

Mark Nelson
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Lark Camp 2017
ukulele Jugband Songbook



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Please note: The lyrics given here are intended for what passes as educational use only. Please do not copy or distribute except for personal enjoyment.
Failure to follow these instructions may result in an unfortunate karmic experience. Or not, depending.

Adam & Eve in the Garden of Eden

verse 1 & 5 — Tommy Bradley 1930

verses 2, 3 & 4 — “Bogus” Ben Covington 1928

F D7
When Adam and Eve were in the Garden of Eden,
G7 C7 F
They surely must have shook that thing.
F D7
When Adam and Eve were in the Garden of Eden,
G7 C7
They surely must have shook that thing.
F F7
Because Adam said to Eve, “You’re playin’ Suzie Q,
Bb Bb7
You wouldn’t give me none of your forbidden fruit.”
F D7
When Adam and Eve were in the Garden of Eden
G7 C7 F D7
They surely must have shook that thing, I mean,
G7 C7 F
They surely must have shook that thing.

When Adam and Eve were in the Garden of Eden,
They must have shook that thing,
Well, the leaves started fallin’,
The snake started crawlin’,
He must have give her a diamond ring,
Eve said to Adam, “If you care for me,
You would eat this fruit from the forbidden tree,”
When Adam and Eve were in the Garden of Eden,
They surely must have shook that thing, I mean,
They surely must have shook that thing.

When Adam and Eve were in the Garden of Eden, etc
Eve said to Adam, “Go and sleep in the crib,”
Adam said to Eve, “I’m gonna sleep with my rib”

When Adam and Eve were in the Garden of Eden, etc
Adam said to Eve, “Now just you wait
Till I get you out of this garden gate.”

When Adam and Eve were in the Garden of Eden,
They had one named Abel, one named Cain,
You know by that they must have shook that thing.

All of Me
Simon & Marks, 1931

C E7
All of me... why not take all of me?

A7 Dm
Can't you see I'm no good with-out you

E7 Am
Take my lips, I want to lose them

D7 G7
Take me arms, I'll never use them

C E7
Your goodbye, left me with eyes that cry

A7 Dm7
How can I go on, dear, with-out you??

F F#dim C A7
You took the part, that once was my heart

Dm G7 C--A7--D7--G7
So why not take all of me??

More of Me
Mark-o, some time back....

More of me...there's so much more of me
It's plain to see, I'm athletic no longer.
Take me pants, out at the waist, dear.
I'll take a tent, I need more space, dear.
My hips and thighs, have swollen to twice their size,
I realize I've been drinking too much beer.
Great folds of skin hand down from my chin,
Yes, there's so much more of me!

Beedle-um-Bum
from The Hokum Boys 1928

D G D A7
Down in Memphis, Tennessee, lives a girl named Simmy,
D G A7 D
She runs a meat shop on the block, she's always got the 'gimme',
D G D D
She serves a meal with a tadpole's heel* you can't resist by trying,
D G A7 D
Every time you pass her door you can hear Miss Simmy crying,

D
“Oh, my beedle-um-bum,
G
Come an’ see me if you ain’t had none.
A7
Make a dumb man speak make a lame man run,
D A7
Sure miss somethin’ if you don’t get some of my,
D G
Beedle-um-bum, oh, my beedle-um-bum,
A7 D
It’s the best beedle-um that’s made in Ten-n-es-see.”

Ev'ry day at ten o'clock, she'd go down to the station,
To the folks that come to town she'd give a little invitation.
Ev'ry day, from noon till night, she's always busy selling,
Beedle-um hot an' beedle-um cold, you can always hear her yelling,

“Oh, my beedle-um-bum,
Come an’ see me if you ain’t had none.
Sure, it ain’t made small an’ it ain’t made wide,
It’s just made up in a medium size.
My beedle-um-bum, oh, my beedle-um-bum,
It’s the best beedle-um that’s made in Tennessee.”

Repeat first verse & Chorus



Blues in the Bottle
from Prince Albert Hunt, 1928

C
Blues in the Bottle, Blues in the Bottle

C7
Stopper's in my hand, Pretty Mama

| | |
|--|---|
| F7 | C |
| Blues in the Bottle, stopper's in my hand, | |

G7 C
I'm going back to Fort Worth because you found another man.

Go dig you taters, Go dig your taters,
It's tater digging time, pretty mama
Go dig your taters, it's tater digging time
Old man Jack Frost, he's gone and killed your vine

I asked my baby, I asked my baby,
 Could she stand to see me cry, pretty mama
 I asked my baby, could she stand to see me cry
 She said "Whoa now, daddy, I could stand to see you die."

Rooster chews tobacco, rooster chews tobacco
And the hen uses snuff
Rooster chews tobacco and the hen uses snuff
The little chickens don't use nothing, they just strut their stuff

I'm goin' to Chattanooga, goin' to Chattanooga,
To see the ponies run, pretty mama
Goin' to Chattanooga, to see the ponies run
And if I win some money gonna give my baby some

Blues in the Bottle, Blues in the Bottle
Stopper's in my hand, Pretty Mama
Blues in the Bottle, stopper's in my hand,
I'm looking for a woman who's looking for a man

Crazy Words, Crazy Tune

Yellen, Ager 1927

from Frank Crummit and His Commanders

G

Crazy words, crazy tune,

E7

All that you'll ever hear him croon.

A7

G

G

Vo-do-de-o, vo-do-de-o-do, vo-do-do.

G

Sits around, all night long,

E7

Sings the same words to every song:

A7

G

G

Vo-do-de-o, vo-do-de-o-do, vo-do-do.

B7

E7

His ukulele, daily, how he'll strum! Bum-bum-bum!

A7

D7

Vampin' and stampin'. Then he hollers, "Black bottom!"

G

Crazy words, crazy tune,

E7

He'll be driving me crazy soon.

A7

G

G

Vo-do-de-o, vo-do-de-o-do, vo-do-do.

Washington at Valley Forge

It was bitter cold, and up spoke George:

"Vo-do-de-o, vo-do-de-o-do. Vo-do-do!"

Napoleon marched his men

To Waterloo. What did he say to them?

"Vo-do-de-o, vo-do-de-o-do."

Remember Patrick Henry — He made that speech, that famous speech

"Give me liberty — or give me Black Bottom!"

And in the White House the other day,

What did President Coolidge say?

"Vo-do-de-o, vo-do-de-o-do."

It's a rage, it's a craze,

Everybody sings now-a-days:

Vo-do-de-o, vo-do-de-o-do, vo-do-do.

Every goof, every sheik,

Tunes his uke and begins to shriek:

Vo-do-de-o, vo-do-de-o-do.

Go on the east side, the west side, here or there, everywhere,

They vo-do, vo-do-do. Then they holler, "Black bottom!"

Young or old, old or young,

The guy that started it should be hung.

Vo-do-de-o, vo-do-de-o-do.

Five Foot Two
Joe Young, Sam Lewis & Ray Henderson, 1925

C E7
Five foot Two - Eyes of blue
A7
Oh what those five feet could do,
D7 G7 C G7
Has anybody seen my gal?
C E7
Turned up nose, turned down hose
A7
Never had no other beaus
D7 G7 C
Has anybody seen my gal?

E7
Now if you run into a five foot two
A7
Covered in furs,
D7
Diamond rings and all those things
G7
Bet your life it isn't her.

C E7
But could she love, could she woo
A7
Could she, could she, could she coo
D7 G7 C
Has anybody seen my gal?



If You's a Viper
Stuff Smith, 1936 & Fats Waller, 1941

G6 G#dim Am D7
I dreamed about a reefer five feet long
G6 G#dim Am D7
A might immerse* but not too strong
G G7 C C#dim
You'll be high, but not for long
D7 G6
If you's a viper.

Now I'm the king of everything
I gotta get high before I can swing
Love that tea, but you gotta let it be
If you's a viper.

C C#dim
If your throat gets dry, you know you're high
G
And everything is dandy
A7
Truck on down to the candy store
D7
Bust your conk on peppermint candy.

Now you know your body's spent
You don't give a darn if you get pay rent
The sky is high, and so am I
If you's a viper.

*Waller sang "Mighty Mezz," a reference to Milton "Mezz" Mezzrow, known more for his weed than his horn.



I Can't Give You Anything But Love
Fields & McHugh, 1928

C C#dim Dm7 G7
I can't give you anything but love, baby

C C#dim Dm7 G7
That's the only thing I've plenty of, baby

C C7 F
Dream a while, scheme a while, we're sure to find

D7
Happiness and I guess

G7
All those things you've ever pined for

C C#dim Dm7 G7
Gee, I'd like to see you looking swell, baby

C7 F
Diamond bracelets Woolworths doesn't sell, baby

 D7 C A7
Till that lucky day you know darned well, baby

Dm7 D7 / G7 C
I can't give you anything but love.

Jug Band Music (Jug Band Quartette)

Memphis Jug Band, 1934

Add'l Lyrics from Geoff Muldar

You know, away down yonder in Memphis, Tennessee ,
The Jug Band music sounds sweet to me,
 Because it sounds so sweet,
 Aw, you know, it's hard to beat,
 And the Jug Band music certainly was a treat to me.

I heard the jug band playin' the other day
You know that music drove my blues away,

I went home turned on my radio
I danced along until I broke in my floor,

I told those people way across that hall,
I'm playin' these blues till you know that's all,

I was with me gal, put my hand on her knee.
She said, "You can't play the jug, you can't play with me.

I took of my socks, and I took off my shoes.
I danced all night to the Jug Band Blues



Jug Band Music
John Sebastian, 1967
from the Lovin' Spoonful

C G7
I was down in Savannah eatin' cream and bananas when the heat just made me faint
C
I'd begun to get cross eyed I thought I was lost I'd begun to see things as they ain't
F
Then all the relatives gathered to see what's the matter the doctor came to see was I dyin'
C G7 C
But the doctor said give him jugband music it seems to make him feel just fine

G7 C
I was told a little tale about a skinny as a rail eight foot cowboy with a headache
G7 C
He was hung up in the desert swattin' rats and tryin' a get a drink a water with his knees a gettin' mud-caked.
F
And I'll tell you in a sentence how he stumbled in into Memphis, Tennessee hardly crawlin' looking dust baked.
C
They gave him a little water, a little bit of wine, he opened up his eyes but they didn't seem to shine;
G7 C
And the doctor said give him jugband music it seems to make him feel just fine

(same as v1)
So if you ever get sickly, get sis to run quickly to the dusty closet shelf,
And pull out a washboard, and play a guitar chord and do a little do-it-yourself.
Call on your neighbors to put down their labors and come and play the hardware in time;
'Cause the doctor says give 'em jugband music, it seems to make 'em feel just fine.

(Same as v2)
I was floatin in the ocean, greased with suntan lotion when I got wiped out by a beachboy.
He was surfen' when he hit me but jumped off his board to git me and he dragged me by the armpits like a child's toy.
Then we staggered into land with all the waiters eatin' sandwiches and tried to mooch a towel from the hoi polloi.
He emptied out his ear drums I emptied out mine, and everybody knows that the very last line
Is "the doctor says give 'em jugband music, it seems to make 'em feel just fine!"



Love Potion Number 9

The Clovers 1957

The Clovers, from Washington, D.C., were one of the most successful Rhythm and Blues acts of the early "Doo-Wop" period.

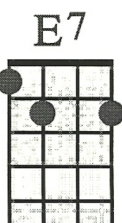
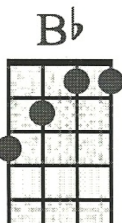
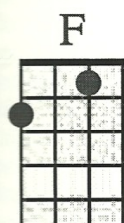
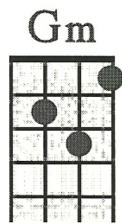
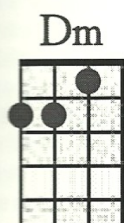
Their "street-corner" harmonies won them many fans, awards and hitrecords, such as: One Mint Julep, Love Love Love, I Played The Fool, Blue Velvet, Little Mama, and Love Potion #9.

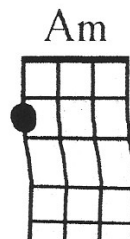
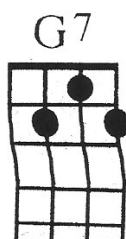
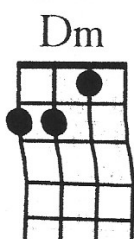
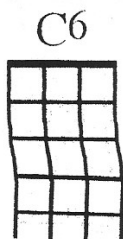
Dm **Gm**
I took my troubles down to Madame Rue
Dm **Gm**
You know that gypsy with the gold capped tooth
F **Dm**
She's got a pad down on thirty-fourth and vine
Bb **A7** **Dm**
Sellin' little bottles of.....love potion number nine

Dm **Gm**
I told her that I was a flop with chicks
Dm **Gm**
I'd been that way since 19-56
F **Dm**
She looked in my palm and she made a magic sign
Bb **A7** **Dm**
She said what you need is... love potion number nine

Gm
She bent down, turned around a gave me a wink
E7
She said I'm gonna mix it up right here in the sink
Gm
It smelled like turpentine, it looked like indian ink
A7 **No Chord**
I held my nose, I closed my eyes, I took a drink

Dm **Gm**
I didn't know if it was day or night
Dm **Gm**
I started kissin' every-thing in sight
F **Dm**
But when I kissed a cop down on thirty-fourth and vine
Bb **A7** **Dm**
She broke my little bottle of....love potion number nine
A7 **Dm**
.....love potion number nine





Mack the Knife

By Kurt Weill (from the 'Three Penny Opera')

C6 Dm G7 C6
Well, the shark has pretty teeth dear, and he keeps them pearly white
Am Dm G7 C6
Just a jackknife has old MacHeath dear, and he keeps it out of sight

(This Chord progression repeats through out song)

C6 Dm G7 C6
When the shark bites with his teeth dear, scarlet billows start to spread
Am Dm G7 C6
Fancy gloves though wears old MacHeath dear, so there's never a trace of red

C6 Dm G7 C6
Sunday morning on the sidewalk, lies a body oozing life
Am Dm G7 C6
And some one's creeping around the corner, could that someone be Mack the knife?

C6 Dm G7 C6
From a tug boat on the river a cement bag's dropping down
Am Dm G7 C6
The cement's just for the weight dear, I bet you Macky's back in town

C6 Dm G7 C6
Louis Miller disappeared dear, after drawing all his cash
Am Dm G7 C6
And old MacHeath spends like a sailor, did our boy do something rash?

C6 Dm G7 C6
Sukey Tawdry, Jenny Diver, Polly Peachum and old Lucy Brown
Am Dm G7 C6
Well, the line forms on the right girls, now that Macky's back in town!

Papa's On the Housetop
Leroy Carr and Scrapper Blackwell, 1932
8 Bar blues in D

Mama said to Papa, be quiet as a mouse
So Papa climbed up on the top of the house
Made a lot of whoopee, made a lot of noise
Stood up and cheered with the rest of the boys

chorus:

Baby's in the cradle, brother's on the town
Sister's in the parlor, trying' on a gown.
Mama's in the kitchen, messing all around
And Papa's on the housetop, he won't come down

Papa saw a chicken out in the yard
He picked up a rock and he hit him hard
He hit him hard and he killed him dead
Now the chicken's in the gravy and the gravy's on the bread

Well the blues they come, yes the blues they come
Nobody knows where the blues come from
The blues they go, yes the blues they go
And everybody's happy when the old blues go

Hush little baby don't you cry
The blues are gonna leave you by and by
Papa come in and he sure was sore
Put the baby in the cradle, tossed the blues out the door

The Sheik of Araby
Harry Smith, Francis Wheeler & Ted Snyder 1921

G6 D7

I'm the Sheik of Ar-a-by

G

Your love belongs to me

D7

At night where you're a-sleep

G6

Into your tent I'll creep

D7

The stars that shine a-bove

B7

Will light our way to love

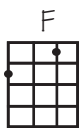
E7 A7

You'll rule this world with me

D7 G6

I'm the Sheik of Ar-a-by

Singin' In the Rain
Freed & Brown, 1929



I'm singin' in the rain, just singin' in the rain

F# dim

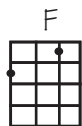


C7



What a glorious feeling I'm happy again

I'm laughing at the clouds so dark up above;



The sun's in my heart and I'm ready for love

Let the stormy clouds chase every one from the place

F# dim

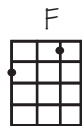


C7



Come on with the rain, I've a smile on my face

I'll walk down the lane with a happy refrain



And singin', just singin' in the rain

Sitting On Top of the World
Mississippi Sheiks, 1930

F
It was all the summer and all the fall
Bb F
Just trying to find my little all and all
C7
But now she's gone, I don't worry
Bb F
I'm sitting on top of the world

It was in the spring, one summer day
Just when she left me she's gone to stay
But now she's gone, I don't worry
I'm sitting on top of the world

You may come here running, holding up your hands
I can get me a woman quick as you can get a man

There have been days I didn't know your name
Why should I worry and pray in vain

Going to the station down in the yard
I'll get me a freight train, work done got hard

The lonesome days, they have gone by
Why should you beg me and say goodbye
But now she's gone, I don't worry
I'm sitting on top of the world



Stealin' Stealin'
Memphis Jug Band, 1928

A A7 D
Stealing, stealing. Pretty mama, don't you tell on me.

A E7
I'm stealing back to my same old used-to-be.

A
Now, put your arms around me like the circle round the sun.
D
I want you to love me, mama, like my easy rider done.

 A E7 A D A E7 A
If you don't believe I love you, look what a fool I've been.

 A E7 A D A E7 A
If you don't believe I'm sinking, look what a hole I'm in.

A A7 D
Stealing, stealing. Pretty mama, don't you tell on me.

A E7
I'm stealing back to my same old used-to-be. (2X)

The woman I'm loving she's just my height and size.
She's a married woman, she comes to see me sometimes.

If you don't believe I love you, look what a fool I've been.
If you don't believe I'm sinking, look what a hole I'm in.
I'm stealing, stealing. Pretty mama, don't you tell on me.
I'm stealing back to my same old used-to-be.
I'm stealing, stealing. Pretty mama don't you tell on me.
I'm stealing back to my same old used-to-be.

Stealing, stealing. Pretty mama don't you tell on me
I'm stealing back to my same old used-to-be.

Sunny Side of the Street

Fields/McHugh, 1930

F A7
Grab your coat and get your hat
Bb C7
Leave your worries on the doorstep
Dm7 G7
Just direct your feet
Gm7 C7 F
To the sunny side of the street

F A7
Can't you hear the pitter pat?
Bb C7
And that happy tune is your step
Dm7 G7
Life can be so sweet
Gm7 C7 F
On the sunny side of the street

F7
I used to walk in the shade
Bb
with my blues on parade
G7
But now I'm not afraid,
Gm7 C7
This rover crossed over.

F A7
If I never had a cent,
Bb C7
I'd be as rich as Rockefeller
Dm7 G7
Gold dust at my feet
Gm7 C7 F
On the sunny side of the street

Walk Right In
Rooftop Singers, 1962
from Gus Cannon's Jug Stompers, 1929

G E7
Walk right in, sit right down

A7 D7 G
Daddy, let your mind roll on
G E7
Walk right in, sit right down

A7 D7
Daddy, let your mind roll on

G
Everybody's talkin' 'bout a new way of walkin'

C7
Do you want to lose your mind?
G E7
Walk right in, sit right down

A7 D7 G
Daddy, let your mind roll on

Walk right in, sit right down
Baby, let your hair hang down
Walk right in, sit right down
Baby, let your hair hang down

Everybody's talkin' 'bout a new way of walkin'
Do you want to lose your mind?
Walk right in, sit right down
Baby, let your hair hang down

You May Leave But This Will Bring You Back

Memphis Jug Band, 1930

F

My father was a jockey, learned me to ride behind.

C

You know by that, I got a job any time.

G

You may leave, but this will bring you back.

I walked around the corner to the peanut stand.

My gal got stuck on the peanut man.

You may leave, but this will bring you back.

You quit me, pretty mama, 'cause you couldn't be my boss,

But a rolling stone don't gather no moss.

You may leave, but this will bring you back.

Just a nickel's worth of meal, a dime's worth of lard

Will feed every Jane in Jeff Burt's yard.

You may leave, but this will bring you back.

I'm satisfied, satisfied.

My Todalo shaker by my side.

You may leave, but this will bring you back.

