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Harmony Glide

Lyric by TREVE COLLINS, Jr.  Music by W. HUGH AITKEN

INTRO. Moderato

Down in the tropics many miles away,
And even as on your couch you lie,
With your eye lids tightly closed in sleep

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Ev'-ry day you can hear the natives play, And watch them as they wildly
You will hear that tune when the night-birds cry As they roost in the jungles

prance From morn till night and in the pale moon-light, you will
deep And east or west and on the mountains crest, you will

hear that tune-ful re-frain And it grips you so, that you
hum that pleas-ing re-frain And it sounds so fine, for

nev-er want to go, When you hear that tro-pi-cal strain,
it you'll al-ways pine, Once you've heard that won-der-ful strain.

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When you dance to that harmony glide dear, I tell you
hon' that is some melody. When your
gir- lie cud-dles close as you sway dream-i-ly, And you
hold her tight as you glide bliss-ful-ly, Oh you
just can't help feeling exalted For that
tune mounts like wine to your brain. You will
kiss you will squeeze, you will cud-dle and tease When you
dance to that won-der-ful strain.