With his bra-go, in Ma-deira Portu-gal, Manuel Nu—nes carved a bra-guinha——
How could he know what it would say to me——
but like Ge-petto, he turned the wood in-to Pin-o——cchi-o.

With its tiny fretted neck, he watched it slowly taking shape
Then he gave it to a sailor of the Ravens-crag——
Bound for Hono-lulu, cross the oceans through the night
and through the day—— he was singing as he play——ay-ayed——

Long live the uku-lele, made it with his hands, with his hands, with his own two hands——

After far too long at sea, they disem-barked and the first one
on the shore was a sailor named Fer-nandez——
With his bra-guinha in his hand, he cele-brated this new land
And they danced, how they danced on the sa—ands——
G . . . . | Bm . . .
Nimble sailor's fingers 'cross it's neck brought forth a tune
Like the jumping fleas that gave it it's new na——ame——

Long live the uku-lele play it if you can—— and long live the uku-lele FAN!———
Long live the uku-lele, play it with your hands, with your hands, with your own two hands——

Long live the uku-lele Play it if you can—— and long live the uku-lele FAN!———
Long live the uku-lele, play it with your hands, with your hands, with your own two hands——

**Ending:** . | G . . A . | D . . A\ D\With your hands, with your own two hands———

San Jose Ukulele Club
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