High Jinks

Words by Otto Hauerbach

From the Musical Farce "High Jinks," by Rudolf Friml

1. Beyond the Him-a-lay-a moun-tains,
2. The Ro-man god of ju-bi-la-tion—

Where flows the great Tsan-po,
Old Mo-mus was his name—
Beside old Ti-bet's laugh-ing
He wooed the god-dess Ex-ul—

foun-tains, Gay, fest-ive flow-ers grow.
Ta-tion, Of weird Bud-dhistic fame.

maid-sa-tion, They yield their ra-diant bloom.

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D.

all the balm-y air is laden With rich and rare perfume. One very
died of chronic cach-in-na-tion, just laughed himself to death. His soul be-

D.

lit-tle drop placed so, One ti-ny lit-tle whiff, and lol-
came this won-drous flow'rf, Who breathes it, feels its mys-tic pow-

D.

Refrain

1-2. Some-thing seems tingle-ing-ingle-ing-ingle-ing so

D.

queer, Here in your ear, Near-er and
near, Like some strange mingling Of jingle-jingle-jingle-jingles And

tangle-tangle-tangle-tangles; Why! you want to

cry, You want to die, But all you do is

laugh, Hill! Hill! You've got the High Jinks! That's why!
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From the Musical Farce
"High Jinks"

By Otto Hauerbach and Rudolf Friml

Price, complete copy, 60 cents

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