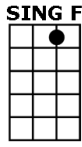
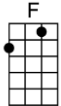
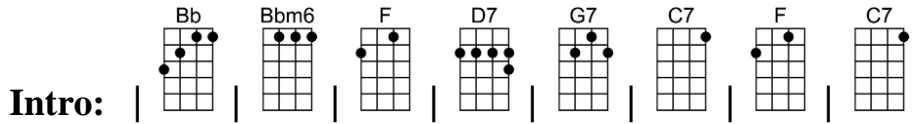


SING F

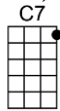
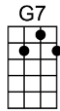
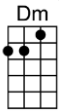


ROW, ROW, ROW-William Jerome/James V. Monaco

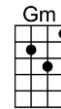
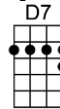
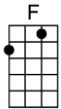
4/4 1...2...1234



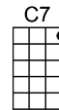
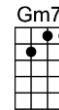
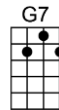
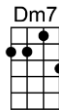
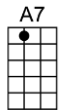
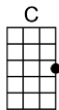
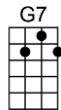
Young Johnny Jones he had a cute little boat, and all the girlyes he would take for a float.



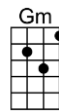
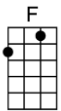
He had girlyes on the shore, sweet little peaches by the score



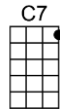
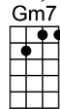
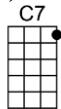
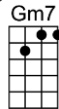
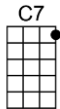
But Johnny was a wisenheimer, you know, his steady gal was Flo



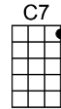
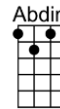
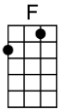
And every Sunday after-noon she'd jump in his boat, and they would spoon



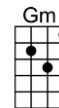
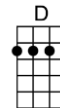
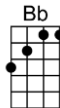
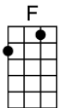
And then he'd row, row, row, way up the river, he would row, row, row, a hug he'd give her



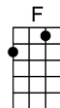
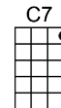
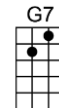
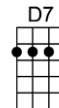
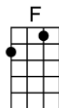
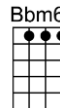
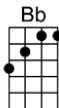
Then he'd kiss her now and then, she would tell him when,



They'd fool around and fool around, and then they'd kiss a-gain.

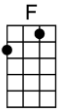


And then he'd row, row, row, a little further he would row, oh, oh, oh, oh

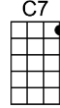
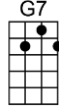
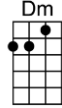


Then he'd drop both his oars, take a few more en-cores, and then he'd row, row, row.

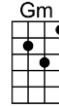
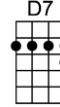
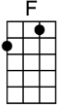
p.2. Row, Row, Row



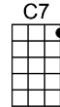
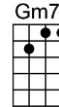
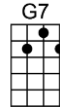
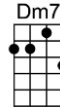
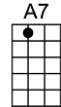
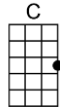
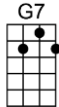
Right in his boat he had a cute little seat, and every kiss he stole from Flo was so sweet



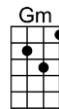
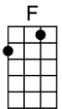
And he knew just how to row, he was a rowin' Romeo



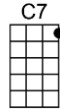
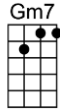
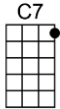
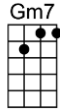
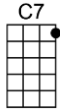
He knew an island where the trees were so grand. He knew just where to land



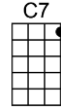
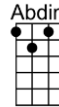
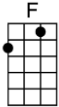
Then tales of love he'd tell to Flo, un-til it was time for them to go



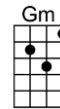
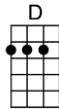
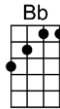
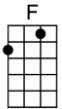
And then he'd row, row, row, way up the river, he would row, row, row, a hug he'd give her



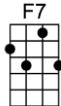
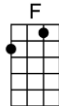
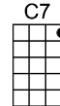
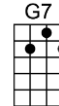
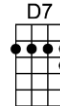
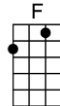
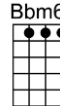
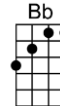
Then he'd kiss her now and then, she would tell him when,



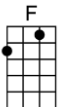
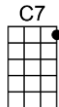
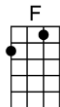
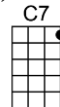
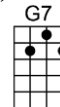
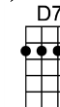
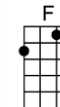
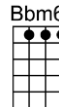
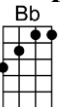
They'd fool around and fool around, and then they'd kiss a-gain.



And then he'd row, row, row, a little further he would row, oh, oh, oh, oh



Then he'd drop both his oars, take a few more en-cores, and then he'd row, row, row.



With her head on his chest, well now, you can guess the rest, and then he'd row, row, row

ROW, ROW, ROW - William Jerome/James V. Monaco

4/4 1...2...1234

Intro: | Bb | Bbm6 | F | D7 | G7 | C7 | F | C7 |

F C7
Young Johnny Jones he had a cute little boat, and all the girlies he would take for a float.

Dm G7 C7
He had girlies on the shore, sweet little peaches by the score

F D7 Gm
But Johnny was a wisenheimer, you know, his steady gal was Flo
G7 C A7 Dm7 G7 Gm7 C7
And every Sunday after-noon she'd jump in his boat, and they would spoon

F Gm
And then he'd row, row, row, way up the river, he would row, row, row, a hug he'd give her

C7 Gm7 C7 Gm7 C7
Then he'd kiss her now and then, she would tell him when,

F Abdim Gm7 C7
They'd fool around and fool around, and then they'd kiss a-gain.

F Bb D Gm
And then he'd row, row, row, a little further he would row, oh, oh, oh, oh
Bb Bbm6 F D7 G7 C7 F
Then he'd drop both his oars, take a few more en-cores, and then he'd row, row, row.

F C7
Right in his boat he had a cute little seat, and every kiss he stole from Flo was so sweet

Dm G7 C7
And he knew just how to row, he was a rowin' Romeo

F D7 Gm
He knew an island where the trees were so grand. He knew just where to land

G7 C A7 Dm7 G7 Gm7 C7
Then tales of love he'd tell to Flo, un-til it was time for them to go

F Gm
And then he'd row, row, row, way up the river, he would row, row, row, a hug he'd give her

C7 Gm7 C7 Gm7 C7
Then he'd kiss her now and then, she would tell him when,

F Abdim Gm7 C7
They'd fool around and fool around, and then they'd kiss a-gain.

F Bb D Gm
And then he'd row, row, row, a little further he would row, oh, oh, oh, oh
Bb Bbm6 F D7 G7 C7 F F7

Then he'd drop both his oars, take a few more en-cores, and then he'd row, row, row.

Bb Bbm6 F D7 G7 C7 F C7 F
With her head on his chest, well now, you can guess the rest, and then he'd row, row, row