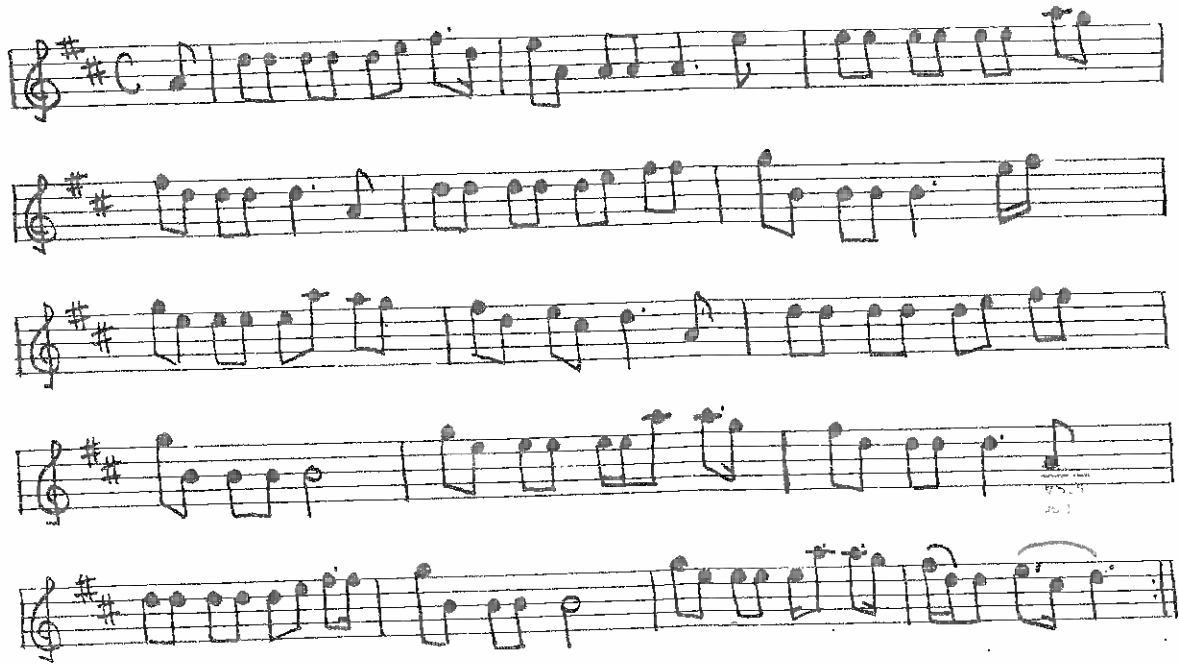


GENERAL GUINNESS



*You've heard of General Wellington, who won at Waterloo,
But there's a good old Irishman I'll mention unto you.
He comes from dear old Dublin, he's a man we all applaud,
For he always finds a corkscrew far more handy than a sword.
He's good old General Guinness, he's a soldier strong and
"stout".
Found on every bottle-front and he can't be done without.
His noble name has world-wide fame, deserves three hearty
cheers.
Good old General Guinness of the Dublin 'booseliars'!*

*This hale and hearty warrior is worshipped in the ranks.
He does his task inside the cask as well as in the tanks,
And he bears the brunt on every front, north, south, east and
west,
And he wears about ten thousand canteen medals on his chest.
He's good old General Guinness, he's won the world's applause,
For it's he who kept our spirits up in the midst of all the wars.
Who was the first to flirt with Mademoiselle from Armentieres?
Why good old General Guinness of the Dublin booseliars.*

*All over Bonnie Scotland too the General is seen,
They've given him the freedom of the town of Aberdeen,
From Inverness to Galashiels he keeps them warm and bright,
They love to gather roon' him och on every moonlit night.
He's good old General Guinness, he's as good as Scottish broth.
'Twas he who turned the Firth of Forth into the Firth of Froth,
All Scotsmen dance the Highland Fling and shout when he
appears,
Hurrah for General Guinness and the Dublin booseliars!*



GENERAL GUINNESS. Robin learnt this song from Dick Bamber of Portadown, Co. Armagh. It is a vaudeville song, probably dating from the First World War, and sings the praises of Ireland's most beloved drink, the "black liquidation with froth on the top."

(Recorded Live).