

MY
 LITTLE
 HONEYMOON
 IN
 A CHINESE
 HONEYMOON

WORDS
 BY
 PAUL WEST
 MUSIC
 BY
 JOHN W. BRATTON



My Little Hong Kong Baby.

(MY LITTLE CUP OF TEA.)

Words by PAUL WEST.

Music by JOHN W. BRATTON.

Allegretto non troppo.

Piano. *f*

mf

p *till ready*

In a lit - tle laun - dry down in
 In a lit - tle tea - shop Far in
 In a lit - tle laun - dry down in

Chi - na town There's a lit - tle Chi - na - man, With pig - tail hang - ing down,
 Chi - na's land Sits a lit - tle Chi - na girl, With tea - cup in her hand,
 Chi - na town Kneels a lit - tle Chi - na - man, Whose tears are stream - ing down,

Ching - a - ling ling - a - ling - a - ling - a - ling.
 Ching - a - ling ling - a - ling - a - ling - a - ling.
 Ching - a - ling ling - a - ling - a - ling - a - ling.

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Toils from ear - ly morn - ing Far in - to the night,
 As the dain - ty peach blooms, Show - er from a - bove.
 In his hand a let - ter From a - cross the sea.

All the lin - en pol - ish - ing un - til it's clean and bright
 Stands a gay young man - da - rin who's breath - ing words of love
 He has read with burn - ing eyes of faith - less Foo - ey See

Ching - a - ling ling - a - ling - a - ling - a - ling.
 Ching - a - ling ling - a - ling - a - ling - a - ling.
 Ching - a - ling ling - a - ling - a - ling - a - ling.

Folks who pass the laun - dry, Oft - en stop to ask,
 How her feat - ures bright - en, How her soft eyes shine,
 Folks who pass the laun - dry, Won - der on their way,

Why a Chi-na-man should sing, Gai-ly at his task
 As she hears his burn-ing words "Foo-ey See be mine!"
 Why he does not sing the song He sang yes-ter-day

sempre stacc.

Why he's ne-ver lone-ly, Mid the for-eign throng,
 But a my-stic mur-mur, Falls up-on her ear,
 See him sad and lone-ly All the dark day long,

Ah if they could on-ly know The bur-den of his song Ching-a-ling—
 As a song from o'er the sea The maid en seems to hear Ching-a-ling—
 Hope-less lit-tle Chi-na-man No long-er sings this song Ching-a-ling—

rit. cresc. f a tempo.

— ling - a - ling - a - ling - a - ling.
 — ling - a - ling - a - ling - a - ling.
 — ling - a - ling - a - ling - a - ling.

rit.

CHORUS. *Slowly.*

My lit - tle Hong-Kong ba - by Over the Chi - na sea,

pp - f

When will you join me may be When will you come to me.

When will our wed - ding day be My lit - tle Foo - ey See, My lit - tle Hong-Kong

cresc.

ba - by My lit - tle cup of tea. tea.

d. s.

A Page from the Musical Gem

My Dear.

Published as follows

Solo, Four Keys D $\flat$, D $\flat$ to D $\flat$, E $\flat$, E $\flat$ to E $\flat$, F, F to F, G, G to G. 60¢ each.

Duet in D $\flat$ Alto D $\flat$ to F Baritone E $\flat$ to F. 75¢

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Lyric by
DAVE REED Jr.

Music by
ERNEST R. BALL.

With expression

All the world is bright and fair, skies are won - drous clear.

Flow'rs have bright - est gowns to wear, all for you, my dear. E'en the ros - es

on your breast, kiss'd by dew drops clear, Seem to love the kiss - es best

From your lips, my dear. Songs were nev - er

mp *p* *rit.* *rit.* *a tempo* *mf*

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