

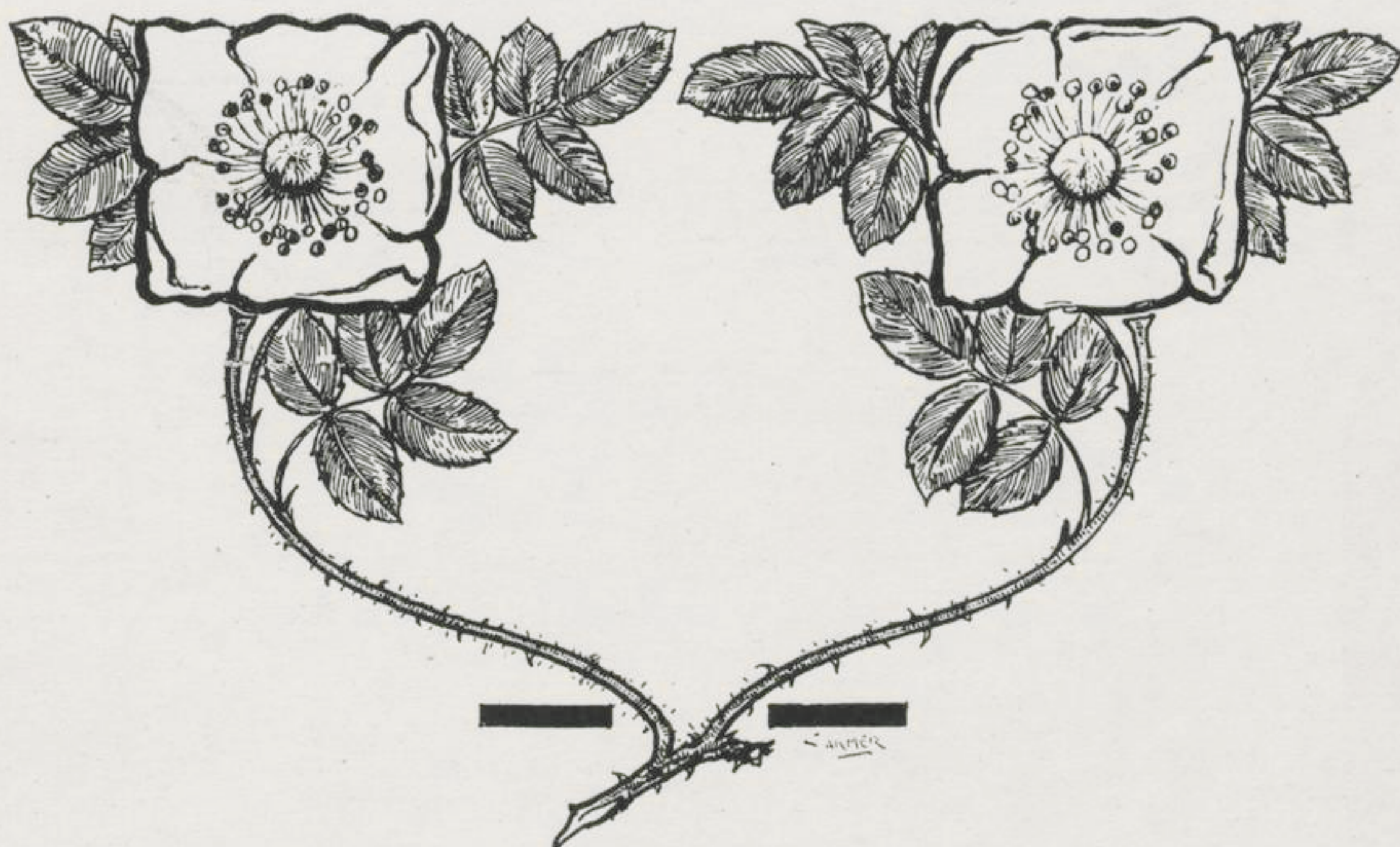
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OPERATIC EDITION

TU

(YOU)

Habanera



Composed by

Eduardo Sanchez de Fuentes

6

JEROME H. REMICK & CO.
NEW YORK DETROIT

TU (YOU) Habanera

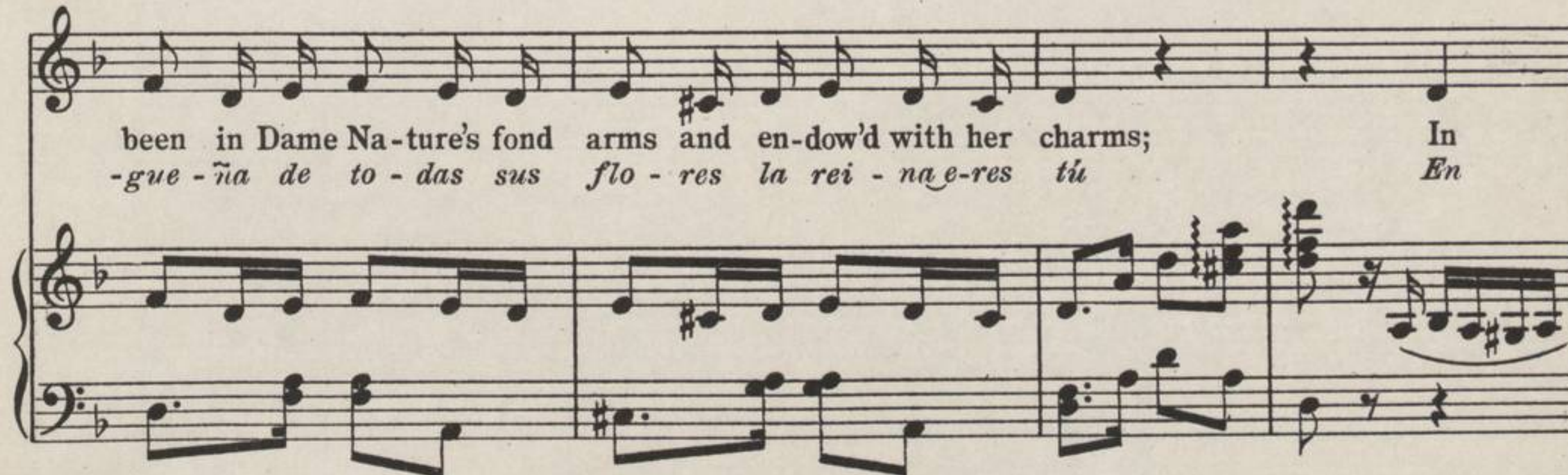
3

Letra de
FERNAN SANCHEZ

English Version by
Herbert Thomson

Música de
EDUARDO SANCHEZ DE FUENTES

Moderato



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Cu - ba, 'neath her sky so az - ure and se - rene,
 Cu - ba is - la her - mo - sa del ar - dien - te sol

Dwells my beau - ti - ful maid - en, Of the flow - ers that
 Ba - jo su cie - lo a - zul A - do - ra - ble tri -

bloom in that gar - den so green, My bru - nette, you're the queen.
 - gue - ña de to - das sus flo - res la rei - na e - res tú.

On flam - ing al - tar has your heart been en - shrin'd,
 Fue - go sa - gra - do guar - da tu co - ra - zón

p-f

In fires be - at - i - fied It is ev - er con - fined. Nor heav'n did
El cla - ro cie - lo Su a - le - gri - a te dió. Yen tus mi -

fal - ter In your eyes to in - fuse All the light of the
- ra - das ha con - fun - di - do Dios De tus o - jos la

sun and the night And the sky's bright - est hues. On flam - ing
no - che y la luz De los ra - yos del sol. Fue - go sa -

2

The palm trees,
 Where they cluster in redolent glade,
 In the soft breezes swaying,
 Gently fan your dark tresses so freely displayed
 As you lie in their shade.
 The palm trees,
 Like all nature, pay homage to you —
 Hear the words they are saying
 While you lie in their shadow 'neath Heaven's bright blue —
 For they worship you too!

Your charms, transcending
 All the beauties of earth,
 To me are sanctified
 As all treasures of worth;
 Your sweetness blending
 With the nectar of Heav'n
 Nature's balm and the isle's soothing calm —
 For to Cuba you're giv'n!

You - 3

2

*La palma,
 que en el bosque se mece gentil
 tu sueño arrulló
 y un beso de la brisa al morir de la tarde
 te despertó.
 La palma,
 que en el bosque se mece gentil
 tu sueño arrulló
 y un beso de la brisa al morir de la tarde
 te despertó.*

*Dulce es la caña,
 pero más lo es tu voz
 que la amargura quita
 del corazón.
 Y al contemplarte
 suspira mi laúd
 Bendiciéndote hermosa sin par; — ay!
 porque Cuba eres tú!*

HOLD ME

By ART HICKMAN
and BEN BLACK

CHORUS

Just simply Hold me, Fold me right in your arms —

p-f *a tempo*

It's your af - fec - tion I crave —

Tease me, Squeeze me, tight in your arms —

Un - til I prom - ise to be - have — Fill me, Thrill me,

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