WHEN SING LO CHIN PLAYS HIS MANDOLIN

SONG

WORDS BY

C. MARTIN EDDY, JR

MUSIC BY

FRED. W. ANGELL

EDDY, MARVELL & SYCAMORE,
MUSIC PUBLISHERS.
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Introduction

PIANO *f* *Vamp* *p*

mf VOICE

1. O - cean lin - er sailed a - way From Can- ton Chin - a, one fine day; Brought an al - mond - eyed Chin - ee from his home a - cross the sea. In the land of lo - tus flow'rs Folks spent ma - ny hap - py hours List - 'ning to this man - da - rin, play his man - do - lin. He had all Chin - a mad, And here it's just as bad.

2. Thrif - ty Chin - ese find it pays To run their laun - dries rag - time ways,– To a one - step, or a march, shirts and col - lars they will starch. Chin - ese chick - ens, now - a - days, Raise the dick - ens, while he plays, Moth - ers still their bab - ies' cries, to his lul - a - bies. Each night he'll ser - en - ade, Some dif - f'rent Chin - ese maid.

mf

rit. - - *f* *rit.* - - *f*

rit. - - *f* *rit.* - - *f*

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SPAM.912B

CHORUS

When Sing Lo Chin plays his man-do-lin Down in Chin-a - town; They o-pen all the win-dows wide to

p-f

let the mu-sic in. And when he plays a sen-ti-men-tal mel-o-dy, Voi-ces blend in O-ri-en-tal har-mo-ny.

Work will stop in each Chin-ese shop, Down in Chin-a - town; And ev-'ry night by lan-tern light they'll

rit.

dance un-til they drop. Chin-ese no-ble-men will chant their evening pray'rs, To the mu-sic of the

rit.

latest ragtime airs, When Sing Lo Chin plays his man-do-lin Down in Chin-a - town. When town.

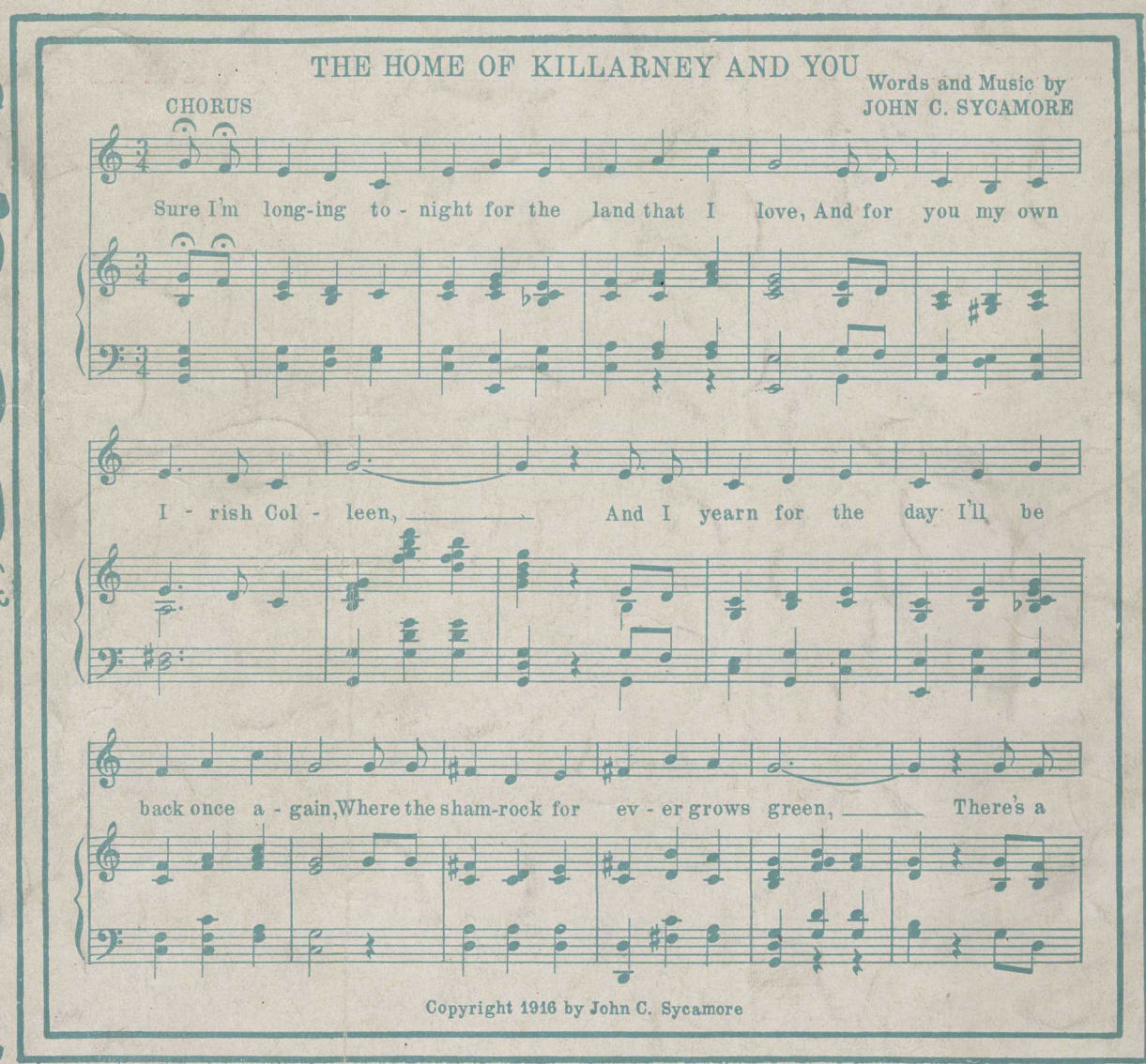
1. 2.

THE DAINTIEST IRISH BALLAD OF THE SEASON

"THE HOME OF KILLARNEY AND YOU"

A NUMBER WITH A TRUE CHARM THAT APPEALS TO EVERYONE

TRY THESE FEW BARS OVER YOURSELF AND SEE



THE HOME OF KILLARNEY AND YOU

Words and Music by
JOHN C. SYCAMORE

CHORUS

Sure I'm long-ing to - night for the land that I love, And for you my own

I - rish Col - leen, And I yearn for the day I'll be

back once a - gain, Where the sham-rock for ev - er grows green, There's a

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