Cab-Arabian Nights

Words and Music
By EARL CARROLL

Brightly (Not too fast)

Al-la Bal-la Bal-loo—Was a
There was one whiskered man—By the

Turk-ish Hindoo—And he dressed up to look—Like you see in the book;
name of Khay-ham—In the Mosque, he was there—Always doubted in pray’r;

That they call “A-ra-ban Nights”—And he was one of those Tan-
He was never off his knees, For he was Holy as Sweit-

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Oh, go zites! So he took him a gal,
But he threw up his hymns. When he

Suez Canal, And they built up their "reps!
fastened his "glims." On a couple of bugs, Who had taken the rugs,

Then he built a big cafe And he lead the
From the sacred temple floor And began a

cabaret, Dancing, dancing every way,
rag that tore All the shoes that Khay-ham wore;

CHORUS

Cab-Arabian Nights, Those Oriental, Cab-Arabian Nights,
_Were once so gen-tle. Now the ca-ba-ret turns the night to day,

Rag is all they play, All the way from Cairo in-to Man-da-lay. And
dancing's the thing In ev-ry Ha-rem; Ev-ry one caught the swing, They're all de-
clar-ing, That these lat-est dan-ces Give some aw-ful chan ces,