

DAVE MONTGOMERY

FRED STONE



Gold Stone



CHARLES DILLINGHAM PRESENTS
MONTGOMERY AND STONE
IN A MUSICAL FANTASY

CHIN-CHIN

BOOK BY
ANNE CALDWELL AND R. H. BURNSIDE

LYRICS BY
ANNE CALDWELL

MUSIC BY
IVAN CARYLL

- | | | | |
|----------------------------|------|------------------------------|-----|
| The Mulberry Tree | .60 | Rastime Temple Bells | .60 |
| Violet | .60 | Love Moon | .60 |
| The Grey Dove | .60 | In January You May Love Mary | .60 |
| Goodbye Girls, I'm Through | .60 | A Chinese Honeymoon | .60 |
| Vocal Score | 2.00 | Selection | .60 |
| Waltz | .60 | Fox Trot | .60 |

Ivan Caryll



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STARMER

Ragtime Temple Bells

3

Words by
JAMES O'DEA.

SONG.

Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

Moderato.

The musical score is arranged in four systems. The first system shows the piano introduction in 2/4 time, marked 'Moderato' and 'ff'. The second system continues the piano accompaniment. The third system introduces the vocal melody in a new key signature (one flat) and includes two alternative lyrics: '1. On a' and '2. When a'. The fourth system continues the vocal melody with the main lyrics. The piano accompaniment for the vocal sections is marked 'mp'.

1. On a
2. When a

great big Yan-kee man - o' - war, Was a great big Yan-kee black Jack Tar, On the
Chin - ese boy in Old Pe-kin, Goes to pu - ri - fy him - self from sin, He

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coast of Chi - na one fine day, Cut his sticks and ran a - way. Got a
walks a - long with step de - mure, "Vel - ly good boy" to be sure, When the

job the ve - ry first day a - shore In a hea - then tem - ple, as
bells ring out, that hea - then knave, He just can't make his

jan - i - tor His boss was a joss his ship - mate tells Who
feet be - have, His san - dals grow so queer and hot, They

sent him to ring the tem - ple bells, and ev - 'ry time he rang the
start him do - ing the Turk - ey trot, so ev - 'ry Sun - day school pa -

chime, He'd shud-der, and he'd wince So he tuned the bells in
 rade A - long the Pe - kin way, Looks some-thing like a

rag-time, They've been that way ev-er since! Boom-
 pic-ture Of a New York ca-ba - ret!

REFRAIN.

boom! Bing-e - ty-bing in the morn-ing sun, Boom-boom! Bung-e - ty-bung, When the

day is done. No-thing could be sweet-er than the syn-co - pa-ted me - tre

cres - cen - do

Of these — sweet bells, Boom - boom! Bing - e - ty - bing, When the

day is fair, Boom - boom! Bung - e - ty - bung, all the town is there Ev - ry

chink goes just as dip - py As a coon from Mis - sis - sip - pi Oh ring -

eres - ceu - do *mf*

— them bells, Don't you hear the chim - ing, Lov - ey dov - ey rhym - ing

Jin - go jang-a - ling! Tan - go tang-a - ling Tang-a-ling!

Tang-a - ling! Boom - boom! Bing-e - ty-bing, in the morn - ing sun, Boom -

boom! Bung-e - ty - bung, When the day is done, Rag - time!

Rag - time! Rag-time tem-ple bells! Boom- bells!

D. S.