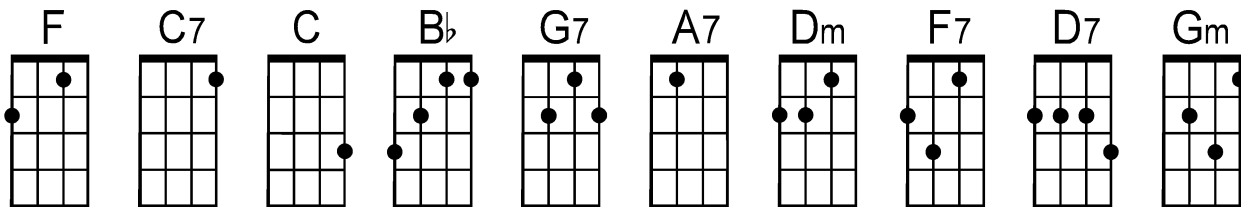


With My Little Ukulele in My Hand (original key of F)

by George Formby



Up-tempo with double time strum

Intro: F ' . ' A7 ' . ' | D7 ' . ' Gm ' . ' | F ' . ' C7 ' . ' | F \ A7 \ D7 ' . ' | G7 ' . ' C7 ' . ' | F ' . ' C7 ' . '

' | F ' . ' C7 ' . ' | C ' . ' F ' . '
Now, every bo—dy's got a crazy notion of their own—

' | Bb ' . ' F ' . ' | G7 ' . ' C7 ' . '
Some like to mix up with a crowd, some like to be a—lone—

' | Bb ' . ' F ' . ' | F ' . ' ' . '
It's no one else's busi—ness— as far as I can see—

' | G7 ' . ' ' . ' | ' . ' C7 '
But every time that I go out the peo—ple stare at me.

' | F ' . ' ' . ' | ' . ' ' . '
With my little uku—le-le in my hand—

' | Bb ' . ' ' . ' | F ' . ' ' . '
of course the peo—ple do not un—der—stand—

' | C7 ' . ' ' . ' | F ' . ' ' . ' . '
Some say, "Why don't you be a scamp? Why don't you read a book?"

' | G7 ' . ' ' . ' | ' . ' C7 '
But I get lots more pleas—ure when I'm play—ing with my uke!

' | F ' . ' A7 ' . ' | Dm ' . ' F7 ' . '
Of course, I take no no—tice, you can tell—

' | Bb ' . ' ' . ' | A7 ' . ' ' . '
For Mother's sound ad—vice will al—ways stand—

' | F ' . ' A7 ' . ' | D7 ' . ' Gm '
She said "My boy, do what I say and you'll never go a—stray

' | F ' . ' C7 ' . ' | F \ A7 \ D7 ' . ' |
If you keep your uku—lele in your hand, yes, son,

G7 ' . ' C7 ' . ' | F ' . ' ' . '
Keep your uku—lele in your hand—"

' | F ' . ' C7 ' . ' | C ' . ' F ' . '
While walking down the prom last night as peace—ful as can be—

' | Bb ' . ' F ' . ' | G7 ' . ' C7 ' . '
When some young girl said "What a—bout a stroll down by the sea—?"

' | Bb ' . ' ' . ' | F ' . ' ' . '
She said her name was Jen and that she'd just come for the day—

' | G7 ' . ' ' . ' | ' . ' C7 '
She looked so young and harm—less that I could—n't turn a—way.

So with my little uku—lele in my hand—

I took a stroll with Jen a-long the sand—

We walked a-long for miles with-out a single care or frown—

But when we reached the sand hills, she said “Come on let’s sit down—”

I felt so shy and bashful sitting there—

‘cuz the things she said I didn’t un-der-stand—

She said, “Your love just turns me diz-zy, come on, big boy, let’s get bu—sy!”

But I kept my uku—lele in my hand, yes sir—

I kept my uku—lele in my hand—!

Made up my mind that I’d get wed some eigh-teen months a—go—

I also bought a book a-bout the things you want to know—

But just a—bout a week a-go I got an aw-ful fright—

I had to get dressed quick-ly in the mid-dle of the night.

And with my little uku—lele in my hand—

I ran a-long the road to Doc-tor Brand—

It did-n’t take him long to get his lit-tle bag of tools—

I held his hat and coat and let him have my book of rules—

Out of the bedroom door he looked and smiled—

“Come in-side and see your wife and child—”

My heart, it jumped with joy, I could see it was a boy

For he had my uku—lele in his hand, oh ba—by—!

He had my uku—lele in his hand—