

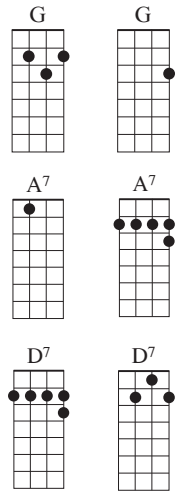


Live Aloha 2018

On the Beach at Waikiki NWFL

Words by G.H. Stover, Music by G.H. Stover & Henry Kailmai, Arranged by Sonny Cunha 1915
Introduced at the Hawaii pavilion of the San Francisco Panama-Pacific Exposition 1915

Soprano Baritone



Intro: G x 8bars

G
"Honi kāua wikiwiki" (hoe-knee ka oowa wicky wicky)

A⁷
Lovely maiden said to me

D⁷
As she gave me language lessons

G
On the beach at Waikiki.

G
"Honi kāua wikiwiki" (hoe-knee ka oowa wicky wicky)

A⁷
She then said and smiled in glee,

D⁷
But she would not translate for me

G
On the beach at Waikiki.

G
"Honi kāua wikiwiki" (hoe-knee ka oowa wicky wicky)

A⁷
She repeated playfully

D⁷
Oh those lips were so inviting

G
On the beach at Waikiki.

G
"Honi kāua wikiwiki" (hoe-knee ka oowa wicky wicky)

A⁷
She was surely teasing me,

D⁷
So I caught that maid and kissed her

G
On the beach at Waikiki.

G
"Honi kāua wikiwiki" (hoe-knee ka oowa wicky wicky)

A⁷
You have learned it perfectly.

D⁷
Don't forget what I have taught you

G
On the beach at Waikiki.

D⁷
Don't forget what I have taught you

G D⁷ G
On the beach at Waikiki.

My Little Grass Shack (NWFL)

Bill Cogswell, Tommy Harrison & Johnny Noble, 1933

Vamp: G⁷ C⁷ 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.

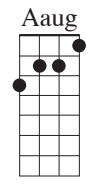
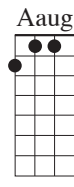
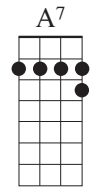
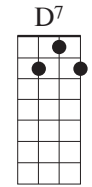
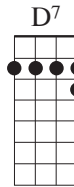
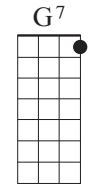
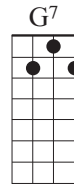
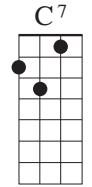
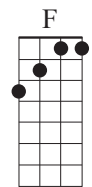
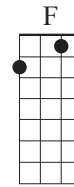
I want to go back to my little grass shack

In Kealahou, Hawaii,

Where the humuhumunukunukuapua'a go swimming by.

Vamp Ending: G⁷ C⁷ F

Soprano Baritone



My Waikiki Girl

Words & Music by Jack Pitman & Bob Magoon, 1953

Vamp: D⁷₄ G⁷₄ C₈ /NC

[chorus]

(C) G⁷
My Waikiki girl, my Waikiki girl,
(G⁺) C
I know that always, always, I'll love you.
(C) G⁷
My Waikiki girl, my Waikiki girl,
(G⁺) C
I know that always, always, I'll be true.

(C) D⁷
You'll always find her by the seashore
G⁷ C
Strolling along without a care.

D⁷
She has a smile for every beach boy
G⁷ C
With a hibiscus in her hair.

C D⁷
And when the sea is dark and stormy,
G⁷ C
Out in the surf you'll find her there.
D⁷

She rides the breakers on a surfboard
G⁷ C
With a hibiscus in her hair. [chorus]

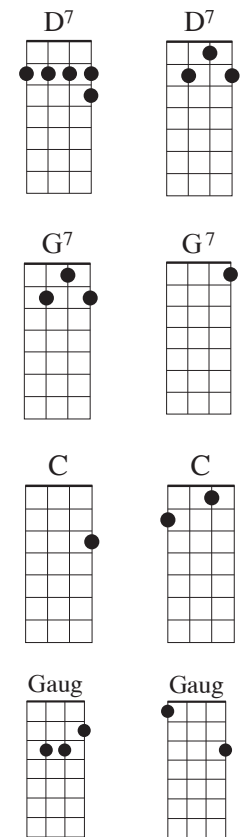
C D⁷
And ev'ry evening in the moonlight,
G⁷ C
Tropical music fills the air.

D⁷
She does the hula in the moonlight
G⁷ C
With a hibiscus in her hair.

C D⁷
You're all invited to the wedding,
G⁷ C
We're gonna make a perfect pair.
D⁷

She'll promise to be mine forever
G⁷ C
With a hibiscus in her hair. [chorus]

Soprano Baritone



E Huli Mâkou

David Chung, 1949

F
E huli, e huli mâkou
G⁷
E huli, e huli mâkou
C⁷
Kou maka, kou lima,

Me kou kino e
F G⁷-C⁷-F
E aloha mai

F
I mua, i mua mâkou
G⁷
I mua, i mua mâkou
C⁷
Kou maka, kou lima,

Me kou kino e
F G⁷-C⁷-F
E aloha mai

F
I lalo, i lalo mâkou
G⁷
I lalo, i lalo mâkou
C⁷
Kou maka, kou lima,

Me kou kino e
F G⁷-C⁷-F
E aloha mai

F
I luna, i luna mâkou
G⁷
I luna, i luna mâkou
C⁷
Kou maka, kou lima,

Me kou kino e
F G⁷-C⁷-F
E aloha mai

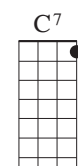
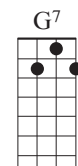
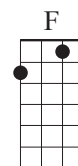
F
I hope, i hope mâkou
G⁷
I hope, i hope mâkou
C⁷
Kou maka, kou lima,

Me kou kino e
F G⁷-C⁷-F
E aloha mai

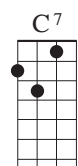
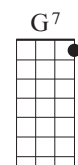
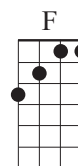
F
Ha'ina, ha'ina ho'i mai
G⁷
E huli, e huli ho'i mai
C⁷
Kou maka, kou lima,

Me kou kino e
F G⁷-C⁷-F
E aloha mai

Soprano



Baritone



Cherry Pink (& Apple Blossom White)

Music by Louiguy (Louis Gugliemi), Frech lyrics by Jacques Larue/English lyrics by Mack David, 1951

D^m G⁷ C F C /NC

It's cherry pink and apple blossom white

When your true lover comes your way

It's cherry pink and apple blossom white

The poets say.

The story goes that once a cherry tree

Beside an apple tree did grow,

And there a boy once met his bride to be

Long, long ago.

The boy looked into her eyes; It was a sight to enthrall.

The breezes joined their sighs; The blossoms started to fall.

And, as they gently caressed, the lovers looked up to find

The branches of the two trees were intertwined.

And that is why the poets always write

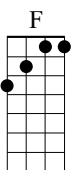
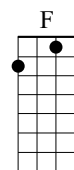
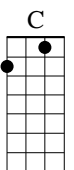
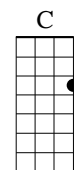
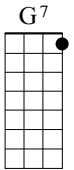
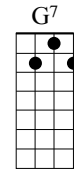
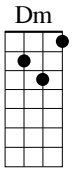
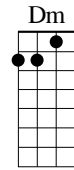
When there's a new moon bright above

It's cherry pink and apple blossom white

When you're in love!

Soprano

Baritone



D^m G⁷

C /NC

D^m G⁷

C F C

G⁷ C

G⁷ C

G⁷ C

G⁷ C /NC

D^m G⁷

C /NC

D^m G⁷

C (F C)

Haole Hula (NW Folklife)

Words & Music by R. Alex Anderson, 1928

Intro: G7// - C7// - F////, G7// - C7// - F// - C7// - F/-break

Oh when I hear the strains of that sweet Alekoki,

And stealing from a far off guitar Penei No

When Liliu E makes you sway in the moonlight

I know the reason why fair Hawaii haunts you so.

Vamp : G7// - C7// - F// - C7// - F/-break

The lovely blue of sky and the sapphire of ocean

The flashing white of cloud and of waves foaming crest

The many shades of green from the plain to the mountain

With all the brightest hues of the rainbow we're blessed.

Vamp : G7// - C7// - F// - C7// - F/-break

I hear the swish of rain as it sweeps down the valley

I hear the song of wind as it sighs through the trees

I hear the crash of waves on the rocks and the beaches

I hear the hissing surf and the boom of the seas.

Vamp : G7// - C7// - F// - C7// - F/-break

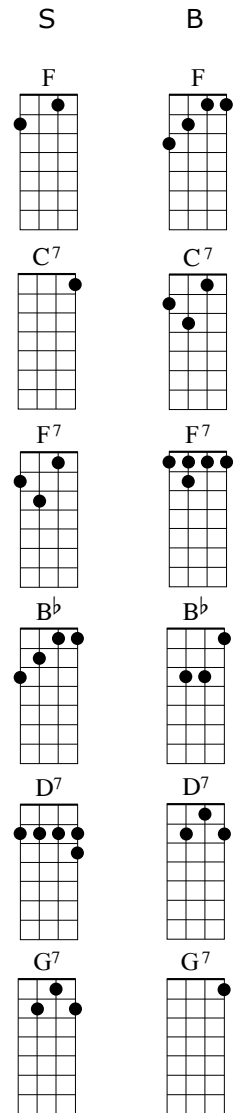
I love to dance and sing of the charms of Hawaii

And from a joyful heart sing Aloha to you.

In every note I'll tell of the spell of my islands

For then I know that you'll be in love with them too.

For then I know that you'll be in love with them too.



Ukulele Lady

Soprano Baritone

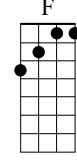
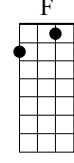
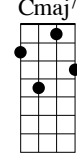
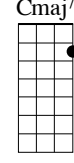
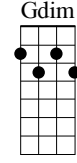
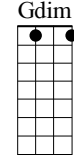
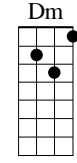
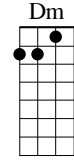
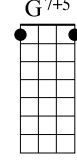
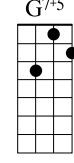
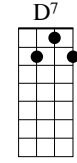
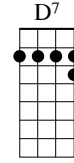
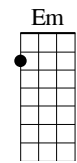
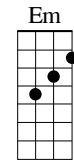
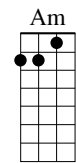
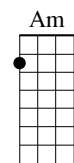
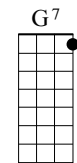
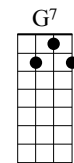
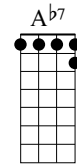
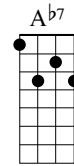
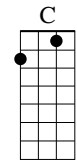
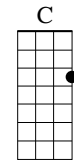
Words by Gus Kahn, Music by Richard A. Whiting, 1925

C A^{b7} G⁷ C
I saw the splendor of the moonlight on Honolu-lu Bay
A^{b7} G⁷ C
There's something tender in the moonlight on Honolu-lu Bay
A^m E^m A^m E^m
And all the beaches are full of peaches who bring their ukes along
C D⁷ G⁷ G⁷⁺⁵
And in the glimmer of the moonlight, they love to sing this song:

C E^m A^m E^m C E^m A^m G^o
If you like a ukulele lady, ukulele lady like a you
D^m G⁷ D^m G⁷ D^m G⁷ C G^o G⁷
If you want to linger where it's shady, ukulele lady linger too.
C E^m A^m E^m C E^m A^m G^o
If you kiss a ukulele lady, while you promise ever to be true
D^m G⁷ D^m G⁷ D^m G⁷ C C^{maj7} C⁷
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)
D⁷ G⁷ G⁷⁺⁵
Maybe she'll find somebody else by and by
C E^m A^m E^m
To cling to when it's cool and shady
C E^m A^m G^o
Where the tricky wickie wackies woo
D^m G⁷ D^m G⁷ D^m G⁷ C
If you like a ukulele lady, ukulele lady like a you.

C A^{b7} G⁷ C
She used to sing to me by moonlight on Honolu-lu Bay
A^{b7} G⁷ C
Fond mem'ries cling to me by moonlight although I'm far a-way
A^m E^m
Someday I'm going where eyes are glowing
A^m E^m
And lips were made to kiss
C D⁷ G⁷ G⁷⁺⁵
To see somebody in the moonlight and hear the song I miss.



Wahine Ilikea

Dennis Kamakahi

Intro: F B^b F B^b F C⁷

[hui]

F B^b F B^b F B^b
Pu__a kalau__nu ma ke kai
F C⁷

O Honouliwai

F B^b F B^b
Wahine ilikea i ka poli o Moloka'i,
F B^b F (F⁷)

No ka heke_____

[last time]

F B^b F B^b F B^b F^{maj7}
No ka heke_____

B^b

Nani wale no, ka wai lele uka
F F⁷

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

B^b

Na wai `ekolu

I ka ulu wehi wehi

F C⁷
O Kamalo, i ka malie [hui]

B^b

Nani wale no ka'aina Halawa

F F⁷

Home ho'okipa a ka malihini

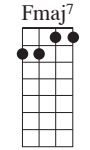
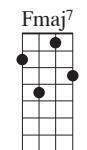
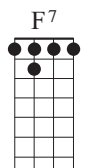
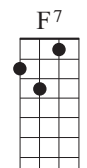
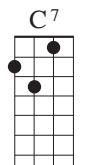
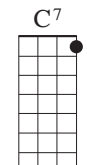
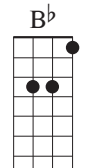
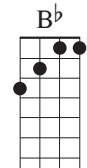
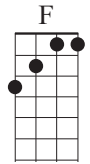
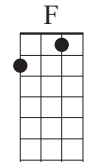
B^b

'Aina uluwehi

I ka noe `ahiahi

F C⁷
Ua lawe mai i ka makani Ho'olua [hui]

Soprano Baritone



Love Potion No. 9

Words & Music by Jerry Leiber & Mike Stoller, 1959

Soprano Baritone

Intro: D^m A⁷

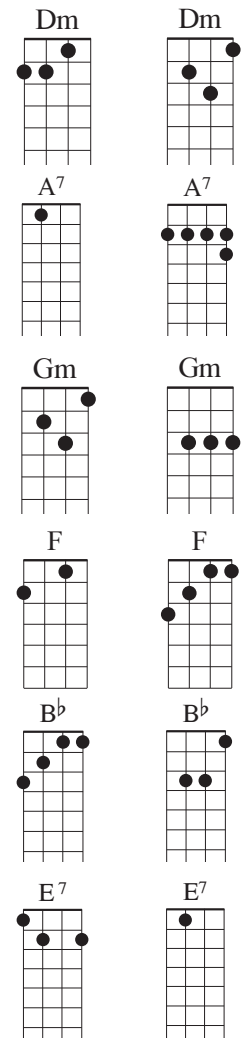
D^m G^m
I took my troubles down to Madame Ruth.
D^m G^m
You know the gypsy with the gold-capped tooth.
F D^m
She's got a pad down on 34th and Vine,
B^b A⁷ D^m (A⁷)
She sells little bottles of - Love Potion No. 9.

D^m G^m
I told her that I was a flop with chicks.
D^m G^m
I've been this way since 1956.
F D^m
She looked at my palm and she made a magic sign.
B^b A⁷ D^m
She said, "What you need is - Love Potion No. 9."

G^m
She bent down and turned around and gave me a wink.
E⁷
She said, "I'm gonna mix it up right here in the sink."
G^m
It smelled like turpentine and looked like India Ink.
A⁷
I held my nose. I closed my eyes. I took a drink.

D^m G^m
I didn't know if it was day or night.
D^m G^m
I started kissing every thing in sight.
F D^m
But when I kissed a cop down on 34th and Vine,
B^b A⁷ D^m (A⁷)
He broke my little bottle of - Love Potion No. 9.

A⁷ D^m
Love Potion No. 9
A⁷ D^m
Love Potion No. 9



Sophisticated Hula

Sol K. Bright, 1940

Soprano Baritone

F F⁷
Hands on your hips,

B^b B^{bm}
Do those hula dips.

F C⁷
Sophisticated hula,
F C⁷

It's the talk of the town.
F F⁷
Swing your partner 'round.

B^b B^{bm}
Soon you'll cover ground.

F C⁷
Sophisticated hula,
F E⁷
It's the talk of the town.

A
The native hula maidens, they love to dance.

E⁷ A
They do their dancing to the beating of drums.

G⁷
And now sophisticated hula's your chance

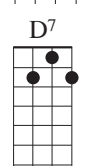
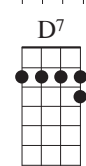
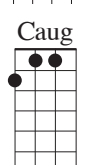
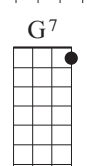
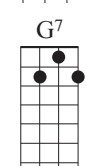
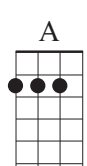
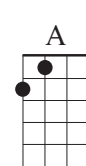
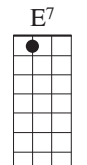
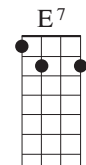
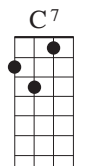
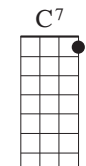
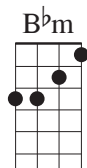
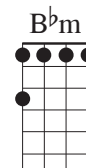
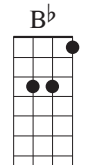
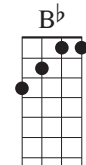
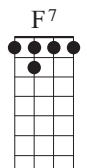
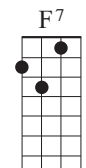
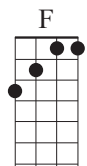
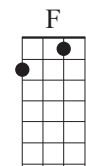
C⁷ C^{aug}
To dance while the melody runs.

F F⁷
So, dance to the music sweet.

B^b B^{bm}
Soon you will repeat,

F C⁷
Sophisticated hula,
F
It's the talk of the town.

D⁷ G⁷ C⁷ F
End: Oh yeah, Sophisticated hula, it's the talk of the town!



Ka Pua E

Recorded by Makaha Sons of Ni`ihau

Soprano Baritone

F F7 B^b
Gardenias blooming bright

B^{bm} F
Hibiscus, oh so white

D⁷ G⁷ C⁷ F
Auhea wale `oe, Ka pua e.

F F7 B^b
Your lips are oh so red

B^{bm} F
Like the bird of paradise

D⁷ G⁷ C⁷ F F⁷
Auhea wale `oe, Ka pua e.

HUI:

B^b B^{bm}
Flowers are blooming all over

F D⁷
Blooming all over Hawaii

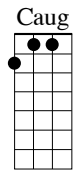
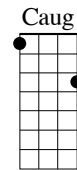
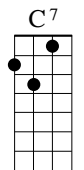
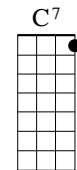
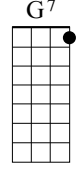
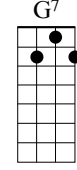
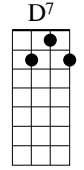
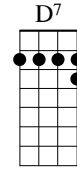
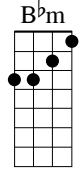
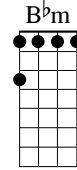
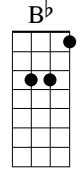
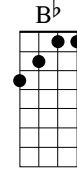
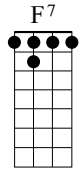
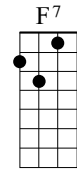
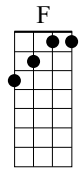
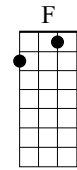
G⁷
They smell so sweet, they aren't very big

C⁷ C^{aug}
They thrill you through and through

F F7 B^b
Ha'ina ia mai

B^{bm} F
Lei pakalana

D⁷ G⁷ C⁷ F
Auhea wale `oe, Ka pua e.



'Ulupalakua (G/A) [NWFL]

John P. Watkins, 1947

Intro: A⁷-D⁷-G x2

G G⁷
Kaulana mai nei
C G
A'o 'Ulupalakua
E⁷ A⁷
E 'inikiniki 'ahiahi
D⁷ G
Ka home a'o paniolo

Vamp: A⁷-D⁷-G-E⁷-A

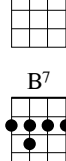
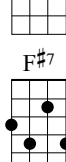
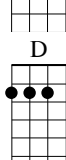
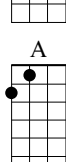
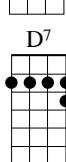
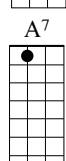
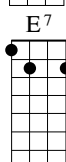
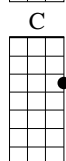
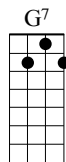
A A⁷
Kaulana mai nei
D A
A'o 'Ulupalakua
F^{#7} B⁷
E 'inikiniki 'ahiahi
E⁷ A
Ka home a'o paniolo

Vamp: B⁷-E⁷-A-D⁷-G

G G⁷
E wehi e ku'u lei
C G
A'o 'Ulupalakua
E⁷ A⁷
'Onaona me ka 'awapuhi
D⁷ G
He beauty ma'oli no

Vamp: A⁷-D⁷-G-E⁷-A

Soprano



A A⁷
E wehi e ku'u lei
D A
A'o 'Ulupalakua
F^{#7} B⁷
'Onaona me ka 'awapuhi
E⁷ A
He beauty ma'oli no

Vamp: B⁷-E⁷-A-D⁷-G

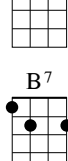
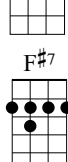
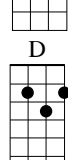
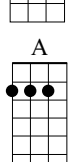
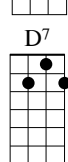
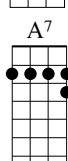
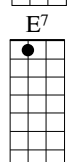
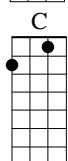
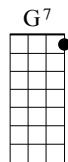
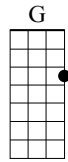
G G⁷
Ha'ina mai ka puana
C G
A'o 'Ulupalakua
E⁷ A⁷
E 'inikiniki 'ahiahi
D⁷ G
Ka home a'o paniolo

Vamp: A⁷-D⁷-G-E⁷-A

A A⁷
Ha'ina mai ka puana
D A
A'o 'Ulupalakua
F^{#7} B⁷
E 'inikiniki 'ahiahi
E⁷ A
Ka home a'o paniolo

Ending Vamp: B⁷-E⁷-A

Baritone



All My Loving

Music and lyrics by John Lennon & Paul McCartney

Soprano Baritone

D^m G⁷
Close your eyes and I'll kiss you,
C A^m

F D^m B^b G⁷
Tomorrow I'll miss you,
Remember, I'll always be true.

D^m G⁷
And then while I'm away
C A^m

F G⁷ C
I'll write home every day,
And I'll send all my loving to you.

D^m G⁷
I'll pretend that I'm kissing
C A^m
The lips I am missing
F D^m B^b G⁷

D^m G⁷
And hope that my dreams will come true.

D^m G⁷
And then while I'm away
C A^m
I'll write home every day,
F G⁷ C
And I'll send all my loving to you.

A^m C⁺ C
All my loving I will send to you,
A^m C⁺ C

All my loving, darling I'll be true.

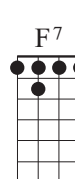
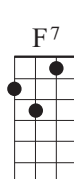
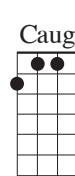
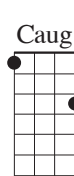
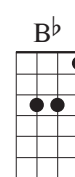
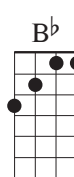
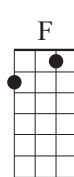
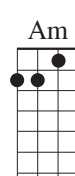
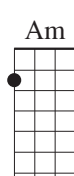
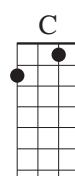
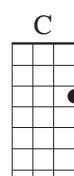
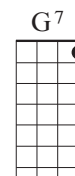
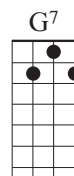
Solo: | F⁷ | F⁷ | C | C | G⁷ | G⁷ | C | C |

(Verse 1) Close your eyes... (then chorus, below)

A^m C⁺ C
All my loving I will send to you,
A^m C⁺ C
All my loving, darling I'll be true.

A^m
All my loving
C

A^m C
All my loving, oo-oooh
All my loving, I will send to you.



West Seattle Girls

Brian Wilson/Mike Love/Dan Schindler

(Riff)

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)

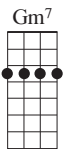
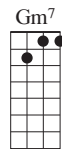
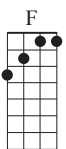
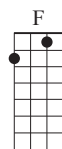
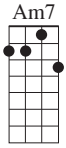
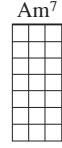
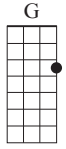
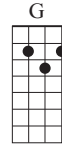
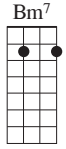
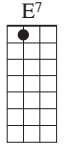
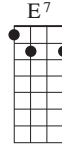
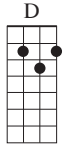
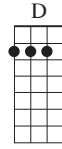
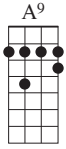
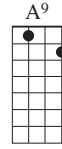
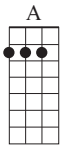
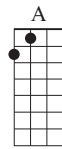
Coda (repeat to fade):

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 --



Hold the 1 and the 3 count an extra half beat