

TING-A-LING TING



A fair little maiden once dwelt in Japan -
And Ting-a-Ling Ting was her name
She grew like the roses quickly began
To gather great measure of fame
Of lovey lu said that she had a full score -
Some writing consider the number much more
But certain it that her beauty was great
For many reliable chroniclers state
How the birds at the dawn of the day
Would sing, "Ting-a-Ling, Ting-a-Ling"
Each sat on japonica spray
And warbled, "Sweet Ting-a-Ling Ting"



Although the kind Emperor's palace abounds
In marvels of art rich and rare
The day being hot, people stay in the grounds
Her lover meet Ting-a-Ling there
As each fiery Jap rushes forward to bow
Ing-Ing bangs his head against that of Tan Chou
On which all horrified visitors see
Arise in blue blood a sharp fall in tea
Yet the birds of that garden so gay
Still sang "Ting-a-Ling, Ting-a-Ling"
Each sat on japonica spray
And warbled "Sweet Ting-a-Ling Ting"

Of all the young fellows who loved her so well
She had a slight fancy for two
Tan Chou was blue blooded a rather a swell
His rival a mere parvenu
But Tan Chou was hard up as hard up could be
While little Ing-Ing had plantations of tea
Both loved with a passion exceedingly rare
And each was very justly aware
How the birds at the dawn of the day
Would sing "Ting-a-Ling, Ting-a-Ling"
Each sat on japonica spray
To warble "Sweet Ting-a-Ling Ting"

It happened the Emperor gave an "At Home"
From four till a quarter past eight
Quite three thousand souls were commanded to come
The cost was defrayed by the State
Ing-Ing was invited because of his less
Tan Chou on account of his long pedigree
And Ting-a-Ling's beauty assured her a place
Shew in white silk a old japonica lace
At the sight, even birds, so they say
Exclaimed, "Ting-a-Ling, Ting-a-Ling"
Each sat on japonica spray
And warbled "Sweet Ting-a-Ling Ting"

When wretched Ing-Ing heard this terrible news
He came with a japonica spear
To eat nothing further nor put off his shoes
Until he'd beheaded the pair
He let his plantations paid what he owed
Then borrowed some carriers - took to the road
And worse than the physical hunger he felt
Where fate hit him under his poor little belt
Was the fact that the birds by the way
Still sang "Ting-a-Ling, Ting-a-Ling"
Each sat on japonica spray
To warble "Sweet Ting-a-Ling Ting"

Tan Chou sent a challenge the very same night
To which a type written reply
Came back from his rival declining to fight
And giving efficient cause why
Ing-Ing had proposed with no little address
And Ting-a-Ling thinking of tea answered "Yes!"
But when he refused to do battle - I vow
The maid changed her mind and composed with Tan Chou
Yes she did, a the birds in dismay
Altered "Ting-a-Ling, Ting-a-Ling"
Each sat on japonica spray
And blamed naughtily Ting-a-Ling Ting

He tramped in the sunshine by day, & the moon
Illumined his footsteps by night
He usually prayed for ten minutes at noon
But still kept his vengeance in sight
At inns & hotels he went, "Rings-a-ling-ling"
And asked for his fickle but fair Ting-a-Ling
His soul! he'd forgotten completely that now
By marriage the lady was Mrs Tan Chou
Though the birds in their obstinate way
Still sang "Ting-a-Ling, Ting-a-Ling"
Each sat on japonica spray
To warble "Sweet Ting-a-Ling Ting"

But Nature, though kind, lost her temper at last -
Her mandate we all must obey
So at the call of his fatuous last
Ing-Ing began fading away
And there were the very last words that he said
"To gods, would I worry them when I am dead!"
Then drawing the carriers with one bitter smile
His happy dispatch he concluded in style
And the birds when they saw the display
Altered "Ting-a-Ling, Ting-a-Ling"
She sat a japonica spray
But sweet little Ting-a-Ling Ting

About a week after, at dead of the night,
Tan Chou heard a heart shaking din
And clad altogether in midday white
Ing-Ing's apparition peeped in
But nobody minded the least little bit,
And nobody screamed or went into a fit
So raging, he rushed to regions of bliss
At dear little Ting-a-Ling how him a kiss
And the birds of Japan to these days
Still sing "Ting-a-Ling, Ting-a-Ling"
They sit on japonica sprays
And warble "Sweet Ting-a-Ling Ting"

Then music a melody being
From the land where the little birds sing
Rings-a-ling with her Ting-a-Ling
Tan Chou the sweet Ting-a-Ling

