

CHINA WE OWE A LOT TO YOU

WORDS BY
HOWARD JOHNSON
MUSIC BY
MILTON AGER

POPULAR EDITION
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China, We Owe A Lot To You

Words by
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Allegro moderato

PIANO

VOICE

Till ready

When I woke up the oth - er morn, I found a new Re - pub - lic
Now, Chin - a we all re - a - lize The ma - gic of your dreamy

had been born, There was to be de - moc - ra - cy in Chin - a; We con - grat - u - late her,
al - mond eyes, It's plain to see our crock - er - y is Chin - a; Ev - 'ry cup and sau - cer,

But we know old Chin - a, too, Did an aw - ful lot for me and you,
All our Broad - way Johns and Janes Could - n't do with - out your bam - boo canes,

Now her free - dom's won, Let's thank her for what she's done.
Tho' you're weak in song, We all know your tea is strong.

CHORUS

Chin - a, 'way out near A - sia Min - or, No country could be fin - er

8582-2

Also published for
Band 25¢
Orchestra 25¢
Male Quartette . . . 10¢

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This composition may also
be had for your Talking
Machine or Player Piano

— be-neath the sun; — You gave us silk to dress our love-ly wom - en,

'Twas worth the price, — And when we could-n't get po-ta-toes, you gave us

rice. We mix — chop su-ey with your chop sticks, — You've taught us quite a

few tricks — we nev-er knew, — We take our hats off to one

thing we've seen, Your laun-dries keep our coun-try clean, — Chin - a,

We owe a lot to you. — you. —

**THE SATURDAY
EVENING POST**

the SOLDIERS and SAILORS

Get these four smashing song hits for your piano, your talking-machine, or your player-piano—and get them right away. Keep up with the boys who sing their way into action.

It's a Long Way to Berlin
But we'll get there

"We sang 'Yankee Doodle' under the Linden with some real live Yankee pup!" That's the real "do or die" spirit of this up-to-the-minute war-song hit. Better than "Tipperary" because it goes straight to the point. The music gets there, too—gets to your heart and your feet. By Arthur Fields and Leon Flatau.

"It's a Long Way to Berlin"



I Don't Want To Get Well

Here's a song that will make you laugh — although it's about a wounded soldier. He was harder hit by his nurse's smile than by the German bullet — and in a far more vulnerable spot. A syncopated melody that won't let your feet keep still. By Johnson, Paine, and Jeter.

"I Don't Want to Get Well"



ON SALE NOW

At all units and departments shown, or at any Westworth, Kansas, Kansas, McCarty, Kays, Grant, or Metropolitan store

OUR boys on the fields of France, our sailors on the big, gray sea-fighters, and the boys in our training-camps are singing them! The whole country is singing them and dancing to their inspiring melodies! Being sung to tremendous applause in thousands of theatres throughout the land!

Try over the choruses and you will know why. Don't wait until you hear everybody singing them—get copies of all four of these songs now and be the *first* to sing them.

These songs are on sale at practically every music store in the United States and Canada. Look for their displays of the songs and reproductions of this advertisement in their windows.

If you have difficulty in locating a dealer, however, you may order direct from us, 15¢ each, any 7 for \$1.

Special Note: The very next time you go to a cabaret, dance-hall, or other place where there is music, be sure to request the leader to play these four songs that the soldiers and sailors sing and love.

But don't miss them—don't miss hearing them, singing them, or dancing to their inspiring, martial melodies.

Other Popular "Feist" Songs

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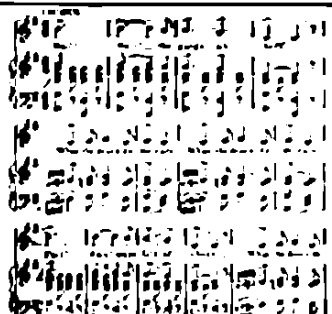
These songs are printed in the new "Feist" easy-to-read style. Complete song at a glance. No leaves to turn.

14c each, any amount for \$1.00
mailed. Send 25c, Orchestra
25c, Male Quartette 10c.

Hail Hail the Gangs All Here

Here's a song you *think* you know. But did you ever hear the verses or did you ever see the *movie*? It's all here—and it's all the sort of stuff that puts pep in to everybody. One of the greatest marching refrains ever written—and just as good as a fox-trot or one-step. By D. A. Evans, Theodore Morse, and Arthur Sullivan.

"Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here"

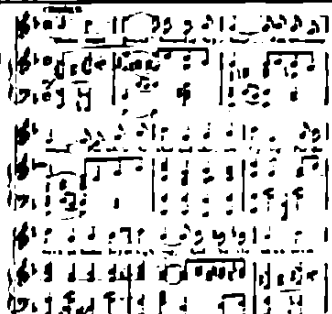


Homeward bound

Your skin will be awfully thick if this song doesn't get deep down underneath. You can see our brave boys coming home, you can see Victory, you can see the joy of duty nobly done and the world at peace again.

The melody—well, it's just the right one for this matchless song. By Howard Johnson, Coleman Gurte, and George W. Meyer.

"Homeward Bound"



LEO. FEIST Inc. 240 W. 40 St. (Feist Bldg.) NEW YORK