

13 : Sung by TWIG and his CRONIES

(imported from Arne's *Harlequin Mercury*, Twig being a non-singing part in the original, and rearranged for three not-entirely-sober male voices)

Ye true honest Britons who love your own Land,  
 Whose Sires were so brave, so Victorious and free,  
 Who always beat France when they took her in hand,  
 Come join honest Britons in Chorus with me ;  
 Let us sing our own treasures, Old England's good Cheer,  
 The Pleasures and Profits of Stout British Beer ;  
 Your Wine-tipping, Dram-sipping Fellows retreat,  
 But your Beer-drinking Britons can never be beat.

The French, with their Vineyards, are meagre and pale,  
 They Drink of the Squeezing of half-ripened Fruit ;  
 But we, who have Hop-Grounds to Mellow our Ale,  
 Are Rosy and Plump, and have Freedom to Boot.  
 Let us sing our own treasures, &c.

Should the French dare invade us, thus Arm'd with our Poles,  
 We'll bang their bare Ribs, make their lanthorn Jaws Ring,  
 For your Beef-eating, Beer-drinking BRITONS are Souls,  
 Who will shed their last Drop for their COUNTRY and KING.  
 Let us sing our own treasures, &c.

Important notice to performers. This replaces an episode of low drunken comedy in the original, and the singers should not hesitate to ham it up, act it up, play it up, make it up, and generally create as much mayhem as possible until Fanny and Colin eventually succeed in ushering them from the stage. I have written in various pieces of business, the pantomime-style spoken "Aaah" and "Eugh" in verse 2, the fancy French flute imitation by Twig in the chorus to this verse, and the football chant in verse 3, but performers should feel free to supplement or replace these as they wish. Sing unaccompanied at whatever pitch is convenient (original a minor third higher), and note that most of the chorus and the start of verse 2 have been set in barbershop style with the tune in the second line down and Twig doing a falsetto improvisation above.

Twig

C1

C2

Ye true honest Britons who love your own land, whose Sires were so Brave, so Vic-torious and free, who always beat France when they took her in hand, Come join honest Britons in Chorus with me ;

Let us sing our own treasures, Old England's good Cheer, The Pleasures and Profits of Stout British Beer ; Your Wine-tipping, Dram-sipping Fellows retreat, But your Beer-drinking Britons can never be beat.

[Come] join, honest Britons, in Chorus with me.  
 Let us sing our own treasures, Old England's good Cheer, The Pleasures and Profits of Stout British Beer ;  
 Your Wine-tipping, Dram-sipping

Handwritten musical notation for the first system, featuring three staves with lyrics: "join, honest Britons, in Chorus with me, Join in Chorus, in join, come join in chorus with me, Join, come join, join, come join in Chorus with me, Join, join,"

Handwritten musical notation for the second system, featuring three staves with lyrics: "Chorus with me, Come join, honest Britons in Chorus with me. come join, come join, come join, join in Chorus with me. join, join, join, join in Chorus with me."

Handwritten musical notation for the third system, featuring three staves with lyrics: "(p) Sing our Treasures, Eng-land's cheer, the Let us f (melody) sing our own Treasures, Old Eng-land's good cheer, the Sing our Treasures, Eng-land's cheer, the"

Handwritten musical notation for the fourth system, featuring three staves with lyrics: "Pleasures of our STOUT BRITISH BEER wine-tipping, Dram-sipping Pleasures and Profits of STOUT BRITISH BEER Your wine-tipping Dram-sipping Pleasures of our STOUT BRITISH BEER wine Dram"

Fellows retreat, But your Beer-drinking Britons can never be beat.  
 The French, with their Vineyards, are meagre and pale, They Drink of the Squeezing of half-ripened Fruit ;  
 But we, who have Hop-Grounds to Mellow our Ale, Are Rosy and Plump, and have Freedom to Boot.

Fellows retreat, but Beer-drinking Britons can never be beat.

Fellows retreat, but your Beer-drinking Britons can never be beat.

wine Drink, but Beer-drinking Britons can never be beat.

The French, with their Vineyards, are meagre and pale, Aah! They Drink of the Squeezing of

*pp mm* *Aah! (spoken)* *mm*

*pp mm* *Aah! (spoken)* *mm*

Eugh! But we who have Hop-Grounds to Mellow our Ale, Are

Half-ripened Fruit. Eugh! But we have Hops to Mellow our Ale, Are

*a tempo* *a tempo* *a tempo*

Eugh! But we have Hops to Mellow our Ale, Are

Ro-sy and Plump and have Freedom to boot, Ro-sy, Plump and have

Ro-sy, Plump and Free-dom to boot, Ro-sy, Plump,

Ro-sy, Plump and Free-dom to boot,

Ro-sy, Plump and Free-dom to boot,

Ro-sy,

Freedom to boot, Are Rosy and Plump, and have Freedom to Boot.

Let us sing our own treasures, &c.  
Should the French dare invade us, thus

Free-dom to boot, Are Ro-sy and Plump and have Free-dom to boot.  
Plump, Plump, Plump, Plump and have Free-dom to boot.  
Ro-sy, Ro-sy, Plump and have Free-dom to boot.

(p) Sing our Treas-ures, Eng-land's cheer, the Plea-sures of our  
Let us sing our own Treasures, old England's good cheer, the Pleasures and Profits of  
Sing our Treas-ures, Eng-land's cheer, the Plea-sures of our

STOUT BRITISH BEER (whistle, and mime flute) beat  
STOUT BRITISH BEER, You Wine-tipping Dram-sipping Fellow's retreat, but you  
STOUT BRITISH BEER, Wine Dram Wine Dram, but

Beer-drinking Britons can never be beat. Should the French dare invade, thus  
Beer-drinking Britons can never be beat. Should French invade, thus  
Beer-drinking Britons can never be beat. Should French invade, thus

Arm'd with our Poles, We'll bang their bare Ribs, make their lanthorn Jaws Ring, For your  
 Beef-eating, Beer-drinking Britons are Souls, Who will shed their last Drop for their Country and King.  
 Let us sing our own treasures, &c.

Arm'd with our Poles, We'll bang their bare Ribs, make their lanthorn Jaws ring, For your  
 Arm'd with Poles, we'll bang their ribs, their lanthorn Jaws ring, for  
 Arm'd with Poles, We'll bang their ribs, their lanthorn Jaws ring, for

Beef eating Beer drinking Britons are Souls who will shed their last Drop for their  
 Beef eating Beer drinking Britons are Souls will shed last Drop for  
 Beef eating Beer drinking Britons are Souls will shed last Drop for

Country and King, Beef eating Beer drinking Britons are Souls, shall  
 Country and King, Beef... ENGLAND!  
 Country and King, Beef... ENGLAND! ENGLAND! ENGLAND!

shed their last Drop for their Country and King. (p) Sing our Treasures,  
 ENGLAND! shed for their Country and King, let us sing our own Treasures old  
 ENGLAND! shed for their Country and King. Sing our Treasures,

[Old] England's good Cheer, The Pleasures and Profits of Stout British Beer ;  
 Your Wine-tipping, Dram-sipping Fellows retreat, But your Beer-drinking Britons can never be beat.

Eng-land's Cheer, the Plea-sures of our stout BRITISH BEER,

England's good Cheer, the Pleasures and Profits of stout BRITISH BEER, You

England's Cheer, the Plea-sures of our stout BRITISH BEER,

Wine tipping Dram sipping Fellows re-treat, but Beer drinking Britons can

Wine tipping Dram sipping Fellows retreat, but your Beer drinking Britons can

Wine Dram Wine Dram but Beer drinking Britons can

never be beat. But your Beer drinking Britons can never be beat

never be beat. But Beer drinking Britons can never be beat.

never be beat. But Beer drinking Britons can never be beat.

(Repeat last two bars indefinitely, gradually fading away to give the effect of going off down the road)