On the Road to Mandalay

Words by Rudyard Kipling
Music by Oley Speaks

Phonograph Records
Edison No. 82204
Victor 35476
Columbia A5441
Vocalion 30135
Brunswick 35000

Player Rolls
Vocalstyle No. 3048
Mel-O-Dee 3411
Q.R.S. 1794

The John Church Company
Cincinnati New York London
The House devoted to the Progress of American Music.
On the Road to Mandalay.

From Kipling's "Barrack Room Ballads."

OLEY SPEAKS

Marching Tempo.

By the old Moulmein Pagoda lookin' 

eastward to the sea, There's a Burma girl a -
settin', and I know she thinks of me. For the wind is in the palm-trees, and the temple bells they say, "Come you back, you British soldier, Come you back to Mandalay," Come you back to Mandalay. Come you back to Mandalay.
Where the old Flo-tilla lay. Can't you

'ear their paddles chunk-in' from Rangoon to Mandalay? On the road to Mandalay Where the flyin' fishes play, and the dawn comes up like thunder out of China 'crost the
bay.

er petti-coat was yai-ler, an' er

lit-tle cap was green, An' er name was Su-pi-

-yaw-lat, jes' the same as Thee-baw's queen, An' I
seed her first a-smokin' of a whack-in'white che-root, An'a-

-wast-in' Christian kisses on a 'eath-en i-doll's foot,

On a 'eath-en i-doll's foot. Bloom-in'

a tempo

i-doll made o'mud, What they called the great Gawd
Budd, pluck-y lot she cared for idols when I kissed her where she stood, on the road to Mandalay, where the fly-in' fishes play, an' the dawn comes up like thunder out of China 'cross the bay.
mf A little slower

Ship me somewhere east of

Suez where the best is like the worst, Where there

aren't no Ten Commandments, An' a man can raise a

thirst, For the temple bells are callin', And it's
there that I would be, By the old Moulmein Pa-
goda lookin' lazy at the sea, lookin'

lazy at the sea. Come you back to Man-
lay, where the old Flotilla lay, Can't you
'ear their paddles chunk-in' from Rangoon to Mandalay?
On the road to Mandalay, where the
fly-in' fishes play, An' the dawn comes up like
thunder out of China 'cross the bay.