A Souvenir of Canada

Comic Ballad

Hitler on the Run!

By Neil Mac Donald

25c

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Kincardine, Ontario, Canada
Hitler On The Run!

Come, all you lovers of liberty, we'll sing 'til victory's won;  
Go tell the King and lovely Queen, the Nazis are on the run.  
And you, der Fueher, go jump in the sewer, hear the soldiers hum  
Go back to where you started and you'll still be on the bum.

You gave your word at Munich but of course that wasn't much;  
You cheated Czechoslovakia and you double-crossover the Dutch;  
You know now what your lacking is a good Churchill brain  
Or Chamberlain's umbrella, for you're standing in the rain.

You said to Joseph Stalin, "Don't you think I'm doing fine,  
I've captured most of Europe and I'll make the British whine."  
The Russian Bear said "Wait and see, you're going to get a bump.  
And Mussolini's going to take it running on his rump."

You never spin or sow or reap or gather where you toil,  
But look to poor Rumania to supply you with the oil;  
You said to Uncle Sam, "Make them quit, I've had my fill."

But Roosevelt said, "Nuts to you. I'm with MacKenzie King."

You haven't got a trusty pal and nothing much to eat,  
We have Wendell Willkie, Jim McKinnon guards our wheat.  
There'll always be an England and we'll have a barrel of fun  
When the lights of London shine again and Hitler's on the run.

Your subs and U-boats took revenge on unarmed ships afloat,  
But when they saw our navy come they scuttled every boat;  
You took the air to show our pilots how the Nazi fights  
Now you see your cellophane crates are just a bunch of kites.

You rotten plotting Ribbentrop go home and tell your maw  
Commando troops are coming for to strangle Lord Ha Ha.  
We've listened to Gobbel's propaganda speeches and we found  
He has the same stuff our farmers use to fertilize the ground.

Oh Churchill dear, we're glad to hear, you've stuck through thick and thin,  
For now we're on the offensive and bombing old Berlin.  
The Russians are in Russia and the Japs are going home,  
Commandos landing on the boot and marching into Rome.

The world will have one ruler, our Creator from above,  
Who came to earth to live with us, and teach us brotherly love.  
We'll sing and cheer, in high gear, 'till troubled days are o'er,  
With international government we'll study war no more.
Call off your dog I never done anything!

That bad man stole our bread and even took little Normy's candies.

The c--x!
Go get 'em Tommy. I'll bet he'll never bother any body again after Tommy's finished with 'em.