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MUSICAL SATIRE IN TWO ACTS



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Book & Lyrics by **WILL M. HOUGH & FRANK R. ADAMS.**  
Music by **JOSEPH E. HOWARD.**



**CHAS. K. HARRIS**  
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# "Honolulu."

March Song.

Lyrics by  
WILL M. HOUGH.  
and  
FRANK R. ADAMS.

Music by  
JOSEPH E. HOWARD.

ff

f VAMP. p

VOICE.

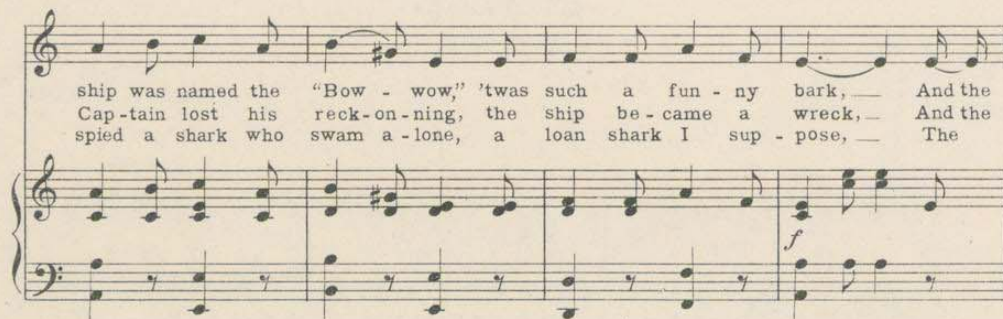
p

1. A cra - zy crew from Tim - buc-too once sailed the South-ern seas, — They  
2. But soon the Bow-wow struck a reef be - fore they reefed a sail, — The  
3. The Cap - tain yelled "Let out the sheet" so we threw out a bed, — A

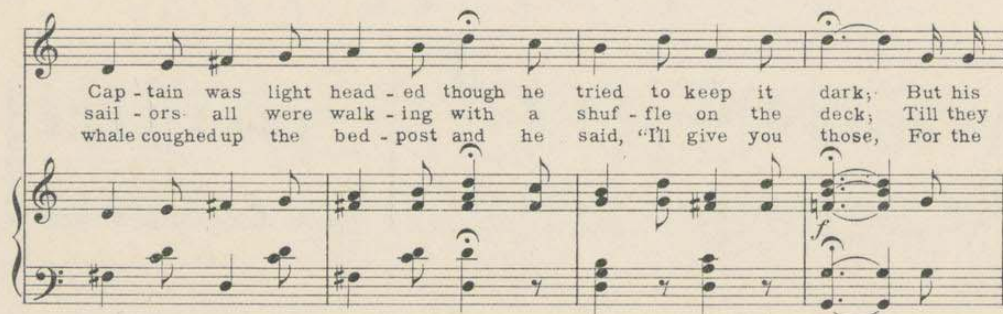
went in search of win - dow shades that grow on sha - dy trees; — The  
Bo'-s'un kicked the buck - et for he could not find a pail; — The  
bulk - y whale ap - peared just then and swal - lowed it in - stead; — We

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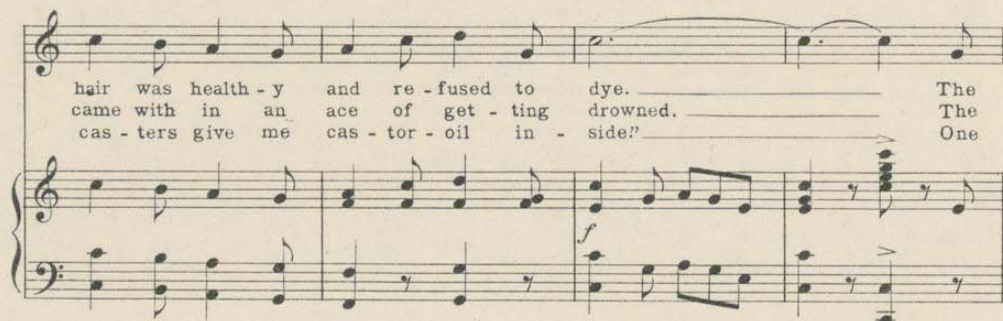




ship was named the "Bow - wow," 'twas such a fun - ny bark, — And the  
Cap - tain lost his reck - on - ning, the ship be - came a wreck, — And the  
spied a shark who swam a - lone, a loan shark I sup - pose, — The



Cap - tain was light head - ed though he tried to keep it dark, But his  
sail - ors all were walk - ing with a shuf - fle on the deck, Till they  
whale coughed up the bed - post and he said, "I'll give you those, For the

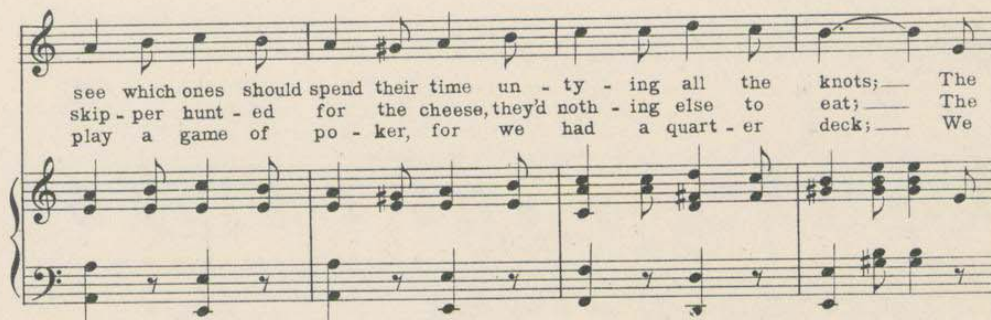


hair was health - y and re - fused to dye. The  
came with in an ace of get - ting drowned. The  
cas - ters give me cas - tor - oil in - side" One

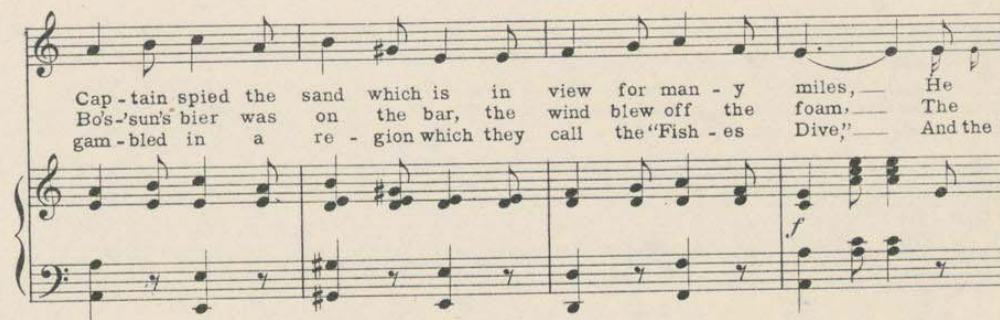


ship made twen - ty knots an hour and so the men draw lots, — To  
ship sank in the o - cean bed the wind tore up the sheet, — The  
day we spied a neck of land and land - ed on the wreck, — To





see which ones should spend their time un - ty - ing all the knots; — The  
skip - per hunt - ed for the cheese, they'd noth - ing else to eat; — The  
play a game of po - ker, for we had a quart - er deck; — We



Cap - tain spied the sand which is in view for man - y miles, — He  
Bo's - sun's bier was on the bar, the wind blew off the foam. — The  
gam - bled in a re - gion which they call the "Fish - es Dive," — And the



yelled, "That looks fa - mil - iar, those must be the Sand - wich Isles, — And the  
cat - fish combed his wav - y hair, they used a cat - a - comb, — And an  
Cap - tain had no child - ren, so the Bo's - un raised him five, — But the



gid - dy town of Hon - o - lu - lu - oo' —  
oys - te - rette the un - der - tow. —  
ship went out by sail - ing thro' a strait. —



## Chorus.

Ship - - a - hoy - - - says the bree - - ches  
 Ship - - a - hoy - - - says the bree - - ches  
 Ship - - a - hoy - - - says the bree - - ches

*p-f*

buoy, Why is an au - to a slot ma - chine?  
 buoy, Why not cry when the o - cean squalls,  
 buoy, when a maid - en slips on the burn - ing sand,

Al - so why is the gas so lean. Can a whale - - get  
 Why not weep when the cod - fish balls, Would a soft - - shell  
 Who will see the fair - y Can a cro - - co -

tight on a star - - board light? Oh this is the "Con" they  
 clam swear a beav - - er's dam? Oh this is the "Con" they  
 dile eat a Sand - - wich Isle? Oh this is the "Con" they



hand you in Hon - o - lu - lu - lu. lu.  
 hand you in Hon - o - lu - lu - lu. lu.  
 hand you in Hon - o - lu - lu - lu. lu.

## Dance.