

THE FIFTY-POUNDS-A-HEAD HOARD

In their cars, and by the train-load,
Come the fifty-pounds-a-head horde
But we'll stop them, disappoint them.
Halt them at our nodal point then.

Hold them up here, dress them down here.
Take their pittance for the crown here.
Have them queued here, searched and stamped here,
Have them cramped here, even camped here.

For . . it's our duty, it's our job lads.
To control this angry mob lads.
Hold it steady. To your posts lads.
Think on Britain. Hold her coast lads.