

Harry Pollitt

The Limelitters

Introduction: This one is the story of Harry Pollitt.

Harry Pollit was at one time a very influential member of the Communist Party in England,
until he was finally throwm out; and when they threw him out,
they wrote a song about him as if he were dead.

And it goes like this: Harry Pollit was a worker; one of Lenin's lads

He was foully murdered by those counter-revolutionary cads

Counter-revolutionary cads, counter-revolutionary cads

He was foully murdered by those counter-revolutionary cads! Old Harry went to heaven

He reached the gates with ease,

Said, "May I speak with Comrade God;

I'm Harry Pollitt please

I'm Harry Pollitt please, I'm Harry Pollitt please,

May I speak with Comrade God, I am Harry Pollitt please. "Who are you" said Saint Peter, "Are you humble
and contrite?"

"I'm a friend of Lady Astor's."

"Well, OK. that's quite alright.

OK, that's quite alright, OK, that's quite alright

You're a friend of Lady Astor's, well OK that's quite alright. "Now, they put him in the choir, but the hymns he
did not like

So he organized the angels and he led them out on strike.

Led them out on strike, Led them out on strike.

He organized the angels and he led them out on strike! One day when God was walking around heaven to
meditate,

Who should he see but Harry chalkin' slogans on the gate?

Chalkin' slogans on the gate, slogans on the gate

Who should he see but Harry chalkin' slogans on the gate? Well, they brought him up for trial before the Holy
Ghost

For spreadin' disaffection amongst the heavenly host

Amongst the heavenly host, amongst the heavenly host

For spreadin' disaffection amongst the heavenly host Well, the verdict it was guilty, Harry said "Ah, well"

And he tucked his nightie 'round his knees and he drifted down to hell

Yes, he drifted down to hell, he drifted down to hell

He tucked his nightie 'round his knees and he drifted down to hell. Now seven long years have passed, Harry's
doing swell

He's just been made first people's commissar for soviet hell,

Commissar of soviet hell, commissar of soviet hell

He's just been made first people's commissar of soviet hell! Well the moral of this story is easy for to tell,

If you want to be a Bolshevik, you'll have to go to hell,

Yes, you'll have to go to hell, you'll have to go to hell,

If you want to be a Bolshevik, you'll have to go to hell!

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