

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Glorious Ice

Glorious Ice  
(Les Barker)

A mild mannered manatee, lay basking in brine,  
On the banks of the far Falkland Isles,  
And he murmured with vanity, his voice was like wine,  
And his song could be heard for some miles,  
Away on a hillside in Shipston-on-Stour,  
A cow stood a-chewing her cud,  
This ruminatory, heard his oratory,  
And something was stirred in her blood.

Ice, ice, glorious ice,  
Nothing quite like it to make you feel nice,  
Men never make passes, at girls in crevasses,  
So fill up your glasses,  
With glorious ice.

This manatee was moved and was mildly upset,  
When he heard that far distant moo.  
For basso-profundity long distance duet,  
Are two things few herefords do.  
Away on a hillside in Shipston-on Stour,  
His true love she sang of the south.  
This big bovine being was antipodeing,  
As every moo moved through her mouth.

She sang of the glaciers she sang of the snow,  
Though she was in Shipston-on-Stour.  
He heard her arias and he knew he must go,  
And send her a Falkland Isle flower.  
Away on a hillside in Shipston-on Stour,  
A messenger moved up the slope,  
She saw that he bore a, gift from Interflora,  
And with it this message of hope.

Ice, ice, glorious ice,  
Nothing quite like it to make you feel nice,  
Men never make passes, at girls in crevasses,  
So fill up your glasses,  
With glorious ice.

The above is from memory not copied from The English Book of Penguin Folk Songs where I read it and thus may not be

wholly accurate. AG

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