From Here To Shanghai

By IRVING BERLIN

Moderato

I've often wandered down
I'll have them teaching me

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To dream-y Chín-a-town, The home of
To speak their lang-uage, gee! When I can

Ching-a-ling. It's fine! I
talk Chín-ese. I'll come home

must de-clare, But now I'm go-ing where
on the run, Then have a barr'il of fun,

I can see the real, real thing.
Call-ing peo-ple what I please.
CHORUS

I'll soon be there, In a bamboo chair,

For I've got my fare, from here to Shanghai.

Just picture me, Sipping Oolong tea, Served by a

Chinese man, who speaks away up high. ('Heck-a-my, Heck-a-my!') I'll eat the
way they do, with a pair of wood'en sticks. And I'll have

Ching Ling Foo, Do-ing all his mag-ic tricks. I'll get my

mail From a pale pig-tail, For I mean to sail,

From here to Shang-hai. I'll soon be-hai.