

THE LONDONER AND THE HUN... BY FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

The Hun.

"You'll have noticed said the Hun
what we've been and gone and done
To the Highways and the byways of your town,
And it's nothing said the Hun
To the fusillade of fun
That the Fuhrer has a mind to send you down.
Aren't you staggered, aren't you cowed,
Aren't you praying out aloud?
Aren't you dreading every setting of the sun.
Aren't you weary of blaspheming
at the bombs that come a-screaming,
Don't you wish that you were dreaming, said the Hun.

The Londoner.

Shut your big blue pencil mouth said the Londoner,
There's a Channel to the South, said the Londoner,
But the bully who's your boss
Doesn't dare attempt to cross,
So the nasty minded cuss
thinks he'll take it out of us.
But he'd better think again said the Londoner,
We can stand a lot of pain said the Londoner,
We're not dumb Teutonic mutts,
We've the guns and we've the guts
You can tell adolf he's nuts said the Londoner.

The Hun.

You're forgetting said the Hun
That you're streets are over run,
By the helpless and the homeless and the halt,
While your buildings said the Hun
are succumbing by the ton
To the fury of an aerial assault.
And in the Palace of your King
Has a badly crippled wing,
Crazy cockney now the blitzkrieg has begun
It's your diet for duration
Why the stubborn hesitation,
What about capitulation, said the Hun.

The Londener.

Why you nasty Nazi nark said the Londener,
Hee you miss the ruddy mark said the Londener,
All the deeds of which you're proud,
are but stitches in your shroud,
Every little child you slay
is a crimg for which you'll pay.
Vent your sanguinary spleen said the Londener,
God will save our King and Queen said the Londener,
And you vile pygmalion simp,
With his aid we'll put a crimp,
In that paperhanging pimp, said the Londener.

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