

Joli Rouge

The Longest Johns

From France we get the Brandy
From Martinique the rum
Sweet red Cabernet
From Italy does come
But the fairest of 'em all, me boys
The one to beat the day
Is made from apples
Up the mighty Saguenay

So, follow me lads
'Cause this 'ain't no grog or ale
One pint down you'll be swingin' in the gale
Five pints bully, you'll be shakin' in your shoes
We're half-seas over on the Joli Rouge

She's called the Dreadnought Cider
She's proper and she's fine
And when the day is over
Sure, I wish that she were mine
Or in the dark of winter, or on a summer's eve
Oh, one hand giveth and the other doth receive

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So turn your sails over
And bring her hard to port
Find that little star and fly
Straight into the north
The wild sun upon your back
The wind a-blowing free
You're rolling down the river boys
To old Chicoutimi

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So you can have a Magners
And pour it over ice
Or you can have a Strongbow
If it's sadness that you like
Or join us up the river
And we'll set your heart aglow
And how you'll feel
When the real cider starts to flow

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