The Chinese tell a story
That's full of mystic glory,
Of the Oriental,
A tale of wonderment;
By the Temple Walls each night,
They burn a red, red
Skin of yellow hue;
At the call of war's command,
Her heart turned to her
Lantern bright,
To their ancient warrior maid they pray.
Motherland, Evermore they honor her and say.

**CHORUS**
Shine on Red Lantern, through the gloomy night,
Over fields of white, Shine on
Red Lantern, o-ver pop-pies bright, Where she sleeps to-night, While tem-ple bells to the

God of war is call-ing, While thru the moon-light the yel-low dra- gon's crawl-ing, Come with

sword in hand, save your Chin-a land, Shine on Red Lan-tern,

send your sil-ver beams, O-ver hills and streams, Shine on Red Lan-tern till the morn-ing gleams,

Wake her from her dreams, Sound the tom tom till they come, Beat the cym-bal

and the drum, Shine on Red Lan-tern—shine on.

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