

# OUR HOME ON ELEPHANT ISLE

*Words:* Reginald James

*Air:* Solomon Levi

My name is Franky Wild-O, and my hut's on Elephant Isle  
The most expert of Architects could hardly name its style  
Yet as I sit inside, all snug and listen to the Gale  
I think the pride is pardonable with which I tell my tale.



*CHORUS:*

*O Franky Wild-O tra-la-la-la-la-la*

*Mr Franky Wild-O tra-la-la-la-la-la*

*My name is Franky Wild-O, my hut's on Elephant Isle,*

*The walls without a single brick, & the roof's without a tile*

*But nevertheless I must confess, by many and many a mile*

*It's the most palatial dwelling place, you'll find on Elephant Isle.*

When first I landed here, I tried to live inside a tent  
And a howling blizzard came along, and in it tore a rent;  
And through the rift came streams of drift, and filled my bag with snow  
I said I'll not put up with this for any winds that blow.



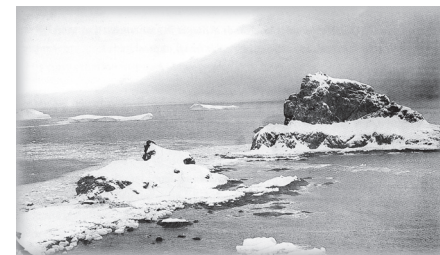
I looked around, and soon espied, pulled up upon the strand,  
A pair of boats most stoutly built, which brought us to this land.  
I said you served us once, I'll surely make you serve again  
For if we turn you upside down, you'll keep out snow and rain.

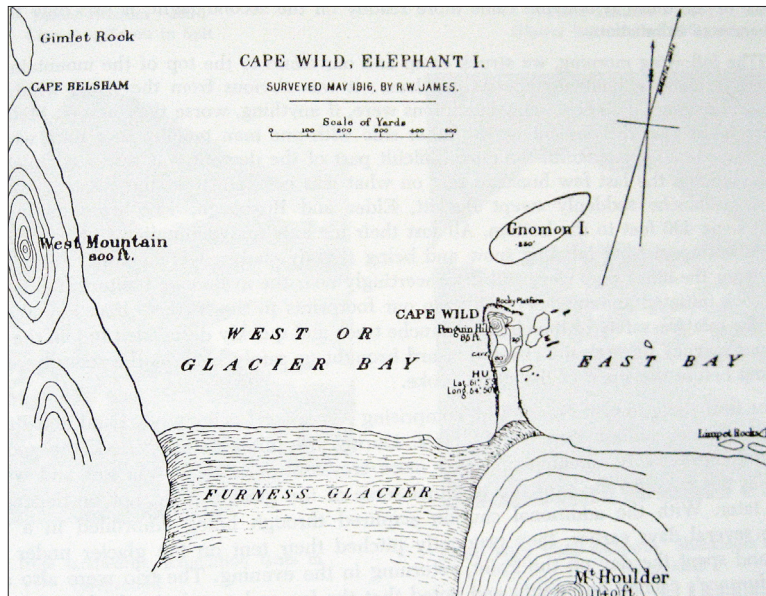


And so I got my crew to build two walls of stones and rocks,  
And turned the boats up side by side, and fixed 'em tight with chocks  
We filled the gaps with canvas, and put the stoves inside,  
And then we rested from our work, and had some penguin fried.

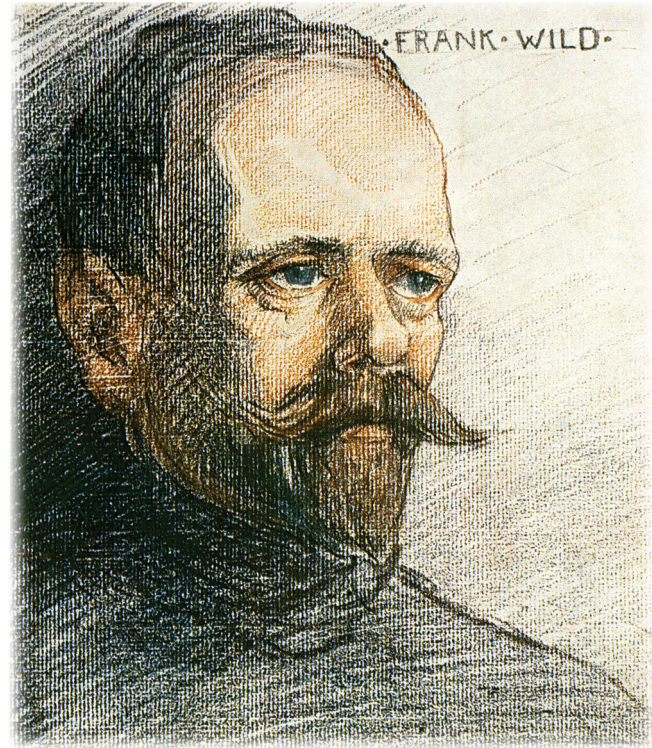


Our hut is double storeyed, and has bedrooms twenty-two,  
A kitchen, and a dining room, although indeed its true  
We haven't any bathroom, but however you may smile,  
We find it warmer not to wash, in our hut on Elephant Isle.





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Midwinter Day Concert, June 22nd 1916  
*SouthPole-sium* v.2, May 2nd 2015