

Mad Dogs And Englishmen

NOËL COWARD

"WORDS AND MUSIC"

Moderato

PIANO

E♭ D♭ C♭ B♭ E♭ B♭7

In trop-i-cal climes, there are cer-tain times of day When all the
It's such a sur-prise for Eas-tern eyes to see That tho' the

E♭ B♭7 E♭ Fm7 B♭7

cit-i-zens re-tire, To tear their clothes off and per-spire. It's
En-glish are ef-fete, They're quite im-per-vi-ous to heat. When the

E♭ D♭ C♭ B♭ G6 D7

one of those rules that the great-est fools o-bey, Be-cause the
white man rides ev'-ry na-tive hides in glee, Be-cause the

G D7 G Fm7 B \flat 6 B \flat 7

sun is much too sul - try, And one must a - void its ul - try - vi - 'let
sim-ple crea-tures hope he Will im - pale his Sol - ar To - pee on a

E \flat 6 B \flat 7 E \flat 6 B \flat 7

ray. tree.

Pa-pa - la - ka, Pa-pa - la - ka, Pa-pa - la - ka boo! Pa-pa - la - ka, Pa-pa - la - ka, Pa-pa - la - ka boo!
Bo-ly - bo-ly, Bo-ly - bo-ly, Bo-ly - bo-ly baa! Bo-ly - bo-ly, Bo-ly - bo-ly, Bo-ly - bo-ly baa!

G \flat 6 D \flat 7 G \flat 6

Di - ga - ri - ga, Di - ga - ri - ga, Di - ga - ri - ga doo! Di - ga - ri - ga, Di - ga - ri - ga,
Ha - ba - nin - ny, Ha - ba - nin - ny, Ha - ba - nin - ny haa! Ha - ba - nin - ny, Ha - ba - nin - ny,

B \flat E \flat D \flat C \flat B \flat E \flat 6

Di - ga - ri - ga doo! The na - tives grieve, when the white men leave their huts;
Ha - ba - nin - ny haa! It seems such a shame when the En - glish claim the earth,

B_b7 E_b B_b7 B_b-9 B_b9 B_b7 E_b B_b F9 B_b7+5

— Be - cause they're ob - vi - ous - ly, de - fi - nite - ly nuts!
 — That they give rise to such hi - lar - i - ty and mirth.

REFRAIN

E_b A_b E_b Fm7 B_b7 E_b6

1. Mad dogs and En-glish-men go out in the mid - day sun, The
 2. Mad dogs and En-glish-men go out in the mid - day sun, The
 3. Mad dogs and En-glish-men go out in the mid - day sun, The

p - mf

E_b maj7 E_b Fm7 B_b7+5 B_b7 E_b B_b7 E_b A_b

Jap - a - nese don't care to, The Chi - nese would-n't dare to. The Hin - dus and
 tough - est Bur - mese ban - dit Can nev - er un - der stand it. In Ran - goon, the
 small - est Ma - lay rab - bit De - plores this stu - pid hab - it. In Hong - kong, they

E_b Fm7 B_b7 E_b6 B_b F7

Ar - gen-tines sleep firm - ly from twelve to one, But En-glish-men de - test a si -
 heat of noon Is just what the na - tives shun; They put their Scotch or Rye down and
 strike a gong And fire off a noon-day gun, To rep - ri - mand each in - mate who's

B_b7 E_b E_bmaj7 E_b7 A_b

es - ta. In the Phil - ip-pines, there are love - ly screens To pro - tect you from the
lie down. In a jun - gle town, where the sun beats down To the rage of man and
in late. In the mangrove swamps, where the py-thons romp, There is peace from twelve till

A_b6 F Fmaj7 F7 B_b7 F9 B_b7 F7

glare; In the Ma - lay states, they have hats like plates Which the Brit - ish - ers won't
beast, The En - glish garb of the En - glish Sa - hab Mere - ly gets a bit more
two. Ev - en ca - ri - bous lie a - round and snooze, For there's noth - ing else to

B_b7 p E_b A_b E_b A_b G7 Cm

wear. At twelve noon, the na - tives swoon, And no fur - ther work is done; But
creased. In Bang - kok, at twelve o' - clock, They foam at the mouth and run; But
do. In Ben - gal, to move at all, Is sel - dom, if ev - er done; But

cresc.

A_b6 A_b7 E_b D_b9 E_b E_b

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1-2. 3.

sf