

Tempo di Hula.

A.R.CUNHA.

*Slow movement.*

INTRO.

Ev'ry eve-ning I meet her, On the beach at Wai-ki-ki I greet her, Noth-ing  
 You should see her by moon-light, She's the cut-est lit-tle thing that's liv-ing, Kiss-es

sweet-er nor neat-er, Than my mer-maid of the Southern seas.  
 giv-ing high liv-ing, Pret-ty mer-maid of the Southern seas.

Au we ta hu - a



**CHORUS.**

Should you see her in bath-ing, She would sure-ly set you all a rav-ing, Rub-ber  
Should you ev-er go rid-ing, Don't be fool-ish let her do the driv-ing, Noth-ing



neck-ing heart break-ing, Pret-ty mer-maid of the Southern seas.  
do - ing just coo - ing, Pret-ty mer-maid of the Southern seas.



Au we ta hu - a

