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My Samuran Girl

(Soo-mu-roon)

Words by
AL. JOLSON.

Music by
LOUIS A. HIRSCH.

Moderato.

Jim Eph-raim Gray saw the Flo raised the sash, saw her

play "Sum-u-run," And like the lovers there,
mash, down be-low, and on-ly laughed at him.

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With funny style, all the while, saw him win and get his lady fair.
You are in wrong with that song, and I guess you must be drinking, Jim.

"That goes for me," then said he, "wait and see. I'm going to
That eastern stuff is a bluff, and I think your mind is

make her care.
growing dim.

I will make dreamy eyes, with
And your new loving game is

low mournful sighs, and baby stare."
awfully tame, your chance is slim.

My Sumurun Girl
In Sun-day best, he got dressed and went out be-neath her bal-con-y,
Those Ar-ab boys, had some joys years a-go up-on their East-ern flat,

He said "my dear, I am here, come on down, don't let your
Now they're pas-sé, in the way, ev-ry one is just an

fa-ther sec-a-nco-ro-bat,
Your name is Flo, still I
They do not know, how to

know, Sum-u-run, you're going to be to me,
Oh, come show lov-ing ways, they must take off their hat,
So don't

My Sumarun Girl ii
CHORUS. (Not fast)

Sum - u - run, Sum - u - run,
You're my lovel - ey dove - ey hon'
You're all my dreams made in one... Sum - u -

leave your old Shiek, can't you hear me speak so tender-ly.
stop, come and sing that "Way Down East" thing you had so pat...
When my face with loving lights, You'll think of those Arabian Nights, My
Say that you'll hear my pleading
croon,
I'll dress like the signs upon the

Mogul cigarette,
I will show you loving that you

never will forget,
If you'll come along, my Sumurun

My Sumurun Girl a

\( \text{cresc.} \)