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CHING-CHING-CHINAMAN



Written by

LAWRENCE BARCLAY AND FRED MURRAY,

Composed by

LAWRENCE BARCLAY.

SUNG BY

MISS VESTA VICTORIA.

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"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.

1
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.

3
When he'd been a week in Peking,
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
"spooof."

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.

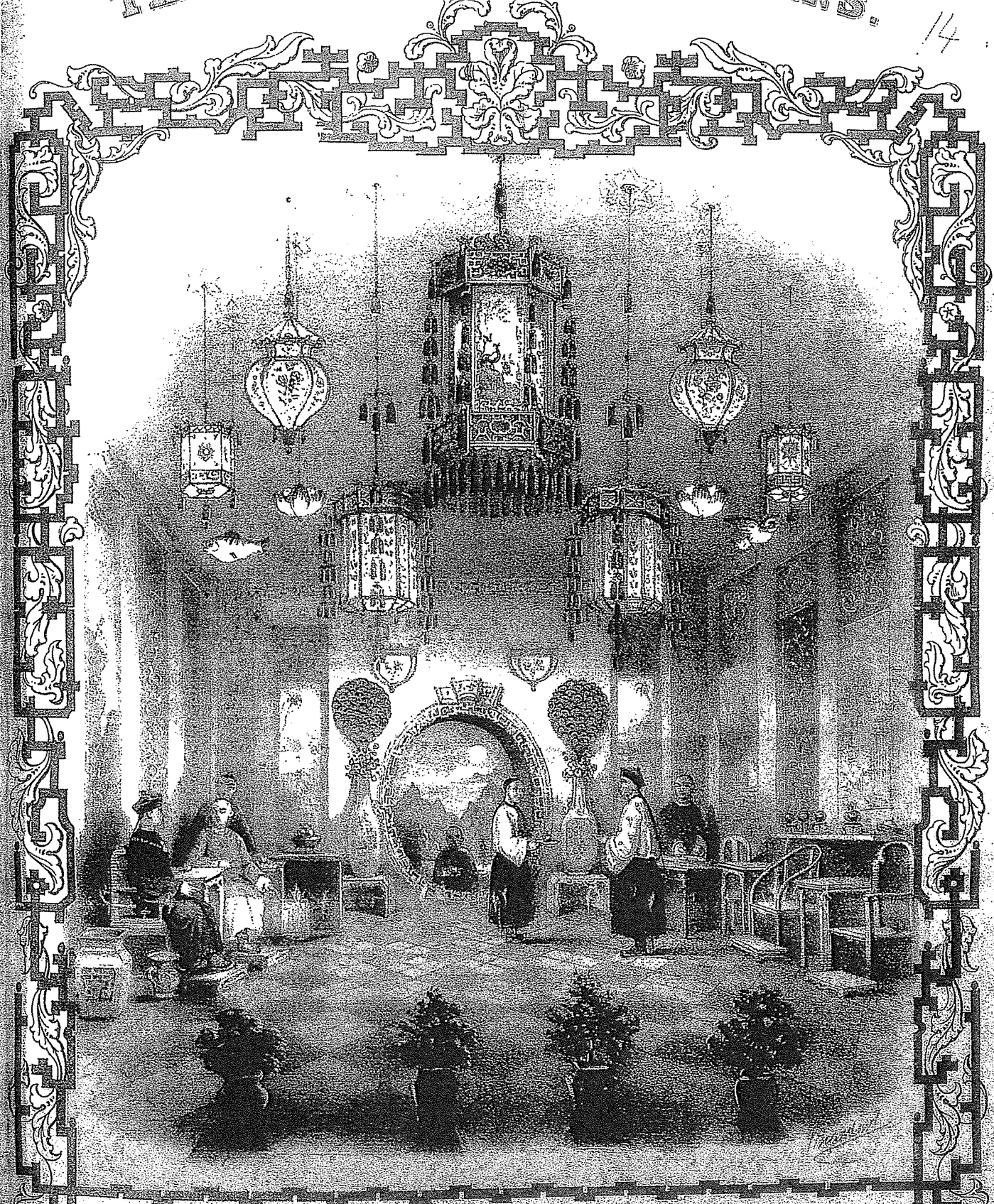
3.

"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.



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