The Cubanola Glide.

Words by Vincent Bryan.

Music by Harry Von Tilzer.

Piano.

Allegro Moderato.

Way down in Cuba where
I'm goin' crazy hon,

skies are clear,
Where it is summer time
Aint it a daisy it's

all of the year,
Dey has de lov-in-set
certainly grand,
Never heard music like


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Come along honey babe
Rag it some more and we'll

And I'll show you; Get away closer hon,
Glide to glory, Pucker your rosy lips

Squeeze me tight, Rag-a-dag to de left
Lift de lid, Slip me a lovin' kiss

Shake it up, shake it up,
Honey bunch, Honey bunch,
side by side,
whisper low,
Tell me you love me babe,

as we slide,
Let me know.

when you're a dancin',
I'm goin' loony,

Chorus.
Slowly.

Glide, Glide, keep on a glidin'; Slide, Slide, keep on a slidin';

The Cubanola Glide.
Honey, look into your baby's eyes, Throw your arms around me

Ain't you glad you found me, Tease, squeeze, lovin' and woo-in'

Oh, babe, what are you do-in', Ride to glory by your baby's side,
When you do de Cubanola glide. o-la glide.

The Cubanola Glide.4