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HINDU ROSE
(The Oriental Vamp)

Words by
LOUIS WESLYN
Author of "Send Me Away With A Smile;"
"My Baby Rose;" etc.

Music by
NEIL MORET
Composer of "Hiawatha;" "Mickey;" etc.

Piano

Moderato

Voice

Jim my was the fat man with an
Will-ie was the tat-toed man with

Tom-tom effect

mf quasi staccato

O-ri-en-tal show:
pictures on his chest;

Hindu girl was Rose__
Rose- ie fell, you know__

Some-what shy on
She loved pictures

clothes__
Jim was charmed more than her snakes, she

so__
I like 'tats' in- stead of 'fats,' that's what she'd al- ways say;

a poco rit.

Lamped him, vamped him, threw him down And Jim com- posed this song.

Jim said "Shucks! No- bod- y loves a fat man an- y- way!"

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Dey know you're mammy's own turtie dove, You're somethin' that de Lord made to love. Ma little honey hon'.
A rock-in' in de soft candle light, No mat-ter what you do, you'll be right, Ma little honey hon'.

REFRAIN

Dreams, Southern dreams of Dix-ie-land, Dreams, so sweet, no one but you can un-der-stand;

Hon-ey lam', I see your fu-ture, In de fire that soft-ly gleams, And I'll always

pray that some day in Dix-ie-land, You will be jus' like your Dad, So big and grand.

Rest, on ma breast, Dream-ing South-ern, Dreams.

Southern Dreams