

Ching, Ching - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

CHING, CHING.

My name is Ching Ching, come from China,
In a big large a shipa come along here,
Wind blow very hard, kick up bubblee,
Make a poor Chinaman a feel very queer;
Me bring a little gal very much nicey,
She come along for to be my wife,
She say she love me wonce, twicee,
Make her mine for all my life;
Me like a bowwow very goodee chow chow,
Me like a little gal, she a likee me,
White man come along take to little gal,
Take a little gal from poor Chinee.

Chorus.

Hi, ki, hi, ching. ching, ching,
Bung a rung a chickee,
Weckey supey fatly bung,
Funeey Mosey peachey toeseey, Keno John,
Chinaman a goodee manee from Hong Kong.

Now I live in San Francisco,
Very much niece place, away over here,
Me got a hair cut short like a Melican man,
Me getee drunk on a goodee lager beer,
Me bring a little gal very much nicey,
She come along for to be my wife,
She say she love me wonce, twicee,
Make her mine for all my life;
Me like a bowwow very goodee chow chow.
Me like a little gal, she a likee me,
White man come along take to little gal.
Take a little gal from poor Chinee.-Chorus.