JOHN AGARD

The Giant with a Taste for Mongrel Blood

Fee fi fo fum
I smell the mongrel blood
of the Brit nation.

Be they gentle or be they brute
Be they Pict or be they Jute
Be they Angle or be they Saxon
Be they Roman or be they Dane
Be they fair by trace of Teuton
Be they dark by Moorish strain
Be they Norman with their mouton
Be they West Indian in the vein
Be they of Asian mother tongue
Be they grounded in Celtic Grail
Be they Irish Welsh or Scot
Be they Jew or Huguenot
or the new kid on the block
I’ll have the bleeding lot
in my melting pot.
Their mongrel blood will make rich stock.