

IN THE LAND OF FAR CATHAY

AS
SUNG
BY

*Miss
Florence
Smith*



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BUSHNELL S.F. CAL.

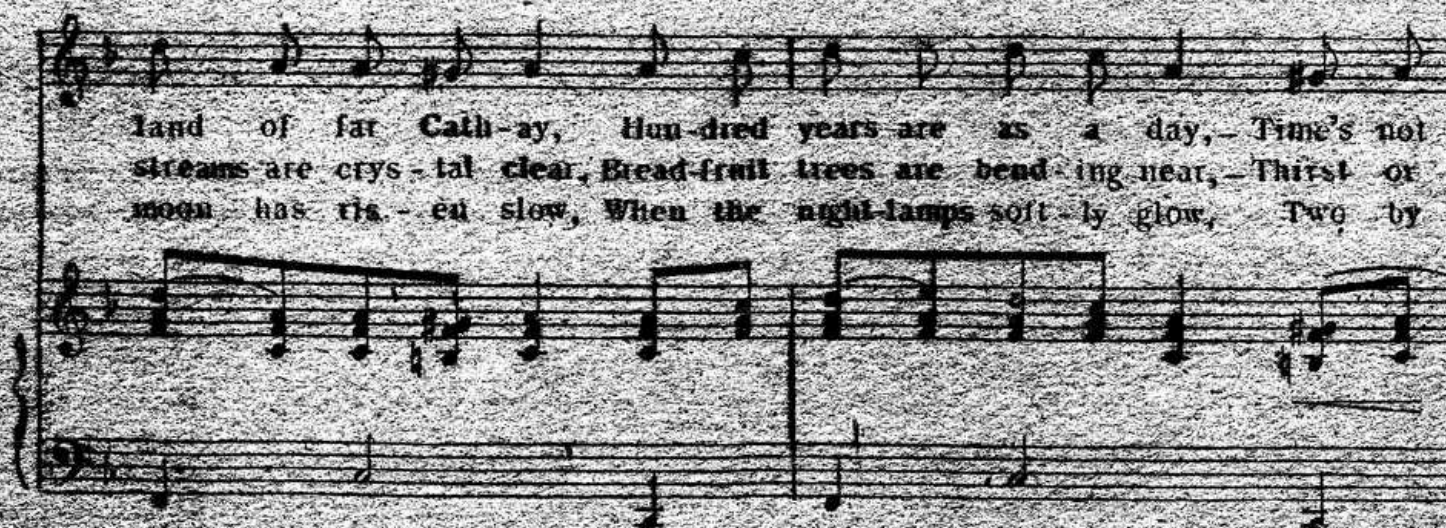
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IN THE LAND OF FAR CATHAY

Words by MARY WOOD

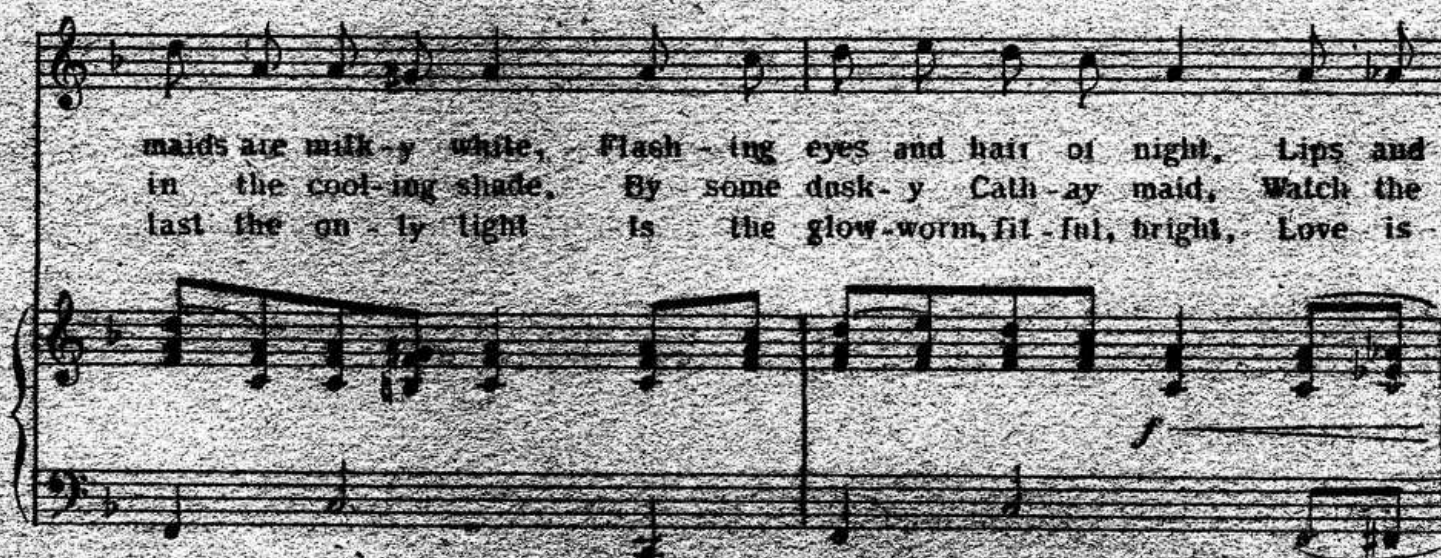
Musical by J. ARNDT MORRIS

Moderato con moto

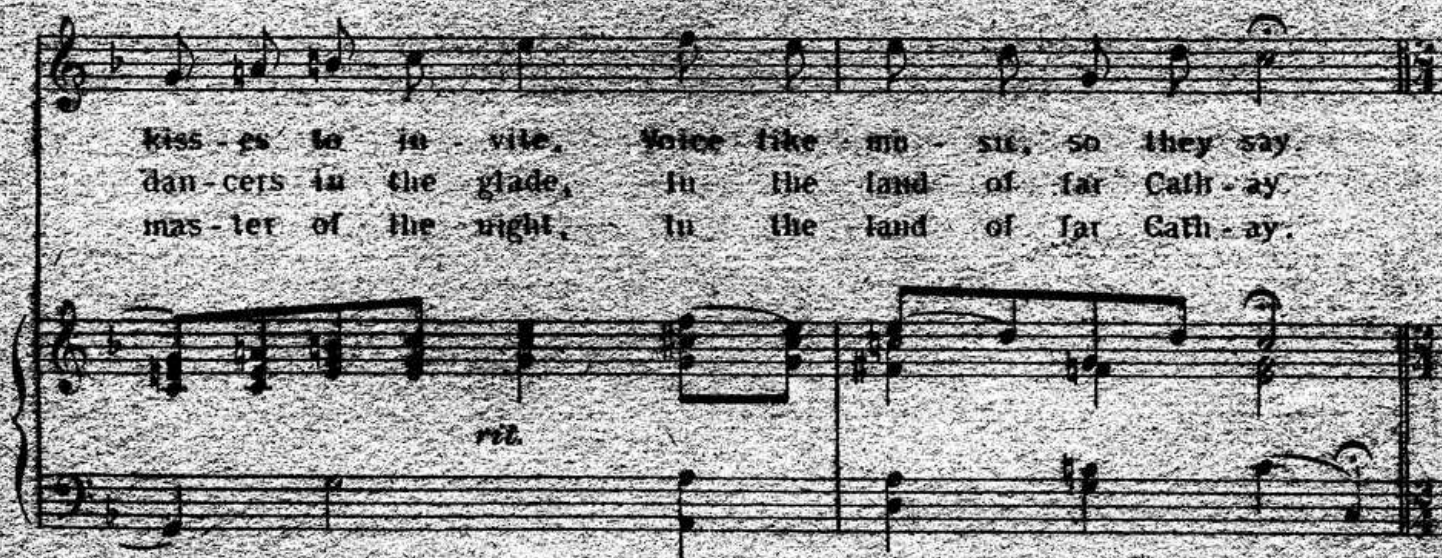




meas-ured, so they say. In the land of far Cath-ay. There the
 hun-ger none need fear. Cold or tempest, so they say. Rest-ing
 two the sing-ers go, All are ma-ted, so they say. When at



maids are milk-y white, Flash-ing eyes and hair of night. Lips and
 in the cool-ing shade, By some dusk-y Cath-ay maid, Watch the
 last the on-ly light Is the glow-worm, fil-lul, bright, Love is



kiss-es to in-vite, Voice like mu-sic, so they say.
 dan-cers in the glade, In the land of far Cath-ay.
 mas-ter of the night, In the land of far Cath-ay.

rit.

CHORUS Slowly

Oo - lah! Oo - lah! Hear the song; Oo - lah!

p

Oo - lah! Come a - long; Oo - lah! Oo - lah!

cresc. *f* *dim.*

Night and day; Oo - lah! Oo - lah! Far Cathay;

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