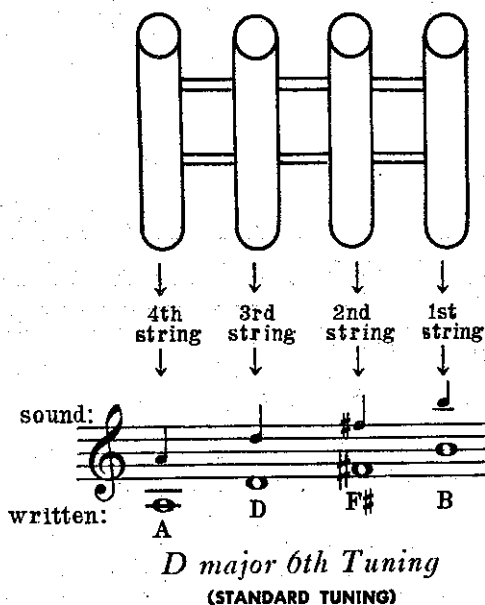
Rests



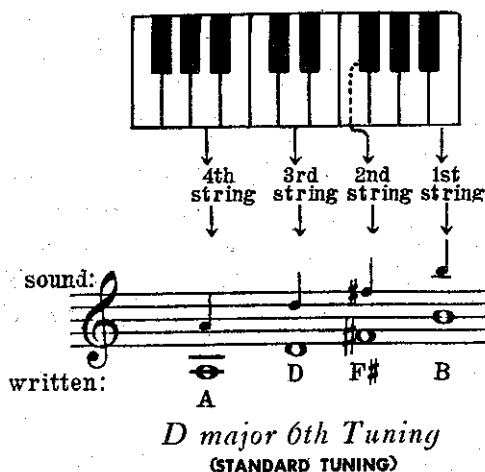
HOW TO TUNE THE UKULELE

The ukulele may be tuned in a number of ways: with the help of the piano, some other instrument or by ear; but whatever system you use, always begin by tuning the third string, then go on to the second, then to the first and finally to the fourth.

The easiest way to tune the ukulele is with a *Ukulele Tuner*. This device consists of four pipes each of which produces the correct tone for a corresponding string. A look at the diagram below will show you exactly how the tuner works.



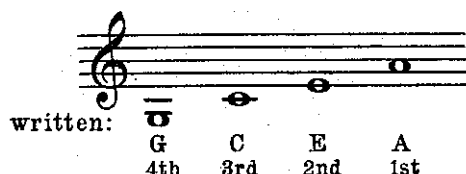
You can also tune the strings with the help of a *Piano*, as shown in the drawing which follows.



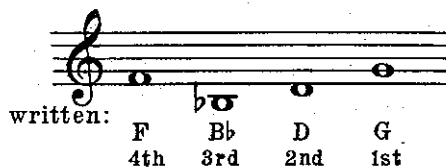
To tune *without Tuner or Piano (by ear)*:

1. Tune the *third (D)* string to a fairly low tone (but not too low). This will give you an approximate *D* in case you don't have absolute pitch.
2. Place the finger behind the *4th* fret of the *third* string and tighten (or loosen) the *second (F#)* string until it has the same sound.
3. Place the finger behind the *5th* fret of the *second* string and tune the *first (B)* string to the new sound.
4. Finally press the *second* string behind the *3rd* fret and tune the *fourth* string to *A*—the same sound but an octave lower.

C major 6th Tuning

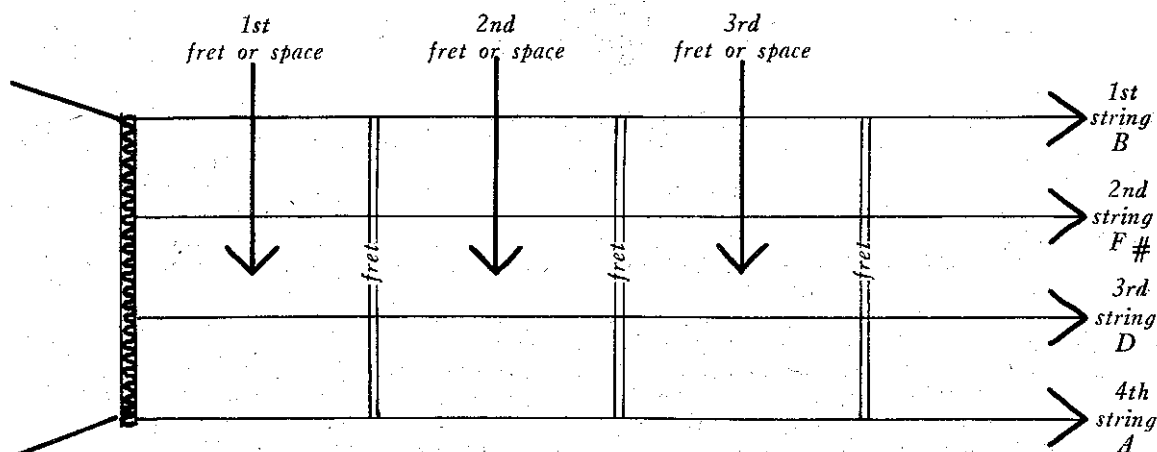


B $\flat$ major 6th Tuning

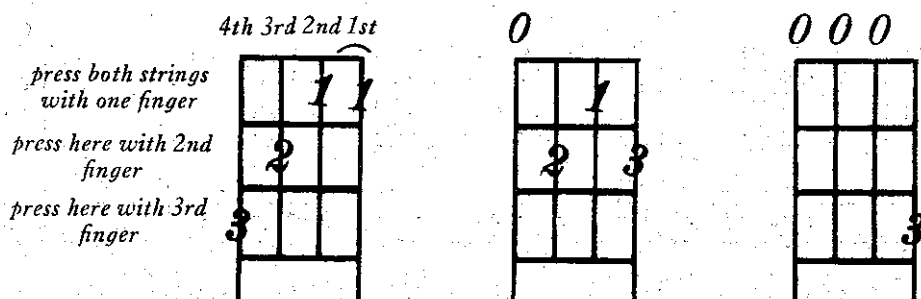


THE SONG SHEET DIAGRAMS

First of all place the ukulele next to the diagram below, from left to right, just as you hold it. The four long lines represent the four strings of the ukulele. The small lines running across these and dividing them into sections correspond to the metal lines on the fingerboard of the instrument called frets.

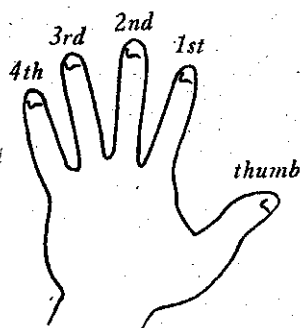


The following diagrams, representing the same view as the diagram above, have been turned ninety degrees to make them easier to read. This is the way in which they will appear in the music. They indicate the chords to be used. It is very important to note that the numbers throughout will refer to the finger or fingers to be used, and the position of each number will show where a particular string is to be pressed down.

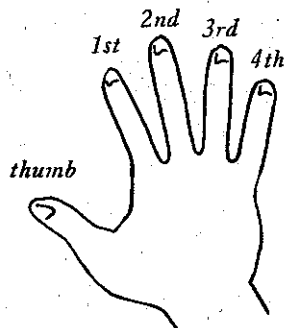


THE HANDS

The LEFT HAND—The fingers of this hand are used for pressing down the strings to make the chords.



The RIGHT HAND—The fingers of the right hand are used for picking or striking the strings to produce the sound.



The Felt Pick



THE STROKES

There are two ways of picking or striking the strings: 1. with the fingers, 2. with the felt pick. Either way is good.

STRUMS—These are done with the first finger of the right hand (see diagram). Use the *finger nail* for the down-stroke and the *ball* of the finger for the up-stroke. Always be sure that the finger swings very loosely.

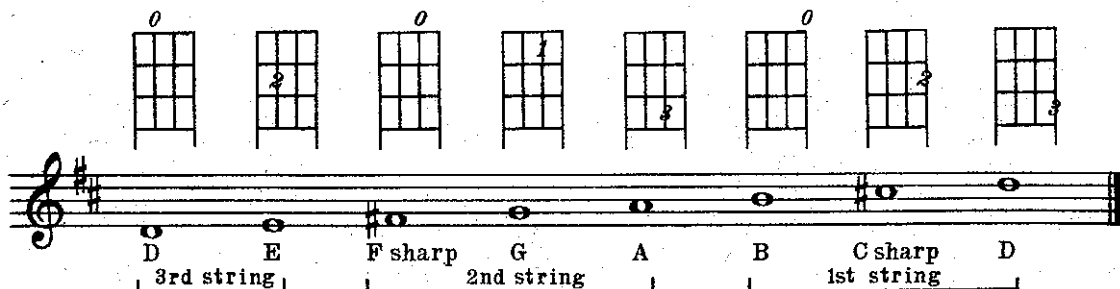
To strum with the felt pick, hold the pick between the first finger and the thumb and execute the strokes as above.

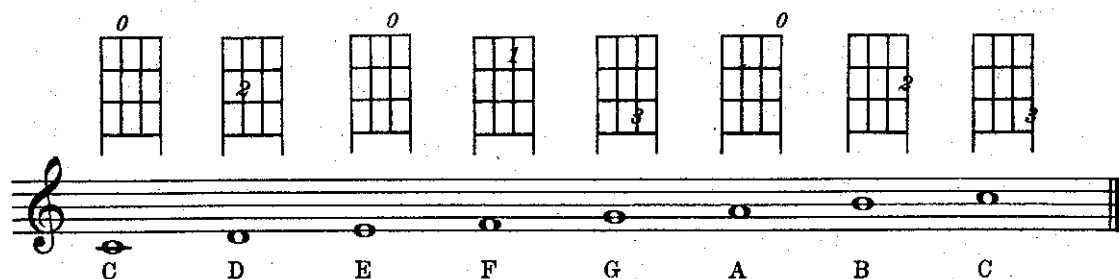
ROLLS—The down-roll is made with the *nails* of all four fingers plus the *ball* of the thumb. The up-roll is the exact opposite of the down-roll. Again using all four fingers plus the thumb, sweep the strings upward with the *balls* of the fingers and the *nail* of the thumb. Practice each of these strokes first slowly then more rapidly; one after the other. The complete roll (up and down) is a very effective stroke.

THE SCALES

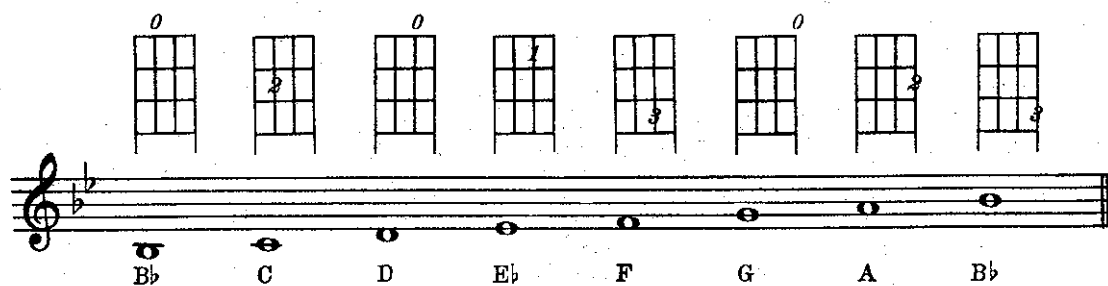
The diagrams below show the position of each note of the scale.

The D major Scale (based on D major 6th Tuning)
(STANDARD TUNING)



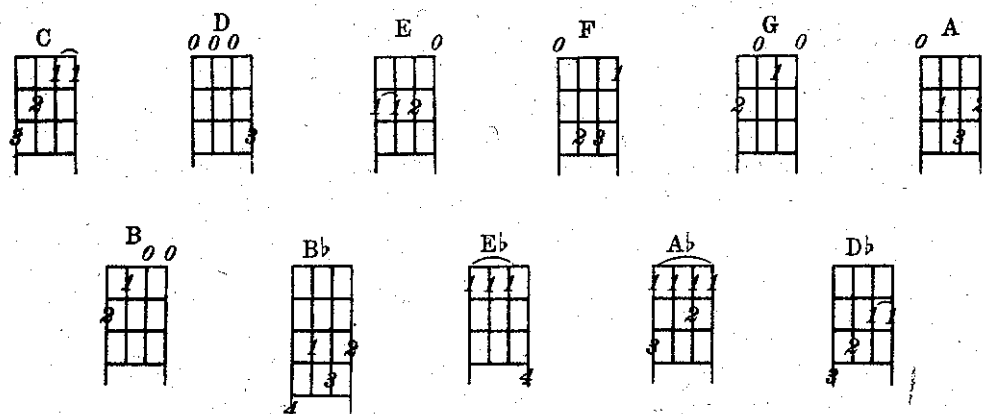


The B $\flat$ major Scale (based on B $\flat$ major 6th Tuning)

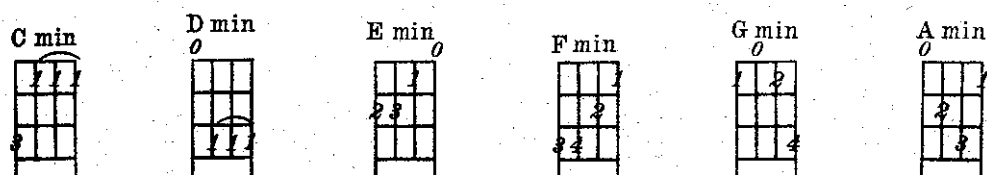


THE CHORDS
based on D major 6th Tuning
(STANDARD TUNING)

MAJOR

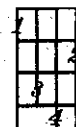


MINOR

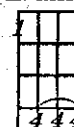
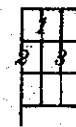


B min
0 0 0

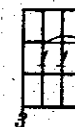
B♭ min



E♭ min

A♭ min
0

D♭ min



SEVENTH

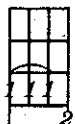
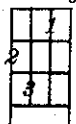
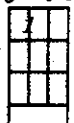
C 7

D 7
0 0 0

E 7



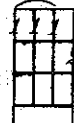
F 7

G 7
0A 7
0B 7
0 0 0

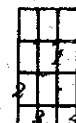
B♭ 7



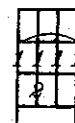
E♭ 7



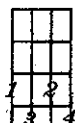
A♭ 7



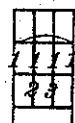
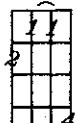
D♭ 7



DIMINISHED



AUGMENTED



Movable Forms

Movable Forms may be shifted up and down the fingerboard producing the same chord in different keys.

MINOR

C min



G min



B min



SEVENTH

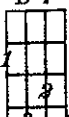
* C 7



E 7



B 7



G 7



* This mark — indicates that one finger must press down more than one string against the fingerboard — see C⁷ and E⁷ chords above.

Parade Of The Wooden Soldiers

13

Lyric by
BALLARD MACDONALD

Music by
LEON JESSEL

Not fast

Tune Ukulele
G C E A

The toy-shop door is locked up tight and ev-'ry-thing is

qui-et for the night, When sud-den-ly the clock strikes twelve, the

fun's be-gun. The dolls are in their best ar-rayed, there's

going to be a won-der-ful pa-rade, Hark to the drum Oh! here they come, cries

ev-'ry one.

The score is written for guitar and ukulele. It consists of five staves of music. Above each staff are guitar chords and fingerings. The chords are: C (000), G7 (0 1 2 3), C (000), Cdim (1 2 3 4), G7 (0 1 2 3), C (000), Edim (0 0 1 2), G (0 1 2 3), Am (000), D7 (1 1 1 2), G7 (0 1 2 3), C (000), G7 (0 1 2 3), Am (000), D7 (1 1 1 2), G7 (0 1 2 3), C (000), G7 (0 1 2 3), C (000), G7 (0 1 2 3), Am (000), D7 (1 1 1 2), G7 (0 1 2 3), C (000), G7 (0 1 2 3), C (000), G7 (0 1 2 3). The ukulele tune is written on a single staff with the notes G, C, E, A.

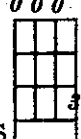
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CHORUS

C
0 0 0



Hear them all cheer-ing, Now they are near-ing, There's the cap-tain

G7



stiff as starch, Bay-o-nets flash-ing, Mu-sic is crash-ing,

C
0 0 0



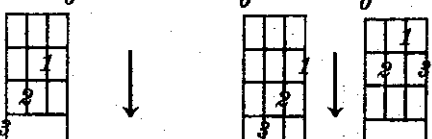
As the Wood-en Sol-diers march; Sab-res a-clink-ing, sol-diers a-wink-ing,

Em



At each pret-ty lit-tle maid. Here they come! Here they come!

B-7 0 Em G7



Here they come! Here they come! Wood-en Sol-diers on pa-rade.

C
0 0 0

Day-light is creep - ing, Dol - lies are sleep - ing, In the toy shop

G7
0 1 2 3

win-dow fast; Sol-diers so jol - ly, Think - of each dol - ly, Dream - ing of the

C
0 0 0

night that's past; When in the morn - ing, with - out a warn - ing,

D m
0 1 2 3

C dim
1 2 3 4

Toy - man pulls the win - dow shade, There's no sign the

C
0 0 0

D m
0 1 2 3

G7
0 1 2 3

C
0 0 0

C
0 0 0

Wood Bri-gade was ev - er out up - on pa - rade. — rade. —

In The Good Old Summer Time

Words by
REN SHIELDS

Music by
GEORGE EVANS

Tempo di Valse

Tune Ukulele

F B $\flat$ D G

In the good old summer time, — In the good old summer time —

Stroll-ing thro' the sha - dy lanes, With your ba - by mine; — You hold her

hand and she holds yours, And that's a ve-ry good sign — That she's your

toot - sey woot - sey in the good old sum - mer time. —

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In The Good Old Summer Time,
 When it's nineteen sixty two,
 Truman may be in or out,
 I can't say, can you?
 But I'm so sure that I will bet
 A hundred bucks to a dime
 That Margaret will be singing in
 The Good Old Summer Time.

In The Good Old Summer Time
 Mr. Murphy gives cigars;
 Mrs. Murphy has six kids
 And six kiddie cars.
 You'll soon see some new baby clothes
 A-hanging out on her line;
 She's having number seven in
 The Good Old Summer Time.

In The Good Old Summer Time,
 In The Good Old Summer Time,
 Took a gal to theatre, then
 Took her out to dine.
 But when I asked her for a kiss
 She answered: "Wait till next time."
 No wonder I was burnin' in
 The Good Old Summer Time.

In The Good Old Summer Time,
 I was going out to eat
 When a seedy lookin' gent
 Stopped me on the street.
 He asked me would I help him out,
 I promptly gave him a dime
 With which he bought a scratch sheet in
 The Good Old Summer Time.

In the Bad Old Winter Time,
 All the gals wear too much clothes;
 They all seem quite shapely but
 Only mother knows.
 It's not till August on the beach
 That you can get a good line;
 You don't know what they look like till
 The Good Old Summer Time.

PATTER CHORUS

In The Good Old Summer Time (For Wand'ring In The Park)
 In The Good Old Summer Time (For Kissing In The Dark)
 Strolling Thru The Shady (Path In Lover's Lane)
 With Your Baby Mine's (The Best One of Them All)
 You Hold Her Hand and She (Is Happy Holding Yours)
 And That's A Very Good Sign
 That She's Your Tootsie Wootsie (Ootsie Ootsie Girl)
 In The Good Old Summer Time (*Optional Harmony Ending*)

The Breeze And I

(Based on "Andalucia")

Lyric by
AL STILLMAN

Music by
ERNESTO LECUONA

Moderato

Tune Ukulele
F B $\flat$ D G

The breeze and I are saying with a sigh — That

you — no longer care; — The breeze and

I are whispering good-bye — To dreams — we used to

share. — Ours was a love song that seemed constant as the

moon, End-ing in a strange, mourn-ful tune; —

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19

Ab6 Cm Ab6 Fm7 Bb7 Eb Abm6

And all a - bout me, they know you have de - part - ed with - out me and

Ab Bb9 Bb7 Eb Bb7 Eb Eb6

we won - der why, — The breeze and I. —

A Hot Time In The Old Town

Words by
JOE HAYDEN

Music by
THEO. A. METZ

Moderato

Tune Ukulele
A D F# B

When you hear dem a bells go ding, ling, ling,

All join 'round And sweet-ly you must sing, and when the verse am through, In the

cho-rus all join in, there'll be a hot time in the old town to - night. —

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Paper Doll

By JOHNNY S. BLACK

Slowly

Tune Ukulele

G C E A

I'm goin' to buy a pa-per doll that I can

call my own, A doll that oth-er fel-lows can-not

steal And then the flir-ty, flir-ty guys with their

flir-ty, flir-ty eyes, Will have to flirt with dol-lies that are

Chord diagrams: F, F7, D7, G7, C7, E7, Fm, C, A7, Edim, G7

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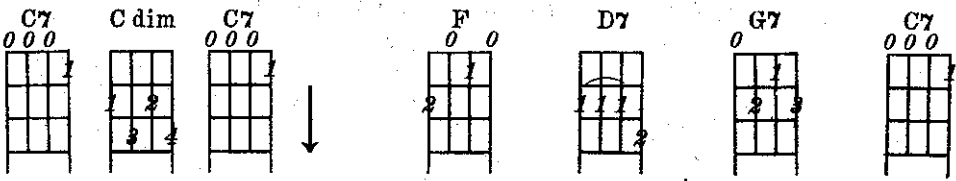
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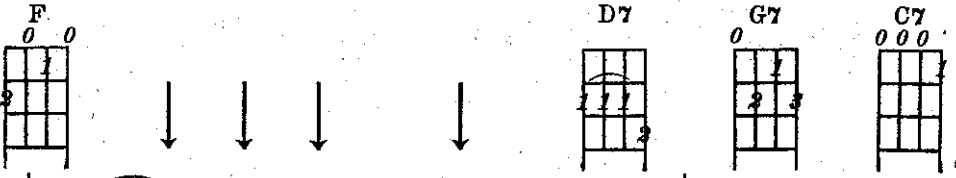
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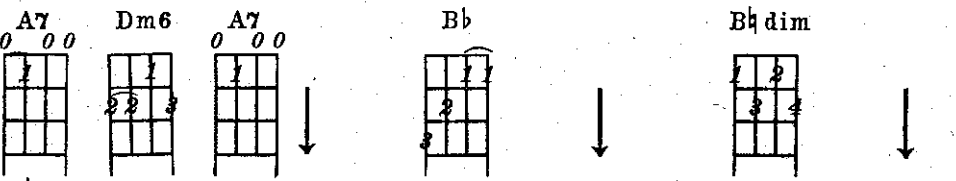
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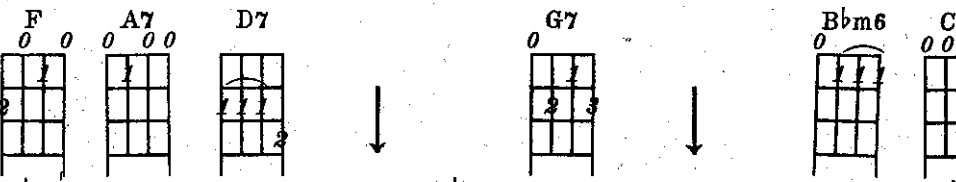
real. When I come home at night she will be



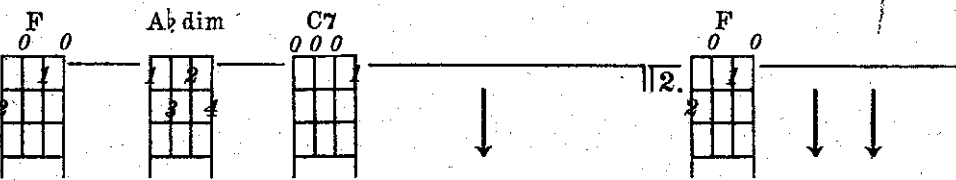
wait - ing, — She'll be the tru - est doll in all this



world. I'd rath - er have a pa - per doll to



call my own, than have a fick - le mind - ed real live



girl. I'm goin' to girl.

Song Of The Islands

CHAS. E. KING

Andante moderato

Tune Ukulele
G C E A

Ha-wai - i isles of beau-ty—Where skies are blue and love is

true—Where balm-y airs and gold - en moon-light—Ca-ress the

wav-ing palms of Ho - no - lu - lu. Your

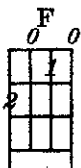
val - leys with their rain - bows—Your moun-tains green, the a - zure

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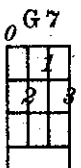
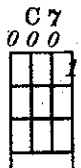
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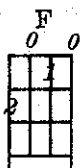
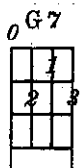
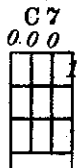
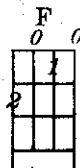
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sea. ——— Your fra - grant flow'rs, en - chant - ing

mu - sic ——— U - nite and sing a - lo - ha oe to

me. ———

Ballin' The Jack

Words by
JIM BURRIS

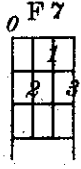
Music by
CHRIS SMITH



Moderato (not too fast)

Tune Ukulele
F B $\flat$ D G

First you put your two knees close up tight, Then you

sway 'em to the left, then you sway em to the right, Step a-round the floor kind of

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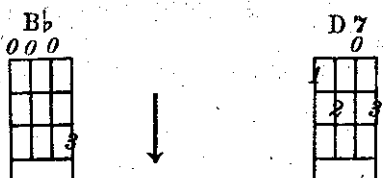
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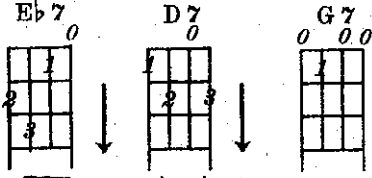
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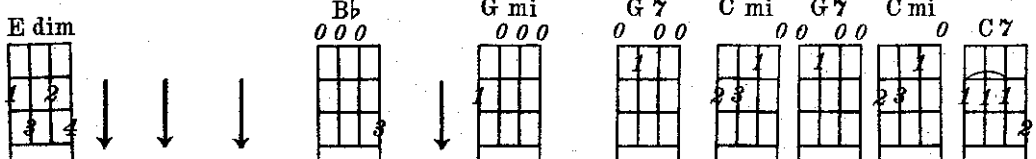
 nice and light, — Then you twis' a-round and twis' a-round with



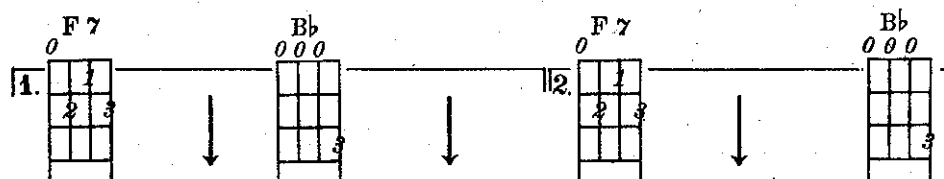
 all your might, Stretch your lov-in' arms straight out in space, Then you



 do the Ea-gle Rock with sty-le and grace — Swing your



 foot way 'round then bring it back, — Now that's what I call



 1. Ball-in' the Jack — 2. Ball-in' the Jack. —

The Glow-Worm

25

Words by
LILLA CAYLEY ROBINSON

Music by
PAUL LINCKE

Tempo di Gavotte

Tune Ukulele
F B $\flat$ D G

Shine, lit-tle glow-worm, glim-mer, shine, lit-tle glow-worm,
glim-mer, Lead us, lest too far we wan-der,
Love's sweet voice is call-ing yon-der! Shine, lit-tle glow-worm,
glim-mer, shine, lit-tle glow-worm, glim-mer!
Light the path, be-low, a-bove, and lead us on to love!—

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Yours

Lyric by
ALBERT GAMSE
JACK SHERR

Music by
GONZALO ROIG

Tempo Bolero

Tune Ukulele
A D F# B

Yours till the stars have no glo - ry! _____

Yours till the birds fail to sing! _____

Yours to the end of life's sto - ry, — This pledge to

you, dear, _____ I bring! _____

The musical score is written for guitar and ukulele. It consists of four staves of music. Above each staff are guitar chord diagrams with fingerings. The chords are: D (0 0 0 3), A aug (0 1 2 2), G (0 1 2 2), D (0 0 0 3), D (0 0 0 3), B7 (0 1 2 2), Em (2 3 1 0), Em (2 3 1 0), G (0 1 2 2), A (0 1 2 2), G (0 1 2 2), A7 (0 1 2 2), Em (2 3 1 0), A7 (0 1 2 2), G (0 1 2 2), and D (0 0 0 3). The ukulele part is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: 'Yours till the stars have no glo - ry! _____', 'Yours till the birds fail to sing! _____', 'Yours to the end of life's sto - ry, — This pledge to', and 'you, dear, _____ I bring! _____'.

Yours in — the gray of — De — cem — ber —

Here or — on far dis — tant shores! —

I've nev — er loved an — y one the way — I love

you! How could I? When I was born to be —

— just yours. — yours. —

Manhattan

Lyric by
LORENZ HART

Music by
RICHARD RODGERS

F
0 0

Fmaj.6 Ddim Gm
0 0 0 0

C7 F
0 0 0 0

Moderato

Tune Ukulele

G C E A

We'll have Man-hat-tan, The Bronx and Stat-en Is-land too;
We'll go to Green-wich Where mod-ern men itch To be free;
We'll go to Yonk-ers Where true love con-que-ers In the wilds;
We'll have Man-hat-tan The Bronx and Stat-en Is-land too;

Ddim.
0 0 0 0

C7
0 0 0 0

C aug
0 0 0 0

F
0 0 0 0

C7
0 0 0 0

— It's love-ly go-ing through—the Zoo, —
— And Bowl-ing Green you'll see — with me; —
— And starve to-geth-er, dear, — in Childs' —
— We'll try to cross Fifth Av — en-ue; —

F Ddim
0 0 0 0

Fmaj.6 Ddim
0 0 0 0

Gm
0 0 0 0

C7 Edim
0 0 0 0

F
0 0 0 0

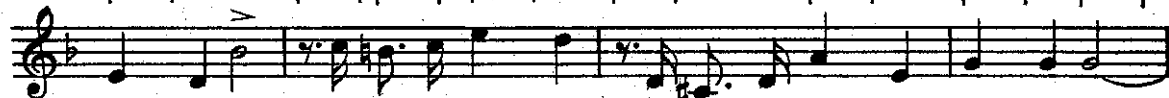
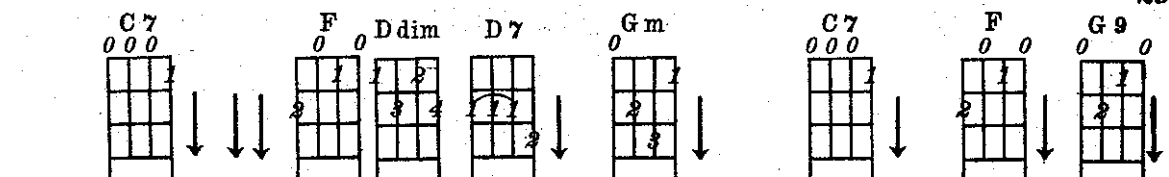
It's ver-y fan-cy On old De-lan-cy Street, you know;
We'll bathe at Brig-ton The fish you'll fright-en When you're in; —
We'll go to Con-ey And eat bo-logn-y on a roll; —
As black as on-yx Well find the Bron-nix Park Ex-press;

C7 Dm A Fm Gm
0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

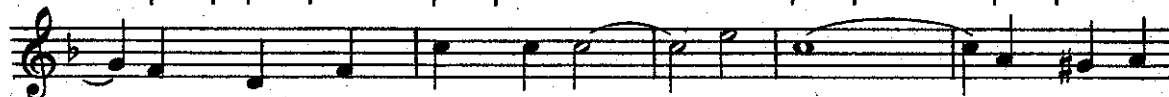
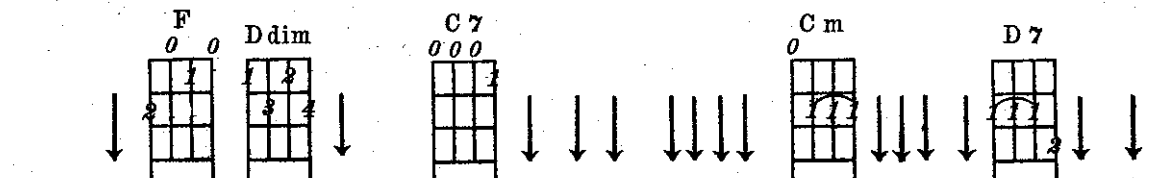
F G7
0 0 0 0

Gm 6 C7
0 0 0 0

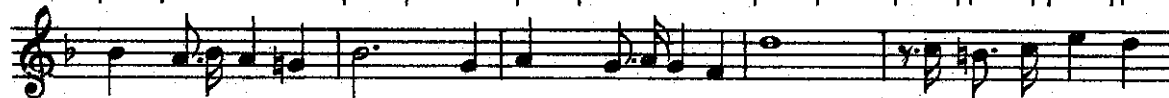
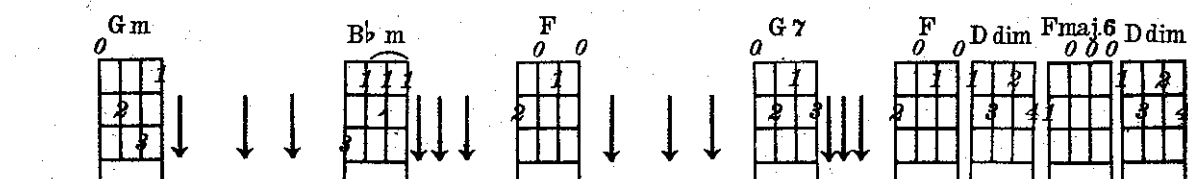
— The sub-way charms us so, — When balm-y breez-es blow
— Your bath-ing suit so thin — Will make the shell-fish grin
— In Cen-tral Park, we'll stroll — Where our first kiss we stole,
— Our Flat-bush flat, I guess — Will be a great success,



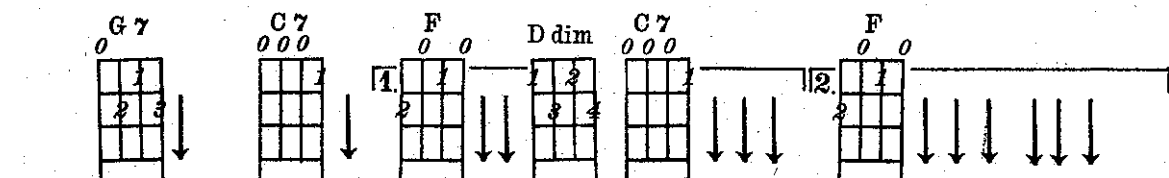
To and fro; And tell me what street com-pares with Mott Street in Ju-ly, —
 Fin to fin; I'd like to take a sail on Ja-mai-ca Bay with you; —
 Soul to soul; Our fu-ture ba-bies we'll take to A-bies I-rish Rose —
 More or less; A short va-ca-tion On In-spir-a-tion Point we'll spend —



— Sweet push-carts gent-ly glid-ing by: — The great big
 — And fair Can-ar-sie's Lakes — we'll view — The cit-y's
 — I hope they'll live to see — it close; — The cit-y's
 — And in the sta-tion house — we'll end — But Civ-ic



cit-y's a won-droustoy Just made for a girl and boy We'll turn Manhat-tan
 bus-tle can-not des-roy The dreams of a girl and boy We'll turn Manhat-tan
 clam-or can nev-er spoil The dreams of a boy and goil We'll turn Manhat-tan
 Vir-tue can-not des-troy The dreams of a girl and boy We'll turn Manhat-tan



In-to an isle of joy. — joy. —
 In-to an isle of joy. — joy. —
 In-to an isle of joy. — joy. —
 In-to an isle of joy. — joy. —

There'll Be Some Changes Made

Lyric by
BILLY HIGGINS

Music by
W. BENTON OVERSTREET

Tune Ukulele
F B $\flat$ D G

G7
0 0 0

For there's a change in the weath-er, There's a change in the sea—
For there's a change in the fash-ions, Ask the fem - i-nine folks—

C7
1 1 1 2

D7
0 2 3

So from now on there'll be a change in me,— My walk will be dif- f'rent, my
E- ven Jack Ben-ny has been chang-ing jokes, I must make some chang-es from

G7
0 0 0

C7
1 1 1 2

F7
0 1 2 3

talk and my name. Noth-in' a-bout me is goin' to be the same,—I'm goin' to
old to the new — I must do things just the same as oth-ers do, —I'm goin' to

G7
0 0 0

C7
1 1 1 2

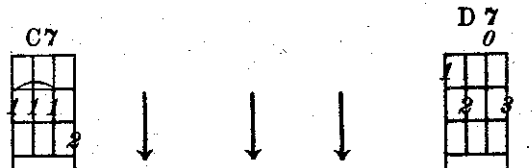
change my way of liv-in', if that ain't e - nough, Then I'll change the way that I
change my long, tall Dad-dy for a lit-tle short Fat, — Goin' to change the num-ber where

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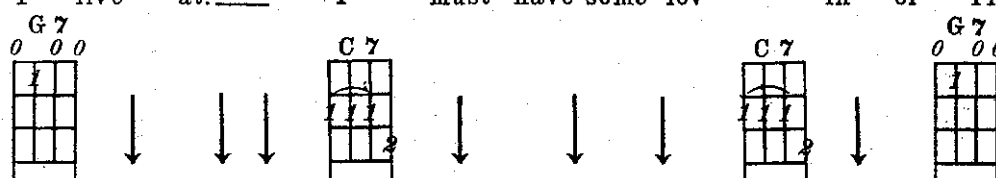
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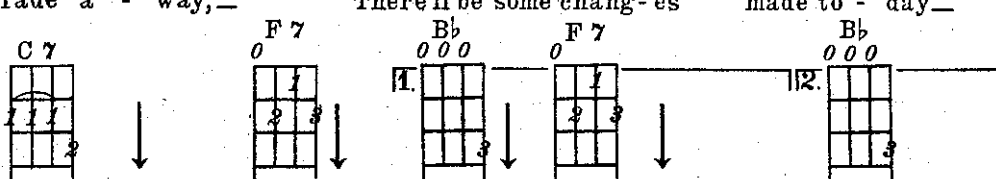
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strut my stuff, — 'Cause no - bod - y wants — you when you're
 I live at. — I must have some lov - in' or I'll



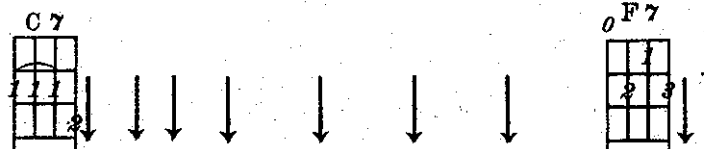
old and gray — There'll be some chang-es made to - day —
 fade a - way, — There'll be some chang-es made to - day —



There'll be some chang-es made. For there's a
 There'll be some chang-es made.

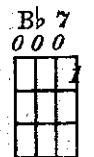
The Jazz Me Blues

Words and Music by
TOM DELANEY



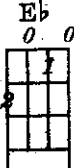
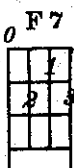
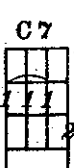
Tune Ukulele
 F B $\flat$ D G

Jazz me — Come on pro-fess-or and — Jazz me —



(Jazz me) You know I like my danc-in' both — day and night, And if I

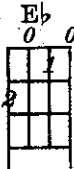
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don't get my jazz-in' I don't feel right_ Now if it's rag - time_



please sir will you play it in jazz - time_ (Jazz - time)

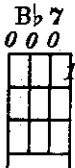


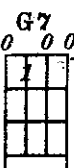
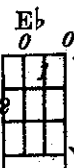


Don't want it fast, Don't want it slow, Take your time pro-fess-or play it




sweet and low_ I've got those dog - gone low - down



jazz me, jazz_ me blues. Oh!

Poinciana

33

Lyric by
BUDDY BERNIER

Music by
NAT SIMON

Tune Ukulele
A D F# B

Moderato

Poin - ci - an - a, ——— your branches speak to me of

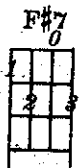
love, ——— Pale moon ——— is cast-ing shad-ows from a -

bove, ——— Poin - ci - an - a, ——— some-how I feel the jun-gle

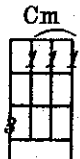
heat, ——— With - in me ———

— there grows a rhyth-mic sav-age beat. ———

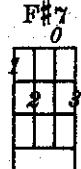
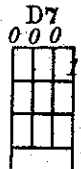
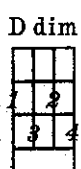
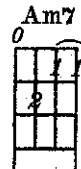
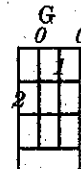
The musical score is written on a single staff in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. Above the staff, guitar chords are indicated with diagrams showing fingerings: D7 (0 0 0), G (0 0), G7 (0), Cm (1 1 1), G (0 0), D dim (1 2), D7 (0 0 0), G (0 0), G9 (0), and Cm (1 1 1). Downward arrows indicate the strumming pattern for each measure. The lyrics are written below the staff, with dashes indicating where the music continues without lyrics.

Cm        

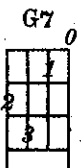
Love is ev - 'ry - where, It's mag - ic per - fume fills the

D            

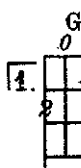
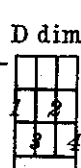
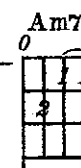
air, _____ To and fro you sway, my

heart's in time, I've learned to care, _____ Poin - ci - an - a, —

— though skies may turn from blue to gray _____ My love —

— will live for - ev - er and a day. _____ Poin - ci -

day. Blow tropic

wind, Sing a song thru the

tree. Tree, sigh to

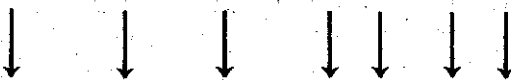
me, Soon my love

I will see.

Mama Don't Want No Peas An' Rice An' Cocoanut Oil

By L. WOLFE GILBERT
and L. CHARLES

0 G7



VERSE

Allegro moderato

Tune Ukulele
G C E A

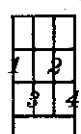


When you're cruising down in Nas-sau by the sea, ——— And you're

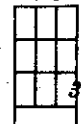
C
0 0 0



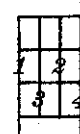
C dim.



C
0 0 0



C dim.



C
0 0 0



F
0 0 0

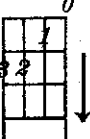


0



all pepp'd up on gin and bac-ar-di, ——— Then you'll dance and sing all

Dm
0



C
0 0 0



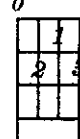
Em7
0 0



C
0 0 0



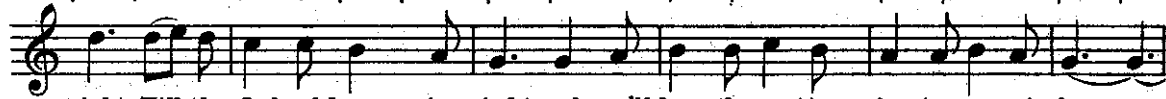
G7
0



D7



G7
0



night 'Till the Is-land heaves in sight and you'll hear the na-tives sing-ing mer-ri-ly. —

C
0 0 0



C
0 0 0



REFRAIN

Moderato



— Ma-ma don't want no peas an' rice an' co-coa-nut oil —
Ma-ma don't want no gin be-cause it will make her sin —
Ma-ma com-plain she got a pain right a-cross her chest —

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Ma-ma don't want no peas an' rice an' co-coa-nut oil
 Ma-ma don't want no gin be-cause it will make her sin
 Ma-ma com-plain she got a pain right a-cross her chest

Ma-ma don't want no peas an' rice. Ma-ma don't want no co-coa-nut
 Ma-ma don't want no glass of gin, Be-cause it is bound to make her
 Ma-ma com-plain she got a pain And there is a reas-on ver-y

oil, Just a bot-tle of brand-y hand-y all the day
 sin, She says it keeps her hot and both-ered all the time
 plain, Be-cause the food that Pop-pa gave her won't di-gest

Ma-ma don't day.

2. Back to Verse Last time only

Play Fiddle Play

Words by
JACK LAWRENCE

Music by
EMERY DEUTSCH &
ARTHUR ALTMAN

Tune Ukulele
G C E A

Valse moderato

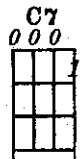
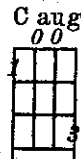
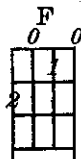
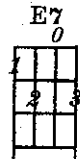
Play fid-dle, play, Play my loved one a mel-o-dy;

Sing to my love, While the stars swing a - bove;

Play fid-dle, play, Sing my loved one a rhap-so-dy,

Play on the strings of her heart.

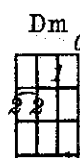
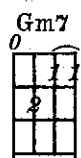
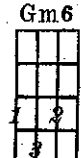
The camp - fires are gleam - ing, As

red as the sun; And my heart keeps

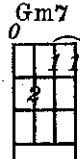
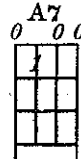


dream - ing, Just dream - ing of one; So soft - ly

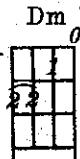
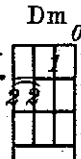




croon, While the moon weaves our two hearts in



har - mo - ny; Play fid - dle, play, to my

love. _____ love. _____

The Peanut Vendor

Words by
MARION SUNSHINE &
L. WOLFE GILBERT

Music by
MOISES SIMONS

Allegretto

Tune Ukulele
A D F# B

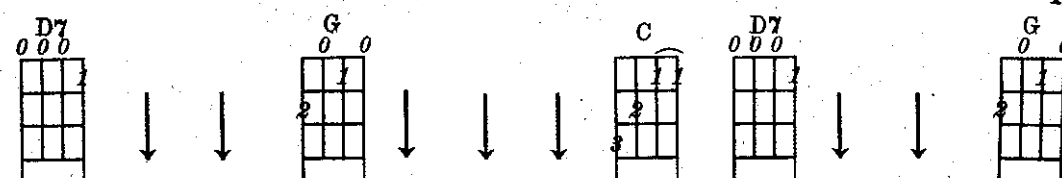
In Cuba, each merry maid wakes up with this ser-e-nade:
In Cuba, his smiling face is wel-come most ev-ry place;

Pea-nuts! — They're nice and hot, Pea-nuts! — I sell a lot.
Pea-nuts! — They hear him cry, Pea-nuts! — They all re-ply.

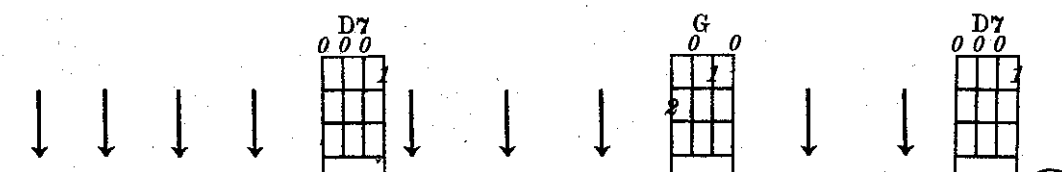
If you have-n't got ba-na-nas, don't be blue, Pea-nuts in a lit-tle
If you're looking for an ear-ly morning treat, Get some doub-le joint-ed

bag are call-ing you. Don't waste them, no tum-my ache,
pea-nuts good to eat. For break-fast or din-ner time,

you'll taste them when you a-wake. For at the ve-
for sup-per, most an-y-time. A mer-ry twink-



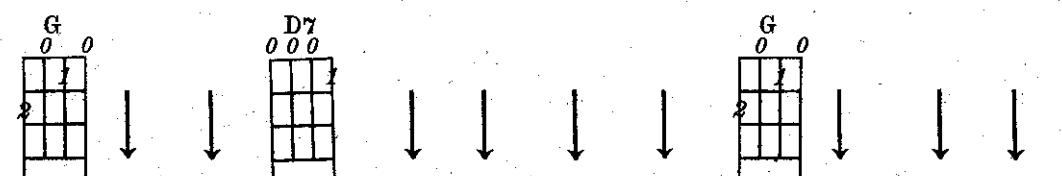
ry break of day, The pea-nut ven-dor's on—his way.—
 le in—his eye, He's got a way—that makes you buy.—



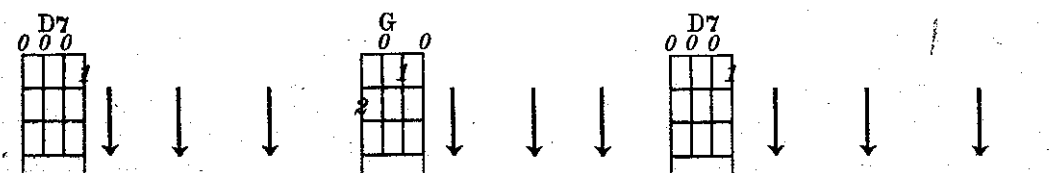
— At dawn-ing that whis-tle blows; Throughev-ry cit-y, town,
 — Each morn-ing that whis-tle blows; The lit-tle child-ren like—



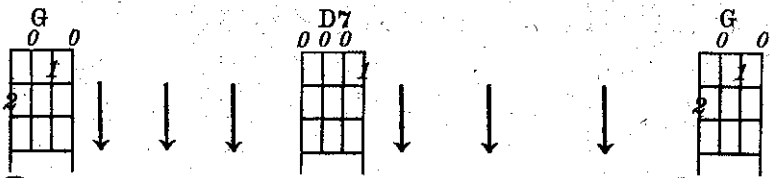
— and coun-try lane, You'll hear him sing his plain-tive lit-tle strain,
 — to trail a-long, They love to hear the pea-nut ven-dor's song.



And as he goes by—to you—he'll say:— Big Jum-bo's,
 They all laugh with glee—when he—will say:— They're roast-ed,

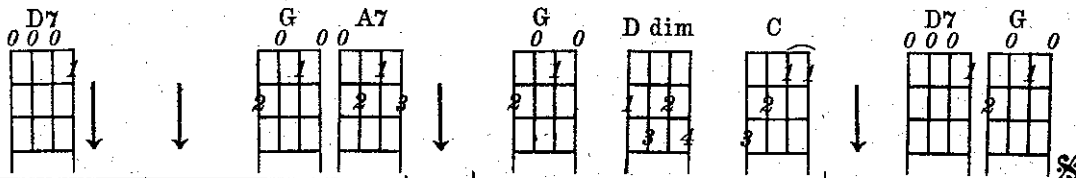


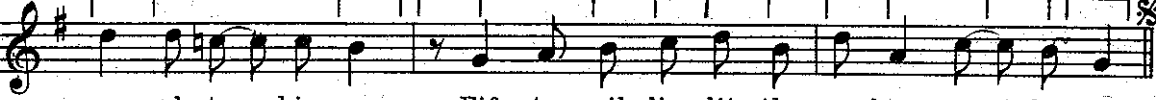
Big doub-le ones, come buy those Pea-nuts roast-ed to-day,—
 no ti-ny ones, they're toast-ed, Pea-nuts hot in the shell,



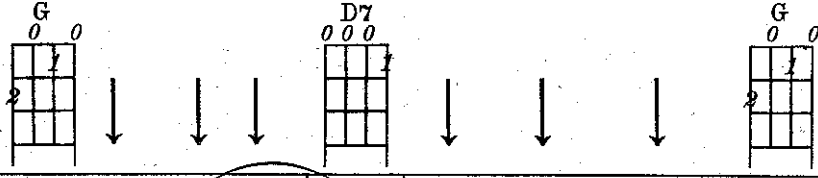


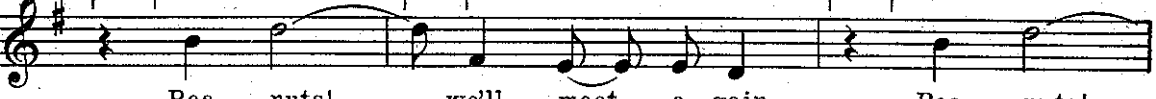
— Come try those Fresh-ly roast-ed to-day! — If you're looking for a
 — Come buy some, I eat more than I sell! — If an ap-ple keeps the



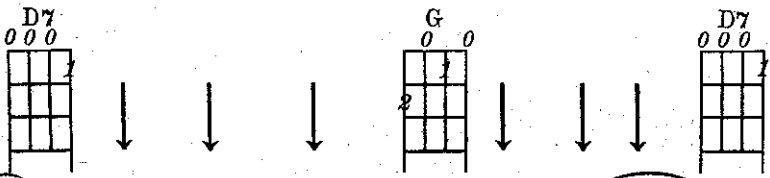


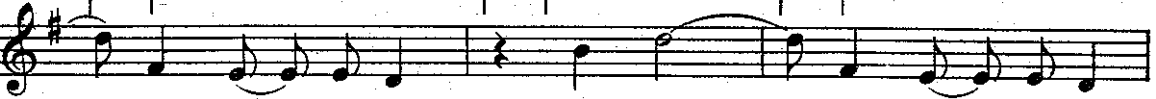
mor- al to — his song, Fif- ty mil- lion lit- tle mon- keys can't be wrong.
 doc- tor from your door, Pea- nuts ought to keep him from you ev - er- more.



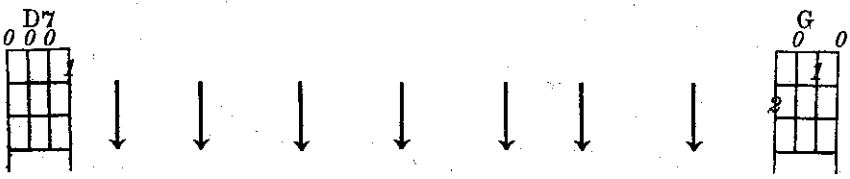
CODA
 

Pea - nuts! — we'll meet — a - gain, Pea - nuts! —





— this street — a - gain, Pea - nuts! — you'll eat — a - gain,





your pea - nut man, That pea - nut man's gone.

It's Delightful to be Married

43

Words by
ANNA HELD

Music by
V. SCOTTO

Moderato

Tune Ukulele

A D F# B

We were go - ing to be mar - ried, — To be, to be, to be, to be, to be
It's de - light - ful to be mar - ried! — To be, to be, to be, to be, to be
It's de - light - ful to be mar - ried! — To be, to be, to be, to be, to be

A7

D

mar - ried, When we old - er grew and bolder, Then a lit - tle while we tar - ried, When I
mar - ried! There is noth - ing half so jol - ly, As a hap - py wed - ded life; — And I
mar - ried! For the heart won't be un - ru - ly, If it real - ly loves one tru - ly; And your

D

D

A7

missed you I was lone - ly, — For I loved you, Oh! I loved you on - ly, on - ly, — I was
loved to play with ba - by, — Our — ti - ny lit - tle, pret - ty lit - tle ba - by, — I was
life will not be lone - ly, — For I'll love you, I will love you on - ly, on - ly, — I will

D

then your school-boy hus - band, And you were my school-girl wife. —
Pa - pa, you were Mam - ma, Such a charm - ing fam - i - ly. —
be your lov - ing hus - band, You will be my lov - ing wife. —

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Tango of Roses

Lyric by
CAROL RAVEN

Music by
SCHREIER-BOTTERO

Tango Tempo

Tune Ukulele
F B $\flat$ D G

There _____ where the rose blos- soms fair, _____

— And ro-mance fills the air, — She gave the kiss- es, That made my

bliss-es And with ca-ress-es, Smil-ingly said: Love me, Gent-ly en-

fold me, In your arms hold me, I love you too.

Chords: Fm, C7, Bbm

And all the twi-light long, She sang this sweet love song: —

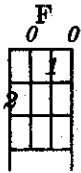
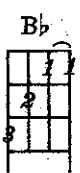
CHORUS

 Love is light, — As the breath of the ros - es, —

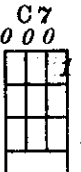
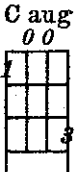
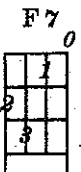
If to - night, — Love in your heart re - pos - es, —

Pluck your rose, — For all of life is like a flow - er,

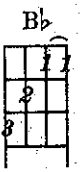
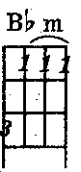
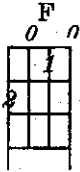
Clos-ing and fading hour by hour, Fleet as a rose is love. —

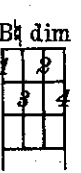
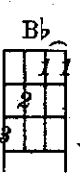
fore me, Skies a - bove can't be storm - y

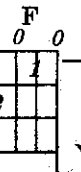
— Since that mo - ment of bliss; That thrill - ing kiss. It's heav - en

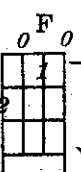




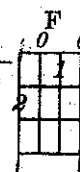
when you, Find ro - mance on your men - u.


— What a diff - rence a day made, And the diff - rence is





1. you. What a diff - rence a you.

Say "Si Si"

Lyric by
AL STILLMAN and
FRANCIA LUBAN

Music by
ERNESTO LECUONA

Tune Ukulele
A D F# B

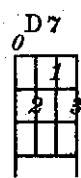
In Spain they say— "Si, Si,"— In

France you'll hear— "Oui, Oui,"— Ev-'ry lit-tle

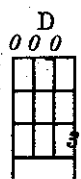
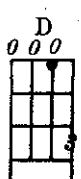
Dutch girl— says— "Ya, Ya,"— Ev-'ry lit-tle

Roos - ian says— "Da, Da,"— But

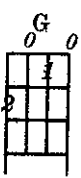
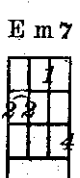
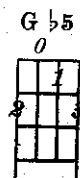
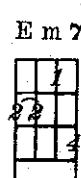
Chords: A7, D, Faug, Bm, D dim



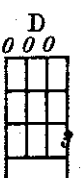
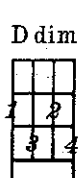
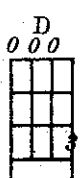
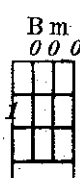
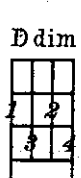
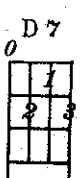

sweet - heart, Tell _____ me why, _____ No

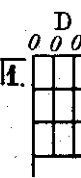
mat - ter how _____ I try, _____ You won't lis - ten

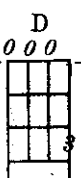





to my _____ plea, _____ Won't say _____ "yes" in

an - y lan - guage to me, When - will you say -





1. "Si, Si?"
 2. "Si?"

Jolly Peter

(Bummel Petrus)

Music by
M. WERNER-KERSTEN

Tune Ukulele
F B $\flat$ D G

Jol - ly Pe - ter sells bal-loons, Flags and
Jol - ly Pe - ter's voice is loud, So, when-

bags of ma - ca - roons, Su - gar plums and
ev - er there's a crowd, He will call, "Come

paint - ed drums,
one! Come all!

Pin-wheels, fin - est in the ci - ty, And a
Ice - cream, choc - late or va - nil - la, Try a

line of pret - ty red and yel - low pails, Sail - ing boats that
sas - pa - ril - la! It's right off the ice!" When he's sell - in'

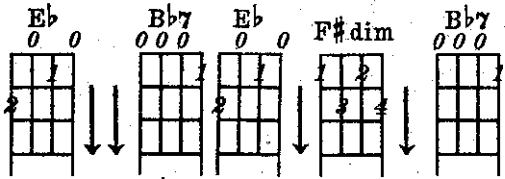
cost a quar - ter, How your mouth - 'll wa - ter When you see their sails.
wa - ter - mel - on, Ev - 'ry - one keeps yel - lin' For an - oth - er slice.

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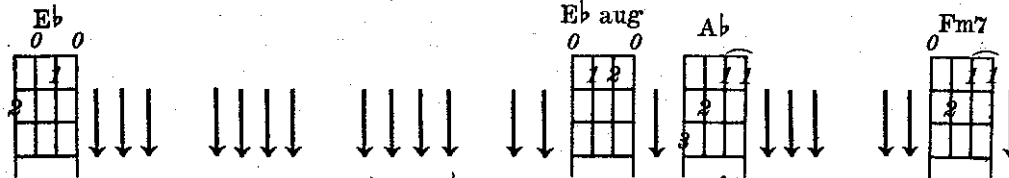
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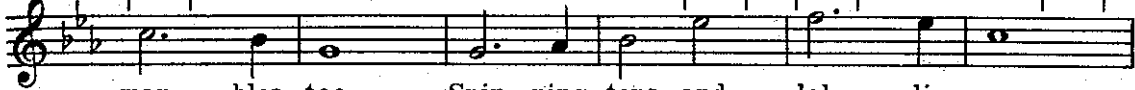
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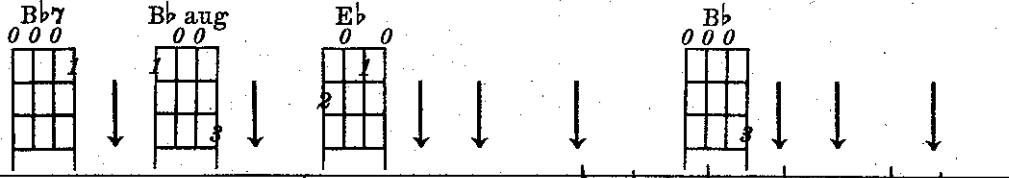


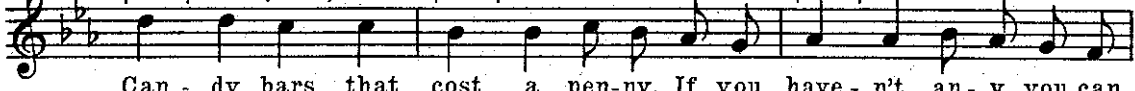
You can buy a toy ca- noe, Pea- nuts, pop- corn,
Pe- ter has most ev- 'ry- thing For a may- pole



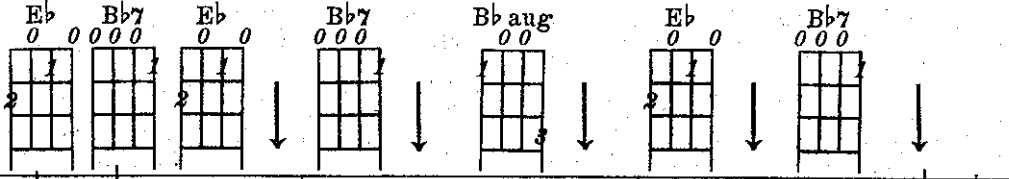


mar- bles too, Spin- ning tops and lol- li- pops,
queen and king; Snap- ping caps with pa- per hats;



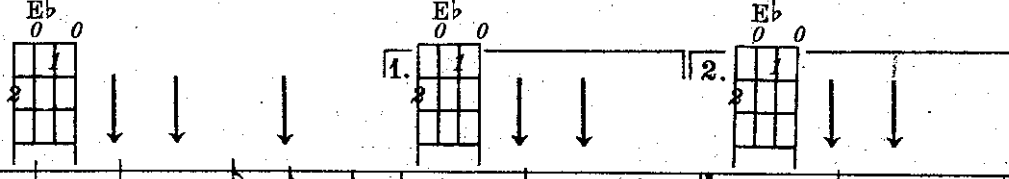


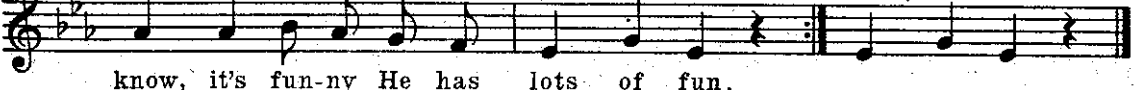
Can- dy bars that cost a pen-ny, If you have- n't an- y you can
Snap the cap, then in the mid- dle you will find a rid- dle and your





owe him one. He loves kids much more than mon-ey And you
for- tune too! It's a love- ly place to shop in So be





know, it's fun-ny He has lots of fun.
sure and drop in When you're at the zoo.

Bb7 0 0 0 Eb 0 0 Eb dim

Mar - ta now your eyes beam at

Bb7 0 0 0 Bb aug 0 0

twi - light Spark - ling like each dew-drop at

Eb 0 0 Eb7 0

dawn Mar - ta when I look for your

F7 0 0 D dim 0 0 F7 0 Eb 0 0

love - light I a - wake with a sigh

Bb7 0 0 0 Eb 0 0

— And I find you are gone.

Ida! Sweet as Apple Cider

Lyric by
EDDIE LEONARD

Music by
EDDIE MUNSON

Moderato

Tune Ukulele
A D F# B

I - da! — sweet as ap-ple ci - der, — Sweet-er —

— than all I know, — Come out! — in the silv'ry moon - light,

— of love we'll whis-per, — so soft and low! — Seems tho' —

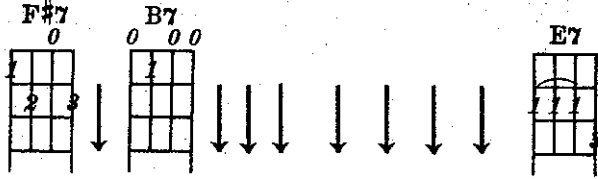
— can't live with-out you, — Lis - ten — Oh! Hon-ey do! —

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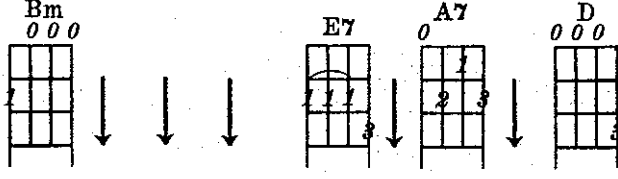
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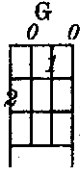


My Shawl

(Ombo)

Lyric by
STANLEY ADAMS

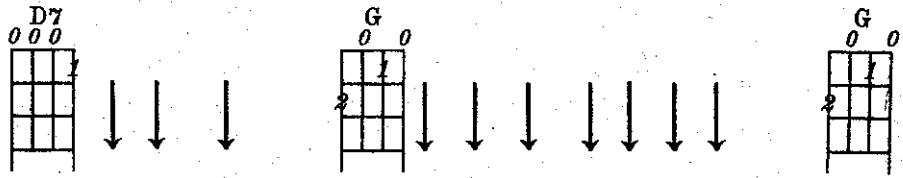
Music by
XAVIER CUGAT

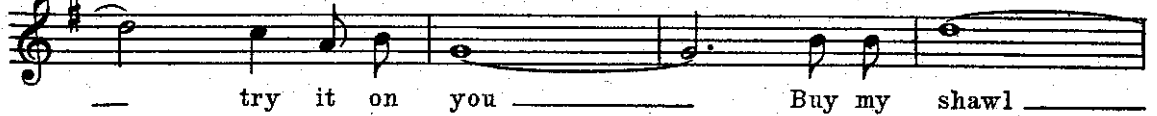


Slow Rumba Fox Trot

Tune Ukulele
A D F# B







— spun in ma - gic — wish - es come true —

— Its glo - ry — weaves a sto -

ry of love dreams — old but new —

— My shawl — brings a ro - mance —

— may - be for you, —

Allá En El Rancho Grande

57

Lyric by
BARTLEY COSTELLO

(My Ranch)

Spanish Lyrics & Music by
SILVANO R. RAMOS

Ukulele Chords: F (0 0), C7 (0 0 0)

Tune Ukulele

G C E A

I love to roam out yonder, Out where the buff low an - der, — Free

Ukulele Chords: F (0 0)

as the eagle flying, I'm rop-ing and a ty - ing, I'm rop-ing and a ty - ing. —

VERSE

Ukulele Chords: F (0 0), C7 (0 0 0)

Give me my ranch and my cat - tle, — Far from the great cit-y's rat - tle;
Give me my bri - dle and sad - dle, — And my old pin - to I'll strad - dle;

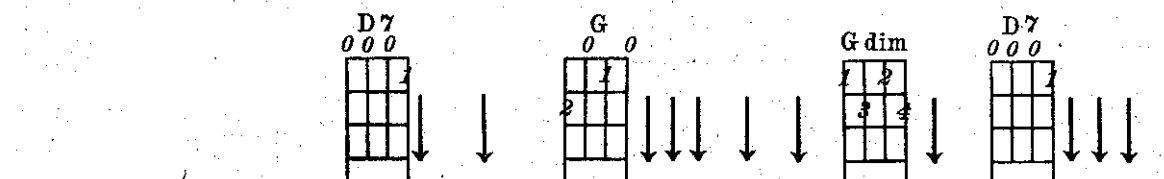
Ukulele Chords: F (0 0), C7 (0 0 0)

— Give me a big herd to bat - tle, — For I just love herding cat - tle.
— I'll get the cow - boys a rid - ing, — Out where the rust - lers are hid-ing.

Mama Inez

Lyric by
L WOLFE GILBERT

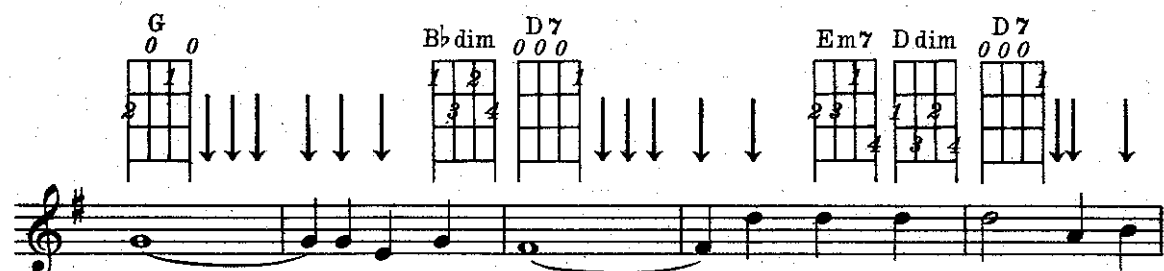
Music by
ELISEO GRENET



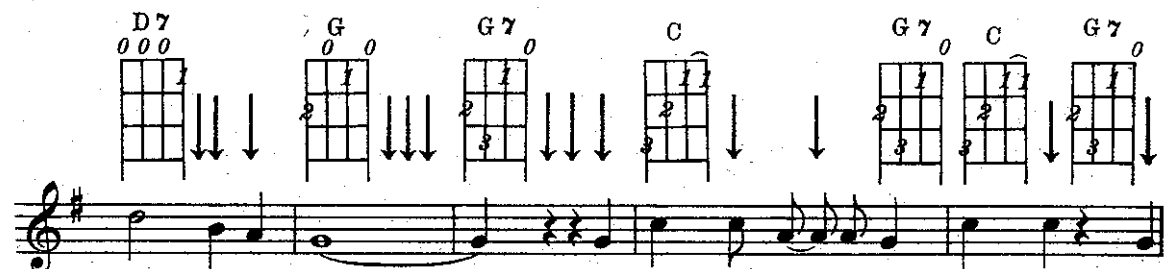
OH MOM-E - NEZ, _____ OH MOM-E - NEZ _____
OH MOM-E - NEZ, _____ OH MOM-E - NEZ _____
OH MOM-E - NEZ, _____ OH MOM-E - NEZ _____



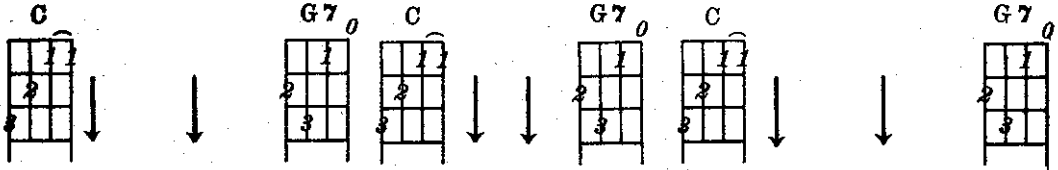
— They hum and strum that LA RUM-BA for you _____ OH MOM-E -
— I'm deaf and dumb when LA RUM-BA I see _____ OH MOM-E -
— The tour-ists slum, for LA RUM-BA each night _____ OH MOM-E -



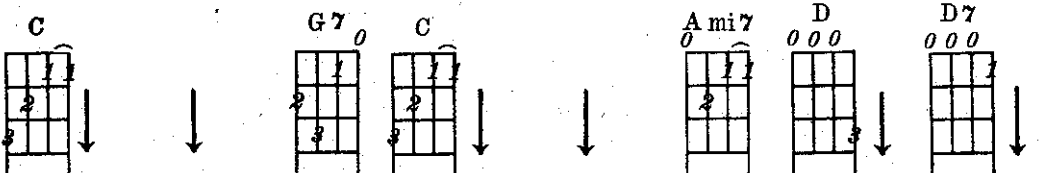
NEZ _____ OH MOM-E - NEZ _____ Though oth - ers come, their LA
NEZ _____ OH MOM-E - NEZ _____ My limbs get numb, oh LA
NEZ _____ OH MOM-E - NEZ _____ They pay some sum, for LA



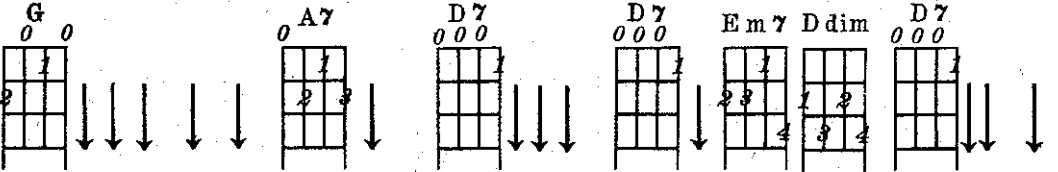
RUM - BA wont do _____ When I first saw this she - bang - o I
RUM - BA for me _____ Ha - wai - ians dance in a crude way; The
RUM - BA de - light _____ At first they think it's out - rag - eous And



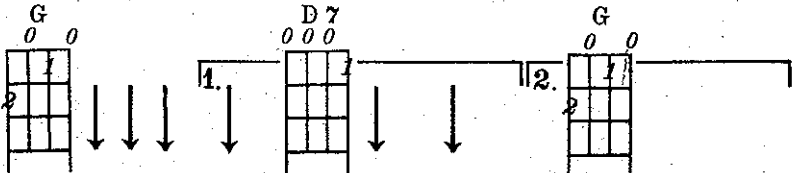
fell so hard for the tan - go But now this brand new fan -
 Af - ric - ans in a lewd way And though you dance in a
 then they find it con - tag - ious, They spend their in - come and



dang-o's got me like noth - ing got me be - fore, OH MOM - E -
 nude way Ev - ery - one loves your won - der - ful style, OH MOM - E -
 wag - es Just to be in the spell of your charm, OH MOM - E -



NEZ, _____ OH MOM - E - NEZ _____ No Cu - ban rum like LA
 NEZ, _____ OH MOM - E - NEZ _____ I'm blue and glum, dance LA
 NEZ, _____ OH MOM - E - NEZ _____ And still they come, for LA



RUM - BA for me. _____ OH MOM - E _____
 RUM - BA for me. _____ OH MOM - E _____
 RUM - BA and you. _____ OH MOM - E _____

Music by
ERNESTO LECUONA

Tune Ukulele

A	D	F#	B
---	---	----	---

Andante moderato

Jun - gle

Drums, _____

Through the black of night,

Send your mes-sage to me.

(Bring love's mes-sage to me.) _____ Guid-ing

me, _____ Through the trop-ic maze, _____ With their weird mel-o-

dy. (Chant-ing their mel-o - dy.) "You are mine"

is the mes-sage they cry, _____ "I am thine _____ long as

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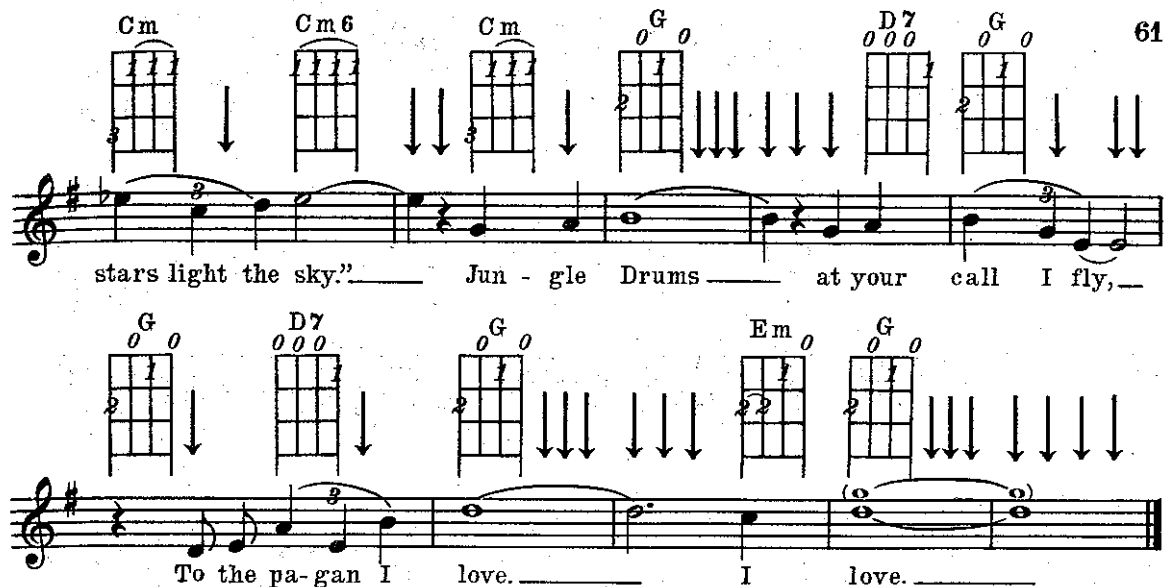
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stars light the sky." Jun - gle Drums at your call I fly, To the pa-gan I love. I love.

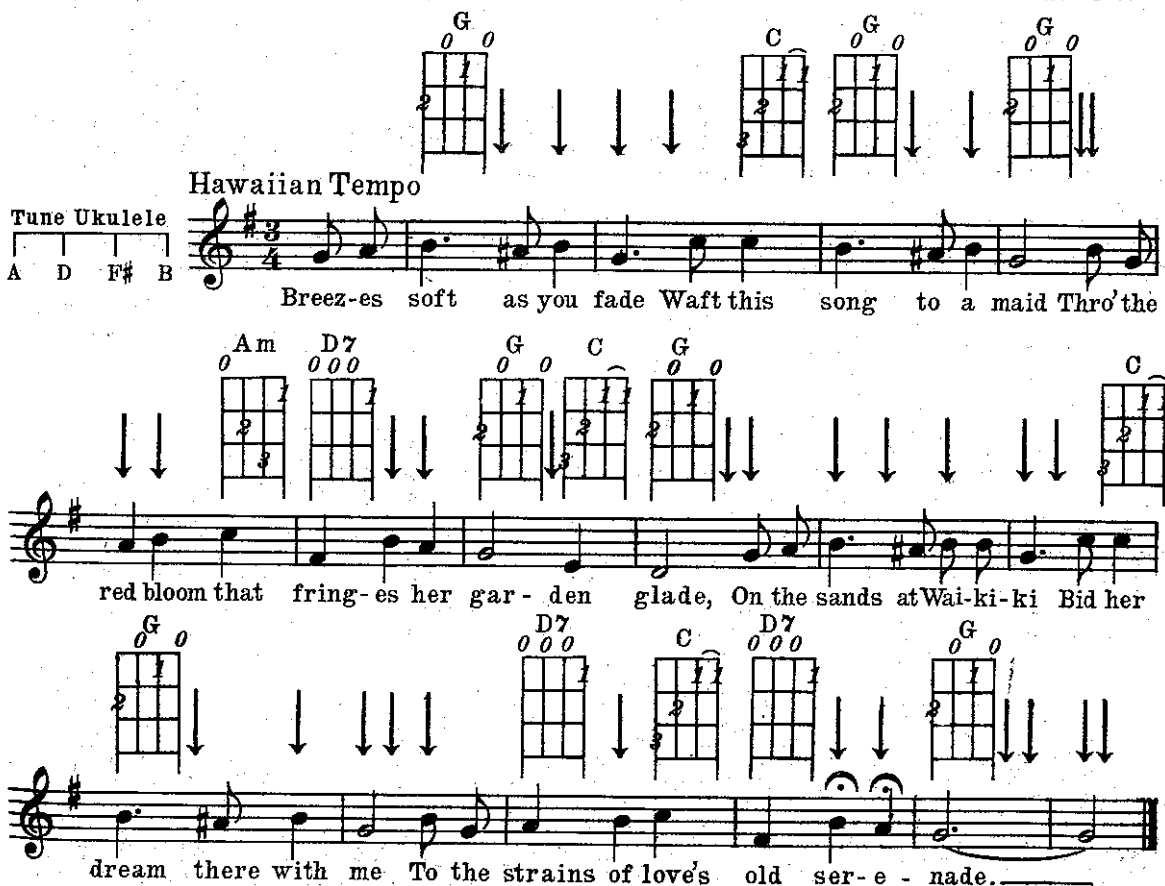
King's Serenade

Lyric by
CAROL RAVEN

Music by
CHAS. E. KING

Hawaiian Tempo

Tune Ukulele
A D F# B



Breez-es soft as you fade Waft this song to a maid Thro' the red bloom that fring-es her gar - den glade, On the sands at Wai-ki-ki Bid her dream there with me To the strains of love's old ser-e - nade.

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Lyric by
ABE TUVIM and
FRANCIA LUBAN

A Gay Ranchero

Music by
J. J. ESPINOSA

Tune Ukulele
G C E A

C
0 0 0

A Gay Ran-cher-o, a cab-al-ler-o
Back on his ranch-o, we now find Pan-cho

C
0 0 0

G7
0 1 2 3

Can al-ways find some-one to pet A sen-or-it-a,
With his Pe-pi-ta by his side She thinks he's hand-some,

G7
0 1 2 3

C
0 0 0

a sweet Pe-pi-ta Her oth-er loves will soon for-get
worth an-y ran-som, To him she's still the blush-ing bride

If he's in-sis-tent and she's not dis-tant The sen-or-
Our Gay Ran-cher-o, our cab-al-ler-o Still tells the

A7
0 0 0

Dm
0 1 2 3

D dim
1 2 3 4

it-a will con-fess Her Gay Ran-cher-o, her cab-al-
world of how they met This Gay Ran-cher-o, this cab-al-

C 0 0 0 D7 0 G7 C 0 0 0

ler - o, _____ Need on - ly . ask and she'll say yes. _____
ler - o, _____ Says he has noth - ing to re - gret. _____

0 G7 C 0 0 0 0 G7

Soon there'll be a fies-ta with a blush-ing bride And a Gay Ran-
Now to end the sto-ry that I once was told Here's a lit-tle

C 0 0 0 0 G7

cher - o stand-ing by her side If they find the
se - cret that I must un - fold For they found the

0 G7

prom - ise that they have in store. They'll be count-ing
prom - ise that they had in store. Now they're real - ly

C 0 0 0 C 0 0 0 0 G7 C 0 0 0

lit - tle chie-os by the score.
count-ing chic-os by the score.

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When "good fellows get together", during the course of almost every evening, the inevitable question is asked—"HOW ABOUT A SONG?" We know whereof we speak, for there isn't a greater inspiration than a song to help the cheer along. But! WHAT TO SING?—The Publishers have attempted to answer that question, in the following pages, with fifty answers. When the party lags, or someone suggests "Let's go home" we hope the presence of this book will be the solution to a BIGGER, BETTER and HAPPIER EVENING.

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Eleven More Months and Ten More Days
Forty Nine Bottles
Funiculi Funicula
Good Night Ladies
Hail Hail the Gang's All Here
He's a Jolly Good Fellow
Hinky Dinky Parley-Voo
Hoch Sollst Du Leben
Home Sweet Home
How Dry I Am
Immer Noch Ein Troepfschen
In Mobile
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