

Rendev'uke



Songbook n°6

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My girl's pussy

Harry Roy, 1931



Couplets 1, 2 et 3 (A)

C	G7	F	C
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There's a pet I like to pet and every evening we get set I

Seldom plays and never purrs But I love the sthoughts it stirs

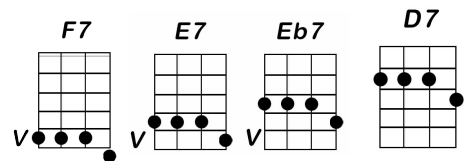
I bring tidbit's that it loves We spoon like two turtle doves

G7	C / A7	F / G7	C
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Stroke it every chance I get. It's my girl's pussy !

And I like it cause it's her's. It's my girl's pussy !

I take care to remove my gloves when stroking my girl's pussy.



Pont (B)

C7	%	F7	F7 E7 Eb7 D7
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Often it goes out at night return at break of dawn

D7	%	G	G7
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No matter what the weather's like, it's always nice and warm.

Couplet final (A)

C	G7	F	C
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Never dirty always clean In giving thrills it's never mean

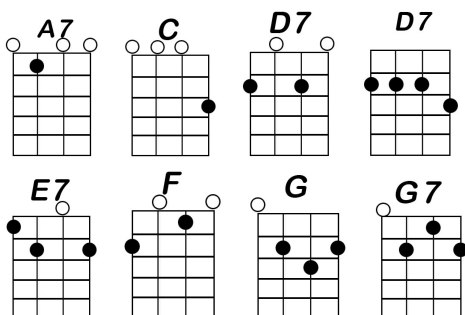
G7	C / A7	F / G7	C
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It's the best I've ever seen. It's my girl's pussy !

F / G7	C
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It's my girl's pussy !

F **G7** **C**
It's my girl's pussy !



Structure :

A instrumental

AABA chant

AAB instrumental, couplet final A

Abba dabba Honeymoon

Arthur Fields ; Walter Donovan, 1914



Couplets 1 & 2 (A)

Am	Am	E7	Am
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Wa-a-ay down in the Congo-land lived a happy chimpan- zee

Well, you should have heard that band play upon their wedding day

C	/ Cm	G	/ A7	G	/ D7	G
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She loved a monkey, with a lo-o-ong tail, *Lordy, how she loved him !*

Each chimp and monkey had nu-u-ut shells, *Lordy, how they played them !*

Am	Am	E7	Am / C (stop)
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Each night he would find her there, swinging in the coconut tree And the

And now it is every night high up in the coconut tree It's the

G	/ C	G	/ C	G	/ D7	G7 (stop)
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monkey gay, at the break of day, loved to hear the chimpie say :

same game old thing, with the same old swing, when the monk and chimpie sing :

Refrains 1 & 2 (B)

C	/ Am	C	/ Am	C	C
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Abba dabba dabba dabba dabba dab, said the Chimpie to the Monk

C	/ Am	C	/ Am	G7	G7
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Babba dabba dabba dabba dabba dab, said the Monkey to the Chimp

G7	G7	C	C
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All night long they'd chatter away, all day long they were happy and gay

D7	D7	G7 / Dm	G7 (stop)
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Swinging and singing in their hunky monkey way

C	/ Am	C	/ Am	C	C
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Abba dabba dabba dabba dabba dab, means "Monk I love but you,"

E7	E7	Am	Am
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Babba dabba dab, in monkey talk means "Chimps I love you to"

Dm	B7	C	C
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Then the big baboon, one night in June, he married them, and very soon yhey

When they were both made man and wife, they shouted out "this is the life", and

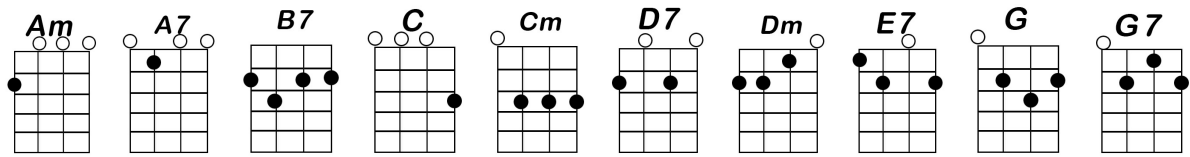
D7	G7	C / G	C
		C	G7

Sailed away on there abba dabba honey moon.

Sailed away on their abba daba honey moon.

Abba dabba Honeymoon

Arthur Fields ; Walter Donovan, 1914



Structure : ABABB

Et en cadeau, une ½ page de notes ...

Hit the road Jack

Percy Mayfield, 1960. Interprétée par Ray Charles en 1961



Am / G / F / E7 / Am / G / F / E7

/ Am / G / F / E7 / Am / G / F / E7
Hit the road Jack. Don't you come back no more, no more, no more, no more.

/ Am / G / F / E7 / Am / G / F / E7
Hit the road Jack and don't you come back no more. **What you say ?**

/ Am / G / F / E7 / Am / G / F / E7
Hit the road Jack. Don't you come back no more, no more, no more, no more.

/ Am / G / F / E7 / Am / G / F / E7
Hit the road Jack and don't you come back no more.

/ Am / G / F / E7
Oh woman, oh woman, don't treat me so mean,

/ Am / G / F / E7
You're the meanest woman I've ever seen.

/ Am / G / F / E7
I guess if you say so

(/) Am / G / F / E7
I'll have to pack my things and go. (That's right)

/ Am / G / F / E7 / Am / G / F / E7
Hit the road Jack. Don't you come back no more, no more, no more, no more.

/ Am / G / F / E7 / Am / G / F / E7
Hit the road Jack and don't you come back no more. **What you say ?**

/ Am / G / F / E7 / Am / G / F / E7
Hit the road Jack. Don't you come back no more, no more, no more, no more.

/ Am / G / F / E7 / Am / G / F / E7
Hit the road Jack and don't you come back no more.

/ Am / G / F / E7
Now baby, listen baby, don't-a treat me this-a way

/ Am / G / F / E7
For I'll be back on my feet some day.

/ Am / G / F / E7
Don't care if you do 'cause it's un-der-stood
/ Am / G / F / E7
you ain't got no money you just ain't no good.

/ Am / G / F / E7
Well, I guess if you say so

(/) Am / G / F / E7
I'd have to pack my things and go. (That's right)

/ Am / G / F / E7 / Am / G / F / E7
Hit the road Jack. Don't you come back no more, no more, no more, no more.

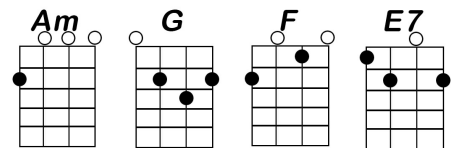
/ Am / G / F / E7 / Am / G / F / E7
Hit the road Jack and don't you come back no more. **What you say ?**

/ Am / G / F / E7 / Am / G / F / E7
Hit the road Jack. Don't you come back no more, no more, no more, no more.

/ Am / G / F / E7 / Am / G / F / E7
Hit the road Jack and don't you come back no more.

F / E7 / Am / G / F / E7 / Am / G / F / E7
Don't you come back no more Don't you come back no more

F / E7 / Am / G / F / E7 / Am / G / F / E7
Don't you come back no more



Am	G	F	E7
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Mellow Yellow

Donovan, 1966



x / / / x / / /

D / / / G / / / D / / / A / / /
 I'm just mad about Saffron, a-Saffron's mad about me.
 G / / / G7 / / / A / / / A7 /
 I'm-a just mad about Saffron, she's just mad about me.
 / / / D / / / G / A / D /
 They call me Mellow Yellow, quite rightly they call me Mellow Yellow,
 / / G / A / D / / G / A7 / / / / / / /
 quite rightly They call me Mellow Yellow. (8 temps)

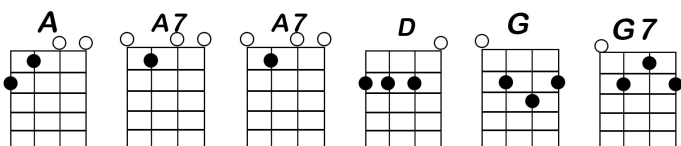
D / / / G / / / D / / / A / A G#
 I'm just mad about Fourteen, a-Fourteen's mad about me.
 G / / / G7 / / / A / / / A7 /
 I'm just-a mad about-a Fourteen, she's just mad about me.
 / / / D / / / G / A / D /
 They call me Mellow Yellow, they call me Mellow Yellow,
 / / G / A / D / / G / A7 / / / / / / /
 quite rightly They call me Mellow Yellow.

D / / / G / / / D / / / A / A G#
 Born-a high for-ever to fly, a-wind-a ve - locity nil.
 G / / / G7 / / / A / / / A7 /
 Born-a high for-ever to fly, if you want your cup I will fill
 / / / D / / / G / A / D /
 They call me Mellow Yellow, quite rightly they call me Mellow Yellow,
 / / G / A / D / / G / A7 / / / / / / /
 quite rightly They call me Mellow Yellow. So mellow yé so mellow

(Instrumental sur accords couplet)

D / / / G / / / D / / / A / A G#
 E - lec - trical ba-nana, is gonna be a sudden graze,
 G / / / G7 / / / A / / / A7 /
 E - lec - trical ba-nana is bound to be the very next phase.
 / / / D / / / G / A / D /
 They call it Mellow Yellow, quite rightly they call me Mellow Yellow,
 / / G / A / D / / G / A7 / / / / / / /
 quite rightly They call me Mellow Yellow.

D / / / G / / / D / / / A / A G#
 Saffron, yeah ! I'm just-a mad about her
 G / / / G7 / / / A / / / A7 /
 I'm-a just-a mad about-a Saffron, she's just mad about me.
 / / / D / / / G / A / D /
 They call me Mellow Yellow, quite rightly they call me Mellow Yellow,
 / / G / A / D / / G / A7 / / / / / / D
 quite rightly They call me Mellow Yellow



D	G	D	A	G	G7	A	A7
D	G/A	D	G/A	D	G/A7	A7	A7/

Dirty Old Town

(Ewan McColl, 1949 ; The Pogues, 1985)



Intro : *Id. couplets (instrumental)*

Couplets 1, 2

	G	G	G
I met my love		by the gas works wall	
Clouds are drif-----ting		across the moon	
G	C	C	G
Dreamed the dream		by the old canal	
Cats are prow-----ling		on their beats	
G	G	G	G
I kissed my girl		by the factory wall	
Spring's a girl		round the streets at night	
G	D	D	Em
Dirty old town,		dirty old town.	
Dirty old town,		dirty old town.	

Pont instrumental (*changement de clef*)

(...)	C	C	C	C	F	F	C
C	C	C	C	C	G	G	Am

Couplets 3, 4, 1

(...)	G	G	G
I heard a si-----ren		from the docks	
I'm gonna ma-----ke me		a big sharp axe	
I met my love		by the gas works wall	
G	C	C	G
Saw a train		cut the night on fire	
Shining steel		tempered in the fire	
Dreamed the dream		by the old canal	
G	G	G	G
I smelled the spring		on the smokey wind	
I'll shop you down		like an old dead tree	
I kissed my girl		by the factory wall	
G	D	D	Em
Dirty old town,		dirty old town.	
(id.) ...			

Final

(...)	D	D	Em
Dirty old town,		dirty old town.	

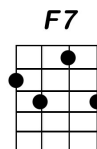
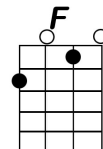
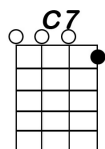
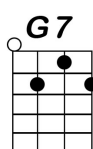
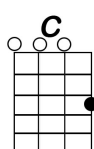
Vieille canaille

(You Rascal You, Sam Theard, 1930 ; Serge Gainsbourg, 1979)



C / G7	C	C	G7
C / C7	F / F7	C / G7	C

C / G7	C	J's'rai content quand tu s'ras mort / Vieille canaille
C	G7	(bis)
C / C7		Tu ne perds rien pour attendre
F / F7		Je saurai bien te descendre
C / G7	C	J'srai content d'avoir ta peau / Vieux chameau
C / G7	C	Je t'ai reçu à bras ouverts / Vieille canaille
C	G7	T'avais toujours ton couvert / Vieille canaille
C / C7		T'as brûlé tous mes tapis
F / F7		Tu t'es couché dans mon lit
C / G7	C	Et t'as bu tout mon porto / Vieux chameau
C / G7	C	Puis j' t'ai présenté ma femme / Vieille canaille
C	G7	(bis)
C / C7		Tu y a fait du baratin
F / F7		Tu l'embrassais dans les coins
C / G7	C	Pendant que j'avais tourné l'dos / Vieux chameau
C / G7	C	Puis t'es parti avec elle / Vieille canaille
C	G7	(bis)
C / C7		En emportant la vaisselle
F / F7		Le dessus d' lit en dentelle
C / G7	C	L'argenterie et les rideaux / Vieux chameau
C / G7	C	Mais j'ai sorti mon pétard / Vieille canaille
C	G7	(bis)
C / C7		Et quand j'te tiendrai au bout
F / F7		Ah, je rigolerai un bon coup
C / G7	C	Et j't'aurai vite refroidi / Vieux bandit
C / G7	C	On te mettra dans une tombe / Vieille canaille
C	G7	Et moi, j'irai faire la bombe / Vieille canaille
C / C7		À coups de p'tits verres d'eau-de-vie
F / F7		La plus belle cuite de ma vie
C / G7	C	Sera pour tes funérailles / Vieille canaille !

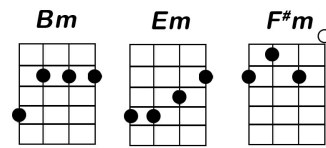


Roots, Rock, Reggae

Bob Marley, 1975



Bm	Em	Bm	F#m
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Bm **Em**
 Play I some music
Bm **F#m**
 This a reggae music.
Bm **Em**
 Roots, Rock, Reggae,
Bm **F#m**
 This a reggae music.

Roots Rock Reggae
 This a reggae music
 Roots Rock Reggae
 This a reggae music
 Play I some music
 This a reggae music
 Play I some music
 This a reggae music

Bm **Em**
 Roots, Rock, Reggae,
Bm **F#m**
 This a reggae music.
Bm **Em**
 Hey mister music,
Bm **Em** **F#m**
 sure sound good to me

Bm **Em**
 Play I some R and B whoaa
Bm **F#m**
 Want all my people to see
 We bubbling on the top one hundred
 just like a mighty dread

I can't refuse it
 what to be, got to be
 Feel like dancing
 dance 'cause we are free
 Feel like dancing,
 come dance with me

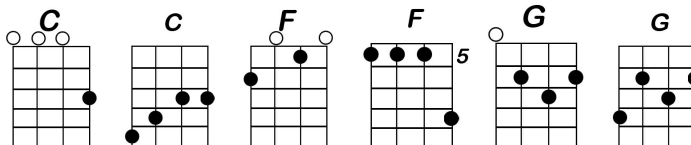
Play I some R and B
 Want all my people to see
 We bubbling on the top one hundred
 Just like a mighty dread

A message to you, Rudy

Dandy Livingstone, 1967



C	C	F	G
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C **C** **F G**
 Stop your messin' around,
C **C** **F G**
 Better think of your future.
C **C F G**
 Time you straightened right out,
C **C F G**
 Creatin' problems in town.

Refrain

C C F G
 Ru-dy, a message to you,
C C F G
 Ru-dy, a message to you,

Interlude : **C C F G**
 C C F G

Stop your foolin' around,
 Time you straightened right out.
 Better think of your future,
 Or else you'll wind up in jail.

Refrain

C C F G
 Ru-dy, a message to you,
C C F G
 Ru-dy, a message to you,

Solo : **C C F G**
 C C F G
 C C F G
 C C F G

Stop your messin' around,
 Better think of your future.
 Time you straightened right out,
 Creatin' problems in town.

Refrain

C C F G
 Ru-dy, a message to you,
C C F G
 Ru-dy, a message to you,

Stop your messin' around,
 Better think of your future.
 Time you straightened right out,
 Creatin' problems in town.

Refrain

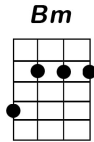
C C F G
 Ru-dy, a message to you,
C C F G
 Ru-dy, a message to you,

Get up, Stand up

Bob Marley - Peter Tosh, 1973



Bm	Bm	Bm	Bm
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Get up, stand up, stand up for your rights!
Get up, stand up, stand up for your rights!
Get up, stand up, stand up for your rights!
Get up, stand up, don't give up the fight!

Preacher man, don't tell me
Heaven is under the earth
I know you don't know
What life is really worth
It's not all that glitters is gold
Half the story has never been told
So now you see the light, eh!
You stand up for your rights, come on!

Get up, stand up, stand up for your rights!
Get up, stand up, don't give up the fight!
Get up, stand up, stand up for your rights!
Get up, stand up, don't give up the fight!

Most people think
Great God will come from the skies
Take away everything
And make everybody feel high
But if you know what life is worth
You will look for yours on earth
And now you see the light
You stand up for your rights, Jah !

Get up, stand up! (Jah, Jah!!)
Stand up for your rights! (Oh-hoo!)

La Vie en Rose

Édith Piaf - Marguerite Monnot - Louis Guglielmi aka Louiguy, 1945
(Arrangement hawaïen Maile)



1- La Vie en Rose en do

Intro : C - - A7 Dm - - G7 x 2

C	Em	Am	Dm / G7
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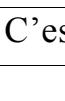
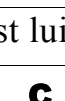
Quand il me prend dans ses bras, il me parle tout bas, je vois la vie en ro-se

Dm	G	Dm / G	C / G7
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Il me dit des mots d'amour, des mots de tous les jours et ça m'fait quelque cho-se

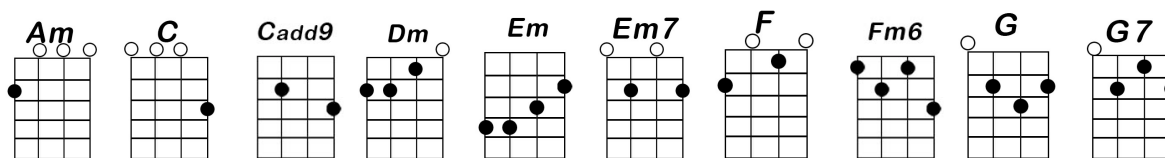
C	Em	Am	F
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Il est entré dans mon cœur une part de bonheur dont je connais la cau-se

Fm6	Cadd9 / C	Fm6	Dm / Em7 G7
			
C	Em	Dm G G G7	C
			

C'est lui pour moi moi pour lui dans la vie, il me l'a dit l'a juré pour la vi-e

Et dès que je l'aperçois alors je sens en moi mon cœur qui bat



2- La Vie en Rose en sol

Intro : G - - E7 Am - - D7 x 2

G	Bm	Em	Am / D7
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Quand il me prend dans ses bras, il me parle tout bas, je vois la vie en ro-se

Am	D	Am / D	G / D7
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Il me dit des mots d'amour, des mots de tous les jours et ça m'fait quelque cho-se

G	Bm	Em	C
----------	-----------	-----------	----------

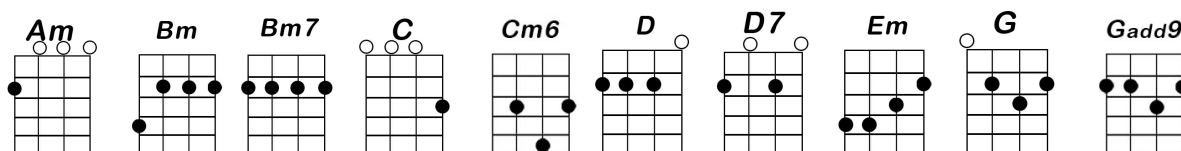
Il est entré dans mon cœur une part de bonheur dont je connais la cau-se

Cm6	G add9 / G	Cm6	Am / Bm7 D7
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C'est lui pour moi moi pour lui dans la vie, il me l'a dit l'a juré pour la vi-e

G	Bm	Am D D D7	G
----------	-----------	------------------	----------

Et dès que je l'aperçois alors je sens en moi mon cœur qui bat



Bonnie and Clyde

Serge Gainsbourg, 1968



Gm	Bb	F	C	Gm	Bb	F	C
Gm	Bb	F	C	Gm	Bb	F	C
Bb	C	Bb	C	D4	D	%	%

Gm Bb F C

Gm Bb F C

Vous avez lu l'histoire de Jesse James

Gm Bb F C

Comment il vécut, comment il est mort

Gm Bb F C

Ça vous a plus hein, vous en d'mandez encore

Bb C Bb C D4 D //

Et bien écoutez l'histoire de Bonnie and Clyde

Gm Bb F C

Alors voilà, Clyde a une petite amie

Gm Bb F C

Elle est belle et son prénom, c'est Bonnie

Gm Bb F C

A eux deux ils forment Le gang Barrow

Gm Bb F

Leurs noms : Bonnie Parker et Clyde Barrow

C Bb C Bb

Bonnie and Clyde

C D4 D //

Bonnie and Clyde

Gm Bb F C Moi lorsque j'ai connu Clyde autrefois

Gm Bb F C C'était un gars loyal, honnête et droit

Gm Bb F C Il faut croire que c'est la société

Gm Bb F Qui l'a définitivement abîmé

C Bb C Bb Bonnie and Clyde

C D4 D // Bonnie and Clyde

Gm Bb F C Qu'est c' qu'on a pas écrit sur elle et moi

Gm Bb F C On prétend que nous tuons de sang froid

Gm Bb F C C'est pas drôle mais on est bien obligé

Gm Bb F C De faire taire celui qui s'met à gueuler

C Bb C Bb Bonnie and Clyde

C D4 D // Bonnie and Clyde

Gm Bb F C Chaque fois qu'un polic'man se fait buter

Gm Bb F C Qu'un garage ou qu'une banque se fait braquer

Gm Bb F C Pour la police ça ne fait pas d'mystère

Gm Bb F C'est signé Clyde Barrow Bonnie Parker

C Bb C Bb Bonnie and Clyde

C D4 D // Bonnie and Clyde

Gm Bb F C Maint'nant chaq'fois qu'on essaie d'se ranger

Gm Bb F C De s'installer tranquilles dans un meublé

Gm Bb F C Dans les trois jours voilà le tac tac tac

Gm Bb F Des mitraillettes qui reviennent à l'attaque

C Bb C Bb Bonnie and Clyde

C D4 D // Bonnie and Clyde

Gm Bb F C Un de ces quatre nous tomberons ensemble

Gm Bb F C Moi j'm'en fous c'est pour Bonnie que je tremble

Gm Bb F C Qu'elle importance qu'ils me fassent la peau

Gm Bb F Moi Bonnie je tremble pour Clyde Barrow

C Bb C Bb Bonnie and Clyde

C D4 D // Bonnie and Clyde

Gm Bb F C D'tout' façon ils n'pouvaient plus s'en sortir

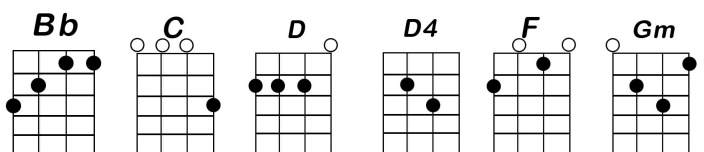
Gm Bb F C La seule solution c'était mourir

Gm Bb F C Mais plus d'un les a suivis en enfer

Gm Bb F Quand sont morts Barrow et Bonnie Parker

C Bb C Bb Bonnie and Clyde

C D4 D // Bonnie and Clyde...



Accords bonus :

C > Csus4 > C > Am7

