

CHINA WE OWE A LOT TO YOU

WORDS BY
HOWARD JOHNSON
MUSIC BY
MILTON AGER

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PIANO *Allegro moderato*

VOICE

Till ready

When I woke up the oth - er morn, I found a new Re - pub - lic
Now, Chin - a we all re - a - lize The ma - gic of your dreamy

had been born, There was to be de - moc - ra - cy in Chin - a; We con - grat - u - late her,
al - mond eyes, It's plain to see our crock - er - y is Chin - a; Ev - 'ry cup and sau - cer,

But we know old Chin - a, too, Did an aw - ful lot for me and you,
All our Broad - way Johns and Janes Could - n't do with - out your bam - boo canes,

Now her free - dom's won, Let's thank her for what she's done.
Tho' you're weak in song, We all know your tea is strong.

CHORUS

Chin - a, 'way out near A - sia Min - or, No country could be fin - er



— be-neath the sun; You gave us silk to dress our love-ly wom - en,

'Twas worth the price, — And when we could-n't get po-ta-toes, you gave us

rice. We mix — chop su-ey with your chop sticks, — You've taught us quite a

few tricks — we nev-er knew, — We take our hats off to one

thing we've seen, Your laun-dries keep our coun-try clean, — Chin - a,

We owe a lot to — you. 1. 2. you.

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You'll want them for your piano, talking machine, or player piano—why not get them now? They are sweeping the country. Everybody wants to hear them, to sing them, and to dance them. They've caught on strong.

Goodbye Broadway, Hello France!

CHORUS



Goodbye Broadway, Hello France!

When you play and sing this song, you'll know why the regiments on their way to France adopted it as their own. In the language of the boys—"It's got everything." The big hit of the New York Winter Garden and positively the biggest song hit of the year. A wonderful fox-trot or one-step. By Reiner, Davis and Baskette.

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Where Do We Go from Here?

CHORUS



Where Do We Go From Here?

Another song that our soldier boys are singing everywhere—and most everybody else, too. The Phila. North American says: "The 'Tipperary' of 1917." It started out to be a funny song about "Paddy Mack, who drove a hack"—but Paddy enlisted and his song struck the fancy of the soldiers. When some one says, "Where do we go from here?" you'll get his meaning. By Johnson and Wenrich.

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 I Know I Got More Than My Share.
 Keep Your Eye on the Girlie You Love.
 Ireland Must Be Heaven, for My Mother Came from There.
 Don't Bite the Hand That's Feeding You. Better than ever.

Mother, Dixie and You

CHORUS



Mother, Dixie and You

A song of Dixieland. A beautiful melody wedded to words that are sure to take you back home. And not a sadly, sentimental song, either, but one that has life and spirit. Played quickly, it is an irresistible fox-trot. By Johnson and Santly.

There's Something in the Name of Ireland

CHORUS



There's Something in the Name of Ireland

That the Whole World Seems to Love
 To some Ireland means home, to others it means love, to others it means a race of fighting men. But get this song and you'll get an idea why the world loves Ireland. A more beautiful melody hasn't been written in years. By Howard Johnson and Milton Ager.

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LEO FEIST Inc.

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