F | C#7 | C7 | Dm | Am | F/C | Am/c | Gm7 | Bb | G7 | C

I saw the splendor of the moon-light, on Hono--lu-------lu---- Bay------

There’s something tender in the moon-light, on Hono--lu-------lu---- Bay------

Dm . . . . | Am . . . . | F . . .
And all the beaches, are filled with peaches, who bring their ukes a--long------

. . . . . | C#7 . . . | C7 . C
And in the glimmer of the moon-light, they love to si---i-ing this song------

If yo-ou li---ike Uku-lele Lady, Uku-lele Lady like-a you------

If yo-ou li---ike to linger where it’s shady, Uku--lele Lady linger too------

If yo-ou ki---iss Uku-lele Lady, while you promise ever to be true------

And she--e se-ee an-other uku-lele lady foolin’ ‘round with you------

Bb . . . . | F . . . . . .
Ma--a-aybe she’ll si-igh (an awful lot), ma--a-aybe she’ll cry-y (and maybe not)

Ma--a-aybe she’ll find some-body else, by-y and by-y-y

To sing to, when it’s cool and shady, where the tricky wiki wackies woo------

If you like Uku-lele Lady, Uku-lele Lady like-a you------

She used to sing to me by moon-light, on Hono--lu-------lu---- Bay------

Fond mem’ries cling to me by moon-light, al-though I’m fa--a--ar a-way------

Dm . . . . | Am . . . . | F . . .
Some-day I’m going, where eyes are glowing, and lips are made to kiss------

. . . . . | C#7 . . . | C7 . C
To see some-body in the moon-light and hear the so--o-ong I mi--l-iss
If you like Ukulele Lady, Ukulele Lady like-a you------

If you like to linger where it's shady, Ukulele Lady linger too------

If you kiss Ukulele Lady, while you promise ever to be true------

And she sees another ukulele lady foolin' 'round with you----------

Ma--aybe she'll sigh (an awful lot), ma--aybe she'll cry-y (and maybe not)

Ma--aybe she'll find some-body else, by--y and by--y--y

To sing to, when it's cool and shady, where the tricky wiki wackies woo------

If you like Ukulele Lady, Ukulele Lady like-a you------

Uku-uele Lady like-a you--u--u--u.

San Jose Ukulele Club