Ukulele ADAPTED
SIMON & GARFUNKEL
SONGBOOK

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Simon & Garfunkel

Simon & Garfunkel were an American folk rock duo consisting of singer-songwriter Paul Simon and singer Art Garfunkel. Their biggest hits—including "The Sound of Silence" (1964/1965), "Mrs. Robinson" (1968), "Bridge over Troubled Water" (1969), and "The Boxer" (1969)—reached number one on singles charts worldwide. Their often rocky relationship led to artistic disagreements, which resulted in their breakup in 1970. Their final studio record, *Bridge over Troubled Water*, was (paradoxically) their most successful, becoming one of the world's best-selling albums. Since their split in 1970 they have reunited several times, most famously in 1981 for the "The Concert in Central Park", which attracted more than 500,000 people, the seventh-largest concert attendance in history.

They made only five albums together but there are several compilation albums containing the same material.

The duo met as children in Queens, New York in 1953, where they learned to harmonize together and began writing original material. By 1957, under the name Tom & Jerry, the teenagers had their first minor success with "Hey Schoolgirl", a song imitating their idols the Everly Brothers. Afterwards, the duo went their separate ways, with Simon making unsuccessful solo records. In 1963, aware of a growing public interest in folk music, they regrouped and were signed to Columbia Records as Simon & Garfunkel.

Their début, *Wednesday Morning, 3 A.M.*, sold poorly (although I liked it), and they once again disbanded; Simon returned to a solo career, this time in England. A remix of their song "The Sound of Silence" was played widely on U.S. AM radio in 1965, reaching number one on the Billboard Hot 100. Simon & Garfunkel reunited, releasing their second studio album *Sounds of Silence* and touring colleges nationwide. On their third release, *Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme* (1966), the duo assumed more creative control. Their music was featured in the 1967 film *The Graduate*, giving them further exposure.

*Bookends* (1968), their next album, topped the Billboard 200 chart and included the #1 single "Mrs. Robinson" from the film. After their 1970 breakup following the release of *Bridge over Troubled Water*, they both continued recording, but those songs do not figure in this songbook. If I get round to it...

Simon & Garfunkel produced all of my personal favourites through the 1960’s. The lyrics here were taken from www.paulsimon.com and had a number of spelling mistakes that have been corrected. The copyright remains with Paul Simon, of course. The songs here are, in my opinion, Simon & Garfunkel’s best. I’m not a fan of the quirky stuff like “Punky’s Dilemma” or “At The Zoo” so they don’t make it here. There are a number from the “Bridge...” album that I don’t think are of the quality of their earlier stuff. “Baby Driver”, “Keep the Customer Satisfied”? Really?

All of the chords (apart from Bleecker Street, which was sourced online) were taken from “The Songs Of Paul Simon”; a massive tome produced in 1972. I received a copy on my 17th birthday in 1973. Some of the keys have been transposed and some of the chords “cleaned up” for ukulele. The uke, with its four strings, can’t do what the guitar does at times, much less the piano. Compromises have to be made. With a re-entrant low string, the moving bass lines from the guitar can’t work so different chords are used. For example [Dmaj7] is used where [D/C#] is specified. It doesn’t always work perfectly, but it gets close.

Enjoy.
America

Intro: Hmmm…[D][Dmaj7][Bm][D][G] Hmmm…[D][Dmaj7][Bm][D][G]

[D]“Let us be [Dmaj7] lovers, we’ll [Bm] marry our [D] fortunes to [G] gether
[D] I’ve got some [Dmaj7] real estate [Bm] here in my bag”

[D]“Michigan [Dmaj7] seems like a dream to me [Bm7] now
[A] It took me four days to hitch-hike from Saginaw

[Cmaj7] Laughing on the [C] bus
Playing [D] games with the faces
[Cmaj7] She said the man in the gabardine suit was a [D] spy
[Dmaj7][Bm7][D6][Bm6][Gmaj7]

[D]“Toss me a [Dmaj7] cigarette, [Bm] I think there’s [D] one in my [G] raincoat”
[D]“We smoked the [Dmaj7] last one an [Bm] hour ago”
[F#m7] So I looked at the [B7] scenery, [F#m7] she read her [B7] magazine

I [D] knew she was [G] sleeping. [Gmaj7][Em7][G]
“I’m [D] empty and [Dmaj7] aching and [Bm] I don’t know why”
[G] Counting the cars on the New Jersey Turnpike


Outro: [D][Dmaj7][Bm][D][G][G][D]!

This was written in E flat major but key that doesn’t really work too well on a ukulele. It is transposed here to D major – just a semitone down – so it is just as easy to sing. It has a bright waltz tempo. The single had a fade-out, which doesn’t work well so the ending is a compromise.
April Come She Will

Intro: [G]

[G][C][G]pril, [C]come she [G]will
[C][G][Am]When streams are [Em]ripe and [Fmaj7]swelled with [Em]rain
[C][May][D], she will [G]stay[Em]
[Am]Resting [Em]in my [Am]arms a[Em]gain

[Am][G][C][G]

[Am][G][C][ne, [C]she'll change her [G]tune
[C][G][Am]In restless [Em]walks, she'll [Fmaj7]prowl the [Em]night
Ju[Em][D], she will [G]fly[Em]
[Am]And give no [Em]warning [Am]to her [Em]flight

[Am][G][C][G]

[Am][G][C][gust, [C]die she [G]must
[C][G][Am]The autumn [Em]winds blow [Fmaj7]chilly and [Em]cold
Sep[Em][tem][D]ber, I'll re[Em]ember

[Am][G][C][G][C][D][G]!
A Hazy Shade Of Winter

Intro: [Dm][C][Bb][A7] [Dm][C][Bb][A7]

[Dm]Time, time, time
See what’s be[C]ome of me
While I [Bb]looked around for my possi[Am]ibilities
I was so [C]hard to please
But look a[Dm]round
Leaves are [C]brown
And the [Bb]sky is a [A7]hazy shade of [Dm]winter

[Dm]Hear the Salvation [C]Army band
[Bb]Down by the riverside’s
Bound to be a better ride
Than [Am]what you’ve got planned
Carry your [C]cup in your hand
And look a[Dm]round
Leaves are [C]brown, now
And the [Bb7]sky is a [A7]hazy shade of [Dm]winter

[Dm]Hang on to your [C]hopes, my friend
[Bb]That’s an easy thing to say
But if your hopes should pass away
[Am]Simply pretend
That you can [C]build them again
Look a[Dm]round
The grass is [C7]high
The fields are [Bb7]ripe
It’s the [A7]springtime of my [Dm]life [Bb]

[Bb]Seasons change with the [F]scene[Fmaj7]ry
Weaving time in a [C7]tapestry
Won’t you stop and re[Dm]member [Dm]me
[C]At any convenient time?
[Bb]Funny how my memory skips
Looking over manuscripts
Of [Am]unpublished rhyme
Drinking my [C]vodka and lime
I look a[Dm]round
Leaves are [C7]brown now
And the [Bb7]sky is a [A7]hazy shade of [Dm]winter
Look a[C]round
Leaves are [Bb7]brown
There’s a patch[A7] of snow on the [Dm]ground
Look a[C]round
Leaves are [Bb7]brown
There’s a patch[A7] of snow on the [Dm]ground
A Most Peculiar Man

Intro: [D] [A] [D][D]

He was A [D]Most Peculiar Man
[Em]That’s what Mrs. Riordon says, and she should know
[A7]She lived up[D]stairs from him
[G]She said he was a most peculiar [D]man

[D]He was A Most Peculiar Man
[Em]He lived all alone
Within a house, within a room, [A7]within him[D]self

[D]He had no friends, he seldom spoke
And [Em]no one in turn ever spoke to him
‘Cause he wasn’t friendly and he didn’t care
[A7]And he wasn’t like [D]them

[D]He died last Saturday
He [Em]turned on the gas and he went to sleep
With the windows closed so he’d never wake up
To his silent world and his tiny room
And Mrs. Riordan says he has a brother somewhere
[A7]Who should be notified [D]soon
And [G]all the people [A7]said
“What a [D]shame that he’s [Bm]dead, (pause)
A Poem On The Underground Wall

Intro: [F][C][Dm][C] [F][C][Dm][C]

The [F]last [C]train is [Dm]nearly [C]due
The [Am]under[E7]ground is [Am]closing soon
And [F]in the [C]dark de[Dm]serted [C]station
[Am]Restless [E7]in anticipation
A [F]man waits in the [C]shadows  [F][C][G][Am]

His [F]restless [C]eyes [Dm]leap and [C]scratch
At [Am]all that [E7]they can [Am]touch or catch
And [F]hidden [C]deep with[Dm] in his [C]pocket
[Am]Safe with[E7] in his [Am]silent socket
He [F]holds his coloured [C]crayon [F][C][G][Am]

Now [F]from the [C]tunnel’s [Dm]stony [C]womb
The [Am]carriage [E7]rides to meet the groom
And [F]opens [C]wide and [Dm]welcome [C]doors
But he [Am]hesi[E7]tates, [Am]then withdraws
[F]Deeper in the [C]shadows  [Am]

And the [Am]train is gone suddenly
On [C]wheels clicking silently
Like a [F]gently tapping lit[Em]a[Dm]ny
And he [Am]holds his crayon rosary
[F]Tighter in his [C]hand  [Am]

Now [F]from his [C]pocket [Dm]quick he [C]flashes
The [Am]crayon [E7]on the [Am]wall he slashes
[F]Deep up[C] on the [Dm]adver[C]tising
Of [F]four letters [C]

And his [F]heart is [C]laughing, [Dm]screaming, [C]pounding
The [Am]poem a[E7]cross the [Am]tracks rebounding
[F]Shadowed [C]by the [Dm]exit [C]light
His [Am]legs take [E7]heir as[Am]cending flight
To [F]seek the [C]breast of [Am]darkness [E7]and be [Am]suckled by the night

[Am]!
Bookends

Intro:
[Dm7][C][Dm7] [Dm7][C][Dm7] [Dm7][C][Dm7] [Dm7][C][Dm7] [Dm7][C][Dm7] [Dm7][C][Dm7] (one beat on each)
[C] (3 beats) (pause)  [C] (3 beats)  [Dm] (3 beats) (pause)
[Dm] (3 beats)  [C] (two beats)

[Dm7] Time it was,
And what a time it was
It was . . . [C]

A time of [Dm7]innocence
A time of [C]confidences
[Dm7] Long ago . . . it must be . . .
I have a [C]photograph
Preserve your [Dm7]memories . . .
They’re all that’s [C]left you

Outro:
[Dm7][C][Dm7] [Dm7][C][Dm7] [Dm7][C][Dm7] [Dm7][C][Dm7] [Dm7][C][Dm7] [Dm7][C][Dm7] (one beat on each)
[C] (3 beats) (pause)  [C] (3 beats)  [Dm] (3 beats) (pause)
[Dm] (3 beats)  [C] (two beats)

The instrumental sections at the start and end of this (very short!) song are quite beautiful and transfer well to a ukulele. It was originally written in E flat major but is transposed down 1½ tones to C major here. Paul Simon plays the tune with these chords but with a capo on the 3rd fret.
Bridge Over Troubled Water

Intro: [C][F][C][F][Fm][C]

[NC]When you’re [C]weary, [F]feeling [C]small,
I’ll [C]dry them all [F][C][F][C]
I’m [G]on your [G]side
When times [G7] get [C]rough [C7]
And friends just [F]can’t [D]be [G]found
[F] I will [E7] lay me [Am] down
[F] I will [G7] lay me [C] down
[F][C][F][C][F]

When you’re [C] down and out
[F]When you’re on the [C] street
I will [C] comfort you [F][C][F][C]
When [G7] darkness [C] comes
[C7] And pain is [F] all [D] around
[F] I will [E7] lay me [Am] down
[F] I will [Am] lay [E] me [D7]
[F][C][Am][E][Am][D7][C][F][Fm][C]

Sail on, [C] silver girl
Sail on by
All your [C] dreams are on their [F] way [C][F]
Oh… If you [C] need a friend, [C7]
I’m sailing [F] right [D] be [G] hind
[C7] Like a [F] bridge over [D#dim] troubled [Am] water
[F] I will [Am] ease [E] your [Am] mind
[F] I will [E7] ease your [Am] mind
[Dadd9][C][F][Fm][C]

This is the exemplar S&G song. Larry Knechtel (of Bread fame amongst many other musical credits) was the pianist on the actual recording which being on a piano and in E flat major has a few major challenges in terms of playing it on a ukulele. Interestingly, Paul Simon had no part in the delivery of the song on record or in concert, a fact that he was never really comfortable with. Taken down to C major here which makes the highest notes rather more reachable.
Bleecker Street

Intro: [G][Bm][C][G]

Like a [Am] shroud [D], it covers [G] Bleecker [Em] Street
Fills the [B7] alleys where men [C] sleep
Hides the [G] shepherd [D] from the [Em] sheep
[G][C][G]

I saw a [B7] shadow touch a [C] shadow’s hand
On [G] Blee[D] cker [Em] Street
[G][C][G]

Holy, [Am] holy [D] is his [G] sacra [Em] ment
Thirty [B7] dollars pays your [C] rent
On [G] Blee[D] cker [Em] Street
[G][C][G]

In a [Am] melo[D] dy sus[G] tain [Em] in’
It’s a [B7] long road to [C] Canaan
On [G] Blee[D] cker [Em] Street


Bleecker Street was not included in The Songs of Paul Simon (1972) which is surprising and a pity: it is a great song. On guitar, Simon plays this with a capo on the 9th fret (!!). Where there is a [Bm] written here the chord is actually [D/F#] which is not really a good fit on the ukulele. Neither is the whole 9th fret thing. Playing a [G] on the 9th fret is, in fact, playing an [E] – not a massive difference.
Cloudy

Intro: [D]

[D] Cloudy
The sky is grey and white and [Gmaj7]cloudy
Sometimes I think it’s hanging [D]down [Dmaj7]on [Ddim]me
And it’s [A7]hitchhike a hundred [F#m]miles
I’m a [A]ragamuffin [Bm]child
I [A] left my shadow [A7] waiting down the road for me a [F#m]while [A7]

[D] Cloudy
My thoughts are scattered and they’re [Gmaj7]cloudy
They have no borders, no [D]boundaries [Dmaj7]ar [Ddim]ies
They [A7] echo and they [F#m] swell
From Tol[A]stoy to Tinker [Bm] Bell
Down from [E] Berkeley to Car [E7] mel
Got some [A] pictures in my [A7] pocket and a lot of time to [F#m] kill

[A7] Hey, [D] sunshine
Why don’t you show your face and [D] bend [Dmaj7] my [Ddim] mind?
These [A7] clouds stick to the [F#m] sky
Like [A] floating question – [Bm] why?
And they [E] linger there to [E7] die
They [A] don’t know where they’re [A7] going,
And, my friend, neither do [F#m] I [A7]

[D] Cloudy
[G] Cloudy
[D] Cloudy
[G] Cloudy [D]!

This song is also included in my “The Seekers – Top 10” book – they recorded it too.
Lovely little tune and so typical of S&G in the mid-60’s.
El Condor Pasa (If I Could)

Intro: [G][Em][Em][G][Em]

I’d rather be a sparrow than a [G]snail
Yes, I would
If I could
I surely [Em]would

I’d rather be a hammer than a [G]nail
Yes, I would
If I only could
I surely [Em]would

A[C]way, I’d rather sail away
Like a [G]swan that’s here and gone
A [C]man gets tied up to the ground
He gives the [G]world its saddest sound
Its saddest [Em]sound

[Em]I’d rather be a forest than a [G]street
Yes, I would
If I could
I surely [Em]would

[Em]I’d rather feel the earth beneath my [G]feet
Yes, I would
If I only could
I surely [Em]would

Instrumental: [C][C][G][G][C][C][G][G][Em][Em][Em]!

To be honest, I don’t really like this song but it is regularly included in the S&G litany.
For Emily, Whenever I May Find Her

Intro: [G][G][G][G]

[G] What a dream I had
[C] Pressed in organdy
[G] Clothed in crinoline [F] of smoky burgundy
[C] Softer than the [D] rain

[G] I wandered empty streets down
[C] Past the shop displays
[G] I heard cathedral bells
[F] Tripping down the alley ways
[C] As I walked [D] on

[G] And when you ran to me
Your [C] cheeks flushed with the night
[G] We walked on frosted fields
[F] Of juniper and lamplight
[C] I held your [D] hand

[G] And when I awoke [C] and felt you warm and near
[G] I kissed your honey hair [F] with my grateful tears
[C] Oh, I [D] love you, girl
[F] Oh, [C] I [Cadd9] love you [Cadd9]! (big finish)

Originally written in F major but transposed here to G major. There are some ukulele unfriendly chords in the original but I hope that their replacements here do the job just as well. Probably needs to be finger-picked.
Flowers Never Bend With The Rainfall

Intro: [G][Bm7][Cmaj7][G]

Through the [G]corridors of [Bm7]sleep
Past the [Cmaj7]shadows, dark and [G]deep
My [Bm]mind dances and [Cmaj7]leaps in [G]fusion
I don’t [G]know what is [Bm7]real
I can’t [Cmaj7]touch what I [G]feel
And I [Bm]hide behind the [Cmaj7]shield of my [G]illusion

[D]So I’ll con[C]tinue to con[G]tinue to pre[Em]tend
My [C6]life will never [Em]end
And [A]flowers never [C]bend
With the [G]rainfall

The [G]mirror on my [Bm7]wall
Casts an [Cmaj7]image dark and [G]small
But [Bm]I’m not sure at [Cmaj7]all it’s my re[G]flection
I am [G]blinded by the [Bm7]light
Of [Cmaj7]God and truth and [G]right
And I [Bm]wander in the [Cmaj7]night without di[G]rection

[D]So I’ll con[C]tinue to con[G]tinue to pre[Em]tend
My [C6]life will never [Em]end
And [A]flowers never [C]bend
With the [G]rainfall

No [G]matter if you’re [Bm7]born
To [Cmaj7]play the king or [G]pawn
For the [Bm]line is thinly [Cmaj7]drawn ‘tween joy and [G]sorrow
[G]So my fanta[Bm7]sy
Be[Cmaj7]comes reali[G]ty
And I must [Bm]be what I must [Cmaj7]be and face to[G]morrow

[D]So I’ll con[C]tinue to con[G]tinue to pre[Em]tend
My [C6]life will never [Em]end
And [A]flowers never [C]bend
With the [G]rainfall

[G]!
Homeward Bound

Intro: [C][F][C]

I'm [C]sitting in the railway station
[Dm]On a tour of one-night stands
My [Bb]suitcase and guitar in hand
And [C]every stop is neatly planned
For a poet and a [G7]one-man [C]band

Chorus:
[C]Homeward [F]bound
I wish I [C]was
Homeward [F]bound
[C]Home, where my [Dm]music’s [Bb]play[F]ing
[C]Home, where my [Dm]love [C]lies [Bb]wait[C]ing
[G7]Silently [C] for me

[C]Every day’s an endless stream
And [Dm]each town looks the same to me
The [Bb]movies and the factories
And [C]every stranger’s face I see
Reminds me that I [G7]long to [C]be

Chorus:

To[C]night I’ll sing my songs again
I’ll [Em]play the game and pret[Gm6]end  [A7]Mm…
But [Dm]all my words come back to me
In [Bb]shades of mediocrity
Like [C]emptiness in harmony
I need someone to [G7]comfort [C]me

Chorus:

[C][Cmaj7]Silently [C7]for me
[C][F][C]

The chord “[Gm6]” is (on the Baritone Uke) 0330 and, although every note in the chord could be in [Gm6], there is no G note. It is listed as [Gm6] in “The Songs of Paul Simon” so I’m happy to leave it as [Gm6] but, just for purists, it is probably [Dsus2#5] really.
I Am A Rock

Intro: [C]

A winter’s [C]day
In a [F] deep and dark De[C]cember
[Dm] [G7] am a [F] lone [C]
[Dm7] Gazing from my [Em7] window
[Dm7] To the streets be[Em7]low
On a [Dm] fresh fallen, [F] silent shroud of [G] snow

[F] I am a [C] rock
[F] I am an [G7] is[C] land [Am]

I’ve built [C] walls
A [F] fortress, steep and [C] mighty
I [Dm7] have no need of [Em7] friendship
It’s [Dm] laughter and it’s [F] loving I dis[G] dain.

[F] I am a [C] rock
[F] I am an [G7] is[C] land [Am]

Don’t talk of [C] love
Well, I’ve [F] heard the word be[C] fore
And I [Dm7] won’t disturb the [Em7] slumber
Of [Dm7] feelings that have [Em7] died
If I [Dm] never loved, I [F] never would have [G] cried

[F] I am a [C] rock
[F] I am an [G7] is[C] land [Am]

I have my [C] books
And my [F] poetry to pro[C] tect me
[Dm7] Hiding in my [Em7] room
[Dm7] Safe within my [Em7] womb
I [Dm] touch no one and [F] no one touches [G] me

[F] I am a [C] rock
[F] I am an [G7] is[C] land [Am]

And a [Dm7] rock [G7] feels no [C] pain
Kathy’s Song

Intro: [G]

[G] I hear the [C] drizzle of the [G] rain  
[Am] Like a [Em] memo [C] ry it [Bm7] falls  
[G][C] [G] [G][C] [G]

And from the [C] shelter of my [G] mind  
[Am] Through the [Em] window [C] of my [Bm7] eyes  
[G][C] [G] [G][C] [G]

My mind’s dis [C] tracted and dif [G] fused  
[Am] My [Em] thoughts are [C] many miles a [Bm7] way  
[G] They lie with [Bm] you when [G] you’re a [C] sleep  
[Am] And [Em] kiss you [D] when you start your [G] day  
[G][C] [G] [G][C] [G]

And a song I was [C] writing is left un [G] done  
[Am] I don’t [Em] know why I [C] spend my [Bm7] time  
[Am] With words that [Em] tear and [D] strain to [G] rhyme  
[G][C] [G] [G][C] [G]

And so you [C] see, I have come to [G] doubt  
[Am] All that [Em] I once [C] held as [Bm7] true  
[Am] The only [Em] truth I [D] know is [G] you  
[G][C] [G] [G][C] [G]

And as I [C] watch the drops of [G] rain  
[Am] Weave their [Em] weary [C] paths and [Bm7] die  
[G] I know that [Bm] I am [G] like the [C] rain  
[Am] There but for the [Em] grace of [D] you go [G] I  
[G][C] [G] [G][C] [G]

Repeat last verse hummed:  
And as I [C] watch the drops of [G] rain  
[Am] Weave their [Em] weary [C] paths and [Bm7] die  
[G] I know that [Bm] I am [G] like the [C] rain  
(slower)[Am] There but for the [Em] grace of [D] you go [G] I  
[C][G]!
Leaves That Are Green

Intro: [D][Bm][A][A7][D]

I was twenty-one [Em] years when [A7] I wrote this [D] song
I’m twenty-two now, but I [G] won’t [C] be for [D] long
And they [Bm] wither with the wind
And they [Em7] crumble in your [A7] hand

[D] Once my heart was [Em] filled with [A7] love of a [D] girl
I held her close, but she [G] faded [C] in the [D] night
Like a [G] poem I meant to [A7] write
And they [Bm] wither with the wind
And they [Em7] crumble in your [A7] hand

And watched the ripples [G] run [C] a [D] way
And they [G] never made a [A7] sound
And they [Bm] wither with the wind
And they [Em7] crumble in your [A7] hand

[D] Hello, Hello, Hello, Hello, Hello, Goodbye, Goodbye, Goodbye
That’s all there is
Mrs. Robinson

Intro: [C] (scratchy sound)

And here’s to [C] you, Mrs. [Am] Robinson
[C] Jesus loves you [Am] more than you will [F] know, wo wo [G7] wo
God bless you [C] please, Mrs. [Am] Robinson
[C] Heaven holds a [Am] place for those who [F] pray, hey hey [Dm] hey
Hey hey [A] hey

We’d [A7] like to know a little bit about you for our files
We’d [D7] like to help you learn to help your [D add9] self
[G7] Look around you, [C] all you see are [F] sympathetic [Dm] eyes
[A] Stroll around the grounds un [G7] til you feel at home

And here’s to [C] you, Mrs. [Am] Robinson
[C] Jesus loves you [Am] more than you will [F] know, wo wo [G7] wo
God bless you [C] please, Mrs. [Am] Robinson
[C] Heaven holds a [Am] place for those who [F] pray, hey hey [Dm] hey
Hey hey [A] hey

[A7] Hide it in a hiding place where no one ever goes
[D7] Put it in your pantry with your cupcakes
[G7] It’s a little sec [C] ret, just the [F] Robinsons’ aff [Dm] fair
[A] Most of all, you’ve got to [A7] hide it from the kids

Coo coo ca-[C] choo, Mrs. [Am] Robinson
[C] Jesus loves you [Am] more than you will [F] know, wo wo [G7] wo
God bless you [C] please, Mrs. [Am] Robinson
[C] Heaven holds a [Am] place for those who [F] pray, hey hey [Dm] hey
Hey hey [A] hey

[G7] Sitting on a sofa on a Sunday afternoon
[D7] Going to the candidates’ debate
[G7] Laugh about it, shout about it
[F] When you’ve got to [Dm] choose
[A] Every way you look at it you [G7] lose

Where have you [C] gone, Joe Di[Am] Maggio?
What’s that you [C] say, Mrs. [Am] Robinson
[C] ‘Joltin Joe’ has [Am] left and gone a[F] way, hey hey [Dm] hey
Hey hey [A] hey

Outro: [A] (scratchy sound again)

Written originally in B flat major. Shifted up a tone to C major. No ill effects. In the sheet music it finishes (in this key on [A7 add6] which is a bit of an add cord. Included here for completeness but [A7] works just as well.
Overs

Intro: [NC]

Why [D#dim] don’t we stop fooling our [Em] selves? [D] The game is over, over, [Em] over
No [G] good times [Gm6], no [D] bad [F#m] times [Bm] [D] There’s [G] no [D] times at all
[Em7sus4] Sitting by the [G] windowsill
Near the [D] flowers [Gm]

[Dmaj7] We might as [F#m] well be a [Em7] part
[Dmaj7] It hardly matters
We [G] sleep [D] separately [Em][F#7]
But there’s [G] no [F#m] laughs [Dmaj7] left
[Bm] ’Cause we [Em7] laughed them all [E7][D]
And we laughed them [Em7] all
In a very short [G6] time

[G6] Time
Is tapping on my [F#m] forehead [D] head [D6][E7]
[Em7] Hanging from my [D] mirror [E7]
[Em7sus4] Rattling the [F#m] teacups
And I [Em] won [Gm6] der

[D] We’re just a habit
Like [G] sac [D] chorine [Em7][F#7]
But [G] each [F#m] time I [Dmaj7] try [Bm] on
The [E7] thought of leaving you
I [NC] stop…
I stop and think it over

Lots of interesting chords here.
Old Friends

Intro: [Fmaj7][Cmaj7] [Fmaj7][Cmaj7]

[Fmaj7]Old [Cmaj7]friends
[Fmaj7]Old [Cmaj7]friends
[Dm7]Sat on their [G7]park bench
Like [C]bookends [Am]
A [Dm7]newspaper blown through the [G]grass
Falls on the [Am]round toes
On the [Cmaj7]high shoes
Of the [F]old [Am7]friends[Fmaj7][Cmaj7]

[Fmaj7]Old [Cmaj7]friends
The [Fmaj7]old [Em7]men
[Dm7]Lost in their [G7]overcoats
[C]Waiting [Dm7]for the [Am]sunset
The [Dm7]sounds of the [G7]city
[Em7]Sifting through [Am]trees
Settle like [G]dust
On the [F]shoulders
Of the [Am7]old friends

[Dm7]Can you im[G7]agine us
[Cmaj7]Years from today
[F]Sharing a [Fm]park bench [C]quietly?
To be [Am]seventy

[Fmaj7]Old [Cmaj7]friends

Outro: [Fmaj7][Cmaj7] [Fmaj7][Cmaj7] [Fmaj7][Cmaj7]!

Originally written in E flat major but transposed down 1 1/2 tone to C here. On the “Bookends” album this follows “Old Friends” so they really need to be in the same key. Paul Simon plays the chords here with a capo on the 3rd fret. Capos don’t work that well on a concert or tenor uke (though they are ok, to a point, on the baritone) so you might just have to sing this a little bit lower than the original.
Patterns

Intro: [Em]

The [Em]night sets softly
With the hush of falling [G]leaves [Em]
Casting shivering shadows
On the houses through the [D]trees
And the [Em]light from a streetlamp
Paints a pattern on my [G]wall [Em]
Like the pieces of a [D]puzzle
Or a [C]child’s [D]uneven [Em]scrawl

[Em]Up a narrow flight of stairs
In a narrow little [G]room [Em]
As I lie upon my bed
In the early evening [D]gloom
[Em]paled on my wall
My eyes can dimly [G]see [Em]
The pattern of my [D]life
And the [C]puzzle [D]that is [Em]me

[Em]From the moment of my birth
To the instant of my [G]death [Em]
There are patterns I must follow
Just as I must breathe each [D]breath
Like a [Em]rat in a maze
The path before me [G]lies [Em]
And the pattern never [D]alters
Un[Em]til [D] the rat [Em]dies

[Em]The pattern still remains
On the wall where darkness [G]fell[Em]
And it’s fitting that it should
For in darkness I must [D]dwell
Like the [Em]colour of my skin
Or the day that I grow [G]old [Em]
My life is made of [D]patterns
That can [C]scarcely [D]be con[Em]trolled

Outro: [Em]

This was originally written in [Dm] but it is much easier to play in [Em].
Richard Cory

Intro: [Dm]

They [Dm]say that Richard Cory owns one-[C]half of this whole town
With po[Dm]litical connections to [A]spread his wealth around
[G]Born into society, a banker’s only child
He had [Dm]every[C]thing a [F]man could want
[A]Power, grace and style [F]
But [F]I work in his [Dm]factory
And I [G]curse the life I’m living
And I curse my poverty
And I wish that I could be
Oh, I [F]wish that I could [Dm]be
Oh, I [G]wish that I could be
Richard [Dm]Cory

The [Dm]papers print his picture almost [C]everywhere he goes
Richard [Dm]Cory at the opera, Richard [A]Cory at a show
And the [G]rumour of his party and the orgies on his yacht!
Oh, he [Dm]surely [C]must be [F]happy with
[A]Everything he’s got [F]
But [F]I work in his [Dm]factory
And I [G]curse the life I’m living
And I curse my poverty
And I wish that I could be
Oh, I [F]wish that I could [Dm]be
Oh, I [G]wish that I could be
Richard [Dm]Cory

He [Dm]freely gave to charity, he [C]had the common touch
And they were [Dm]grateful for his patronage and they [A]thanked him very much
So my [G]mind was filled with wonder when the evening headlines read
“Richard [Dm]Cory [C]went home [F]last night and put
A [A]bullet through his head”
But [F]I work in his [Dm]factory
And I [G]curse the life I’m living
And I curse my poverty
And I wish that I could be
Oh, I [F]wish that I could [Dm]be
Oh, I [G]wish that I could be
Richard [Dm]Cory [Dm]!
Red Rubber Ball

Intro: [C][Em][F][C]

[C] I should have [Em] known you’d [F] bid me fare [C] well
There’s a lesson to be [Em] learned from this, and I [F] learned it very [G7] well
[F] Now, I know you’re [G] not the only [C] starfish in the [Am] sea
If I [Dm] never hear your [Em] name again, it’s [F] all the same to [E7] me

And I [Am] think it’s gonna be alright
[Dm] Yeah, the worst is over
Now the [G] mornin’ sun is shinin’ like a [F] red rubber [C] ball
[Am][G7]

To you I’m just an [Em] ornament, [F] somethin’ for your [G7] pride
[Dm] Stolen minutes [Em] of your time were [F] all you had to [E7] give

And I [Am] think it’s gonna be alright
[Dm] Yeah, the worst is over
Now the [G] mornin’ sun is shinin’ like a [F] red rubber [C] ball
[Am][G7]

The [C] story’s in the [Em] past with [F] nothin’ to re [C] call
I’ve got my [Em] life to live, and I [F] don’t need you at [G7] all
The [F] roller coaster [G] ride we took is [C] nearly at an [Am] end
I [Dm] bought my ticket [Em] with my tears, that’s [F] all I’m gonna [E7] spend

And I [Am] think it’s gonna be alright
[Dm] Yeah, the worst is over
Now the [G] mornin’ sun is shinin’ like a [F] red rubber [C] ball
[Am][G7][C]!

This song was written with Bruce Woodley of “The Seekers” fame.
The sheet music has it in [Bb] but it is transposed to [C] here. Much easier.
So Long, Frank Lloyd Wright

[A7]I can’t believe your [Dm]song [Dm7]is [F7]gone so [Bbmaj7]soon
I [Bb]barely learned the [F]tune
So [Gm]soon [Ebmaj7] [Em7b5]
So soon

I [Bb] never laughed so [F] long
So [Gm] long [Gb]
So [F] long [F7]

[Gm7] Architects may come and
[Fmaj7] Architects may go and
[Eb7] Never change your point of [F] view

[Gm7] Architects may come and
[Fmaj7] Architects may go and
[Eb7] Never change your point of [F] view

I [Bb] never laughed so [F] long
So [G] long [Gb]
So [F] long
So [G] long [Gb]
So [F] long
So [F] long [F]!

This is a really tricky song to play and sing. I haven’t changed anything from the original sheet music but I’m not in the least convinced that the sheet music is, in fact, correct.
Song For The Asking

Intro: [C] [G7]

[C] Here is my song [F] for the [Am] asking
[Dm7] Ask me and I will [E] play

[C] This is my tune [F] for the [Am] taking
[Dm7] Take it, don't turn a [E] way

[Am] Thinking it over, I've been [Em] sad [E]
[C#dim] Thinking it over, I'd be [Dm] more than [G7] glad
To [C] change my [C7] ways [A] [F] for the [Am] asking
[Dm7] Ask me and I will [E] play
[E7] All the [F] love that I [C] hold in [F] side

Outro: [C][G7][C]!
Scarborough Fair/Canticle

Intro: [Em]

[Em] Are you going to [D] Scarborough [Em] Fair
Remember [G] me to one [F#m] who [Em] lives [D] there
[Em] She once [D] was [Em] a [D] true [Em] love [D] of [Em] mine

[Em] Tell her to make me a [D] ca [Em] mbr [D] ic [Em] shirt
Without no [G] seams nor [F#m] nee [Em] dle [D] work
[Em] Then she’ll [D] be [Em] a [D] true [Em] love [D] of [Em] mine

On the side of a hill in the deep forest green
Tracing of sparrow on snow-crested brown
Blankets and bedclothes the child of the mountain
Sleeps unaware of the clarion call

[Em] Tell her to find me an [D] ac [Em] re [D] of [Em] land
Between the salt [G] water and [F#m] the [Em] sea [D] strands
[Em] Then she’ll [D] be [Em] a [D] true [Em] love [D] of [Em] mine

On the side of a hill in the sprinkling of leaves
Washes the grave with silvery tears
A soldier cleans and polishes a gun
Sleeps unaware of the clarion call

[Em] Tell her to reap it with a [D] sick [Em] le [D] of [Em] leather
And gather it [G] all in a [F#m] bunch [Em] of [D] heather
[Em] Then she’ll [D] be [Em] a [D] true [Em] love [D] of [Em] mine

War bellows blazing in scarlet battalions
Generals order their soldiers to kill
And to fight for a cause they have long ago forgotten

[Em] Are you going to [D] Scarborough [Em] Fair
Remember [G] me to one [F#m] who [Em] lives [D] there
[Em] She once [D] was [Em] a [D] true [Em] love [D] of [Em] mine

Scarborough Fair and Canticle are sung together, so the Canticle part doesn’t have any chords attached. The “Are you going to Scarborough Fair…” verse is sung alone as a first verse and a last verse.
The Only Living Boy In New York

Intro: [C][C]

[C] Tom, get your plane right on [F]time
[C] I know your part'll go [F]ine
[C] Fly down to Mexico [Am7][Dm7][F]
[G] Da-n-da-da-n-da-n-da and [F] here I am,
The [C] only living boy in New [F] York  [C] [F][C][Dm7]

I [C] get the news I need on the weather re[F]port
Oh, I can [C] gather all the news I need on the weather re[F]port
Da-n-do-da-n-do-da-n-do [F] here I am
The [C] only living boy in New [F] York  [Am]

[Dm] Half of the time we’re [G7] gone but we don’t know [C] where
And we don’t know [F] where

[C] Tom, get your plane right on [F] time
[C] I know that you’ve been eager to fly [F] now
[G] Da-n-do-da-n-do-da-n-do
Like it [Fmaj7] shines [Dm7] on [F] me

The [C] only living boy in New [F] York
The [C] only living boy in New [F] York
[C]!

This was taken from the sheet music and is some way different from the track on “Bridge Over Troubled Water”. I’m quite happy with it. The “ahh…”'s in the middle don’t add a lot and it is a good song without them. A great strum on a ukulele.
The Dangling Conversation

Intro: [F][C][G]  [F][C][G]

Of a [F]now late [C]after[G]noon
As the [F]sun shines [C]through the [G]curtained lace
And [C]shadows wash the [C6]room  [Cmaj7][C6]
And we [Am]sit and drink our coffee
[Bb]Couched in our indifference
Like [A]shells upon the shore
You can [G]hear the ocean roar
In the [F]dangling [C]conversation
And the [C]super[G]ficial [F]sighs
The borders of our [C]lives [C6][Cmaj7][C6]

And you [F]read your [C]Emily [G]Dickinson
And we [F]note our [C]place with [G]bookmarkers
That [C]measure what we’ve [C6]lost [Cmaj7][C6]
Like a [Am]poem poorly written
We are [Bb]verses out of rhythm
[A]Couplets out of rhyme
In [G]syncopated time
And the [F]dangling [C]conversation
And the [C]super[G]ficial [F]sighs
Are the borders of our [C]lives [C6][Cmaj7][C6]

Yes, we [F]speak of [C]things that [G]matter
With [F]words that [C]must be [G]said
“Is the [C]theatre really [C6]dead?”  [Cmaj7][C6]
Now the [Am]room is softly faded
And I [Bb]only kiss your shadow
I [A]cannot feel your hand
You’re a [G]stranger now unto me
Lost in the [F]dangling [C]conversation
And the [C]super[G]ficial [F]sighs
In the borders of our [C]lives [C6][Cmaj7][C]

Originally written in B Flat. Transposed to C here.
The Boxer

Intro: [C][C](safety as required for intro)

[C] I am just a poor boy
Though my story’s seldom [Am]told
I have [G]squandered my resistance
For a [Dm7]pocketful of mumbles, such are [C]promises
All lies and [Am]jest
Still, a [G]man hears what he [F]wants to hear
And disregards the [C]rest [G][G7][C]

When I [C]left my home and my family
I was no more than a [Am]boy
In the [G]company of strangers
In the [Dm7]quiet of a railway station, [C]running scared
Where the ragged people [C]go
Looking [G]for the places [F]only [Em]they [Dm]would [C]know

Lie la lie… sequence
[Am] [G] [Am] [F] [G] [C]

[C] Asking only workman’s wages
I come looking for a [Am]job, but I get no [G]offers
Just a [Dm7]come-on from the whores on Seventh [C]Avenue
I do de [Am]clare there were [G]times when I was [F]so lonesome
I took some comfort [C]there Ooh la la [G]la la la la

Instrumental: [C][Am][G][Dm7][C] (as the first four lines of verse 1)

Lie la lie… sequence
[Am] [G] [Am] [F] [G] [C]

Then I’m [C]laying out my winter clothes
And wishing I was [Am]gone, going [G]home
Where the [Dm7]New York City [G7]winters aren’t [C]bleeding me
[Em]Leading me, [Am] going [G]home [C]

[C] In the clearing stands a boxer
And a fighter by his [Am]trade
And he [G]carries the remainders
Of [G7]every glove that laid him down
And [C]cut him till he cried out
In his anger and his [Am]shame
“I am [G]leaving, I am [F]leaving”
But the fighter still [C]remains [G][F][C]

Lie la lie… sequence
[Am] [G] [Am] [F] [G] [Am] (eight times on the original)
[Am] [G] [Am] [F] [G] [C][C]!
The Sound Of Silence

Intro: [Dm]

[Dm]Hello darkness, my old [C]friend
I've come to talk with you a[Dm]gain
Because a [F]vision softly [Bb]creep[F]ing
Left its seeds while I was [Bb]sleep[F]ing
And the [Bb]vision that was planted in my [F]brain
Still re[Dm]mains
[F]Within the [C]sound of [Dm]silence

[Dm]In restless dreams I walked a[C]lone
Narrow streets of cobble[Dm]stone
'Neath the halo [F]of a [Bb]street [F]lamp
I turned my collar to the [Bb]cold and [F]damp
When my [Bb]eyes were stabbed by the flash of a neon [F]light
That split the [Dm]night
[F]And touched the [C]sound of [Dm]silence

[Dm]And in the naked light I [C]saw
Ten thousand people, maybe [Dm]more
People talking [F]without [Bb]spea[F]ling
People hearing without [Bb]listen[F]ing
People writing [Bb]songs that voices never [F]share
And no one [Dm]dare
[F]Disturb the [C]sound of [Dm]silence

[Dm]"Fools" said I, “You do not [C]know
Silence like a cancer [Dm]grows
Hear my words that [F]I might[Bb] teach [F]you
Take my arms that I might [Bb]reach [F]you”
But my [Bb]words like silent raindrops [F]fell [Dm]
And [F]echoed in the [C]wells of [Dm]silence

[Dm]And the people bowed and [C]prayed
To the neon god they [Dm]made
And the sign flashed [F]out its [Bb]warn[F]ing
In the words that it was [Bb]form[F]ing
And the sign said “The [Bb]words of the prophets
Are written on subway [F]walls
And tenement [Dm]halls
And [F]whispered in the [C]sounds of [Dm]silence”

Outro: [Dm]