

# I LOST MY HEART IN HONOLULU

A SYNCOPATED CLASSIC

LYRIC BY  
WILL D. COBB

MUSIC BY  
GUS EDWARDS



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# I Lost My Heart In Honolulu

Lyric by  
WILL D. COBB

Music by  
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*Moderato*

*Ramp*

West-ward Ho! I'm rest-less there to go  
West-ward Ho! In quest of her I go.

Where the warm Ha-wai-ian bree-zes blow Where dark eyes glow, oh!  
While the u-ka-le-le wails its tune I'll hon-ey-moon with

beau-ti-ful Is-land, Wai-ki-kil Your beach be-seech-es me,  
my Kil-u-a-u, Home-ward Ho! By way of old Fris-co,

*a tempo*

There is a rea-son I con-fess, Come on, give a guess, Some girl? Yes!  
The u-ka-le-le laid a-side, Ba-by now her pride, Hail! my bride!

CHORUS

I lost my heart in Hon-o-lu-lu, Where the moon-beams kiss the

o-cean—There's the shrine of my de-vot-ion,—One won-drous night, one wondrous maid-en,—

—Down on the glist'ning cor-al strand I just held her hand, un-der-stand, Oh! mid-night scene

—of trop-ic splen-dor,—Un-dreamed of dreams, love glan-ces ten-der,—Had I a

thou-sand hearts to lose, I'd lose them all in Hon-o-lu-lu. I lost my lu.

*accel.* *a tempo*

I Lost My Heart etc 2

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**DESCRIPTIVE "YOUR WIFE" THE BIG**  
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It's your wife, it's your wife, Who puts up with the strife, When friends have de- sert-ed she's  
 true If things are go- ing wrong She cheers you with a song, And looks  
 hap- py tho' her heart is break- ing too, Don't for- get, then re-

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*Thursday* **NEW YORK EVENING JOURNAL** *March 15-1916*  
 America's Greatest Evening News

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**New Song, 'Your Wife,' Pays  
 Tribute to Man's Best Friend**

A song entitled "Your Wife," which does not make a rude jest of woman in the capacity of man's legal companion, has at last been written. Its author is Andrew Donnelly. The words have been set to taking music, and it is hoped the song may have a wider popularity than "Hooray, Hoopray, My Wife Has Gone to the Country" and that sort so popular in music halls.

Here is the song.

Who is the one who gave up all, her home and parents too,  
 Perhaps to give up happiness for faith she placed in you?  
 Who is the one that years ago went ten miles to see,  
 But now neglect while she's at home with baby on her knee?  
 Who is the one you seldom think about,  
 Yet know you really couldn't do without?

**CHORUS**

It's your wife, it's your wife, who puts up with the strife,  
 When friends have deserted she's true,  
 If things are going wrong, she cheers you with a song,  
 And looks happy tho' her heart is breaking too,  
 Don't forget, then regret, that you owe her a debt,  
 She gave you the best part of her life,  
 And outside of your mother there is only just one other  
 She's the noblest of sweetheart's your wife.

Who is the one who sticks like glue in sunshine and in rain,  
 Who'd scrape for you and scrub for you and laugh away the pain?  
 Who is the one who nursed you when the spell of sickness fell,  
 And suffered thru' the sleepless nights till you were up and well?  
 Who is the one who doesn't break the link,  
 Who from the path you stray and take to drink?

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The music for this song has been composed by Mr. Piantadosi, who wrote the air for "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier." There is a famous saying, "Let me write the songs of a country and I care not who makes the laws." Up to the composition of this song by Mr. Donnelly, no song has gained any popularity, at least, wherein the word "wife" was used with respect and dignity.

In music halls, on the vaudeville stage and in real drama the wife seems to occupy a secondary or an equivocal position.  
 Mr. Donnelly, who is a young song writer, has not endeavored to write a great poem. He has tried to reach the popular taste of the music hall and vaudeville audience in presenting "Your Wife" to the public. Casting his little bouquet to "Your Wife" on the musical waves of Mr. Piantadosi's composition, he hopes to turn the tide of rough and disrespectful jests about man's best and truest friend.

Let us hope that this is only the beginning of a series of laudatory lyrics about the "Wife," that long-neglected being, in the world of art and song.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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New activists of force here are credited with sudden details city to guard day and night ships anchored off Gravesend Bay which, lying aboard quantities of explosives and shells, this police watch night, and...  
 ...the steers and Gyane, she said what has come to be der ship...  
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 ...and she...  
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**WIFE**  
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*John R. ...*

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