Ukulele Lady
By Richard Whiting and Gus Kahn (1925)

I saw the splendor of the moonlight, on Honolulu Bay.
There’s something tender in the moonlight, on Honolulu 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 sing 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 another ukulele lady foolin’ round with you.

Verse 2
Maybe she’ll sigh (an awful lot), maybe she’ll cry (and maybe not)
Maybe she’ll find somebody else, by and by
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 Honolulu 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 song I miss

Repeat Verse 1

Repeat Verse 2

Ukulele Lady like-a youuuuu.