

# IN FLORIDA AMONG THE PALMS

SUCCESSFULLY INTRODUCED  
by  
BERNARD GRANVILLE  
in  
ZIEGFELD FOLLIES  
of  
1916



BY IRVING BERLIN

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Al. Barbelle

## In Florida Among The Palms.

By IRVING BERLIN.

*Voice.*

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

*Till ready.*

sun-ny South, That's the song that clings to the singer's mouth, They rag-time it and boost the cli-mate way  
pret-ti-ly, 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,

*cresc. 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 shell't'ring palms. If I palms. —

*fz D. S.*