Ukulele Lady
By Richard Whiting and Gus Kahn (1925)

I saw the splendor of the moonlight, on Hono- lu- lu Bay.

There’s something tender in the moonlight, on Hono- lu- lu Bay.

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

And in the glimmer of the moonlight, they love to si-i-ing this song.

Verse 1
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 a Ukulele Lady, while you promise ever to be true
And she sees an-other uku-lele lady foolin’ ‘round with you.

Maybe she’ll sigh (an awful lot), maybe she’ll cry (and maybe not)
Maybe she’ll find somebody else, by 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.

She used to sing to me by moonlight, on Hono- lu- lu Bay.
Fond mem’ries cling to me by moonlight, although I’m far a-way
Some day I’m going, where eyes are glowing, and lips are made to kiss
To see somebody in the moonlight and hear the so-o-ong I mi-i-iss

Verse 1
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 a Ukulele Lady, while you promise ever to be true
And she sees an-other uku-lele lady foolin’ ‘round with you.
Verse 2 Maybe she'll sigh *an awful lot*, maybe she'll cry *and maybe not*

G7 C C7
Maybe she'll find somebody else, *by and by-*

F/C Am/C F/C Am/C F/C Am/C Dm
To *sing to*, when it's cool and shady, where the tricky wiki wackies woo

Gm7 C7 Gm7 C7 Gm7 C7 F
If you *like* Ukulele Lady, Ukulele Lady *like-a you.*

Gm7 C7 F
Uku-lele Lady *like-a you-u-u-u.*

San Jose Ukulele Club