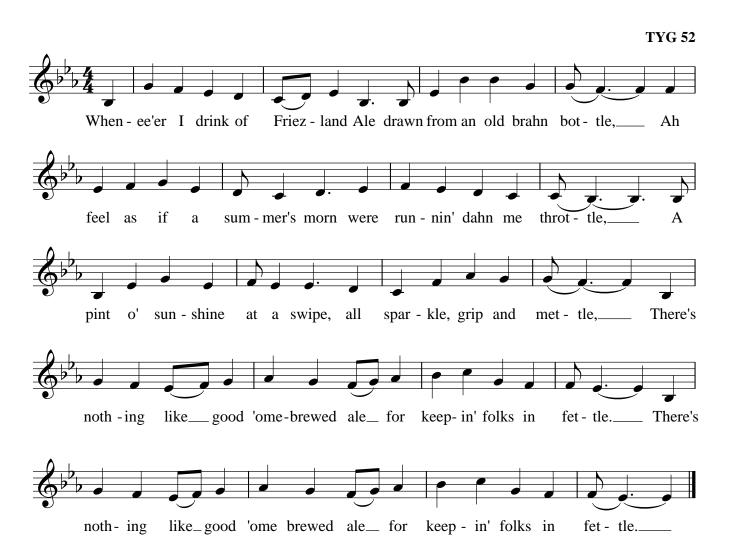
## **Friezland Ale**



verses

- 1. Whenee'er I drink of Friezland Ale drawn from an old brahn bottle, Ah feel as if a summer's morn were runnin' dahn me throttle, A pint o' sunshine at a swipe, all sparkle, grip and mettle, There's nothing like good 'ome-brewed ale for keepin' folks in fettle. There's nothing etc.
- There is no ale from barley brewed with 'alf so rich a flavour, For English folks and English soil in ivry drop I savour. It does not tie the legs or feet nor set the head a-tuppin', It mecks a ploughman feel a king becos it's royal suppin'.
- It floweth from the bottle's mouth in foam lahk cream but richer, It bubbles up in bunches rare lahk roses in a picture, But never roses 'alf so fair, so dewy, cooil and sappy; A mellow pot of Friezland Ale would meck a gatepost 'appy.
- 4. Whenee'er I drink this mellow brew with malt 'n 'ops in plenty, Ah'm ten year younger with a pint an' if Ah've two Ah'm twenty; The laughin' stream runs dahn me neck an' drahns tee-total teychin' Ah'd goa ti chapel twice a day if Friezland Ale were preychin'.
- 5. The man who drinks good Friezland Ale grows ruddier than the cherry, 'E walks on daisies all 'is life in sunshine bright an' merry; For Old King Time goes 'and in 'and with Friezland folks a-laughin', 'E knows their 'earts will nee'er grow old as long as they keep quaffin'.

When recorded on previous occasions Will included another stanza after the fourth stanza:-

There is a lassie on yon hill, lives at an old farmsteading, So fair to see, I often thought I'd take her to a wedding, But womenfolk are hard to please and fond of fine apparel. If Ah should wed I'd take for wife a good old Friezland barrel.