

A Souvenir of Canada

Comic Ballad

**Hitler
on the
Run!**

By Neil MacDonald

25c

*For Prices on Quantities to Raise Money Write to Box 378
Kincardine, Ontario, Canada*

Handwritten musical score for the song "Hitler On The Run!". The score is written on four systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The time signature is 8/8. Chord symbols are written above the treble staff: Eb, Fm, Bb7, Eb, D7, Eb, Eb, Bb, Fm, Fm, Bb7, Bb7, and Eb. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The music is a simple, rhythmic tune with a catchy chorus.

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-crossed 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 fling,"
But Roosevelt said, "Nurts 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 barrell 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 Gobbels' 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,

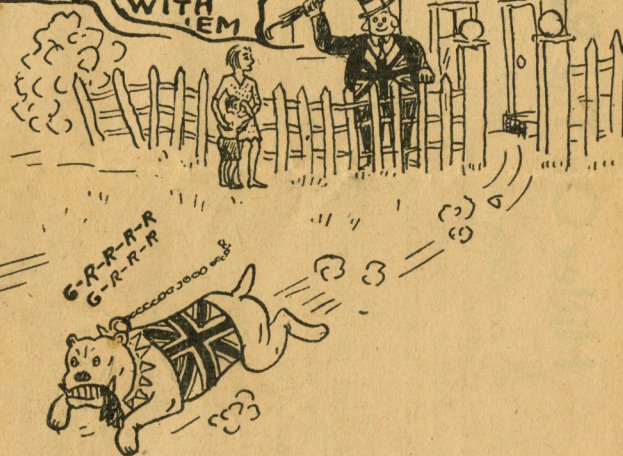
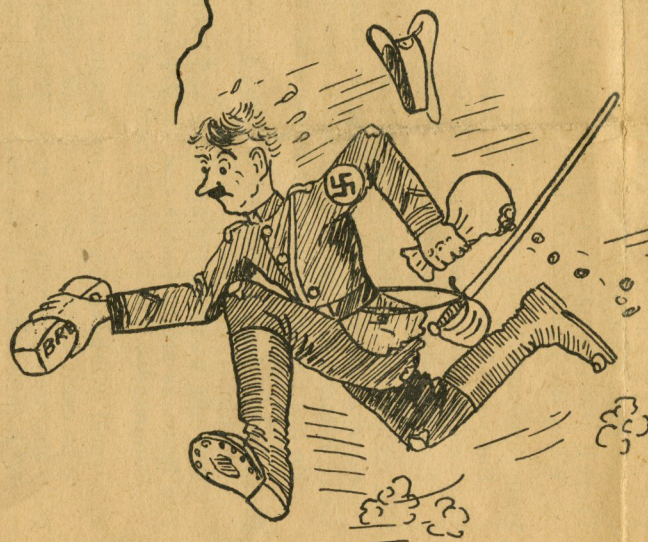
For now we're on the offensive and bombing old Berlin.
The Russians are in Russia and the Japs are going home,
Commandos landing on the boot and marching into Rome.

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, 'til troubled days are o'er,
With international government we'll study war no more.

CALL OFF YOUR
DOG I NEVER
DONE ANY THING!

THAT BAD MAN
STOLE OUR BREAD
AND EVEN TOOK
LITTLE NORMYS
CANDIES

THE C_X!
GO GET 'EM TOMMY!
I'LL BET HE'LL
NEVER BOTHER
ANY BODY AGAIN
AFTER TOMMYS
FINISHED
WITH 'EM



WALT
BALL