He Whistled Like A King - song lyrics

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HE WHISTLED LIKE A KING.
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Words and music by Harry S. Miller.

Oh, there was little coon, whistled morning, night and noon, (Whistle)
He could whistle in his bed, even in his sleep, 'tis said, (Whistle)
One day he heard a "Ginny" playing down in Thompson street,
And when all de little coons began to sing,
Then he put his lips in shape, and a time he let escape,
Then he whistled like a king. - Whistling Chorus.

Now one night not long ago, he went whistling kind of so, (Whistle)
He was hunting chicken pelf, so he whistled to himself: (Whistle)
He spied some chickens roosting high up in their little coop.
And he thought a couple would be just the thing;
So he grabb'd the fattest ones, and away for home be run,
While he whistled like a king Whistling Chorus.