**WOAD**

 ttto "Men of Harlech"

What's the use of wearing braces,

Hats or spats or shoes with laces,

Vests and pants you buy in places

Down on Brompton Road?

What's te use of shirts of cotton,

Studs that always get forgotten?

These affairs are simply rotten.

Better far is woad.

Woad's the stuff to show men,

Woad to scare your foemen.

Boil it to a brilliant blue

And rub it on your legs and your abdomen.

Ancient Britons never hit on

Anything as good as woad to fit on

Neck or knees or where you sit on.

Tailors, you be 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 may save your stitches,

Building bed for bugs in britches.

We have woad to clothes 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 for woad!