

The Maid of Timbuctoo.

Words by
J. W. JOHNSON.

Music by
BOB COLE.

Allegro con spirito.

Piano.

Allegro moderato.

1. In Af - ric's sun - ny
2. She was un - ci - vi -
3. When - e'er some chief-tain

Till ready

land, Be - yond the de - sert's sand, There lived a maid, I've
lized, Yet you'd have been sur - prised, If you had seen that
fine, In - vit - ed her to dine, She shook her head and

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heard it said, In a place called Tim-buc - too. Bold chief-tains by the
 maid-en green, Tak-ing in those Zu - lu guys; She re-lieved them of their
 shy - ly said: "That to eat she did not care;" But yet she'd sit and

score, Would come for miles or more, Ar - rayed in beads and
 rings, Their beads and oth - er things, In such a way, I
 munch Ba - na - nas by the bunch, And make them bring her

pump - kin seeds, This lit - tle maid to woo.
 dare to say, They nev - er did get wise.
 ev - 'ry thing On a Zu - lu bill of fare.

Chorus.
Not fast

The maid of Tim-buc-too, — she knew just what to do, — When suit-ors

came to woo — Her for her hand; — She shy-ly

drooped her eyes — And heaved a sea of sighs, — Yet she was

ve-ry wise, — You un-der-stand. —