

SM 766

In Montezuma.

Words and Music by

LESLIE STUART.

Moderato. (♩ = 76)

Piano.

mf

Far a - way from cares or wor - ry, In a place where no one
When they think it's time to mar - ry, There is no one says you'll

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cares to hur-ry, Where the maid - ens do no-thing but dream the
 have to tar-ry, For he tells her he's built her the wig-wam

whole day long, — Where the Ri - o Grande is flow-ing, And the
 right for two, — Then he says, "I've long been call-ing By the

pine trees grow, let's all be go - ing Mon-te - zu - ma way —
 Ri - o Grande when night was fall - ing Mon-te - zu - ma way —

— to Mon - te - - zu - ma. Where
 — down Mon - te - - zu - ma. The

lov - ers, as lit - tle by lit - tle they grow, They tell their
wed - ding is read - y and read - y and all the tribe that

sim - ple lit - tle tale; While no - one tries to sep - ar - ate them
comes from Es - pa - no - la, Dance and sing the lit - tle songs, and

when they love. When you see her a - pin - ing and sigh - ing a -
crone, and crone, When she gets all the bless - ing, ca - res - sing and

way, You'll know she's on - ly wait - ing, wait - ing, To
off they go for sim - ple ho - ney - moon - ing, A

hear him in the mountain up a - - bove.
 squaw girl to her lit - tle moun-tain home.

Refrain. 2nd time *f*

In Mon - te - zu - ma, they say "When I build my lit - tle

cave, Far up in the moun - tain I'll try to

save a cor - ner, Just a lit - tle cor - ner. You'll rule the place, -

— And this lit - tle fel - low too, In Mon - te -

zu - ma There's no - thing to good for you." In

you." —

last time
you." —

Fine

D.S. ✻