

"Cowbridge All Triumphant."

Tune: "The Vicar of Bray"

Of Davy Gintin dead and gone
Has been the general cry, sir;
Of all our All-house wives undone
But that is all ^{a lie} } ^{my eye} } sir.
For Cowbridge has, no other fools
None of your milk-sop thinkers
But such as live by nobler rules -
A glorious race of drinkers!

For such we need not search the land
In long and painful journeys;
Our Aldermen are all at hand
Our Doctors and Attorneys;
With such as cannot here be named
Sots of the female gender;
Each dame for guzzling highly famed
And not a vain pretender.

Stowellyn here who makes our malt
A noble throat for ale sir;
His mouth for ever full of salt
He'll swallow like a whale sir
And Rowtell too, that Essex calls
A tippler of renown sir
Yes he will swallow more by half
Than any man in town sir.

There's Richards of the Horse and Groom
Remember what I tell ye;
You'll hardly in his house find room
So monstrous is his belly!
And Plastering Williams will be there
A man of pompous word sir
He'll drink and talk in elbow chair
As great as any lord sir!

Now comes a sort of mighty fame
Of stiff and staunch behaviour;
You wish, I think, to know his name
He's great Sir Humphrey Shaver!

He'll wield his pocket pillistone
For ever and for aye sir
God bless our King and the our Queen
And save them from his razor!

Indeed our Parsons now are loath
To take the topping cup sir
The ancient credit of their cloth
Thus barely giving up sir;
In spite of this we have our wish
For ever when we meet sir;
With scores who swallow like a fish
Among them Alley Sweet sir!

Tom-bellied Kayes will not his part
A toper in his prime sir
'He'll drink, he says, with all his heart
A barrel at a time sir!
Young - in the glorious cause appears
A most illustrious drinker
Swears that he is (and truly swears)
'A match for 'Tut the Drinker!'

James Howe may saunce every fear
Her husband will be true sir;
Himself will drink her all and her
Faster than she can brew sir.
E'en he, by all it is declared
At fopping of the can sir
Cannot with Reynolds be compared
That ninth part of a man sir!

When all these chiefs already named
Lie on the floor dead drunk sir,
A hero comes as lightly formed
And quite as fresh as spunk sir,
One equal to the glorious task
We're never at a loss sir
He'll soon discharge the mighty cask
Our parish Clerk John Crosser.

Thus have we sung of Cowbrap town
Of all its noble toper
All quizzing heroes of renown
None of them puny mopers.


No sober slaves to milkop rules
No brain belabouring thinkers
None of your philosophic fools
But great and glorious drinkers!
James O'Keefe.

"A barber's apprentice applied to Solo Drorganwy when he lived in London in 1780 for an inscription for his 'Christmas Box'. The goodhumoured bard ever ready to promote everybody's pecuniary interest but his own, wrote for him the following impromptu which soon procured a bumper for the barber-aspirant

"If unrestrained benevolence
Your treasures to the poor unlocks
You will not scruple to dispense
A penny to my Christmas box

"A lovely girl there is, and she
If I had wealth, says I might have her;
Alas! deep in love, Oh! pity me,
Your humble servant Sirs, — the Shaver.

13.
"Possessed of wealth, none would be faine
No Sage more wise - no hero braver;
In conscious greatness I'll exclaim
With exultation - 'I'm the Slave!' "



Cowbridge Ale triumphant

(tune: The Vicar of Bray)

Of Davy Jenkin, dead and gone
Has been the general cry, sir
Of all our ale-house wives undone
But that is all a lie, sir
For Cowbridge hath no sober fools
None of your milksop thinkers
But such as live by nobler rules
A glorious race of drinkers.

For such we need not search the land
In long and painful journeys
Our Aldermen are all at hand
Our Doctors and Attorneys;
With such as cannot here be named
Sots of the female gender
Each dame for guzzling highly famed
And not a vain pretender.

Llewellyn here who makes our malt
A noble throat for ale, sir
His mouth for ever full of salt
He'll swallow like a whale, sir
And Bowtell too, that Essex calf
A tippler of remown, sir
Yes he will swallow more by half
Than any man in town, sir.

There's Richards of the Horse and groom
Remember what I tell ye
You'll hardly in his house find room
So monstrous is his belly.
And plastering Williams will be there
A man of pompous word, sir
He'll drink and talk in elbow chair
As great as any lord, sir.

Now comes a sot of mighty fame
Of stiff and staunch behaviour
You wish, I think, to know his name
The great Sir Humphrey Shaver
He'll wield his pocket guillotine
For ever and for aye, Sir
God bless our King and she our Queen
And save them from his razor!

Indeed our parsons now are loath
To take the toping cup, sir
The ancient credit of their cloth
Thus barely giving up, sir
In spite of these we have our wish
For ever when we meet, sir
With scores who swallow like a fish
Among them Atty Sweet, sir.

Iolo Morganwg

Tun-bellied Kayes will act his part
A toper in his prime sir
He'll drink, he says, with all his heart
A barrel at a time sir.
Young in the glorious cause appears
A most illustrious drinker
Swears that he is (and truly swears)
A match for Phil the Tinker.

Jane Howe may banish every fear
Her husband will be true sir
Himself will drink her ale and beer
Faster than she can brew sir
E'en he, by all it is declared
At toping of the can sir
Cannot with Reynolds be compared
That ninth part of a man, sir.

When all these chiefs already named
Lie on the floor dead drunk, sir
A hero comes as highly famed
And quite as fresh as spunk sir
One equal to the glorious task
We're never at a loss, sir
He'll soon discharge the mighty cask
Our parish clerk, John Rosser.

Thus have we sung of Cowbridge town
Of all its noble topers
All guzzling heroes of renown
None of them penny mopers
No sober slaves to milksop rules
No brain belabouring thinkers
None of your philosophic fools
But great and glorious drinkers!

Poem said to be written by Iolo Morganwg, written in an article in the 'Weekly Mail' of 10th November 1883 :

'Cowbridge hath no solid food, And none of milk-sop drinkers; No shallow, philosophic fools, but great and glorious thinkers.

Richard, of the Horse & Groom, Remember what I tell ye; Hardly in his house finds room, and monstrous is his belly.

Tunbell Kay will act his part, A toper of renown, sir; He said he'd drink with all his heart, To beat all in the town, sir.

Plasterer Williams will be there, A man of pompous words, sir; He'll talk & drink in his elbow chair As great as any lord, sir.'

'Plasterer Williams' was Iolo Morganwg