INTRODUCTION
Not fast

Voice- Not fast

When the shades of night begin to fall
Oh I hear them strumming near and far

And magic music fills the air,
Sweet melodies are haunting me,
The tingling of the old guitar,

And I know some-body's waiting
And a heart that's beating fond and
Down in sunny Brazil, Oh
For I'm longing for you, Oh

CHORUS - Smoothly.
My Brazilian maiden wants me,
My, Brazilian maiden haunts me Mid

the perfume of the flowers where I spent my happy hours Un

This song can be had for your player piano or talking machine.
-derneath the sheltering palms

-Drift-

-ing in the moonlight on the river,

When

the stars in heaven start to shine,

then you'll be mine

Half

my life I know I'd gladly give,

To be with you how happy I would live

Braziliana mine.

Braziliana mine.