The Old Rose and Crown

Oh, what has become of the old "Rose and Crown",
"The Ship", "The King's Arms" & "The World Up-side Down"?

For oak, brass & leather and a pint of the best
Fade away like the sun as it sinks in the west.

Good friends gather round, and I'll tell you a tale;
It's a story well-known to all lovers of ale;
For the old English Pub, once a man's second home
Has been decked out, by brewers, in plastic and chrome.

CHORUS:
Oh what has become of the old "Rose and Crown",
"The Ship", "The King's Arms" and "The World Upside Down"?
for oak, brass and leather and a pint of the best
Fade away like the sun as it sinks in the west.
The old oaken bar where the pumps willed your glass
Gives way to formica and tanks full of gas;
And the landlord behind, once a man of good cheer
Will just mumble the price, as he hands you your beer.

And where are the friends who would meet for a jar
And a good game of darts, in the old public bar?
Oh, the dart-board is gone; in its place is a thing
Where you pull on a handle and lose all your tin.

But the worst of it all's what they've done to the beer;
For their shandies and lager will make you feel queer.
For an arm and a leg, they will fill up your glass
With a half-and-half mixture of ullage and gas.

So come all you good fellows that likes to sup ale;
Let's hope for a happier end to me tale.
For there's nothing can fill a man's heart with more cheer
Than to sit in a pub, with a pint of good beer.

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