

# Mad Dogs And Englishmen

## Noel Coward

In tropical climes there are certain times of day  
When all the citizens retire  
To tear their clothes off and perspire  
It's one of those rules that the greatest fools obey  
Because the sun is much too sultry  
And one must avoid its ultra violet ray  
Papalaka papalaka papalaka boo  
Papalaka papalaka papalaka boo  
Digariga digariga digariga doo  
Digariga digariga digariga doo  
The native grieve when the white  
Men leave their huts, because  
They're obviously definitely nuts!  
Mad dogs and Englishmen  
Go out in the midday sun  
The Japanese don't care to  
The Chinese wouldn't dare to  
Hindoos and Argentines sleep  
Firmly from twelve to one  
But Englishmen detest a siesta  
In the Philippines  
There are lovely screens  
To protect you from the glare  
In the Malay States  
There are hats like plates  
Which the Britishers won't wear  
At twelve noon the natives swoon  
And no further work is done  
But mad dogs and Englishmen  
Go out in the midday sun  
It's such a surprise for the Eastern eyes to see  
That though the English are effete  
They're quite impervious to heat  
When the white man rides every native hides in glee  
Because the simple creatures hope he  
Will impale his solar topee on a tree  
Bolyboly bolyboly bolyboly baa  
Bolyboly bolyboly bolyboly baa  
Habaninny habaninny habaninny haa  
Habaninny habaninny habaninny haa  
It seems such a shame  
When the English claim  
The earth that they give rise to  
Such hilarity and mirth  
Mad dogs and Englishmen  
Go out in the midday sun.  
The toughest Burmese bandit

Can never understand it  
In Rangoon the heat of noon  
Is just what the natives shun  
They put their Scotch or Rye down  
And lie down in a jungle townWhere the sun beats down  
To the rage of man and beast  
The English garb  
Of the English sahib  
Merely gets a bit more creased  
In Bangkok  
At twelve o'clock  
They foam at the mouth and run  
Slut mad dogs and Englishmen  
Go out in the midday sunMad dogs and Englishmen  
Go out in the midday sun.  
The smallest Malay rabbit  
Deplores this stupid habit in Hongkong  
They strike a gong and  
Fire off a noonday gun  
To reprimand each inmate  
Who's in lateIn the mangrove swamps  
Where the python romps  
There is peace from twelve till two  
Even caribous  
Lie around and snooze  
For there's nothing else  
To do in Bengal to move  
At all is seldom, if ever done  
But mad dogs and Englishmen  
Go out in the midday sun

Songwriters  
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