

THE LAUGHING POLICEMAN

I know a rare old policeman. He's often in our street
A fat and jolly red-faced man, he really is a treat
He's too kind for a policeman. He's never known to frown
And all the people say he is the happiest man in town
Ha ha ha ha ha ha all the day
He holds his fat old jolly sides
As on his beat he'll play
He simply rocks with laughter
You'll hear him from afar Ha ha ha ha ha ha

He laughs upon point duty. He laughs upon his beat
He laughs at everybody when he's walking in the street
He never can stop laughing. he says he's never tried
But once he did arrest a man and laughed until he cried
Ha ha ha ha ha ha

His jolly face is wrinkled and then he shuts his eyes
He opened his great mouth. It was a wondrous size
He said I must arrest you. He didn't know what for
And then he burst out laughing and broke his blessed jaw
Ha ha ha ha ha ha

So if you chance to meet him walking round the town
Just shake him by his fat old hand and give him half a crown
His eyes will beam and sparkle. He'll gurgle with delight
And then he'll start his laughing with all his blessed might
Ha ha ha ha ha ha