Remember, remember the Fifth of November, The Gunpowder Treason and Plot,
I see no reason why Gunpowder Treason should ever be forgot.

Guy Fawkes, Guy Fawkes, t’was his intent to blow up King and the Parliament.
Three score barrels of powder below, poor old England to overthrow:

By God’s providence he was catch’d with a dark lantern and lighted match.
Holhoa boys, holhoa boys, make the bells ring.

Holhoa boys, holhoa boys, God save the King!
Hip hip hoorah!
A penny loaf
to feed the Pope
A farthing o’ cheese
to choke him.
A pint of beer
to rinse it down.
A faggot of sticks
to burn him.
Burn him in a tub of tar.
Burn him like a blazing star.
Burn his body from his head.
Then we’ll say ol’ Pope is dead.
Hip hip hoorah!
Hip hip hoorah hoorah!