

Woad

Words by William Hope-Jones
(Tune: Men of Harlech)

C *G* *C* *F* *G7*
What's the use of wearing braces, hats or spats or shoes with laces
C *G* *C* *F* *G* *C*
Vests and pants you buy in places down on Brompton Road?
 G *C* *F* *G7*
What's the use of shirts of cotton? Studs that always get forgotten?
C *G* *C* *F* *G* *C*
These affairs are simply rotten, better far is woad.

G *C*
Woad's the stuff to show men. Woad to scare your foemen.
C
Boil it to a brilliant hue and rub it on your legs and your abdomen.
F *C* *G* *C* *F* *G7*
Ancient Britons never hit on anything as good as woad to fit on
C *G* *C* *F* *G* *C*
Neck or knees or where you sit on, tailors be ye blowed!!

Romans came across the channel all dressed up in tin and flannel
Half a pint of woad per man'll clothe us more than these.
Saxons you can keep your stitches, building beds for bugs in britches
We have woad to clothe us which is not a nest for fleas

Romans keep your armors. Saxons your pajamas.
Hairy coats were made for goats, gorillas, yaks, retriever dogs and llamas.
March on Snowdon with your woad on, never mind if you get rained or snowed on
Never need a button sewed on. Bottoms up to woad!