Way down in Colon Town.

Words by
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Allegretto Moderato.

Music by
MAX HOFFMANN.

Far away in the long ago where the
Ah but she was a sad coquette when I

stole a kiss and called her pet she boxed my ears with a castanet way

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eye caught sight of a pretty face with an ankle trim and a bit of lace way
many a man fought duels for her but I'd go driving mules for her way,
down in Col- lon - town Her sil-very voice gave me no choice her sweet gui-tar I
down in Col- lon - town And when the hour had come to part she threw a kiss with
slowly

foll-owed far to an ocean breeze 'neath the man-go trees where I
ach-ing heart so I left my gal by the old ca-nal and I

woed this maid on bended knees Jo ho! Jo ho! Jo ho! Jo ho! Jo ho!
heard her cry good-bye old pal Jo ho! Jo ho! Jo ho! Jo ho!
molto ral.
Chorus.

Stower

Way down in tropic Colon Every night the silvery moon would roll on songs of love she

sang to me by the blue Caribbean sea hand in hand a

long its strand we'd stroll on stroll on dreamy the
hours that stole on while the silvery
mission bells would toll on my heart will yearn 'till
I return to the girl I left behind way down in
Colon town.