

SM2820

2 Revised Edition

Down Among The Sheltering Palms

Words by
JAMES BROCKMAN

Music by
ABE OLMAN

Moderato

f

Vamp

p

I'm way down east, — down east, — And my
When I was south, — down south, — There I

heart is pin - ing, pin - ing for you, You're way out west, — out west, — And my
saw some pret - ty, pret - ty pla - ces, When I was north, — way north, — I saw

soul is crav - ing, crav - ing for you, I love you so, —
man - y, man - y pret - ty fa - ces, not one so fair, —

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Just you, I know, — It takes six days to go there with a train, Just
None could com - pare, — There's on - ly one place way out in the west, And

one week more, and I'll be with you a - gain. — I long to be
you are there, where with you I long to rest. — I long to be

CHORUS

p-f
Down — a - mong the shel - ter - ing palms, O hon - ey,

wait for me, O hon - ey, wait for me; Meet me — down by the

old Gold-en Gate, Out where the sun goes down a-bout eight.

How my love_ is burn-ing, burn-ing, burn-ing, How my heart is

yearn-ing, yearn-ing, yearn-ing To be down — a-mong the shel-ter-ing palms, O hon-ey,

wait for me! me!