Marcia

Way out in old San Fran There is a Chi-na-man Who's known for
When you're in Frisco town Don't fail to stop a-round And see this

Ching Chong man,

Woo-der-ful place he keeps Down where he eats
Woo-der-ful things you'll learn Down where the tor-

and sleeps way un-derneath the ground; Each night the fes-tive chinks
chics burn He'll show you all he can; Then when the time is ripe

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Far out on Slumber Bay, And softly they sing.
Come there to wink and blink, And dream away the hours, They sing this funny song.
He'll fill your little pipe, And then a light he'll bring, While they are born along on beds of poppy flowers.

Chorus
Ching Chong, Oh Mister Ching Chong, You're the King of Chinatown.
Ching Chong, I love your sing-song When you have turned the lights all down;

Ching Chong, just let me swing long Thru the realms of drowsyland, Dreaming
while stars are beam-ing Oh Mister Ching Chong, sing-song man.