Marie Cahill's
Congo Love Song.

Moderato. (Not fast.)

'tWay down where the Congo is a-flowing,
Maid-en, though his gentle words believing,
This maid, in the wilds of Umbagooda,

'tWay down where the bamboo is a-growing,
Told him that she thought he was deceiving,
Down where this bold Kafir chieftain wooed her,
Down where tropic breezes are blowing,
This set his poor Kaffir heart a-grieving,
May have been perhaps, a trifle crud-er

There once lived a little Zulu maid;
Yet he never changed his ardent theme;
Than girls on the Hudson or the Seine;

Each night, very silently canoeing,
One night, to her father’s kraal he traced her,
Yet, though she was but a little Zulu,
Up stream came a Kaf-fir chief a-woo-ing,
And there in his bus-ty arms em-braced her,
She did just what oth-er art-ful maids do,

He came for the maid-en's hand a-sing-
Then in his can-o-oe he gen-tly placed her,
And showed there were tricks of love that she knew;

espresso
Sing-ing as a-long the banks they stray-ed:
Sing-ing as they float-ed down the stream:
For she kept him sing-ing this re-frain:

espresso poco ral.
Chorus. Not fast

"As long as the Congo flows to the sea, As long as a

leaf grows on the bamboo tree, My love and de-

vo- tion will be deep as the o- cean. Won't you take a

no- tion for to love a but me?"

D.S.