Bound in Morocco

SONG

By LOUIS HERSCHER

Moderato

Where sweet scented perfume breezes blow, so gayly,
Some where camels with their tinkling bells, are trailing,

Some one's waiting patiently I know, there daily,
Some where under Al-lah's mystic spells, she's sailing,

Some where down beside Morrocco Bay, So lonely
So, ship of the desert hear my plea, And take her
ever since the day I went away.

safely thru the land of mystery.

My only A-wake her

in her car-a-van prays soft and low.

when you reach the gar-den where she dwells.

Oh, Oh,

CHORUS Not fast

Some night when the eastern moon's rising,

I'll be bound for Morocco, to meet the girl I love. In the

evening ev-ry thing's hypnoti-zing.
the star-ry skies a bove. We'll sit and
croon the sweet - est har - mo - ny,
In a tent down by the sea. When I'm
nestled safe in her arms, I'll he found
"bound in Moroc co," Just like a book of love.