Long Live the Ukulele
by Bartt Warburton

F C Bb Dm Gm

F | C | Bb | Dm | Gm
F/C \ Gm \ Bb \ F \ Bb \ C \ F . . . |

F . . . | . . . . . . . . . . . . | . . . | C . . . |

Long, long a-go, in Ma-deira Portu-gal, Manuel Nu-nes carved a bra-guinha
Bb . . . . . | Dm . . . .

How could he know what it would say to me
. | Gm . . . . . . . Bb . C
but like Ge-petto, he turned the wood in-to Pin-o- cchi-o.

. | F . . . . . . . . . . . . |

With its ti-ny fretted neck, he watched it slowly taking shape
. | . . . . . . . . . . . . | C . . . . |

Then he gave it to a sailor of the Ravens-crag
Bb . . . . . | Dm . . . .

Bound for Hono-lulu, cross the oceans through the night
. | C . . . . . . . C7 . . . . |

and through the day he was singing as he play-ay-ayayed,

Bb . . F . C . Dm .
Long live the uku-lele Play it if you can
Bb . F . C . . . . |
and long live the uku-lele ma-a-a-an
Bb . F . C . Dm
Long live the uku-lele, made it with his hands

With his hands, with his own two hands

. | F . . . . . . . . . . . . |

After far too long at sea, they disem-barked and the first one
. | . . . . . . . . . . . . | C . . . |
on the shore was a sailor named Fer-nandez
. | Bb . . . . . . . Dm . . . .

With his bra-guinha in his hand, he cele-brated this new land
And they danced, how they danced on the sa--a--ands.

Instrumental:

A -0-1-3-5-3-1-0---0-1-3-5-3-1-0---0-1-3-5-3-1-0---0-1-3-5-3-1-0---0-1-0---5-3-1-0---
E -----------------3---------------3---------------3-------------------0-1-3------------1-3---3---3---3---
C -----------------------------------------------0-2---------------------------------------------------
G------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------
Nimble sailor’s fingers ‘cross it’s neck brought forth a tune
Like the jumping fleas that gave it it’s new na--a--ame

Long live the uku-lele, play it with your hands
With your hands, with your own two hands

Ending: With your hands, with your own two ha---a---ands