Since They're Playin' Hawaiian Tunes In Dixie.

By BERNIE GROSSMAN,
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Ha-wai-ia, what did you do? I blame my troubles on you,
Those tunes of sweet long ago, Those tunes we sang so soft and low,

Musie strange has caused a change In every thing I once knew. My folks in old Ten-nessee,
Seem days of yore are heard no more "Ha-wai-ian," that's all they know. The girls wear skirts made of hay, They

oh so diff'rent to me, That Hula craze has changed their ways. They're crazy as can be,
cut them shorter each day, The way they prance, the way they dance, is worse than I can say.

Chorus.

Since they're play-in' Ha-wai-ian tunes in Dix-ie-land, Rufie John-son got him-self a
Hula band.  Old uncle Joe sold his old banjo, Plays the ukulele

soft and low Deacon Brewster taught his rooster to Yaka hula hicky doo la

cock-a-doodle do.  Everybody dancing around just like they do

in Honolulu, Way down on the Suwanee river All the darkies

shake and quiver, Since they're playin' Hawaiian tunes in Dixie Since