UNDER THE BAMBOO TREE.

by BOB COLE.

Moderato.

not fast.

1. Down in the jungles lived a maid, Of royal blood though
2. And in this simple jungle way, He wooed the maiden
3. This little story strange but true, Is often told in

dusky shade, A marked impression once she made
ev'ry day, By singing what he had to say;
Matamba, Of how this Zulu tried to woo

Copyright MCMII by Jos. W. Stern & Co.

Copyright and performing rights secured for Great Britain and all the British Colonies & possessions.

Reproduction of this Music on Mechanical Instruments strictly prohibited. All rights reserved.
Up-on a Zulu from Mata-boo-loo; And ev'ry morning
One day he seized her and gently squeezed her; And then beneath the
His jungle lady in tropics shady; Al-though the scene was

colla voce.  a tempo

he would be bamboo green, He begged her to become his queen,
miles away, Right here at home I dare to say,

A-wait-ing there his love to see And then to her he'd sing:
The dusky maid'en blushed unseen And joined him in his song;
You'll hear some Zulu ev'ry day, Gush out this soft refrain:
Chorus. not fast.

If you lak-a-me, lak lak-a-you And we lak-a-both the same, I lak-a say, this very day, I lak-a-change your name, 'Cause

I love-a-you and love-a-you true And if you-a love-a-me.

One live as two, two live as one Under the bamboo tree, If tree.

D.S.