

To my Friend

C.H. Harris

Carl Pretzel Der leedle Vanderer

# THE HEATHEN CHINEE



And he went for that Heathen Chinee



SONG & CHORUS

WORDS by BRET HARTE  
MUSIC by CHAS. TOWNER.

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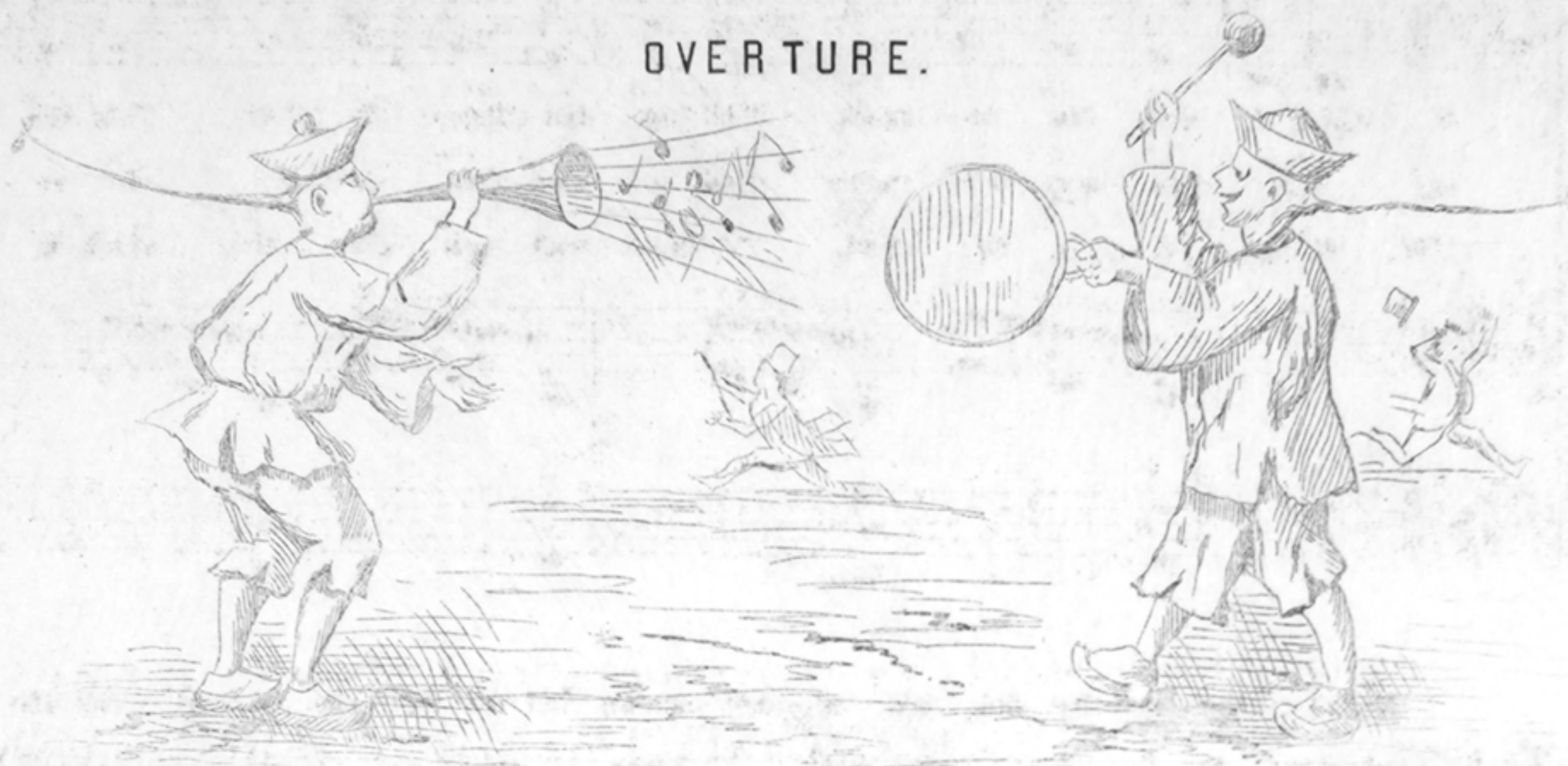
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# THE HEATHEN CHINEE.

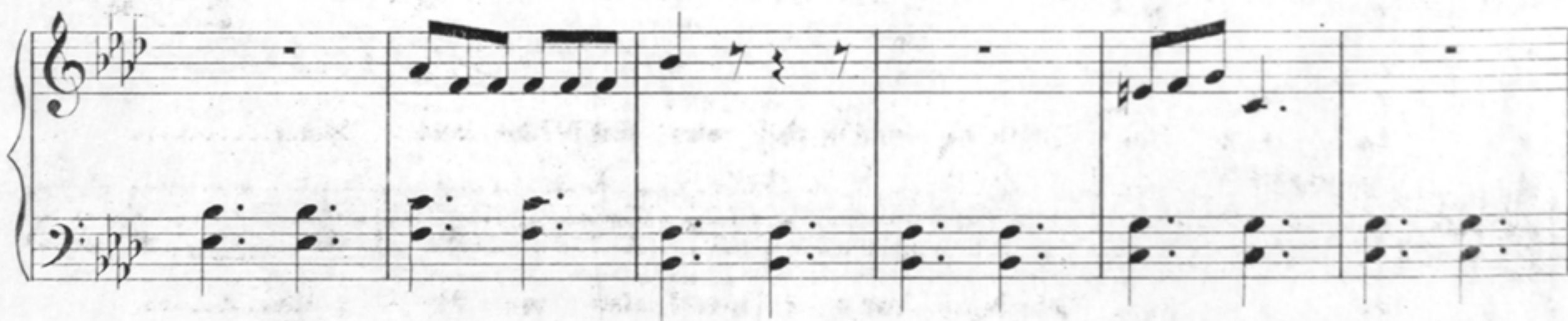
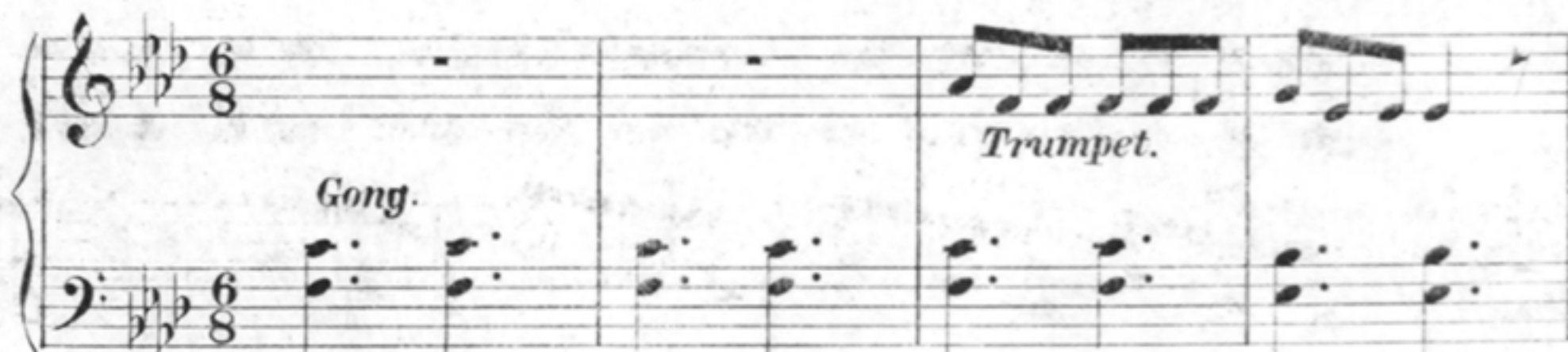
## OVERTURE.



Words by **BRET HARTE**:

Music by **CHARLES TOWNER**.

**P I A N O .**





*With deep feeling.*

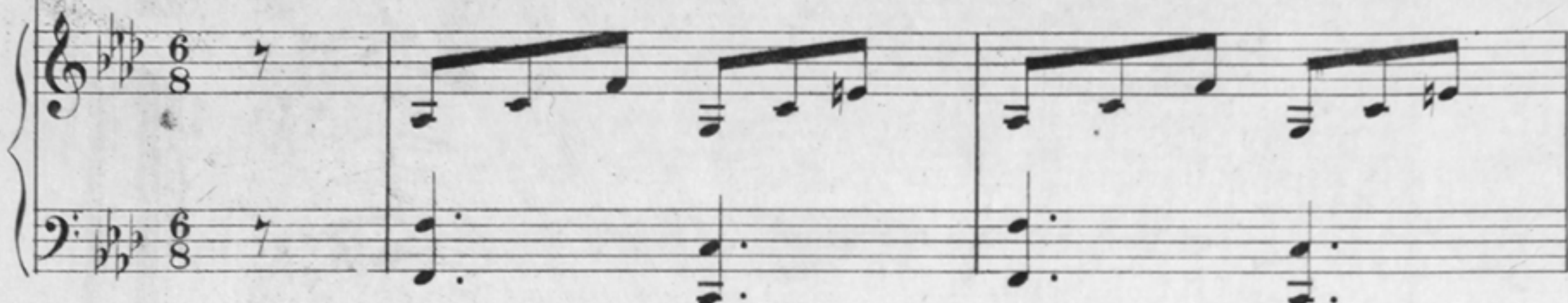
IV. Which we had a small game, And Ah - Sin took a hand: It was



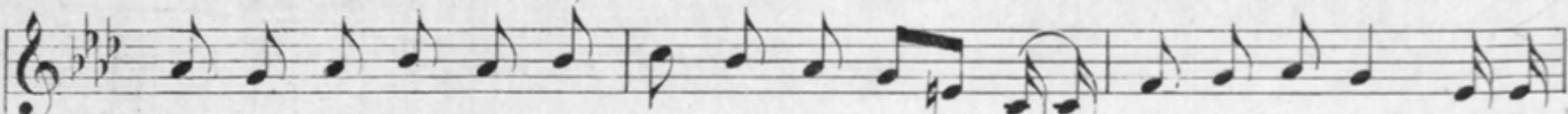
I. Which I wish to re - mark And my lan - guage is plain That for

II. Ah - Sin was his name; And I shall not de - ny In re -

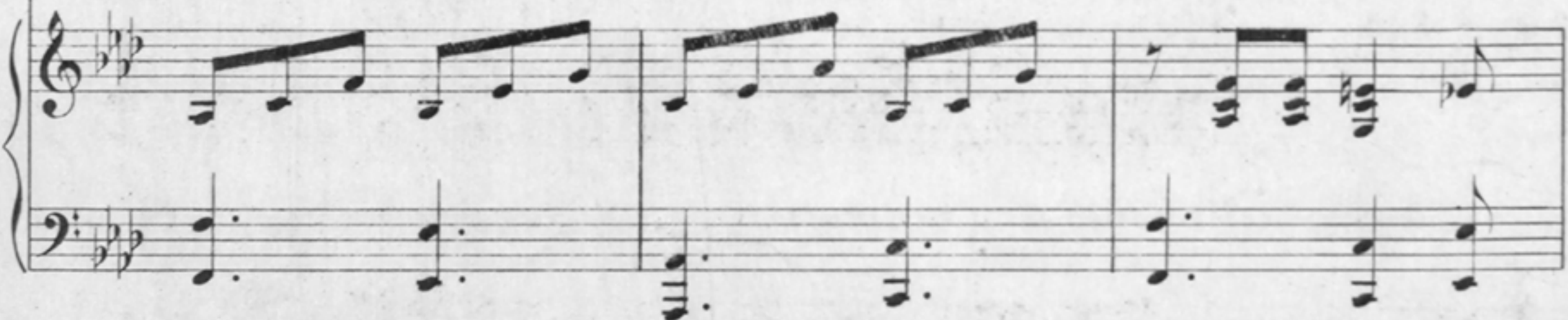
III. It was Au - gust the third; And quite soft was the skies; Which it



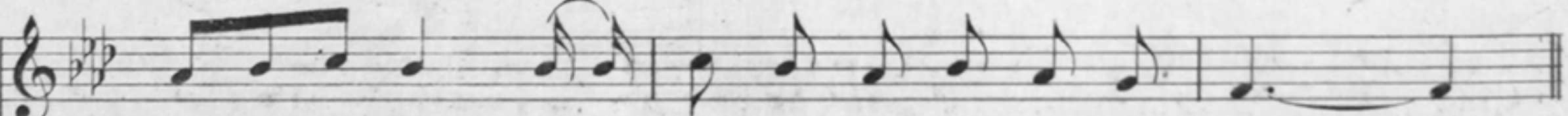
Eu - chre. The same He did not un - der - stand; But he smiled as he sat by the



ways that are dark And for tricks that are vain, The hea - then Chi - nee is pe -  
gard to the same What that name might im - ply, But his smile it was pen - sive and  
might be in - ferred That Ah - Sin was like - wise; Yet he played it that day up - on



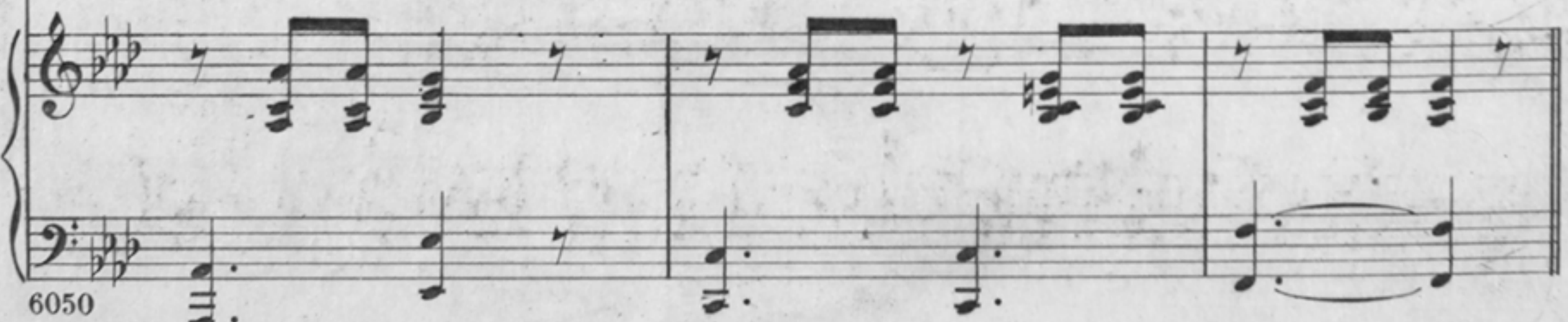
ta - ble, With the smile that was child - like and bland.....



cu - liar. Which the same I would rise to ex - plain.....

child - like, As I fre - quent re - marked to Bill Nye.....

Wil - liam And me in a way I des - pise.....

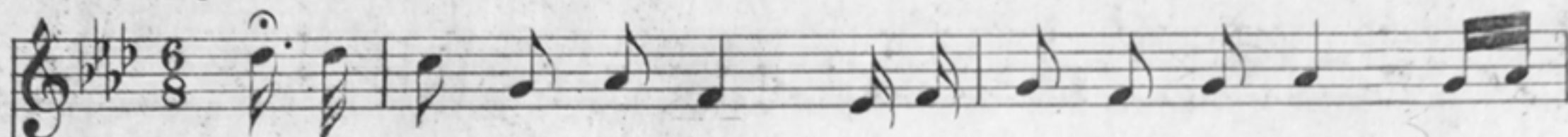




## C H O R U S.

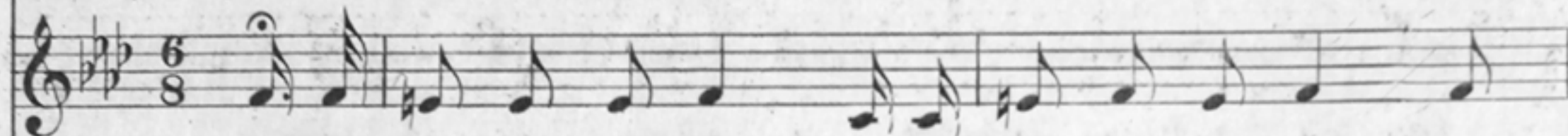
*Indignantly.*

AIR.

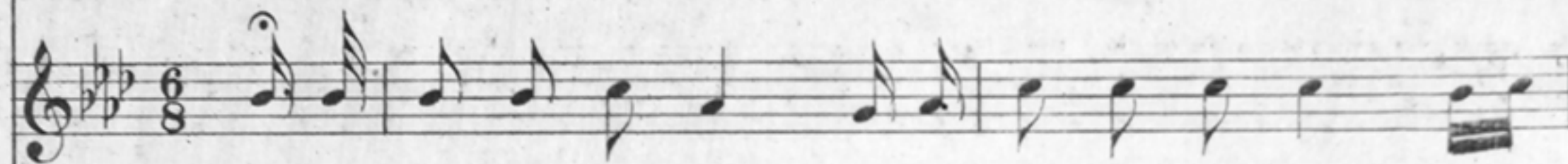


O! this hea - then Chi - nee! Wretched guz - zler of tea, How

ALTO.



TENOR.

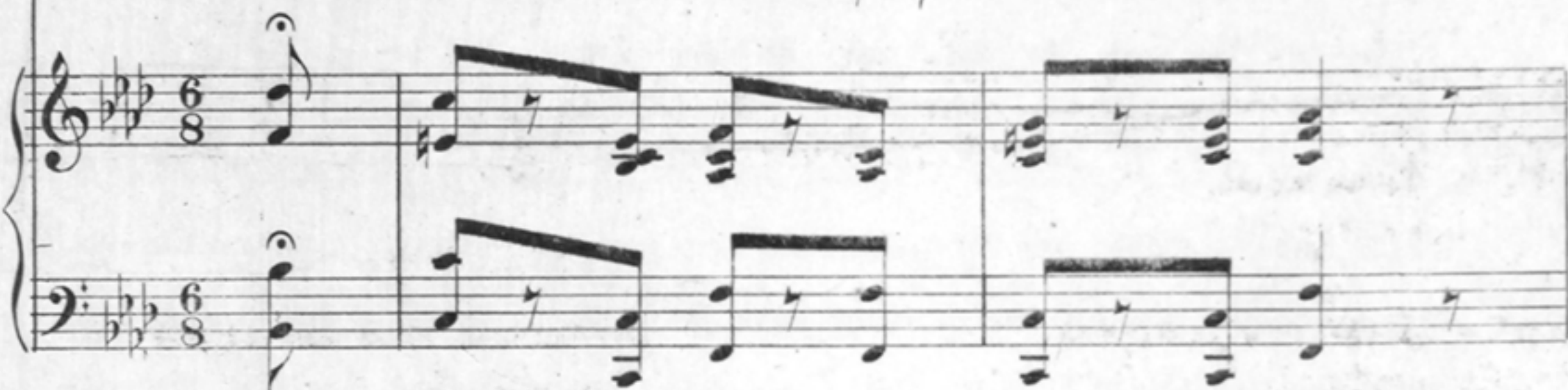


O! this hea - then Chi - nee! Wretched guz - zler of tea, How

BASE.



PIANO.



can such ex - treme mor - al tur - pi - tude be? He im - posed on Bill Nye, And de -

can such ex - treme mor - al tur - pi - tude be? He im - posed on Bill Nye, And de -



ceit - ful - ly he Swept the pile as you plain - ly may see.....

ceit - ful - ly he Swept the pile as you plain - ly may see.....

6050

## V.

Yet the cards they were stocked  
 In a way that I grieve,  
 And my feelings were shocked  
 At the state of Nye's sleeve:  
 Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,  
 And the same with intent to deceive.

## VII.

Then I looked up at Nye,  
 And he gazed upon me;  
 And he rose with a sigh,  
 And said, "Can this be?  
 We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor?"  
 And he went for that heathen Chinee.

## IX.

In his sleeves which were long,  
 He had twenty-four packs  
 Which was coming it strong.  
 Yet I state but the facts;  
 And we found on his nails which were taper,  
 What is frequent in tapers—that's wax.

## VI.

But the hands that were played  
 By that heathen Chinee,  
 And the points that he made,  
 Were quite frightful to see;  
 Till at last he put down a right bower,  
 Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

## VIII.

In the scene that ensued  
 I did not take a hand,  
 But the floor it was strewed  
 Like the leaves on the strand  
 With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,  
 In the game "he did not understand"

## X.

Which is why I remark,  
 And my language is plain,  
 That for ways that are dark,  
 And for tricks that are vain,  
 The heathen Chinee is peculiar  
 Which the same I am free to maintain.