Album: The Ever Decreasing Circle – Artist: The Kipper Family

Bald General Coote that is my name
A drinking man of noble fame
With bottle and glass quite unsurpassed
But I've landed in the drink at last

CHO: I led my men with Courage bold
With Bullards Strong and Adnams Old
Napoleon Brandy and Navy Rum
But now at last to the dregs I have come

I sank them with Nelson as the rounds they flew
On the deck of the Victory he had a fair few
Some say 'twas blind courage that carried his downfall
Blind drunk is more like it as I recall

I drank at the bottle of Waterloo
A glorious victory for England too
But my only fight in that country so far
Was the fight I had to get to the bar

I fought for my country all at the Crimea
But the only crime 'ere was the price of the beer
The Light Brigade come all to grief
But we'd plenty of Brown for our relief

I was there when Lady Smith was relieved
When they brought her a drink a great sigh she did heave
The pints of beer came rolling in
And General Gordon he ordered a gin

But now my campaigs are all over I fear
My hand it do shake and my eye is not clear
And all on my stones these words you should fix
He died, dead drunk, aged twenty-six