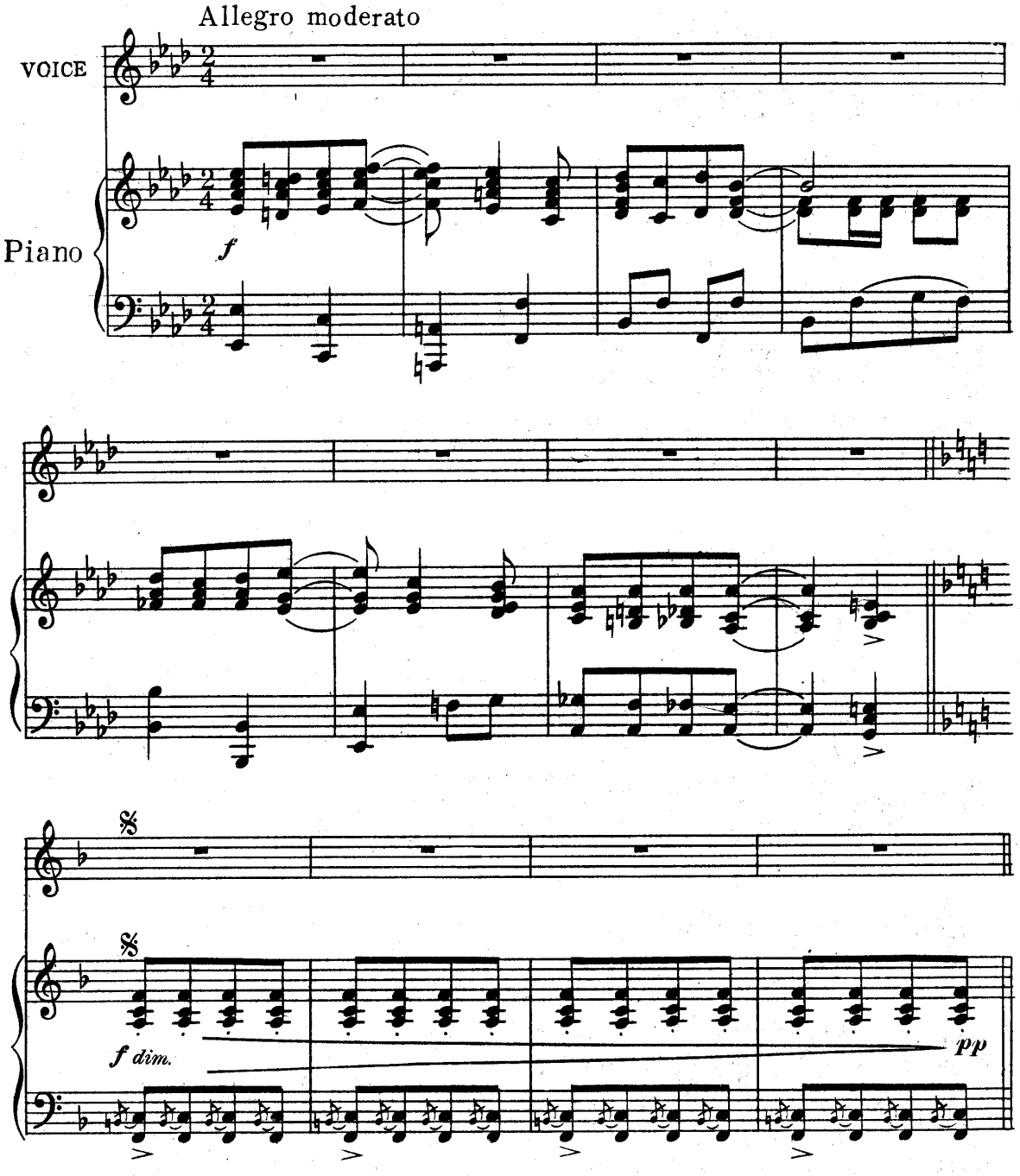
Limehouse Blues

Words by
DOUGLAS FURBER

Music by
PHILIP BRAHAM



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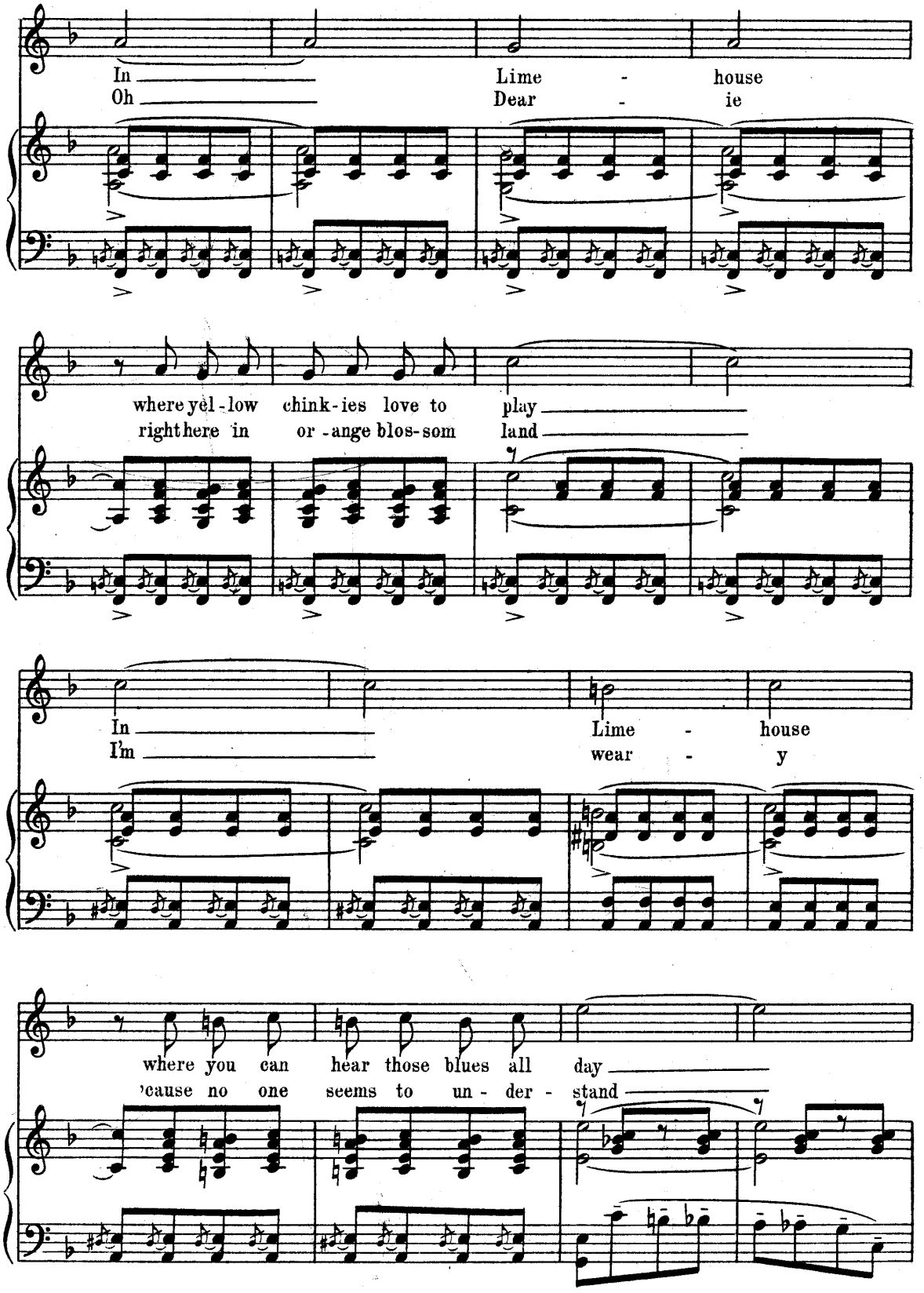
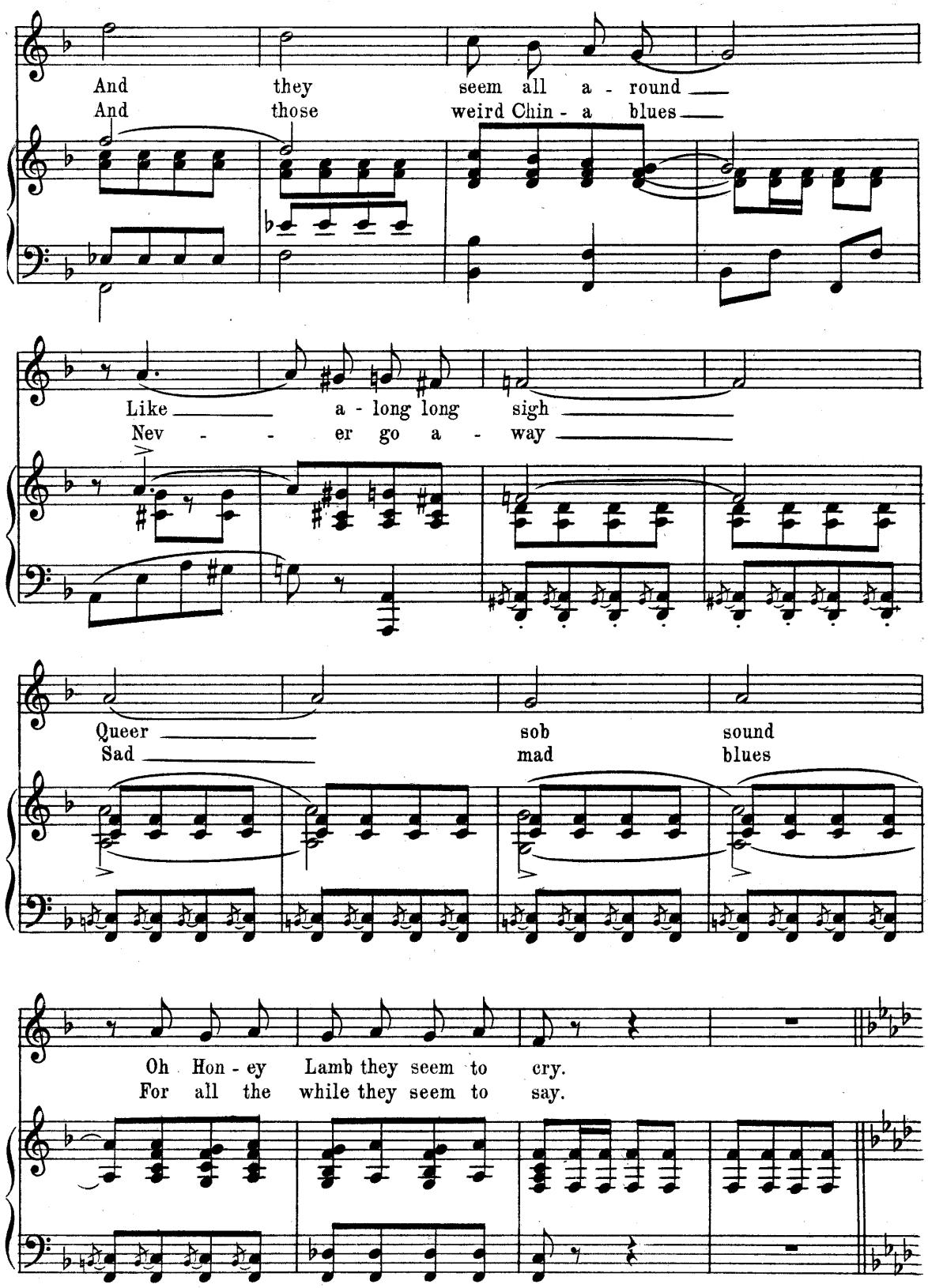
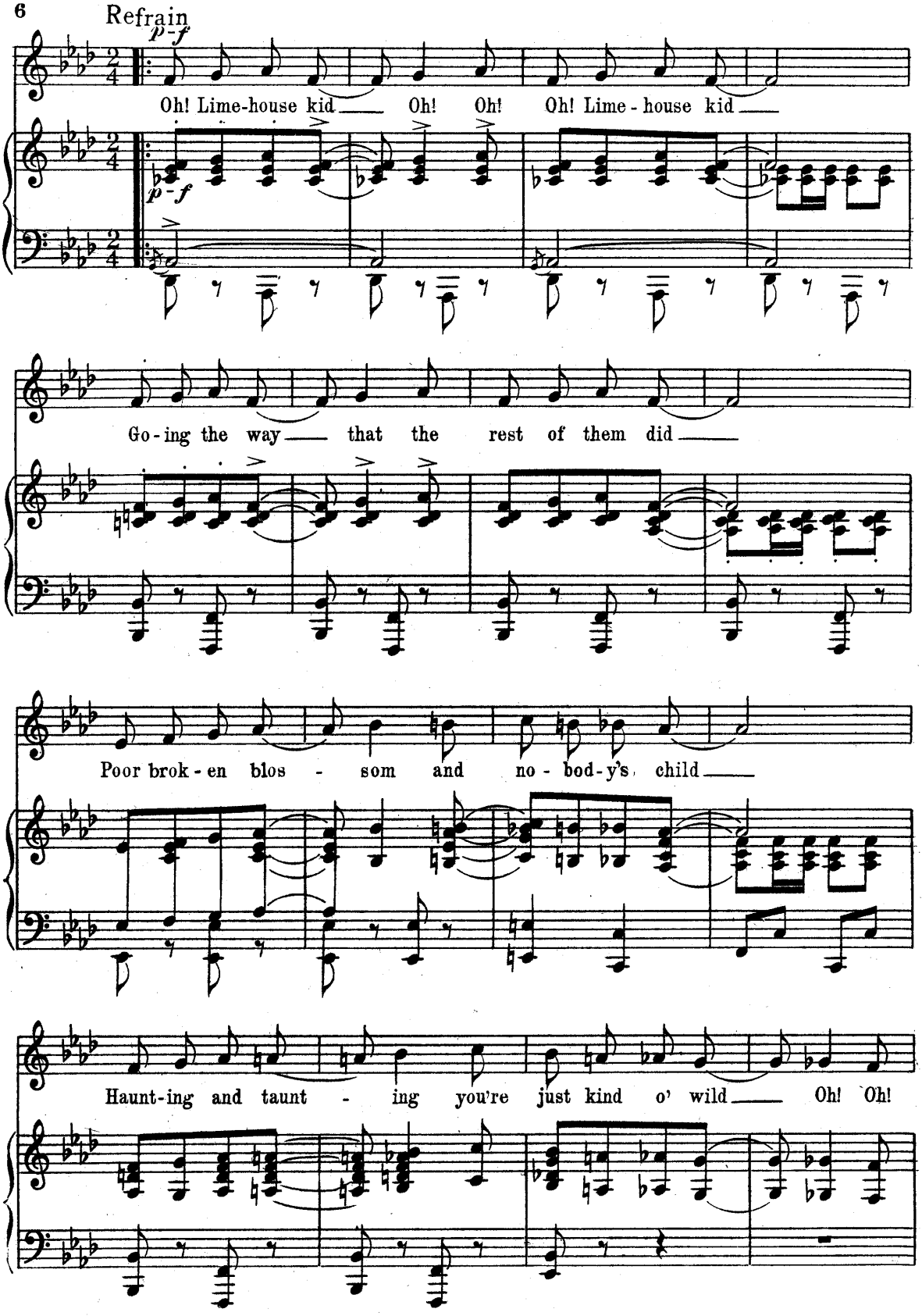
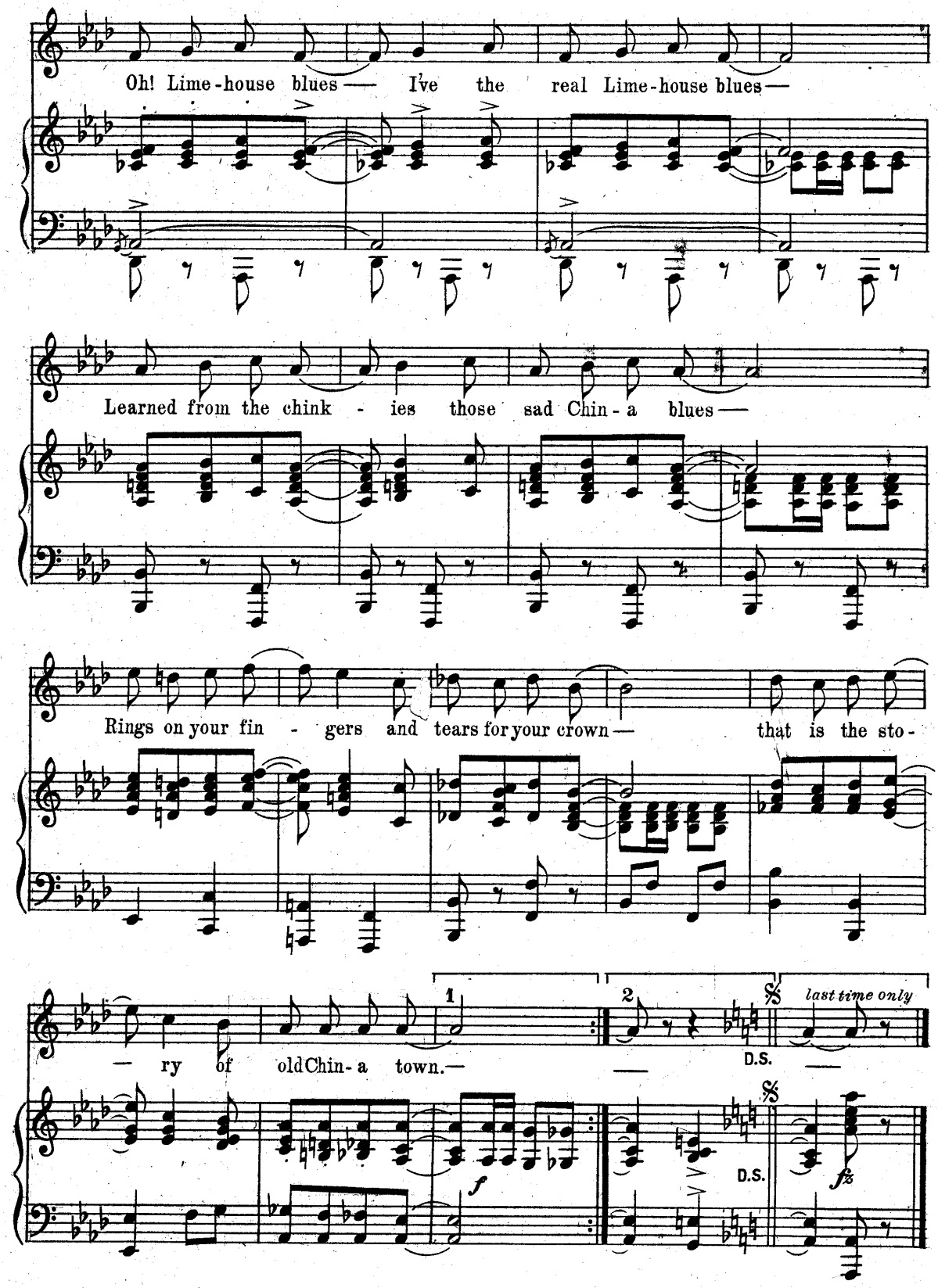

In Lime - house
Oh Dear - ie
where yel-low chink-ies love to play
right here in or-ange blos-som land
In Lime - house
I'm wear - y
where you can hear those blues all day
'cause no one seems to un - der - stand


And they seem all a - round
And those weird Chin - a blues
Like a - long long sigh
Nev - - er go a - way
Queer sob sound
Sad mad blues
Oh Hon - ey Lamb they seem to cry.
For all the while they seem to say.


Refrain
p-f
Oh! Lime-house kid Oh! Oh! Oh! Lime - house kid
Go - ing the way that the rest of them did
Poor brok - en blos - som and no - bod-y's child
Haunt-ing and taunt - ing you're just kind o' wild Oh! Oh!


Oh! Lime-house blues — I've the real Lime-house blues —
Learned from the chink - ies those sad Chin - a blues —
Rings on your fin - gers and tears for your crown — that is the sto -
— ry of old Chin - a town. —
1
2
D.S.
last time only
f
D.S.
fz