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A Yankee Mandarin

SONG
He Couldn't Find One Anywhere
Hiram

Lyric by EDWARD PAULTON

Music by REGINALD de KOVEN

Allegro commodo

There was a mighty hunter
say the tip-pling evil's

years ago, A most unerring shot, Who
grow-ing worse, The truth I can't de-ny, It

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traveled far a-way one bright spring day, To Afri-ca so
sure-ly is a crime, to tip a man a dime, A five-cent piece of
hot. Said he I mean to kill wild beasts un-till my
ple. But think-ing on the sub-ject I de-clared thro'
should-er's some-what sore. His friends said well you may, But we'll
town I'd make a trip. I might wear out my feet, But I
bet you never say, A fuzz-tailed Ja-ba-jore. But he
swore the man to meet, Who'd scorn to take a
tip. But I

He Couldn't Find &c. - 4
CHORUS

couldn't find the fuzz-tailed what's it, anywhere, Couldn't any-
couldn't find the tip-less waiter anywhere, Find one any-

SOLO

where. If it isn't quite extinct he thought it must be where. You offer one a dime, observe the lofty

CHORUS

rare, very very rare. So al-tho' he was a stare, very lofty stare. But appar-ently you've

SOLO

hunter most persistent, The animal referred to's nonexistent, roused his man-ly choler. But when you raise the an-ty on a dol lar,
And of course, he couldn’t find one, any-
You will find, you can’t find one, any-

CHORUS
where. And of course, of course, he couldn’t find one
where.

1. SOLO
an - y - where. Some

2.

He Couldn’t Find &c. 4