

Listen, Mr. Bilbo
Words and Music by Bob and Adrienne Claiborne
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Listen, Mr. Bilbo, listen to me
I'll give you a lesson in history.
Listen and I'll show you that the foreigners you hate
Are the very same people made America great.

In 1492 just to see what he could see,
Columbus, an Italian, looked out across the sea.
He said, Isabella babe, the world is round,
And the U.S.A.'s just a-waiting to be found.

In 1609 on a bright summer's day,
The Half Moon set anchor in old New York Bay.
Henry Hudson, a Dutchman, took a good look around;
He said, "Boys, this is gonna be a helluva town."

When the King of England started pushing Yankees around,
We had a little trouble up in Boston town.
There was a brave Negro, Crispus Attucks was the man;
Was the first one to fall when the fighting began.

Colin Kelly was a pilot flying down low;
Levine pushed the button that let the bomb go.
They sunk the Haruna to the bottom of the sea;
It was foreigners like those kept America free.

Now Bilbo, you're taking one heck of a chance;
Your good friends, the Duponts, came over from France.
Another thing, I'm sure, will be news to you,
The first Mister Bilbo was a foreigner, too.

Well, you don't like Negroes, you don't like Jews;
If there is anyone you do like, it sure is news.
You don't like Poles, Italians, Catholics, too;
Is it any wonder, Bilbo, that we don't like you!