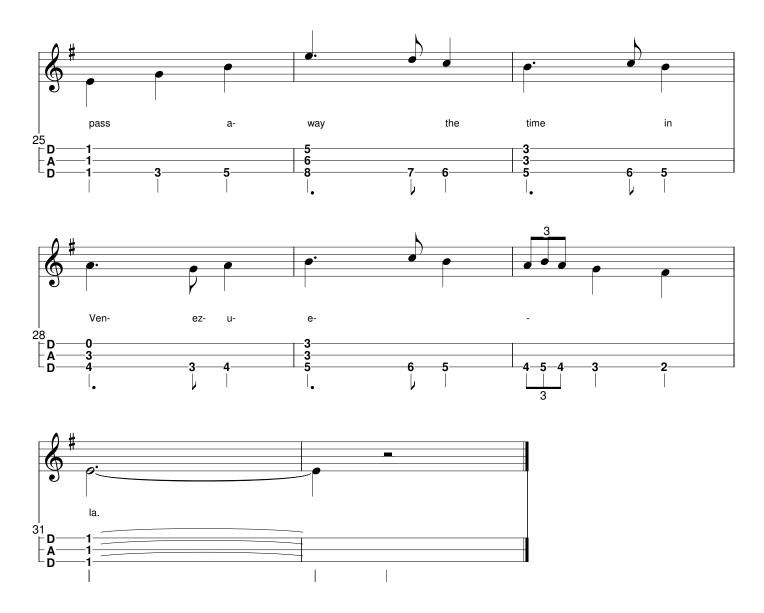
VENEZUELA

John Jacob Niles (1918)

TablEdited by James Kuder







I met her in Venezuela, With a basket on her head, And if she loved others she did not say, But I knew she'd do to pass away, To pass away the time in Venezuela. To pass away the time in Venezuela.

I bought her a sash, a beautiful sash of blue, A beautiful sash of blue, Because I knew what she could do With all of the tricks I knew she knew To pass away the time in Venezuela. To pass away the time in Venezuela.

And when the wind was out, oh, out to sea,
The wind was out to sea,
And she was taking leave of me
I said: Cheer up there'll always be
Sailors ashore on leave in Venezuela.
Sailors ashore on leave in Venezuela.

Her lingo was strange but the thought of her beautiful smile, The thought of her beautiful smile Will haunt me and taunt me for many a mile For she was my girl and she did a while To pass away the time in Venezuela. To pass away the time in Venezuela.