

Katinka

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BAJO



Da ba da ba da ba da In this cup of wine, Ka-tin-ka, where the
bub-bles, the bub-bles where the bub-bles shine, they have
caught the pret-ty grace of your smile, cap-tive for a
while, and the spar-kle of your eyes, Ka-tin-ka,
from a-prilskies, Ka-tin-ka, from a-pril, In this gob-let's crys-tal depths bright-ly
gleams like a star seen in dreams. Sweet Ka-tin-ka, sweet Ka-
tin-ka, you are like a rose, Ka-tin-ka, just as fair, dear, just as
rare, dear, and I love you, hea-ven knows! and I love you, E-ven
an-gels sent to wor-ship you for they've sent you their charns from the
blue. Ah, my joy, dear, were di-vine, if you were on-ly
mine. Sweet Ka-mine!