The Constant Cannibal Maiden

Lyrics by Wallace Irwin, 1904

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I've



Far oh, far is the Man-go is - land, Far oh, far is the tro-pi-cal sea --



Palms a- slant and the hills a- smile - and a Can-ni-bal mai-den a- wait-in' for me



been de-ceived by a dam-sel Span-ish and In-di-an mai-dens both red and brown,



black-eyed Turk and a blue-eyed Dan-ish and a Pur-i-tan las-sie of Sa - lem town.

For the Puritan Prue she sets in the offing A-castin' 'er eyes at a tall Marine, And the Spanish minx is the wust at scoffing Of all of the wimming I ever seen.

But the cannibal maid is a simple creetur
With a habit of gazin' over the sea,
A-hopin' in vain for the day I'll meet 'er
And constant and faithful a-yearnin' for me.

Me Turkish sweetheart she played me double --Eloped with the Sultan Harum In-Deed, And the Danish damsel she made me trouble When she ups and married an oblong Swede.

But there's truth in the heart of the maid of Mango, With her cheeks as dark as the kiln-baked cork, As she sets in the shade of the whingo-whango A-waitin' for me -- with a knife and fork.