

# JOHN BULL'S PETITION FOR CHEAP BEER.

Containing TAP ROOM TOPICS, or ADVICE to BREWERS.

**Y**E BREWERS a', baith far and near,  
Attend to what I sing;  
Ye men of feeling, lend an ear,  
Important news I bring.  
Your dearest interests are at stake,  
Your trade will sure decline,  
Gin ye provoke the common folk  
To tippie *Adam's Wine*.

CHORUS.

There's nae luck about the houle,  
There's nae luck ava';  
There's nae luck fin' Barleycorn  
Was banish'd far awa'.

Where e'er I gang, ilk ane cries out,  
About the price o' beer;  
An' *Johnnie Bull*, ye need na doubt,  
Has thought it, lang, ower dear;  
An' when he ance lifts up his voice,  
'Tis uselefs to repine;  
Sae just prepare to imitate  
The Brewers o' lang fyne.

This story hear:—Ae Monday night,  
A social group I saw,  
Forgather'd at a Public House,  
To spend an hour or twa.  
Tom, Bob, an' Dick, three neebor lads,  
Amang the rest did shine;  
Ilk crack'd a joke, an' fung a fang,  
For auld lang fyne.

The joke, the fang, an' glee went round,  
Amang thae happy few;  
An' blither chiefs ye wad na find,  
Seek a' the countra through.  
They snugly sat, in merry chat,  
'Till the Kirk clock struck nine;  
An' ay they drank ilk ithers healths,  
For auld lang fyne.

Says Tom, We canna quite forget  
The tricks our fathers play'd,  
When ower the nappy they got *set*,  
Fu' lang they aften staid:  
An' we, their hopefu' bairns, says Dick,  
Can imitate them fine;  
While yon "odd-fellow" i' the nuik  
Is drinking *Adam's Wine*.

'Twas Nathan—wha, poor wight, had  
In fatal hour, a vow; [made,  
That during a' the time o' Lent  
Ale fudna' cross his mou'.  
To manage this *Herculean task*,  
Was *Nathan's* firm design—  
An' never was he heard to ask  
For aught but *Adam's Wine*.

Tom handed him a glass o' beer,  
An' said, Come drink wi' me;  
Na, na, says *Nathan*, thank ye sir,  
But that I canna' de.  
Your *Composition* I'll no' taste,  
I'll drink o' *Adam's Wine*,

Till Barley-corn resume his place,  
An' imitates lang fyne!

Bold resolution, faith, says Tom,  
Though verra rashly made;  
And ill adapted to promote  
The *honest* Brewer's trade:  
An' Brewers are right fonzie chaps,  
Their Ale is unco fine;  
An' Friendship bids ane tak a gla's,  
For auld langfyne

But then its strength, says Nathan, man,  
Its *strength*, in times like these,  
Bears nae proportion to it's price,  
Therefore it canna please;  
Their ale, tho' *Malt* has lang been cheap,  
*Hops* plentiful an' fine,  
Is waur than ony table beer  
Our fathers drank lang fyne.

O conscience! haft thou loft thy power?  
Or haft thou gane to sleep?  
How canst thou see the wolves devour,  
An' spoil the harmless sheep!  
Does their obdurate breasts disown  
Thy influence divine?  
Or is man's social nature chang'd  
Sin' auld lang fyne?

Thae queries let the *knowing* tribe  
O' Brewers answer me;  
An' let their future conduct shew  
Their generosity.

If they ha'e feeling left, or shame,  
Or to reform incline,  
Let them produce *fic* nut-brown ale  
As Brewers did lang fyne.

An' as the price o' a' things else  
Is low'r'd one-third and mair,  
Reduce it to a groat the quart—  
A price that's verra fair.  
Let them no' tempt the multitude  
To tippie *Adam's Wine*;  
But mak' their liquor cheap an' guid,  
As Brewers did lang fyne.

Wi' arguments like thae, convinc'd,  
They ane an' a' agreed,  
To follow honest Nathan's plan,  
Till they did get remead.  
Ilk ane that drank a pint o' ale,  
Sud pay a heavy fine;  
But when he pleas'd he might regale  
Himself wi' *Adam's Wine*.

Sae hame they went, ilk firmly bent  
To drink nae Brewer's beer,  
Frae henceforth, a' the time o' Lent,  
An' stoutly persevere,  
Until the *feeling hearts* o' thae,  
Wha brew it might incline,  
To lower its price, an' mak' it guid,  
As it was brew'd lang fyne.

