On The South Sea Isle

Words and Music by
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On the beach of old Whi Woola
Loving eyes that seemed to haunt me

Pretty maidens dancing everywhere, so fair,
Listening to the oriental band, so grand,

In the night time, that's the right time,
Birds a-cooing, lovers wooing as they'd stroll along,

Oriental sentimental
tropical moonlight
dusky lovers croon.

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CHORUS (Slowly with feeling)

Hmm ___ Hmm Hmm Hmm ___ sweet mel-o-dies

fill the air ___ strange har-mon-ies You will hear most ev'-ry-where just

Hmm ___ Hmm Hmm Hmm ___ You'll hear them

sing-ing while you're there

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Ukuleles they're strumming too, They'll play so soft for you,
While dusky maidens will try hard to woo with

Hmm Hmm Hmm Hmm! It's worth your

(Optional finish)

while on the South Sea Isle.

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