



Saint George's Day, Rifleman's Arms, 23rd April

St. James Infirmary



To the Tune of St James Infirmary...

We went down to the Green in Kendal,
To meet the Rev'lers there
The Crookies and the Rappers,
So Handsome and so Fair.
To celebrate St George's Day,
To Rifleman's we gathered,
We drank the real ale, very nice,
But none of us were blathered.
The rain had poured down all the month
The worst April we heard,
But evening dry and breezy
Was April twenty third.
At first a song by wondrous choir
Delighted all our ears
How Georgie slaid the awesome beast
And put away our fears.
The time to dance had come at last
Molly Oxford was a muddle,
Martyn called out word like 'House'
We ended in a huddle.
Derek made his dance debut
With Lichfield and a Hey,
He pulled it off without ado
To dance another day.
William and Nancy was the peak
Of specialist dance display
The style that they accomplished
Has blown my head away.
Allie Park my personal fave
Was conquered with a flourish

My bloomin' hood came off again,
I'm puttin' it in the rubbish
The mummers play delighted all the crowd,
St George against the baddies,
Dan killed his brother dragon Sam
And stabbed him in the XXXies.
The King from Africa was there
And did all that he oughta
St George engaged to marry with
His blushing ugly daughter.
The prince of darkness she got slain
And rolling in the gutter
They lifted her to safety
But I think I heard her mutter.
The singing in the pub resumed
The choruses rang out
So many tunes about the May
And Spring to sing about
The rappers were amazing
As they nearly always are,
The somersault went smoothly
As he leapt towards the bar.
At half past ten we finished
With a song as best we might,
So Rolling Home resounded loudly
Then we went off in the night.