

# Mad Dogs and Englishmen

Noel Coward

Briskly

*f* *mp*

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In tro-pi-cal climes there are cer-tain times of day,  
It's such a sur-prise for the East-ern eyes to see,

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— when all the ci - ti - zens re - tire to tear their clothes off and per spire. It's —  
— That though the Eng - lish are ef - fete they're quite im - per - vi - ous to heat. When the

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one of those rules that the great - est fools o - bey, — be - cause the sun is much too  
white man rides ev' - ry na - tive hides in glee, — be - cause the sim - ple crea - tures

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sul - try and one must a - void its ul - try - vio - let ray. Pa - pa - la - ka boo  
hope he will im - pale his so - lar to - pee on a tree. Bo - ly - bo - ly baa

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pa - pa - la - ka pa - pa - la - ka pa - pa - la - ka boo di - ga - ri - ga di - ga - ri - ga di - ga - ri - ga doo,  
bo - ly - bo - ly bo - ly - bo - ly bo - ly - bo - ly baa Ha - ba - nin - ny ha - ba - nin - ny ha - ba - nin - ny haa

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di - ga - ri - ga di - ga - ri - ga di - ga - ri - ga doo. The na - tives\_ grieve when the white men leave their  
ha - ba - nin - ny ha - ba - nin - ny ha - ba - nin - ny aa. It seems such a shame when the Eng - lish claim the

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huts\_ be - cause they're ob - vi - ous - ly de - fi - nite - ly nuts!  
earth\_ that they give rise to such hi - la - ri - ty and mirth.

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Mad Dogs and Eng-lish-men go out in the mid-day sun. The Ja - pa nese don't  
The tough-est Bur-mese  
The small-est Ma - lay

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care to, the Chi-nese would-n't dare to, Hin - doos and Ar-gen-tines sleep  
ban-dit can ne-ver un-der-stand it. In Ran - goon the heat of noon is  
rab-bit de - plores this stu-pid ha-bit. In Hong Kong they strike a gong and

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firm - ly from twelve to one. But Eng-lish - men de - test a si - es - ta.  
just what the na-tives shun, they put their Scotch or Rye down and lie down.  
fire off a noon day gun to re - pri - mand each in-mate who's in late.

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In the Phi - lip - pines there are love - ly screens to pro-ect you from the  
In a jun - gle town where the sun beats down to the rage of man or  
In the man-grove swamps where the py - thon romps there is peace from twelve till

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glare, In the Ma-lay states there are hats like plates\_ which the Bri-tish-ers won'twear. At  
beast, the Eng-lish garb of the ng-lish Sa-hib mere-ly gets a bit moreeased. In  
two. Ev-en ca-ri-bous lie a-round and snooze, for ere's no-thingelse to do. In

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twelve noon the na-tives swoon and no fur-ther work is done. But mad dogs and  
Bang - kok at twelve o' - clock they foam at the mouth and run  
Ben - gal, to move at all is sel-dom if ev - er done.

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Eng-lish-men go out in the mid-day sun. out in the mid-day out in the mid-day

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out in the mid-day out in the mid-day out in the mid-day out in the mid-day sun.\_\_\_\_\_