

## 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}