On the road to Mandalay

WORDS BY
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MUSIC BY
OLEY SPEAKS
Dedicated to Mr. Frank Creston.

On the Road to Mandalay.

From Kipling's "Barroom Romances."

OLEY SPEAKS

Marching Tempo.

By the old Moulmein Pagoda lookin'

eastward to the sea, There's a Burma girl a-

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set-tin, and I know she thinks of me. For the wind is in the palm-trees, and the temple bells they say, "Come you back, you British soldier, Come you back to Mandalay," Come you back to Mandalay Come you back to Mandalay
Where the old Flo-till-la lay. Can't you hear their paddles chunk-in' from Rangoon to Mandalay? 
On the road to Mandalay, Where the fly-in' fishes play, 
and the dawn comes up like thunder out of China 'cross the...
bay.

_\text{a tempo}_

'er pot\text{-}ti\text{-}coat was yel\text{-}ler, an' er

_\text{a tempo}_

lit\text{-}tle cap was green, An' er name was Su\text{-}pl-

_\text{ywv. lat}_, jes' the same as Thoo\text{-}baw's queen, An' I
seed her first a - smok - in' of a whack - in' white cho - root, 
and a -

wast - in' Chris - tian kiss - es on a bath - en i - dol's 

foot, 

On a bath - en i - dol's foot. Bloom - in'

a feugo

i - dol made o' mud, 

What they called the great Gawd
Budd, Pluck-y, lot she cared for idola when I kissed her where she stood

ff Tempo

On the road to Mand-a-lay, where the fly-in' fishes play,

An' the dawn comes up like thunder out of Chi-nah'crossthe bay.

a tempo

rit
Ship me somewhere east of Suez where the best is like the worst, Where there aren't no Ten Commandments, And a man can raise a thirst, For the temple bells are callin', And it's...
there that I would be, By the old Moul-mein Pa-

-goda look-in' la-zy at the sea, look-in'

la-zy at the sea. Come you back to Man-da-

lay, where the old Flo-ti-la lay, Can't you
'ear their paddles chunkin' from Rangoon to Mandalay!

On the road to Mandalay where the flyin' fishes play,
And the dawn comes up like thunder out of Chiana tross the bay.