

# SAINT ETHELSTONE'S DAY

A Manchester parson to church and king staunch  
Much famed in the pulpit but more on the bench  
Resolved to be sainted without more delay  
And the sixteenth of August was fixed for the day  
To contrive the best means all his genius was bent  
How to celebrate such an auspicious event  
When he saw the Reformers in marching array  
Move on to the field on St Ethelstone's Day

Then the oath of his office informed him 'twas good  
That the vest of a saint should be sprinkled with blood  
When his counsellors whispered 'twill be the best way  
To crush the Reformers on St Ethelstone's Day  
He took their advice and just to make sure  
The riot act read on the steps of his door  
When the Yeomanry Butchers all galloped away  
To do some great exploit on St Ethelstone's Day

They hacked off the breasts of the women and then  
They cut off the ears and noses of men  
In every direction they slaughtered away  
'Til drunken with blood on St. Ethelstone's Day  
Cut away my brave fellows, you see how they faint  
Those Blackguard Reformers exclaimed the new saint  
Send them to the devil my lads your own way  
No doubt they'll remember St. Ethelstone's Day

*Tune: Traditional; Words: Allen Davenport; Arranged Coe, Peters, Smyth*

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