



MY ARABIAN MAID



ZIEGFELD FOLLIES 1917

PRODUCED AT THE NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE NEW YORK

LYRICS BY GENE BUCK & GEORGE V. HOBART

MUSIC BY RAYMOND HUBBELL & DAVE STAMPER

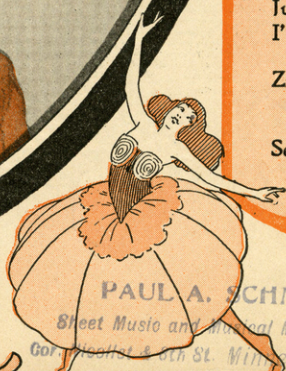
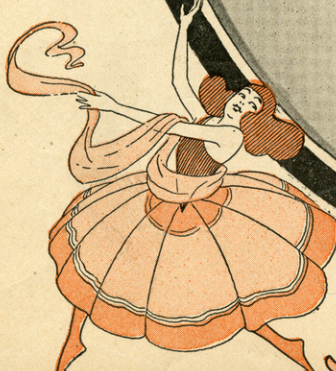


LYRIC BY GENE BUCK
MUSIC BY RAYMOND HUBBELL

PAUL A. SCHMITT
Woollet & 8th St. Minneapolis

• RAPHAËL
• KIRCHNER

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FOUNDED BY
BIRNBAUMER



- Vocal**
- Hello My Dearie . 60
 - My Arabian Maid . 60
 - Chu-Chin-Chow . 60
 - Auto Girls Song . 60
 - In The Beautiful Garden Of Girls . 60
 - Same Old Moon . 60
 - Just You And Me . 60
 - I'll Be Somewhere In France . 60
 - Ziegfeld Follies Rag . 60
- Instrumental**
Selection 1.00

T. B. HARMS
AND
FRANCIS DAY & HUNTER
NEW YORK

PAUL A. SCHMITT;
Sheet Music and Musical Merchandise,
Corner Woollet & 8th St. Minneapolis, Minn.

SM 3562

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My Arabian Maid.

Lyric by
GENE BUCK.

Music by
RAYMOND HUBBELL.

Allegretto Oriental.

Piano.

minor. *b*
mf

Where the Ti - gris flows and the palm tree blows where you

see the gold - en. domes _____ of the Ar - ab shrines, Where the

Sheik re - clines In the Ca - liph's old - en homes _____ There in

Poco meno.

old Bagh - dad, a ro - man - tic lad, at the

p tremolo

close of each long day; 'Neath the win - dow there, of his

la - dy fair, and he'd soft - ly sing this lay. Oh, how I

rall.
rall.
L. H.

Refrain

love you my A - ra - bian maid I'm sing - ing

p-f

of you — a ser - e - nade — Like stars a -

bove you — in the east-ern skies — My love for

you is a glist-'ning, Say you are list - ning, dear.

cresc.

— My heart is burn - ing, — let me hold you near. — My arms are

L. H.

yearn - ing to en-fold you dear A thous-and

cresc. *f*

nights, dream-ing of you, A thous-and years, I will love you.

1
You are my own A - ra - bian maid.

2 *rall.*
Oh, how I own A - ra - bian maid.

L. H. *dim. e rall.* *morendo.* *L. H. p*

Words by
RAYMOND WALLACE.

Sometime You'll Remember.

Music by
MAURICE L. HEAD.

Refrain. *a tempo. smoothly.*

Some-time you'll re - mem - ber, Tho' the skies are blue,

p a tempo.

Some-one's sad - ly pi - ning all the time for you;

Some-where we shall meet, dear, When the years have flown,

mf

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