



# Live Aloha 2019

# Ukulele Lady

Soprano Baritone

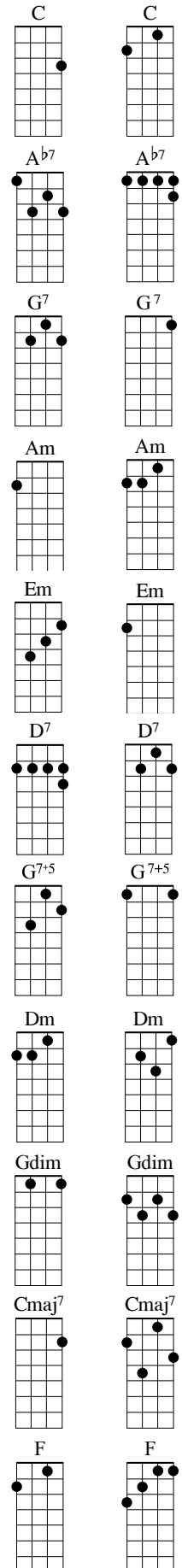
Words by Gus Kahn, Music by Richard A. Whiting, 1925

C A<sup>b7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C  
I saw the splendor of the moonlight on Honolu-lu Bay  
A<sup>b7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C  
There's something tender in the moonlight on Honolu-lu Bay  
A<sup>m</sup> E<sup>m</sup> A<sup>m</sup> E<sup>m</sup>  
And all the beaches are full of peaches who bring their ukes along  
C D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7+5</sup>  
And in the glimmer of the moonlight, they love to sing this song:

C E<sup>m</sup> A<sup>m</sup> E<sup>m</sup> C E<sup>m</sup> A<sup>m</sup> G<sup>o</sup>  
If you like a ukulele lady, ukulele lady like a you  
D<sup>m</sup> G<sup>7</sup> D<sup>m</sup> G<sup>7</sup> D<sup>m</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C G<sup>o</sup> G<sup>7</sup>  
If you want to linger where it's shady, ukulele lady linger too.  
C E<sup>m</sup> A<sup>m</sup> E<sup>m</sup> C E<sup>m</sup> A<sup>m</sup> G<sup>o</sup>  
If you kiss a ukulele lady, while you promise ever to be true  
D<sup>m</sup> G<sup>7</sup> D<sup>m</sup> G<sup>7</sup> D<sup>m</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C C<sup>maj7</sup> C<sup>7</sup>  
And she see another ukulele lady fool around with you.

F  
Maybe she'll sigh (an awful lot)  
C  
Maybe she'll cry (or maybe not)  
D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7+5</sup>  
Maybe she'll find somebody else by and by  
C E<sup>m</sup> A<sup>m</sup> E<sup>m</sup>  
To cling to when it's cool and shady  
C E<sup>m</sup> A<sup>m</sup> G<sup>o</sup>  
Where the tricky wickie wackies woo  
D<sup>m</sup> G<sup>7</sup> D<sup>m</sup> G<sup>7</sup> D<sup>m</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C  
If you like a ukulele lady, ukulele lady like a you.

C A<sup>b7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C  
She used to sing to me by moonlight on Honolu-lu Bay  
A<sup>b7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C  
Fond mem'ries cling to me by moonlight although I'm far a-way  
A<sup>m</sup> E<sup>m</sup>  
Someday I'm going where eyes are glowing  
A<sup>m</sup> E<sup>m</sup>  
And lips were made to kiss  
C D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7+5</sup>  
To see somebody in the moonlight and hear the song I miss.



# Sophisticated Hula

Sol K. Bright, 1940

Soprano Baritone

F F<sup>7</sup>  
Hands on your hips,

B<sup>b</sup> B<sup>bm</sup>  
Do those hula dips.

F C<sup>7</sup>  
Sophisticated hula,  
F C<sup>7</sup>

It's the talk of the town.  
F F<sup>7</sup>  
Swing your partner 'round.

B<sup>b</sup> B<sup>bm</sup>  
Soon you'll cover ground.

F C<sup>7</sup>  
Sophisticated hula,  
F E<sup>7</sup>  
It's the talk of the town.

A  
The native hula maidens, they love to dance.

E<sup>7</sup> A  
They do their dancing to the beating of drums.

G<sup>7</sup>  
And now sophisticated hula's your chance

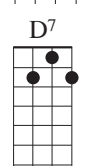
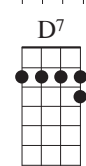
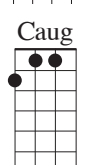
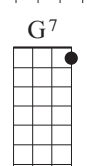
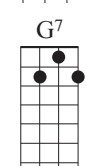
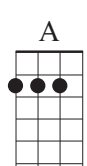
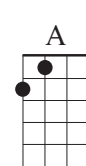
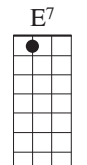
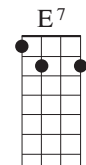
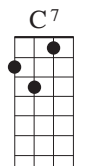
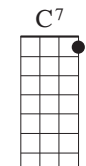
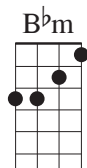
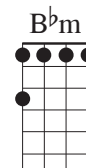
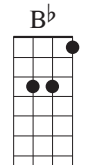
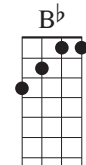
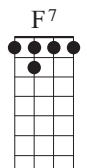
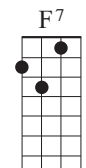
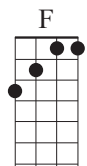
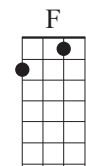
C<sup>7</sup> C<sup>aug</sup>  
To dance while the melody runs.

F F<sup>7</sup>  
So, dance to the music sweet.

B<sup>b</sup> B<sup>bm</sup>  
Soon you will repeat,

F C<sup>7</sup>  
Sophisticated hula,  
F  
It's the talk of the town.

D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F  
End: Oh yeah, Sophisticated hula, it's the talk of the town!



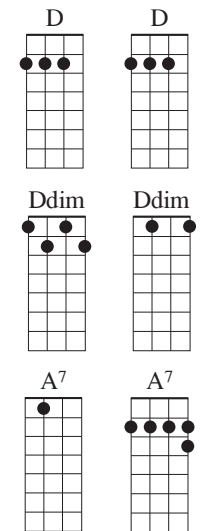
# Lovely Hula Hands

Words and music by R. Alex Anderson, 1940

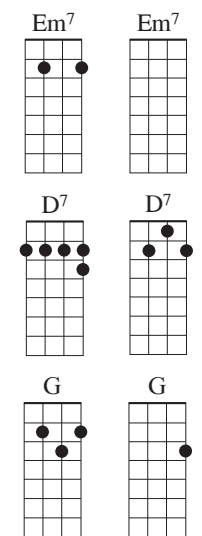
Vamp: E<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7</sup> D

Soprano Baritone

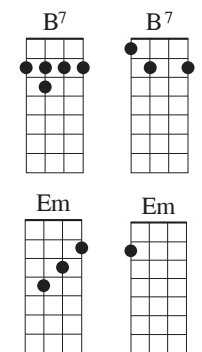
D  
Lovely hula hands  
D° A<sup>7</sup> (E<sup>m7</sup> A<sup>7</sup>)  
Graceful as the birds in motion;  
D° A<sup>7</sup>  
Gliding like the gulls o'er the ocean,  
D A<sup>7</sup> D A<sup>7</sup>  
Lovely hula hands. (kou lima nani e)



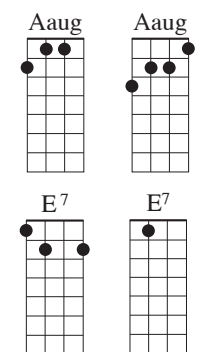
D  
Lovely hula hands  
D° A<sup>7</sup> (E<sup>m7</sup> A<sup>7</sup>)  
Telling of the rain in the valley,  
D° A<sup>7</sup>  
And the swirling winds on the Pali.  
D A<sup>7</sup> D A<sup>7</sup>  
Lovely hula hands. (kou lima nani e)



D<sup>7</sup> G  
I can feel the soft caresses of your lovely hands,  
D<sup>7</sup> G  
Your lovely hula hands.  
B<sup>7</sup> E<sup>m</sup>  
Ev'ry little move expresses so I'll understand  
A<sup>7</sup> (A<sup>+</sup>)  
All the tender meaning...



D  
Of your hula hands  
D° A<sup>7</sup> (E<sup>m7</sup> A<sup>7</sup>)  
Fingertips that say, "A - loha."  
D° A<sup>7</sup>  
Say to me again, "I love you."  
D A<sup>7</sup> D  
Lovely hula hands. (kou lima nani e)



# E Huli Mâkou

David Chung, 1949

F  
E huli, e huli mâkou  
G<sup>7</sup>  
E huli, e huli mâkou  
C<sup>7</sup>  
Kou maka, kou lima,

Me kou kino e  
F G<sup>7</sup>-C<sup>7</sup>-F  
E aloha mai

F  
I mua, i mua mâkou  
G<sup>7</sup>  
I mua, i mua mâkou  
C<sup>7</sup>  
Kou maka, kou lima,

Me kou kino e  
F G<sup>7</sup>-C<sup>7</sup>-F  
E aloha mai

F  
I lalo, i lalo mâkou  
G<sup>7</sup>  
I lalo, i lalo mâkou  
C<sup>7</sup>  
Kou maka, kou lima,

Me kou kino e  
F G<sup>7</sup>-C<sup>7</sup>-F  
E aloha mai

F  
I luna, i luna mâkou  
G<sup>7</sup>  
I luna, i luna mâkou  
C<sup>7</sup>  
Kou maka, kou lima,

Me kou kino e  
F G<sup>7</sup>-C<sup>7</sup>-F  
E aloha mai

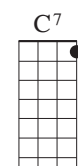
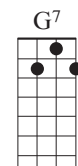
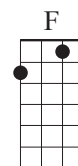
F  
I hope, i hope mâkou  
G<sup>7</sup>  
I hope, i hope mâkou  
C<sup>7</sup>  
Kou maka, kou lima,

Me kou kino e  
F G<sup>7</sup>-C<sup>7</sup>-F  
E aloha mai

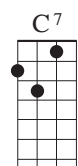
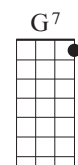
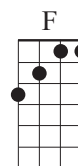
F  
Ha'ina, ha'ina ho'i mai  
G<sup>7</sup>  
E huli, e huli ho'i mai  
C<sup>7</sup>  
Kou maka, kou lima,

Me kou kino e  
F G<sup>7</sup>-C<sup>7</sup>-F  
E aloha mai

Soprano



Baritone



# Honolulu Baby

Music & Lyrics by Marvin Hatley, 1933 (from *Sons of the Desert* with Laurel and Hardy)

Soprano Baritone

$A^m$   $E^7$   $A^m$   
 While down on the south sea islands  
 $A^m$   $E^7$   $A^m$   
 Underneath the beauty of the stars,  
 $E^7$   $A^m$   
 I strayed upon some maidens  
 $B^7$   $E^7$   
 Who were strummin' on their guitars.  
 $A^m$   $E^7$   $A^m$   
 A hula maid was dancin'  
 $E^7$   $A^m$   
 And I knew I found my paradise.  
 $E^7$   $A^m$   
 So this is what I told her  
 $G$   $C$   
 As I gazed into her eyes,

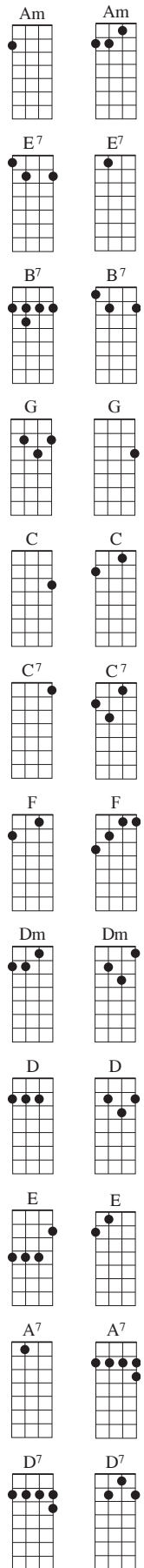
[chorus, 2nd time optional scat singing]

$C^7$   $F$   $C$   
 Honolulu Baby, where'd you get those eyes  
 $G$   $C$   $C^7$   
 And that dark complexion I just idolize?  
 $F$   $C$   
 Honolulu Baby, where'd you get that style  
 $G$   $C$   $F$   $C$   
 And those pretty red lips, and that sunny smile?

$D^m$   $C$   
 When you start to dance, your hula hips entrance,  
 $D^m$   $G$   $C$   
 Then you shake it up and down  
 $D$   $E$   
 Shake a little here, shake a little there  
 $A^7$   $D^7$   $G$   
 Well, you got the boy goin' to town.

$C^7$   $F$   $C$   
 (1) Honolulu Baby, you know your stuff.  
 $G$   $C$  (F C)  
 Honolulu Baby, gonna call your bluff. [chorus to 2nd ending]

$C^7$   $F$   $C$   
 (2) Honolulu Baby, from Waikiki.  
 $G$   $C$   $G^7$   $C$   
 Honolulu Baby, you're the one for me!



# Hanalei Moon

Words & Music by Robert Nelson, 1974

Soprano Baritone

Intro vamp: G<sup>7</sup>-C<sup>7</sup>-F (x2)

C<sup>7</sup> F (D<sup>7</sup>)

When you see  
G<sup>7</sup>

Hanalei by moonlight,

G<sup>m7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F C<sup>7</sup>

You will be in Heaven by the sea.

F (D<sup>7</sup>)

Every breeze,

G<sup>7</sup>

Every wave will whisper,

G<sup>m7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F (C<sup>7</sup> C<sup>+</sup>)

"You are mine. Don't ever go away."

F (D<sup>7</sup>) G<sup>7</sup>

Hanalei,

Hanalei Moon

C<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup>-B<sup>bm</sup>-F C<sup>7</sup>

Is lighting beloved Kaua'i.

F (D<sup>7</sup>) G<sup>7</sup>

Hanalei,

Hanalei Moon,

C<sup>7</sup> F (C<sup>7</sup> to top) (D<sup>7</sup> to last)

Aloha no wau ia oe.

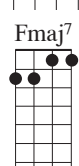
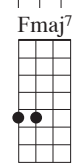
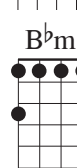
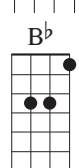
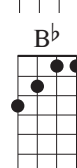
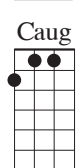
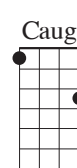
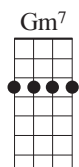
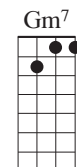
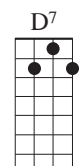
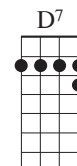
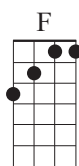
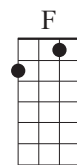
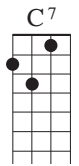
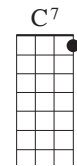
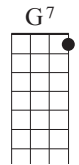
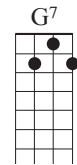
[Last time:]

G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> (Break & ritard)

Aloha no wau ia,

B<sup>b</sup> B<sup>bm</sup> Fmaj<sup>7</sup>

Hana-lei Moon.



# My Own Iona

(Hawaii's Favorite Love Song)

Words by L. Wolfe Gilbert, Music by Anatol Friedland & Carey Morgan 1916

Introduced by Charles King and Elizabeth "Fannie" Brice

(D<sup>7</sup>) G

I long to be, long to see, you and me

D<sup>7</sup> G

Down among the Hula Hula hills, \_\_\_\_\_

D<sup>7</sup>

With the pretty little lakes and rills,

G<sup>o</sup> G D<sup>7</sup>

My heart with rapture fills; \_\_\_\_\_

G

I'll ne'er forget little pet when we met

D<sup>7</sup> G

Underneath the ever watching moon, \_\_\_\_\_

D<sup>7</sup>

G

G<sup>7</sup>

I miss those sighing croons, Hawaiian tunes and you.

CHORUS:

C (C<sup>m</sup>) G

My own Iona, from old Halona,

D<sup>7</sup>

Your dark and dreamy eyes

G<sup>o</sup> G G<sup>7</sup>

They speak of paradise;

C (C<sup>m</sup>) G

My Ukelele, played the Mauna Loa gayly,

D<sup>7</sup> G

Halona's calling me, Iona dear, my own.

(D<sup>7</sup>) G

For ev'ry day that I stay, far away

D<sup>7</sup> G

From the valley in the tropic isle, \_\_\_\_\_

D<sup>7</sup>

There's a missing little sunny smile,

G<sup>o</sup> G D<sup>7</sup>

That haunts me all the while; \_\_\_\_\_

G

For ev'ry night that I might have delight

D<sup>7</sup> G

Being with you, I am all alone, \_\_\_\_\_

D<sup>7</sup>

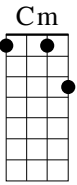
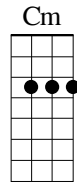
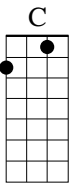
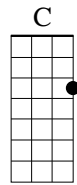
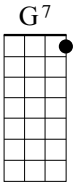
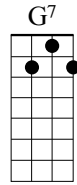
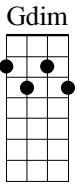
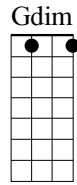
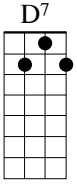
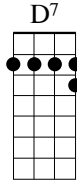
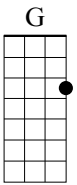
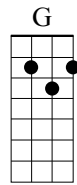
G

G<sup>7</sup>

Far from your loving arms, Hawaiian charms and you. [chorus]

Soprano

Baritone





# Wahine Ilikea

Dennis Kamakahi

Soprano Baritone

[Hui]

F B<sup>b</sup> F B<sup>b</sup> F B<sup>b</sup>

Pu\_\_a kalau\_\_nu ma ke kai  
F C<sup>7</sup>

O Honouliwai

F B<sup>b</sup> F B<sup>b</sup>  
Wahine ilikea i ka poli o Moloka'i,  
F B<sup>b</sup> F (F<sup>7</sup>)

No ka heke\_\_\_\_\_

B<sup>b</sup>

Nani wale no, ka wai lele uka  
F F<sup>7</sup>

'O Hina, 'O Haha, 'O Mo'oloa

B<sup>b</sup>

Na wai `ekolu

I ka ulu wehi wehi

F C<sup>7</sup>  
O Kamalo, i ka malie [hui]

B<sup>b</sup>

Nani wale no ka'aina Halawa  
F F<sup>7</sup>

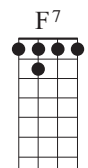
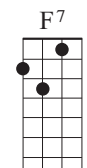
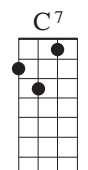
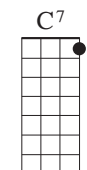
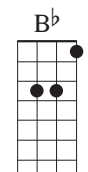
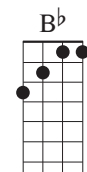
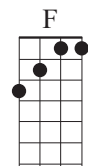
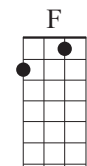
Home ho'okipa a ka malihini

B<sup>b</sup>

`Aina uluwehi

I ka noe `ahiahi

F C<sup>7</sup>  
Ua lawe mai i ka makani Ho'olua [hui]



# My Little Grass Shack (NWFL)

Bill Cogswell, Tommy Harrison & Johnny Noble, 1933

Vamp: G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F (twice)

I want to go back to my little grass shack

In Kealahou, Hawaii.

I want to be with all the kanes and wahines

That I used to know (so long ago).

I can hear the old guitars a-playing

On the beach at Ho'onaunau.

I can hear the old Hawaiians saying,

"Komo mai no kâua i ka hale welakahao!"

It won't be long till my ship will be sailing

Back to Kona

A grand old place that's always fair to see,

(You're telling me)

I'm just a little Hawaiian

And a homesick island boy.

I want to go back to my fish and poi.

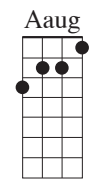
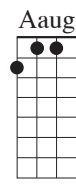
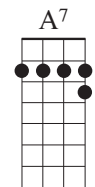
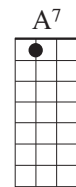
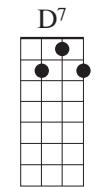
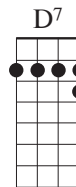
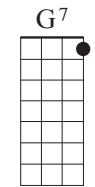
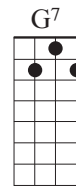
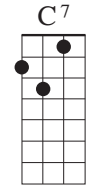
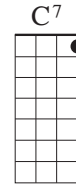
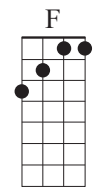
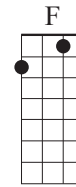
I want to go back to my little grass shack

In Kealahou, Hawaii,

Where the humuhumunukunukuapua'a go swimming by.

Vamp Ending: G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F

Soprano Baritone



# Pua Mana (F)

Words by Charles Kekua Farden, Music by Irmgard 'Aluli, 1937

Soprano Baritone

F F<sup>7</sup>

Pua mana

*Puamana*

B<sup>b</sup> F

Ku'u home i Lahaina

*Is my home in Lahaina*

C<sup>7</sup>

Me na pua `ala onaona

*With flowers so fragrant*

G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F

Ku'u home i aloha `ia

*My home is so loved*

F F<sup>7</sup>

Ku'u home

*My home*

B<sup>b</sup> F

I ka ulu o ka niu

*Is surrounded by coconut trees*

C<sup>7</sup>

O ka niu ku kilakila

*That stand majestically*

G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F

Napenape malie

*Fluttering gently (in the breeze)*

F F<sup>7</sup>

Home nani

*A beautiful home*

B<sup>b</sup> F

Home i ka `ae kai

*Nestled along the shore*

C<sup>7</sup>

Ke konane a ka mahina

*With the bright moon*

G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F

I ke kai hawanawana

*Upon the whispering sea*

F F<sup>7</sup>

Ha'ina

*Told*

B<sup>b</sup> F

`Ia mai ka puana

*Is the refrain (of)*

C<sup>7</sup>

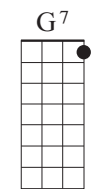
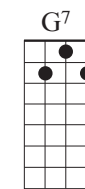
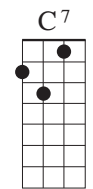
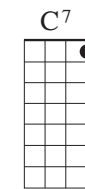
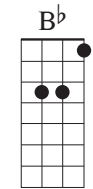
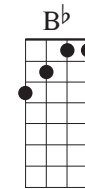
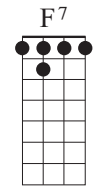
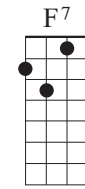
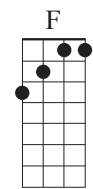
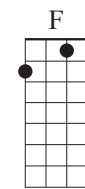
Ku'u home i Lahaina

*My home in Lahaina*

G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F

Ua piha me ka hau'oli

*Full of happiness and joy*



# My Waikiki Girl

Words & Music by Jack Pitman & Bob Magoon, 1953

Vamp: D<sup>7</sup><sub>4</sub> G<sup>7</sup><sub>4</sub> C<sub>8</sub> /NC

[chorus]

(C) G<sup>7</sup>  
My Waikiki girl, my Waikiki girl,  
(G<sup>+</sup>) C  
I know that always, always, I'll love you.  
(C) G<sup>7</sup>  
My Waikiki girl, my Waikiki girl,  
(G<sup>+</sup>) C  
I know that always, always, I'll be true.

(C) D<sup>7</sup>  
You'll always find her by the seashore  
G<sup>7</sup> C  
Strolling along without a care.

D<sup>7</sup>  
She has a smile for every beach boy  
G<sup>7</sup> C  
With a hibiscus in her hair.

C D<sup>7</sup>  
And when the sea is dark and stormy,  
G<sup>7</sup> C  
Out in the surf you'll find her there.  
D<sup>7</sup>

She rides the breakers on a surfboard  
G<sup>7</sup> C  
With a hibiscus in her hair. [chorus]

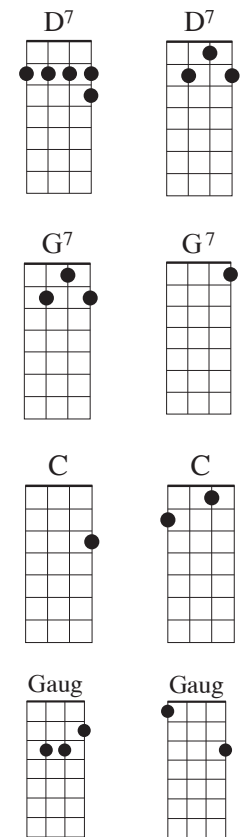
C D<sup>7</sup>  
And ev'ry evening in the moonlight,  
G<sup>7</sup> C  
Tropical music fills the air.

D<sup>7</sup>  
She does the hula in the moonlight  
G<sup>7</sup> C  
With a hibiscus in her hair.

C D<sup>7</sup>  
You're all invited to the wedding,  
G<sup>7</sup> C  
We're gonna make a perfect pair.  
D<sup>7</sup>

She'll promise to be mine forever  
G<sup>7</sup> C  
With a hibiscus in her hair. [chorus]

Soprano Baritone



# 'Ulupalakua (G/A) [NWFL]

John P. Watkins, 1947

Intro: A<sup>7</sup>-D<sup>7</sup>-G x2

G G<sup>7</sup>  
Kaulana mai nei  
C G  
A'o 'Ulupalakua  
E<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7</sup>  
E 'inikiniki 'ahiahi  
D<sup>7</sup> G  
Ka home a'o paniolo

Vamp: A<sup>7</sup>-D<sup>7</sup>-G-E<sup>7</sup>-A

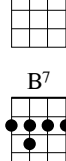
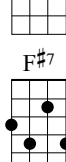
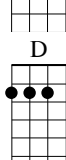
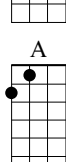
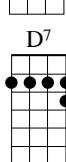
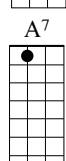
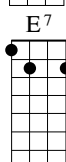
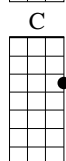
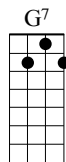
A A<sup>7</sup>  
Kaulana mai nei  
D A  
A'o 'Ulupalakua  
F<sup>#7</sup> B<sup>7</sup>  
E 'inikiniki 'ahiahi  
E<sup>7</sup> A  
Ka home a'o paniolo

Vamp: B<sup>7</sup>-E<sup>7</sup>-A-D<sup>7</sup>-G

G G<sup>7</sup>  
E wehi e ku'u lei  
C G  
A'o 'Ulupalakua  
E<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7</sup>  
'Onaona me ka 'awapuhi  
D<sup>7</sup> G  
He beauty ma'oli no

Vamp: A<sup>7</sup>-D<sup>7</sup>-G-E<sup>7</sup>-A

Soprano



A A<sup>7</sup>  
E wehi e ku'u lei  
D A  
A'o 'Ulupalakua  
F<sup>#7</sup> B<sup>7</sup>  
'Onaona me ka 'awapuhi  
E<sup>7</sup> A  
He beauty ma'oli no

Vamp: B<sup>7</sup>-E<sup>7</sup>-A-D<sup>7</sup>-G

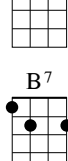
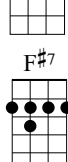
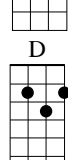
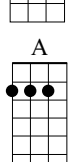
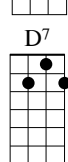
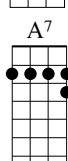
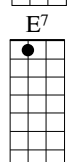
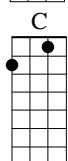
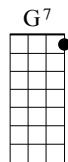
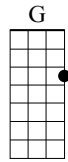
G G<sup>7</sup>  
Ha'ina mai ka puana  
C G  
A'o 'Ulupalakua  
E<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7</sup>  
E 'inikiniki 'ahiahi  
D<sup>7</sup> G  
Ka home a'o paniolo

Vamp: A<sup>7</sup>-D<sup>7</sup>-G-E<sup>7</sup>-A

A A<sup>7</sup>  
Ha'ina mai ka puana  
D A  
A'o 'Ulupalakua  
F<sup>#7</sup> B<sup>7</sup>  
E 'inikiniki 'ahiahi  
E<sup>7</sup> A  
Ka home a'o paniolo

Ending Vamp: B<sup>7</sup>-E<sup>7</sup>-A

Baritone



# West Seattle Girls

**(Riff)**

Brian Wilson/Mike Love/Dan Schindler

Well down town girls are hip, I really dig those styles they wear  
 And the Burien girls with the way they talk  
 They knock me out when I'm down there  
 The south sound farmer's daughters really make you feel alright  
 And the Ballard girls with the way they kiss  
 They keep their boyfriends warm at night

**(Chorus)**

I wish they all could be West Seattle  
 I wish they all could be West Seattle  
 I wish they all could be West Seattle girls  
 Se-attle has no sunshine, So the girls don't get too tanned  
 I dig a Gore-tex parka on a Vashon island doll  
 By a pine tree in the sand  
 I been all around this Puget Sound  
 And I seen all kinds of girls  
 Yeah, but I couldn't wait to get over the bridge  
 Back to the cutest girls in the world

**(Chorus)**

**(Riff)**

Coda (repeat to fade):

I wish they all could be West Seattle girls (X 3)  
 (wish they all could be West Seattle... X 3)  
**(Riff fade)**

Soprano Baritone

**Beach boy Riff --**

0	2	0	2	2	2	2	2	2	2						
4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4						
1	n	2	&	3	n	4	&	1	n	2	&	3	n	4	&

Hold the 1 and the 3 count an extra half beat