My Hindoo Man.

Words by HARRY H. WILLIAMS. Music by EUGBRT VAN ALSTYNE.

Allegro moderato.

In the land of Hindustan, there lived a Hindoo fakir man, And the tricks that he displayed, had won a Hindoo fakir there. "At your tricks you're great I know, But as a

Vamp.

Now this Hindoo maiden fair, she told the

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Little Hindoo maid, Ev'ry night they'd sit and spoon, Beneath the lover you are slow! Then the Hindoo man grew brave, And swore that

Oriental moon; Brimful of glee she he would be her slave, His arm he placed a

thought that he would-a pop the question soon. But his round her waist, and a kiss to her he gave. But he
courage quickly fled, So the maiden softly said; had n't had a shave, And she told him to behave;

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CHORUS.

My Hindoo man is a prize, And he can hyp-hyp-no-tize,

- Resist those hyp-not-ic eyes, I nev-er can, If he would

just name the day, And with me trip,trip a-way, Why I’d say Hip! Hip hur-ray,

My Hindoo man. My Hindoo man.