

Ching-a-Ring-Chaw

American Minstrel Song



Ching a ring a ring ching ching! Ho a ding a ding kum lar - kee!

Ching a ring a ring ching ching! Ho a ding kum lar - kee! Ching a ring a ring ching!

Ching a ring a ring ching! Ching a ring a ring ching ching ching chaw!

Brothers gather round,
Listen to this story,
'Bout the promised land,
An' the promised glory.

You don't need to fear,
If you have no money,
You don't need none there,
To buy you milk and honey.

There you'll ride in style,
Coach with four white horses,
There the evenin' meal,
Has one two three four courses.

Nights we all will dance
To the harp and fiddle,
Waltz and jig and prance,
"And Cast off down the middle!"

When the mornin' come,
All in grand and splendour,
Stand out in the sun,
And hear the holy thunder!

Brothers hear me out,
The promised land's a-comin'
Dance and sing and shout,
I hear them harps a strummin'.