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My Sumurun Girl
(Soo-mu-roon)

Words by
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Music by
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Moderato.

Jim Ephraim 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.
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 make her care.
That eastern stuff is a bluff, and I think your mind is 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 Sunday best, he got dressed and went out beneath her balcony,
Those Arab boys, had some joys years ago upon their Eastern flat,

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

father see,
acrobat,

Your name is Flo, still I
They do not know, how to

know, Sumu-run, you're going to be to me,
show loving ways, they must take off their hat,

Oh, come
So don't
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-

CHORUS. (Not fast)

Sum - u - run,

You’re my lovéy dovéy hon’-

You’re all my dreams made in one.

My Sumurun Girl 6
run, Sum- u run.

When my face with lov-ing lights, You'll think of those A-rab-ian Nights, My

Sum- u run, Sum- u run.

Say that you'll hear my plead-ing

My Sumurun Girl
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 Girl.