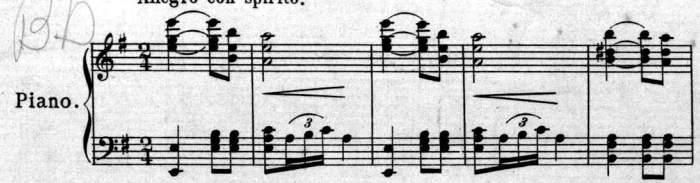
The Maid of Timbuctoo.

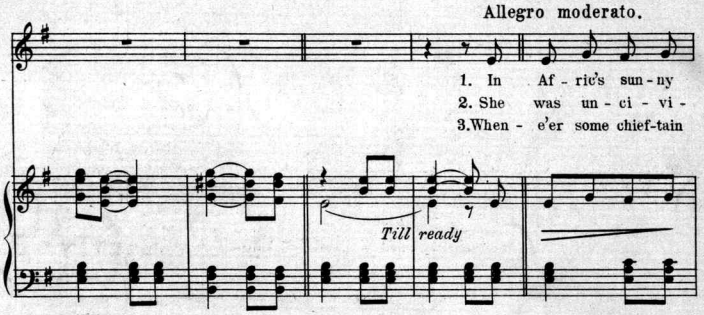
Words by
J. W. JOHNSON.

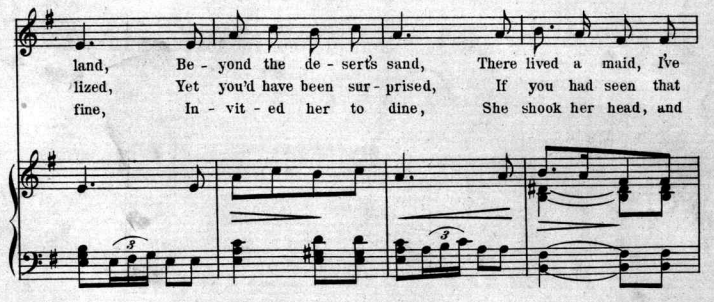
Music by
BOB COLE.

Allegro con spirito.



Allegro moderato.





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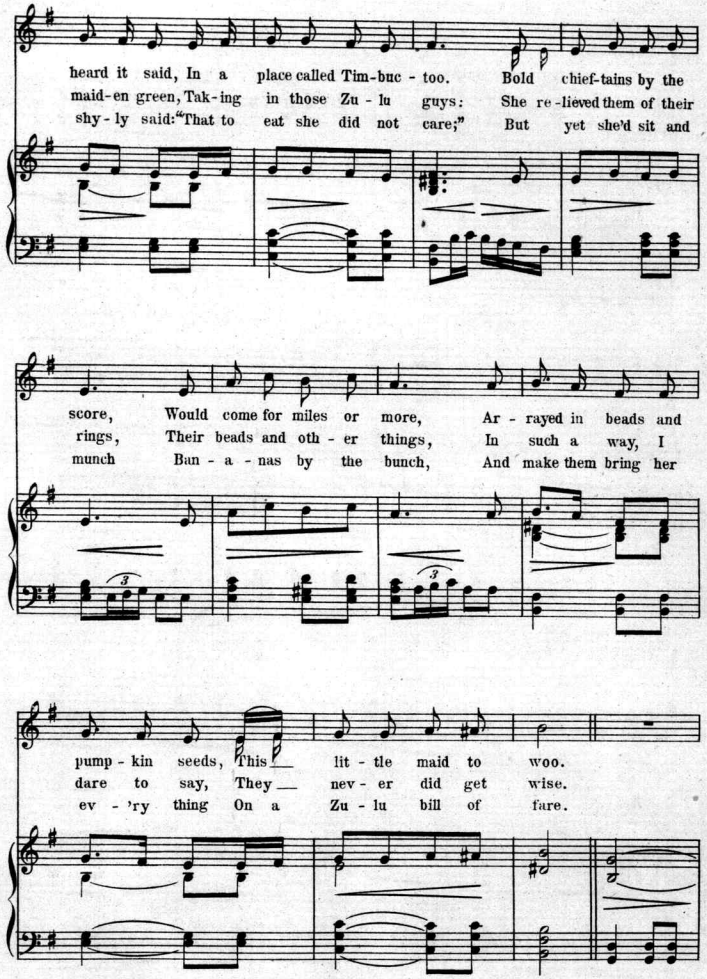
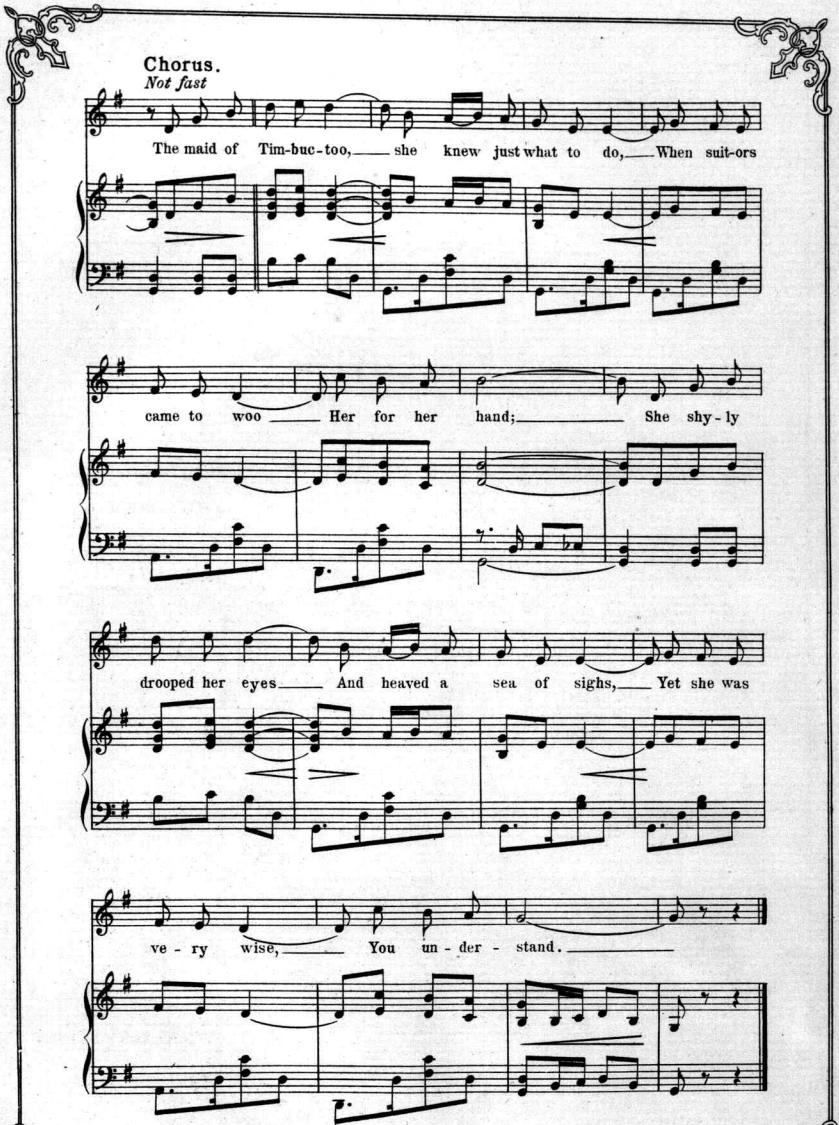

heard it said, In a place called Tim-buc - too. Bold chief-tains by the
maid-en green, Tak-ing in those Zu - lu guys: She re-lieved them of their
shy - ly said: "That to eat she did not care;" But yet she'd sit and
score, Would come for miles or more, Ar - rayed in beads and
rings, Their beads and oth - er things, In such a way, I
munch Ban - a - 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.

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Edison Sheet Music

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