

THE BIG BANG!

For months the firework factories
Have worked with main and might,
To make the biggest bangers
For the kids to set alight.
And all around the country
We've heard the age-old cry,
"Remember it's November,
Spare a penny for the guy!"
In every town the boys who've shouted
"Mister spare a copper!"
Have been and bought their fireworks,
Eh! blimsy - what a whopper!
Not only kids have been and bought,
Dad's gone along as well.
Hollo, there's trouble brewing here
Just watch him run like ---.

Over now to Sussex,
To the ancient town of Eye.
Whatever's this - quick call St. George
To come and do or die!
There's dirty work afoot here.
What next? A dangerous crook
Ah, Mr. Charlie Chaplin,
Unless I'm much mistook.
At last here comes the moment
We've waited for all year.
The stage is set, the crowd is tense,
The leading actor's here,
And up he goes in smoke and flame
To light to starry night,
While firework manufacturers
Go wild with sheer delight.
But think of all those husbands
Whose wives go through their pockets,
Tonight, just like that other guy,
They're going to get some rockets

For spending all their savings
On Catherine wheels and squibs,
On Roman Candles and the like -
I bet they'll tell some fibs.
But all in vain
Most will explain
"It wasn't beer, my dear
Remember it's November
And it comes but once a year."