

# Oh! How She Could Yacki Hacki Wicki Wacki Woo

Soprano Baritone

(That's Love in Honolu)

Words by Stanley Murphy & Charles McCarron, Music by Albert Von Tiller 1916

Introduced and recorded by Ida Adams in the comedy with music, *Houp La!*

## VERSE 1:

(G7) C C° C G7 C  
I've been a roaming Rome-o, Since I left my home-o.  
G7 D7 G7  
I've never overlooked a bet. Met all comers, and I meet 'em yet.  
C C° C E7 Am  
I loved a girl in Timbuc-too, and lots of other places, too.  
C C° C C° D7 G7 C  
But the little Hula Hula I met in Hono-lula, broke my heart in two.

## CHORUS:

(C7) F C7 F C7  
She had a Hula, Hula, Hicki Boo-la, Boo-la in her walk, \_\_\_\_\_  
F C7 F C7  
She had an ukulele wicki wicki waili in her talk, \_\_\_\_\_  
F C° Bb G7  
And by the big Hawaiian moon, beneath a banyan tree we'd spoon  
F C7 F C7 D7 G7 C7  
I've been try-in' to learn 'Hawai-ian' since that night in June  
F C7 F C7  
She had a blinky, blinky, little naughty winky in her eyes \_\_\_\_\_  
F C7 F C7  
She had a 'Come and kiss me don't you dare to miss me' in her sigh \_\_\_\_\_  
F C° Bb C7  
Beneath the banyan para-sol, she couldn't talk my talk at all  
F C7 F  
But, oh how she could yacki, hacki, wicki, wacki woo  
(C7) F C7 F  
That's love in Hono-lu.

## VERSE 2:

(G7) C C° C G7 C  
Now listen folks I never knew what she meant by 'Wacki Woo'  
G7 D7 G7  
But I found out, and now I know. It's the same as 'Ooggy ooggy o'  
C C° C E7 Am  
In Honolulu that means love and that's just what I'm thinking of  
C C° C C° D7 G7 C  
But I'm not a goin' to fool her, I'm going to Hono-lula to my turtle dove.

