

ROLL OUT THE KNIGHTCART

A Ballad for the Times

To the tune of 'Waltzing Matilda'

Once a jolly fishmonger, sitting on a heap of guts,
Said to his wife, 'Oh, my dear wife,' said he,
'We've made lots of money, now it's time to make the Honours List —
Who'll come a-hunting a knighthood with me?'

REFRAIN

Roll out the knightcart! Roll out the knightcart!
Who'll come a-hunting a knighthood with me?
For it's high time the Government handed me a bloody gong —
Who'll come a-hunting a knighthood with me?

Up jumped an editor, glad to help at chivalry,
For *he* had some thoughts of a knighthood, too;
He said, 'Mr Fishmonger, what a lot of guts you've got —
I'll come a-hunting a knighthood with you!'

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REFRAIN: Roll out . . . etc.

Then said the fishmonger, 'What'll take my smell away?
The pong of my guts is too strong, you'll agree —
What'll make me smell a little less like a lavatory
When you come a-hunting a knighthood with me?'

REFRAIN: Roll out . . . etc.

'Don't be afraid,' said the lofty-minded editor,
'We'll spray you from head to foot with stale printer's ink,
You won't smell of guts when I've finished with my eulogy,
With bright purple prose I shall cover up your stink.'

REFRAIN: Roll out . . . etc.

'Thanks,' said the fishmonger, taking out his handkerchief,
'Thanks from the heart of my bottom,' quavered he,
And he wiped from his eyes and nose tears of gratitude,
'Thanks for the knighthood you'll jack up for me.'

REFRAIN

Jack up! Jack up! Jack up the knightcart!
Who'll come a-hunting a knighthood with me?
For I've always backed the Party up, it's time I had a bloody
gong—
Who'll come a-hunting a knighthood with me?

(Slowly and sadly)

Jack got his knighthood, but O, what a tragedy —
The high-minded editor's ink was spilled in vain;
For in spite of the knighthood, in spite of all the purple prose,
Jack on the knightcart still smelt like a drain!

REFRAIN (*with gutso*)

Roll out the knightcart! Roll out the knightcart!
Who'll come a-hunting a knighthood with me?
For we'll get our bloody gongs now they've changed the bloody
Government —
WHO'LL COME A-HUNTING A KNIGHTHOOD WITH
ME?

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