'Neath The Southern Moon

Adah

Lyric by
RIDA JOHNSON YOUNG

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT

Tell me, kindly Fortune, tell me, If my

Lento

ADAH

Tell me truly if my ever growing

love shall ever faithful be. Tell me truly if my ever growing

passion is returned, or lost, forever lost to me; Queen of
hearts, you rule, you rule forever, Queen of hearts, whose pow'r shall ever grow. No, no, no, no! I'll look. I'll see no further! For if 'tis lost, I cannot, dare not know.

Piu lento, molto appassionato

'Neath the Southern moon, Oh, love so warm and tender!
By the Southern sea, Oh, love so warm and free!

'Neath the spreading shade Of palms, in sweet surrender,

While the breezes perfume-laden drift from sea.

In the Southland, where the scent of the magnolias
steep the soul in dreams Of longing ecstasy,

poco rit.

Where the tropics blooms so rare, Breathe their languor on the air.

pp poco rit.

espress.

Let me dream and love and live for thee! For thee!

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