Intro (slow):
(sing e a)

While down on the South-Sea Is—lands, under-neath the beauty of the stars—
I strayed u—pon some mai—dens, who were strummin’ these little gui—tars—
A hu—la maid was dan—cin’ and I knew I found my par—a—dise—

So this is what I told— her as I gazed in—to her eyes—

(increase tempo)

F . . . . . . . . . . C . . . .
Hono—lu—lu Ba—by where’d you get those eyes—?

G . . . . . . . . . . C . . . Cmaj7 | C7|
And that dark com—ple—xion I just i—dol—ize—?

Hono—lu—lu Ba—by where’d you get that style—?

And those pre—tty red lips and that sun—ny smile—?

Dm . . . . . . . . . . . C . . . .|

Bridge:
When you start to dance, your hula hips en—trance

Dm . . . G7 . . . C . . . .
Then you shake it up and down——

G . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
Shake a little here Shake a little there

A7 . . . D7 . . . G7/|
Well you got the boys goin’ to town

F . . . . . . . . . . . C . . . .|
Hono—lu—lu Ba—by when you start to sway—

G . . . . . . . . . . C . . . Cmaj7 | C7
All the men go cra—zy They seem to say——

F . . . . . . . . . . . C . . . .|
Hono—lu—lu Ba—by at Wai—ki—ki——

G . . . . . . . . . . . C . . . F . . C \ F \ C \|
Hono—lu—lu Ba—by You’re the one for me——