LIMEHOUSE BLUES

WORDS BY
DOUGLAS FURBER

MUSIC BY
PHILIP BRAHAM

INTRODUCED IN
ANDRE CHARLOT'S
REVUE
of 1924

HARMS
NEW YORK

MADE
IN
U.S.A.

Limehouse Blues

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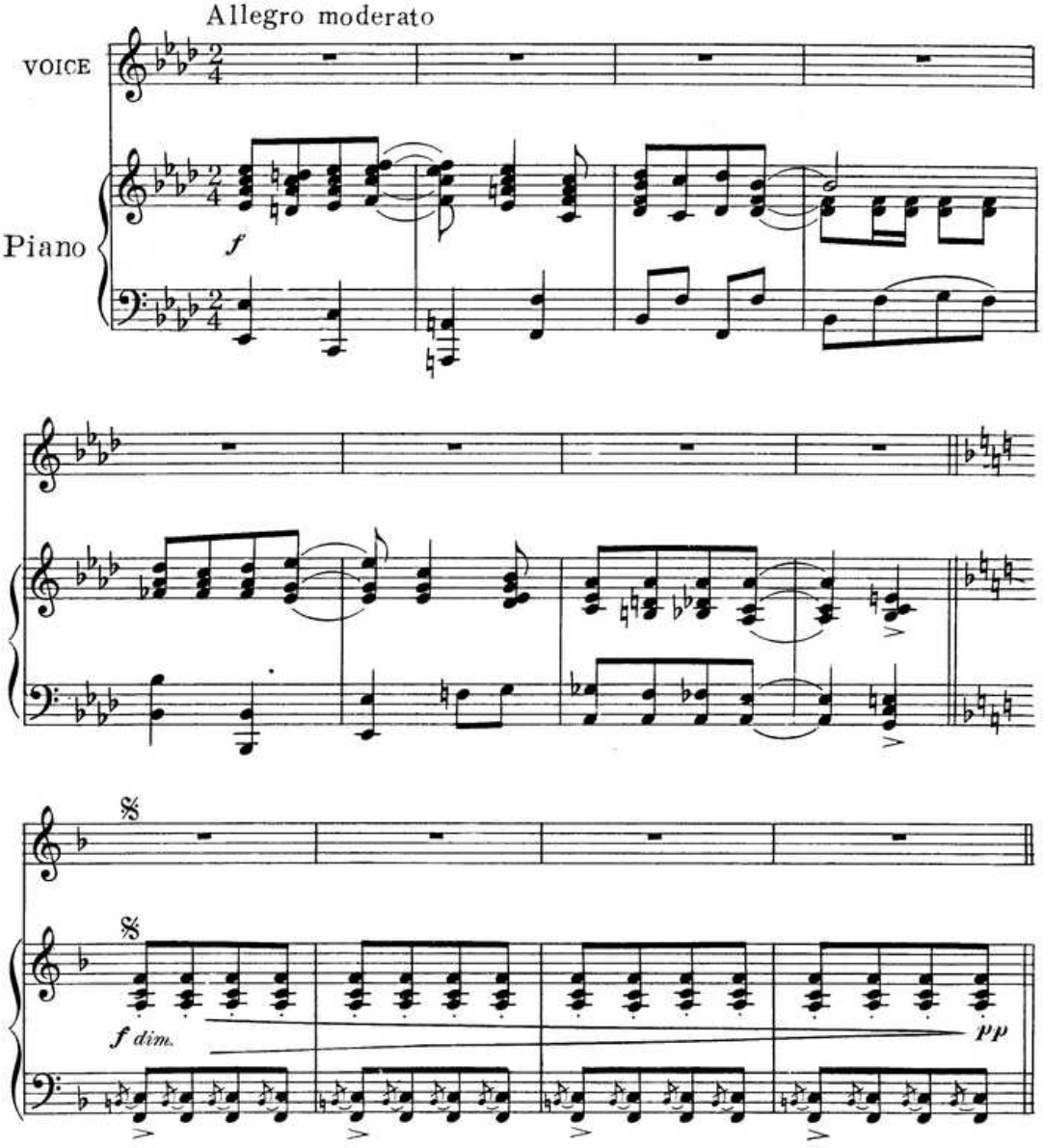

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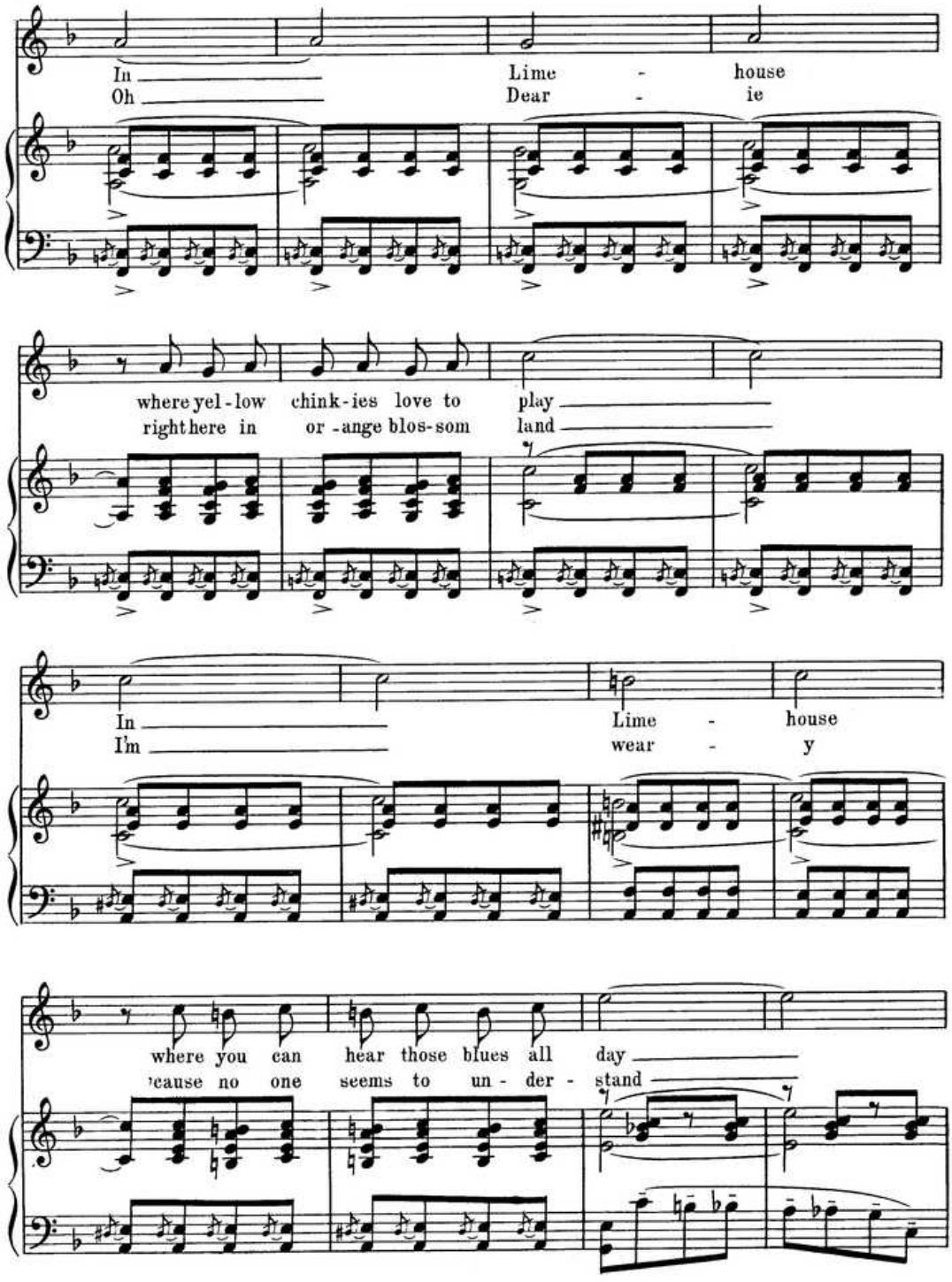
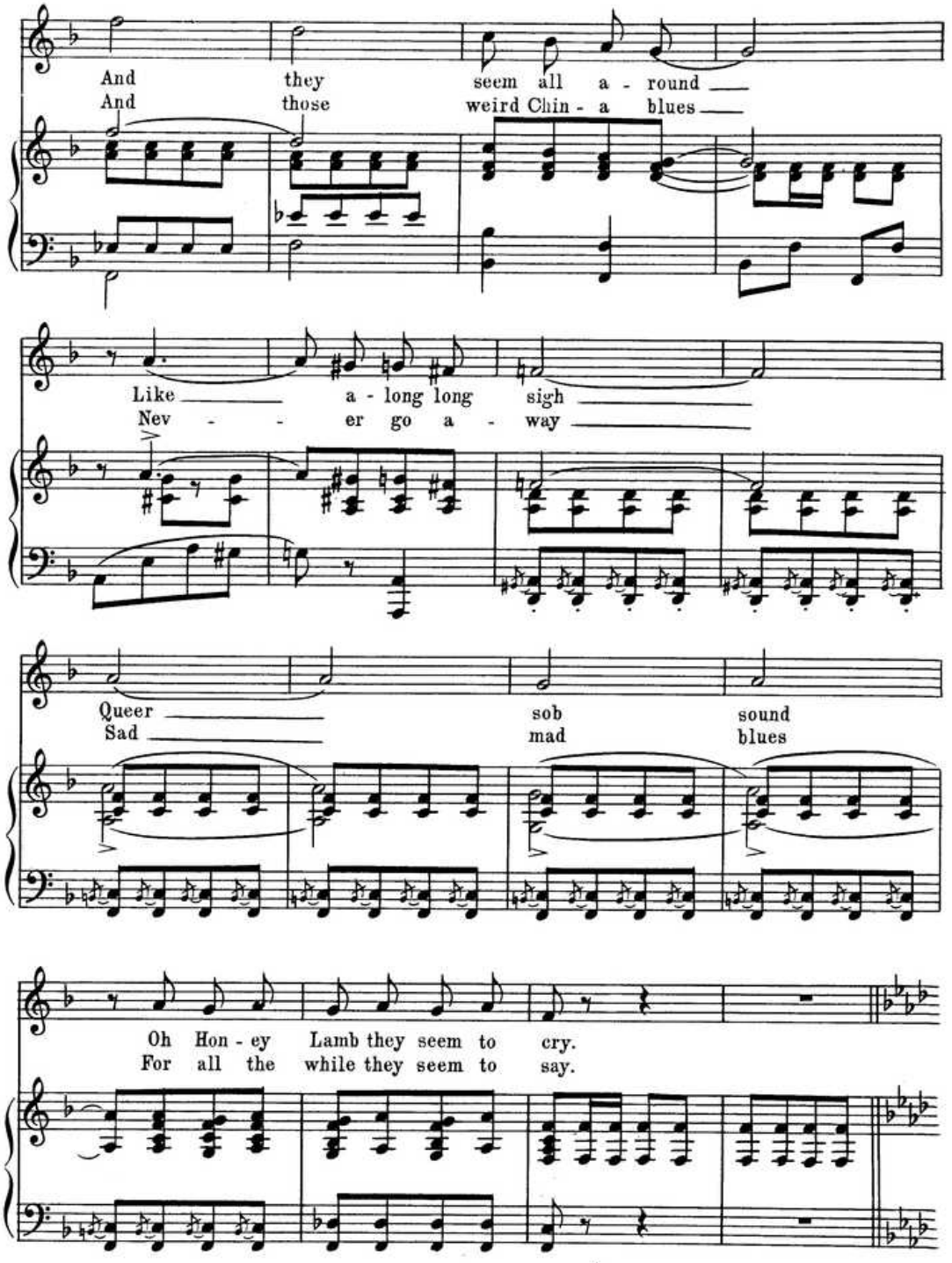
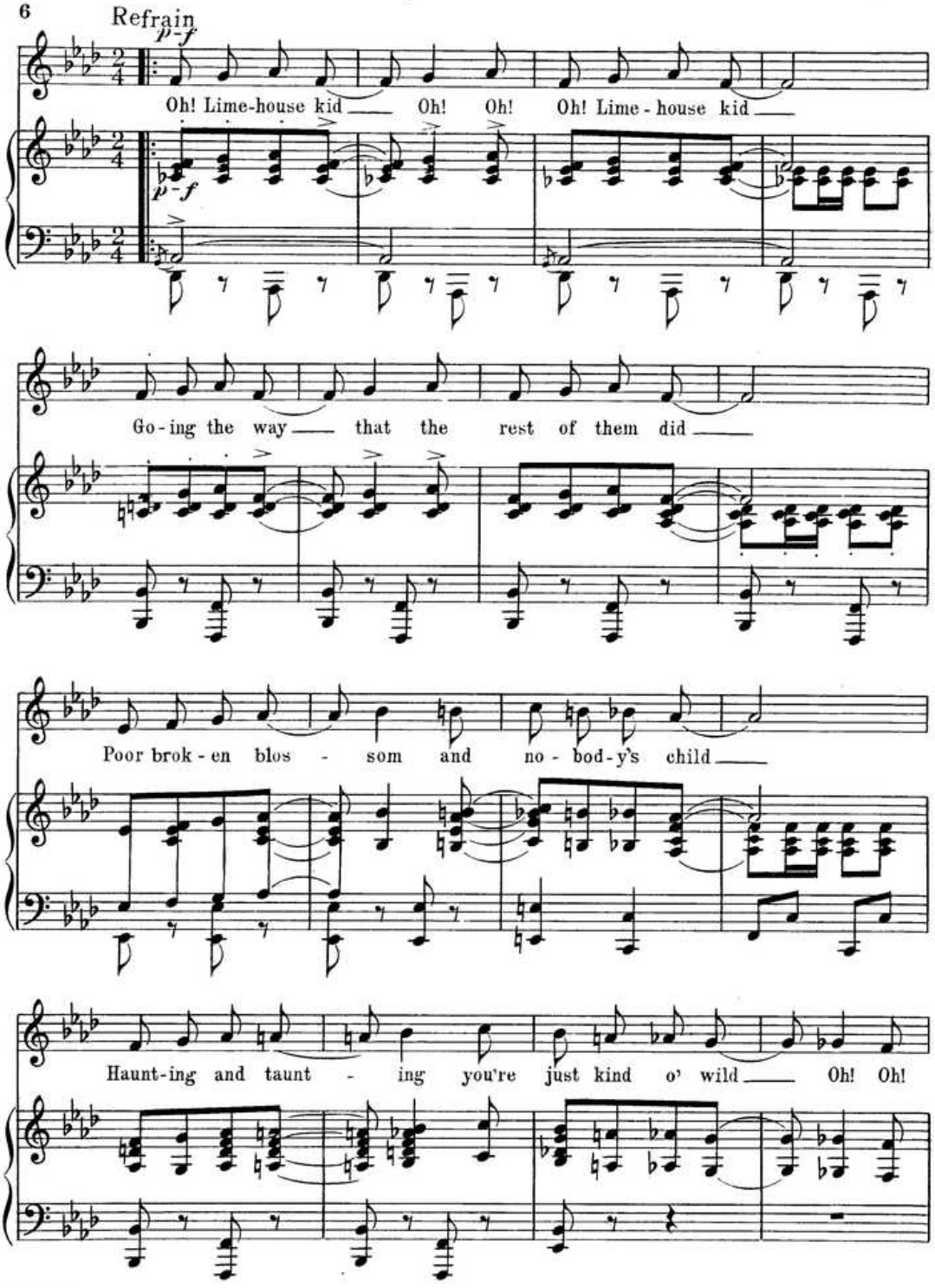
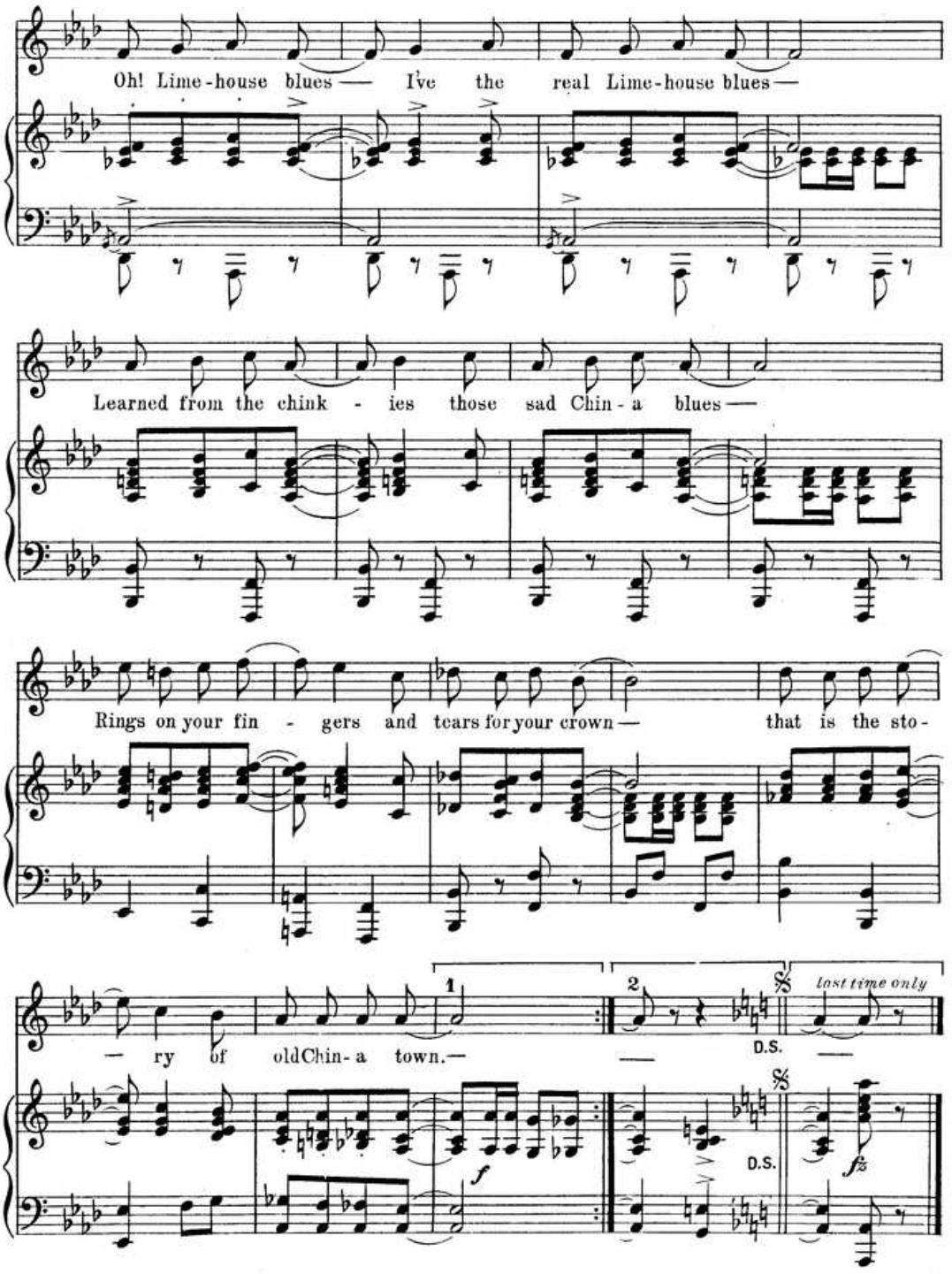

In Lime - house
Oh Dear - ie
where yel - low chink - ies love to play
right there in or - ange blos - som land
In Lime - house
I'm wear - y
where you can hear those blues all day
'cause no one seems to un - der - stand


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
fz