Farewell to the Wheatsheaf



 As I was a walking through Barnsley one day, Down to the townend I chanced for to stray, Well me throat it was dry but no pub could be found, For the Wheatsheaf has lately been razed to the ground.

CHORUS: Farewell to the Wheatsheaf and all of her crew, To the mild men and the bitter men and the lager louts too, Well we can't buy a pint now, nor a single or a double, For the bulldozers came and reduced it to rubble. Now the welcome was warm and the beer it was cool, There were lads throwing arrows or playing at pool, There were meat pies and pasties and bright green mushy peas, Chip butties and sarnies all wash down with ease.

CHORUS

3. There were dancers and singers in there used to meet, Now some they had longswords and some two left feet; Some sang unaccompanied and some played guitar, While the rest came to listen or prop up the bar.

CHORUS

4. Now the last pub in Barnsley to sell Tetley's Ale Was the victim of a council compulsory sale, Now the Wheatsheaf has gone to make way for a road, For cars buses and lorries with an extra wide load.

CHORUS

5. So here's to the landlord and his fine Tetley brew,To the men with the longswords and the Barnsley lads too,And when we've departed and we're all feeling dry,We will all meet in the Wheatsheaf way up in the sky.

CHORUS

6. So come all you town planners and list what I say, Remember the drinker has not had his day, If you're wanting a new road to pass through your town, Don't mess with the skyline and knock the pubs down.