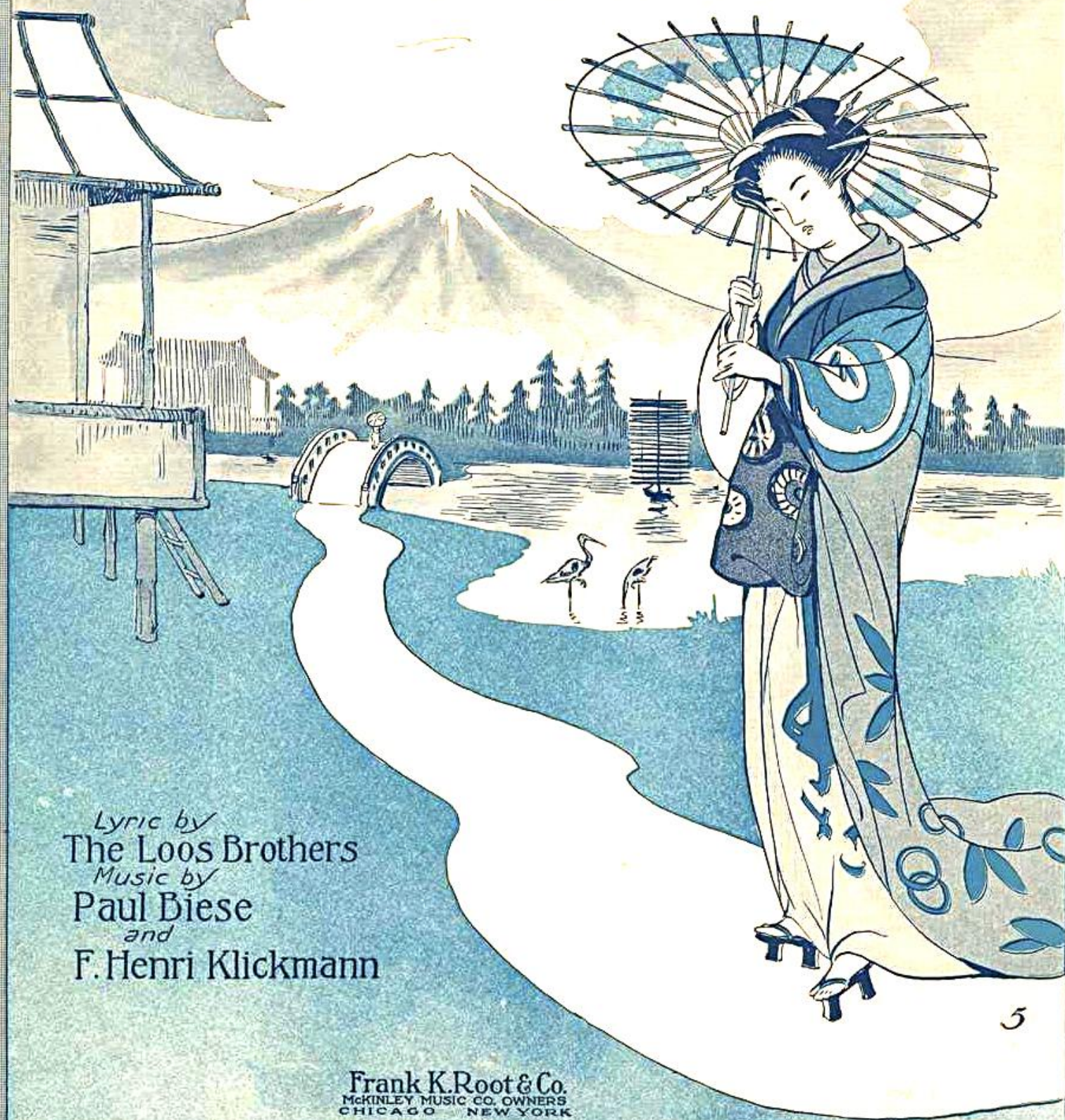


COME BACK TO BAMBOO LAND

(TO YOUR LONELY LITTLE MI MIO SAN)



Lyric by
The Loos Brothers
Music by
Paul Biese
and
F. Henri Klickmann

Frank K. Root & Co.
McKINLEY MUSIC CO. OWNERS
CHICAGO NEW YORK

Albert E. Jon, Post-Production Agents, Sydney, Australia

COME BACK TO BAMBOO LAND.

(To your lonely little Mi Moi San)

SONG and FOX TROT.

Lyric by
The LOOS BROTHERS
Moderato

Music by
PAUL BIESE & F. HENRI KLINKMANN

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in 2/4 time, marked 'Moderato'. The piano part features a mix of chords and moving lines, with dynamic markings like *fz* (forzando) and *mp* (mezzo-piano). A section labeled 'VAMP' is indicated by a double bar line and a repeat sign. The vocal melody is written on a single staff, with lyrics in English. The lyrics are: 'Be-neath a spread-ing bam-boo tree, Far off in old Ja - pan, A Ger - sha girl cries A won-drous moon shines from a - bove, Far off in old Ja - pan; A hap - py cou - ple si - lent - ly Just for her sol - dier man. She waits for him so pa - tient - ly, speak of love, A hon - ey-moon they plan. The birds all sing sweet mel - o - dies, When shades of night ap - pear, From'neath the sway-ing bam-boo tree She prays for him to hear; The moonbeams gently play; From'neath the sway-ing bam-boo tree No more you'll hear her say;'. The score concludes with a final piano flourish marked *fz*.

Be-neath a spread-ing bam-boo tree, Far off in old Ja - pan, A Ger - sha girl cries
A won-drous moon shines from a - bove, Far off in old Ja - pan; A hap - py cou - ple

si - lent - ly Just for her sol - dier man. She waits for him so pa - tient - ly,
speak of love, A hon - ey-moon they plan. The birds all sing sweet mel - o - dies,

When shades of night ap - pear, From'neath the sway-ing bam-boo tree She prays for him to hear;
The moonbeams gently play; From'neath the sway-ing bam-boo tree No more you'll hear her say;

Come back to Bam-boo Land, — to your lone-ly lit-tle Mi Moi San, — For her heart is al-ways cry-ing and

sigh-ing for you, — just you; Here 'neath bamboo cov-er waits a faith-ful lov-er,

I know that you will come back to me. — While lan-terns burn — for you I yearn, —

— I pray each night — for your re-turn. — Come back to Bam-boo Land, — to your lone-ly lit-tle

Mi Moi San, — My tears are fall-ing and call-ing for you. — Come back to you. — *D.S.*