

Ting-a-ling-ting-tay - song lyrics

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TING-A-LING-TING-TAY.

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Words and Music by Harry Dacre.

I once met a beautiful Spaniard, quite the finest And divinest!
She played, in the streets, for a living, altho' she'd the grace of a queen;
Her beauty was something magnetic, I grew frantic! quite romantic!
I followed her 'round like a poodle, and worshipped her sweet mandolin!
At last I ventured to say, "How really delicious you play!"

Chorus.

But she only answered "Ting-a-ling" to all that I could say;
She seemed to live on ting-a-ling, by night as well as day.
I told her I would marry her, but all she had to say
Was, ting-a-ling-a-ling-ting, ting-a-ling-a-ling-ting, ting-a-ling-a-ling, ting-day!

I'm neither so old nor so ugly, I am healthy, fairly wealthy,
And thousands would be quite delighted to join me in Hymen's strong noose!
But this was the girl that I wanted! I adored her, and implored her
To tell me my fate, if she loved me; alas! all my prayers were no use.
Said I, "If you won't be my wife, I'll soon put an end to my life!" - Chorus.

I showed her a bottle marked "poison!" and a dagger, just for swagger,
A rusty, six-chamber revolver was also displayed in my belt;
I told her unless she consented, she'd repent it, for I meant it!
For no one could ever imagine the fantastic feelings I felt.
Then I lifted the "dajjer" on high, my life hung upon her reply!- Chorus.

Just then I was tapped on the shoulder by a Spaniard, black-and-tan-iard!
A swarthy, big lump of a fellow, who rose quite six feet from the floor;
He said my love-making was treason, out of season, out of reason;
For she who had won my affections was deaf as the post of a door.
"Moreover," said he, "By-the-bye, she is my wife," And that's why-

Chorus.

She could only answer "Ting-a-ling" to all that I could say;
She seemed to live on ting-a-ling, by night as well as day.
I told her I would marry her, but all she had to say,
Was, ting-a-ling-a-ling-ting, ting-a-ling-a-ling-ting, ling-a-ling-a-ling, ting-day!