

SM2381

Sung by Miss Billie Burke.

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# My Otaheitee Lady.

Words by  
Charles H. Taylor.

Music by  
Jerome D. Kern.

VOICE.

He — was a ship-wrecked sail - or, He —  
“We — struck up - on an is - land, And —  
“She — said it did - nt mat - ter! Which —

Piano.

wore a va - cant stare. Like - wise a tat - tered  
from the waves,” said he; “A na - tive maid - en  
gave my mor - als shocks, But love in them — Pa -

suit of clothes that let in all the air. In —  
pulled me out — and vowed she'd mar - ry me! I —  
cif - ic Isles — is most un - or - tho - dox. I —

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an - swer to my ques - tion, He - said in tones of pain, "I  
 said, "It can - not be, Mum: I - don't see how we can, For  
 told her ver - y gent - ly, Her - hopes were all in vain. And

am the sole sur - vi - vor of the schoo - er Ma - ry Jane!" Then  
 you're a can - ny - bile, and I'm a Pres - by - te - ri - an!" And  
 hailed a pass - ing steam - er, which con - voyed me home a - gain, And

hitch - ing up his trous - ers he burst in - to this re - frain. —  
 then he, for the sec - ond time, his lone - ly lay be - gan. —  
 now, "he said," My mem - o - ries is a turn - ing of my brain!" —

*rall.*

Refrain. *Slow in strict time.*

Oh my O - ta - hei - tee la - dy I still can see your smile, — Where

*p\_mf*

palms are green and sha - dy, On a south Pa - cif - ic Isle, — I

still can hear you call - ing me — your dan - dy o - cean swell. — Oh my

O - ta - hei - tee, O - ta - hei - tee, High and might - y, fly and flight - y,

O - ta - hei - tee Belle!" — "Oh my Belle!" —