

Brasenose Ale Verses

No. CXXVIII



Shrove Tuesday, February 10, MCMLXX

LINES COMPOSED SOME DISTANCE FROM TINTERN ABBEY

Tune: *Hernando's Hideaway*

When Oxford life is getting gay
I write "DO NOT DISTURB TODAY"—
I hang it on my door and pray
My scout won't raid my hideaway. (Olé!)

We've girls at dinner, lunch and tea;
They seem to civilize the place:
Their love of God is plain to see—
It's hugs and kisses during Grace. (Olé!)

Oh, what a lovely S.R.C.!
A radical minority
Are taking themselves seriously,
But they're not representing me. (Olé!)

Our tutors in philosophy
Seemed to despise divinity;
Phenomenal the change has been—
JOHN FOSTER's on the Chapel scene. (Olé!)

Sing Floreamus igitur;
Let each and every bigot 'ere
Who thinks his views alone are right
Refrain from airing them tonight. (Olé!)

ST. LEGER

THE MERRIMAN OF B.N.C.

Tune: *Onward Christian Soldiers*

When you enter Brasenose,
Quiet there resides,
Peace and solace greet you,
No noise there besides . . .
Pens which scratch quite faintly
In the library,
Paint a scene quite saintly
For, it is, you see . . .

Chorus: Backwards greyish Noseman,
Gnoming on to Schools,
Wisemen go to Balliol,
All we've got is fools!

When you go to GUS's,
He has barred the door,
(Must be 'cos he's working
Hard, upon the floor).
What's that sound from Heberden,
IVOR's drunk again,
ROBs his friend(s) of company,
MICK is FELLEd the same.

Chorus:

When you go up staircase four,
You are sure to find,
DEAN is working overtime
(She must be a grind).
BEATSON's working out now,
(Gone to live with KEITH)
ROBIN still wants coffee,
He'll get it underneath.

Chorus:

Trot down to the H.C.R.
Scheming there goes on,
STEVE has not BOLCHed OVER,
(Neither has he gone).
DAVID ROWE the cynic,
Fights against this band,
Never in the open
Shall one see his stand.

Chorus:

Look upon High Table,
Food is all you see,
Rumour has it somewhere,
NOEL's gin's for free
They are also working
And the poodle too,
Making LEYNOLDS' mind up for him,
They've got the same I.Q.

Chorus:

Not to mention RICHARDS
(Then whoever did?)
Strumming vintage Presley,
Like a blown-up kid.
RICHARD GRIFFITHS also,
FOWLER, infra-dig,
He is still a Tory,
JACK is still a Wig.

Chorus:

STOCKTON's our new Proctor,
Better than McCRONE,
Perhaps if we don't tempt him,
He'll leave us alone.

JONES still stalks the library,
Bod in LIEU of COL,
HULME is BELL(e) I ASK EW,
Where's your protocol?

Chorus:

J.K.B.M. NICHOLAS,
Lecherer in law,
JOHNNY DAVIES also,
BARENDT fills the core.
ALTMANN has ascended,
GORD is ON his side,
ACKRILL's open ended
DESMOND's MOLLYfied.

Chorus:

Now my lay is over,
Time to do the pools,
LittleWOODS or VERNON's
Help to put off Schools.
It has been a great three years,
This we all agree,
Just tell me what the BILL IS,
I'll try to pay the fee.

Chorus:

THRICE KNIGHTLY

“SEPTENTRIONEBUS”

Tune: *The British Grenadiers*

Some talk of firsts in schools,
And some of Blues at sport,
But HAPPYer men are we,
Although of different sort.
CHÉ BILLIS in the J.C.R. Book,
And in Cherwell too,
You'll find his next week's thoughts
Scribbled in the loo.

There's MIKE GILL in his college clubs,
Lounging in his tweeds,
Let's hope he gets as much “Old Shag”
As his smooth spout MAY need.
There's MOFFAT with his coach trips,
And SMETS' set have them too,
But REID can't find his own way home
When he's had a few.

Now CHARLES WATTS tells tall stories
Of high society
But can the Monday Club reform him
Like April Ashley?
BEZANT who fancies fillies
On turf or at St. Clare's,
LES HULL has changed a lot these days,
His top lip sports ten hairs.

If you stand outside staircase ten
You might get quite a shower,
TIM PETO and his bird live there
He sprays her on the hour.

If DAVE WATTS isn't in the Bear,
You'll find him fondling bats,
And CHRIS MOSS speaks with high voice
He's knotted his cravats.

SAPER AUDE

Four and twenty Scholars,
Sent down from B.N.C.,
They all had tired, and all had failed
To gain a pass degree.

Chorus: Singing: What are we here for,
To have a bloody good time,
And if you don't enjoy yourself,
It's your damn fault not mine.

Our positions in Sports tables
Are healthier than most,
A sim'lar success in Norrington
Could hardly be our boast.

Chorus: Singing . . .

Oarsmen and Whoresmen,
They all do much the same,
Stroking and co(a)xing their mates
Is still the aim!

Chorus: Singing . . .

GREASY and REIGHTON,
The trendy College Deans,
Doing their bit to lead us to
A life of might-have-beens.

Chorus: Singing . . .

Now who did push old STALLYLBRASS;
The question still remains,
The moral for our Principal:
'Take care on British Trains.'

Chorus: Singing . . .

Women in the Buttery,
Drinking all our booze,
With all that ale inside them
They'll be puking in our loos.

Chorus: Singing . . .

Women nearly everywhere,
Out of proper hours,
Smelly ones and hearty ones,
You'll find them in the showers!

Chorus: Singing . . .

Time BEATS ON, and Schools are near
Our life is not the same,
But get the damn things over lads,
And we can start again.

Chorus: Singing . . .

FORTUNE

Tune: Teddy Bears' Picnic

If you go down into Brasenose WOODS
You're sure of a noisy time.
With Wagner, Liszt and Britten too
And *man* that groovy slime.

It's music time on staircase four,
So shut your ears and bolt the door,
The rafters SHAKE, the ceiling drops,
They all go mad and everyone stops,
In term time.

If you feel like a different scene
The boys are all downstairs;
Doing their thing they really mean
To while away their cares.
For JERRY's the boss but STEVE's the king,
The hangers on don't even begin
To rave and shout and swing about
In term time.

The SHIRT BRIGADE are out in force
They'll sell you anything,
From public HAIR to football pools,
To gimmicks they will cling.
Pleasure at will, just don't tell BILL,
Throw skinhead bricks on the windowsill,
Agro's the word, haven't you heard,
In term time.

The rooms at the top are very strange,
They share a private loo;
The phantom pisser is also there
To enter is taboo.
BEATSON is gone, but still is seen
Getting trendier than the DEAN
Who wears his cords, to greet the hordes
In term time.

STRANGE BEDFELLOWS