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Crocodile Isle.

Words by
JACK DRISLANE.

Music by
THEODORE MORSE.

Allegro Moderato.

Far off in Egypt's lands,
Once in a dry goods store,

Down by the silv'ry Nile,
They met one summer's day,

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On its sun-beaten sands,
Side by side, on the floor;

There lived a crocodile,
'Mong leather goods so gay,

He loved a green skin maid,
But she seemed so afraid,
He said "I told you so"
We had no right to go,

And said she'd rather roam away;
No right to leave the sunny Nile;
Though you're
he called her "love" and "dear," And he
simply a lady's purse, You re-
whispered in to her ear:
member my love sick verse:"

CHORUS.

"Don't go away and leave me, Why don't you stay and

spoon! If you should go 'twould grieve me,

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Stay heath the sil'-v'ry moon; I like your sty'-lish
man-ner, Lin-ger a lit-tle while,

(spoken)
I've got a tale to tell you, (b'out what?) 'Bout

[Music notation]

Croc-o-dile Isle.