

# Tiger Woods in Therapy: A Psycho-Analysis by Ukulele

Sheet music available at <http://www.mammothgardens.com/tiger> Updated: 08/04/12

## Introduction:

Songs for the musical "Tiger Woods in Therapy: A Psycho-Analysis by Ukulele." Written by William Blake and Gary Jugert. I have tried to minimize abusing Mr. Blake's original poetry, but in several cases I have needed to force syllables and even whole words into service at the dominion of melody. My apologies to Mr. Blake. I'm certain if he owned a ukulele, he would understand and approve.

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#1 **THE TYGER: What I See When I Look in the Mirror in Ab minor**  
Written by William Blake . Music by Gary Jugert.

## Ukulele Chords:

[Abm=x342] [Dbm=x444] [Ebm=x321]

[Abm] Tyger! Tyger! burning bright  
In the forests of the [Dbm] night,  
[Abm] What immortal hand or eye  
Could frame thy fearful symme- [Dbm] try?

[Abm] In what distant deeps or skies  
Burnt the fire of thine [Dbm] eyes?  
[Abm] On what wings dare he aspire?  
What the hand dare sieze the [Dbm] fire?

[Ebm] Did he smile his [Abm] work to see?  
[Ebm] Did he who made the Lamb make [Abm] thee?

[Abm] And what shoulder, and what art,  
twist the sinews of thy [Dbm] heart?  
[Abm] When thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand and what dread [Dbm] feet?

[Abm] What the hammer? what the chain?  
In what furnace was thy [Dbm] brain?  
[Abm] What the anvil, what dread grasp  
Dare its deadly terrors [Dbm] clasp?

[Ebm] Did he smile his [Abm] work to see?  
[Ebm] Did he who made the Lamb make [Abm] thee?

[Abm] When the stars threw down their spears,  
And watered heaven with their [Dbm] tears,

[Ebm] Did he smile his [Abm] work to see?  
[Ebm] Did he who made the Lamb make [Abm] thee?

[Abm] Tyger! Tyger! burning bright  
In the forests of the [Dbm] night,  
[Abm] What immortal hand or eye  
Could frame thy fearful symme- [Dbm] try?

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**#2 Rachel Uchitel: VIPs Party Downstairs in A minor**  
**Composed by Gary Jugert .**

**Ukulele Chords:**

[Am=2000] [Dm=2210] [E7=1202] [F=2010]

[Am] Party in L.A. and  
[Dm] party in New York and  
[Am] party in Paris and  
[Dm] party in Berlin and  
[Am] party in Hong Kong just  
[Dm] like the rock stars do,  
but V. I. [E7] P.'s you can party down [Am] stairs.

[Am] Pretty little girls and  
[Dm] pretty little boys just  
[Am] tell me what you like and  
[Dm] I will make it real and  
[Am] only for tonight I'll  
[Dm] be one of your toys,  
and V. I. [E7] P.'s you can party down [Am] stairs.

[F] I will entertain you for a [Dm] fee.  
[F] Open up your pocket book to [Dm] me.

[Am] I can keep a secret, and  
[Dm] I bet you can too so  
[Am] meet me in the basement where  
[Dm] I make dreams come true and  
[Am] only for tonight I'll  
[Dm] be one of your toys.  
My V. I. [E7] P.'s they all party down [Am] stairs.

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**#3 The Garden of Love in C# minor**  
**Written by William Blake. Music by Gary Jugert.**

**Ukulele Chords:**

[C#m=6444] [F#m=4654] [A=6454] [G#=5343]

I [C#m] laid me down upon a bank,  
Where [F#m] Love lay [C#m] sleeping;  
I heard among the rushes dank  
[F#m] Weeping, [C#m] weeping.

Then I [A] went to the heath and the [G#] wild,  
To the [A] thistles and thorns of the [G#] waste;  
And they [C#m] told me how they were be-[A] guiled,  
[C#m] Driven out, and compelled to the [A] chaste.

I [C#m] went to the Garden of Love,  
And [F#m] saw what I [C#m] never had seen;  
A [C#m] Chapel was built in the [A] midst,  
Where I [G#] used to play on the [C#m] green.

And the [F#m] gates of this Chapel were [C#m] shut  
And [F#m] "Thou shalt not," writ [C#m] over the door;  
So I [G#] turned to the Garden of [C#m] Love  
That so [G#] many sweet flowers [C#m] bore.

And I [F#m] saw it was filled with [C#m] graves,  
And [F#m] tombstones where [C#m] flowers should be;  
And [A] priests in black gowns were [G#] walking their rounds,  
And [A] binding with briars my [G#] joys and desires.

I [C#m] went to the Garden of Love,  
And [F#m] saw what I [C#m] never had seen;  
A [C#m] Chapel was built in the [A] midst,  
Where I [G#] used to play on the [C#m] green.

I [C#m] went to the Garden of Love,  
And [F#m] saw what I [C#m] never had seen;  
A [C#m] Chapel was built in the [A] midst,  
Where I [G#] used to play on the [C#m] green.

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**#4 Elin Nordegren: Chopping the Woods Down with this Iron in D minor**  
**Composed by Gary Jugert .**

**Ukulele Chords:**

[A=2100] [A7=0100] [Bb=3211] [Dm=2210] [Gm=0231]

[Dm] Chopping the woods down with this iron.  
[Gm] No oak will stand too tall in this forest.  
[Dm] Head in the clouds sun shining on you;  
[Gm] down here on Earth you're living in the filth.

[A7] This lumber jack I can swing a big axe.  
[Dm] Chopping the woods down with this iron.

[Dm] Chopping the woods down with this iron.  
[Gm] Your majesty turned into newspaper.  
[Dm] Stand tall today before I cut you down.  
[Gm] You're headed to a blue recycle bin.

[A7] This lumber jack I can swing a big axe.  
[Dm] Chopping the woods down with this iron.

[Bb] Bring the big boy [A] down.  
[Bb] Show him who's the [A] clown.

[Dm] Chopping the woods down with this iron.  
[Gm] Plenty of trees can cast a big shadow.  
[Dm] Birds in your nests they'll fly to new trees;  
[Gm] all you'll have then is what you could have been.

[A7] This lumber jack I can swing a big axe.  
[Dm] Chopping the woods down with this iron.

[Dm] Chopping the woods down with this iron.  
[Gm] Breezes will blow; you won't sway again.  
[Dm] Covered in ink, you're on the news stand now.  
[Gm] Morning will come you'll be a foot note then.

[A7] This lumber jack I can swing a big axe.  
[Dm] Chopping the woods down with this iron.

[Bb] Bring the big boy down.  
[A] Show him who's the clown.

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**#5 The Little Boy Lost in F# minor**  
**Written by William Blake. Music by Gary Jugert.**

**Ukulele Chords:**

[Bm=4222] [C#=1114] [F#m=2120]

[F#m] "Father, father, [Bm] where are you [F#m] going?  
[F#m] "Father, father, [Bm] where are you [F#m] going?  
Oh [Bm] do not walk [C#] so [F#m] fast!  
[F#m] Speak, father, speak to your [Bm] little boy,  
Or [C#] else I shall be [F#m] lost."

[Bm] The night was dark, no father was there,  
The [C#] child was wet with dew;  
The [Bm] mire was deep, and the child did weep,  
And a-[C#] way the vapour flew.

[F#m] "Father, father, [Bm] where are you [F#m] going?  
[F#m] "Father, father, [Bm] where are you [F#m] going?  
Oh [Bm] do not walk [C#] so [F#m] fast!  
[F#m] Speak, father, speak to your [Bm] little boy,  
Or [C#] else I shall be [F#m] lost."

[F#m] "Father, father, [Bm] where are you [F#m] going?  
[F#m] "Father, father, [Bm] where are you [F#m] going?  
Oh [Bm] do not walk [C#] so [F#m] fast!  
[F#m] Speak, father, speak to your [Bm] little boy,  
Or [C#] else I shall be [F#m] lost."

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**#6 Jamiee Grubbs: The Loneliest Monarch in Our Little Town in E minor  
Composed by Gary Jugert .**

**Ukulele Chords:**

[Em] Leaving your pretty blonde wife just for little ole [B] me.  
[B] I'm so unique and much better than her you told [Em] me.  
[Em] Listen sweet love your delusions don't help here at [B] all.

[Em] Fifteen minutes of fame. I want my damn fifteen.

[Em] Call me; leave me voice mail.  
[B] Pour out your heart and I'll upload your [Em] woes.  
[Em] The loneliest monarch in town.

[B] Pour out your heart and I'll upload your [C] woes.  
[C] The loneliest [D] monarch in our little [Em] town.

[Em] Thirty-one months for my sweet fifteen.

[Em] I love you too [B] if that helps you.  
[Em] Tell me your needs. [B] They'll be mine too.

[C] Leave me a message, [D] I'll tell the world,  
[Em] "Lonely little monarch; oh I loved him too."

[Em] Call me; leave me voice mail.  
[B] Pour out your heart and I'll upload your [Em] woes.  
[Em] The loneliest monarch in town.

[B] Pour out your heart and I'll upload your [C] woes.  
[C] The loneliest [D] monarch in our little [Em] town.

[Em] Thirty-one months for my sweet fifteen.

[Em] I love you too [B] if that helps you.  
[Em] Tell me your needs. [B] They'll be mine too.

[C] Leave me a message, [D] I'll tell the world,  
[Em] "Lonely little monarch; oh I loved him too."

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**#7 The Human Abstract in Eb minor  
Written by William Blake. Music by Gary Jugert.**

**Ukulele Chords:**

[Ebm=3321]

Pity would be no more  
If we did not make somebody Poor;  
And Mercy no more could be  
If all were as happy as we.

And mutual fear brings peace,  
Till the selfish loves increase:  
Then Cruelty knits a snare,  
And spreads his baits with care.

He sits down with holy fears,  
And waters the grounds with tears;  
Then Humility takes its root  
Underneath his foot.

Soon spreads the dismal shade  
Of Mystery over his head;  
And the Catterpillar and Fly  
Feed on the Mystery.

And it bears the fruit of Deceit,  
Ruddy and sweet to eat;  
And the Raven his nest has made  
In its thickest shade.

The Gods of the earth and sea  
Sought thro' Nature to find this Tree;  
But their search was all in vain:  
There grows one in the Human Brain.

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**#8 Kalika Moquin: Neither Confirm nor Deny in G minor**  
Composed by Gary Jugert.

**Ukulele Chords:**

Can't confirm can't deny. Honestly I will lie.  
Touch me here. Touch me there. Kinda queer. I don't care.

It's my rules. It's my life. What happens here. Go ahead and guess.

Pretty face. Pretty eyes. Don't trespass; it's not wise.  
Cut you down right to size. Gone before you realize.

It's my rules. It's my life. Not every one gets an entrance pass.

Danced with me all night long. He knows my favorite song.  
My clubhouse, my earthquake, my Geiger, my tiger.

It's my rules. It's my life. Dreams do come true for a man of means.

\*\*\*

**#9 The Sick Rose in G# minor**  
Written by William Blake. Music by Gary Jugert.

**Ukulele Chords:**

[C#m=x444] [E-x442] [Eb=x331] [G#m=x342]

[G#m] O Rose, thou art [E] sick!  
[G#m] O Rose, thou art [E] sick!

The in- [C#m] visible worm  
That [G#m] flies in the night,  
Has [C#m] found out thy bed  
Of [G#m] crimson joy:

[G#m] O Rose, thou art [E] sick!  
[G#m] O Rose, thou art [E] sick!

The in- [C#m] visible worm  
That [G#m] flies in the night,  
In the [C#m] howling storm,  
with his [G#m] dark secret love

The in- [C#m] visible worm  
That [G#m] flies in the night,  
Has [C#m] found out thy bed  
Of [G#m] crimson joy:  
In the [C#m] howling storm,  
with his [G#m] dark secret love

[Eb] Does thy life de-[G#m] stroy.  
[Eb] Does thy life de-[G#m] stroy.

\*\*\*

**#10 Cori Rist: Big Game Hunter in B minor**  
**Composed by Gary Jugert.**

**Ukulele Chords:**

Just one little white lie you told to me –  
something all about love.  
Turns out I was just just a fool for you.  
One more skinny skirt.

Fifty four millimeter.  
It'll bring down the big cats.

We all liked you but you're replaceable.  
Something common with me.  
Turns out I got the best of this one.  
I still have my life.

Fifty four millimeter.  
It'll bring down the big cats.

Here kitty kitty I've got a treat for you,  
a little hunk of of lead in your in your brain.  
It'll sting for a moment  
then your head will head will be on my wall.

Just one little white lie you told to me –  
something all about love.  
Turns out I got the best of this one.  
I still have my life.

Fifty four millimeter.  
It'll bring down the big cats.

\*\*\*

**#11 On Another's Sorrow in F minor**  
**Written by William Blake. Music by Gary Jugert.**

**Ukulele Chords:**

[Ab+=1003] [Ebm=3111] [Db=1114] [Dbmaj7=1113] [Eb=3336] [Fm=1013]

[Fm] Can I see another's woe,  
And not be in sorrow [Db] too.  
[Fm] Can I see another's grief,  
And not seek for kind re- [Db] lief.

[Eb] No no never can it [Dbmaj7] be.  
[Bbm] Never never can it [Db] be.

[Fm] Can I see a falling tear,  
And not feel my sorrows [Db] share,  
[Fm] Can a father see his child,  
Weep, nor be with sorrow [Db] fill'd.

[Eb] No no never can it [Dbmaj7] be.  
[Bbm] Never never can it [Db] be.

And [Fm] can he who smiles on all  
Hear the wren with sorrows [Db] small,  
And [Fm] not sit beside the nest  
Pouring pity into their [Db] breast.

[Eb] Hear the small birds grief and [Db] care,  
[Eb] Hear the woes that infants [Db] bear –

And [Fm] not sit the cradle near  
Weeping tear on infant's [Db] tear.  
And [Fm] not sit both night and day,  
Wiping all our tears [Db] away.

[Eb] Hear the small birds grief and [Db] care,  
[Eb] Hear the woes that infants [Db] bear –

[Eb] No no never can it [Dbmaj7] be.  
[Bbm] Never never can it [Db] be.

[Fm] He doth give his [Ab+] joy to all.  
[Fm] He becomes an [Ab+] infant small.  
[Fm] He becomes a [Ab+] man of woe  
[Fm] He doth feel the [Ab+] sorrow too.

[Db] Think not, thou canst [Fm] sigh a sigh,  
[Db] And thy maker [Fm] is not by.  
[Db] Think not, thou canst [Fm] weep a tear,  
[Db] And thy maker [Fm] is not near.

[Eb] No no never can it [Dbmaj7] be.  
[Bbm] Never never can it [Db] be.

[Eb] O! he gives to us his [Db] joy,  
That our [Eb] grief he may de- [Db] stroy  
Till our [Bbm] grief is fled and [Dbmaj7] gone  
He doth sit by us and [Fm] moan

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**#12 Jamie Jungers: Life as a Twink in C minor**  
**Composed by Gary Jugert.**

**Ukulele Chords:**

[Ab=x343] [Ab=x543] [Cm=x333] [G=x232] [G7sus4=x213]

[Cm] I'm a little Twink. [Ab] Fluffy lotta fun.  
[Cm] Prettiest in pink or [G] when I've been undone.

[Cm] Lace stockings. [Ab] High heeled shoes. [G7sus4] Garter belt.  
[Cm] Silk panties. Textured bra.  
[Ab] Gold choker. [G7sus4] Faux diamonds.  
[Cm] Glitter too. Wearing things you [Ab] must remove.  
[G7sus4] I am here to [Cm] play with you.

[Cm] More fun after drinks. [Ab] Rules I have are none.  
[Cm] You and I in synch. [G] In the dark we're one.

[Cm] Arched eyebrow. [Ab] Hair cascades. [G7sus4] Finger nails.  
[Cm] Lips so soft. Sweet perfume.  
[Ab] Toes so cute. [G7sus4] Flawless skin.  
[Cm] Tastes good too. Feels so good you [Ab] know it's true.  
[G7sus4] I am here to [Cm] dream with you.

[Cm] Take you to the brink. [Ab] Bring your loaded gun.  
[Cm] Smiling with a wink. [G] Ride it 'til you've won.

[Cm] Soft whispers. [Ab] Giggles too. [G7sus4] Catch your breath.  
[Cm] Sigh and moan. Our cocoon.  
[Ab] Just us two. [G7sus4] Vanish world.  
[Cm] No one knew. Morning comes you [Ab] must depart.  
[G7sus4] Take my heart a- [Cm] long with you.  
[G7sus4] [Cm]

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**#13 Cradle Song in G minor**  
**Written by William Blake. Music by Gary Jugert.**

**Ukulele Chords:**

[Adim=0101] [Cm=0333] [D=2220] [Eb=0331] [Gm=0231]

[Gm] Sleep, sleep, beauty bright,  
Dreaming o'er the joys of night;  
[Eb] Sleep, sleep, in thy sleep  
Little sorrows sit and [Gm] weep.

[Gm] Sweet babe, in thy face  
Soft desires I can [Cm] trace,  
[Gm] Secret joys and secret smiles,  
Little pretty infant [Cm] wiles.

[Adim] As thy softest limbs I [Gm] feel,  
[Eb] Smiles as of the morning [Gm] steal  
[Cm] O'er thy cheek, and o'er thy [Gm] breast  
[Adim] Where thy little heart does [Gm] rest.

[D] O! the cunning wiles that [Gm] creep  
[D] In thy little heart a- [Gm] sleep.  
[D] When thy little heart does [Cm] wake  
[NC] Then the dreadful lightnings [Gm] break,

[Gm] From thy cheek and from thy eye,  
[Eb] O'er the youthful harvests nigh.  
[Cm] Infant wiles and infant smiles  
[D] Heaven and Earth of peace be- [Gm] guiles.

[D] O! the cunning wiles that [Gm] creep  
[D] In thy little heart a- [Gm] sleep.  
[D] When thy little heart does [Cm] wake  
[NC] Then the dreadful lightnings [Gm] break.

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**#14 Mindy Lawton: Waltz with a Waffle in F# minor**  
**Composed by Gary Jugert.**

**Ukulele Chords:**

[A=2102] [D6=2222] [Dmaj7=2224] [C#=1114] [F#=m=2120]

[F#m] Wake up at [D6] four a.m.  
[F#m] Tie on my [D6] uniform.  
[F#m] Pin up my [D6] hair with care.  
[Dmaj7] You are coming to- [C#] day.

[A] Waltz with a [F#m] waffle.  
[A] Sticky buns [F#m] here.  
[A] Soft fresh baked [F#m] muffins.  
[D6] Would you like [Dmaj7] syrup on [C#] that?

[F#m] Off work at [D6] one p.m.  
[F#m] Off to your [D6] house in the  
[F#m] fanciest [D6] part of town.  
[Dmaj7] What shall I offer [C#] you?

[A] Waltz with a [F#m] waffle.  
[A] Sticky buns [F#m] here.  
[A] Soft fresh baked [F#m] muffins.  
[D6] How 'bout a [Dmaj7] warm cherry [C#] pie?

[F#m] Your wife will [D6] be home soon.  
[F#m] Back to where [D6] I belong.  
[F#m] Maybe some [D6] day pretty  
[Dmaj7] promises will come [C#] true.

[A] Waltz with a [F#m] waffle.  
[A] Sticky buns [F#m] here.  
[A] Soft fresh baked [F#m] muffins.  
[D6] How 'bout a [Dmaj7] stiff cup of [C#] Joe?

[F#m] I'll be right [A] here  
[D6] waiting to [C#] serve you one [F#m] more.

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**#15 Mad Song in D minor**  
**Written by William Blake. Music by Gary Jugert.**

**Ukulele Chords:**

[A=2100] [Bb=3211] [C=5433] [Dm=2210] [Gm=0231]

[Dm] [Gm] [Am]

[Dm] The wild winds weep,  
And the night is a- [Gm] cold;  
[Dm] Come hither, Sleep,  
And my griefs en- [Gm] fold!

But [Dm] lo! the morning peeps  
O'er the eastern [Gm] steeps,  
And the [A] rustling beds of dawn  
The Earth do [Dm] scorn.

[Bb] Lo! to the [Dm] vault  
Of [Bb] paved hea- [Dm] ven,  
[Bb] With sorrow fraught,  
My [C] notes are [Dm] driven:

They [Gm] strike the ear of [Dm] Night,  
Make [Gm] weak the eyes of [Dm] Day;  
They [Gm] make mad the [Dm] roaring winds,  
And [A] with the tempests [Dm] play,

[Bb] Like a fiend in a [Dm] cloud,  
[Bb] With howling [Dm] woe  
[Bb] After night I do [C] crowd  
[NC] And with night [Dm] will go;

I [Gm] turn my back to the [Dm] east  
From [Gm] whence comforts have [Dm] increased;  
For [Gm] light doth seize my [Dm] brain  
With [A] frantic [Dm] pain.

They [Gm] strike the ear of [Dm] Night,  
Make [Gm] weak the eyes of [Dm] Day;  
They [Gm] make mad the roaring [Dm] winds,  
And [A] with the tempests [Dm] play.

They [Gm] strike the ear of [Dm] Night,  
Make [Gm] weak the eyes of [Dm] Day;  
They [Gm] make mad the roaring [Dm] winds,  
And [A] with the tempests [Dm] play.

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**#16 Holly Sampson: Mister Big Shot Fancy Pants in F minor  
Composed by Gary Jugert.**

**Ukulele Chords:**

Everyone else is fine with looking,  
but not you Mister Big Shot Fancy Pants.  
You gotta thing for dirty girls  
and a download's just not your kind of thing.

Keeping it real is your big trade-mark,  
but one night fantasies are pretty nice.  
You gotta thing for dirty girls  
and a DVD won't do party boy.

Agency fees don't cover what you want,  
but for Mister Big Shot Fancy Pants  
you're gonna get an extra show  
and a happy memory for us both.

Out in public you're a tiger.  
Behind closed doors you play an organ grinder  
making music makes your monkey dance.

Out in public you're a tiger.  
Behind closed doors you play an organ grinder  
making music makes your monkey dance.

I'll sing along and make a memory.

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**#17 Laughing Song in E minor  
Written by William Blake . Music by Gary Jugert.**

**Ukulele Chords:**

[Am=2000] [B7=4320] [D6=2222] [Em=0432]

When the  
[Em] green woods laugh with the voice of joy and the  
[B7] dimpling stream runs laughing by, when the  
[Em] air does laugh with our merry wit, and the  
[B7] green hill laughs with the noise of it.

[Am] Mary and Susan and [D6] Emily their  
[Am] sweet round mouths sing,  
[B7] "Ha ha ha ha ha hee [Em] hee."

When the  
[Em] meadows laugh with the lively green and the  
[B7] grasshopper laughs in the merry scene, when the  
[Em] painted birds laugh in the shade where our  
[B7] table with cherries and and nuts is spread.

[Am] Mary and Susan and [D6] Emily their  
[Am] sweet round mouths sing,  
[B7] "Ha ha ha ha ha hee [Em] hee."

[Em] [B7] [Am] [D6]

When the  
[Em] painted birds laugh in the shade and the  
[B7] grasshopper laughs in the merry scene. Come  
[Em] live and be merry and join with me to  
[Am] sing the sweet chorus of [B7] "ha ha ha hee hee."

\*\*\*

**#18 Joslyn James: Here's a Girl and There's Some Girls in C# minor  
Composed by Gary Jugert.**

**Ukulele Chords:**

We have our way of loving more than once.  
One love hides in our hearts  
then substitutes will come and play.

Here's a girl and there's some girls and call us bad names.  
Here's a girl and there's some girls it's our lives.

We have our way of loving more than once.  
It's all just mixed up parts then hunters stalk and kill their prey.

Here's a girl and there's some girls and call us bad names.  
Here's a girl and there's some girls it's our lives.  
We deserve the best.

Every where I go the people wanna criticize.  
They take my naked body and philosophize,  
but I will always live my life with my own rules.  
Sound the bell it's cold in hell when I listen to those fools.

Here's a girl and there's some girls and call us bad names.  
Here's a girl and there's some girls it's our lives.

They might complain. They might condemn,  
and call me a pariah, but on the internet I am the messiah.  
Swing it where the money brings it. Pay me now.  
I come to work it's like a perk, the kind of job that makes you smirk.

Here's a girl and there's some girls and call us bad names.  
Here's a girl and there's some girls it's our lives.  
Here's a girl and there's some girls it's our lives now.

\*\*\*

**#19 The Little Black Boy in Bb minor  
Written by William Blake . Music by Gary Jugert.**

**Ukulele Chords:**

[Bbm=3111] [Dbm=1321] [Gb=3121] [F=2010] [B=4322]

[Bbm] My mother bore me in the southern wild,  
And [Dbm] I am black, but oh my soul is [Bbm] white!  
[Bbm] White as an angel is the English child,  
But [Dbm] I am black, as if bereaved of [Bbm] light.

[Bbm] My mother taught me underneath a tree,  
And, [Dbm] sitting down before the heat of [Bbm] day,  
[Bbm] She took me on her lap and kissed me,  
And, [Dbm] pointed to the east, and began to [F] say:

[B] "Look on the rising sun: there God does [Gb] live,  
And [B] gives His light, and gives His heat a- [Gb] way,  
And [B] flowers and trees and beasts and men re- [Gb] ceive  
[B] Comfort in morning, joy in the noon- [Gb] day.

[B] "And we are put on earth a little [Gb] space,  
That [B] we may learn to bear the beams of [Gb] love  
And [B] these black bodies and this sunburnt [Gb] face  
Is [B] but a cloud, and like a shady [Gb] grove.

[B] "For when our souls have learn'd the heat to [Gb] bear,  
The [B] cloud will vanish, we shall hear His [Gb] voice,  
Saying, [B] 'come out from the grove, my love and [Gb] care  
And [B] round my golden tent like lambs re- [Gb] joice',"

[Bbm] Thus did my mother say, and kissed [Dbm] me;  
And [Bbm] thus I say to little English [Dbm] boy.  
When [Gb] I from black and he from white cloud [F] free,  
And [Gb] round the tent of God like lambs we [F] joy

I'll [Bbm] shade him from the heat till he can [Dbm] bear  
To [Bbm] lean in joy upon our Father's [Dbm] knee;  
And [Bbm] then I'll stand and stroke his silver [Dbm] hair,  
And [Gb] be like him, and [F] he will then love [Bbm] me.  
And [Gb] be like him, and [F] he will then love [Bbm] me.

\*\*\*

**#20 Loredana Jolie: For a Girl Like Me in Bb minor**  
**Composed by Gary Jugert .**

**Ukulele Chords:**

[Bb=x211] [Bbm=x111] [Cdim=x323] [Ebm=x321] [F=x010]

[Bbm] I like pretty things [Ebm] wrapped with ribbon made of silk.  
[F] This is what a girl like me ex-[Bbm] pects from you.  
[Bbm] Own a red sports car. [Ebm] Showed up as a thank you note  
[F] from a man who knows the way to [Bbm] treat a girl.  
[Bbm] Right behind home plate [Ebm] on the fifty yard line too.  
[F] Court side seats of course; it's all a-[Bbm] bout my view.

[Ebm] For a girl like me [Abm] who takes their breath away  
[Bb] boys like you are seen as ac-[Ebm] cessories.  
[Ebm] For a girl like me, [Abm] come to play the part  
[Bb] of the lucky man who takes [Eb] care of me.

[Cdim] Take a look behind I don't [Bbm] really need you;  
[Cdim] big girls take care of them- [Bbm] selves.

[Bbm] I expect champagne, [Ebm] fancy jazz with razz-ma-tazz  
[F] This is what a girl like me ex-[Bbm] pects from you.  
[Bbm] I expect cocaine, [Ebm] when it's time for some pizzazz.  
[F] You can't kiss me. You can't touch me. [Bbm] You can dream.  
[Bbm] Don't call me insane. [Ebm] You're not me, but don't complain.  
[F] Don't care who you are because I'm [Bbm] always me.

[Ebm] For a girl like me [Abm] who takes their breath away  
[Bb] boys like you are seen as ac-[Ebm] cessories.  
[Ebm] For a girl like me, [Abm] come to play the part  
[Bb] of the lucky man who takes [Eb] care of me.

[Cdim] Take a look behind I don't [Bbm] really need you;  
[Cdim] big girls take care of them- [Bbm] selves.  
[Cdim] Take a look behind I don't [Bbm] really need you;  
[Cdim] big girls take care of them- [Bbm] selves.

\*\*\*

**#21 The Chimney Sweeper in C minor**  
**Written by William Blake. Music by Gary Jugert.**

**Ukulele Chords:**

[Ab=5343] [Cm=0333][Fm=1013][Gm=0231]

[Cm] A little black thing among the [Fm] snow:  
Crying weep, weep, in notes of [Gm] woe!  
[Cm] Where are thy father and mother! [Fm] say!  
[Gm] They are both [Ab] gone up to church to [Gm] pray.

Because [Cm] I was happy upon the [Fm] heath,  
And smil'd among the winters [Gm] snow:  
[Cm] They clothed me in the clothes of [Fm] death,  
And taught me to [Gm] sing the notes of [Fm] woe.

And be- [Cm] cause I am happy, and dance and [Fm] sing,  
[Gm] They think they've [Ab] done me no injur- [Gm] y:  
And are [Cm] gone to praise God and Priest and [Fm] King  
Who make a [Gm] heaven of our miser- [Cm] y.

\*\*\*

**#22 Julie Postle: Another Cocktail Waitress ... Really?! in G# minor**  
**Composed by Gary Jugert.**

**Ukulele Chords:**

How many cocktail waitresses can one man consume?  
How many blonde haired glitter queens can one man perfume?  
How many rock hard tanned bodies can one man rub down?  
How many by the hour girls can one man get around?

More! You say you want more. Good girls and the whores.

How many times did I think I was special to you?  
How many times did I believe your fantasy world?  
How many times did I dream of a future with you?  
How many times did you laugh as my heart became unfurled?

Guess you don't have to care. I'm just the local brew.

How many cocktail waitresses can one man consume?  
More! You say you want more. I'm not one of your whores.

\*\*\*

**#23 My Pretty Rose Tree in D# minor**  
**Written by William Blake. Music by Gary Jugert.**

**Ukulele Chords:**

[Cxdim=x212] [D#m=x321] [G#m=x342] [A#-x211] [B=x322]

[D#m] A flower was [G#m] offered to [D#m] me,  
[G#m] Such a flower as [B] May never bore;  
But I [A#] said "I've a pretty rose [D#m] tree,"

And I [Cxdim] passed the sweet flower [D#m] o'er.

Then I [D#m] went to my [G#m] pretty rose [D#m] tree,  
To [G#m] tend her by day and by [A#] night;

But my [Cxdim] rose turned away with jealou- [A#] sy,  
And her [Cxdim] thorns were my only de- [D#m] light.

[Repeat]

\*\*\*

**#24 Theresa Rogers: Kitties in the Jungle in Eb minor**  
Composed by Gary Jugert.

**Ukulele Chords:**

Cougar and tiger and meow. Jungle cat fever makes us wow wow wow.  
Anywhere anytime any how how. Jungle cat fever feels ow ow ow ow.

Jungle heat dripping sweat right now. Zen voodoo rub Budda's belly  
for Tao.

Anywhere anytime any how how. Jungle cat fever feels ow ow ow ow.

Swing on the vines and live on a bough. Boss me about like a bad  
Chairman Mao.

Anywhere anytime any how how. Jungle cat fever feels ow ow ow ow.

\*\*\*

**#25 The Voice of the Ancient Bard in A minor**  
Written by William Blake. Music by Gary Jugert.

**Ukulele Chords:**

[Am6=0453] [Am7=0000] [B=4322] [Dm=2210] [Em=0432] [E7=1202]

[Am6] Youth of delight come hither and  
[Dm] see the opening morn.  
[E7] Image of Truth new [Am6] born.

[Em] Doubt is fled and clouds of reason,  
[B] dark disputes and artful teasing.  
[Dm] Folly is an endless maze.  
Tangled [E7] roots perplex her ways.  
How many have [Am7] fallen there? [Am6]

They [Dm] stumble all night over bones of the [Am6] dead.  
They [Dm] stumble all night over bones of the [Am6] dead, and  
[E7] wish to lead others, when they should be [Am7] led. [Am6]

[Am6] Youth of delight come hither and  
[Dm] see the opening morn.  
[E7] Image of Truth new [Am6] born.

[Em] Doubt is fled and clouds of reason,  
[B] dark disputes and artful teasing.  
[Dm] Folly is an endless maze.  
Tangled [E7] roots perplex her ways.  
How many have [Am7] fallen there? [Am6]

[Am6] Youth of delight come hither and  
[Dm] see the opening morn.  
[E7] Image of Truth new [Am6] born.

\*\*\*

**#27 The Little Girl Lost in A# minor**  
**Written by William Blake . Music by Gary Jugert.**

**Ukulele Chords:**

[A#m=3111] [D#m=1321] [E#=2010] [F#=3121]

[A#m] Children of the future age,  
[F#] Reading this indignant page,  
[D#m] Know that in a former time  
[E#] Love, sweet love, was thought a [A#m] crime.

[A#m] In the age of gold  
[F#] free from winter's cold  
[D#m] youth and maiden bright  
[E#] to the holy light.  
[NC] Naked in the sunny beams de- [A#m] light.

[A#m] Once a youthful pair  
[F#] filled with softest care  
[D#m] met in garden bright  
[E#] where the holy light  
[NC] had removed the curtains of the [A#m] night.

[A#m] Then, in rising day  
[F#] on the grass they play  
[D#m] parents were afar  
[E#] strangers came not near  
[NC] and the maiden soon forgot her [A#m] fear.

[A#m] Children of the future age,  
[F#] Reading this indignant page,  
[D#m] Know that in a former time  
[E#] Love, sweet love, was thought a [A#m] crime.

[A#m] Tiring kisses sweet  
[F#] when the silent sleep  
[D#m] waves o'er heaven's deep,  
[E#] weary wand'ers weep  
[NC] and removed the curtains of the [A#m] night.

[A#m] To her father white  
[F#] came the maiden bright,  
[D#m] but his loving look  
[E#] like the holy book;  
[NC] all her tender limbs with terror [A#m] shook.

[A#m] "Ona, pale and weak  
[F#] to thy father speak!  
[D#m] Oh the trembling fear,  
[E#] oh the dismal care  
[NC] shaking blossoms of my hoary [A#m] hair!"

[A#m] Children of the future age,  
[F#] Reading this indignant page,  
[D#m] Know that in a former time  
[E#] Love, sweet love, was thought a [A#m] crime.

\*\*\*

**#28 The Next Harem: A New Menagerie in A# minor**  
Composed by Gary Jugert.

**Ukulele Chords:**

No rules. You're free.

Got a little.  
Caught a little.  
Cost a bundle.  
Vanished on me.  
Shrinky dinky.  
Said you're sorry.  
I believe you.

Your menagerie.  
We can start from scratch.

We are waiting.  
We'll start dating.  
Treat yourself to  
girly whirlies.  
Spinning twirling  
reckless for the  
pearly necklace.

They were off the rack.  
Next time tailor made.

\*\*\*

**#29 The Little Vagabond in B minor**  
Written by William Blake. Music by Gary Jugert.

**Ukulele Chords:**

[A=6454] [Em=4222] [C#=1114] [D=7655] [D=2225]  
[E=4447] [Em=0432] [F#=3121] [G=4232]

Dear [Bm] mother, dear mother, the [Em] Church is so cold;  
Dear [Bm] mother, dear mother, the [Em] Church is so cold;  
But the [F#] Ale house is [G] healthy, and  
[F#] pleasant, and [Bm] warm.

Besides, [G] I can tell where [F#] I'm used well;  
Such [G] usage in [F#] heaven will [G] ne'er do well.

[Bm] But, if at the [A] Church they would give us some [D] ale,  
And a [A] pleasant fire our souls to re- [D] gale,  
We'd [A] sing and pray all the live-long [D] day,  
Nor [A] ever once wish from Church to [D] stray.

Then the [E] Parson might preach, and drink, and sing,  
And we'd be [D] happy as birds in spring;  
And our [C#] modest Dame Lurch, who is always at church,  
Would not have [D] bandy children, [C#] fasting, nor [F#] birch.

And God, like a [G] father, rejoicing to see  
His [Bm] children as pleasant and happy as He,  
Would have [Em] no more quarrel with the  
[F#] Devil or the [Bm] barrel.

Dear [Bm] mother, dear mother, the [Em] Church is so cold;  
Dear [Bm] mother, dear mother, the [Em] Church is so cold;  
But the [F#] Ale house is [G] healthy, and  
[F#] pleasant, and [Bm] warm.

\* \* \*

**FIN**