Oh, How She Could Play a Ukulele

by Benny Davis and Harry Akst (1926)

| Gm . C7 . F . D7 . . Ga-ther round, you uku-lele play-ers, Ga-ther round, you hey hey hey-ers |
| G7 . . C7 . . F . . C7 . . When I get through, you'll throw your ukes a-way— |

F . . | Gm . C7 . F . . Bb . There's a gal, a uku-lele player, fin-est in the land— |
| G7 . . C . . D7 . G7 . C7 . . When she was born, she was born with a uku-lele in her hand— |

F . . | C7 . . | F . . | C7 . . Could-n't dance, could-n't sing, could-n't do an-oth-er thing, but |

Gm . . | D7 . . | Gm . . | D7 . . Though she had a fun-ny face, she was wel-come an-y place for |

Bridge: She'd play— a—lo—ha— that meant good—bye— |
| Bb . . . . | F . G7 . C7 . She'd make— you— go— a—way— with a sigh— |

F . . | C7 . . | F . . | C7 . . An—y place where she was found, all the boys would hang a—round—for |

| G7 . . C7 . . F . . C7 . . I love it so, I'm at it all the time— |

F . . | Gm . C7 . F . . . . | Bb . She taught me— the cutest way of strum-min'. You should hear me now— |
| G7 . . C . . D7 . G7 . C7 . 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
F C7 F C7 F7\* E7\* Eb7\* D7 . . .
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—le—

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

Bb . . . . . . . . F . . .
The mar—ried—men—send—their wives a—round

Some day you will find her name—writ-ten in the Hall of Fame for
F . . . D7 . . . G7 C7 . . F F\ Gm . . .
Oh, how she could play a u—ku—le—le—le—

San Jose Ukulele Club
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