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

F . . . | Gm . . . . . . | F . . . . . . | D7 . . . .
Gather round, you uke-ule play-ers, Gather round, you hey hey hey-ers
When I get through, you'll throw your ukes a-way—

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

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
Oh, how she could play a u—ku—le—le—

Bridge: She'd play— a—lo—ha— that meant good—bye—

Bb . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . F . . . . . . . . . .
She'd make— you— go— a—way— with a sigh—

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

Never cared— a-bout a uke—le— now I'm taking 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——!
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—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—le—le—!