QUEEN OF THE BUNGALOW.

Words by ED GARDENIER. Music by GUS and MAX ROGERS.

There oncedwelt a maiden
With sad tears of sorrow,

they called Wanee-ta, Down in the tropic climate warm,
The dusky maiden, Now in the bungalow mourns her fate, With

belle of the tribe no maiden was sweeter, Herstyle of dress showed perfect form;
wives this Fiji is much over laden, Wanee-ta's number's ninety eight,
From o'er the wa-ter to na-ture's daugh-ter Big Fi-ji chief plied
The more to grieve her, this dark de-ceiv-er Tells her these gals of

his ca- noe, He came to court her he kind-ly brought her beads and feath-ers
ev'-ry hue I got to-geth-er with beads and feath-ers, same way I got

too, Won her af-fec-tions too. When he be-gan to coo.
you In my bam-boo ca-noe. When I be-gan to coo.

Chorus.

My Wa-ne-ee-ta say you'll go To my sha-dy bun-ga-

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low,—For I love you—Su-lu babe I do for you are
just as sweet—as the honey dew,—In my little bam-boo-ca-
noe,—I see a-wait-ing out here—for you, Won't you go with your beau-to where the
palm-trees grow—and be the Queen of the bun-ga-low. My Wa-low._

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