



# **Häng med och lira ukuhits med oss i Ukulikes!**

*Version 1*

**Kulturnatten 9 september 2017**

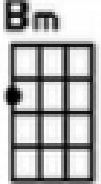
**klockan 19.30 i**

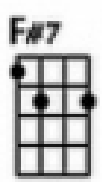
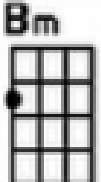
**Stadsbiblioteket Uppsala**

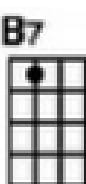
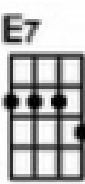


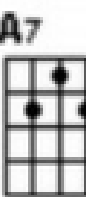
# En sockerbagare

Så här spelar vi:  
Två gånger igenom med sång  
sen soloukulele  
sen en sista sånggång med ukulele

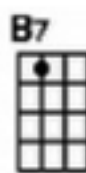
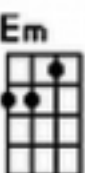
En socker  bagare här bor i  staden,

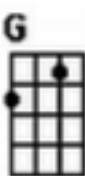
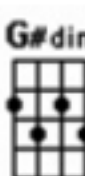
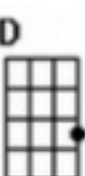
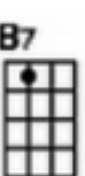
han bakar  kakor mest hela  dagen.

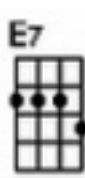
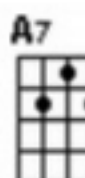
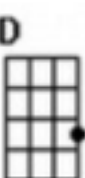
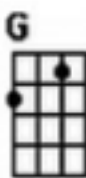
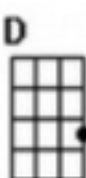
Han bakar  stora, han bakar  små,

han bakar några med socker  på.

Och i hans  fönster hänga julgrans  saker

och hästar,  grisar och peppar  kakor.

Och är du  snäller  så kan du  få 

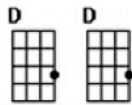
men är du  stygger  så får du  gå!  --> 

# Man skall ha husvagn

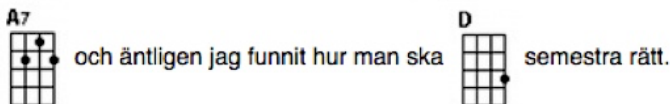
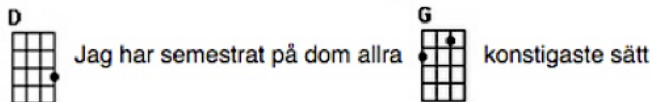
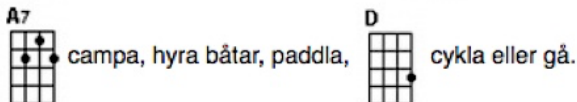
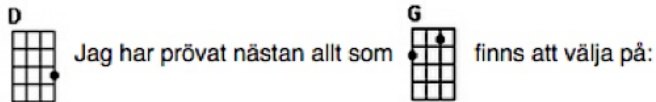
Hur spelar vi? Kläm i på namnet "husvagn". I verserna: - dra ett slag per ackord

## *Man ska ha husvagn (Galenskaparna & After Shave)*

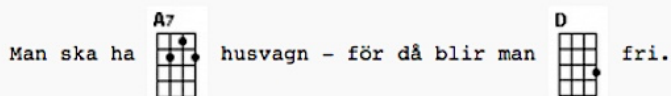
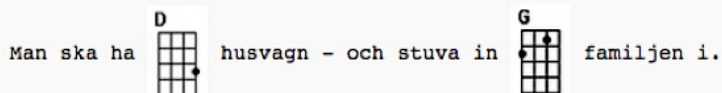
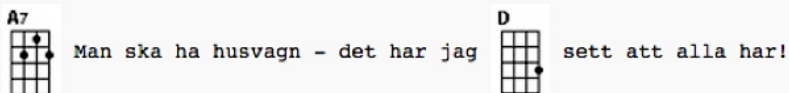
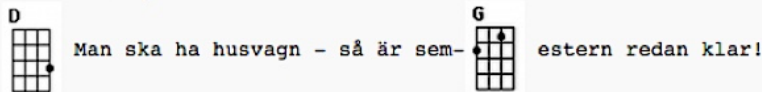
**Intro** [ [edit](#) | [edit source](#) ]



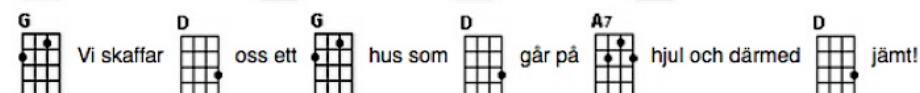
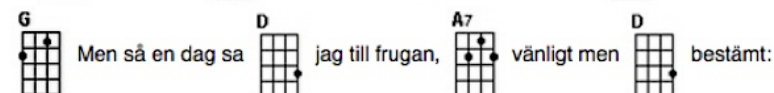
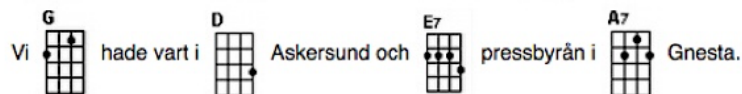
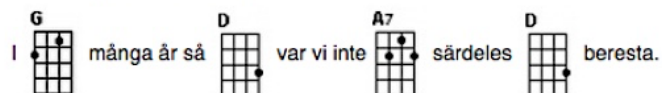
**Vers 1** [ [edit](#) | [edit source](#) ]



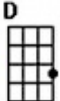
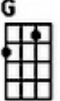
==== Refräng 1 ====

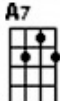
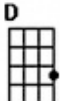



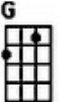
**Vers 2** [ [edit](#) | [edit source](#) ]

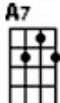



==== Refräng 2 ====

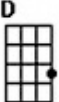
Man ska ha  husvagn - med kylskåp,  TV, dusch och spis!

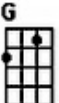
Man ska ha  husvagn - det blir som  hemma på nåt vis!

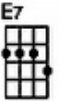
Man ska ha  husvagn - och den ska  vara stor och bred.

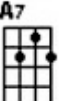
Man ska ha  husvagn - tänk vad man får  se:

==== Mellanstick 1 ====



 5 minuter Falsterbo och 5 minuter Koster!



 5 minuter Flen och Hjo och 5 minuter Kloster.



 5 minuter Örebro och 5 minuter fjäll.



 5 minuters rast på ett europavägsmotell...

==== Refräng 3 ====

 Man ska ha husvagn - så blir sem-  estern ingen flopp!

Man ska ha  husvagn - och göra  lagom många stopp!

Man ska ha  husvagn - och köra  runt och stanna till.

Man ska ha  husvagn - tänk vad man får  se:

==== Mellanstick 2 ====

D



5 minuter Stockholm stad och 5 minuter skärgård.

G



5 minuter sol och bad och 5 minuter herrgård.

E7



5 minuter Grums och Trosa, Tjörn och Härnösand.

A7



5 minuter till så kan man hela Sveriges land...

==== Refräng 4 ====

D



Man ska ha husvagn - då har man

G



med sig rubbet jämt!

Man ska ha

A7



husvagn - då händer

D



inget obestämt!

Man ska ha

D



husvagn - så att man

G



vet hur allt ska bli!

Man ska ha

A7



husvagn - för då blir man

D



fri!

==== Refräng 5 ====

Man ska ha

D



husvagn - varthän man

G



än sin resa ställt!

Man ska ha

A7



husvagn - så slipper

D



man att resa tält!

Man ska ha

D



husvagn - så att man

G



vet hur allt ska bli!

Man ska ha

A7



husvagn - för då är man trygg och låst och

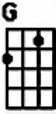
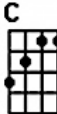
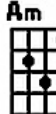
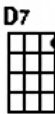
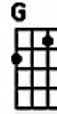
D

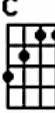
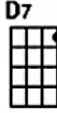
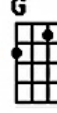


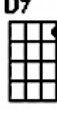

fri!


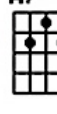

# Fritjof Anderssons Polka (Evert Taube) [ edit | edit source ]



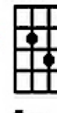
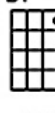
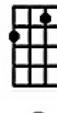
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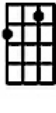

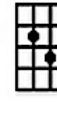
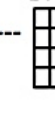
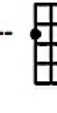
 Här är dörren,  tryck på  knappen  här bor Fritiof  Andersson.

Tänk från denna  lyan ser han  hela Stockholm  ovanifrån.

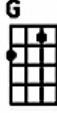
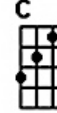
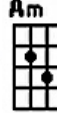

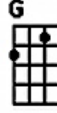
Kära Fritiof,  säg hur mår du och hur trivs du  här i stan?

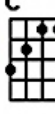
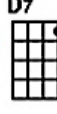
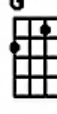
Mår och trivs? Jo  det förstår du  att jag trivs som  själva fan -


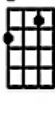
 med två  tomma  pilsnerflaskor  och en frusen  vattenkran.




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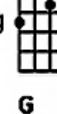
## Vers 2 [ edit | edit source ]

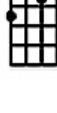

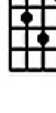


 Is på hela  Riddar-  fjärden  is från början  och till slut!

Varken färjor  eller båtar!  Inga fartyg  kan gå ut!

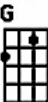
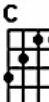
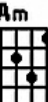


Bara is och  gråa kajer - och vid slussen  i en vak

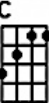
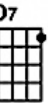
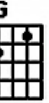
simmar några  frusna änder  - frusen är jag  själv och slak.

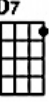
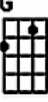
 Himlen  mulnar,  luften kulnar,  snön yr vit kring  torn och tak.

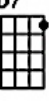
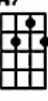
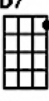
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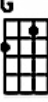
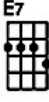
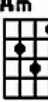
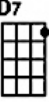
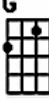
Vers 3 [ edit | edit source ]

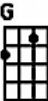
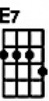
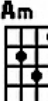

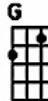
 Ack, min lilla  svenska  fröken  Britta hon vid  Roslagstull!

Södersns sol och  varma vindar  for jag från för  hennes skull.

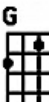


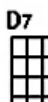
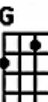
Sicken jänta!  Kunde vänta, tror ni? - å i  helsicke!


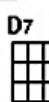

När jag knacka-  de på dörren  kom en karl och  öppnade.

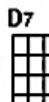
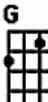
 Ni ur-  säktar  kanske, sa han  men vi är förl-  ovade!

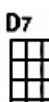
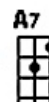
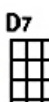
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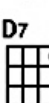

Vers 4 [ edit | edit source ]

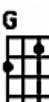


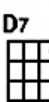

 Sista brasan  i ka-  minen  skall jag elda  med de brev,

som hon sände  mig till Rio  och de vykort  som hon skrev.

Sedan skall jag  ta en hyra till det fjärran  Ecuadór.

Där planterar  jag bananer  och blir stor  Exportadór!

 Med en  skön och  fet kreolska  gifter jag mig,  Ni förstår!

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Vers 5 [ edit | edit source ]

**G** Där med kavalj- **C** ersfas- **A<sub>m</sub>** oner **D7** skall jag leva **G** och bli fin!

Stekta sparvar **C** och kalkoner **D7** äter jag och **G** dricker vin.

Stora skutor **D7** från Europa lastar frukt på **G** min plantage.

Med ministrar **D7** och konsuler **A7** spelar jag Car- **D7** ambolage!

**G** Jag blir **E7** konsul, **A<sub>m</sub>** jag blir konsul **D7** med galoner **G** och plymage!

**G** Jag blir **E7** konsul, **A<sub>m</sub>** jag blir konsul **D7** med galoner **G** och plymage!

Sway (Ulla Beckman svenska text)

Vers 1 [ edit | edit source ]

**B<sub>m</sub>**

Hörs kalypsorytmer **F#7** någonstans

drar jag en **B<sub>m</sub>** vettlös dans.

Som en smörboll i en **F#7** het kastrull

snor jag runt, **B<sub>m</sub>** far omkull.

Jag är flöjeln i en **F#7** virvelvind,

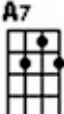
hoppas runt, **B<sub>m</sub>** far omkring.

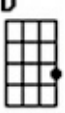
När kalypson dunkar **F#7** slag vid slag

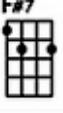
blir det ett **B<sub>m</sub>** himla drag:

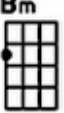


==== Refräng ====

Som ett stjärnskott i  rymden far upp


tar jag golvet i  två höga skutt!

Och jag fladdrar i  sinnlighets rymd!


Blicken slöjad och  skymd.


**Vers 2** [ [edit](#) | [edit source](#) ]


För när rytmen griper  tag i mig,


suger jag, ..  tag i dig!


Och som malen dras mot  stjärnebloss

dras du till, ..  mig, .. förstås!

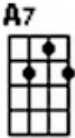
Blodet sjuder i en  glödgd brand,


snart ska jag ...  nå din hand ...

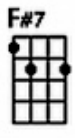
Våra pulsslag får oss  ur balans.

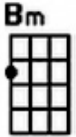
Vågad dans,  utan sans.

==== Refräng ====

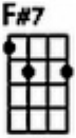
Och vi förs i en  brännhet termik

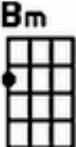
runt i tyngdlös och  sinnlig plastik,

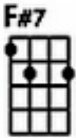
med en stegfri och  taktlös teknik,

i elastisk  rytmik.

### Vers 3 [ [edit](#) | [edit source](#) ]

Men som rastlös våg som  möter land

slocknar lojt,  intill strand;

ll: ... när vår dans har hållit  på ett tag,

efterhand,  tröttnar jag ... :ll (x ggr, rit. ...fade)

## *I en roddbåt till Kina (Sven Arefeldt)*

Vers 1 [ edit | edit source ]

**G** Res med mej **E7** Stina,  
**Am** i en roddbåt till **F#7** Kina,  
**G** de' går så **B7** lagom **C** fort **E7** .  
**Am** Tid får jag **Gdim** gott om,  
då att **G** hålla din **E7** hand,  
**A7** du har så bråttom,  
**Am** var gång som vi möts här i land **D7** .

**G** Månen ska **E7** skina  
när vi **Am** två, jag och **F#7** Stina,  
**G** gungar mot **B7** himlens **C** port **E7** .  
**Am** Res **C6** med mej **Cm6** Stina,  
i en **G** rodd- **F9** båt till **E7** Kina,  
**A7** de' går så **D7** lagom **G** fort. **D**

**G** Res med mej **E7** Stina,

i en **A<sub>m</sub>** roddbåt till **F#7** Kina,

**G** de' går så **B7** lagom **C** fort **E7** .

**A<sub>m</sub>** Då får jag ha **Gdim** dig

för mej **G** själv många **E7** år.

**A7** Men om jag bad dig

**A<sub>m</sub>** kanske små matrosar vi **D7** får.

**G** Arken ska **E7** gunga,

när vi **A<sub>m</sub>** fyrstämmigt **F#7** sjunga

**G** utanför **B7** himlens **C** port **E7** .

**A<sub>m</sub>** Res **C6** med mej **Cm6** Stina,

i en **G** rodd- **F9** båt till **E7** Kina,

**A7** de' går så **D7** lagom **G** fort.

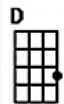
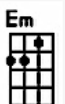
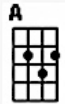
**A<sub>m</sub>** Res **C6** med mej **Cm6** Stina,

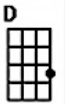
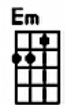
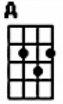
i en **G** rodd- **F9** båt till **E7** Kina,

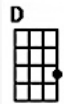
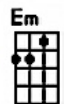
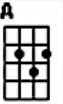
**A7** de' går så **D7** lagom **G** fort.


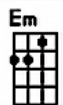
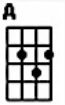
# "Oh boy (Peps Persson)" [\[ edit | edit source \]](#)

== Refräng ==

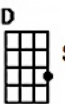
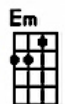
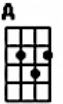
Oh  boy! Vilket  vackert  väder,

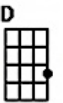
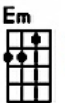
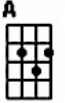
 solen skiner i-  dag 

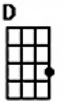
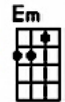
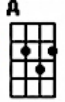
Oh  boy! Inga  tunga  kläder

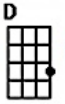
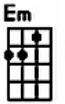
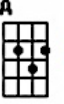
be-  hövs, och det gillar  jag 

## Vers 1 [\[ edit | edit source \]](#)

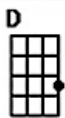
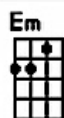
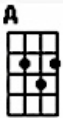
 Så upp och hoppa, det är  sol i-  dag

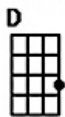
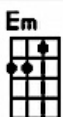
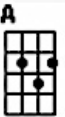
och en  så'n dag kan man inte  ligga och  dra

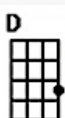
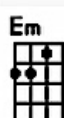
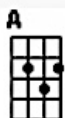
Nej,  lämna idet och häng  med mig  ut

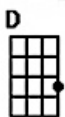
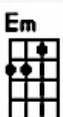
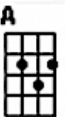
då  sommar'n kommer, nu e  vinter'n  slut

== Refräng ==

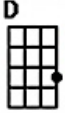
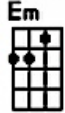
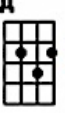
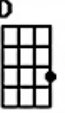
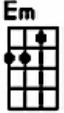
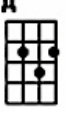
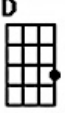
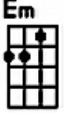
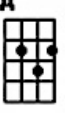
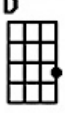
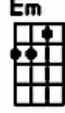
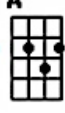
Oh  boy! Hör på  fågla-  sången,

de  sjunger så man blir  yr 

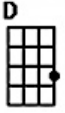
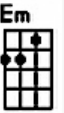
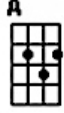
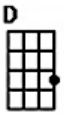
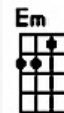
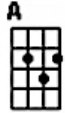
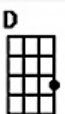
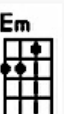

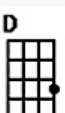
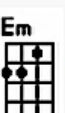
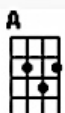
Oh  boy! Här på  träd gårds-  gången,

går  vägen till ett även-  tyr 


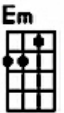
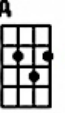
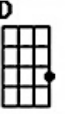
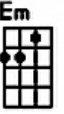
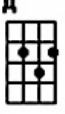
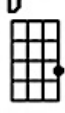
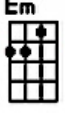
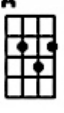

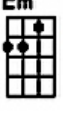

## Vers 2 [\[ edit | edit source \]](#)

Ja,  tänk ändå att man kan  bli så  glad  
av  markens blommor och av  gröna  blad  
Och  barnet I en kommer  hem  igen  
till  glömda drömmar och till  sommar-  en

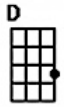
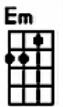
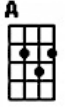
== Refräng ==

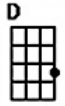
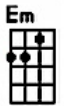
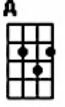
Oh  Boy! Vilka  glada  toner,  
de  rycker och spritter i  mig   
Oh  boy! Tusen  milli-  oner  
 kramar vill jag ge  dig 

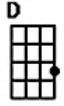
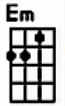
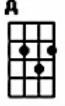
## Vers 3 [\[ edit | edit source \]](#)

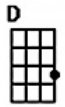
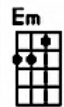
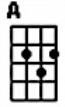
Ja,  tänk att det kan va' så  lätt  ibland  
Så  enkelt som att sträcka  ut en  hand  
och  torka gruset av en  barna-  kind  
och  känna värmen från en  sommar-  vind

== Refräng ==

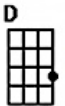
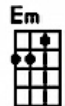
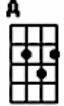
Oh  boy! Sikken  skänk från  ovan

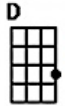
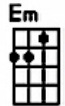
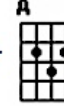
de  e å leva i-  da! 


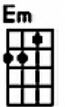

Oh  boy! Rena  guda-  gåvan,

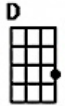
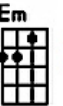
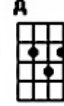
är det  konstigt att jag är  glad? 

## Vers 4 [\[ edit \]](#) [\[ edit source \]](#)

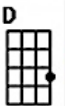
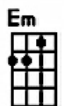
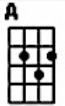
För  solen skiner ju, och  du är  här

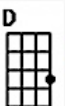
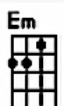
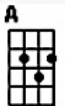
och  jorden spinner i sin  himla-  svär

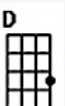
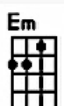
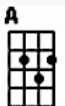
Och  faktiskt när man mår på  detta  vis

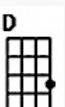
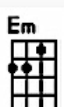
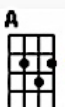
är  världen nära på ett  para-  dis

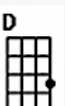
== Refräng ==

Oh  Boy! Vilket  vackert  väder

Oh  Boy! Vilket  vackert  väder

Oh  Boy! Vilket  vackert  väder












Oh  Boy! Vilket  vackert  väder

Oh  Booooooyyyy!!!












## Trollkarlen från Indialand [\[ edit | edit source \]](#)

(Hans-Åke Gäfvert, musik och Lennart Hellsing, text)












### Vers 1 [\[ edit | edit source \]](#)

I  Indialand bak  Himalajas rand  
där  händer det  konstiga saker  ibland.  
Där  bodde en trollkarl han  trollade så,  
att  åtta blev  nitton och  nitton blev  två.

### Vers 2 [\[ edit | edit source \]](#)

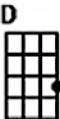
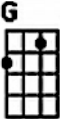

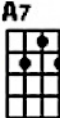

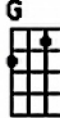
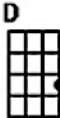
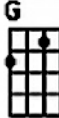
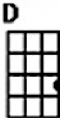
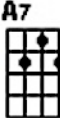

Han  trollade så att ett  berg kunde bli  
en  fettisdags-  bulle med  vispgräddes i.  
Så  vattnet, som rann i en  flod, ett tu tre,  
för-  vandlades  till både  kaffe och  te.

### Vers 3 [\[ edit | edit source \]](#)

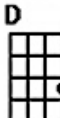
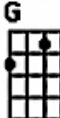

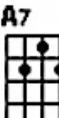



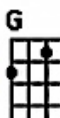
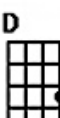
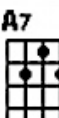
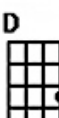
Han  trolleritrollade  också så att,  
ett  nötskal stack  ut som en  ståtlig fregatt.  
Så  stjärnorna regnade  ned som gullsand,  
och  månen föll  som en  citron i hans  hand.



**Vers 4** [ [edit](#) | [edit source](#) ]

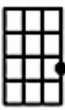
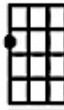

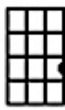
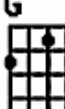
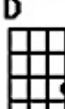
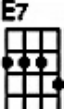
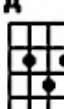
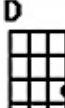
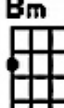
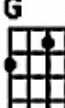

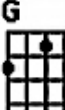
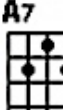
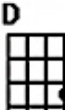
Och  Kejsarn av Kina han  sa: "Jag slår vad,  
att  ingen för-  vandlar sig  till lemonade!"  
"Ha-  ha" ropte trollkarln "se  då på min kraft!"  
och  simsala-  bim blev han  till ett glas  saft.

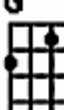
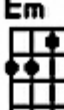
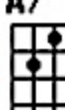
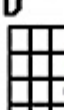


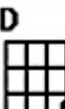



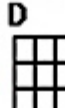

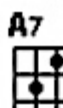
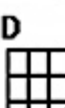
**Vers 5** [ [edit](#) | [edit source](#) ]

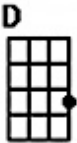
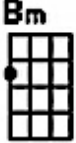
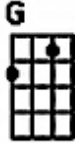
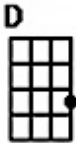
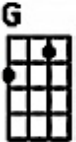
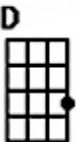
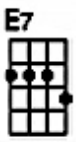
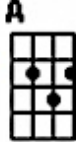
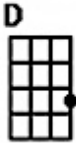

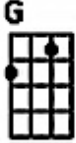

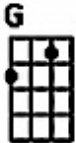
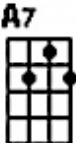
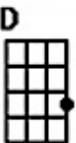
Men  solen sken het över  risfält och älv,  
och  trollkarln blev  törstig och  drack opp sig själv.  
Det  skedde av misstag, som  ni nog förstår  
och  det har han  ångrat i  sjuhundra  år.

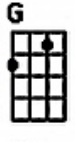
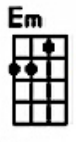
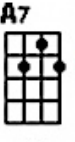
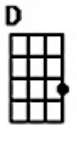
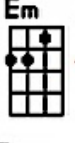
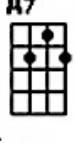
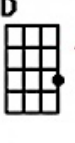
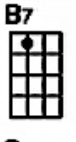
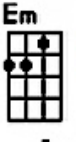
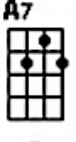
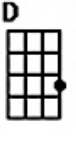
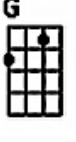
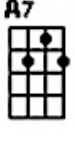
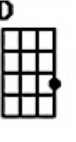


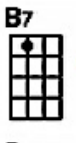
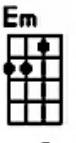
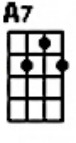
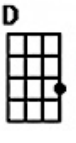
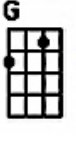
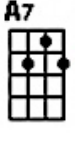
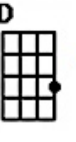
*Brittisk ballad (Evert Taube)* [ edit | edit source ]

En gång  stod jag där i  hamnen när  ett skepp låg klart att  gå  
till Väst-  indien med  last av  järn om-  bord.  
Med den  flickan tryggt i  famnen som be-  dragit mig just  då  
stod en  ung sjöman och  talte dessa  ord:

"Alice,  älskling, när till  våren alla  ängar står i  blom,  
ja, när  rosen knoppas,  himmelen blir  blå,  
minns att  då är din John  Taylor redan  fullbefaren  sailor  
och då,  älskling, kan vi  gifta oss, vi  två!"


Nästa  år i blomster-  tiden står jag  åter i den  hamn  
där John  Taylor seglat  bort if-  rån sin  vän  
och jag  såg hans fästmö  vänta med ett  litet barn i  famn  
och på  redde löpte  skeppet in  igen.

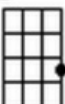
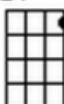
Då kom  budet: John är  borta, kommer  aldrig mer  igen.  
Där stod  Alice med sitt  barn. Då steg jag  fram:  
"Det är  svårt att vara  kvinna, ge mig  barnet! Du skall  finna;  
fast du  svek mig, Alice,  älskar jag dig  än!"

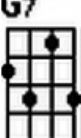
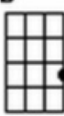
"Det är  svårt att vara  kvinna, ge mig  barnet! Du skall  finna;  
fast du  svek mig, Alice,  älskar jag dig  än!"

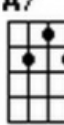
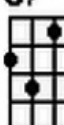

# Varm korv boogie (Owe Thörnquist) [\[ edit | edit source \]](#)

## Vers 1 [\[ edit | edit source \]](#)


Det stod en  varm-korv-gubbe nere på Fyris torg,

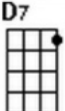
han måla  korvarna svarta för han  hade sorg

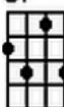
Han hade  låda på magen, det gillas  inte av lagen.


Det fick han  inte ha, nej det var  inte bra att ha en  låda på magen.

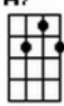
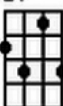
## Refr: [\[ edit | edit source \]](#)


 Varm korv boogie (ryck!),

Varm korv  boogie(ryck!),

 varm korv boogie (ryck!),

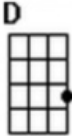
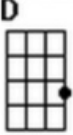
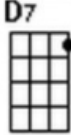
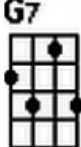

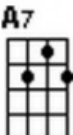
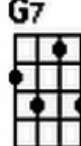

 varm korv boogie (ryck!),

 vaaaaarm  kooooorv

 (kort stopp!) ---- Varm korv boogie!

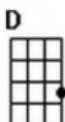
## Vers 2 [\[ edit | edit source \]](#)

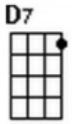
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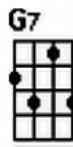
Men när han hade  smetat halka på sin sista slang  
han tänkte  efter om han hade någon  ny talang  
Och med sin  låda på magen han knalla  in häromdagen  
 i en gitarrbutik sen blev det  fin musik i lilla  lådan på magen.

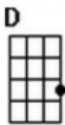
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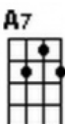
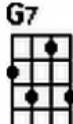
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 Varm korv boogie (ryck!),

Varm korv  boogie(ryck!),

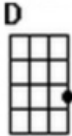
 varm korv boogie (ryck!),

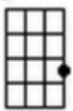
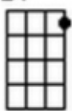
 varm korv boogie (ryck!),

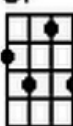
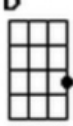
 vaaaaarm  kooooorv

 (kort stopp!) ---- Varm korv boogie!

## Vers 3 [\[ edit | edit source \]](#)

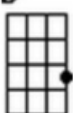
Han spände  strängar på lådan både hörs och tvärs

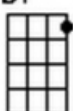
och sedan  spela han och sjöng en liten  galen vers:

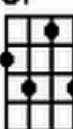
"Jag har en  låda på magen där kan ni  lägga bidragen".

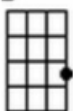
Det blev en  fin affär, nu är han  miljonär på både  ryggen och magen.

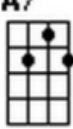
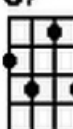
## Refr: [\[ edit | edit source \]](#)

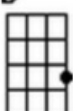
 Varm korv boogie (ryck!),

Varm korv  boogie(ryck!),

 varm korv boogie (ryck!),

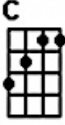

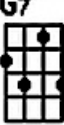
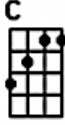
 varm korv boogie (ryck!),

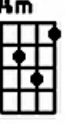
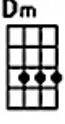
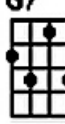
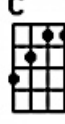
 vaaaaarm  kooooorv

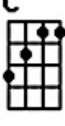
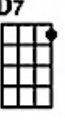
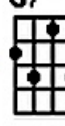
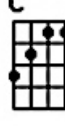
 (kort stopp!) ---- Varm korv boogie!

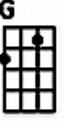
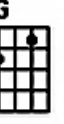

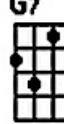
## Då börjar livets vår (T&M: Lasse Dahlquist) [ edit ]

### Vers 1 (Melodi A) [ edit | edit source ]

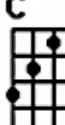
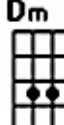
 Tänk att jag  känner,  pulsarna  bränner,


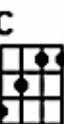
 men jag vet  inte,  alls vad det  är.

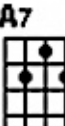
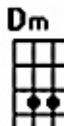
 Något skall  hända,  men vad skall  hända,

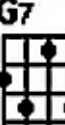
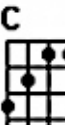
 kan det va'  möjligt att  våren är  här?

### Vers 2 (Melodi B) [ edit | edit source ]

 När solens varma strålar  smälter snön,


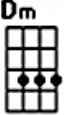



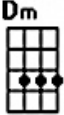

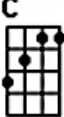
 och vinterns is ger upp sin  kamp med sjön.

 Och spröda knoppar syns på  björk och rönn,

 DÅ BÖRJAR LIVETS  VÅR














## Vers 3 (Melodi B) [\[ edit | edit source \]](#)

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**C**  Små blyga tussilago **Dm**  titta fram,  
**G7**  som stjärnor tindra de i **C**  vägens damm.  
**A7**  De nyss från solen fått ett **Dm**  telegran:  
**G7**  NU BÖRJAR LIVETS **C**  VÅR

## Vers 4 (Melodi C) [\[ edit | edit source \]](#)

---

**Em**  Naturen spelar upp en **B7**  symfoni,  
till **Em**  mo- **B7**  der **Em**  jord. **D7**   
**G**  Det är den evigt unga **Am**  melo- **D7**  di,  
som **G**  ej **D7**  tolkas i **Dm**  ord. **G7** 

## Vers 5 (Melodi B) [\[ edit | edit source \]](#)

---

**C**  När första lärkas sjunger **Dm**  i det blå,  
**G7**  en sång som heter: "Man bör **C**  vara två"  
**A7**  då kan du vara ganska **Dm**  säker på,  
**G7**  DÅ BÖRJAR LIVETS **C**  VÅR.



## Vers 6 (Melodi B) [\[ edit | edit source \]](#)

**C** Tystnat har **D7** skratten, **G7** ljusnat har **C** natten,  
**Am** balen är **Dm** slut och **G7** vi måste **C** gå.  
**C** Tänk att det **D7** hände, att **G7** han **C** den ende,  
**G** fick sista **G** dansen som jag **D7** väntat **G7** på.....

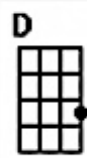
## Vers 7 (Melodi B) [\[ edit | edit source \]](#)

**C** Vi vandra sakta arm i **Dm** arm allén,  
**G7** den friska morgonluften **C** känns så ren.  
**A7** Vi skämta smått om lyktans **Dm** skarpa sken,  
**G7** DÅ BÖRJAR LIVETS **C** VÅR.  
**G7** DÅ BÖRJAR LIVETS **C** VÅR.

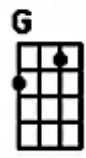


# Leende Guldbruna Ögon (Vikingarna) [ edit | edit source ]

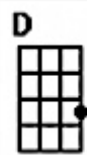
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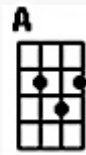
Leende guldbruna



ögon,



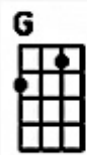
har jag förälskat mig



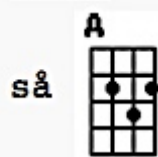
i.



Just dina guldbruna

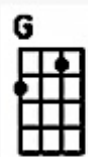


ögon,

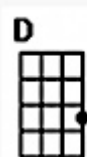


så

blå kan de



aldrig mer

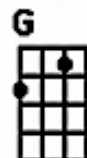


bli.

**Vers 1** [ edit | edit source ]



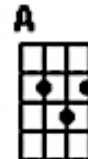
Blickarna som du mig



sänder,



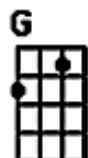
tänder nå't varmt inom



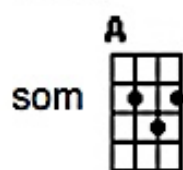
mig.



Det är nå't härligt som

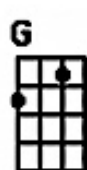


händer,

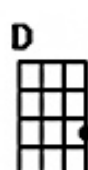


som

fångar och

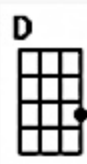


drar mig till

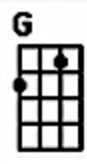


dej.

==== Refräng ====



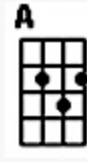
Leende guldbruna



ögon,



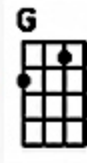
har jag förälskat mig



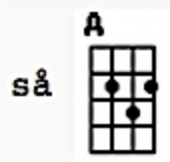
i.



Just dina guldbruna

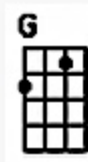


ögon,

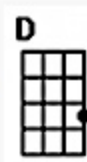


så

blå kan de



aldrig mer

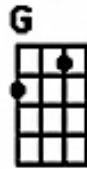


bli.

**Vers 2** [ [edit](#) | [edit source](#) ]



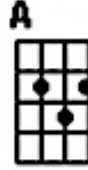
Ögon som lockar och



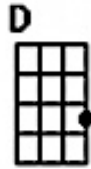
leker,



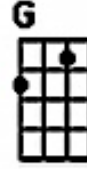
och som kan få mig att



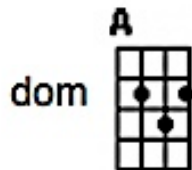
tro.



Mjukt såsom sammet dom

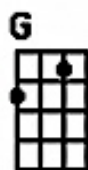


smeker,

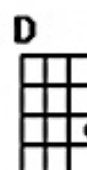


dom

utstrålar

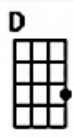


lugn och ger

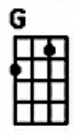


ro.

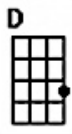
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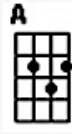
Leende guldbruna



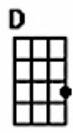
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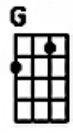
har jag förälskat mig



i.

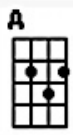


Just dina guldbruna

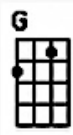


ögon,

så



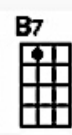
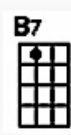
blå kan de



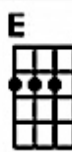
aldrig mer



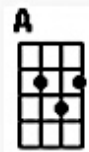
bli. -->



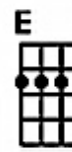
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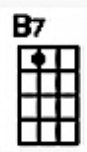
Leende guldbruna



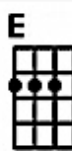
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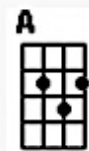
har jag förälskat mig



i.

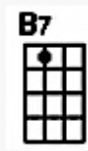


Just dina guldbruna

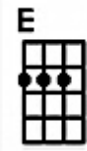


ögon,

så

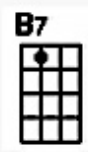


blå kan de aldrig mer

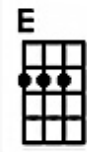


bli.

så

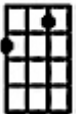
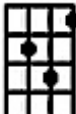


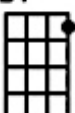
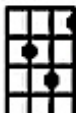
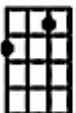
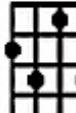
blå kan de aldrig mer

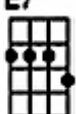
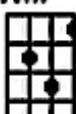


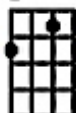
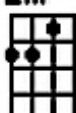
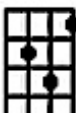
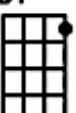
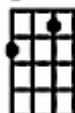
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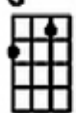
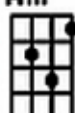
# Det är dags att ta adjö [ edit | edit source ]

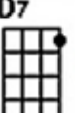
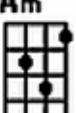
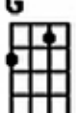
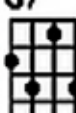
**G**  
 Det är dags att ta adjö att ta **Am**  
 farväl nu

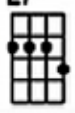
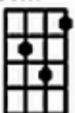
kanske **D7**  
 sagan var för **Am**  
 vacker att va **G**  
 sann **G7**  


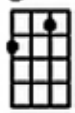
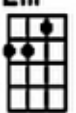
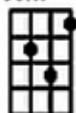
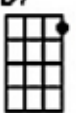
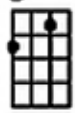
fast vi **E7**  
 vet vi måste gå så känns det **Am**  
 fel nu

ty att **G**  
 skiljas **Em**  
 är att **Am**  
 dö **D7**  
 lite **G**  
 grann.

**G**  
 Om en stund så ska vi skilda vägar **Am**  
 vandra

slut på **D7**  
 sagan som vi **Am**  
 nästan trodde **G**  
 på **G7**  


och allt **E7**  
 vackert som vi alla gav **Am**  
 varandra

vet så **G**  
 väl men **Em**  
 det känns **Am**  
 under- **D7**  
 ligt **G**  
 ändå.

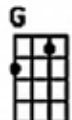
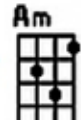

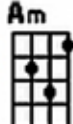

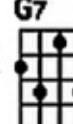
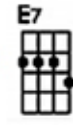
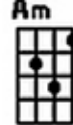
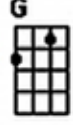
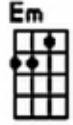
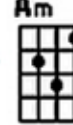

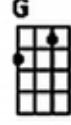
 Det är dags att ta adjö att ta  farväl nu  
 kanske  sagan var för  vacker att va  sann   
 fast vi  vet vi måste gå så känns det  fel nu  
 ty att  skiljas  är att  dö  lite  grann.

## Tempohöjning!

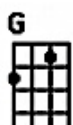
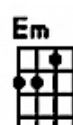
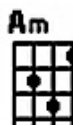
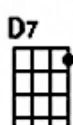
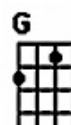
*Det är dags att ta adjö* [ [edit](#) | [edit source](#) ]

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 Det är dags att ta adjö att ta  farväl nu  
 kanske  sagan var för  vacker att va  sann   
 fast vi  vet vi måste gå så känns det  fel nu  
 ty att  skiljas  är att  dö  lite  grann.

 Om en stund så ska vi skilda vägar  vandra  
 slut på  sagan som vi  nästan trodde  på   
 och allt  vackert som vi alla gav  varandra  
 vet så  väl men  det känns  under-  ligt  ändå.

 Det är dags att ta adjö att ta  farväl nu  
 kanske  sagan var för  vacker att va  sann   
 fast vi  vet vi måste gå så känns det  fel nu  
 ty att  skiljas  är att  dö  lite  grann.

ty att  skiljas  är att  dö  lite  grann.





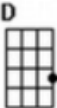
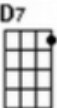

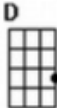
**Tack!!**

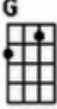
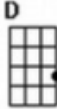


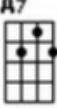


# Dagny (Owe Törnqvist) [\[ edit | edit source \]](#)


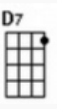
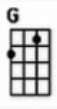
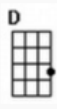
## Vers 1

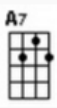

 Inte visste vi vad  kärlek var förr'n lilla  Dagny kom till  stan.

Nu  sitter vi där och doppar skorpona på café  "sjuan" hela dan.


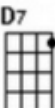


Och  alla så ropar vi i kör att:

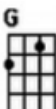
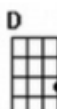
## Refräng:

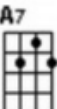
 Dagny, kom hit och spill!  Oh, oh, oh,  Dagny, fem droppar  till.

 Hör hur mitt hjärta sjunger trall dill  dill. Tradi-radi-radirill

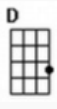
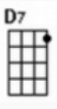
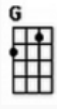
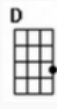
## Vers 2

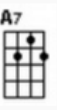
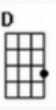
 Solbrun gick hon mellan  våra bord, ja hon var  nästan alldeles  svart.

 Vi satt och tryckte på små kärleksord men liksom  kom ej någon vart,

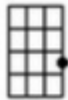
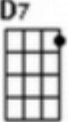
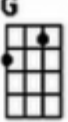
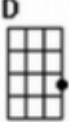
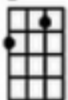
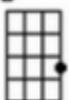

Men så  fort nån försökte skrek de andra:

## Refräng:





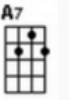
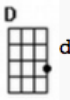
 Dagny, kom hit och spill!  Oh, oh, oh,  Dagny, fem droppar  till.

 Hör hur mitt hjärta sjunger trall dill  dill. Tradi-radi-radirill









### Vers 3

**D**  
 Vi spelade på grammo **D7**  
 fonen där och titta' **G**  
 snett uppå **D**  
 varann,  
**G**  
 Winerbröna, mazarinerna och socker **D**  
 kakorna försvann  
**A7**  
 i fyra små feta killar som sjöng:





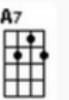
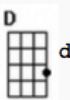
#### Refräng:

**D**  
 Dagny, kom hit och spill! **D7**  
 Oh, oh, oh, **G**  
 Dagny, fem droppar **D**  
 till.  
**A7**  
 Hör hur mitt hjärta sjunger trall dill **D**  
 dill. Tradi-radi-radirill





### Vers 4



**D**  
 Allting hade kanske **D7**  
 slutat bra om inte **G**  
 Dagny sagt en **D**  
 dag  
**G**  
 Hejsan älsklingar, nu bjuder jag och ni får **D**  
 ta vad ni vill ha  
**A7**  
 Oj **A7**  
 oj vad vi svälde upp på grund av:


#### Refräng:

**D**  
 Dagny, kom hit och spill! **D7**  
 Oh, oh, oh, **G**  
 Dagny, fem droppar **D**  
 till.  
**A7**  
 Hör hur mitt hjärta sjunger trall dill **D**  
 dill. Tradi-radi-radirill





### Vers 5


I  salig rus av hennes  vackra ord vi glömde  bort att säga  tack.


Vi  åt och drack så allihopa sprack och i tap  eten sa det smack !



Ru  inerna sjunger ännu där om:

### Refräng:

 Dagny, kom hit och spill!  Oh, oh, oh,  Dagny, fem droppar  till.

 Hör hur mitt hjärta sjunger trall dill

 Hör hur mitt hjärta sjunger trall dill

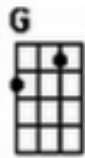
 Hör hur mitt hjärta sjunger trall dill  dill. Tradi-radi-radirill



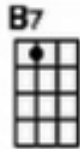
# All of me (Gerald Marks/Seymour Simons)

Så här spelar vi:  
Två gånger igenom med sång  
sen soloukulele  
sen en sista sånggång med ukulele

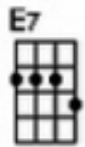
## Vers 1



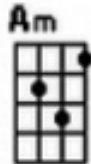
All of me. Why not take



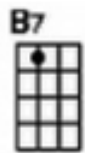
all of me



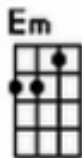
Can't you see. I'm no good with-



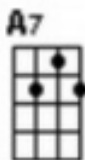
out you



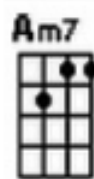
Take my lips. I want to



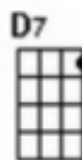
loose them



Take my arms. I'll never

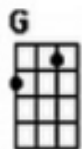


use

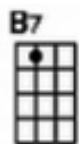


them

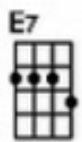
## Vers 2



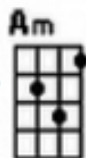
Your goodbye. Left me with



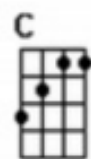
eyes that cry



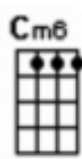
How can I get along with-



out you



You took the



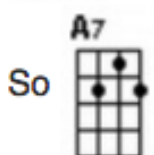
part. That once



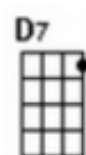
was my



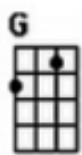
heart



why not, why not take



all of



me. -->

