Oh, How She Could Play a Ukulele
by Benny Davis and Harry Akst (1926)

Ga-ther round, you uku-lele play-ers, Ga-ther round, you hey hey hey-ers
When I get through, you'll throw your ukes a-way—

There's a gal, a uku-lele player, fin-est in the land—
When she was born, she was born with a uku-lele in her hand—

Could-n't dance, could-n't sing, could-n't do an-oth-er thing, but
Oh, how she could play a u-ku-le-ay-ay-ay-le—!

Though she had a fun-ny face, she was wel-come an-y place for
Oh, how she could play a u-ku-le-e-e-e-e-e—

Bridge: She'd play— a-lo-ha— that meant good-bye—
She'd make— you— go— a-way—with a sigh—

An-y place where she was found, all the boys would hang a-round—for
Oh, how she could play a u-ku-le-e-e-e-e—

Nev-er cared— a-bout a uku-lele— now I'm tak-ing les-sons dai-ly
I love it so, I'm at it all the time—

She taught me— the cutest way of strum-min'. You should hear me now—
I strum a-way— all the day, she's a little teachin' fool and how——!
Oh, how she could play a u—ku—le—ay—ay— le!

Gm . . . | D7 . . . | Gm . . . | D7 . . . | Nev-er been to Hon-o—lu where the wick-y wack-y woo, but
Oh, how she could play a u—ku le—le—

Bridge 2: Since she— gave— les—sons— here’s what I found—
. | Bb . . . | . . . . | F . . . . . .
The mar—ried— men— send— their wives a—round

F . . . | C7 . . . | F . . . | C7 . . . | Some day you will find her name— writ-ten in the Hall of Fame for
Oh, how she could play a u—ku—le—le—le—

San Jose Ukulele Club
(v1f- 5/9/19)