

# WHEN SING LO CHIN PLAYS HIS MANDOLIN

◆ SONG ◆

LAUDRY



1916

WORDS BY  
**C. MARTIN EDDY, JR**  
MUSIC BY  
**FRED W. ANGELL**

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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 -  
2. Thrif - ty Chin - ese find it pays To run their laun - dries rag - time ways, - To a one - step,

*mf*

eyed Chin - ee from his home a - cross the sea. In the land of lo - tus flow'rs  
or a march, shirts and col - lars they will starch. Chin - ese chick - ens, now - a - days,

Folks spent ma - ny hap - py hours List - ning to this man - da - rin, play his man - do -  
Raise the dick - ens, while he plays, Moth - ers still their bab - ies' cries, to his lul - a -

lin. He had all Chin - a mad, And here it's just as bad.  
bies. Each night he'll ser - en - ade, Some dif - f'rent Chin - ese maid.

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

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 music 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

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

*rit.*

*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

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## 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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