



# LAYS OF CHINATOWN

DR, GEORGE MACDONALD. [FROM  
OLD CATALOG]

# Lays Of Chinatown

Major, George Macdonald. [from old catalog]



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y GEORGE MACDONALD MAJOR

# LAYS OF CHINATOWN

BY

GEORGE MACDONALD MAJOR

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SECOND EDITION

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## PREFACE.

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Oh, sweet Cathayan airs released  
To waft the odors of the East,  
While sheening silks and jeweled shoes  
The Orient's further charms transfuse;  
Of such my radiant childhood dreamed—  
With such my expectation teemed—  
So fair, I read, was Chinatown.

Golden legends of a place,  
Tinkle, silvery bells!  
Full of romance, full of grace,  
So the sybil tells.

\* \* \* \* \*

From sullen skies a cheerless rain  
That floods the half-choked gutter drain,  
And houses that for years have stood  
Ramshackle dens of brick and wood,  
Worn doors, uncurtained window-panes,  
And mucky streets and garbage lanes—  
And this is—this—is Chinatown !

Pattering feet of Chinamen,  
Holima, Ching-la;  
Ribald girls of Chinatown;  
Joss! how foul they are.

Within the ever-swinging door  
The halls uncarpeted, where pour  
The pungent, sickening opium fumes  
From out the poorly furnished rooms,  
Where spots of gilt and red attest  
What dingy finery is the rest—  
In Chinatown, in Chinatown.

Raising Cain in Chinatown,  
Drink and dope and toss;  
Day and night are but a day,  
Not a God, but Joss.

The Joss, a paint-daubed idol pent,  
The third floor of a tenement  
Bedraped with faded silk and gold,  
Where wrinkled priests their service hold  
While barbarous drum and banjo's whine  
Wake thoughts infernal not divine—  
Within the fane of Chinatown.

Pictures of pagodas, too;  
Tea-fields stretching down  
Lumbering junks, and sampan boats—  
This is Chinatown.

And women old before their time,  
With faces cursed by drink or crime;  
From many opened casements peer  
At huddling Chinamen, who leer  
From doors of dens where gamblers meet  
Or dives or corners of the street—  
In tawdry, slattern Chinatown.

Calling out to sailor men:  
"Sailor mokki hi,  
Fightin' dlunk in Doyers stleet,  
China gel no li'."

# Lays of Chinatown.



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## Lays of Chinatown

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### MR. CHUCK CONNORS' TOAST TO THE VICTOR OF SAN JUAN.

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A healt' ter yer, Teddy,  
A victor already.  
De Spaniards before yer don't know yer, old man;  
De brain an' de vigor  
Dat glow in yer figger,  
De courage an' brawn in yer jimdandy clan.  
'Twill be a wild meetin',  
A Kilkenny greetin',  
W'en ye're introjuced on de heights of San Juan.

I picter yer, Teddy,  
Yer scarce can stan' steady,  
A roused lion balancin' ready ter spring.  
Ter men of de Don set  
Ter parry yer onset,  
Yer rough broncho busters will not do a t'ing  
But ter shoot an' ter sabre,  
Ter club an' belabor  
Like devils an' madmen to sweep down dere wing.

For, we know yer, Teddy,  
W'en riled, slightly heady,  
A stone wall er *chevo der frees* would not stay  
De spur of a trocha  
Would be but a joke—a  
Mere burr ter a mustang ter prick on ter fray.

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Wow! Nuttin' could curb yer,  
Sidestep er disturb yer.  
"Ter hell wid Spain's lobsters," I fancy yer say.

Up hill dashes Teddy.  
De bullets of lead he  
Despises as paper wads trun widout force;  
De shells dat burst near him  
Nor touch him nor queer him;  
De deat' of his broncho delays not his course.  
(If dat nag had his spirit,  
Or anyt'ing near it,  
De U. S. has lost dere a mighty good horse.)

In fallin', jumps Teddy;  
"Quick, foller me," said he,  
An' wavin' his sword, he runs on ahead, still  
Before him, behind him,  
Each side him, ter blind him,  
Were 't not fer his glasses, de dust of de hill  
Arises wid bullets  
From molehill an' gullets;  
T'ough odders drop dead, sure, dey do him no ill.

De foe watches Teddy,  
Expectin' dat dead he  
Will tumble; but fellers, dat's not Teddy's game.  
De Spaniards, in fightin',  
Fire once upon sightin',  
An' den flee ter cover—retreat is no shame.  
If Teddy's polite, too,  
An' all his men right, too,  
Spain t'inks dey should battle exactly de same.

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But say! dey saw Teddy  
Keep on as dey fled, he  
Led on wid his men till dey reached de hilltop.  
In face of all firin'  
Dey charged still untirin',  
W'at t'ell who was wounded, no Yankee would stop.  
"De Devil is leadin',"  
De Dons clamored, pleadin'  
"If we don't vamoose, he will have a new crop."

So a healt' ter yer, Teddy,  
Whom we know already.  
Yer rough-housed de cops so w'en yer was wid us  
Dat I guess dat de fact is  
Yer got inter practice  
Right here how ter handle yer dukes in a fuss.  
We'n yer trun down de Boss, sure  
Yer de slickest dat was, sure  
Yer would make Weyler look t'irty cents in a muss.

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### STEVE BRODIE, ESQ., SOLUS. DE BOWERY.

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Oh, de Bowery's not fastidyus; dere ain't no such t'ing  
as dirt.

An' a bloke's full-suit in summer dere is pants, an'  
shoes, an' shirt.

An' a lady dresses likewise, changin' pants inter a skirt—  
But dey live up ter de limit on de Bowery.

On de Bowery, on de Bowery,  
Swaller-tails a breach of peace,  
An' a biled shirt calls "perlice,"  
An' an overcoat er vest—  
Only's good ter hock at best—  
Dey allow no such frivol'ty on de Bowery.

De Bowery is no place fer saints, I scarcely need relate,  
An' de Ten Commandments dere are judged as stric'ly  
out of date.

An' de maxims of Sassiety have very little weight  
From de fust unter de last place on de Bowery.  
On de Bowery, on de Bowery,  
Oh! no boys nor girls are dere—  
On de level, dis is square—  
All de kids are men an' wimmen,  
Tough and alwuz fightin' trim in;  
Oh! dey alwuz welcomes trouble on de Bowery.

Dere are fakirs on de Bowery, too, an' touts of every  
kind,



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An' pullers-in ter kindly help yer make up yer own mind;  
An' t'eeves ter clean yer pockets out, if t'ree sheets in de  
wind—

An' de ladies are persistent on de Bowery.

On de Bowery, on de Bowery,  
Ah! de girls don't dress so well,  
P'rhaps, as duz de up-town swell;  
But dey love yer twice as kindly,  
An' dey see yer errors blindly—

Oh! de warmest babies now are on de Bowery.

An' de beer saloons are flashin' wid dere gran' electric  
lights,

W'ere yer see de wimmen's pictures an' sometimes some  
dandy fights;

An' dere's food an' drink an' lodgin' on de snowy winter  
nights,

If ye has de price ter pay upon de Bowery.

On de Bowery, on de Bowery,  
If yer has de price ter pay  
All de night dere yer can stay;  
But if so yer cannot treat,  
“Get ter hell inter de street”—

Is de bouncer's invitation on de Bowery.

Oh! de life is free an' easy, an' yer never need no card  
Ter introjuce yerself unter a lady er a pard.

“W'y, certainly, we'll drink wid yer; well, here is our  
regard,”

Is de formula fer glad han's on de Bowery.

On de Bowery, on de Bowery,  
'Tis, “Well, now, it's up ter me—  
W'at is your's agoin' ter be—  
An' w'at are yer drinkin', John?”