

Whitby Ale

by Janie Meneely and Rob van Sante (c. 2018)

In England now they make a brew, healthy as the morning dew
As healthful and nutritious as has ever filled a glass
For breakfast, lunch or dinner it's sure to be a winner
Sure to make a fellow want to drink it to the last.

CHORUS:

Glory hallelujah! A Whitby Ale'll do ya!
A Whitby Ale'll do ya, with a bit of honest grub
Call us patriotic
If you say you haven't got it
We'll take the piss and hit or miss
We'll find another pub

Whether feast or famine, whether lamb or gammon
Quaff a Whitby Whaler or a pint of Smuggler's Gold
It's sure to grease your sprockets while it empties out your pockets—
We've even heard that it's assured to cure the common cold.

CHORUS

A fellow up from Filey, who tried to woo a lie-dy
Suffered from an ailment that had dulled his acumen
Although he got right to it, he simply couldn't do it
Until a dose of Whitby Ale soon set him right again

CHORUS

One day a bloke comes in the door, whose very breath could kill a whore.
And sure enough some local lass was like as if she died.
Despite the metamorphosis— you know how rigor mortis is—
They doused her with some Whitby Ale and she came back to life.

CHORUS

So then the vicar saunters in to save the clientele from sin
And suddenly the barkeep can't tot up another sale
So his business wouldn't falter he tapped the Holy water
Turned out to be no other than a keg of Whitby Ale

CHORUS

A citizen's committee from the taverns of our city
After quite exhausting research and while sparing no expense
Declared with unanimity and perfect equanimity
That Whitby Ale has got to be among the very best

CHORUS

CHORUS