

## Dardanella

Bing Crosby

Oh, sweet Dardanella,  
I love your harem eyes,  
I'm a lucky fellow to capture such a prize,  
Oh, Allah knows my love for you  
And he tells you to be true, Dardanella,  
Oh, hear my sigh, my Oriental,  
Oh, sweet Dardanella, prepare the wedding wine,  
There'll be one girl in my harem, when you're mine.  
We'll build a tent  
Just like the children of the Orient.

Oh, sweet Dardanella  
My star of love divine.  
Down beside the Dardanella Bay,  
Where Oriental breezes play,  
There lives a lonesome maid Armenian.  
By the Dardanelles with glowing eyes  
She looks across the seas and sighs  
And weaves her love spell so sirenian.  
Soon I shall return to Turkestan  
I will ask for her heart and hand.

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