

L'Anglais avec son sang-froid by Paddy Roberts (1910-1975)

Oh, the Englishman is noted for his sang froid
Which translated means his usual b_____ cold
And he loves his pipe and slippers
And the missus and the nippers
And he's happy simply growing old
And he never says a word if he can help it
That's why people say he's always full of phlegm.
He's quite unmoved by atom bombs and rockets to the sun
He never speaks to strangers for it simply isn't done
But when cricket starts his fury's uncontrolled
The Englishman with his usual b_____ cold.

Oh the Englishman could not be called romantic
His technique is not particularly good
All the French and the Italians
Chase their women round like stallions
But the Englishman's a suet pud
And the slightest demonstration of affection
He regards as being rather infra dig.
He says the way the French behave is absolutely nuts
He'd like to try it really but he hasn't got the guts
He's scared to death the neighbours might be told,
The Englishman with his usual b_____ cold.

Oh the Englishman has lots of little foibles
And some of them are really past belief
For he's still of the opinion
That the folk in each dominion,
All regard him as the big white chief.
But in spite of all his curious delusions
Underneath it all he has a heart of gold
And when the Armageddon comes and all the world is dust,
And men will come to judgment as we know they surely must,
He'll be there with his umbrella neatly rolled,
The Englishman with his usual b_____ cold,
The Englishman with his usual b_____ cold.