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*W.F. Hildorf*

# IN SAN DOMINGO

WORDS BY  
SAM. M. LEWIS  
& JOE YOUNG

MUSIC BY  
TED SNYDER

PRICE  
15¢  
NET

*Ruth Hildorf Reynolds*



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Words by  
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Moderato.

*f* *fz* *gva*

*Voice.*

*Till ready* *p* *p*

"Chickee Choo," that was all she said to me; \_\_\_\_\_  
 "Chickee Choo," ev-'ry time she whispered this; \_\_\_\_\_

"Chickee Choo," on an is-land in the sea; \_\_\_\_\_ I was blue,  
 "Chickee Choo," I would steal a lit-tle kiss; \_\_\_\_\_ All the while,

Just as blue as I could be; \_\_\_\_\_ But Chickee Choo, Seemed to cheer me in-stant-  
 I just had to wear a smile; \_\_\_\_\_ For Chickee Choo, Seemed to fill my heart with

ly. \_\_\_\_\_ Out of a mil-lion or more, Who come to vis-it the shore; It real-ly  
 bliss. \_\_\_\_\_ It was-n't just what she said, That seemed to go to my head; She was a

*f* *p*

seemed like fate that she should wait for me;                      Out on that trop-i-cal isle,  
lit-tle bear, and here and there, was less;                      Al-though she wig-gled a-round,

I had to linger a-while,                      She won me with her smile;                      It had to be. \_\_\_\_\_  
She nev-er covered much ground,                      When she said "Chickee Choo,"                      I answered "yes." \_\_\_\_\_

## Chorus.

In San Do-ming-o, \_\_\_\_\_ We met by chance, \_\_\_\_\_ I couldn't under-stand her "ling-o;" \_\_\_\_\_

But I un-der-stood her dance. \_\_\_\_\_ One day by "jing-o;" \_\_\_\_\_ I held her hand; \_\_\_\_\_

And I could feel my heart go "bing-o;" \_\_\_\_\_ Down in San Do-ming-o Land. \_\_\_\_\_ In San Do- Land. \_\_\_\_\_