On The Hoko Moko Isle

Words by
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Music by
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Moderato

first white man to ever land on the Hoko Moko Isle, Was
Paddy wrote they get my goat with their meals here it's no fun, Its

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natives found him, gathered 'round him and began to sing. They

oh their dances, oh their prances you can take my tip. They

took his clothes, put a ring in his nose And then they crowned him King. He

kick so high, that they wouldn't pass by The Board of censorship My

ruled a while up on the Isle, and then he sent a note, To a

Irish rose, don't pack your clothes before old Cork you leave, Ar-rah

girl so grand in Ireland, he wrote:

you can guess, out here they dress like Eve.

poco rall.
CHORUS (Not fast)

Wont' you come out to the Isle of Hoko Moko?

See your mum-bo rid-ing on a jum-bo? It's

great to be a King, that's true. But I'd give my crown for an Irish stew,

Shure they've got me Loco in the coco My

On The Hoko Moko

C.W. Kirk
sweet Col-leen-o come and be my Queen-o,

We’ll get married on a crocodile.

And Now

for the ring, dear I suppose We’ll use the one that’s in my nose.
bring along your mother, dear, The cannibals are hungry here.

On the

Hoko Moko Isle.
Woul’d you Isle.

On The Hoko Moko