

Glorious Ale

From Nick Robertshaw of Foggy Bottom Morris

When I was a young ‘un my father did say,
Summer is coming it's time to make hay.
Now when hay is carted don't you never fail.
To drink farmer's health in a pint of good ale.

Chorus

*Ale, Ale, Glorious Ale
Filled up in tankards it tells its own tale,
Some folks like radishes
Some curleye kale
But give I boiled parsnips
And a gert dish o' taties
And a lump of fatty bacon
And a pint of good ale*

Now our MPs goes to parliament, their pledges for to keep
But I swear they just sits there and falls off to sleep
Well they'll all have my vote if they never fail
To keep down the price of a pint of good ale

Some folks is teetotallers they drinks water neat
It must rot their stomachs and give ‘em damp feet
But as for my part I know I'll never fail
On boiled beef and parsnips and pints of good ale.

Alt second verse (by John Hancox)

{Now our MP goes to parliament, his expenses for to cheat
And I swear he just sits there and falls off to sleep
So the next one I vote for will be a female
‘Cos he never brought down the price of good ale}