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, Neath a crimson moon, Ev'ry cypress tree stood a lone some maid, Waiting seemed to

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for her youthful beauty,
soon he came a love-song.

sing this one sweet tune.
What's the use of hesi-

sing-
tat-
ing 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

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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 o'er flowing,
Under the tropical moon.