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-le—

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-le—

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—!
Could n’t play the vi—o—lin. Nev-er heard of “Gung-a Din” but

Oh, how she could play a u—ku—le—ay—ay— le!

Nev-er been to Hon—o—lu where the wick-y wack-y woo, but

Oh, how she could play a u—ku—le—

Bridge 2: Since she gave— les—sons— here’s what I found—

The mar—ried men— send— their wives a—round

Some day you will find her name— writ-ten in the Hall of Fame for

Oh, how she could play a u—ku—le—

San Jose Ukulele Club
(v1c - 3/6/19)