

A SONG OF OLD HAWAII

By
GORDON BEECHER
and JOHNNY NOBLE

Dreamily

mf There's the per-fume of a mil-lion flow-ers — Cling-ing to the
mil-lion flow-ers

heart of old Ha-wai-i — There's a rain-bow fol-low-ing the show-ers —

— Bring-ing me a part of old Ha-wai-i. — There's a sil-ver
foll-wing show-ers

moon. A sym-pho-ny of stars, There's a hu-la tune, And the hum of soft gui-tars, There's the

trade-wind sigh-ing in the heav-ens, — Sing-ing me A Song Of Old Ha-
in the heav-ens

1 2
wai-i — There's the wai-i. —

p rall. *pp* 3
Hm Hm Hm Hm Hm Hm