I’ve been all a-round this earth in every foreign land, I’ve seen all those
woolly Zulus down in Zulu land. But there’s a tribe right here, the
quarest of the queer. I’ll tell you all about them so kindly lend your ear.

When those Finale hoppers start hoppin’ a-round

you’d think that Barnum’s circus just blew into town, With their shoe string ties and

bent-ed hats, some wear seals and some wear spats. Each dapper with his hoppin’
bob-bing up and down like acro-bats. All those Finale hoppers made daring art—

Their style of camel walking breaks many a heart when

they get hungry they partake of a two course dinner, coffee and cake

When those Finale hoppers start hoppin’ a-round

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