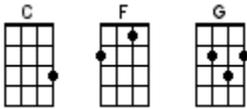


Garnet's Home-Made Beer

Ian Robb 1994 – sung to the tune of Barrett's Privateers by Stan Rogers, brother of the featured Garnet Rogers



INTRO: / 1 2 / 1 2 / [C]↓

Oh, the [C] year was [F] nineteen [G] seventy-[C]eight
How I [C] wish I'd [F] never [C] tried it [G]↓ now
When a [C] score of [G] men was [C] turned quite [F] green
By the [C] scummiest ale you've ever [F]↓ seen

CHORUS:

God [G]↓ damn ↓ them [C]↓ all [C] I was [F] told
This [G] beer was [F] worth its [C] weight in [F] gold
We'd [G]↓ feel ↓ no [C]↓ pain [G]↓ shed ↓ no [F]↓ tears
But it's a [C] foolish [F] man who [C] shows no [F] fear
At a [F]↓ glass of Garnet's [G]↓ home-made [C]↓ beer

Oh [C] Garnet [F] Rogers [G] cried the [C] town
How I [C] wish I'd [F] never [C] tried it [G]↓ now
For [C] twenty brave [G] men, all [C] masochists [F] who
Would [C] taste for him his homemade [F]↓ brew

CHORUS:

God [G]↓ damn ↓ them [C]↓ all [C] I was [F] told
This [G] beer was [F] worth its [C] weight in [F] gold
We'd [G]↓ feel ↓ no [C]↓ pain [G]↓ shed ↓ no [F]↓ tears
But it's a [C] foolish [F] man who [C] shows no [F] fear
At a [F]↓ glass of Garnet's [G]↓ home-made [C]↓ beer

This [C] motley [F] crew was a [G] sickening [C] sight
How I [C] wish I'd [F] never [C] tried it [G]↓ now
There was [C] caveman [G] Dave with his [C] eyes in bags
He'd a [C] hard-boiled liver and the staggers and [F]↓ jags

CHORUS:

God [G]↓ damn ↓ them [C]↓ all [C] I was [F] told
This [G] beer was [F] worth its [C] weight in [F] gold
We'd [G]↓ feel ↓ no [C]↓ pain [G]↓ shed ↓ no [F]↓ tears
But it's a [C] foolish [F] man who [C] shows no [F] fear
At a [F]↓ glass of Garnet's [G]↓ home-made [C]↓ beer

We [C] hadn't been [F] there but an [G] hour or [C] two
How I [C] wish I'd [F] never [C] tried it [G]↓ now
When a [C] voice said [G] "Gimme some [C] homemade brew"
And [C] Steeleye Stan hove into [F]↓ view

CHORUS:

God [G]↓ damn ↓ them [C]↓ all [C] I was [F] told
 This [G] beer was [F] worth its [C] weight in [F] gold
 We'd [G]↓ feel ↓ no [C]↓ pain [G]↓ shed ↓ no [F]↓ tears
 But it's a [C] foolish [F] man who [C] shows no [F] fear
 At a [F]↓ glass of Garnet's [G]↓ home-made [C]↓ beer

Now [C] Steeleye [F] Stan was a [G] frightening [C] man
 How I [C] wish I'd [F] never [C] tried it [G]↓ now
 He was [C] eight foot [G] tall and [C] four foot wide
 Said [C] "Pass that jug or I'll tan your [F]↓ hide"

CHORUS:

God [G]↓ damn ↓ them [C]↓ all [C] I was [F] told
 This [G] beer was [F] worth its [C] weight in [F] gold
 We'd [G]↓ feel ↓ no [C]↓ pain [G]↓ shed ↓ no [F]↓ tears
 But it's a [C] foolish [F] man who [C] shows no [F] fear
 At a [F]↓ glass of Garnet's [G]↓ home-made [C]↓ beer

Stan [C] took one [F] sip and [G] pitched on his [C] side
 How I [C] wish I'd [F] never [C] tried it [G]↓ now
 Oh [C] Garnet was [G] smashed with a [C] gut full of dregs
 And his [C] breath set fire to both me [F]↓ legs

CHORUS:

God [G]↓ damn ↓ them [C]↓ all [C] I was [F] told
 This [G] beer was [F] worth its [C] weight in [F] gold
 We'd [G]↓ feel ↓ no [C]↓ pain [G]↓ shed ↓ no [F]↓ tears
 But it's a [C] foolish [F] man who [C] shows no [F] fear
 At a [F]↓ glass of Garnet's [G]↓ home-made [C]↓ beer

So [C] here I [F] lie with me [G] twenty-third [C] beer
 How I [C] wish I'd [F] never [C] tried it [G]↓ now
 It's [C] been ten [G] years since I [C] felt this way
 On the [C] night before me wedding [F]↓ day

CHORUS:

God [G]↓ damn ↓ them [C]↓ all [C] I was [F] told
 This [G] beer was [F] worth its [C] weight in [F] gold
 We'd [G]↓ feel ↓ no [C]↓ pain [G]↓ shed ↓ no [F]↓ tears
 But it's a [C] foolish [F] man who [C] shows no [F] fear
 At a [F]↓ glass of Garnet's [G]↓ home-made [C]↓ beer

