Poem by
GRANT CLARKE

Melody By
JAMES V. MONACO

There's a fairy land, there's a fairy-
land far away, on a bay, oh so fair.

Like a paradise, like a paradise, of my
dreams, It still seems I am there.

I see Vesuvius glow, I see old Naples below. When the shadows fall, I can see it all, oh! so plain, oh! so plain, once again.
Chorus

Pan-o-ram-a Bay, when I'm far away from you,

That's the only time, that this heart of mine is blue,

'Twas on your golden sand, I used to

hold her hand. On a mandolin, little mando-
-lin she played, With the moon above, how I learned to

love that maid; Like you sometimes I'm

blue, Pan-o-ram-a Bay, when I'm far away from

you. Pan-o-ram-a you.