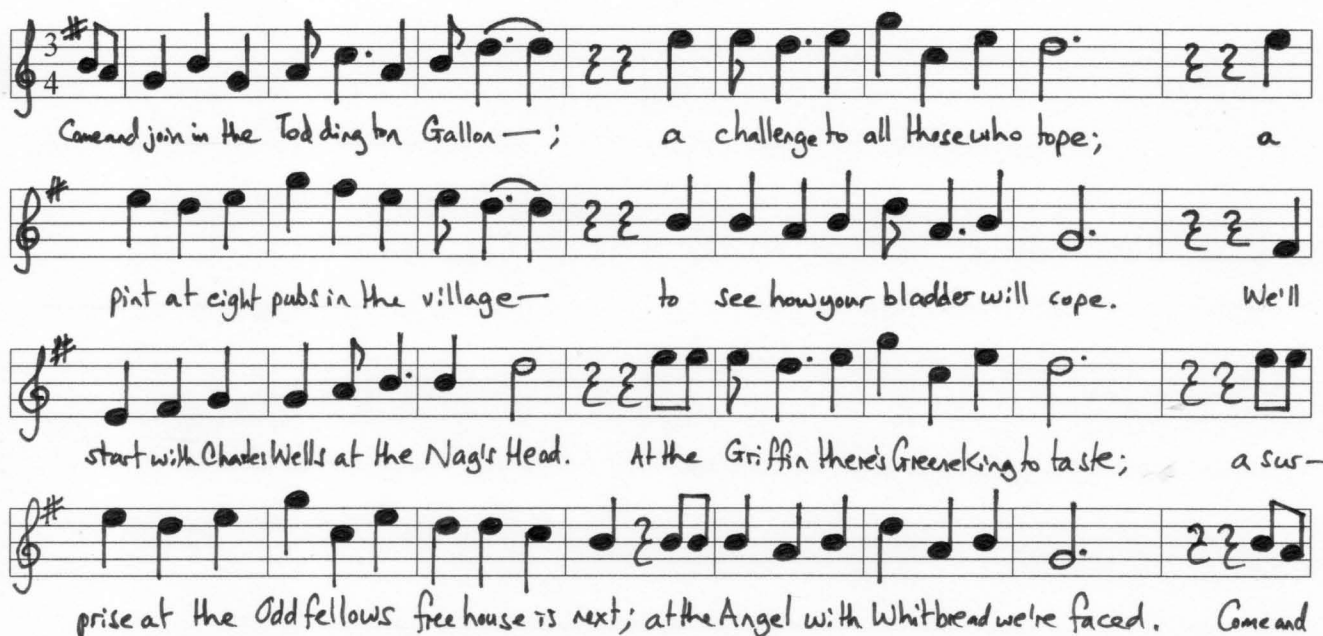


THE TODDINGTON GALLON

STRONG
HEARTY

WORDS & MUSIC
BY GRAEME MEEK



Chorus:

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>Come and join in the Toddington Gallon;
A challenge to all those who tope;
A pint at eight pubs in the village
To see how your bladder will cope.</p> <p>1. We'll start with Charles Wells at The Nag's Head.
At The Griffin there's Greene King to taste;
A surprise at The Oddfellows free house is next;
At The Angel with Whitbread we're faced.</p> <p>2. There's more Charlie Wells at The Bedford.
What The Red Lion sells goodness knows.
There's not very much you can drink at The Bell
And Greene King, at The Sow & Pigs, flows.</p> | <p>3. It's wisest to plan out your journey;
Drink steadily, taking your time,
Or maybe drink quickly and on to the next
Before your poor bladder can prime.</p> <p>4. But what has become of the village?
There's half the pubs gone, they are dead!
How can we continue the challenge, my friends...?
We'll have to have two pints instead.</p> |
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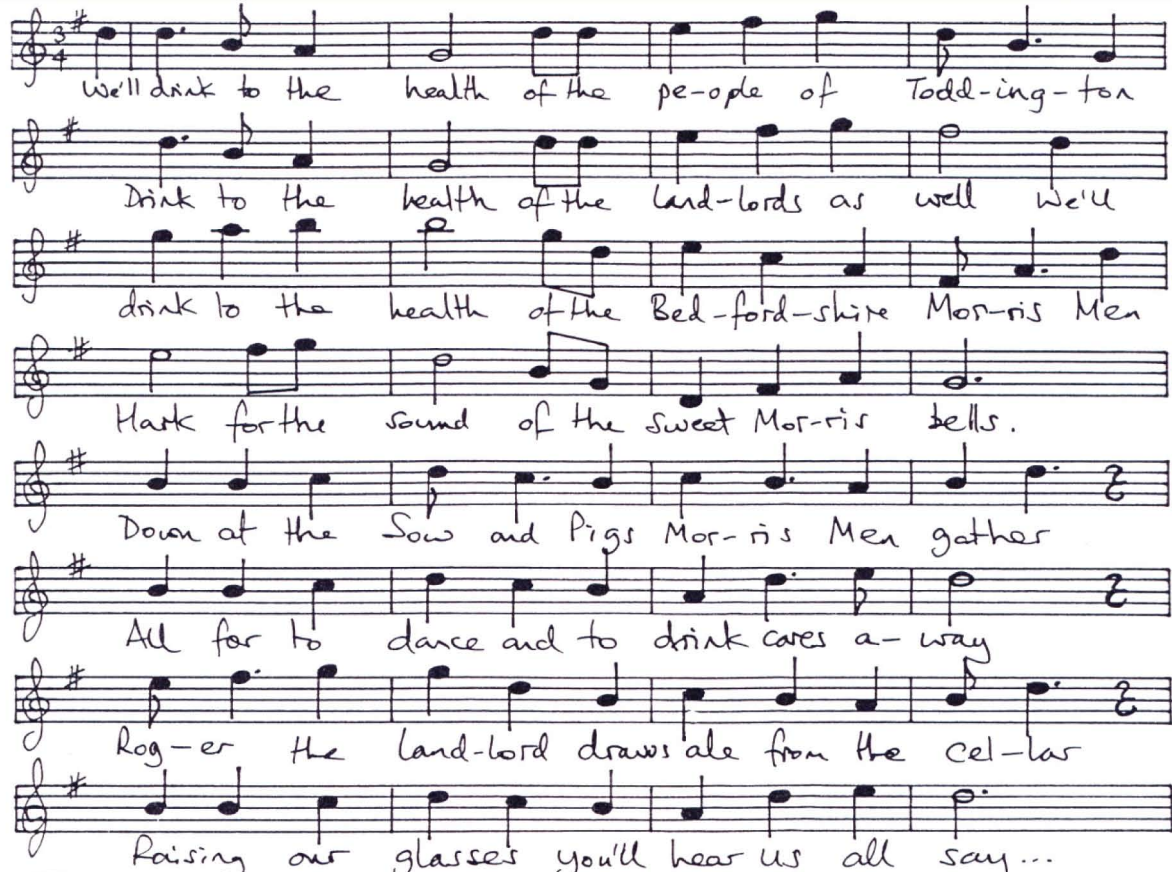
A challenge in the village of Toddington was 'The Toddington Gallon', to attempt to visit and drink a pint in each of its eight pubs before going to the toilet! Whether anyone ever actually succeeded in this, I have no idea! The route probably differed with people's strategies and the pub descriptions are not from any one particular point in time.
In recent years half of the pubs have closed making this challenge a little more difficult... or is it?

Graeme Meek is a member of song duo *Life and Times* and dance band *Time of Your Life*.
see www.lifeandtimes.info, www.lifeandtimes.org.uk, www.timeofyourlife.info, www.lifeandtimes.me.uk,
<https://soundcloud.com/lifeandtimes-uk>

THE TODDINGTON TOUR

HEARTILY

WORDS AND MUSIC
BY GRAEME MEEK



Chorus

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>We'll drink to the health of the people of Toddington,
Drink to the health of the landlords as well.
We'll drink to the health of the Bedfordshire Morris Men;
Hark for the sound of the sweet Morris bells.</p> <p>1. Down at The Sow and Pigs, Morris men gather
All for to dance and to drink cares away,
Roger, the landlord, draws ale from the cellar,
Raising our glasses, you'll hear us all say...</p> <p>2. On to The Nag's Head to dance for their pleasure,
Few come to see them, they're all in the bar.
Here's where the Morris Men drink in small measure,
Just one for the road and then on with the tour.</p> <p>3. Next to The Griffin to dance and be merry.
Still there's a spring in the step of them all.
Then to The Oddfellows, sticks in a flurry,
The melodeon plays and they dance to the call.</p> | <p>4. Now to The Angel for serious supping,
Dancing comes second to good English ale.
Refreshed with new life, the lads dance without stopping
'Til time comes to leave and continue the trail.</p> <p>5. Now from The Angel they drag themselves onward.
To Keith and to Paula they wave fond farewells.
The Bedford Arms looms as the evening grows darker.
Soon it will ring to the sound of the bells.</p> <p>6. Then from The Bedford Arms to The Red Lion,
Now they are nearing the end of the trail.
To dance on this tour needs muscles of iron
And a stomach, unyielding, to handle the ale.</p> <p>7. At last to The Bell for the final performance,
First there's some dancing and then some more beer;
Then back to The Sow And Pigs and celebration
To drink to the evening and talk of next year.</p> |
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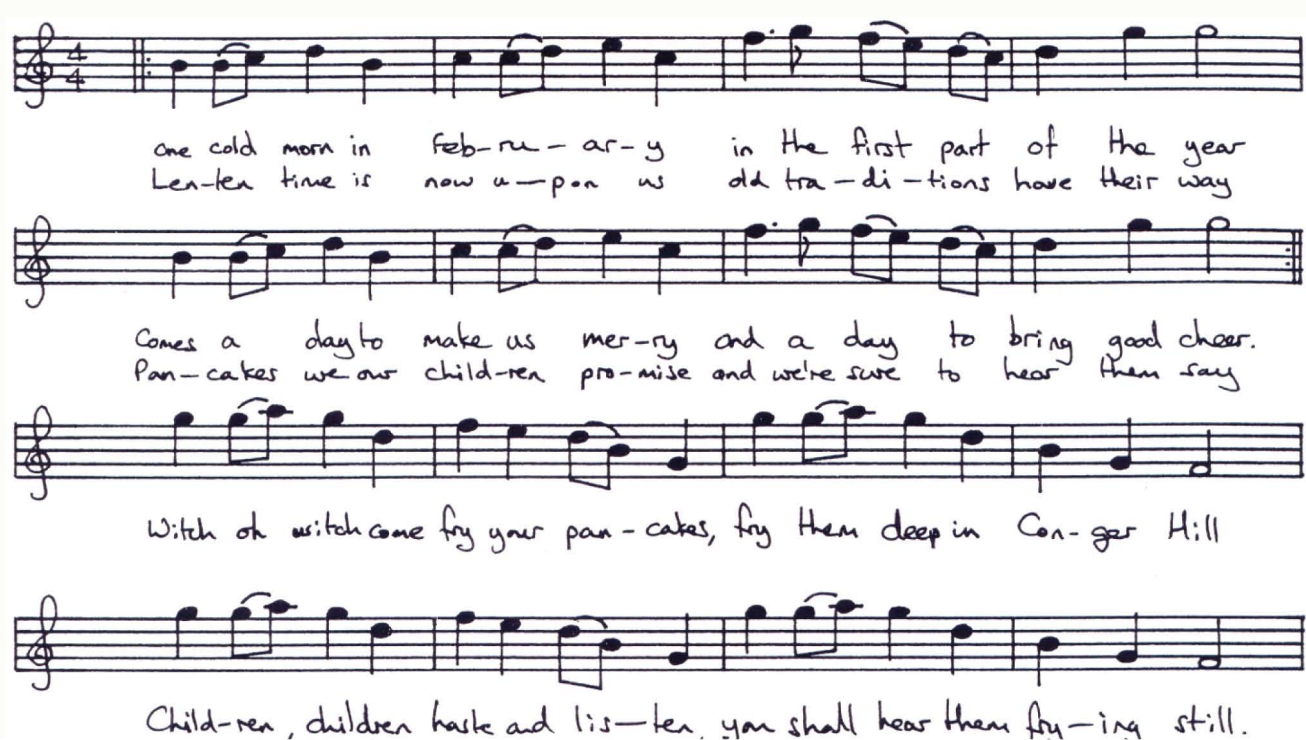
On an evening in late July each year Ampthill's Redbornstoke Morris, together with guest sides, tour the five pubs of Toddington, Bedfordshire, (formerly eight – three have now closed) dancing - and drinking - at each,

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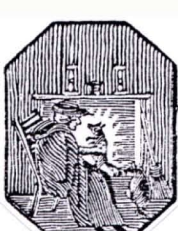
THE WITCH OF CONGER HILL

LIVELY

WORDS AND MUSIC
BY GRAEME MEEK



- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1. One cold morn in February,
In the first part of the year,
Comes a day to make us merry
And a day to bring good cheer.
Lenten time is now upon us
Old traditions have their way.
Pancakes, we, our children, promise
And we're sure to hear them say</p> <p>Chorus:</p> <p>Witch, oh witch come fry your pancakes.
Fry them deep in Conger Hill.
Children, children, haste and listen,
You shall hear them frying, still.</p> <p>2. Winter's store is now depleted,
Make the most of what we can.
Such a feast is ne'er repeated
'Til old Easter's past and gone.
Milk and flour and eggs all beaten,
Hear them sizzling in the pan.
Toss them hizzup to the ceiling;
Try and catch them if you can.</p> | <p>3. Now the witch, she is preparing,
In the early morning's chill
For a day, both long and wearing,
Frying deep below the hill.
Up on Conger hill they gather,
Children here from all around,
Kneeling with their heads bent over,
Ears pressed firmly to the ground.</p> <p>4. Now the day is surely ending,
Feel the early evening's chill.
Homeward, now, their way they're wending
From the top of Conger Hill.
Under Conger Hill, our good witch,
Now with pancakes in great store,
Scrubs and tidies up her kitchen
'Til Shrove Tuesday comes once more.</p> |
|---|--|



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It is said that if you venture onto Conger Hill in Toddington on Shrove Tuesday and put your ear to the ground, you will hear an old woman or witch, frying her pancakes.

This song is recorded on the Life & Times CD *Charivari*, Wixamtree Recordings WIX 051
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