

# London Pride

Mel Tormé

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.

Whoa, Liza, see the coaster barrows,  
Vegetable marrows and the fruit piled high.  
Whoa, Liza, little London sparrows,  
Covent Garden Market where the coasters cry.

Cockney feet mark the beat of history.  
Every street pins a memory down.  
Nothing ever can quite replace  
The grace of London Town.

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 countryside  
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 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.

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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Grey city, stubbornly implanted,  
Taken so for granted for a thousand years.  
Stay, city, smokily enchanted,  
Cradle of our memories and hopes and fears.

Every Blitz your resistance toughening,  
From the Ritz to the Anchor and Crown,  
Nothing ever could override  
The pride of London Town.