

STANDARD

CAIRO

19

WORDS BY
ARTHUR FREED
MUSIC BY
HAROLD WEEKS



CAIRO

Lyric by
ARTHUR FREED

Music by
HAROLD WEEKS
Writer of "Hindustan"

Moderato

In that far land — of
In that land of — all

Till Ready

E - gypt — There is — a town you know, — They
a - ges — Where hap - - py hours are spun, — There's

call it old — Cai - ro, — That's the place I want — to
near - ly all — the fun — That you'll find be - neath — the

go; It's the land of proud Cle-o, Who
sun; In its quaint old caf-es life Is

lived in lux-u-ry, There's a Cle-o there for
one e-ter-nal spree, It's a cock-tail made of

me, And her mark I'd glad-ly be.
glee, And that's good e-nough for me.

CHORUS

Cai-ro Your streets are gai-ly la-den, Splen-dor en-

tranc - ing.— Cai - ro, ——— You have the sun-burned maid-en

Famed for her danc - ing.— I know all the

charms of dear old Cai - ro, If you'd know just ask the Sphinx What he

thinks as he winks at old Cai - ro. ———