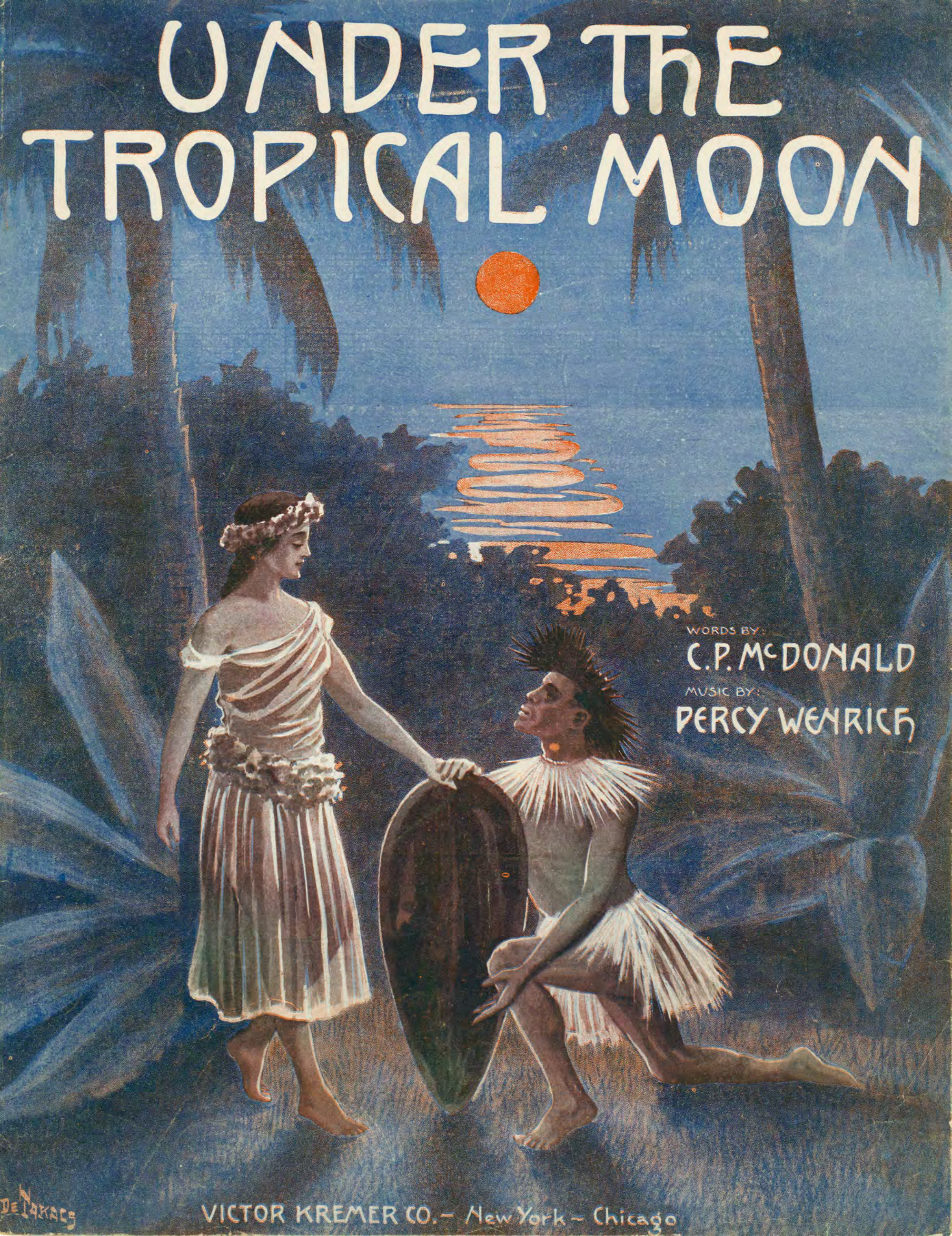
UNDER THE TROPICAL MOON



WORDS BY:
C.P. McDONALD
MUSIC BY:
PERCY WENRICH

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Try this over on your Piano.

WILL THE ANGELS LET ME PLAY?

Words by
W. L. WERDEN.

Music by
FRED'K E. GLADDISH.

CHORUS.

Mam - ma, when I go to heav-en will the an - gels let me play:

Just be-cause I am a cripple will they say I'm in the way?

Here the child - ren nev - er want me. "I'm a both - er they all say.

When I go to hea - ven ma - ma, will the an-gels let me play?

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Under the Tropical Moon.

Words by
C. P. MACDONALD.

Music by
PERCY WENRICH.

mf

On a sum - mer night in an
As they strolled a - while in the

UNTIL READY.

p

p

ev - er glade, Where the lot - us lil - lies blow, 'Neath a
beam - ing smile Of the great big crim - son moon; Ev - 'ry

cy - press tree stood a lone - some maid, Wait - ing
lit - tle breeze that wooed the trees, Seemed to

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for her youth - ful beau;
sing this one sweet tune.

Soon he came a love - song
What's the use of hes - i - -

sing - - ing
tat - - ing

Deep de - vo - tion to her bring - ing
Op - por - tun - i - ties are wait - ing

And their hearts with joy were ring - ing
If the girl you would be mat - ing,

As he murmured soft and low.
Kiss her lips the while you croon.

CHORUS.

p-f

Un-der the trop-i - cal moon - light, My love I'm tell-ing this

p-f

June night, For it's a dan-dy old spoon night, With all the world in

tune. Might - y im - pa - tient I'm grow - ing,

Brighter the flame of love's glow - ing, My heart is just o - ver

flow - ing, Un-der the trop-i - cal moon. moon.

1 2

I Never Can Forget You Dear

Words by W. L. WERDEN

Music by FRED'K E. GLADDISH

Moderato

mf

The stars are brightly beam-ing, as I dream, my love, of you; They
The shad-y dell where oft we met is lone-ly now to me, It

twink-le in the hea-vens bright as if my love they knew; At
seems so dark and drear-y where we met be-neath the tree; The

times I oft-en won-der if you sometimes think of me; I
old church chimes are si-lent, I tho't for us they'd ring, The

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