

ON THE ROAD TO MANDALAY



CHARLES KING, Brig. U. S. V. 8th Corps, Manila.

A Barrack-Room
BALLAD

WORDS BY

RUDYARD
KIPLING

MUSIC BY

HENRY
TREVANNION



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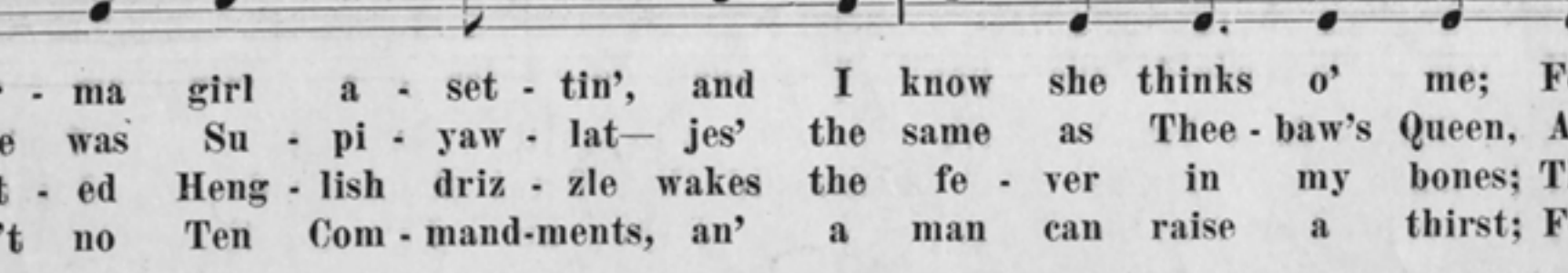
Music Revised and Adapted by HENRY TREVANNION.

Moderato: tempo comodo.

A musical score for a piano piece titled "The Song of the Lark". The score is written for a single instrument, likely a piano, and is in common time (C). The key signature is one sharp (F#), indicating the key of D major or B minor. The score consists of 12 measures, divided into two systems of six measures each. The first system begins with a treble clef and a common time signature. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is written in the bass clef. The first measure of the first system is marked with a forte dynamic (f). The second measure of the first system is marked with a mezzo-forte dynamic (mf). The third measure of the first system is marked with a piano dynamic (p). The fourth measure of the first system is marked with a mezzo-forte dynamic (mf). The fifth measure of the first system is marked with a piano dynamic (p). The sixth measure of the first system is marked with a mezzo-forte dynamic (mf). The second system begins with a treble clef and a common time signature. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is written in the bass clef. The first measure of the second system is marked with a forte dynamic (f). The second measure of the second system is marked with a mezzo-forte dynamic (mf). The third measure of the second system is marked with a piano dynamic (p). The fourth measure of the second system is marked with a mezzo-forte dynamic (mf). The fifth measure of the second system is marked with a piano dynamic (p). The sixth measure of the second system is marked with a mezzo-forte dynamic (mf). The score is written in a standard musical notation style, with notes, rests, and dynamic markings clearly visible.

To be sung "parlando," as if telling a story.

1. By the old Moulmein Pa - go - da, look - in' east - ward to the sea, There's a
 2. 'Er pet - ti - coat was yal - ler an' 'er lit - tle cap was green, An' 'er
 3. I am sick o' wast - in' leath - er on these grit - ty pav - in'-stones, An' the
 4. Ship me somewheres east of Su - ez where the best is like the worst, Where there



Bur - ma girl a - set - tin', and I know she thinks o' me; For the
name was Su - pi - yaw - lat - jes' the same as Thee - baw's Queen, An' I
blast - ed Heng - lish driz - zle wakes the fe - ver in my bones; Tho' I
aren't no Ten Com - mand - ments, an' a man can raise a thirst; For the

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wind is in the palm-trees, and the temple bells they say: "Come you
seed her first a smok-in' of a whack-in' white che-root: An' a-
walks with fif-ty 'ouse-maids out-er Chel-sea to the Strand, An' they
tem-ple-bells are call-in', an' it's there that I would be—By the

back, you Brit-ish sol-dier; come you back to Man-da-lay!" Come you
wast-in' Christ-ian kiss-es on an 'eath-en i-dol's foot: Bloom-in'
talks a lot o' lov-in', but wot do they un-der-stand? Beef-y
old Moul-mein Pa-go-da, look-in' la-zy at the sea—On the

back to Man-da-lay, Where the old Flo-til-la lay: Can't you
i-dol made o' mud—Wot they called the Great Gawd Budd—Pluck-y
face an' grub-by 'and—Law! wot do they un-der-stand? I've a
road to Man-da-lay, Where the old Flo-til-la lay, With our

'ear their pad - dles chunk - in' from Ran - goon to Man - da - lay? On the
lot she cared for i - dols when I kissed 'er where she stud! On the
neat - er, sweet - er maid - en in a clean - er, green - er land! On the
sick be - neath the awn - ings when we went to Man - da - lay! On the

a tempo.

road to Man - da - lay, Where the fly - in' - fish - es play, An' the

dawn comes up like thun - der out - er Chi - na 'crost the Bay!