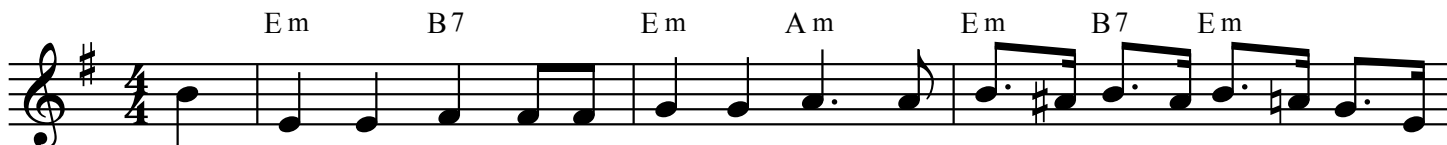
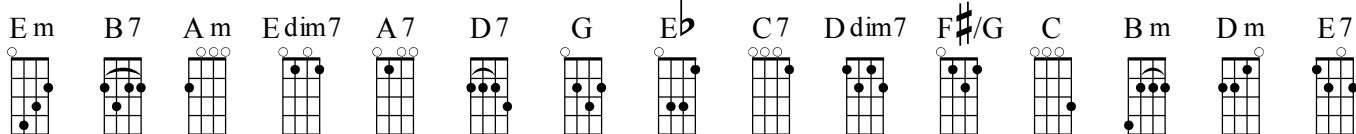


# THE GHOST OF THE UKULELE

By James Brockman and Jack Smith (1916) Arranged for ukulele by M. Ryan Taylor



Last night in dreams I could plain - ly see the land of Ho - no - lu - lu far a -  
 When I a - woke I was full of fright from hear - ing u - ku - le - le mu - sic



cross the sea. I was on the beach at Wai - ki - ki when a  
 played all night. I locked the door turned out the light, crawled



mil - lion u - ku - le - les start - ed chas - ing me, Bing,  
 back in - to my bed and hid right out of sight, Bing,



Bing, That's the sound that's haun - ting me, Bing,  
 Bing, There's that mel - o - dy a - gain, Bing,



Bing, The u - ku - le - le mel - o - dy. That's the  
 Bing, That sneak - y creap - y fun - ny strain.



ghost, that's the ghost, that's the ghost of the u - ku - le - le strum - ming

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brave - ly, How they sway when they play on the brave lit - tle u - ku -

G F#/G G C Am G

le - le play - ing dai - ly. First it make you sad, Then it makes you

3 Bm 3 3 D dim7

glad, Take it a - way I say, Take it a - way I say, Take it a - way, 'cause its driv - ing me

D7 G D dim7 D7

mad. That's the ghost, that's the ghost, that's the ghost of the u - ku - le - le Hear it

B7 Em Am E dim7 B7

dai - ly no mat - ter where I go it fol - lows me. There it is! There it

Dm E7 Am E7 Am E7

is! There it is! My dig - ni - ty I've tried to keep, But I did the hu - la hu - la

Am E dim7 G D dim7 Am D7 G F#/G G

in my sleep From the ghost of the u - ku - le - le mel - o - dy.