

The Brewer's Glee

from the 1881 Colonial Songster to the recommended tune 'When the Kye Comes Home'. Some of the brews that were served by shanties that 'lambled down' shearers were probably not to far removed from this formula.

Verse

Am **G**

Come all ye weal - thy brew - ers that make col - on - ial ale,

Am

Let us mix up the de - coc - tion that has such a read - y sale:

C **G**

Come hith - er with your drugs; hops and bar - ley are too dear.

C **Am**

We'll mix the swip - ers up a dose of pure col - on - ial beer.

Chorus

Em **C** **Am** **F**

Oh the brew - ing of the beer, Oh the brew - ing of the beer.

C **F** **C** **Am** **Dm** **Am**

Suc - cess to all your chem - is - try, the art of brew - ing beer.

First fill the vat with water, put some black molasses in,
With vitriol and opium we may just as well begin;
Put in some camomile, it's a wholesome thing I hear
And may counteract the 'bacco that we'll now put in the beer.

Whack in some alum, salt, and ginger, now to make it nice
And to pleasure the poor devils here's some grains of paradise;
Don't spare the nux vomica, tho' strychnine is quite dear
We add it for a hoppy kind of flavour to the beer.

Then coculus indicus to make their heads go round,
Here's quassia and multum too – better if they're ground,
Put nutgalls in for colour, potash to make it clear,
And to hinder it from scouring put some jalap in the beer.

The farmer feeds his cattle and his poultry with his grain,
We do not want his barley while we've fox-glove and herbane;
With copperas, and wormwood, and hartshorn, and don't fear
That lushingtons need ever go without colonial beer.