

POPPY-TIME IN OLD JAPAN

MOVED
TO LARGER QUARTERS
11545 So. Michigan Ave.
Chicago



WORDS BY
ERNEST J. MEYERS

MUSIC BY
WILL E. DULMAGE

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"Poppy Time in Old Japan"

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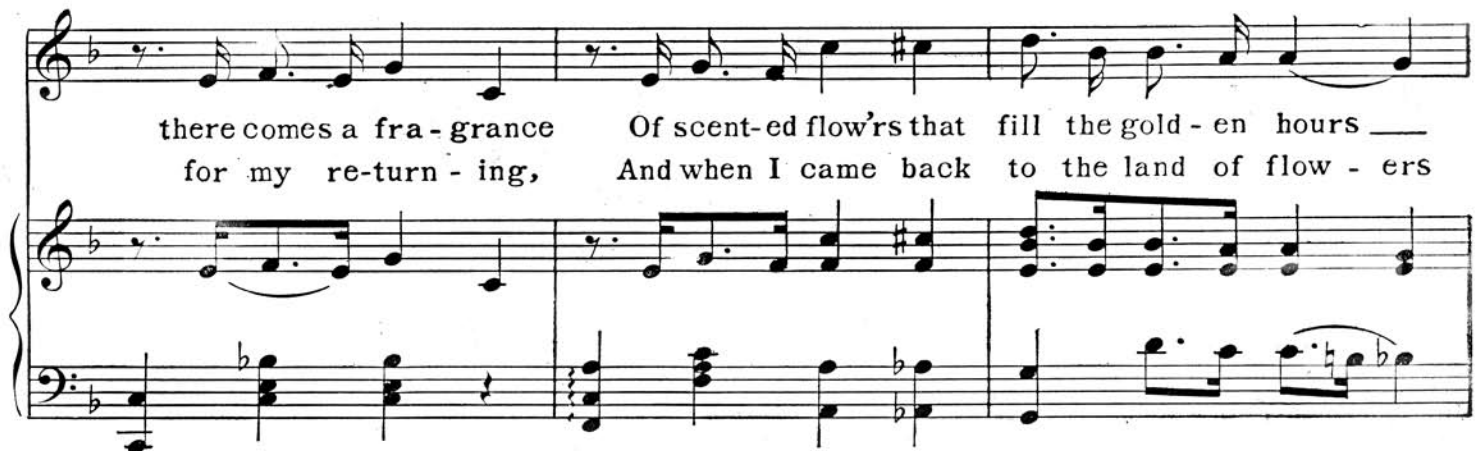
Piano introduction in G major, 4/4 time. The piece begins with a forte (f) dynamic. The right hand features a melodic line with grace notes and slurs, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment. A section labeled "Vamp" begins with a repeat sign, featuring a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.



'Tis fes-tal night in old Ja-pan so fair, And ev-'ry where is
One sun-ny day I had to sail a-way And leave my Gei-sha



joy and laugh-ter The fire-flies shimmer, lan-terns glimmer, And o'er the ra-diance
maid be-hind me In-Yo-ko-ha-ma, where, A-sa-ma, You would be yearning



there comes a fra-grance Of scent-ed flow'rs that fill the gold-en hours —
for my re-turn-ing, And when I came back to the land of flow-ers

dream-ing where the sweet wis - ter - ias twine. There's the

same old moon in all its splen-dor Ris-ing o'er the tem-ples of Ho -

san, AS each breeze blows love grows, And it's

pop - py time in old Ja - pan. For it's pan.

Bring-ing back the mem'ries of a hap-py day. The world was new, dear,
I found you had van-ished like the morning dew. The world seems blue, dear,

I'd found you, dear, And you stole my heart a - way. _____
with - out you, dear, For you took the sun - shine, too. _____

CHORUS

For it's pop - py time _____ in Yo - ko - ha - ma, And I

think of you, A - sa - ma, mine, _____ I can see the land _____ of all my

Poppy Time in Old Japan

CHORUS

Male Quartet

1st Tenor
2 Tenor
Baritone
Bass

For it's pop-py time — in Yo-ko - ha-ma And I think of you, A - sa - ma mine, — I can

For it's pop-py time — in Yo-ko - ha-ma And I think of you, A - sa - ma mine, — I can

A - sa - ma

see the land — of all my dream-ing Where the sweet wis-ter - ias twine, they twine. There's the

see the land — of all my dream-ing Where the sweet wis-ter - ias twine. There's the

they twine.

same old moon — in all its splen-dor Ris-ing o'er the tem-ples of Ho - san —

As each

same old moon — in all its splen-dor Ris-ing o'er the tem-ples of Ho - san —

breeze blows love grows, pop - py time — in old Ja - pan. —

breeze blows love grows, And it's pop - py time — in old Ja - pan. —

breeze blows love grows, pop - py time — in old Ja - pan. —

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BY THE WRITER OF "OCEANA-ROLL"

DOWN IN THE U-17

CHORUS

Oh, we'll glide like a fish— and then we'll rock like a bear.— We

sleep up - on the o - cean bed but what do we care.— We're

built like a whale— so we'll dance on our tail.— We'll wobble like a

jet - ly fish and crawl like a snail.— Oh, we'll rock and we'll reel—

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