

# Good English Ale (3/4)

## Intro - last line of chorus

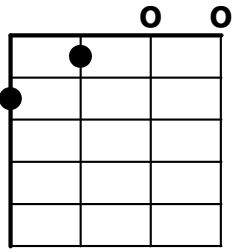
**A D E A**  
Now when I were a young man me father did say  
**B7 E B7 E**  
Summer's a coming it's time to make hay  
**A D C#m**  
And when hay's been carted don't you ever fail  
**B7 E B7 E7**  
To drink gaffer's health in a pint of good ale.

**A E A D**  
Ale, ale, glorious ale  
**B7 E B7 E**  
Served up in pewter it tells it's own tale  
**A D E A**  
Some folks likes radishes some curly kale  
**Bm E A Bm E A**  
But give I boiled parsnips and a gurt dish of taters  
**Bm E A D E A**  
And a lump of fatty bacon and a pint of good ale.

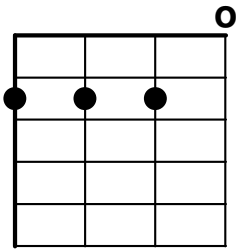
**A D E A**  
Our MP's in Parliament our faith for to keep  
**B7 E B7 E**  
I hope now we've put him there he won't sit and sleep.  
**A D C#m**  
He'll always get my vote if he never fail  
**B7 E B7 E7**  
To bring down the price of our good English Ale.

**A D E A**  
Now take all the teetotallers they drink water neat.  
**B7 E B7 E**  
It must rot their gutses and give 'em damp feet.  
**A D C#m**  
Now I always say that a man can't grow stale  
**B7 E B7 E7**  
On boiled beef and bacon and a pint of good ale.

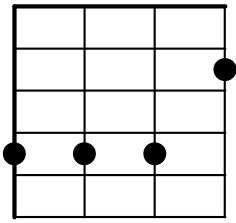
**A**



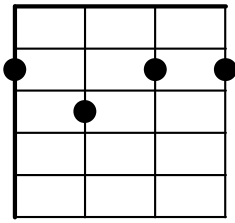
**D**



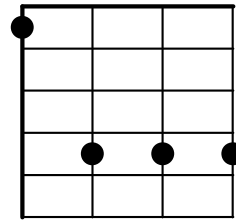
**E**



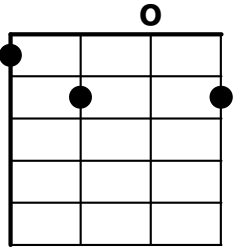
**B7**



**C#m**



**E7**



**Bm**

