Yock-A-Hilo Town

Words by
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Music by
WALTER DONALDSON

Moderately (Not fast)

"Cross the sea in Yock-a-Hilo Town,
Underneath that oriental moon,
A Chinese maid just like before,
With eyes of brown, we'll sit and spoon,
Dressed up in an oriental gown,
We'll be wed some Sunday afternoon.

Keeps crying while the moon is shining down,
And start up on our lifelong honey moon,
'Cause her pig-tailed yeoman sailed away,
Way a year ago,
She wrote a note and he answered her in this way:
I saved enough, for a home beneath the lantern's glow.
REFRAIN  Brightly, not fast

I'll soon be bound for Yock-a-Hilo Town, I'm goin' to give that ship the slip and settle down, Because that moon above has made me feel so lonely, I've been crying, sighing for you only. You'll look so nice.

'Mid the fields of rice, And I can picture Chinese lil-ies all a-round, A little blink-y-wink-y pink-y will be found Running all a-round.

In Yock-a-Hilo Town, I'll soon be Town.