Where The Bamboo Babies Grow

Words by
LEW BROWN

Music by
WALTER DONALDSON

Moderato

Sailor Bill McGann was a sailor Bill McGann said:

Handsome sailor man who took a trip on a ship
'Boys, I've got a plan to be a king 'Nev'rything

Down to the Bamboo Islands he got back today
Down on the Bamboo Islands I'll be king all right 'Cause

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Feelin' kind of gay
they crowned me one night

When I asked him why
Talk about your queens

Here's
There's

all he had to say
more than Heinz has beans

Fol-de-rol-dol Fol-de-rol-dol Fol-de-rol-dol Fol-de-rol-dol Fol-de-rol-dol Fol-de-rol-dol

Next time I go to
I'm mutty as can

Fol-de-rol-dol Fol-de-rol-dol Fol-de-rol-dol Fol-de-rol-dol Fol-de-rol-dol Fol-de-rol-dol

Come on along with me:
The squirrels are after me:

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CHORUS

Gee! but it's grand in the land where the Bamboo Babies grow.
Oh! what a sight ev'ry night when the balm-y breezes blow.
They wear a dress that is less than a dress of calico.
They can improve on the moves of the dances that you know.

Some shake East, some shake West, you'll shake your hat and your
Some are thin, some are fat, some shake this when they

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coat and your vest
can't shake that
Each little peach on the beach has a dance that makes you

fall
Ev-en Ev-a Tang way'd have to give 'em gang-way
That ain't all

sing
If you've got a quar-ter you can buy the daugh-ter
Of the king

If you're feel-in' sil-ly
daf-ty dil-ly
And your pulse is slow

If you're feel-in' lo-co in your co-co
Pack your grip and go

Go find a hut and go right off your mut
Where the Bamboo Babies grow.

wife for a spoon and two for a broom

1. 2.

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