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MY CUBAN PEARL

Castillian Fox Trot

Lyric by
HARRY WAXMAN

Music by
V. DATTILO

Far away near Havana shores there lives a girl,
I've met girls ev'ry where I sailed both east and west,

Whom I call Dancing Cuban Pearl.
But to me Cuban Pearl's the best.

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— we would spoon down on the coral beach,— Lover's kiss
— how she'd wait for me down by the sea,— And she'd wink

— watch-full moon we'd teach. Strains we'd hear,— from a near by jolly
— vamp-ing eyes to me. Ev-ry night,— on her tink-le-ing gui-

cab-a-ret,— And we'd en-joy,— those Cast-ill-ian tunes that they would
tar shed play,— And I'd en-joy,— those Cast-ill-ian tunes gee how I'd

play Sailed a-way,— but I can't for-get that smil-ing face,— That
sway Mem-o ries— of-ten bring to me that smil-ing face,— That

My Cuban Follies 4
Coral beach, And that spooning place. That spooning place, Oh, how I'd
sweet music, And that seaside place. That seaside place, That's why I

Chorus

like to be with that dancing Cuban Pearl, I love her

wick-ed glance, And vamp-ing Span-ish dance, You ought to see how she,

— shakes her naught-ty wig-gy wee, She's all there I'll say, she's some
I crave things that makes la-vid-a gay

Like peppy melodies and such frivolities Oh, how I'd

like to dance that Castilian time away With that sweet

dancing girl My Cuban Pearl Oh how I'd

My Cuban Pearl