LIMEHOUSE BLUES

Words by DOUGLAS FURBER
Music by PHILIP BRAHAM

The Selwyns
present
Andre Charlot's
Revue of 1924

With London's Three Great Stars
Beatrice Lillie, Gertrude Lawrence
and Jack Buchanan
A Chorus of Charlot's Royal Beauties

DANCES ARRANGED BY
DAVE BENNETT
I Might
I Don't Know
Limehouse Blues
Night May Have Its Sadness
Oldest Game in The World
Parisian Pierrot
You Were Meant For Me
Selection

HARMS
NEW YORK
Limehouse Blues

Words by DOUGLAS FURBER

Music by PHILIP BRAHAM

Allegro moderato

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In Lime
Oh "Dear"
home

where yellow children love to play
right here in orange blossom land

In Lime
In wear

where you can hear those blues all day
'cause no one seems to understand
And they seem all around
And those weird Chin-a blues.

Like a long long sigh
Never go away

Quer Sad sob sound blues

Oh Honey Lamb they seem to cry.
For all the while they seem to say.
Oh! Lime-house kid
Oh! Oh! Oh! Lime-house kid

Going the way that the rest of them did

Poor broken blossom and nobody's child

Haunting and taunting you're just kind o' wild Oh! Oh!
Oh! Lime-house blues— I've the real Lime-house blues—

Learned from the chickies those sad Chin-a blues—

Rings on your fingers and tears for your crown— that is the story of old Chin-a town—

D.S.
ANOTHER "SUNSHINE OF YOUR SMILE"

LOVE SENDS A  
LITTLE GIFT OF ROSES

Words by  
LESLIE COOKE  
Refrain

Love sends a little gift of roses,

Breathing a prayer unto my loneliness,

Torn from my heart as twilight closes,

Music by  
JOHN OPENSHEA

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