

CHIN-CHIN CHINAMAN

WORDS BY
JOE GOODWIN AND BALLARD MACDONALD
MUSIC BY
JAMES F. HANLEY



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Moderato. *f*

Piano.

Vamp. *p*

See him com-ing down the stre-e-
When he's fin-ished for the da-a-

Bass marcato.

eet,
ay, Hear the pat-ter of his fe-e-e-eet,
Then he likes a lit-tle pla-a-ay,

Old John Chi-na-man, bun-dle un-der arm, Old John Chi-na-man, nev-er does you harm,
Old John Chi-na-man, buys a stack of blues, Old John Chi-na-man, nev-er, nev-er lose,

Clean-ing up your col-lars, Sa-ving up your dol-lars, Wel-ly, wel-ly good: (You sab-by)
Knows his cue at po-ker, Al-ways catch-ee jo-ker, Wel-ly, wel-ly good: (You sab-by)

poco rit.

Chorus. (Moderato Tempo.)

Chin-chin-chin-chin - chin-chin Chi-na-man, Sing-ing all the day, Turns work in-to

play, Kids all fol-ler-in', Keep on hol-ler-in' "Chin-chin-chin-chin Oh! you Chi-na-man!"

He goes on his way, Gets your lit-tle shirt-ee, cleans it when it's dirt-y, Brings it back next

day; His al-mond eyes Are al-ways full of Chi-nese josh, But if you're wise

You'll bring your tick-ee for your wash, He'll tell you "Sing foo, Wing woo, Was-sa mal-la you?"

That is all he'll say — In his dink-y, wink-y, blink-y, chink-y, Chin-chin Chi-na-man way. way.