

My Polynesian Bride

Musette Morell

Horace Keats

Moderato

Voice

When the sun sets and the day is dy - ing
'neath a spread-ing co-co palm I'll find her

Piano

6

Voice

Then my thoughts seek her whom I ad - mire—
All her words like sing-ing birds will woo

Piano

11

Voice

Till in my fan - cy There in Ta - hi - ti I see my
Glad - ly she'll meet me Gai - ly she'll greet me sweet - ly

Piano

17

heart's__ de - sire.____ Like a love - ly blos - som she has bloomed there.
I'll know her true____ All the fa - bled fra - grance of the rich South

f *mf*

23

All her beau - ty free to sun and air____
Is therehoard - ed in her hon - eyed mouth__

f *mf* *f*

28

Ah! Sweet mu - sic she would play, To woo my soul a - way,
Ah! no lit - tle bee that sips____ Jon - quil or pan - sy lips,

mf *f*

33

Refrain

I'll re - turn some day.
Knows such bliss as this.

O E - Voa

Softly and smoothly

38

flower of the Sun. Lit - tle laugh - ing chaf - fing gol - den one,

44

I still dream you there, Hi - bis - cus in your hair, Your dark eyes lure me to your side

rall. e cresc.

colla voce

51 *a tempo*

Though a migh-ty o- cean flows be- tween

56 *a tempo*

Love as strong as ours is ev-er green This heart of

61

mine is South of the line, with you, my Pol-ly -

65

ne - - sian bride.