CHINESE BLUES
by
MOORE and GARDNER

TELL TAYLOR,
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Chinese Blues

Lyric by FRED D. MOORE

Music by OSCAR GARDNER

All³ moderato

In the same time as above

Till Ready

Chi-na-man, Chi-na-man, Wash-'em laun-dry all
day.

Chi-na-gal, Chi-na-gal, Let Ip-sing Foy Soo-in.

Chi-na-man, Chi-na-man, Chi-na-man,
Smoke-em pipe they say,
Smoke-em pipe a gain,
He's got a lit - tle
He smoke-em pipe a - 

Chi - na - gal,
lon g lon g while,
She love him al - right,
Girl she nev - er cry,

He love lit - tle Chi-na-gal too, So he sing to her ev - ry night.
All the time old Chi-na-man smoke, Then he sing to lit - tle Lo - ki.

CHORUS.

Moderato  Slow and dreamy

Sung  Fong  Lou.  Sung  Fong

Chinese Blues 4
Lou.
Lis-ten to those Chin-ese Blues,

Hon-ey gal I'm cry-ing to you,
Won't you op-en that door

and let me in.

Chi-na-

man,
Cries ba-by won't you let me in,
Chinaman, Feels his habit coming on again, She cries to him,

What's the matter with you, I got those Ip-shing Hong-Kong-

Ock-a-way Chinese Blues.
When The Maple Leaves Were Falling

REFRAIN Slow and with expression.

When the maple leaves were falling, And the sky was turning gold,
Down the lane we strolled together, There our tales of love we told.

Down Where The Old Millstream Flows

REFRAIN

Down where the old millstream flows, dear, Down where the old wheel turns around,
When I came down from town, And saw you in your gingham gown.

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