HES VERSION. ly Vincent Davies, ... by Willem Vandorvall.
AET. (Ballad). Musical

.... I AM SO GOOD. I in these days of selfishing ter l'erfect tell the tale d'

t rob any dickey bird; ad, than say a wicked word, AS THEY ARE, music by W. Vandervell,

de, tar, t work and wait,

LLY NIGGER. . march as it is really comin

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PPENED YET.

but a great hit, and trade at. ∆ : JoE. Masic by Carlo Missi.

one of the Author's greatest gers, as it may be appropria Music by Vincent Day

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Low who hat him on the pale

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Low, GAY AS A LARK. on man may be happy all the ent Davies

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r, I am reaking off to you, y continuis a seem to be, thying, I will missle back to the THE NUMBER THAT DIDN'TEST A COUNTY HAVD DISK MASS.

If I VERY hoppy specimed wires is Very quantit and cack the lost Sairy's noss was fatter to quit, to have not went pit-pits at the harming like a blisten on see I'm so fond ob your site.

Y. F. All. Y FAIR.

nie song, being a fancy had now you fare, whaten in the bar-gains. Weather , and that the song being a sure to please. Music by neluding words of ladies rath THE GIRL FROM FRANCE ide is written in a thornally. Music by Vincent In is mazy dance,
to well a girl from Brance;
happiness will bring;
tya, and thread the mazy dates

ELLES. , showing, as it does, how y beau to lie a Lion thus

Vernon.

that's the way the beliged a they're very small beam, buy know loss is tell feathers, that is the wey the beliges.

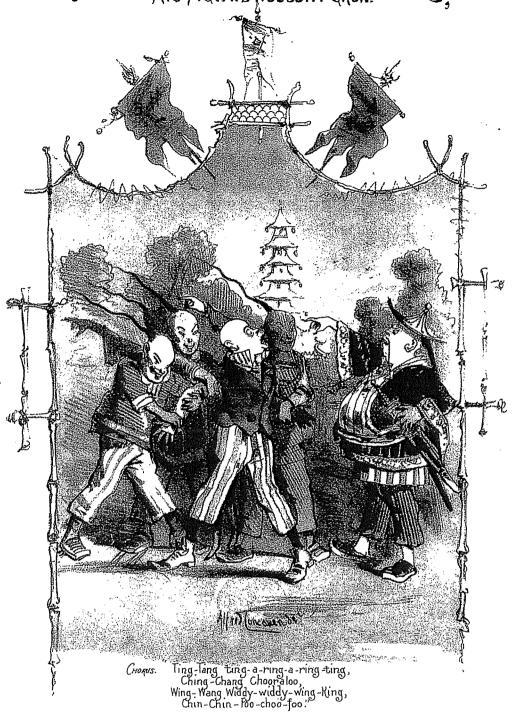
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ing Ton GRY, and parent In March pearwales

Go, R.R. DUKE ESQRE

THE HIS PIGTAIL WOULDN'T GROW. 1888.



MARRY HUNTER,

MANHATTAN MINSTRELS POPULAR ENTERTAINMENTS,

IN LONDON AND THE PROVINCES,

Composed by

G. W. HUNTER.

Ens SEA PAIL

LONDON U.A.TURNER, 1 LEADENHALL ST.E.C. STANKAPD & SON, IMP.

CHING-CHING-CHINAMA



Writtenby

LAWRENCE BARCLAY AND FRED MURRAY,

LAWRENCE BARCLAY.

SUNG BY MISS VESTA VICTORIA.

"The Nigger Chinee, or His Pigtail Wouldn't Grow." Written by Harry Hunter. London: J.A. Turner, 1877.

"Written and Sung with the Greatest Success by Harry Hunter in the Manhattan Minstrels Popular Entertainments, in London and the Provinces." Composed by G.W. Hunt.

A nigger lived in merry Carolina,
But he felt inclined to roam,
So one day he cut away to China,
Left his master and his home,
Left his wife and picaninnies,
Left his father old and grey,
Sold his pig for two bright guineas,
Jumped aboard and sailed away.
CHORUS.

Ting, tang, ting a ring a ring a ting Ching, chang, chooraloo, Wing wang, widdy-widdy, wing, King Chin, chin Foochoofoo.

2

Then this stupid nigger fellow,
Wanting to be beautiful,
Stained his skin a Chinese yellow,
Cut off nearly all his wool,
All his wool except a pigtail,
Tuft as black as wing of crow,
Thought it soon would be a big tail,
But he found it wouldn't grow.
CHORUS, Ting, tang &c.

When he'd been a week in Pekin,
Chinamen began to stare,
Couldn't understand his speaking,
Couldn't understand his hair,
So poor darkie soon was taken,
And to prison was removed,
He tried hard to save his bacon,
But his tale could not be proved.
CHORUS, Ting, tang &c.

4

Darkie well his case defended,
Told them he was innocent,
Said he thought he was intended
For a China ornament
But the judge said, Nigger, chin-chin,
You've no tail upon your head.
If it doesn't grow an inch in
Half an hour you will be dead.
CHORUS, Ting, tang &c.

5

Then poor darkie scratched his sad poll,
And in tears he sighed and said,
"Would I had been born a tadpole,
With a tail upon my head,"
But he had to die before he,
Got his wool to grow a bit,
There's a moral to the story,
But I can't remember it.
CHORUS, Ting, tang &c.

"Ching-Ching-Chinaman." Written Lawrence Barclay and Fred Murray. Composed by Lawrence Barclay. Sung by Miss Vesta Victoria. London: Francis, Day & Hunter, 1903.

1. P'r'haps you think-ee I'm a real Chi-nee, But I'm not, I am a born Cock-nee. I am learn-ing all the words I can, 'Cos I'm en-gaged to a Chi-nese man. He's not pret-ty, but he's got some "oof,"— I don't love him, but I can play "spoof."
He's got a laun-dry, I've got my eye On his bricks and mor-tar, so I cry,—"Ching-Ching-Chi-na-man, jig-gie-jig-gie-jig!" He's got a nice black pig-gie-wig-gie-wig.
Show'd me his laun-dry and bought me the ring, So I am going to be Mis-sis Ching-Ching-Ching.

2.

When we first met, I said, "Strike a light!
Who's let it loose? Tie it up,—there's a fright!
Ain't he yellow! what a queer old hack!
It ain't a man, it's a bilious attack."
"You mistakee,—me washee-washee man;
Me washee you all I can-can-can!"
"You washee me! I'm blessed if you do!
I'd pull your nose if you attempted to!
CHORUS—"Ching-Ching-Chinaman!" &c.

3.

"Be my Chop-Suee," said he to me;
I said, "What the dickens is that, Chinee?"
Said he, "No savee;" said I to annoy,
"Is that anything like a saveloy?"
"Me lovee you, me give you all my gold;
Me bally lonely, night bally cold."
"I quite understand that," I replied,—
"You shouldn't go and wear your shirt outside!

CHORUS—"Ching-Ching-Chinaman!" &c.





LOVE IN CANTON. ENT. STATIST LONDON: A HAMMOND & GO (JULLIENS) 5 VIGO STREET REGENTS!