

THAT CABARET IN HONOLULU TOWN

by
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Illustration by Albert C. Van der Vliet

AT THAT CABARET

In Honolulu Town.

Words & Music
by JACK FROST

Moderato

f

VAMP *mp*

I had a pay-day yes-ter - day, — It was a gay day, I would say, — I paid my
Down on the beach at Wai-ki - ki — I heard that "Hula Melo - dy" — Their u-ku-

mf *mp*

laun-dry bill, had some left still, So I wander'd in a cab-a - ret — I tried to paint the town bright
le - les play'd that ser - e-nade "Down in Hon-o - lu-lu by the sea" — They play'd "Ha-wa - ian Blues" so

red, — I should have gone to bed in - stead, — Be-cause those Hu-la tunes and Hu-la croons They
nice — And "Hon-ey Lu - lu" once or twice, — "Down Hon-o - lu-lu Way" I heard them play "My

rit.

went right to my head, — A fun-ny dream I dreamed, — For there I was, it seemed,
Bird of Par - a - dise? — It took a - way all joy — To hear "A - lo - ha Oe!"

rit.

CHORUS

a tempo

At that Cab-a-ret in Hon-o-lu-lu All I heard was "Ya-ka Hu-la" "Old Bill Bai-ley

p-f a tempo

on his U-ku-le-le" played the "Hono-lu-lu Blues" "My own I-o-na" did some dances all her own-a;

When she be-gan to shake that dress of cop-ra grass-es, I for-got to use my op-ra glass-es "Oh How She Could
And I will bet the National Board of Cen-sorship will have to hand it to her on those hips. For

Yack-i, Hack-i, Wack-i" all a-round, And up and down Sud-den-ly my lit-tle sweet "Lu-an-a Lu" I

found, and I'll be bound I e-ven saw O-Bri-en 'still tryin' to talk Ha-wa-ian At that
My un-cle who's a rov-er was still look-ing them o-ver

Cab-a-ret in Hon-o-lu-lu Town. At that Town. *D.S.*

D.S.