OH, HOW SHE COULD
YACKI HACKI WICKI WACKI WOO:
(THAT'S LOVE IN HONOLU)

WORDS BY
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MUSIC BY
ALBERT VON TILZER
Oh! How She Could Yacki Hacki Wicki Wacki Woo
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Moderato

I've been a
Now lis-ten

roam-ing Ro-me-o
Since I left my home-o
I've nev-er over-looked a bet-

folks I nev-er knew,
What she meant by "Wack-i Woo"
But I found out and now I know,

Met all com-ers and I meet 'em yet,
I loved a girl in Tim-bec-too,
And lots of oth-er places
It's the same as "Oog-gy Oog-gy O!"
In Hon-o-lu-la that means love,
And that's just what I'm thinking

rall.

too,
But the lit-tle Hu-la, Hu-la,
I met in Hon-o-lu-la,
Broke my heart in two,

of,
But I'm not a goin' to fool her
I'm goin' to Hon-o-lu-la,
To my Tur-tle Dove,

rall.

She had a Hu-la, Hu-la, Hick-i,
Boo-la, Boo-la in her walk,
She had a U-ka-le-le Wick-i

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Wick-i Wail-i in her talk, And by the big Ha-wai-ian moon, Beneath a ban-yan tree we'd spoon,

I've been try-in' to learn 'Ha-wai-ian,' Since that night in June, She had a blin-ky, blin-ky, lit-tle naught-y wink-y in her eye,

She had a "Come and kiss me don't you dare to miss me in her sigh,

Beneath the ban-yan par-a-sol She could-n't talk my talk at all. But,

Oh, how she could Yack-i, Hack-i, Wick-i, Wack-i Woo, That's love in Hon-o- lu. She had a la.