

PLAY THAT SONG OF INDIA AGAIN

Music adapted from
NIKOLAS
RIMSKY-KARSAKOFF'S
THEME
By PAUL WHITEMAN

Words by
LEO WOOD
and
IRVING BIBO



LIONEL
S. REISS

6

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Play That 'Song Of India' Again

Lyric by
LEO WOOD and IRVING BIBO

Music adapted from
Nikolas Rimsky-Korsakoff's theme
by PAUL WHITEMAN

Moderato



tranquillo

There's a mel-o - dy — I know that's
That sweet song of love — Is all I'm

p

The vocal line begins with a half rest, followed by the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand. The tempo marking 'tranquillo' is placed above the piano part.

al-ways haunt-ing me, Just a mel-o - dy — whose strain is al-ways taunt-ing me, A-wake or
ev-er think-ing of, That sweet song of love — is like the coo-ing of a dove, Each tone ca-

The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern, with chords in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand.

sleep-ing, — it comes a-creep-ing, — And oh, I love it so, I say where e'er I go: —
-ress-ing, — seems like a bless-ing, — For when its strains I hear my cares all dis-ap - pear..

rall.

The vocal line concludes with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a 'rall.' (rallentando) marking above the right hand, which plays a descending melodic line. The bass line continues with eighth notes.

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REFRAIN

Espressivo

Oh, play that Song of In-di-a' a - gain, There's something so ap-peal-ing in each

p-f

strain, That seems to car - ry me far o-ver the sea, And I just seem to stray Down

near the bay at Man-da-lay; No mel-o - dy I ev-er heard be - fore, Can

rall. *a tempo*

thrill me like that mystic wail of yore; I beg you Mis - ter Music Man, Just try to please me if you

f

can, And play that 'Song of In-di-a' once more. Oh, more. *Fine*

1. 2. *last time*

Fine

8

(Elegante)

There _ where Bud-dha dwells, And tem-ple bells soft-ly ring; There _ where lo-tus

p

8

blooms, And rare per-fumes seem to bring, Nights _ en-chant-ed with a mil-lion lights, _

p

8

That glim-mer in the mys-tic heights, _ Of Heav-en, while each sweet-heart plights love: Oh,

f rall.

D. S. al