

V-E Day 7th May, 1945.  
The Battle Of Halifax.

Now gather round children, to you I will spill,  
The tale of the raid upon Olands' old still:  
How civies and ladies both young ones and old,  
Enlivened by whiskey grew sodden and bold.

They reared through the city and wrecked as they roared,  
The places where clothing and jewelry was stored,  
Where once stood a restaurant, now stands a cruel wreck,  
And dummies were dragged through the street by the neck.

They called out the coppers and sent in the troops,  
To quell all the mobsters and place them in coops.  
But the coppers on seeing the mob, lost all heart,  
And joined in the frolic and played a main part.

The street cars long hated, (down here they're called trams)  
Were all set upon and opened like cans,  
They took patrol wagons and piled them in heaps,  
And carried off loot in a long line of jeeps.

The Army and Navy were in with the rest,  
But the Airforce were sleeping the sleep of the Blest,  
And safe in their billets they whiled hours away,  
And took no part in it (at least so they say).

For five dreary years people heard people say,  
That when war had ended old slackers would pay,  
But they just laughed it off, with a sly, cherrful grin,  
Now they've pulled in thier necks from this slap on the chin

The Mayor has stated that he is dismayed,  
Because of the part that the Navy has played.  
He forgets in the midst of his trouble and tears,  
That sailors in slackers have paid plenty for years.

So take from this story a lesson from me,  
When war starts again, don't you head for the sea.  
Remember that day when the civies went mad,  
and wrecked all the Slackers (Tck! Tck! That's too bad.....)