

Respectfully dedicated to my friend Mr. Leland Sterry.

## In Florida Among The Palms.

SM 5929

By IRVING BERLIN.

*Voice.*

Every bo-dy sings of the Flo-ri-da was named ve-ry

*Till ready.*

sun-ny South, pret-ti-ly, That's the song that clings to the singer's mouth, They rag-time it and boost the cli-mate way By the man who claimed it's dis-cov-er-y, He spent hours a-mong the flowers and

up to the sky, I nev-er cared a lot for the Swan-ee shore, There's anoth-er spot that I'm called it "God's Land" and nature seems to sigh, "it's my fav-or-ite," That's the reason why Heaven

root-ing for, I've been there and I must de-clare, it can't be praised too high. gave her it, It was born from a dia-mond worn up - on an An-gel's hand.

Chorus.

If I had my way, I'd al - ways stay in Flo - ri - da a - mong the palms, — With its

*p-f*

peace - ful air of "I don't care" and la - zy at - mosphere that calms, — My one fav - orite

haunt is a palm tree — and all I want is some one, just to rest in my arms, —

*crese. poco a poco f*

I'd love to live a - mong the bam - boo huts, the co - coa - nuts, There's something in the climate that charms, —

*subito*

Heav - en's cor - ri - dor is sun - ny Flo - ri - da, home of the shelt'ring palms. If I palms. —

*f D. S.*