

Jimmy D'Ville (2022) (C)

An adaptation by Doug Anderson of Chuck Berry's "[Jimmy B Goode](#)" (1958) (Bb @ 168)

Intro C | F | C | C

C

Way down in Lou'siana close to New Orleans,
Way back up in the woods among the evergreens.

F

There stood a log cabin made of earth and wood,

C

Where lived a country boy named *Jimmy D'Ville*.

G

Who never, ever, learned to read or write so well,

C

But he could play the ukulele just like a ringing a bell.

Chorus:

C

Go, go. . . Go, *Jimmy*, go. Go. . . Go, *Jimmy*, go.

F

C

G

C

| C

Go. . . Go, *Jimmy*, go. Go. . . Go, *Jimmy*, go. Go, *Jimmy D'Ville*.

Outro C | G | C |

C

He used to carry his ukulele in a gunny sack,
Go sit beneath the tree by the railroad track.

F

Oh, the engineers would see him sitting in the shade

C

Strumming with the rhythm that the drivers made.

G

People passing by they would stop and say

C

"Oh, my, but that little country boy could play." **Chorus**

C

His mother told him "Someday you will be a man,
And you will be the leader of a big old band.

F

Many people coming from miles around

C

To hear you play your music when the sun go down.

G

C

Maybe someday your name will be in lights saying '*Jimmy D'Ville tonight.*' " **Chorus**

Jimmy D'Ville (2022) (G)

An adaptation by Doug Anderson of Chuck Berry's "[Jimmy B Goode](#)" (1958) (Bb @ 168)

Intro G | C | G | G

G

Way down in Lou'siana close to New Orleans,
Way back up in the woods among the evergreens.

C

There stood a log cabin made of earth and wood,

G

Where lived a country boy named *Jimmy D'Ville*.

D

Who never, ever, learned to read or write so well,

G

But he could play the ukulele just like a ringing a bell.

Chorus:

G

Go, go. . . Go, *Jimmy*, go. Go. . . Go, *Jimmy*, go.

C

G

D

G | G

Go. . . Go, *Jimmy*, go. Go. . . Go, *Jimmy*, go. Go, *Jimmy D'Ville*.

Outro G | D | G |

G

He used to carry his ukulele in a gunny sack,
Go sit beneath the tree by the railroad track.

C

Oh, the engineers would see him sitting in the shade

G

Strumming with the rhythm that the drivers made.

D

People passing by they would stop and say

G

"Oh, my, but that little country boy could play." **Chorus**

G

His mother told him "Someday you will be a man,
And you will be the leader of a big old band.

C

Many people coming from miles around

G

To hear you play your music when the sun go down.

D

G

Maybe someday your name will be in lights saying '*Jimmy D'Ville tonight.*' " **Chorus**