UNDER THE TROPICAL MOON

WORDS BY
C.P. MCDONALD

MUSIC BY
PERCY WEHRICH

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Try this over on your Piano.

WILL THE ANGELS LET ME PLAY?

Chorus.

Words by W. L. Werden. Music by Fredk E. Gladdish.

Mama, when I go to heaven will the angels let me play.

Just because I am a cripple will they say I'm in the way?

Here the children never want me. "I'm a bother they all say.

When I go to heaven mama, will the angels let me play?

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Under the Tropical Moon.

Words by C. P. MACDONALD.

Music by PERCY WENRICH.

On a summer night in an ever glade, Where the lotus lilies blow,
As they strolled a while in the beaming smile Of the great big crimson moon; 'Neath a cypress tree stood a lonely maid, Waiting

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for her youthful beau,
soon he came a love-song

singing Deep devotion to her bringing

And their hearts with joy were ringing As he murmured soft and low.
If the girl you would be mating, Kiss her lips the while you croon.

CHORUS.

Under the tropical moonlight, My love I'm telling this
June night, For it's a dandy old spoon night, With all the world in tune.
Mighty impatient I'm growing,
Brighter the flame of love's glowing, My heart is just over flowing,
Under the tropical moon.
I Never Can Forget You Dear

Words by W. L. Werden

Music by Fredk E. Gladdish

Moderato

The stars are brightly beaming, as I dream, my love, of you; They

The shady dell where oft we met is lonely now to me, It

twinkle in the heavens bright as if my love they knew; At

seems so dark and dreary where we met beneath the tree; The

times I often wonder if you sometimes think of me; I

old church chimes are silent, I thought for us they'd ring, The