My Lotus Flower.

Words by
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Music by
SILVIO HEIN.

She came down the
A legend of her

(Chorus)

A HIndoo maid in far Kash-moor, She met his Anglo-
country man, That he who breathes the Lotus Flowers, Forgets his home, his

sax-on eyes, And thrilled with joy that was half fear, "Our Country, God, and
friends, his clan, In dream-y love-filled perfumed hours, His kins-man came to

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Kings, she sighed, "Are hostile all!" but he replied; Oh East is East and bid him go, The Lotus Flow'r they did not know; Oh East is East and

poco meno mosso.

West is West. But love is love, and love knows best, And so each night, the West is West. But love is love, and love knows best, And still each night in

poco rall.

whispering breeze, Bore this song through the almond trees: Kashmeer's bow'r, He sings unto his Lotus Flow'r:

Refrain.

Where soft moonbeams the jas-mines woo— Where drowsi-ly the

My Lotus Flower.
gray doves coo, From out the jungle's rose-sweet bow'r.

Your eyes gleam forth my Lotus Flow'r; While love is love and

stars glow high, While you are you, and I am I. My whole life through.

I will be true, My Lotus Flow'r to you... you...

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