

BILLY BUNTER
a poem by Frank Richards



I say, you fellows! Now, don't make a noise,
You don't often hear such a musical voice.
I daresay you know
Who is speaking and so
It is needless to say
That it's William George Bunter who's speaking to-day.
The most popular fellow at Greyfriars School,
As everyone knows who is not quite a fool.
It's perfectly easy to prove
That they all love me in the Remove,
The Fourth Form, and Shell,
Other fellows as well
All think that I couldn't improve.

I'm Bunter, Billy Bunter,
They call me grub-hunter,
And say that I snaffle the tarts,
But it's only their fun,
For the chaps, every one,
Have taken me right to their hearts.



I say, you fellows! At games we are great,
We play up on every available date,
Billy Bunter's my name,
And footer's my game,
And it's not true at all
That the fellows mistake me, in play, for the ball!
'Tain't true that I stick like a wedge in a groove,
Twixt the posts, keeping goal for the Greyfriars Remove!
A fellow who says I am fat,
Is just talking out of his hat,
And fellows who snigger
At my graceful figure,
Are jealous, that's all: and that's that!

I'm Bunter, Billy Bunter,
They call me grub-hunter,
And make out I snoop all the jam.
But plenty to eat,
And most of it sweet,
Has made me the athlete I am!



I say, you fellows, don't listen to those
Who say that for tuck I've a bloodhound's keen nose.
When feeding in Hall,
I eat hardly at all,
They don't hear me yelping
For a sixth or a seventh or ninth or tenth helping.
I may trickle into the studies to tea,
One after another, perhaps two or three,
But a few eggs on toast,
Nine or ten at the most,
And a few pounds of cake,
Are all I can take,
And then I take leave of my host.

I'm Bunter, Billy Bunter,
They call me grub-hunter,
And I'm delighted to stuff,
But the truth is, you bet,
That I'm always sharp set,
For I never get quite half enough!

