

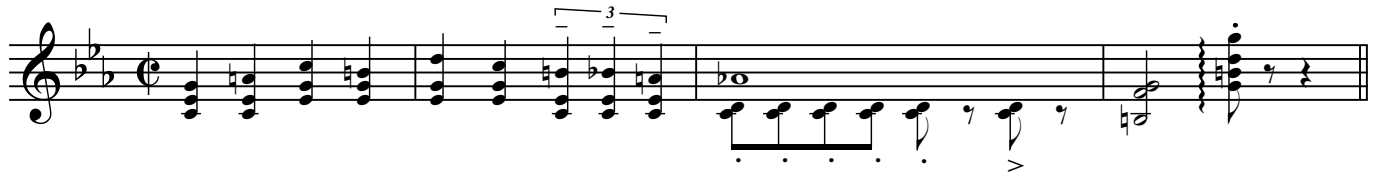
# Ka-lu-a

from *Good Morning Dearie*

Words by  
ANNE CALDWELL

Music by  
JEROME KERN

Moderato



Where the feath-ered palm trees light-ly sway, \_\_\_\_\_ High a-bove the  
Shad-ows fall from ev-'ry haunt-ed pine, \_\_\_\_\_ Where the moon-rays



blue Ha-waii-an bay; \_\_\_\_\_ Set in op-al, rose and pearl, \_\_\_\_\_  
on the wat-er shine; \_\_\_\_\_ There's a road of spang-led blue, \_\_\_\_\_



Are my mem-'ries of a girl; \_\_\_\_\_ Could I send a mes-sage to her I'd  
That would lead me straight to you; \_\_\_\_\_ Could I on-ly fol-low the sil-ver



(Girls) Ah, \_\_\_\_\_ Ah, \_\_\_\_\_ Ah! \_\_\_\_\_ Ah! \_\_\_\_\_  
say: \_\_\_\_\_  
line: \_\_\_\_\_

**Burthen (The rhythm well defined)**

When it's moon-light in Ka - lu - a, \_\_\_\_\_ Night like this is \_\_\_\_\_ di -



vine: \_\_\_\_\_ It was moon-light in Ka - lu - a, \_\_\_\_\_ When your



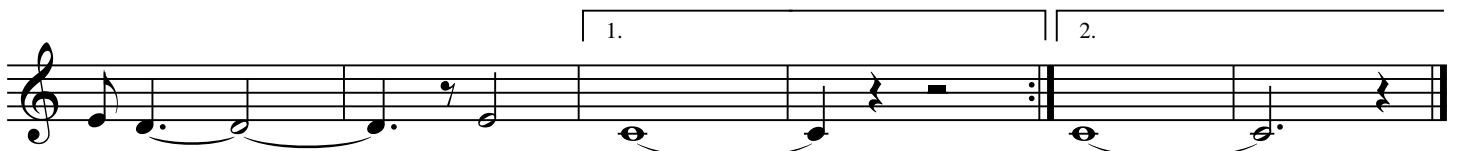
kiss-es \_\_\_\_\_ met mine. \_\_\_\_\_ Al-though the rose and jas-mine



bloom as fair, \_\_\_\_\_ And love is call - ing through the scen-ted air, \_\_\_\_\_



ev - 'ry - where: It is lone-ly in Ka - lu - a, \_\_\_\_\_ Be-cause



you are \_\_\_\_\_ not there. \_\_\_\_\_ there. \_\_\_\_\_