

SM407

Marie Cahill's Congo Love Song.

Words by
J. W. JOHNSON.

Music by
ROSAMOND JOHNSON.

Moderato. (Not fast.)

'Way down where the Con - go is a - flow - ing,
Maid - en, though his gen - tle words be - liev - ing,
This maid, in the wilds of Um - ba - goo - da,

'Way down where the bam - boo is a - grow - ing,
Told him that she thought he was de - ceiv - ing,
Down where this bold Kaf - fir chief - tain wooed her,

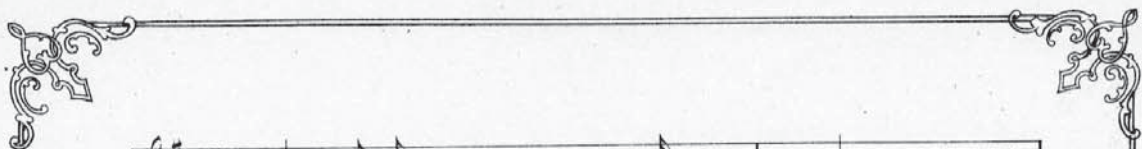
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Down where — tro - pic breez - es are a - blow - ing,
 This set — his poor Kaf - fir heart a - griev - ing,
 May have — been per - haps, a tri - fle crud - er

There once — lived a lit - tle Zu - lu maid,
 Yet he — nev - er changed his ar - dent theme;
 Than girls — on the Hud - son or the Seine;

Each night, — ve - ry si - lent - ly ca - noe - ing,
 One night, — to her fa - ther's kraal he traced her,
 Yet, though — she was but a lit - tle Zu - lu,



Up stream, came a Kaf - fir chief a - woo - ing,
And there in his lus - ty arms em - braced her,
She did just what oth - er art - ful maids do,

He came for the maid - en's hand a - su - ing,
Then in his ca - noe he gent - ly placed her,
And showed there were tricks of love that she knew;

espressivo
Sing - ing as a - long the banks they strayed:
Sing - ing as they float - ed down the stream:
For she kept him sing - ing this re - frain:



Chorus. Not fast

"As long as the Con - go flows to the sea, As long as a

colla voce *mp*

leaf grows on the bam - boo tree, My love and de -

vo - tion will be deep as the o - cean, Won't you take a

no - tion for to love - a but me?"

D. S.