

The Ding Dong Song

1. Now once said the vi - car of a coun - try church to the cur - ate just for
fun, "I bet I've kissed more girls than you." No soon - er said than
done. "We'll stand in the porch as the girls go by, and this shall be our
sign. You say a ding-a-dong for the girls you've kissed and I'll say a ping-a-pong to
mine." It was ring - a - - ding-ding - a - ding - a - - ding - a - ding - a - dong. There were
more ding dongs than there were ping pongs. A la - - dy pass - ing
by, the cur - - ate shout - - ed "Ding dong!"
"What?!", said the vic - ar, "You've a ding dong there. That's my wife I do de - clare."
"Well," said the cu - rate, "I don't care. I've had a li - ttle ding dong there."

1. Now once said the vicar of a county church to the curate just for fun
"I bit I've kissed more girls than you. No sooner said that done
We'll stand in the porch as the girls go by and this shall be our sign
You say a ding-a-dong for the girls you've kissed
And I'll say a ping-a-pong to mine.
It was ring-a-ding-ding-a-ding- ding-a-ding-a-dong
There were more ding dongs than there were ping pongs.
A lady passing by, the curate shouted "Ding dong"
"What!" said the vicar "You've a ding dong there.
That's my wife I do declare."
"Well" said the curate "I don't car. I've had a little ding dong there."

2. Now my brother Billy every Sunday morn, he rings the old church bell.
Last Sunday morn I wondered why the bells they never rang so well.
One fellow said, "I'll go up and see what made those church bells stop."
But when he got to the belfry stair, he fell when he got to the top.
It was ring-a-ding-a-ding-a-ding-a-ding-a-dong. He soon found out where the bells went wrong.
When he got to the belfry stair, he fell back quite astounded.
There was little Billy with his girl upon his knee. That's why those bells never rang so free.
Billy was tickling his girl upon his knee with his ring-a-ding-a-ding-a-ding-a-dong.
3. Now I've been having a lot of trouble of late, and it's all about a muffin man.
He charges my old woman for his muffins and a very crafty plan.
Last Sunday night as I had them for me tea, I didn't know what they cost.
But for hours each day, the neighbours would say, at my door way he would stop.
With his ring-a-ding-a-ding-a-ding-a-ding-a-dong. He sold his muffins as he went along.
I didn't think there was anything wrong, I had no cause to worry.
My old woman had a lot to say. She went off with that muffin man yesterday.
He charmed my old woman's heart away with his ring-a-ding-a-ding-a-ding-a-dong.

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Source: Sung by Bill Cooper, Witcombe. Collected by Gwilym Davies September 1975.