

I WANT To Go To Tokio

RENIE DAVIES QUAIN'T SONG TRIUMPH



LYRIC
By
JOE Mc CARTHY

MUSIC
By
FRED FISCHER

PUBLISHED BY LEO FEIST INC. NEW YORK.



"You Can't Go Wrong With A 'Feist' Song"

We Take Our Hats Off To You, Mr. Wilson!

CHORUS. BLANCHE MERRILL.

We take our hats off to you, Mis-ter Wil - son, Our hats are off to you, You're the man of the

Cotton Blossom Time.

CHORUS. MAHONEY WENRICH.

Pick-in' cot-ton-blossoms, hunt-in' possums. They don't need the money, life is sun-ny, How they smile! Mouths aspreadin' like a

Just Bring Two Lips Along.

CHORUS. BAYHA-MEYER.

Don't stop for ros-es, It's not for ros-es I pine, don't get me vi-o-lets; Save your mon-ey, dear,

On The Shores Of Italy.

CHORUS. PIANTADOSI-GLOGAU.

On the shores of It-al-y, there my sweet-heart waits for me, In my dreams I al-ways hear,

Celebration Day In Tennessee.

CHORUS. BROWN-GLOGAU.

There's An-na Lize in her Sun-daygown, Eph is a fun-ny clown, See them there, I de-clare, Who's that

When It's Moonlight On The Alamo.

CHORUS. BRYAN-FISCHER.

For when it's moon-light on the Al-a-mo, then you know, I love you so, While the man-do-lins are soft-ly play-ing,

If your dealer does not have them, order direct, 15 cents each.

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Words by
JOE Mc CARTHY

Music by
FRED. FISCHER

Moderato

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in G major, 4/4 time, marked 'Moderato'. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand. The vocal melody enters in the second system. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff, with some words split across lines. The score includes dynamic markings such as *f* (forte) and *p* (piano). The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4.

There's a lit-tle sad eyed Jap-a - nee,—
When the lan-tern lights are dim and low,— In

Ten - der - ly — he sings to me — Of his lit - tle sweet-heart
dreams he'd go — to To - ki - o, — Where the Yo - ko - ha - ma

'cross the sea, — Who's wait - ing pa - tient - ly. —
gent - ly flows, — With some - one he loves so. —

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Ev - 'ry night he'd light a lit - tle lan - tern for her, — And
Lit - tle Lot - us Lil - ies he would gath - er for her — And

dream of old Jap - an, — In that or - i - ent - al light,
Bright Red Pop - pies too, — How his lit - tle heart would ache,

All his love tales he would write, On a silk - en Fan Yo - san.
Ev - 'ry morn when he'd a - wake, he'd sing the whole day through so true:

CHORUS

I sing a-high sing a - lee sing a-low, That means I want to go to To - ki - o,

I got a sweet-heart who's wait-ing for me,— That's why I want to be — be-neath the

The first system of the musical score for 'I Want To Go To Tokio'. It features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: 'I got a sweet-heart who's wait-ing for me,— That's why I want to be — be-neath the'.

Bam-boo Tree. — When the lant-erns are a - glow - ing, I can feel my love a -

The second system of the musical score. The lyrics are: 'Bam-boo Tree. — When the lant-erns are a - glow - ing, I can feel my love a -'.

grow - ing, Ho,Yo-san, Hear your man, Soon you're goin' to be — Sit-ting on my Jap - a - (k) nee

The third system of the musical score. The lyrics are: 'grow - ing, Ho,Yo-san, Hear your man, Soon you're goin' to be — Sit-ting on my Jap - a - (k) nee'. The piano part includes a 'rit.' (ritardando) marking.

I sing a-high sing a - lee sing a-low, That means I want to go — to To-ki - o. o. —

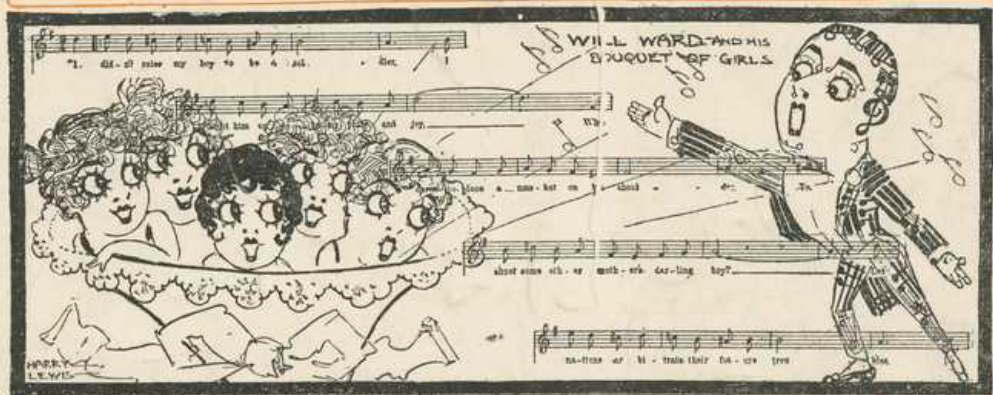
The fourth system of the musical score. The lyrics are: 'I sing a-high sing a - lee sing a-low, That means I want to go — to To-ki - o. o. —'. The piano part includes an 'a tempo' marking. The system concludes with a double bar line and first/second endings.

READ WHAT THE PAPERS SAY ABOUT "I DIDN'T RAISE MY BOY TO BE A SOLDIER"

It's Another "Tipperary" as Sure as You're Born

REPRINTED FROM THE "NEW YORK AMERICAN."

WILL WARD and his bouquet of girls are making the greatest hit of the year at the Alhambra Theatre in singing the great song success, "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier."



The Pittsburgh Gazette-Times, Sunday, Jan. 17, 1915.

THIS SONG WOULD END THE WAR

Remarkable Work Suggesting Peace for All Nations.

A song has just been published, which, if adopted by various countries, would speedily put an end to international and foreign warfare. The song is entitled, "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier!" and although only out a few days has proved the most startling hit New York has known in many years. Here is a part of the chorus:

I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier,
I brought him up to be my pride and joy,
Who dares to place a musket on his shoulder,
To shoot some other mother's darling boy?
Let nations arbitrate their future troubles,
It's time to lay the sword and gun away,
There'd be no war to-day, if mothers all would say,
I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier.

The song which portrays a mother's version of peace and happiness is a wonderful precept of parental wisdom and is the utterance of woman's unselfish love for her offspring, teaching a lesson that will go down the corridors of time with a beneficent warning against battle and bloodshed.

The song is of such a popular character that it is even being introduced in the public schools.

Buffalo Courier, Sunday, Jan. 17, 1915.

A SONG AIMED TO CHECK WARFARE

Expressions of An American Mother on Modern Conflicts.

A philanthropic New York man has just put out a song which is the mirror of a mother's heart. Eliminating the commercial element, he has, primarily issued it to render a national service, and, if possible, to end the horrors of warfare. Two clever writers, Al Bryan and A. Piantadosi, were engaged to construct the song. Here is a part of the chorus:

I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier,
I brought him up to be my pride and joy,
Who dares to place a musket on his shoulder,
To shoot some other mother's darling boy?
Let nations arbitrate their future troubles,
It's time to lay the sword and gun away,
There'd be no war to-day, if mothers all would say,
I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier.

An American mother is speaking. With loyal instinct she breathes a sigh in the lines, "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier!" because she knoweth full well that a soldier's lot is to kill—or die. The beauty of the thought is so apparent and the music so skillfully woven that the song is achieving a popularity second to no other musical work written within a century.

The Times-Picayune, New Orleans, Sunday, Jan. 17, '95

NEW YORK'S LATEST SONG NOVELTY

Popular Eastern Work Which is Speeding Thro' the South.

Fathers, mothers, sons and daughters of Greater New York, are enthusing over a new song called, "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier," which is said to be one of the most marked hits of years. The text of the song reflects the love of a mother who scorns to rear her lad to shoulder a rifle and take the life of his fellow man. Following is part of the chorus:

I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier,
I brought him up to be my pride and joy,
Who dares to place a musket on his shoulder,
To shoot some other mother's darling boy?
Let nations arbitrate their future troubles,
It's time to lay the sword and gun away,
There'd be no war to-day, if mothers all would say,
I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier.

The song has a fascinating swing with martial strains that cling unalteringly to the memory. Of all the modern songs with war themes thus far written, this work is the most foremost because it possesses a heartiest so convincing as to cause it to live for generations as a worthy effort to frustrate war.

Several advance copies of the song reached New Orleans yesterday.

"I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier," a Keith Song Hit



SCHELDON if ever has a popular ballad won such instantaneous success as "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier" the war ballad that Nellie V. Nichols, the accomplished singing comedienne, is featuring at R. F. Keith's Royal Theatre, in the Bronx. Only a little more than a week old, it has created a furore in New York and is sweeping to success in other cities. Audiences have demanded that it be sung over and over again until

it has become a very real feature in every sense of the word.

The song has all the sentiment that is required just at this time. There are few songs in which the words are so cleverly wedded to the music. They seem naturally to come together and can be sung with peculiar ease.

Certainly the people understand this after they have heard Miss Nichols sing it over. But the most

surprising thing is how easily those in the audience pick it up.

The song is the chief event of this reigning bill at the popular Bronx temple of vaudeville. The personal magnetism of the singer and her intangible method of getting the most out of a song does this splendid number the justice which it well deserves. Miss Nichols received encore after encore, and was only allowed to depart after she had convinced the audience she had already occupied the stage several

minutes longer than is allotted for her act.

Clark and Hamilton, the English musical comedy stars, gave their pleasing musical specialty, "A Wayward Comet," while Harry Carroll, the boy composer of popular songs, rendered several of his latest compositions. Eva Condon and Jack Devereaux and company presented a comedieta that pleased, and Boggs's "Lunatic Babes," Roach and McQuay, the Fiddowalt Troupe and Carl Demarest concluded the bill.

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