

The Pub's Got No Beer

The musical score is written on a single treble clef staff in 3/4 time with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The melody is simple and consists of quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are printed below the staff, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes. The score is divided into two main sections, each starting with a number. The first section has four lines of music, and the second section has four lines of music.

1. Now it's lone - some on the riv - er - bank at night, ca - tchin'
el - vers by the old can - dle light, But there's no - thin' so lone - some, so mor - bid or
drear than to be at The Prince where the pub's got no beer

2. Now old E - ric went in for the bre - wers to come, there's a
far - - a - - way look on the face of the bum
Oh the pul - ver[?] is quite cr - anky they're all ac - ting queer, It's a
ter - - ri - - ble place when the pub's got no beer.

1. Now it's lonesome on the riverbank at night,
Catchin' elvers by the old candle light,
But there's nothin' so lonesome, so morbid or drear
Than to be at The Prince where the pub's got no beer
2. Now old Eric went in for the brewers to come,
There's a faraway look on the face of the bum
Oh the pulver[?] is quite cranky they're all acting queer,
It's a terrible place when the pub's got no beer.
3. Arthur Price, he comes in with his dry, dusty throat
Breasts up to the bar, pulls a wad from his coat
But the smile on 'is face quickly turns to fear
When old Eric says 'Sadly, the pub's got no beer.'
4. Deputy he comes in, smothered in dust and flies
Breasts up to the bar, rubs the sweat from 'is eyes
But when 'e is told he says 'What's this I hear?
I'll go back to Ray Hartland if you an't got no beer.'

5. There's a dog on the lawn, for his master he waits
But his master's inside, drinking wine with his mates
He hurries for cover and cringes in fear
He'll get his arse kicked round the pub with no beer.

6. Sid Holford the postman, the first time in his life
He went home cold sober to his darlin' wife
Walked in to the kitchen, she says 'You're early, my dear.'
Then he broke down and told her the pub's got no beer.

Source: Sung by Ray Hartland, Eldersfield. Communicated to Gwilym Davies, 1978

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