HELLO, ALOHA, HELLO!

Words by HOWARD JOHNSON

Music by GEORGE MEYER

Moderato

There is a melody, known for a century,
In the air—Ev'rywhere;
They play'd this melody, way down in Wai-ki-ki,
Long ago—That we know;

Tho' it was out of date, Ev'ryone plays it of late, it's great.
But it will ne'er be old, For it's as precious as gold, we're told.

Hundreds of singers abused it,
Ev'ry American dancer,
Lots of composers have used it, Sways to the tune, that's the answer,

This Composition may also be had for your Talking Machine or Player Piano

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Still, it's just as sweet as ever, They could never find its mate.  
You'll find copies on the counter, Ev'rywhere that music's sold.

**CHORUS**

A-lo-ha, Hel-lo, ______ your refrain sweet and low, ______

mess-age from Hon-o-lu-lu, Ev'-rywhere you go: Your

tune is a part of Amer-i-ca's heart, Tho' you

mean "Good-bye," We'll al-ways say: "Hel-lo, A-lo-ha, Hel-lo!" A-lo!