Under the Bamboo Tree

Judy Garland

Down in the jungles lived a maid
Of royal blood though dusky shade
A marked impression once she made
Upon a Zulu from MataboolooAnd every morning he would be
Down underneath the bamboo tree
A waitin' there his love to see
And then to her he'd sing, to her he'd singIf you like-a me, like I like-a you
And we like-a both the same
I like-a say this very day
I like-a change your name'Cause I love-a you and love-a you true
And if you-a love-a me
One live as two, two live as one
Under the bamboo tree

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