

London Pride

Noel Coward

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.

Every street

Pins a memory down.

Nothing ever can quite replace

The grace of London Town.INTERLUDE

There's a little city flower every spring unfailing

Growing in the crevices by some London railing,

Though it has a Latin name, in town and country-side

We in England call it London Pride.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.

Hey, lady,

When the day is dawning

See the policeman yawning

On his lonely beat.

Gay lady,

Mayfair in the morning,

Hear your 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.INTERLUDE

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.

Songwriters
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