**Ode on a Pint of Guinness**

O thou of frothy, glorious head,

Of colour deep and woody brown,

O liquid staff of life, my bread,

Upon thy head the ale-king’s crown.

For what could e’er compare to thee

In body, taste or bitter breath?

What other drink could speak to me

Of life and love and loving death?

Give me not the peaty blend

Nor golden continental brew

A lager’s but a light contend-

Er, champion of no man true.

So raise a glass, and hail the gods

Whose water we convert to sud,

That levels grounds and evens odds,

Gives strength the heart and thickens blood.

O ye of steely bold resolve,

Of courage, eye unblinking,

Until sweet reason shall dissolve,

‘Tis the Guinness I’ll be drinking.