

# With My Little Ukelele In My Hand

George Formby

Now, everybody's got a crazy notion of their own.  
Some like to mix in with a crowd, some like to be alone.  
It's no one else's business as far as I can see,  
But every time that I go out the people stare at me  
With me little ukelele in me hand.  
Of course the people do not understand.  
Some say, "Why don't you be a scout? Why don't you read a book?"  
But I get much more pleasure when I'm playing with me uke.  
Of course, I take no notice, you can tell,  
For Mother's sound advice will always stand.  
She said, "My boy, hear what I say,  
You will never go astray  
If you keep your ukelele in your hand.  
Yes, son!  
Keep your ukelele in your hand."

While strolling down the promenade as happy as can be,  
When someone said, "Why don't we take a walk beside the sea?"  
She said her name was Jane and she was just there for the day.  
She looked so sad and lonesome I just couldn't turn away,  
So with me little ukelele in me hand  
I took a walk with Jane along the sand.  
We walked along for miles without a worry or a frown,  
But when we reached the dunes and she said, "Come on, let's sit down,"  
I felt so shy and bashful sitting there,  
'Cause the things she said I didn't understand.  
She said, "My love just makes me dizzy,  
Come along, my boy, get busy."  
But I kept me ukelele in me hand,  
Yes, sir!  
I kept me ukelele in me hand.

Made up my mind that I'd get wed about a year ago.  
I also got a book about the things you ought to know,  
But just about a week ago I had an awful fright.  
I had to get up quickly in the middle of the night,  
And with me little ukelele in me hand  
I ran along the street to Doctor Brand.  
It didn't take him long to bring his little bag of tools;

I held his hat and coat, and let him have me book of rules.

Out of the bedroom door he looked, and smiled,

Said, "Come along and see your wife and child."

My heart it jumped with joy,

I could see it was a boy

For he had his ukelele in his hand.

Yes, baby!

He had a ukelele in his hand.

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Lyrics submitted by Leslie Turriff.

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