



Beach Boys Christmas

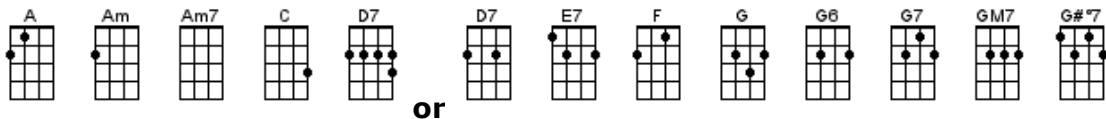
Santa and Surfin' Songs
Tues Dec 17, 2024, 6-8 pm

Welcome/Introductions

1. Little Saint Nick
2. White Christmas
3. Barbara Ann
4. Silent Night
5. Calif Girls
6. Christmas Day
7. Fun Fun Fun
8. Blue Christmas
9. Good Vibrations
- *** Take A Break***
10. The Man With All The Toys
11. In My Room
12. Santa's Beard
13. Kokomo
14. Merry Christmas, Baby
15. Little Deuce Coupe
16. Sloop John B
17. I'll Be Home For Christmas
18. Surfer Girls
19. Surfin USA
20. Auld Lang Syne

Little Saint Nick

Brian Wilson, Mike Love 1963 (as recorded by The Beach Boys)



INTRO: / 1 2 3 4 /

[G] ↓↑ [G6] ↓↑ [G] ↓↑ [G6] ↓↑ /
[G] ↓↑ [G6] ↓↑ [G] ↓↑ [G6] ↓↑ /

[Am7] Oooo [D7] Merry Christmas [G] Saint Nick [G]
[G] (Christmas comes this [G] time each year)
[Am7] Oooo [D7] oooo

Well, a-[Am7]way up [D7] North where the [Am7] air gets [D7] cold
There's a [G] tale about [GM7] Christmas that you've [G6] all been [G#dim7] told
And a [Am7] real famous [D7] cat all dressed [Am7] up in [D7] red
And he [G] spends the whole [GM7] year workin' [G6] out on his [G7] sled

It's the [C] little Saint Nick [C]
[C] (Oooo..... little [C] Saint Nick)

It's the [Am] little Saint Nick [D7]
[Am] (Oooo..... little [D7] Saint Nick)

Just a [Am7] little bob-[D7]sled we call the [Am7] old Saint [D7] Nick
But she'll [G] walk a to-[GM7]boggan with a [G6] four-speed [G#dim7] stick
She's [Am7] candy apple [D7] red with a [Am7] ski for a [D7] wheel
And when [G] Santa hits the [GM7] gas, man just [G6] watch her [G7] peel

It's the [C] little Saint Nick [C]
[C] (Oooo..... little [C] Saint Nick)

It's the [Am] little Saint Nick [D7]
[Am] (Oooo..... little [D7] Saint Nick)



[C] Run run reindeer [C]
[F] Run run reindeer [F] (whoa-o-o-o)
[C] Run run reindeer [C]
[A] Run run reindeer (he [A]↓ don't miss no one)

And [Am7] haulin' through the [D7] snow at a [Am7] fright'ning [D7] speed
With a [G] half a dozen [GM7] deer with-a [G6] Rudy to [G#dim7] lead
He's [Am7] got to wear his [D7] goggles 'cause the [Am7] snow really [D7] flies
And he's [G] cruisin' every [GM7] pad with a [G6] little sur-[G7]prise

It's the [C] little Saint Nick [C]
[C] (Oooo..... little [C] Saint Nick)

It's the **[G]** little Saint Nick **[E7]**
[G] (Oooo..... little **[E7]** Saint Nick)

Ah-ah **[Am7]** oooo

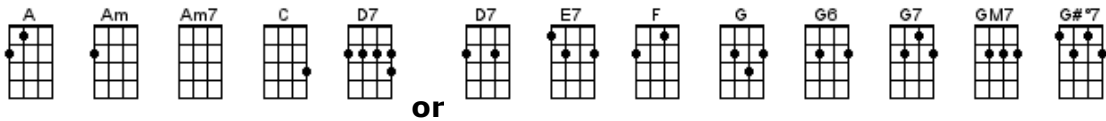
[Am7] Merry **[D7]** Christmas **[G]** Saint Nick **[E7]**
[G] (Christmas comes this **[E7]** time each year)

Ah-ah **[Am7]** oooo

[Am7] Merry **[D7]** Christmas **[G]** Saint Nick **[E7]**
[G] (Christmas comes this **[E7]** time each year)

Ah-ah **[Am7]** oooo

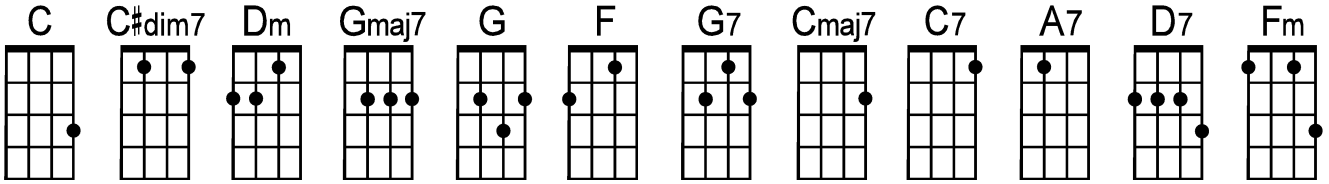
[Am7] Merry **[D7]** Christmas **[G]** Saint Nick **[G]**↓



www.bytownukulele.ca

White Christmas

by Irving Berlin (1941)



(sing e)

C . . . | **C#dim7** . . . | **Dm** . . . | **Gmaj7** \ **G** . . . |
 I'm ——— dream-ing of a white ——— Christ-mas—

F . . . | **G7** . . . | **C** . . . | . . .
 Just like the ones I used to know ———

. . . | **C** . **Cmaj7** . | **C7** . . . | **F** . . . | **Fm** . . .
 Where the tree— tops— glist-en— and chil—dren list-en—

. | **C** . . . | **A7** . . . | **D7** . . . | **G7** . . . |
 To hear ——— sleigh bells in the snow ———

C . . . | **C#dim7** . . . | **Dm** . . . | **Gmaj7** \ **G** . . . |
 I'm ——— dream-ing of a white ——— Christ-mas—

F . . . | **G7** . . . | **C** . . . | . . .
 With eve-ry Christ-mas card I write ———

. . . | **C** . **Cmaj7** . | **C7** . . . | **F** . . . | **Fm** . . .
 May your days— be— mer-ry— and bright ———

. . . | **C** . **C#dim7** . | **Dm** . **G7** . | **C** . . . | |
 And may all— your— Christ-mas-es be white ———

Instr:

C . . . | **C#dim7** . . . | **Dm** . . . | **Gmaj7** \ **G** . . . | **F** 0 2 3 | **G7** 5 3 2 0 | **C** . . . | . . .
 A
 E 0 ——— 1 0 0 1 ——— 2 3 ——— 0 2 3 5 3 2 0 3
 C
 G 3

. . . | **C** . **Cmaj7** . | **C7** . . . | **F** . . . | **Fm** . . . | **C** . . . | **A7** . . . | **D7** . . . | **G7** . . . |
 A
 E 0 0 0 0 3 3 1 0 1 0
 C 0 2 0 0 0 0 0 2 0 2
 G 0

C . . . | **C#dim7** . . . | **Dm** . . . | **Gmaj7** \ **G** . . . | **F** 0 2 3 | **G7** 5 3 2 0 | **C** . . . | . . .
 A
 E 0 ——— 1 0 0 1 ——— 2 3 ——— 0 2 3 5 3 2 0 3
 C
 G 3

. . . | **C** . **Cmaj7** . | **C7** . . . | **F** . . . | **Fm** . . . | **C** . **C#dim7** . | **Dm** . **G7** . | **C** . . . | . . .
 A
 E 0 0 0 0 3 3 0 0
 C 0 2 0 2 0 0 0 0 2 0
 G 0

. . . | **C** . **Cmaj7** . | **C7** . . . | **F** . . . | **Fm** . . .
 May your days— be— mer-ry— and bright ———

. . . | **C** \ --- **C#dim7** \ --- | **Dm** \ --- **G7** \ --- | **C** \ ---
 And may all— your— Christ-mas—es be— white ———

Barbara Ann- The Beach Boys

Original Key F# =Capo 1

Written by Fred Fassert

CHORUS

N.C. N.C.
Uh Ba-ba-ba-ba-Barbara Ann, (Ba-ba-ba-ba-Barbara Ann)
F Bb F
Barbara Ann, take my hand, Barbara Ann,
(Ba-ba-ba-ba-Barbara Ann), (Ba-ba-ba-ba-Barbara Ann) (Ba-ba-ba-ba-Barbara Ann)
C Bb F
You got me rockin' and a-rollin', Rockin' and a-reelin', Barbara Ann, (Ba-ba-ba-Barbara Ann)

F|STOP F|STOP
1. Went to a dance lookin'for romance, Saw Barbara Ann,
F7|STOP Bb |Bb |F |F |
so I thought I'd take a chance on Barbara Ann, come take my hand
C Bb F
You got me rockin' and a-rollin' Rockin' and a-reelin' Barbara Ann Ba-ba-ba-ba-Barbara Ann

CHORUS

N.C. N.C.
Uh Ba-ba-ba-ba-Barbara Ann, (Ba-ba-ba-ba-Barbara Ann)
F Bb F
Barbara Ann, take my hand, Barbara Ann,
(Ba-ba-ba-ba-Barbara Ann) (Ba-ba-ba-ba-Barbara Ann) (Ba-ba-ba-ba-Barbara Ann)
C Bb F
You got me rockin' and a-rollin', Rockin' and a-reelin', Barbara Ann (Ba-ba-ba-Barbara Ann)

INSTRUMENTAL

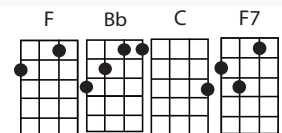
(Let's go!) |F |F |F |F7 |Bb |Bb |F |F |C |Bb |F |F7 |
F|STOP F|STOP F|STOP F7
2. Tried Peggy Sue, tried Peggy Lou, Tried Mary Lou, but I knew she wouldn't do
Bb F C
Barbara Ann, come take my hand, You got me rockin' and a-rollin'
Bb F
Rockin' and a-reelin', Barbara Ann, (Ba-ba-ba-Barbara Ann)

CHORUS

N.C. N.C.
Ba-ba-ba-ba-Barbara Ann, (Ba-ba-ba-ba-Barbara Ann)
F Bb F
Barbara Ann, take my hand, Barbara Ann,
(Ba-ba-ba-ba-Barbara Ann) (Ba-ba-ba-ba-Barbara Ann) (Ba-ba-ba-ba-Barbara Ann)
C Bb F
You got me rockin' and a-rollin', Rockin' and a-reelin', Barbara Ann (Ba-ba-ba-Barbara Ann)

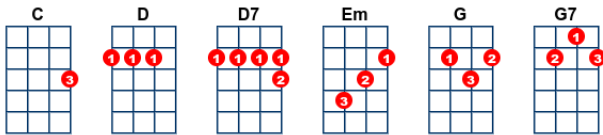
OUTRO

F F
Barbara Ann, Barbara Ann, Barbara Ann, Barbara Ann (yeah)
Bb F
Barbara Ann, Barbara Ann, Barbara Ann, Barbara Ann
C Bb F
(You got me rockin' and a-rollin', Rockin' and a-reelin', Barbara Ann, Ba-ba-ba-Barabara Ann)



Silent Night

key:G, artist:Bing Crosby writer:Franz Xaver Gruber, Joseph Mohr



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=llBdy5fkv5o> But in F#

Intro: **[G] [D7] [G] [C]** (last line of 1st verse)

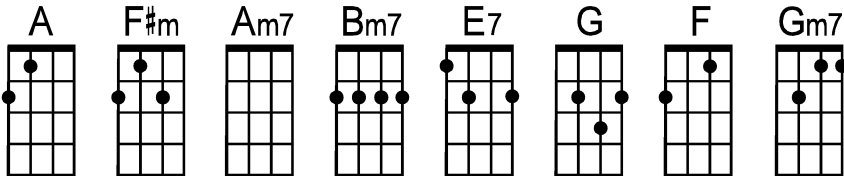
[G] Silent night, holy night!
[D] All is **[D7]** calm, **[G]** all is **[G7]** bright,
[C] Round yon virgin, **[G]** mother and **[G7]** child,
[C] Holy infant so **[G]** tender and mild,
[D] Sleep in **[D7]** heavenly **[G]** peace **[Em]**
[G] Sleep in **[D7]** heavenly **[G]** peace.

[G] Silent night, holy night!
[D] Shepherds **[D7]** quake **[G]** at the **[G7]** sight
[C] Glories stream from **[G]** heaven **[G7]** afar
[C] Heavenly hosts sing **[G]** alleluia
[D] Christ the **[D7]** saviour is **[G]** born **[Em]**
[G] Christ the **[D7]** saviour is **[G]** born.

[G] Silent night, holy night!
[D] Son of **[D7]** God, **[G]** love's pure **[G7]** light
[C] Radiant beams from **[G]** thy holy **[G7]** face,
[C] With the dawn of **[G]** redeeming grace
[D] Jesus **[D7]** Lord at thy **[G]** birth **[Em]**
[G] Jesus **[D7]** Lord at thy **[G]** birth.

California Girls (Key of A)

by Brian Wilson and Mike Love (The Beach Boys)



Intro:

A \ - - - | - - - - | A \ - - - | - - - - | A \ - - - | - - - - | G \ - - - | - - - - |

E - 2 - 0 - - - - - | - 2 - 0 - - - - - | - 2 - 0 - - - - - | - 2 - 0 - - - - - | - 0 - - - - - |

C - - - - - 2 - 1 - - - - - | - 2 - 1 - - - - - | - 2 - 1 - - - - - | - 2 - 1 - - - - - | - 2 - 1 - - - - - | - 2 - 0 - - - - - |

(low) G - 2 - 2 - 2 - - - - - | - 2 - 2 - 2 - - - - - | - 2 - 2 - 2 - - - - - | - 2 - 2 - 2 - - - - - | - 0 - 0 - - - - - | - 0 - 4 - 0 - 4 -

A ' F#m ' A ' F#m ' | A ' F#m ' A ' F#m

|A | |Am7 |
Well East Coast girls are hip, I real-ly dig those styles they wear-ar-ar—

|Bm7 | |E7 |
And the Southern girls with the way they talk, they knock me out when I'm down there—

|A | |Am7 |
The Mid-west farm-ers' daugh-ters real—ly make you feel al—ri-i-ight—

|Bm7 | |E7 |E7 \ - \ \
And the Northern girls with the way they kiss, they keep their boy-friends warm at night—

Chorus:

|A |Bm7 |G |Am7
I wish they all could be Cali-forn-ia girls—
(I wish they all could be Cali-fornia)

|F |Gm7 |A F#m A F#m |A F#m A F#m
I wish they all could be Cali-forn-ia girls—

|A | |Am7 |
The West Coast has the sun-shine and the girls all get so ta-a-anned—

|Bm7 | |E7 |
I dig a French bi—kini on Ha-waiian Island girls by a palm tree in the sand—

|A | |Am7 |
I've been all a-round this great big world and I seen all kinds of gi-i-irls—

|Bm7 | |E7 |E7 \ - \ \
Yeah but I couldn't wait to get back in the States, back to the cutest girls in the world—

Chorus:

|A |Bm7 |G |Am7
I wish they all could be Cali-forn-ia girls—
(I wish they all could be Cali-fornia)

|F |Gm7 |A F#m A F#m |A F#m A F#m |
I wish they all could be Cali-forn-ia girls—

Organ riff: A $\dot{\cdot}$ $\dot{\cdot}$ $\dot{\cdot}$ | Bm7 $\dot{\cdot}$ $\dot{\cdot}$ $\dot{\cdot}$
 A 0-----0----- | 2-----2-----
 E ---0-2-0---0-2-0 | ---0-2-0---0-2-0
 (Ah-oo bi-doo)

| A $\dot{\cdot}$ $\dot{\cdot}$ $\dot{\cdot}$ | $\dot{\cdot}$ $\dot{\cdot}$ $\dot{\cdot}$ | Bm7 $\dot{\cdot}$ $\dot{\cdot}$ $\dot{\cdot}$ | $\dot{\cdot}$ $\dot{\cdot}$ $\dot{\cdot}$ |
 I wish they all could be Cali-forn-ia girls-----
 (I wish they all could be Cali-forn-ia

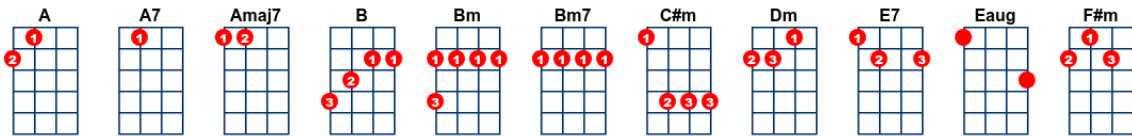
| A $\dot{\cdot}$ $\dot{\cdot}$ $\dot{\cdot}$ | $\dot{\cdot}$ $\dot{\cdot}$ $\dot{\cdot}$ | Bm7 $\dot{\cdot}$ $\dot{\cdot}$ $\dot{\cdot}$ | $\dot{\cdot}$ $\dot{\cdot}$ $\dot{\cdot}$ |
 I wish they all could be Cali-forn-ia girls-----
 girls-----) (I wish they all could be Cali-forn-ia

| A $\dot{\cdot}$ $\dot{\cdot}$ $\dot{\cdot}$ | $\dot{\cdot}$ $\dot{\cdot}$ $\dot{\cdot}$ | Bm7 $\dot{\cdot}$ $\dot{\cdot}$ $\dot{\cdot}$ | $\dot{\cdot}$ $\dot{\cdot}$ $\dot{\cdot}$ | **A**
 I wish they all could be Cali-forn-ia girls-----
 girls-----) (I wish they all could be Cali-forn-ia girls-----

Christmas Day

Words and music © Brian Wilson and Mike Love, 1964

key: Eaug, artist: The Beach Boys



Intro **[Eaug]**

Verse 1

The **[A]** Christmas spirit grows with each **[Bm7]** new **[E7]** day **[Bm7]** **[E7]**
And **[Bm7]** it's so **[E7]** close but **[Bm7]** seems so **[E7]** far **[Bm7]** away **[E7]**
And yet it comes only once a **[C#m]** year
And before you **[F#m]** know it, it's already **[B]** here
The streets are **[F#m]** filled with **[B]** laughter
And so **[F#m]** many **[B]** hearts are **[Bm]** gay **[E7]**

Verse2

[A] Everybody helps to make the **[Bm7]** spirit **[E7]** bright **[Bm7]** **[E7]**
The **[Bm7]** houses turn **[E7]** on their **[Bm7]** Christmas **[E7]** lights at **[A]** night
[Amaj7] **[A7]**
It's worth the **[Bm]** wait the whole year **[Dm]** through
Just to **[A]** make happy someone like **[B]** you
And I'll **[Bm7]** never **[E7]** outgrow the **[Bm7]** thrill of **[E7]** Christmas **[A]** day
[Eaug]

Instrumental

| **[A]** | **[Bm7]** **[E7]** **[Bm7]** **[E7]** |
| **[Bm7]** **[E7]** **[Bm7]** **[E7]** | **[A]** **[A7]** |

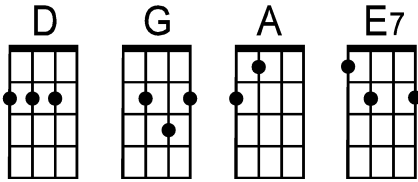
Outro

It's worth the **[Bm]** wait the whole year **[Dm]** through
Just to **[A]** make happy someone like **[B]** you
And I'll **[Bm7]** never **[E7]** outgrow the **[Bm7]** thrill of **[E7]** Christmas **[A]** day **[A7]**

It's worth the **[Bm]** wait the whole year **[Dm]** through
Just to **[A]** make happy someone like **[B]** you
And I'll **[Bm7]** never **[E7]** outgrow the **[Bm7]** thrill of **[E7]** Christmas **[A]** day

Fun, Fun, Fun (key of D)

by Brian Wilson and Mike Love (1964)



to play in original key, (E) capo up two frets

Intro: D | . . . | . . . | D | . . . | . . . | G | . . . | . . . |

D | . . . | . . . | A | . . . | G | . . . | D | . . . | A | . . .

Well, she got her daddy's car and she cruised through the

Hamburg-er stand now—

Seems she for-got all a-bout the li-brary like she

told her old man now—

And with the radi-o blastin', goes cruisin' just as

fast as she can now—

And she'll have fun, fun, fun 'til her daddy takes the

T-Bird a-wa-a-ay—

(Fun, fun, fun 'til her daddy takes the T-Bird)

Well, the girls can't stand her 'cuz she walks, looks and
a—way—)

drives like an ace now—
(you walk like an ace now you walk like an ace)

She makes the Indy Five - Hundred look like a Roman chari-ot
(oo—)

race now—
(you look like an ace now you look like an ace)

A lotta guys try to catch her but she leads 'em on a
(oo—)

wild goose chase now—
(you drive like an ace now you drive

And she'll have fun, fun, fun 'til her daddy takes the
like an ace)

T-Bird a—way-a-ay—
(fun, fun, fun 'til her daddy takes the T-Bird

Instr: a—way—)

Well, you knew all a—long that your dad was gettin'
(oo—)

wise to you now—
(shouldn't have lied now you shouldn't have lied)

And since he took your set of keys you've been thinkin' that your
(oo—)

fun is all through now—
(you shouldn't have lied now shouldn't have lied)

But you can come a-long with me 'cuz we've gotta lotta
(oo—)

things to do now—
(you shouldn't have lied now you shouldn't

And we'll have fun, fun, fun, now that Daddy took the
have lied)

T-Bird a—wa-a-ay—
(Fun, fun, fun, now that Daddy took the T-Bird a-way)

And we'll have fun, fun, fun, now that Daddy took the

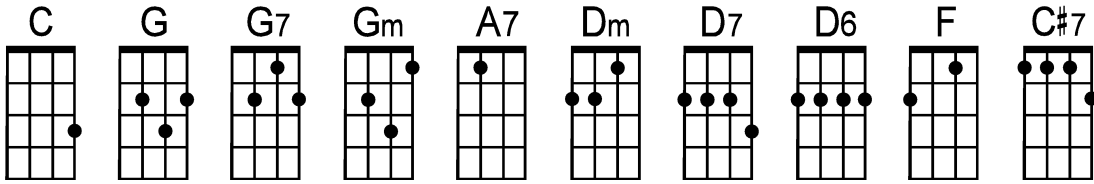
T-Bird a—wa-a-ay—
(Fun, fun, fun, now that Daddy took the T-Bird

a—way Fun, fun, now that Daddy took the T-Bird a—way. Fun, fun, now that

Daddy took the T-Bird a—way. Fun, fun, now that Daddy took the T-Bird a—way—

Blue Christmas

by Billy Hayes and Jay Johnson (1948)



(sing g c d e)

I'll have a blue— Christ-mas— with-out you—

I'll be so blue— think-ing a-bout you—

De-cor-a— tions of red— on a green— Christ-mas tree—

Won't— mean a thi— ing if you're not here with me

I'll have a blue— Christ-mas— that's cer-tain—

And when that blue— heart-ache— starts hurt-in'—

You'll be do— in' all right— with your Christ— mas of white—

But I'll— have a blue— blue— Christ-mas—

Instrumental: (2nd verse chords)

Chord progression: C G

A ————
 E ————
 C — 0 2 ———— 2 ———— 0 2 ————
 Low G — 0 ———— 4 ————

Chord progression: G7 C

A ————
 E ———— 0 1 ———— 1 ———— 1 0 ———— 0 ————
 C ———— 2 ———— ———— 2 0 ————
 Low G ———— 0 ————

Chord progression: Gm A7 Gm A7 Dm D7

A ————
 E — 0 1 3 ———— 1 0 3 ———— 1 0 ———— 1 ———— 0 ————
 C ———— ———— ———— 2 ———— 2 ————
 Low G ————

Chord progression: G7 Dm G7 C C\

A ————
 E ———— 0 0 ————
 C ———— 0 2 ———— 2 0 ————
 Low G — 4 ———— 0 ———— 4 ————

--- --- --- | **C** . . . | | **G** . . . |
 I'll have a blue— Christ-mas— I know dear—
 . . . | **G7** . . . | | **C** . . . |
 I hope your white— Christ-mas— brings you cheer—
 . . . | **Gm** . **A7** . | **Gm** . **A7** . | **Dm** . . . | |
 De-cor— a— tions of red— on a green— Christ-mas tree—
D7 . **D6** . | **D7** . **D6** . | **G7** \ --- **F** \ --- | **G** \
 Won't— mean a thi— ing if you're not here with me
 --- --- --- | **C** . . . | | **G** . . . |
 And when the blue— snow-flakes start fall-ing—
 . . . | **G7** . . . | | **C** . . . | . . .
 That's when the blue— memo-ries start call-ing—
 . . | **Gm** . **A7** . | **Gm** . **A7** . | **Dm** . . . | **D7** . .
 You'll be do— in' all right— with your Christ— mas of white—
 . | **G7** . . . | **Dm** . **G7** . . . | **C** | **C** \ **C#7** \ **C** \
 But I'll— have a blue— blue-blue— blue Christ— mas—

San Jose Ukulele Club
 (v6 - 12/18/22)

Good Vibrations

key:E, artist:Beach Boys writer:Brian Wilson , Mike Love

Beach Boys: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mdt0SOqPJcg> But in Bb

[Am] I I love the colourful **[G]** clothes she wears
 And the **[F]** way the sunlight plays upon her **[E7]** hair
[Am] I hear the sound of a **[G]** gentle word
 On the **[F]** wind that lifts her perfume through the **[E7]** air **[G7]**

[C] I'm **[Gm7]** pickin' up **[C]** good vi**[Gm7]**brations
[C] She's **[Gm7]** giving me **[C]** exci**[Gm7]**tations
[C] I'm **[Gm7]** pickin' up **[C]** good vi**[Gm7]**brations
[C] She's **[Gm7]** giving me **[C]** exci**[Gm7]**tations
[D] Good **[G]** good **[D]** good **[G]** good vi**[D]**brations **[G] [D] [G]**
[E7] Good **[A]** good **[E7]** good **[A]** good vi**[E7]**brations **[A] [E7] [A]**

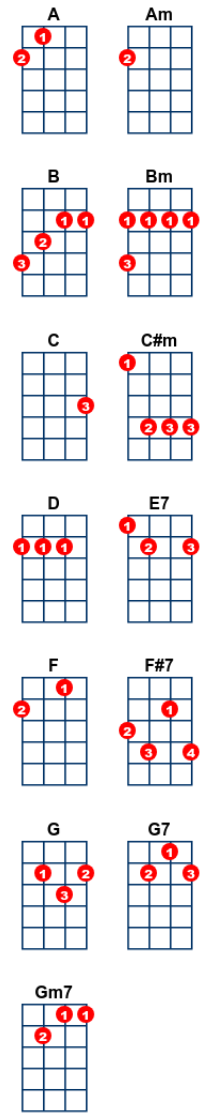
[Am] Close my eyes she's somehow **[G]** closer now
[F] Softly smile I know she must be **[E7]** kind
[Am] When I look **[G]** in her eyes
 She goes **[F]** with me to a blossom world **[E7] [G7]**

[C] I'm **[Gm7]** pickin' up **[C]** good vi**[Gm7]**brations
[C] She's **[Gm7]** giving me **[C]** exci**[Gm7]**tations
[C] I'm **[Gm7]** pickin' up **[C]** good vi**[Gm7]**brations
[C] She's **[Gm7]** giving me **[C]** exci**[Gm7]**tations
[D] Good **[G]** good **[D]** good **[G]** good vi**[D]**brations **[G] [D] [G]**
[E7] Good **[A]** good **[E7]** good **[A]** good vi**[E7]**brations **[A] [E7] [A]**
[A] exci **[E7]**tations **[E7]**

I **[A]** don't know where but she sends me there
[A] My **[D]** my **[A]** my **[D]** what a sen**[E7]**sation
 My **[A]** my **[E7]** my **[A]** what e**[E7]**lations] **[A] [E7] [A] [B] [C#m] [F#7]**

[A] Gotta keep those lovin good **[Bm]** vibrations a**[E7]**happenin with her
[A] Gotta keep those lovin good **[Bm]** vibrations a**[E7]** happenin with her
[A] Gotta keep those lovin good **[Bm]** vibrations a**[E7]**happenin ..
[A] [Bm] [E7] [A] Aaah

[E7] Good **[A]** good **[E7]** good **[A]** good vi**[E7]**brations **[A] [E7] [A]**
[D] Good **[G]** good **[D]** good **[G]** good vi**[D]**brations **[G] [D] [G] [C]**
[C] Na na na na na na na na **[D]** Na na na na na na na na
[E7] Na na na na na na na na **[D]** Na na na na na na na na
[D] [G] [D] [G] [D] [G] [D] [G] [D]





Peninsula Ukulele Group

Connect Learn Have Fun



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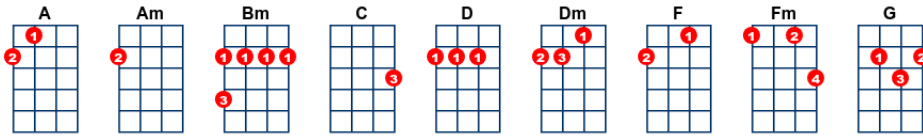
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The Man With All The Toys

Words and music © Brian Wilson and Mike Love, 1964

key:D, artist:The Beach Boys



Intro- He's the **[D]** man with **[F]** all the **[C]** toys

Verse- Someone **[D]** found a lighted **[G]** house late one **[C]** night **[A]**

And he **[D]** saw through the **[G]** window a **[C]** sight **[A]**

A **[F]** big man in a **[Fm]** chair

And **[Bm]** little tiny men every- **[Am]** where

He's the **[D]** man with **[Dm]** all the **[G]** toys

Well how **[D]** thrilled that **[G]** someone must have **[C]** been **[A]**

And he **[D]** must have been **[G]** tempted to go **[C]** in **[A]**

He **[F]** stayed out in the **[Fm]** cold

And **[Bm]** when he left them he **[Am]** told

About the **[D]** man with **[F]** all **[G]** the **[C]** toys **[A]**

Outro- He's the **[D]** man with **[F]** all the **[C]** toys

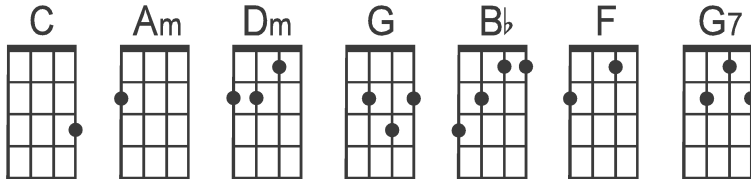
The **[D]** man with **[G]** all the **[C]** toys **[A]**

He's the **[D]** man with **[G]** all the **[C]** toys **[A]**

The **[D]** man with **[G]** all the **[C]** toys **[A]**

In My Room (key of C)

by Brian Wilson (The Beach Boys) (1963)



Finger pick pattern: 4,3,2,1,2,3

Intro: C . Am . | Dm . G \ --- | --- --- |

C | | . . Bb . | C . Am
 There's a world where I can go and tell my secrets to—
 . | Dm . Bb . | G . . . | C . Bb . | C . . . |
 In my room— in my room—
 (in my room—)

C | | . . Bb . | C . Am
 In this world I lock out all my worries and my fears—
 . | Dm . Bb . | G . . . | C . Bb . | C . . . |
 In my room— in my room—
 (in my room—)

Bridge: Am | G | Am \ G \ Am \ G \ | C |
 Do my dream-ing and my scheme-ing. Lie a—wake and pray-ay—

Am | G | Dm . F . | G7 . G . |
 Do my cry-ing and my sigh-ing. Laugh at yes-ter-day—

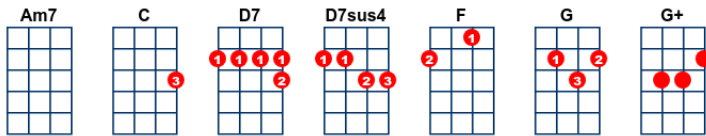
C | | . . Bb . | C . Am
 Now it's dark and I'm a—lone, but I won't be a—fraid—
 . | Dm . Bb . | G . . . | C . Bb . | C .
 In my room— In my room—
 (In my room—

Outro: Bb . | C . Bb . | C . Bb . | C . Bb . | C \
 My room— My room—
 In my room— In my room— In my room— in my room—)

Santa's Beard

Words and music © The Beach Boys

key:G, artist:Brian Wilson and Mike Love, 1964



I [G] wanna meet Santa Claus the real real Santa
I [G+] wanna meet Santa Claus the real real Santa
I [C] wanna see Santa Claus the real real Santa,
he [Am7] wants to meet ol' [D7sus4] Santa [D7] Claus

I [G] took my brother to the department store
He wanted to [Am7] show Santa his [F] Christmas list
He [G] stood in line and he shook like a leaf
He's only [Am7] five and a half going on [D7] six

He said is [G] that really Santa Claus really really Santa
Is [G+] that really Santa Claus really really Santa
Is [C] that really Santa Claus really really Santa,
[Am7] hope he thinks that's [D7sus4] Santa [D7] Claus

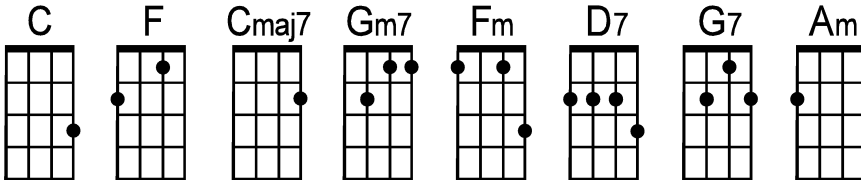
I [G] picked him up and put him on Santa's lap
And then he [Am7] pulled the pillow out of his [F] shirt
He [G] yanked the beard right on off of his chin
And in his [Am7] eyes I could see he was [D7] hurt

He said "You're [G] not really Santa Claus you're really not Santa
You're [G+] not really Santa Claus you're really not Santa
You're [C] not really Santa Claus you're really not Santa,
[Am7] he's just helping [D7sus4] Santa [D7] Claus

He's [G] just helping Santa Claus the real real Santa
He's [G+] just helping Santa Claus the real real Santa
He's [C] just helping Santa Claus the real real Santa,
[Am7] he's just helping [D7sus4] Santa [D7] Claus

Kokomo

by John Phillips, Scott McKenzie, Mike Love, and Terry Melcher



C . . . | F . . . | Cmaj7 . . . | Gm7 . . . | Fm . . . | D7 . . . | G7 . . . | Am . . . |
A-ruba, Ja-maica, ooh I wanna take ya
 | F . . . |
Ber-muda, Ba-hama, come on pretty mama
 | C . . . | F \ (--- tacet ---) |
Key Largo, Mon-tego, baby why don't we go, Ja-maica. Off the Florid-a

C . . . | Cmaj7 . . . | Gm7 . . . | F . . . |
 Key—ey—ys— there's a place called Koko—mo—
 Fm . . . | C . . . | D7 . . . | G7 . . . |
 That's where— you wanna— go to get a-way from it all—
 C . . . | Cmaj7 . . . | Gm7 . . . | F . . . |
 Bodies in the— sand— tro-pical drink melting in your— hand—
 Fm . . . | C . . . | D7 . . . |
 We'll be falling in love to the rhythm of a steel drum band—
 G7 . . . | C . . . |
 down in Ko—ko—mo
A-ruba, Ja-maica, ooh I wanna take ya

Chorus:

| F . . . |
Ber-muda, Ba-hama, come on pretty mama
 | C . . . | F . . . |
Key Largo, Mon-tego, Baby why don't we go
 Ooh I wanna take you down to Koko—mo—
 | Fm . . . | C . . . |
 We'll get there— fast and then we'll take it— slow—
 Am . . . | Dm . . . |
 That's— where we wanna— go—o—
 G7 . . . | C \ . . . |
 way down in Ko-ko—mo—
Mar—ti-nique that Monser-rat mys-tique—

C . . . | Cmaj7 . . . | Gm7 . . . | F . . . |
 We'll put out to— sea—e—ea— and we'll per-fect our chem-is—try—
 Fm . . . | C . . . | D7 . . . | G7 . . . |
 By and by we'll de—fy— a little bit of gra-vi—ty—

C . . . | Cmaj7 . . . | Gm7 . . . | F . . . |
 After-noon de—li— i— ight— cock-tails— and moonlit— nights—
 Fm . . . | C . . . | D7 . . . |
 That dreamy look in your eye, give me a tro-pi-cal con-tact— high—
 G7 . . . | C . . . |
 down in Ko—ko—mo . . . | . . . |
A-ruba, Ja-maica, ooh I wanna take ya

Chorus:

| F . . . | . . . |
Ber-muda, Ba-hama, come on pretty mama
 | C . . . | . . . | F . . . |
Key Largo, Mon-tego, Baby why don't we go
 Ooh I wanna take you down to Koko—mo—
 | Fm . . . | C . . . |
 We'll get there— fast and then we'll take it— slow—
 Am . . . | Dm . . . |
 That's— where we wanna— go—o—
 G7 . . . | C\ . . . | . . . |
 way down in Ko-ko—mo—
Mar—ti-nique that Monser-rat mys-tique—

Instrumental:

C . . . | Cmaj7 . . . | Gm7 . . . | F . . . |
 Fm . . . | C . . . | D7 . . . | G7 . . . |

C . . . | Cmaj7 . . . | Gm7 . . . | F . . . |
 Every-bod—y kno—o—ows— a little place like Koko—mo—
 Fm . . . | C . . . | D7 . . . |
 Now if— you wanna— go and get a-way from it all—
 G7 . . . | C . . . |
 Go down in Ko—ko—mo . . . | . . . |
A-ruba, Ja-maica, ooh I wanna take ya

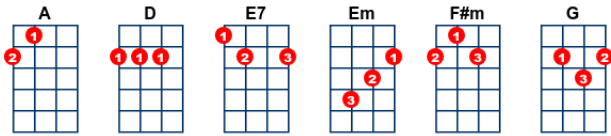
Chorus:

| F . . . | . . . |
Ber-muda, Ba-hama, come on pretty mama
 | C . . . | . . . | F . . . |
Key Largo, Mon-tego, Baby why don't we go
 Ooh I wanna take you down to Koko—mo—
 | Fm . . . | C . . . |
 We'll get there— fast and then we'll take it— slow—
 Am . . . | Dm . . . |
 That's— where we wanna— go—o—
 G7 . . . | C\ . . . |
 way down in Ko-ko—mo—

Merry Christmas, Baby

Words and music © Brian Wilson and Mike Love

key:D, artist:The Beach Boys, 1964



My **[D]** baby she told me she don't want to hold me and kiss my lips **[G]** anymore
She's **[D]** gonna leave me and she don't believe me that **[Em]** I'll **[F#m]** be **[G]**
true **[A]** now
Well maybe she **[D]** don't love me, she's not thinkin' of me
But why'd she **[G]** do it this time of year
She **[D]** knows that I'll miss her, and I'll want to kiss her, if **[Em]** just **[F#m]** for **[G]**
Christ-**[A]**mas

[G] Merry Christmas, baby, Merry Christmas, **[E7]** baby
[G] Merry Christmas, **[A]** baby

[D] Ooh, what could I do to really convince you that I'm not that **[G]** kind anymor
[D] Take back my ring now, I'll do anything now but **[Em]** please **[F#m]** for-
[G] give **[A]** me
[D] I made my mistake but I'm willing to wake up and never mess **[G]** around
anymore
[D] Oh why did we break up, there's still time to make up, if **[Em]** just **[F#m]** for
[G] Christ-**[A]**mas

[G] Merry Christmas, baby, Merry Christmas, **[E7]** baby
[G] Merry Christmas, **[A]** baby

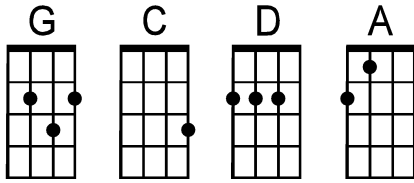
Instrumental- first two lines of verse **[D]**, **[G]**, **[D]**, **[Em]** **[F#m]** **[G]** **[A]**

[D] I made my mistake but I'm willing to wake up and never mess **[G]** around
anymore
[D] Oh why did we break up, there's still time to make up, if **[Em]** just **[F#m]** for
[G] Christ-**[A]**mas

[G] Merry Christmas, baby, Merry Christmas **[E7]** baby
[G] Merry Christmas, **[A]** baby

Little Deuce Coupe (key of G)

by Brian Wilson (1963)



(To play in original key (Ab) capo first fret)

Intro: G Little deuce coupe, you don't know what I got——— |
(you don't know what I

G little deuce coupe you don't know what I got———)
got———)

G Well I'm not braggin' babe so don't put me down
(Ooo———)

G but I've got the fastest set of wheels in town
(deuce cou———pe)

C When something comes up to me he don't even try
(deuce cou———pe)

G cuz if I had a set of wings, man, I know she could fly
(deuce cou———pe)

Chorus: D She's my little deuce coupe A you don't know
C

G what I got——— |
(little deuce coupe you don't know what I got)

G Just a little deuce coupe with a flat-head mill
(Ooo———)

G but she'll walk a Thunder-bird like she's stand-in' still
(deuce cou———pe)

C She's ported and re-lieved and she's stroked and bored.
(deuce cou———pe)

G She'll do a hundred 'n' forty with the top end floored.
(deuce cou———pe)

Chorus: She's my little deuce coupe you don't know
what I got
(little deuce coupe you don't know what I got)

Bridge: She's got a compe-tition clutch with the four on the floor
(Ooo four on the floor)

And she purrs like a kitten till the Lake Pipes roar
(Ooo Lake Pipes roar)

And if that ain't enough to make you flip your lid
(Ooo flip your lid)

There's one more thing, I got the pink slip, daddy.
(Ooo pink slip, daddy)

And comin' off the line when the light turns green
(Ooo)

Well she blows 'em outta the water like you ne-ver seen
(deuce coupe)

I get pushed out of shape and it's hard to steer
(deuce coupe)

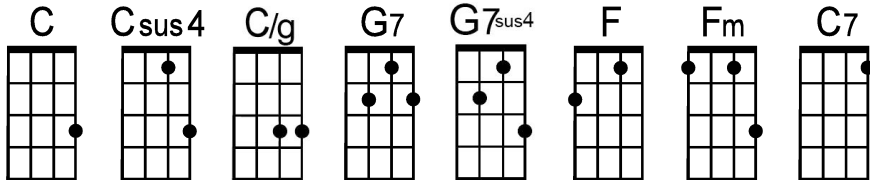
when I get rubber in all four gears
(deuce coupe)

Chorus: She's my little deuce coupe you don't know
what I got
(little deuce coupe you don't know what I got)

She's my little deuce coupe you don't know
what I got
(little deuce coupe you don't know what I got)

Sloop John B (Key of C)

by Richard Le Gallienne, (1917)



C | Csus4 | C | | | Csus4 | C |
 We come on— de Sloop John B my grand— father and me

. . . . | C/g | G7 | G7sus4 | G7 |
 Round— Nas-sau town— we did roam—

. . . . | C | C7 | F | Fm |
 Drinking all night— got in a fight—

. . . . | C | G7 | C | Csus4 | C |
 Well I feel so broke-up— I wanna go home—

| C | Csus4 | C |
Chorus: So hoist up— de John B sails—

C | Csus4 | C |
 See how— de main sail sets—

. . . . | C/g | G7 | G7sus4 | G7 |
 Send for de Cap-tain Shore— Let me go home—

. . . . | C | C7 | F | Fm |
 Let me go home— Let me go home—

. . . . | C | G7 | C | Csus4 | C |
 Well I feel so broke-up— I wanna go home—

| C | Csus4 | C | | | Csus4 | C |
 De first-mate— he got drunk— broke in— de Cap-tain's trunk—

| | C/g | G7 | G7sus4 | G7 |
 De consta-ble had to come— and take him a—way—

. . . . | C | C7 | F | Fm |
 Sheriff John Stone— why don't you leave me a—lone—?

. . . . | C | G7 | C | Csus4 | C |
 Well I feel so broke-up— I wanna go home—

| C | Csus4 | C |
Chorus: So hoist up— de John B sails—

C | Csus4 | C |
 See how— de main sail sets—

. . . . | C/g | G7 | G7sus4 | G7 |
 Send for de Cap-tain Shore— Let me go home—

. . . . | C | C7 | F | Fm |
 Let me go home— Let me go home—

. . . . | C | G7 | C | Csus4 | C |
 Well I feel so broke-up— I wanna go home—

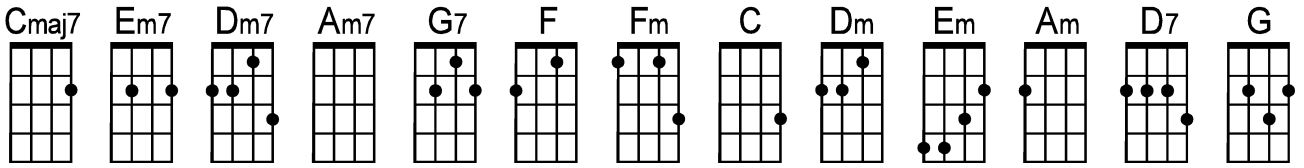
|C . . . C_{sus4} |C . . . | . . . C_{sus4} |C . . . |
 De poor cook— he got fits tro' way— all de grits
 . . . |C/g . . . |G7 . . . G7_{sus4} |G7 .
 Den he— took an' eat-up— all o' my corn!
 . . . C . . . |C7 . . . |F . . . |Fm . . .
 Let me go home— I wanna go home—!
 |C . . . |G7 . . . |C . . . C_{sus4} |C . . .
 Dis is de worst trip— since I-I been born—!

|C . . . C_{sus4} |C . . . |
Chorus: So hoist up— de John B sails—
 C . . . C_{sus4} |C . . . |
 See how— de main sail sets—
 . . . |C/g . . . |G7 . . . G7_{sus4} |G7 .
 Send for de Cap-tain Shore— Let me go home—
 . . . |C . . . |C7 . . . |F . . . |Fm . . .
 Let me go home— Let me go home—
 . . . |C . . . |G7 . . . |C . . . C_{sus4} |C . . .
 Well I feel so broke-up— I wanna go home—
 . |C . . . |G7 . . . |C . . . G7\ |C\
 I feel so broke-up— I wanna go home—

San Jose Ukulele Club
 (v3e - 7/28/23)

I'll Be Home for Christmas

by Kim Gannon, Walter Kent and Buck Ram (1948)



Intro: Cmaj7 . Em7 . Dm7 . G7 . Cmaj7 . Em7 . Dm7 . G7\

Intro verse: F\ Em7\ Dm7\ Am7\ Dm7\ Cmaj7\
 I'm dreaming to-night of a place I love, even more than I usually do.
 F\ Em7\ Dm7\ Am7\ D7\ G7
 And al-though I know, it's a long road back , I prom-ise you.....

C . D7 . G7 . . . Am7 . A7 . Dm . . .
 I'll be home for Chris-tmas, you can plan on me
 Dm . G7 . C\ Em\ Am . D7 . Am7 . G . . .
 Please have snow and mist--le--toe and pres-ents on the tree.

C . D7 . G7 . . . Am7 . A7 . Dm . . .
 Christ- mas Eve will find me where the love-light gleams
 Dm7 . Fm . C . A7 . Dm . Fm . C . . .
 I'll be home for Christ--mas if on-ly in my dreams.

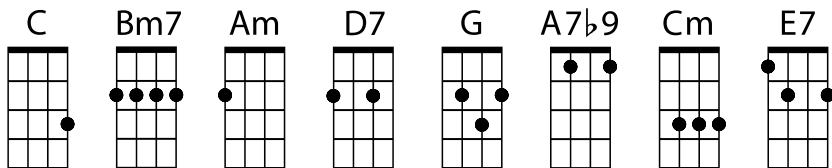
Instrumental: C . D7 . G7 . . . Am7 . A7 . Dm . . .
 Dm . G7 . C\ Em\ Am . D7 . Am7 . G . . .

C . D7 . G7 . . . Am7 . A7 . Dm . . .
 Christ- mas Eve will find me where the love-light gleams
 Dm7 . Fm . C . A7 . Dm . Fm . C . Fm . Cmaj7\
 I'll be home for Christ--mas if on-ly in my dreams.

I'll Be Home For Christmas

Walter Kent, Buck Ram, Kim Gannon

Strum Pattern: D DUDU D D D



Intro (single strums or roll each chord)

I'm **(C)**dreamin' tonight of a **(Bm7)**place I love
Even **(Am)**more than I **(D7)**usually **(G)**do
And **(C)**although I know it's a **(Bm7)**long road back
(Am)I promise **(D7)**you

Verse 1

(G)I'll be **(A7b9)**home for **(Am)**Christmas **(D7)**
(G)You can **(E7)**count on **(Am)**me
(C)Please have **(Cm)**snow and **(G)**mistletoe **(Em)**
And **(A7)**presents under the **(D7)**tree

Verse 2

(G)Christmas **(A7b9)**Eve will **(Am)**find me **(D7)**
(G)Where the **(E7)**love light **(Am)**gleams
(C)I'll be **(Cm)**home for **(Bm7)**Christ**(E7)**mas
If **(Am-Bm7)**only **(C)**in **(D7)**my **(G)**dreams **(D7)**

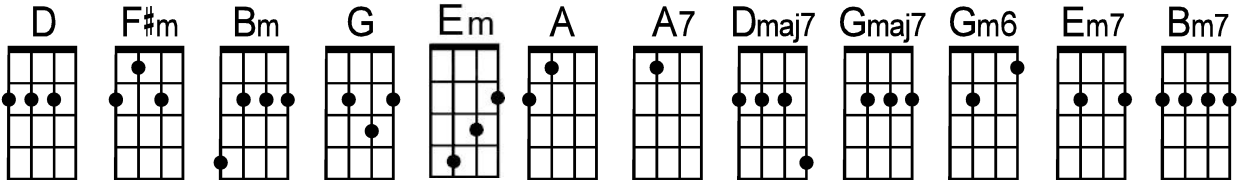
Repeat Verse 1 Instrumental

Verse 3

(G)Christmas **(A7)**Eve will **(Am)**find me **(D7)**
(G)Where the **(E7)**love light **(Am)**gleams
(C)I'll be **(Cm)**home for **(Bm7)**Christ**(E7)**mas
If **(Am-Bm7)**only **(C)**in **(D7)**my **(E7)**dreams
If **(Am-Bm7)**only **(C)**in **(D7)**my **(G)**dreams

Surfer Girl

by Brian Wilson and the Beach Boys (1963)



Intro: D . F#m . | Bm . F#m . | G . Em . | A\ [--hold--] |
 (00-00-00000 000000000000 000000000000 - aaaaaaaaaah)

(sing a)

D . Bm . | G . A7 . | DMaj7 . D7 . | G . Gm6 . |
 Li-ttle sur-fer, li-ttle one— made my heart come all un-done—

D . Bm . | G . A7 . | D . Bm . | G . A7 . |
 Do you love me? Do you sur-fer girl—? Oo-ooooooooo-oo
 (surfer girl, my little surfer girl)

D . Bm . | G . A7 . | DMaj7 . D7 . | G . Gm6 . |
 I have watched you on the shore— stand-ing by the o—cean's roar—

D . Bm . | G . A7 . | D . G . | D . D7 . |
 Do you love me? Do you sur-fer girl—? Ooo-ooo-ooo oo-oo-Oo-oo-oo
 (surfer girl, surfer girl—)

Bridge:

G . A7 . | D . F#m . | Em7 . A7 . | D . D7 . |
 We could ride— the surf— to-gether while our lo—ve would gro-o-ow—
 (Aaaaaaah aaaaah aaaaah Aaaaah aaaaah aaaaaaah)

G . A7 . | D . F#m . | Bm7 . E7 . | A7 . . . |
 In my Woo-dy I— would take you— eve—ry—where I go—o—
 (Aaaaah aaaaah aaaaah)

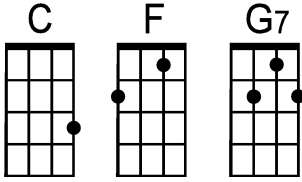
D . Bm . | G . A7 . | DMaj7 . D7 . | G . Gm6 . |
 So I say from me to you— I will make your dreams come true—

D . Bm . | G . A7\ [-hold-----] | D . Bm . | GMaj7 . A . |
 Do you love me? Do you sur-fer— girl? My little surfer girl oo-oo-
 (surfer girl, my little surfer girl)

D . Bm . | GMaj7 . A . | D . Bm . | GMaj7 . A . | D\
 -Wa-ah—ah ah—aaaaaah oo-oo-Wa-ah—ah ah—aaaaaah
 (Girl, surfer girl, my little surfer girl— Girl, surfer girl, my little surfer girl— Oooo)

Surfin' USA (Key of C)

by Brian Wilson (and Chuck Berry)



Intro:

```

      --- | C\ \ \ \ |
A ----- 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 |
E --- 0-1-3-3-3-1-0-0-1- |
C --- 0-----0----- |
G ----- |
  
```

(sing Bb)

C\ --- --- --- | G7 . . . | G7\ --- --- --- | C . . . |
 If every-body had an o—cean— a-cross the U-S—A—
 (oooooooooooooooo) (oooooooooooo)

C\ --- --- --- | G7 . . . | G7\ --- --- --- | C . . . |
 Then every-body'd be sur—fin'— like Cali— for— ni— a—
 (oooooooooooooooo) (oooooooooooooooo)

C\ --- --- --- | F . . . | F\ --- --- --- | C . . . |
 You'd see 'em wearin' their bag—gies— Hua-rachi san-dals too—
 (oooooooooooooooo) (oooooooooooo)

C\ --- --- --- | G7 . . . | G7\ --- --- --- | C . . . |
 A bushy, bushy blond hair—do— Surfin' U-S—A—
 (oooooooooooooooo) (oooooooooooo)

C | G7 | | C |
 You'll catch 'em surfin' at Dell— Mar— Ven-tura Count-y Line—
 (in-side, out-side U—S—A—) (in-side, out-side

. . . . | G7 | | C |
 Santa Cruz and Tres—tles— Aus-tralia's Na—ra—bi—ine
 U—S—A—) (in-side, out-side U—S—A—) (in-side, out-side

. . . . | F | | C |
 All over Man-ha—tan— and down Do-heny— way—
 U—S—A—) (in-side, out-side U—S—A—) (in-side, out-side

. . . . | G7 | G7\ --- --- --- | C |
 Every-body's gone sur—fin'— Surfin' U-S—A—
 U—S—A—)

C\ --- --- --- | G7 | G7\ --- --- --- | C |
 We'll all be plannin' out a ro—oute we're gonna take real so—oon
 (oooooooooooooooo) (oooooooooooooooo)

C\ --- --- --- | G7 | G7\ --- --- --- | C |
 We're waxin' down our surf—boards— we can't wait for— Ju—une
 (oooooooooooooooo), (oooooooooooooooo)

C \ . . . | **F** . . . | **F** \ . . . | **C** . . . |
 We'll all be gone for the su—mmer. We're on sa-fari to stay—
 (oooooooooooooooo) (ooooooooooooo)

C \ . . . | **G7** . . . | **G7** \ . . . | **C** . . . |
 Tell the teacher we're sur—fin'— Surfin' U—S—A—
 (oooooooooooooooo) (ooooooooooooo)

C . . . | **G7** . . . | . . . | **C** . . . |
 At Haggard-ty's and Swa—mi's— Pa-cific Pal—i—sa—ades
 (in-side, out-side U—S—A—) (in-side, out-side

C . . . | **G7** . . . | . . . | **C** . . . |
 San O-nofre and Sun—set Re-dondo Beach, L. A.—
 U—S—A—) (in-side, out-side U—S—A—) (in-side, out-side

. . . | **F** . . . | . . . | **C** . . . |
 All over La Joll—a— and Waia-me—a Bay—
 U—S—A—) (in-side, out-side U—S—A—) (in-side, out-side

. . . | **G7** . . . | **G7** \ . . . | **C** . . . |
 Every-body's gone sur—fin'— Surfin' U—S—A—
 U—S—A—)

Instr: **C** . . . | **G7** . . . | . . . | **C** . . . |
 . . . | **G7** . . . | . . . | **C** . . . |
 . . . | **F** . . . | . . . | **C** . . . |

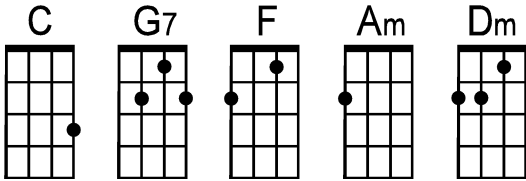
Outro: . . . | **G7** . . . | **G7** \ . . . | **C** . . . |
 Every-body's gone sur—fin'— Surfin' U—S—A—

. . . | **G7** . . . | **G7** \ . . . | **C** . . . |
 Every-body's gone sur—fin'— Surfin' U—S—A—

. . . | **G7** . . . | **G7** \ . . . | **C** . . . | **C** \ \ \ \
 Every-body's gone sur—fin'— Surfin' U—S—A—

Auld Lang Syne

by Robert Burns (1788 - to a Traditional Scottish melody)



(sing g)

Should old— a-cquain-tance be— for-got and ne— ver brought to mind—?

Should old— a-cquain-tance be— for-got and days— of auld lang syne—?

Chorus: For auld— lang— syne— my dear, for auld— lang— syne—

We'll take— a cup o' ki— ndness yet and days— of auld lang syne—

We two— have run a— bout— the hills and pi— cked the dai— sies fine—

But we've wan— dered ma— nya wear— y foot— since— auld lang syne—

We two— have pad— dled in— the stream from mor— ning sun till dine—

But seas— be— tween us broad— have roared since— auld lang syne—

So here's— a hand my tru— sty friend and give me a hand o' thine—

We'll take— a ri— ight good— will draught for the days— of auld lang syne—

Chorus: For auld— lang— syne— my dear, for auld— lang— syne—

We'll take— a cup o' ki— ndness yet and days— of auld lang syne—