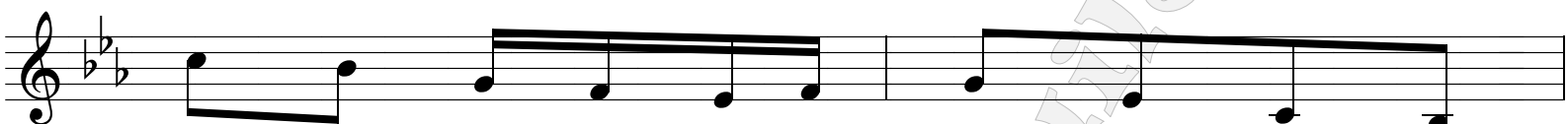


Johnny come down to Hilo



A dollar goes from hand to hand, but
 I tied her up in a potato sack,
 My little girl her hair is red, it's
 Oh, this old man he got no hair, he
 Her eyes are blue, her dress the same, but
 Oh, have you been in New Orleans, oh,
 Oh, our first Mate, he thinks his mean, but



my girl goes from man to man. When
 she'll be true to me till get back.
 curly all over but not on her head!
 got no hair on the top of his head.
 she always fell asleep before I came!
 have you seen the Creols Queens'?'
 I'll bet he hails from New Orleans!



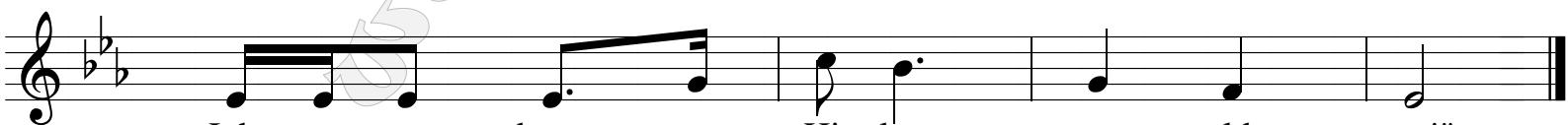
"Johnny come down to Hilo poor old



man! *Chorus* O, wake her, o, shake her! O



wake dat gal wid de blue dress on. When



Joh - nny come down to Hi - lo, poor old man!"