Ragtime Temple Bells

Words by JAMES O'DEA.

Music by IVAN CARYLL.

SONG.

Moderato.

1. On a great big Yankee man-o'-war, Was a great big Yankee black Jack Tar, On the
2. When a Chinese boy in Old Pe-kin, Goes to purify himself from sin, He

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coast of Chi-na one fine day, Cut his sticks and ran a-way. Got a
delights a-long with step de-mure; "Ve-ly good boy" to be sure,
When the

job the ve-ry first day a-shore in a hea-then tem-ple, as
bells ring out, that hea-then knave, He just can't make his

jan-i-tor His boss was a joss his ship-mate tells Who
feet be-have, His san-dals grow so queer and hot, They

sent him to ring the tem-ple bells, and ev-ry time he rang the
start him do-ing the Turk-ey trot, so ev-ry Sun-day school pa-
chime, He'd shudder, and he'd wince
So he tuned the bells in
rado A - long the Pe - kin way, Looks some-thing like a

REFRAIN.

rug-time, They've been that way ev - er since!
pic - ture Of a New York ca - ba - ret!

boom! Bing-e - ty-bing in the morn-ing sun, Boom-boom! Bung-e - ty-bung, When the
day is done. No-thing could be sweet-er than the syn-co-pa - ted me - tre

cresc.
cresc.
Of these sweet bells, Boom-boom! Bing-etty-bing, When the day is fair, Boom-boom! Bing-etty-bung, all the town is there Ev'ry chink goes just as dip-py As a coon from Mis-sis-sip pi Oh ring-

them bells, Don't you hear the chim-ing, Lov-ey dov-ey rhym-ing
Jin-go jang-a-ling! Tan-go tang-a-ling Tang-a-ling!

Tang-a-ling! Boom-boom! Bing-e-ty-bing, in the morning sun, Boom-boom! Bung-e-ty-bung, When the day is done, Rag-time!

Rag-time! Rag-time temple bells! Boom-bells!