

SM 2059

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Reminiscent of olden days on the Presidio, at Honolulu

I'll Come Back To You, My Honolulu, Lou

Words by
EARLE C. JONES

Music by
CHAS. N. DANIELS

Moderato

PIANO *mf*

VOICE (Not fast)

Where the dream-y South-ern
O'er the o - cean blue and

p

seas send a breeze through the trees, By the shore of Hon-o - lu - lu Bay, - There I
wide, now I ride with the tide, To my pret-ty Hon-o - lu - lu maid, - And a

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strayed with a maid of A - mer - i - can - o shade, so
tune seems to croon from the Is - land's deep la - goon and

sweet and gay, — In the South Pa-cif - ic night, she was bright with de -
ev - er - glade, — I can tell, my la - dy fair, wait - ing there, sings the

light, Till she heard that I must go a - way. — But her
air of this ten - der tune, we've oft - en played. — And a -

eyes, sad and wise, made me take her in my arms and say: —
far my gui - tar sends this an - swer to her ser - e - nade. —

CHORUS (Sweet and low)

My hon-ey Lu - lu, _____ my sun - ny Lu - lu, _____ Oh, let me

dolce *p-f*

kiss your dream - y eyes of blue; _____ I love but

you, Lou, _____ And I'll be true, Lou, _____ I'll come

back to you, my Hon-o - lu - lu Lou _____ My hon-ey Lou. _____

rit *rit*