





















50 The Uke is On the March





Words and music by Ian Whitcomb








 
We read in the papers, we watch on the news,
  
Such torrents of sorrow, such thunder of blues
 
But now on the scene - comes an army of kooks
 
Singing so sweetly and strumming their Ukes

  
Ring out the news 'round the nation

The UKE IS ON THE MARCH!

  
Spreading our strummed syncopation
   
The UKE IS ON THE MARCH!

 
We don't sing the blues, we don't holler or whine
 
Our melodies jingle, our words even rhyme

 
Step aside electronics! Make way for euphonics!
  
The UKE IS ON THE MARCH!