

DEDICATED TO LEW LAKE.

# WALLAH, WALLAH, WALLAPEROO!



(THE INDIAN)

WRITTEN & COMPOSED BY  
WORTON DAVID  
AND  
SAM MAYO.

SUNG BY

# SAM MAYO.



# WALLAH, WALLAH, WALLAPEROO.

Written and Composed by

WORTON DAVID & SAM MAYO

Moderato.

VOICE. 

PIANO. 



*Ad lib.*



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Ladies, don't be frighten'd, I'm an In - di - an! ——— I come from Timbu - too, three, four, five,

six; ——— The day I sail'd a - way it was a win - dy 'un, ——— Be

careful, girls, I'm full of In - dian tricks; ——— If you're going to In - dia, and you've

nev - er been be - fore, And you don't know the language, well then, all you've got to roar.

CHORUS.

(Is) Wal - lah, wal - lah, wal - lah, wal - lah, Wal - la - per - ool! My

name out there, it's true, Has puz - zled one or two,

"Dir - ty" was my fa - ther's name, it put us in a fog, Cos

moth - er's name was "Dog - gie" so they call me "Dir - ty Dog!"

D.C.

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KEY F.

Sung by SAM MAYO.

La-dies don't be frighten'd, I'm an In-dian! I come from Tim-buc-too, three, four, five, six; The day I sould a-way it was a win-dy 'un, Be care-ful, girls, I'm full of In-dian tricks; If you're going to In-dia, and you've nev-er been be-fore, And you don't know the lan-guage, well then, all you've got to soar

CHORUS.

Wal-lah, wal-lah, wal-lah, wal-lah, Wal-la-per-oo! My name out there, it's true, Has puz-zled one or two, "Dir-ty" was my fa-ther's name, it put us in a fog, Cos moth-er's name was "Dog-gie" so they call me "Dir-ty dog?"

2.  
You talk about your tigers and wild annules  
Your grizzly bears and other fish at sea,  
You talk about your leopards and your crocodiles,  
Well, talk about them—they don't worry me:  
Whilst hunting in the jungle a big lion I did spy,  
I seized it by its bushy tail and then began to cry:—  
CHORUS.

Wallah, wallah, wallah, wallah, Wallaperoo!  
That lion I stuck to,  
Yes, stuck to it like glue,  
Then by its tail I swung it round and round, I do declare,  
Till my wife cried "Wake up, you fool, you're pulling out my hair!"

3.  
In India we do a lot of wooing there —  
The girls out there—blush red, white, blue and black,  
We're also noted for our fine tattooing there  
My wife asked me if I'd tattoo her back,  
"Tattoo it like the ocean, dear, with ships and waves," she sighed,  
So I tattooed it like the sea, then looked at it and cried:—  
CHORUS.

Wallah, wallah, wallah, wallah, Wallaperoo!  
Her back I did tattoo  
Just like the ocean blue,  
It looked so like the ocean that some chap, the next day,  
Followed her for twenty miles to see the tide go out!

4.  
To India a lady came to do a dance —  
"Just tell me what you think of it," said she,  
Her name it was Lousa and she came from France,  
Salome was the dance she did for me:  
A yard of chiffon and some string was all the poor girl wore,  
She started dancing round the room, then I began to roar:—  
CHORUS.

Wallah, wallah, wallah, wallah, Wallaperoo!  
I shouted "Stop it do —  
It's most disgusting, Lou,  
"There's no harm in it," she replied—I answered, turning green,  
"There may be no harm in it, but it's not your 'arm'!" I mean!"

5.  
In Rangipore, we all have lady slaves out there,  
And very curious customs they have got,  
A girl of seventeen you have to wash your hair,  
She first begins by washing your topnot;  
Yes, when she's seventeen your head she washes on the crown,  
And ev'ry year she washes just a little further down:  
CHORUS.

Wallah, wallah, wallah, wallah, Wallaperoo!  
At twenty-five, it's true,  
Your neck she washes too,  
When she gets to thirty she scrubs half way down your back,  
And when she gets to thirty-five, well, then she gets the sack!

