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## London Pride

Reference number PT0209

London Pride has been handed down to us,  
London Pride is a flower that's free.  
London Pride means our own dear town to us,  
And our pride it for ever will be.  
Woa, Liza see the coster barrows  
Vegetable marrows And the fruit piled high.  
Woa Liza little London sparrows  
Covent Garden Market where the costers cry.  
Cockney feet, mark the beat of history  
Ev'ry street pins a memory down.  
Nothing ever can quite replace  
The grace of London Town.

### *REFRAIN*

There's a little city flower ev'ry spring unfailing  
Growing in the crevices by some London railing.  
Tho' it has a Latin name in town and country-side  
We in England call it London Pride.

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Hey lady when the day is dawning  
See the policeman yawning on his lonely beat.  
Gay lady Mayfair in the morning  
Hear the footsteps echo in the empty street.  
Early rain and the pavement's glistening  
All Park Lane in a shimmering gown.  
Nothing ever could break or harm  
The charm of London Town.

*REFRAIN*

In our city darkened now street and square and crescent  
We can feel our living past in our shadowed present.  
Ghosts beside our starlit Thames who lived and loved and died  
Keep throughout the ages London Pride.

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And our pride it for ever will be.  
Grey city stubbornly implanted  
Taken so for granted for a thousand years.  
Stay city smokily enchanted  
Cradle of our memories and hopes and fears.  
Ev'ry Blitz your resistance toughening  
From the Ritz To the Anchor and Crown,  
Nothing ever could override  
The pride of London Town.