

© 1993  
Cresby Brown  
January

Chris Evans

1/8 note swing

eleven note instrumental intro    *bitters & ales son, bitters & ales just serve me up your bit-ters &*

*ales, Cider & mild son, pull at your pump just draw me off your Lump hammer brew* <sup>ch</sup> We

come in for a sup a dish of 'Dun Cow' pie such a perfect pastime for me mates & I

When we are this thirsty what better place to go than down to the factory we like the 'Sauce' you

know *bitters &..* the 'LittleLark' is singing we've come to join along we've come to wet our whistle in

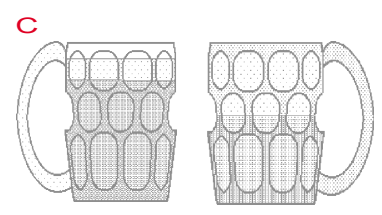
company & song with voices all in chorus we like to have a 'Mug' 'urry back again to Upton en-

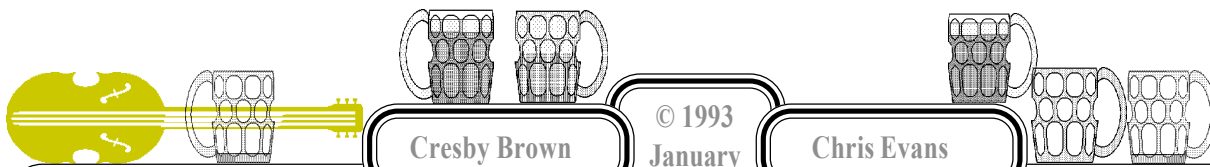
joy another jug *bitters &..* they pack'em in the 'Pack Horse' pour 'em down the hatch, the

'Sailors' in the 'Dry Dock' to find his 'Kipper' catch, the romance of the nectar goes with

'Pudding' that we eat but when the vicars in the 'Chop House' the 'Sausage Works' a

treat *bitters &..... ..brew.* I'm MAD for a Lumhammer brew.





<http://cresby.com>

## Ribbinn' on the Tiles

Bitters & Ales son, Bitters & Ales just,  
 Serve me up yer Bitters & Ales, *{fiercely independant}*  
 Cider & Mild son, Pull at your pump just,  
 Draw me off a Lumphammer brew.

We come in for a sup, a dish of "Dun Cow" pie  
 Such a perfect pastime for me mates and I.  
 When we are this thirsty what better place to go  
 Than down to the "Factory"? We like the "Sauce" you know. *{satisfactory}*

Bitters & Ales son, Bitters & Ales just,  
 Serve me up yer Bitters & Ales, *{seen the Pepper?}*  
 Cider & Mild son, Pull at your pump just,  
 Draw me off a Lumphammer brew.

The "Little Lark" is singing, we've come to join along,  
 And then to wet our whistle in company and song.  
 With voices all in chorus we like to have a "Mug 'urry"  
 Back again to Upton, enjoy another jug. *{glug glug}*

Bitters & Ales son, Bitters & Ales just,  
 Serve me up yer Bitters & Ales, *{try 'em all}*  
 Cider & Mild son, Pull at your pump just,  
 Draw me off a Lumphammer brew.

They pack 'em in the "Pack Horse", pour 'em down the hatch  
 The "Sailor's" in the "Dry Dock" to find his "Kipper" catch  
 The romance of the nectar goes with "Pudding" that we eat  
 but when the vicars in the "Chop House" the "Sausage Works" a treat. *{come again?}*

Bitters & Ales son, Bitters & Ales just,  
 Serve me up yer Bitters & Ales, *{for the wee folks}*  
 Cider & Mild son, Pull at your pump just,  
 Draw me off a Lumphammer brew.

I'm "MAD" for a Lumphammer brew.

*{pint of Entire please}*