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VICTORIA UNIVERSITY COLLEGE

Capping Carnival

“KYD”



An Amusical Extravaganza

BY

GULBERT AND SILLIVAN

PRODUCED BY

OWEN STUFFUNDPUFF

AND

Performed by the innocent lambs of V.U.C. in the Town Hall, Wellington, on Saturday, Monday and Tuesday, 3rd, 5th and 6th May, 1930.

Cacophonist and Contrapunist	- - - -	A. C. KEYS
Hop Manufacturer	- - - -	DOROTHY BUCK
Stage Manager	- - - -	A. H. FEAR
Property Man	- - - -	C. M. TURNER
Business, Robbery, etc.	- -	ROTHSCHILD, JUNIOR
Propagander	- - - -	H. IVE FORDE
Propagosling	- - - -	— BAKER
Clothiers	-	DOROTHY ROBERTS and HELEN DUNN

Music by W. H. Stainton, A. C. Keys, Guonod, Greig, Sullivan, Mendelssohn, Wagner, Lugini, and the moderns.

Ballets by DOROTHY DUCK.

*“They lived beneath the stars,
They slept beneath the sun,
They lived a life of Going-to-do,
And died with Nothing Done.”*

The only thing lacking is the little parenthesis found at the bottom of an Arabic story: *“This is all a lie.”*

Do You Believe in Anzac Day Observance ?

Whether you do or not, come to the Debate on this question
in the College Hall, on Saturday, 10th May, at 8 p.m.

SUBJECT :

“ THAT THE OBSERVANCE OF ANZAC DAY
SHOULD BE DISCONTINUED.”

DEBATE ————— DEBATE
College Hall, Saturday, 10th May

at 8 p.m.

ADMISSION 1d.

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Blowing the Gaff

"There is no luxury in self-dispraise."—WORDSWORTH.

"KYD" has at least one thing in common with earlier Extravaganzas. Its Producer (let us term him Entrepreneur, to discredit him completely) describes it as a "Dud Show"—"the worst that V.U.C. has had the audacity to foist on an unsuspecting public." A Low Show—badly constructed, insufficiently rehearsed, over-advertised, and untimely staged! The poor authors laboured like mountains to bring forth this ridiculous mouse and, like all people who do very small things, they have a tremendous conceit of themselves; consequently they are peeved that another, and he a brutally-disposed individual with a tongue of triple brass, should confirm their worst fears as to the character and quality of "Kyd." The only decent thing that they can do now is to blow the gaff—give the show away properly.

The Producer (or Entrepreneur), had he known the first thing about anything at all, would have assailed "KYD" not for what it was, but for what it ought to be and is not. V.U.C. has a fairly well-defined tradition in the matter of the annual Capping entertainment. The fellows who took part in the first toddles of this infant College were in a peculiarly advantageous position to measure the incapacities of the student mind. Their finding was that the form of entertainment best calculated to express the genius of the student and beyond which the student could not comfortably go, was the Topical Burlesque—a Gilbert and Sullivan affair with (but not necessarily) an "underlying philosophy" or a "deeper meaning." This sort of thing fitted the College like a small boy's first pair of pants; and the small boy in this instance was correspondingly proud of the fit. It was quite normal that the Extravaganza should, in course of time, develop into something less simple than it has been: it is not unusual for a small boy to affect Oxford bags. But the Extravaganza went further than this when it suddenly began to emulate the crazy rag-shows of professional companies. The result was that it suffocated itself with its sartorial sillinesses; and for some years V.U.C. was without an Extravaganza.

The revival of last year ("G.G.") was accompanied by some sort of resolve to work back into the paths of the old tradition. "KYD", however, has the misfortune to be born in bad times

and slips back into a degeneracy aggravated now by the influence of the Talkies—cacophonies issuing from the Screaming Eagle in glorification of that other American fowl, the Plucked Chicken—choruses obviously deriving their prime inspiration from the nude ranks that decorate poulterers' shops at Christmas-time. The further degeneracy awaiting the Extravaganza we find awkward to discuss in terms of clothing. Let us consider the rags that are left to it.

"KYD" tried hard to be a topical burlesque. Poverty of ideas, however, caused the inclusion of conventional situations of the kind that Williamson and Fuller can do much better, and the topicality and the burlesque are merely incidental thereto. A show of the older kind that made use of fairies and pirates would have exploited these characters for their symbolic value. The fairies would have meant politicians and the pirates would have meant business men. The fairies would have been shown weaving quaint spells in shady places with the object of bemusing poor mortals. The pirates would have ceremoniously cut throats in sacrifice on the altar of Mammon. With the help of a preface (of more reasonable length than this) the audience might have realised the presence of an "underlying Philosophy" or a "Deeper Meaning."

The parsonical affectation of the bumptious ballyhoos of the Ibsen-Shaw school have made the "underlying philosophy" so obnoxious that we cannot bewail the passing of this occasional element in the V.U.C. tradition. The normal function of the theatre is to provide an evening's escape from the oppressive character of modern life; we cannot share the priggishness that would degrade the stage into that weird phenomenon, "a modern substitute for religion." But we do lament the failure of "KYD" to attain to the full dignity of a topical burlesque, and we hope that our piteous howls will reach the ears of the writers of future Extravanzas—that is, if our Producer prophesises falsely when he asserts that He and We are the Last of the Mugs.

It will be observed that we make no pretensions in respect of "KYD." At its best it is a compost of all the things that democracy is presumed to delight in—fairy tales, blood and thunder, detectives, and old jokes. Its topical allusions are not intended to express preferences or dislikes but are dragged in partly because of the tradition referred to and partly because topical allusions are the last resort of deficient skill. No special profundity, therefore, is asserted in their regard. They are mere superficialities gleaned from the conversations of the Man in the Street and the Woman in the Tramcar, and we dish them up again in the hope that these estimable people will enjoy listening to them as much as they appeared to enjoy saying them.

For the rest, "KYD" is merely the customary Capping revel. Once in every year (and this is beginning to appear too often) V.U.C. students enjoy a period of Unreason by way of relief from the discipline of study. Some of them dress themselves in cap and gown and make determined efforts to look important. Others assume wigs and wings and try hard to be funny. If the former are funnier than the latter it simply goes to show what the University student (of all people) has no excuse for not knowing—that the most diverting sight on earth is a human creature taking himself seriously.

"KYD" does not take itself seriously. If anyone be so simple-minded as to wish to take it seriously, let him ponder deeply the title "KYD." If, in his simple-mindedness, he wonder why University students think fit to put work into the production of such foolishness as "KYD," let him look around him, rack his memory, examine his conscience, read history, study civilization. What, let him ask, does Man occupy himself with most? Is it Wisdom?

At a pinch, this deeper meaning may be discovered in "KYD": the difference between "KYD" and the ordinary concerns of Mankind is that "KYD" acknowledges its absurdities.

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Act 1.

Fairies:

"TIPTOE ROUND THE TOADSTOOL."

(*Air:* "TIPTOE THROUGH THE TOOLIPS.")

SOLO

Once, in earth's first splendour,
Hearts were kind and tender;
Science had none to befriend her.
Then, ere she came winging,
Care with knowledge bringing,
Mortals at evening could hear us singing:

CHORUS

Wake up, drowsy mortal, from your pillow! leave your
dreaming!

Come and tiptoe through the meadows with me!
Outside, in the stillness, by the magic of the moonbeams,
Fairies dancing round the toadstool you'll see!

Moonbeams have woven a charm

That keeps kind mortals from harm;

And if you listen I can tell you fairy secrets in the moonlight,
While you tiptoe round the toadstool with me!

For Health, Energy and Pleasure

DRINK

McILRAITH'S Aerated Waters

Purity and Quality Guaranteed by our Bacteriologist

Pigfern and Scabious:

"WE'RE TIGERS OF THE TRUNCHEON."

(Air (if any): "EVER SO GOOSEY.")

We're tigers of the truncheon—
We're lions of the law—
We keep the state in awder—
By keeping it in awe.

How do you feel when they call you "Man of Steel"?

Ever so goosey, goosey, goosey!

How do you feel with your mas-cu-line appeal?

Ever so goosey, goosey, goosey!

In your martial pride,
Marching down the street,
Simply overwhelming
Every girl you meet,

How do you feel when a maiden's heart you steal?

Ever so goosey, goosey, goosey!

Of course we use discretion—
You mustn't call it fear—
And like the little sunbeams—
At night we disappear.

How would you feel if you saw a *glint of steel*?

Ever so goosey, goosey, goosey!

How would you feel if you heard a *strangled squeal*?

Ever so goosey, goosey, goosey!

Unfamiliar street,
Ghostly hour of night,
Darkness full of noises,
Not a soul in sight,

How would you feel with a MURD'RER on your heel?

Oh! Ever so goosey, goosey, goosey!!!

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Pirates:

"RUTHLESS RENEGADES ARE WE."

(Air: "TARANTARA," in "The Pirates of Penzance.")

Ruthless renegades are we,
Tilooraloo! Tilooraloo!
Who infest the rolling sea,
Tilooraloo!
And the deep we closely scan,
Tilooraloo! Tilooraloo!
For the helpless merchantman!
Tilooraloo!
Then our dreadful flag beneath,
Tilooraloo! Tilooraloo!
And our weapons in our teeth,
Tilooraloo!
We advance upon our foes,
While the trumpet bravely blows,
While the trumpet bravely blows!
Tilooralooralooralooraloo, etc.



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But when battleships appear,
 Tilooraloo! Tilooraloo!
Inconveniently near,
 Tilooraloo!
For relentless birds of prey
 Tilooraloo! Tilooraloo!
Great forbearance we display;
 Tilooraloo!
For though burning to aggress,
 Tilooraloo! Tilooraloo!
Yet our fury we suppress,
 Tilooraloo!
And before they open fire,
Undeclared we retire,
Undeclared we retire!
 Tilooralooralooralooraloo, etc.

Though our page is black with crime,
 Tilooraloo! Tilooraloo!
We anticipate a time
 Tilooraloo!
When we'll haunt the sea no more,
 Tilooraloo! Tilooraloo!
But retire to live ashore,
 Tilooraloo!
Then we'll turn another page,
 Tilooraloo! Tilooraloo!
And in business we'll engage;
 Tilooraloo!
Though the life's a trifle tame,
Still the object's just the same,
Still the object's just the same!
 Tilooralooralooralooraloo, etc.

Pirates:

"LONG LIFE TO PIRACY."

(*Air*: "SONG OF THE VAGABONDS.")
Come all you rollicking pirates bold,
You lawless lovers of liberty!
 (You lovers of liberty!)
Away to port and we'll stow the hold
With cargo more in our line than tea!
 (Yes, more in our line than tea!)
 Pirates still,
Although there's no one left to kill,
 We can drink to piracy!

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CHORUS:

Sons of blood and thunder,
Is it any wonder
If we stifle memory?
Deeds so dark and gory
Fill our reper-tory,
Conscience cries for equity!
Down her, down her, sons of chivalry!
Drown her, drown her, in depths of eau-de-vie!
Death may find us shrinking;
Still we'll meet it drinking
Life, long life, to piracy!

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Our new season's stock is up to the hour. Selected from the samples of the best manufacturers by our MR. DIXON, backed by long experience. The Most Favoured Shapes: A Double-breasted Coat with smart body fitting; Single-breasted Raglan and Semi-Raglan. The Prices are Exceptionally Low, and range from 59/6 to 126/-.

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42 MERCER STREET (opposite "Evening Post.")

Fairies and Pirates:
"TRIUMPH OF LOVE."

(Air: BRIDAL MARCH in "Lohengrin.")

Fairies: Triumph of love! Soon they'll be wed!
Sensible mortal! He's taking a wife!
Pirates: Sorrowful day! Count him as dead!
Blindly submitting to bondage for life!
Fairies: Now with her conquest leave her alone!
Pirates: Useless to tell him he ought to have known!
Fairies: Men we subdue, we rout them in battle!
Pirates: Fleece us like sheep, and drive us like cattle!
Fairies: Ours is the vict'ry! Ours is the will!
Pirates: Heaven be thanked! We're bachelors still!

Act 2.

Pirates' Shanty:
"WHEN I WAS A NIPPER."

(Air: Specially composed by MR. W. H. STAINTON.)

Solo: When I was a nipper just fresh from school,
All: *(With a heigh and a ho and a dandy-oh!)*
Solo: I longed for the sea like a silly young fool,
But I never had drunk a shandy—
All: *(Oh! a ricketty hicketty dandy-oh!)*
Solo: So I went to the captain of the "Dandy" bark,
All: *(With a heigh and a ho and a dandy-oh!)*
Solo: And I said, "Will you take me, sir, for a lark?
For I'm strong and very handy—"
All: *(Oh! a ricketty hicketty dandy-oh!)*
Solo: So the captain he winked at his pals in glee,
All: *(With a heigh and a ho and a dandy-oh!)*
Solo: And he said, "If you'll drink as much as me,
I'll allow you to sail on the 'Dandy'."
All: *(Oh! a ricketty hicketty dandy-oh!)*
Solo: So he tossed off a glass, and he said, "That's one!"
All: *(With a heigh and a ho and a dandy-oh!)*
Solo: And I swallowed another as he had done,
And, would you believe, it was brandy—
All: *(Oh! a ricketty hicketty dandy-oh!)*
Solo: So he tossed off another, and he said, "That's two!"
All: *(With a heigh and a ho and a dandy-oh!)*

[Continued on Page 19.]

Grand

WHERE THE 'VARSITY BOYS FOREGATHER
AND YOU ARE SURE TO MEET YOUR PALS.

Cast of Caricatures.

(In order of their appearance—or nearly so.)

"These Savages, who want all Manner of Regard and Deference to the rest of Mankind, come only to show themselves to us, without any other Purpose than to let us know they despise us."—THE SPECTATOR.

Granose (a Fairy) - - - - - AGNES ELLIOTT

*"Child, if you have a rummy kind of name,
Remember to be thankful for the same."*—BELLOC.

Aspidistris (Private Secretary to Quinina) - OLA NIELSEN

*"Then Nature said, 'A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown.'"—WORDSWORTH.*

Pigfern - - - - - H. J. BISHOP

Scabious - - - - - A. A. B. MOUAT

Constables of the Ward Island Fairy Service.

*"What is this life, if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare?"—DAVIES.*

*"The Police have their faults, but thank God they're
inefficient!"—CHESTERTON.*

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Quinina (the Fairy Queen) - - - AILEEN DAVIDSON

"She was born to make hash of men's buzzums."

—ARTEMUS WARD.

Fairiel (a fairy problem) - - - EDNA PURDIE

"I think it was the best of luck

That I was born a little duck."—THE FAIRY RING.

Monkey Shine { Nuts from the Family { U. WILLIAMS

Monkey Brand { Tree { J. A. WHITCOMBE

"What has posterity done for us?"—TRUMBULL.

One-eyed Jake (a sinful old pirate) - - - H. C. READ

*"He drinks with impunity, or anybody who invites
him."*—ARTEMUS WARD.

Sunkist Sammy (a pirate's apprentice) - - - R. HOGG

"Call us not weeds—we are flowers of the sea."

—AVELINE.

Captain Kyd, Scourge of the Scuppers (a coarse corsair).

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—DOCTOR JOHNSON.

"The pleasantness of an employment does not always evince its propriety."—JANE AUSTEN.

Pimpernickel, Queen of the Undieworld (a piratess).

ZENOCRATE HENDERSON

*"Lor', but women's rum cattle to deal with—
The first man found that to his cost—
And I reckon it's just through a woman
The last man on earth will be lost."*—SIMS.

Rose-petal Rufus (a bad pirate) - - - - W. S. HARRIS

"He'd wash his hands in blood to keep them clean."

E. B. BROWNING.

Blowfly Bert (a badder pirate) - - - - R. LARKYN

*"I drink, I huff, I strut, look big and starc,
And all this I can do, because I dare."*—VILLIERS.

Little Eric of Berhampore (offsider to Kyd)

D. G. EDWARDS

"A noisy man is always in the right."—COWPER.

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"The great Burlybumbo who sings double D."—BARHAM.
- Sherlock Holmes (a sleuth) - - - W. J. MOUNTJOY
"There is a passion for hunting something deeply implanted in the human heart."—DICKENS.
- Dr. Watson (his shadow) - - - W. P. ROLLINGS
"You look wise. Pray correct that error."—LAMB.

Respectabilities

She-fairies:—Phyllis Read, Pat D'Ath, Esther Tossman, Trixie McAlpine, Chrissie Duncan, Enid Cook, Millie Slyfield, Alice Duff.

He-fairies:—Messrs. Highet, Nicole, Burns, R. Phillips, Etherington, Denton. Soloist—F. C. East.

Piratesses (Hornpipe):—Lois Fox, Joan Withy, Kathleen McCaul, Olive Wallace, Esme Burrell, Anthea Hefford.

Piratesses (Ballet):—Marjorie Murray, Vera Cooper, Ailsa Porteous, Joan Anderson, Natalie Wood, Nola Clarke.

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Shadow Dancers:—Misses E. Haray, V. Wilson, P. Denny, A. Stainton, G. Slack, A. Wallace.

He-houris:—Bobb-E-Ast, Igh-Hix, Win-a-Arr-is, Dhow-Lingh, Ffil-Lips, Dey-Viz, Quah-III, Gi-Bong.

Orchestra.

"Braying of arrogant brass, whimper of querulous reeds."—WATSON.

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BASS—MR. F. GRADY.

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and Tobacconists.

Synopsis of Unscenery.

ACT. I.—A glade on Ward Island. The Fairy Ring.

ACT II.—A spot on Ward Island. Pirates' Filling Station.

*"Be not afearcd; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not."*

—THE TEMPEST.

Crime Sheet

"He that hath ears to hear, let him stuff them with cotton."

—THACKERAY.

Act One:

CHORUS: *"Tiptoe Round the Toadstool"* - - - - Fairies

Ballet - - - - - She-fairies

Ballet - - - - - He-fairies

Duet (so-called): *"Tigers of the Trunchcon"*

Pigfern and Scabious

Duet (sometimes). *"Just a little Glass of Water"*

Sunkist Sammy and One-eyed Jake

Cream Horn-pipe - - - - - Piratesses

Ballet - - - - - Piratesses

Chorus: *"Ruthless Renegades are We"* - Kyd and Pirates

Country Visitors !

Do Not Fail to Inspect our Harbour !

THE WET WONDER OF WELLINGTON!

Full of real water and fresh fish. Ploughed by beautiful
ships. Delightfully saline. Available for baths, baptisms,
and suicides!

No charge made for dips, drinks, or drownings!

Sit on the beach and watch the liquor traffic go by.

“PETONE”

Hospital Blankets

All Wool

Unequaled for Quality, Size,
Weight, and Value.

COMPARE ALL THESE BEFORE DECIDING

Fracas - - - - Rose-petal Rufus and Blowfly Bert
Chorus: “*Long Life to Piracee!*” - - - - Pirates
Chorus: “*Triumph of Love*” - - - - Fairies and Pirates
Minuet - - - - - - - - Quinina and Kyd
Scena (specially composed by A. C. Keys) - - - - Orchestra
“If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.”—SHAKESPEARE.

Act Two:

Sea Shanty (air specially composed by W. H. Stainton): “*With
a Heigh and a Ho and a Dandy-oh*”

Ben Borstal and Pirates
Chorus: “*When I’ve Been Drinking Liquor*” - - - - Pirates
Haka (perhaps) - - - - - - - - Pigfern and Scabious
Chorus: “*Quench’d is the Fire*” - - - - - - - - Pirates
Ballet of Shadows - - - - - Motor Spirits of Ward Island
Ballet of Houris - - - - - - - - The Gehenna Girls
Song and Chorus: “*That’s What Put Me Into Parliament*”
Kyd, Fairies and Pirates

Final Chorus and Ensemble:

“*There’s Something About New Zealand*”
*“It’s human natur’, p’raps,—if so,
Oh, isn’t human natur’ love?”—GILBERT.*

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The Popular SPORTS OUTFITTERS in CUBA ST.

Solo: But to manage a second was all I could do,
For by then I was feeling bandy—

All: (*Oh! a ricketty hicketty dandy-oh!*)

Solo: So he tossed off another and he looked at me

All: (*With a heigh and a ho and a dandy-oh!*)

Solo: But—I was sick in a ship at sea;

Oh, then I was young and sandy.

All: (*Oh! a ricketty hicketty dandy-oh!*)

GOLF

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Pirates:

"QUENCH'D IS THE FIRE."

(*Air: ROBBERS' CHORUS" in "Chu Chin Chow."*)

Quench'd is the fire within the breast,
And Mars hath lost his devotees,
Still'd is the curse that once express'd
The Freedom of the Seas.
But we shall burst the prison bars!
This night our vengeance shall disclose!
And ere the dawn puts out the stars,
To sausages we'll turn our foes!

Pirates:

"HOW TO MAKE A PARTY."

(*Air: "THAT'S YOU, BABY."*)

When I've been drinking liquor,
Although my speech is thicker,
My noble heart beats quicker, too, brother.
I like a little party,
So while I'm feeling hearty,
I'll tell *you* how to make a party, brother:

CHORUS:

Go to Mr. Mander
For some proper-gander;
Nothing could be grander
For stew, brother!

Then you want a slavey
Who can stir the gravy;
If his name is Davy,
He'll do, brother!

You've got no choice for your M.C.—
Ask Harry Holland, or he'll see
R—E—D!

Last considerations:
Frame your invitations
For the poor relations;
That's YOU! (They all point at audience).

**Sunkist Sammy and One-Eyed Jake:
"JUST A LITTLE GLASS OF WATER."**

(*Air*: "IF I HAD A TALKING PICTURE.")

Bad young men are sure to offer me
Wine and whisky, ale and eau-de-vie;
But as each temptation comes my way,
I must shake my head and firmly say:

CHORUS

Just a little glass of water
Will do-oo!
Of the booze I'm no supporter,
Thank you-oo!
For I'm very well aware
That's the way to—you know where,
And with ev'ry glass of liquor,
You'll get there quicker!
It will weaken all your muscles—
It's true-oo!
It will make your white cor-pus-cles
Go blue-oo!
It will clog each nerve and vein,
Till you get it on the brain;
Just a little glass of water,
Thank you!

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Kyd, Pirates and Fairies:

"THAT'S WHAT PUT ME INTO PARLIAMENT."

(*Air*: "THAT'S WHAT PUTS THE SWEET IN HOME SWEET HOME.")

Kyd: Young men of ev'ry station,
Who long to serve your nation,
You'll find a proper model in me!
Onward I would impel you!
Listen, and I will tell you
Just how I came to be an M.P.—

CHORUS:

Kyd: Round the little town I'd motor,
Stopping ev'ry likely voter—
All: That's what put $\left. \begin{matrix} \text{me} \\ \text{him} \end{matrix} \right\}$ into Parliament!
Kyd: With a pleasant smile I'd meet him.
"Come and have a drink!" I'd greet him—
All: That's what put $\left. \begin{matrix} \text{me} \\ \text{him} \end{matrix} \right\}$ into Parliament!

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Kyd: The ladies I'd waylay,
On their shopping day,
And I'd a *special* smile
To turn *their* way!
And if I met a little laddie,
I'd pat his head and say, "How's Daddy?"

All: That's what put $\left. \begin{matrix} \text{me} \\ \text{him} \end{matrix} \right\}$ into Parliament!

Kyd: My labour was rewarded—
The ship of state I boarded;
Till then, she did without me somehow!
Young men! The myst'ry thickens!
You're wond'ring how the dickens
I have remained a Member till now!

CHORUS:

Kyd: When the House is holding Session,
I'm a person of discretion—

All: That is why $\left. \begin{matrix} \text{I'm} \\ \text{he's} \end{matrix} \right\}$ still in Parliament!

Kyd: When debates require hard thinking,
I do a little forty-winking—

All: That is why $\left. \begin{matrix} \text{I'm} \\ \text{he's} \end{matrix} \right\}$ still in Parliament!

Kyd: Into the daily brawl
I refuse to fall,
For I've got a safer plan—
Don't talk at all!

And even when the country's frothing,
I keep my head and just do nothing—

All: That is why $\left. \begin{matrix} \text{I'm} \\ \text{he's} \end{matrix} \right\}$ still in Parliament!

Final Chorus:
"THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT NEW ZEALAND."

(Air: "MUCKING ABOUT THE GARDEN.")

England used to claim the waves, but now she waives the claim,
For lately Uncle Sam has begun to feel the same.
Italy has Mussolini; France has got the hump;
But there's a little island keeps them all upon the jump!

CHORUS:

There's something about New Zealand—sovereigns simply flow!
Millions at a time!—spread their wings and go!
There's something about New Zealand—all the workers know!
There they hardly ever strike, because she minds 'em so!
You can see the finger of Government ev'rywhere, ev'rywhere—
That is why the trains are all so slow!
Oh! there's something about New Zealand—things will always
grow!
There's wool and flax and little All Blacks, wherever you choose
to go!
Englishmen are out of work, because there's none to do;
America is dry, and Spain is in the stew.
Russia's full of massacres committed years ago;
In such a dreadful state of things it's comforting to know—

CHORUS:

There's something about New Zealand—sovereigns simply flow!
Millions at a time!—spread their wings and go!
There's something about New Zealand—all the workers know!
There they hardly ever strike, because she minds 'em so!
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