

## THE THREE KINGS OF CHICKERABOO



There were three niggers of Chickeraboo--  
PACIFICO, BANG-BANG; P OPCHOP -- who  
Exclaimed, one terribly sultry day,  
“Oh, let’s be kings in a humble way.”

The first was a highly-accomplished “bones,”  
The next elicited banjo tones,  
The third was a quiet, retiring chap,  
Who danced an excellent break-down “flap.”

“We niggers,” said they, “have formed a plan  
By which, whenever we like, we can  
Extemporise kingdoms near the beach,  
And then we’ll collar a kingdom each.

“Three casks, from somebody else’s stores,  
Shall represent our island shores,  
Their sides the ocean wide shall lave,  
Their heads just topping the briny wave.

“Great Britain’s navy scours the sea,  
And everywhere her ships they be;  
She’ll recognise our rank, perhaps,  
When she discovers we’re Royal Chaps.

“If to her skirts you want to cling,  
It’s quite sufficient that you’re a king;  
She does not push inquiry far  
To learn what sort of king you are.”

A ship of several thousand tons,  
And mounting seventy-something guns,  
Ploughed, every year, the ocean blue,  
Discovering kings and countries new.

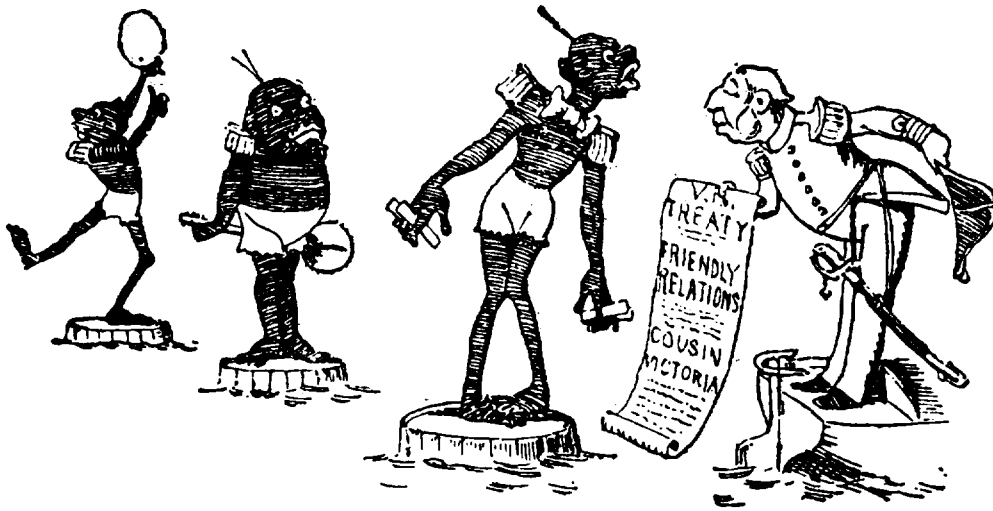
The brave REAR-ADMIRAL BAILEY PIP,  
Commanding that magnificent ship,

Perceived one day, his glasses through,  
The kings that came from Chickeraboo.

“Dear eyes!” said ADMIRAL PIP, “I see  
Three flourishing islands on our lee.  
And, bless me! most remarkable thing!  
On every island stands a king!

“Come, lower the Admiral’s gig,” he cried,  
“And over the dancing waves I’ll glide;  
That low obeisance I may do  
To those three kings ,of Chickeraboo!”

The Admiral pulled to the islands three;  
The kings saluted him graciouslee.  
The Admiral, pleased at his welcome warm,  
Unrolled a printed Alliance form.



“Your majesty, sign me this, I pray—  
I come in a friendly kind of way—  
I come, if you please, with the best intents,  
And QUEEN VICTORIA’S compliments.”

The kings were pleased as they well could be;  
The most retiring of the three,  
In a “cellar-flap” to his joy gave vent  
With a banjo-bones accompaniment.

The great REAR-ADMIRAL BAILEY PIP  
Embarked on board his jolly big ship,  
Blue Peter flew from his lofty fore,  
And off he sailed to his native shore.

ADMIRAL PIP directly went  
To the Lord at the head of the Government,  
Who made him, by a stroke of the quill,  
BARON DE PIPPE, OF PIPPETONNEVILLE.

The College of Heralds permission yield  
That he should quarter upon his shield  
Three islands, *vert*, on a field of blue,  
With the pregnant motto "Chickeraboo."

Ambassadors, yes, and attachés, too,  
Are going to sail for Chickeraboo.  
And, see, on the good ship's crowded deck,  
A bishop, who's going out there on spec.

And let us all hope that blissful things  
May come of alliance with darky kings,  
And, may we never, whatever we do,  
Declare a war with Chickeraboo!

