To Mr. John Hackett and Pupils.

MY OWN SWEET ESKIMO.

Words by ROBT. J. MOORE. 

Music by A. LORNE LEE.

Moderato.

Way up in icy Greenland There's a
There came a time while sleighing When she

pretty little Eskimo, And to be like other
cud died up a little more, As he told the oft told

girlies She has a beau that loves her so. Ev'ry
story He saw her smile as ne'er before. Like a

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day, feeling gay, in a dog-team sleigh O'er the
dart then his heart took a sudden start: "Let us
ice they love to glide; Then at night heath the bright rays of
mar-ry now," said he; You can guess my dis-tress If you
North-ern Light, He will sing, as she sits by his side:
don't say "Yes!" And she did, when he sang mer-rily:

CHORUS.

Oh! you dearest, sweet-est lit-tle Es-ki-mo, let us mar-ry

Sweet Eskimo - 3
soon. From pur. est ice I will build a home so nice, That
you and I can spoon, al. ways spoon. We'll have a home we can
call our own; And the win. dy winds can blow; Then my love for you will be
warm and true, My own sweet Es.ki - mo!

Sweet Eskimo - 3