

A Pint of Old Peculier

By Keith Marsden. One verse has been omitted here.

Some men take cider in the spring to make the sap rise frisky,
And when the Autumn mists come on they keep them out with whisky.
Some say there's nowt like English ale in Summers heat to cool yer
But I've one drink all seasons round - *a pint of Old Peculier.*
A pint of Old, a pint of Old, a pint of Old Peculier,
Yes I've one drink all seasons round - a pint of Old Peculier.

For ague and gout some men take stout, for fever some take brandy,
Some keep the porter standing nigh, some keep the Hollands handy.
Forswear I say these physics all let no such doctors rule yer,
The one true cure the nostrum sure - *a pint of Old Peculier.*
A pint of Old, a pint of Old, a pint of Old Peculier,
The one true cure the nostrum sure - a pint of Old Peculier

In youths long hours with maids I spent a'tasting their delights sir,
Though greatly I enjoyed their days I much preferred their nights sir.
I lost my heart to Kates and Janes and sold my soul for Julia,
But now me ranting days are done, *I'm left with Old Peculier.*
A pint of Old, a pint of Old, a pint of Old Peculier,
But now me ranting days are done - I'm left with Old Peculier

And now the years are drawing in and fame past you has slid sir,
Forget the maids who said they might, recall the ones that did sir.
Let cruel fact be lost in time, let kinder mem'ry fool yer,
And find some consolation in - *a pint of Old Peculier.*
A pint of Old, a pint of Old, a pint of Old Peculier,
And find some consolation in - a pint of Old Peculier