

Mercredi 15 février 2012
Un Nouvel Espoir



RENDEZ-VOUS
UKE

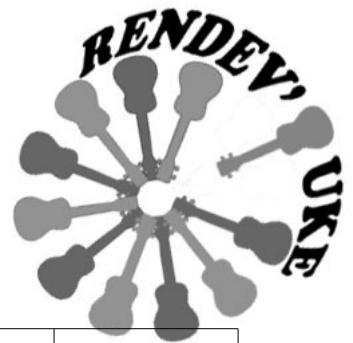
Au «Jardin» 52 rue de la Bidassoa
75020 Paris 19h30

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Frankie & Johnny



Strum : (♩ = $\overset{\text{3}}{\text{♩}}$)



Intro:

N.C	D	D7	G7	C C7	F D7	C G7_{sus2}	C G7_{sus2}
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C	G7_{sus2}	C	G7_{sus2}	C	G7_{sus2}	C C7M C7
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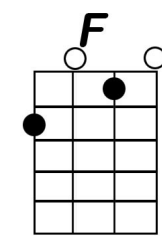
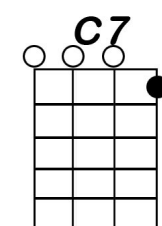
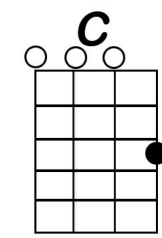
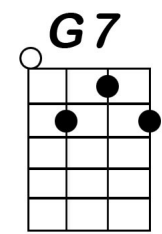
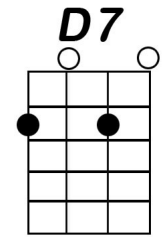
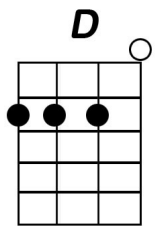
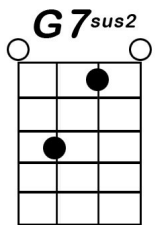
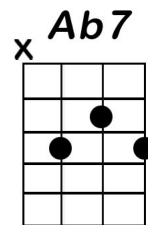
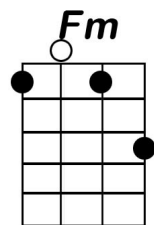
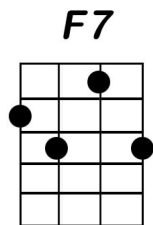
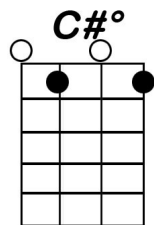
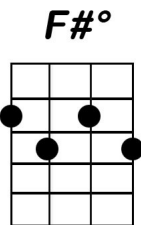
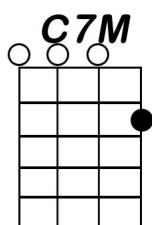
Frankie & Johnny were sweethearts	Oh lordy how they could love
Frankie went down to the corner	just for a bucket of beer
I don't want to cause you no trouble	I don't want to tell you no lie
Frankie went down to the hotel	Didn't go there for fun
Frankie looked over the transom	She saw to her surprise
Frankie threw back her kimono	took out her fourty-four gun
Bring out the rubber-tired hearses	bring out the rubber-tired hacks
Bring out a thousand policemen	to carry me away
Frankie she said to the warden	what do you reckon they'll do?
This story has no moral	this story has no end

F	F	F	F#°	C	C7M C#°
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Swore to be true to each other	just as true as the stars above	he was her
She says « mister bartender	has my lovin' Johnny been there	he is my
I saw Johnny about an hour ago	with a girl named Nelly Bly	he was your
Underneath her kimono	she carried a fourty-four gun	he was her
there on a cot sat Johnny	makin' love to Nelly Bly	he was her
Rooty toot toot 3 times she shot	right trought that hardwood door	shot her
they're takin' my Johnny to the graveyard	but they ain't gonna bring him back	he was my
Lock me down in a dungeon cell	and throw that key away	I shot my
The warden he said to Frankie	it's the electric chair for you	cos' you shot your
This story only just goes to show	that there ain't no good in men	he was her

D7	G7	C F7 C C7 F Fm	C G7 C Ab7 G7
-----------	-----------	---------------------------------	--------------------------------

man	but he done her wrong
man	he wouldn' do me wrong »
man	but he's doin' you wrong
man	but he was doin' her wrong
man	but he was doin' her wrong
man	he was doin' her wrong
man	and he done me wrong
man	he was doin' her wrong
man	he was doin' you wrong
man	and he done her wrong





Frankie & Johnny

Lead

User Defined

①=A ③=C
②=E ④=G

Ballad ♩ = 90

Ukul.

Intro

♩ = $\frac{3}{4}$

4

7

Verses

11

15

1. 3. 5. 7

2. 4. 6. 8

9x

19

Mas Que Nada

Strum :



Am	F	D7	G7
O	O	O	Bahia Rai-

Am	Am	Am	Am
O	Oba Oba	Oba	Oba

Am	F	D7	G7
O	O O O O	O	Bahia Rai-

Am	Am
O	Oba Oba O-

Am G7	Am	G7	Am
ba Mas que	Nada	Sai da minha frente	quero passar

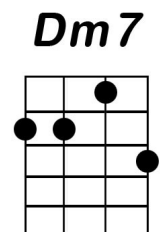
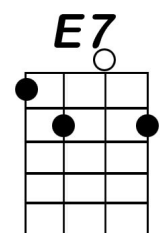
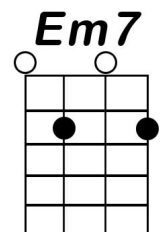
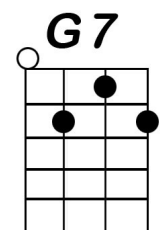
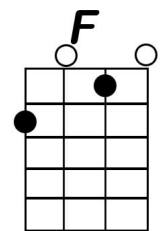
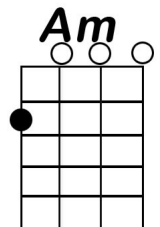
G7	Am	Em7 E7	Am
Pois o samba esta	animado	o que eu quero	e sambar

Am	Dm7	G7 Em7	Am
Este	samba que é	misto de	maracatu

Am	F	G7 Em7	Am
E samba de preto velho	sam- ba	de preto	tu

Am G7	Am	G7	Am
Mas que	Nada	O samba como este tao	legal

G7	Am	Em7 E7	Am
Voce nao vai	querer	que eu chegue	no final





① = A ③ = C
② = E ④ = G

Moderate ♩ = 160

5

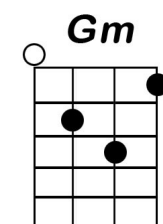
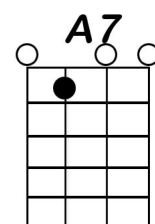
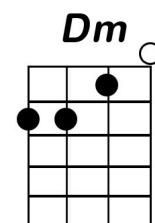
St James Infirmary Blues

version simple



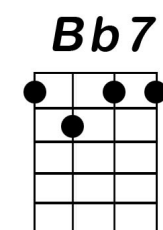
Dm	A7	Dm	Dm Gm	A7
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It was down in old Joe's bar room on the corner by the square
on my left stood big Joe McKennedy his eyes were bloodshot red
I went down to the St. James infirmary to see my baby there
Let her go let her go God bless her wherever she may be
When I die oh Lord please bury me in my high top Stetson hat
Get six gamblers to be my pall bearers six chorus girls to sing me a song
Get six teen coal black horses to pull that rubber-tired hack
Now that you've heard my story let's have another round of booze



Dm	A7	Dm	Bb7 A7	Dm
-----------	-----------	-----------	---------------	-----------

The drinks were served as usual and the usual crowd was there
He turned to the crowd around him and these are the words he sais
She was stretched out on a long white table so young so cold so fair
She may search this whole world over she'll never find another man as sweet as me
Put gold coins over my eye lids so the boys will know i died standing pat
Put a Jazz band behind my hearse wagon to raise hell as we roll along
There's thirteen men going to the graveyard only twelve men are coming back
And if anyone should ask you I've got those St. James infirmary blues



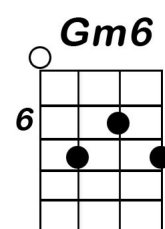
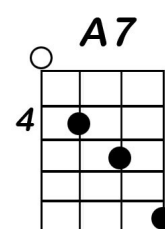
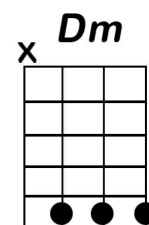
St James Infirmary Blues

version alternative



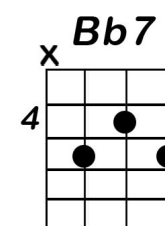
Dm	A7	Dm	Dm Gm6	A7
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It was down in old Joe's bar room on the corner by the square
on my left stood big Joe McKennedy his eyes were bloodshot red
I went down to the St. James infirmary to see my baby there
Let her go let her go God bless her wherever she may be
When I die oh Lord please bury me in my high top Stetson hat
Get six gamblers to be my pall bearers six chorus girls to sing me a song
Get six teen coal black horses to pull that rubber-tired hack
Now that you've heard my story let's have another round of booze



Dm	A7	Dm	Bb7 A7	Dm
-----------	-----------	-----------	---------------	-----------

The drinks were served as usual and the usual crowd was there
He turned to the crowd around him and these are the words he sais
She was stretched out on a long white table so young so cold so fair
She may search this whle world over she'll never find another man as sweet as me
Put gold coins over my eye lids so the boys will know i died standing pat
Put a Jazz band behind my hearse wagon to raise hell as we roll along
There's thirteen men going to the graveyard only twelve men are coming back
And if anyone should ask you I've got those St. James infirmary blues



St. Louis Blues

Version simple



Strum :



F	Bb	F	F7
----------	-----------	----------	-----------

I hate to see that evenin' sun go down
Feelin tomorrow like I feel today

Bb	Bb	F	F
-----------	-----------	----------	----------

Hate to see that evenin' sun go down
Feelin tomorrow the way I feel today

C7	C7	F	C#7 C7 C7 :
-----------	-----------	----------	------------------------------

'cause my baby has done left his town
I'll pack my trunk an make my getaway St Louis

Fm	Bbm	C7 G7	C7
-----------	------------	--------------	-----------

Woman with her diamond rings pulls that
weren't for powder and her storebought hair that

Gm7b5	C7	Fm Fm G7	C7 :
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Man around by her apron strings If it
man I love wouldn't have gone nowhere no – where Got the

F	Bb	F Bb F Bb	F7
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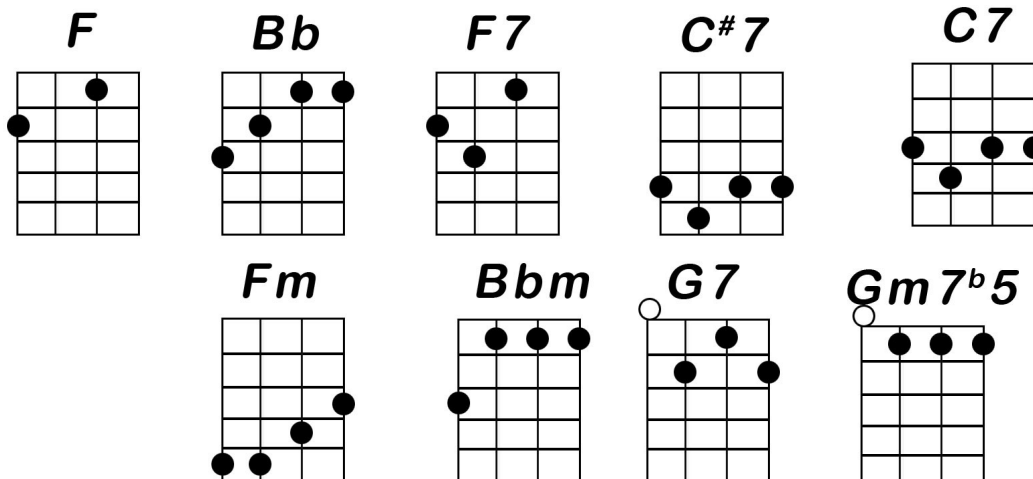
St. Louis Blues I'm as Blue as I can be that

Bb	Bb	F Bb F Bb	F
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Man got a heart like a rock cast in the sea or

F	C#7 C7	C7	F	F
----------	---------------	-----------	----------	----------

Else he wouldn't have gone so far from me



St. Louis Blues

Version avancée

Strum :



:F	F7	Bb	F	F7M	F7
-----------	-----------	-----------	----------	------------	-----------

I hate to see that evenin' sun go down
Feelin tomorrow like I feel today

Bb	Bb6	Bb6 Bb7	F	F
-----------	------------	----------------	----------	----------

Hate to see that evenin' sun go down
Feelin tomorrow the way I feel today

C7	C7	F	C#7 C7 C7	:
-----------	-----------	----------	----------------------------	----------

'cause my baby has done left his town
I'll pack my trunk an make my getaway St Louis

Fm	Bbm	C7 G7	C7
-----------	------------	--------------	-----------

Woman with her diamond rings pulls that
weren't for powder and her storebought hair that

Gm7b5	C7	Fm Fm G7	C7	:
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Man around by her apron strings If it
man I love wouldn't have gone nowhere no – where Got the

F9	Bb9	F Bb7 F Bb7	F F7M F7
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St. Louis Blues I'm as Blue as I can be that

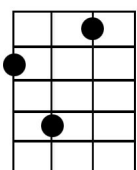
Bb9	Bb9	F Bb7 F Bb7	F
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Man got a heart like a rock cast in the sea or

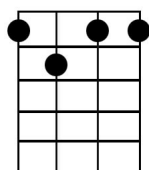
F	C#7 C7	C7	F	F
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Else he wouldn't have gone so far from me

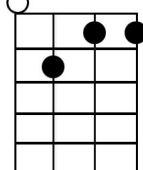
F7M



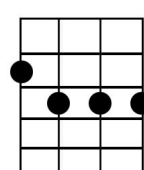
Bb7



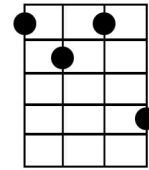
Bb6



F9



Bb9



La chanson de Prévert

Strum :



Intro

Am	Am
-----------	-----------

Couplets :

Am	Am	C	C
-----------	-----------	----------	----------

1. Oh je voudrais tant que tu te souviennes

2. Avec d'autres bien sûr je m'abandonne

3. Peut-on jamais savoir par où commence

F	F	C	C
----------	----------	----------	----------

Cette chanson était la tienne

Mais leur chanson est monotone

Et quand finit l'indifférence

G	G	C	C
----------	----------	----------	----------

C'était ta préférée Je crois

Et peu à peu je m'indiffère

Passe l'automne vienne l'hiver

E7	E7	Am	Am
-----------	-----------	-----------	-----------

Qu'elle est de Prévert et Kosma Et chaque

A cela il n'est rien à faire Car chaque

Et que la chanson de Prévert Cette chan-

Refrains :

F	F	C	C
----------	----------	----------	----------

fois les feuilles mortes

fois les feuilles mortes

son les Feuilles Mortes

G	G	C	C
----------	----------	----------	----------

Te rappellent à mon souvenir Jour après

Te rappellent à mon souvenir Jour après

S'efface de mon souvenir Et ce jour

F	F	C	C
----------	----------	----------	----------

jour Les amours mortes

jour les amours mortes

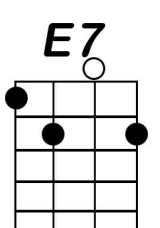
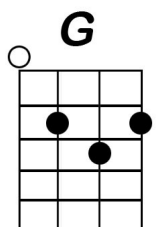
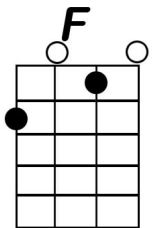
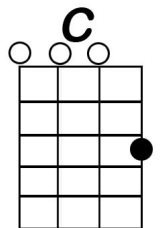
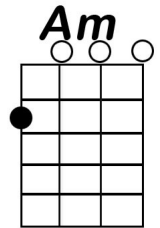
là mes amours mortes

E7	E7	Am	Am
-----------	-----------	-----------	-----------

N'en finissent pas de mourir

N'en finissent pas de mourir

En auront fini de mourir





La chanson de prévert

Lead

User Defined

①=A ③=C
②=E ④=G

Moderate ♩ = 150

Ukul.

Intro
Am

Couplet
Am

C

F

C

G

C

E7

Am

Refrain
F

C

G

C

F

C

E7

Am

30

Alabama Song



Strum :



Am	Am
-----------	-----------

Well



Well

Am	Am	F#m D7	F#m D7
-----------	-----------	---------------	---------------

Show me the way to the next whisky bar Oh don't ask why Oh don't ask why

Show me the way to the next little girl Oh don't ask why Oh don't ask why

Am	Am	F#m D7	F#m D7
-----------	-----------	---------------	---------------

Show me the way to the next whisky bar Oh don't ask why Oh don't ask why

Show me the way to the next little girl Oh don't ask why Oh don't ask why

Am	Am	F#m D7	F#m D7
-----------	-----------	---------------	---------------

For if we don't find the next whisky bar I tell you we must die I tell you we must die

For if we don't find the next little girl I tell you we must die I tell you we must die

F#m	F#m D7 C C C7M C7 C6
------------	-----------------------------

I tell you I tell you I tell you we must die Oh

I tell you I tell you I tell you we must die

F	F	F	B
----------	----------	----------	----------

Moon of alabama we know must say goodbye we've

G	Gm	C	F
----------	-----------	----------	----------

Lost our good old mama ma and must have whisky oh you know why Oh

Oh

F	F	F	E
----------	----------	----------	----------

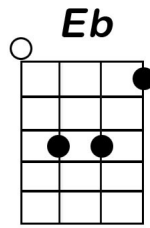
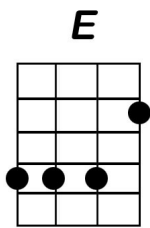
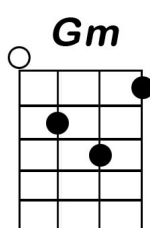
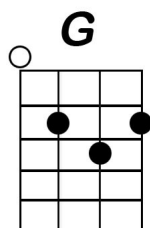
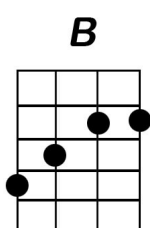
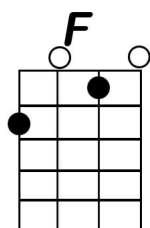
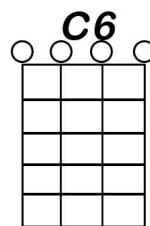
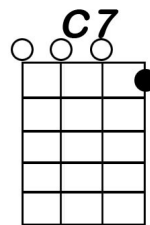
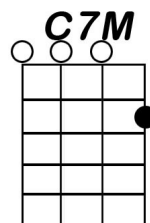
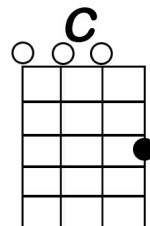
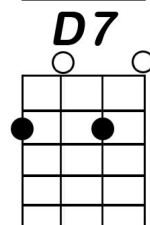
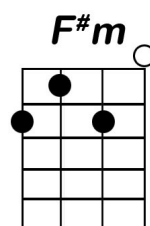
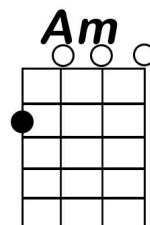
Moon of alabama we know must say goodbye we've

Moon of alabama we know must say goodbye we've

Eb	F	C	F
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Lost our good old mama ma and must have whisky oh you know why

Lost our good old mama ma and must have whisky oh you know why



Man of constant sorrow



F	F	Bb	C	F
----------	----------	-----------	----------	----------

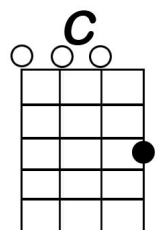
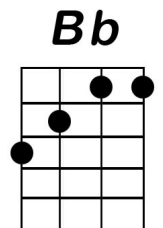
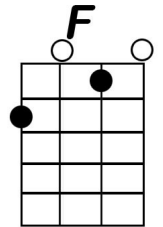
I am the man of constant sorrow I've seen trouble all my days
 For six long years I've been in trouble, no pleasure here on earth I've found
 It's fair thee well, my old true lover, I never expect to see you again.
 You can bury me in some deep valley, For many years where I may lay.
 Maybe your friends think I'm just a stranger My face you never will see no more

F	F	Bb	C	F
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I bid farewell to ol' Kentucky The place where I was born and raised. The place where
 For in this world, I'm bound to ramble, I have no friends to help me now. He has no
 For I'm bound to ride that Northern Railroad, perhaps I'll die upon this train Perhaps he'll
 And you may learn to love another while I am sleeping in my grave. While he is
 But there is one promise that is given, I'll meet you on God's golden shore He'll meet you

C	F
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he was born and raised
 friends to help him now
 die upon this train
 sleeping in his grave
 on God's golden shore



Tonight you belong to me



G	G7	C	Cm
----------	-----------	----------	-----------

I know (I know) you belong to somebody new but

G	D	G	D
----------	----------	----------	----------

Tonight you belong to me

G	G7	C	Cm
----------	-----------	----------	-----------

Althought (altought) we're a part you're part of my life but

G	D	G	D
----------	----------	----------	----------

Tonight you belong to me

Cm	Cm	Cm	Cm
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Way down by the stream how sweet it would seem

G	E7	A7	D
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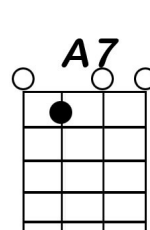
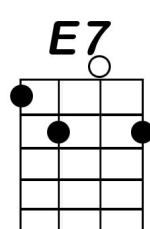
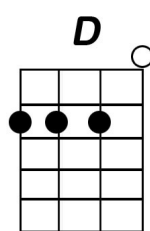
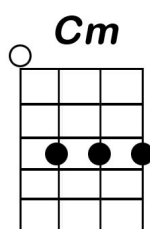
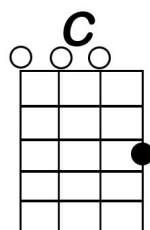
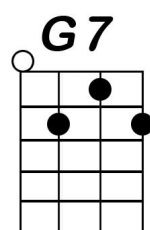
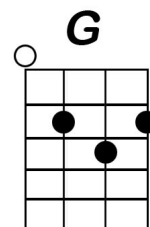
Once more just to dream in the moonlight my honey

G	G7	C	Cm
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I know (I know) with the dawn that you will be gone but

G	D	G7
----------	----------	-----------

Tonight you belong to me just to little old me



I'll fly away



Couplets:

D	D	G	D
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Some bright morning when this life is over I'll fly away

When the shadows of this life have gone I'll fly away

Oh how glad and happy when we meet I'll fly away

Just a few more weary days and then I'll fly away

D	D	D A7	D
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To a home on God's celestial shore I'll fly away

Like a bird from this prison walls I'll fly away

No more cold iron shackles on me feet I'll fly away

To a land where joy will never end I'll fly away

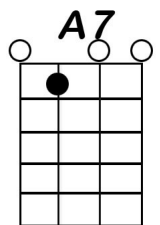
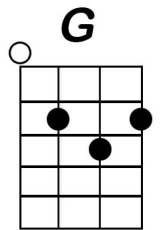
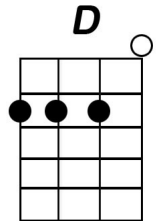
Refrain:

D	D	G	D
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I'll fly away oh glory I'll fly away

D	D	D A7	D
----------	----------	-------------	----------

When I die hallelujah by and by I'll fly away



Shangri-la



C	C	C	C C7
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Up on the sun, this time tomorrow Fly, walk, or run, but this time no sorrow

F	F	C	C
----------	----------	----------	----------

First stop, Jackson, next stop, Shangri-La

G7	G7	C F	C G
-----------	-----------	------------	------------

And I cannot wait to see the expression on the face of my sweet lord

C	C	C	C C7
----------	----------	----------	-------------

And back on the trail this time tomorrow, by foot, wheel, or sail, but this time no sorrow

F	F	C	C
----------	----------	----------	----------

First stop, Jackson, next stop, Shangri-La

G7	G7	C F	C G
-----------	-----------	------------	------------

And I cannot wait to see the expression on the face of my sweet lord

C F	C G	C F	C G
------------	------------	------------	------------

No, I cannot wait to hear you call my name

C F	C G	C F	C G
------------	------------	------------	------------

C	C	C	C C7
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And forget me not, this time tomorrow I gave all I got, but this time no sorrow

F	F	C	C
----------	----------	----------	----------

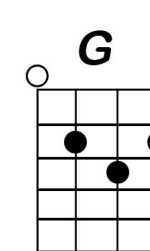
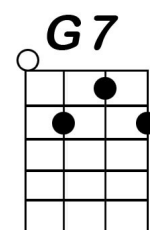
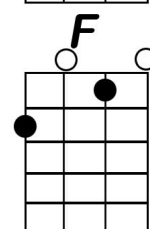
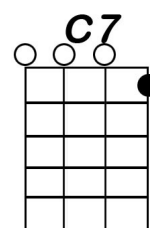
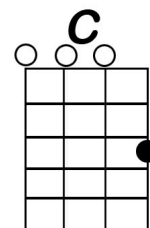
First stop, Jackson, next stop, Shangri-La

G7	G7	C F	C G
-----------	-----------	------------	------------

And I cannot wait to see the expression on the face of my sweet lord

C F	C G	C F	C G C
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No, I cannot wait to hear you call my name



We'll meet again



D	B	Em	A	D	B	Em	A
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D	F#	B	B7		
We'll	meet	again	don't know where	don't know when	but I

E	E7	A	A7			
Know	we'll	meet	again	some	sunny	day

D	F#	B	B7					
Keep	smiling	tought	just like	you	always	do	till	the

E				E7				D		G		D			
Blue	sky	drive	the	dark	clouds	far	away						and	would	you

D7	D	D7	D	G	G
Please say hello		to the folks that I know		tell them it won't be long and they'll be	

E7	E	E7	E	A	A7	A7+
Happy to know that as you saw me go I was singing this song						

D	F#	B	B7		
We'll	meet	again	don't know where	don't know when	but I

E	E7	D	G	D		
Know	we'll	meet	again	some	sunny	day

