

# Hindustan

By OLIVER G. WALLACE  
and HAROLD WEEKS

Moderato

**Till Ready**

Cam - el trap - pings jin - gle, \_\_\_\_\_ Harp - strings sweet - ly tin - gle, \_\_\_\_\_  
Shades of night are fall - ing, \_\_\_\_\_ Night - in - gales are call - ing, \_\_\_\_\_

— With a sweet voice min - gle, \_\_\_\_\_ Un - der - neath the stars. \_\_\_\_\_  
— Ev - 'ry heart en - thrall - ing, \_\_\_\_\_ Un - der - neath the stars. \_\_\_\_\_

Sigh - ing, \_\_\_\_\_ mem - o - ries are bring - ing, \_\_\_\_\_  
Sigh - ing, \_\_\_\_\_ like the night wind dy - ing, \_\_\_\_\_

— Tem - ple bells are ring - ing, \_\_\_\_\_ call - ing me a - far. \_\_\_\_\_  
— Soft my heart is cry - ing \_\_\_\_\_ for my love a - far. \_\_\_\_\_

CHORUS

Hin - - - du - stan, where we stopped to rest our tired car - a - van, - - -

- - - Hin - - - du - stan, where the paint - ed pea - cock

proud - ly spreads his fan, - - - Hin - - - du - stan, where the

pur - ple sun - bird flashed a - cross the sand, - - - Hin - - - du - stan, - - -

- - - where I met her and the world be - gan. - - - gan.