O Good Ale Thou art my Darling



The landlord he looks very big, With his high cock'd hat and his powder'd wig Methinks he looks both fair and fat But he may thank you and me for that

(Chorus)

For 'tis O, good ale, thou art my darling And my joy both night and morning.

The brewer brew'd thee in his pan, The tapster draws thee in his can; Now I with thee will play my part And lodge thee next unto my heart For tis, etc Thou oft hast made my friends my foes And often made me pawn my clothes; But since thou art so nigh my nose Come up, my friend, and down he goes. For 'tis, etc