

My Caravan

3

Lyric and Music by
AUGUSTUS BARRATT

Moderato

VOICE

Piano

mf

I wish I'd lived in the days of Phar-aoah, When the

girls wore noth-ing much at all. Those were the days when men were un-a-ware o' all the

things for which we have to fall. Now - a - days, no - bod - y knows

which is girl, an which is clothes. Think what a time E - gyp-tians had, when the

My Caravan

wrens could neith-er paint nor pad. Right out there on the burn-ing sand, Where the

flat-irons blow by the Py-ra-mids grand, I'd have built a spec-ial big grand-stand, When the

chick-ens had their play-time; With a bright search light for the vel-vet night, And a

cam-era for the day-time, When my car-a-van was

rest-ing by the wa-ters of the Nile; I'd have seen those maid - ens

dressed in bits of chif-fon and a smile; I'd have found it in - ter -

est - ing, To have been a croc - o - dile, When my car - a - van was

rest - ing by the wa-ters of the Nile. When my Nile.

1 2

Slow f

Ad.