

# BRASENOSE ALE VERSES



A Collection of Verses Presented on Tuesday 28th February 2017 by the Butler of  
Brasenose College, Oxford

\*

fecundi calices quem non fecere disertum? <sup>1</sup>

Printed in the College Office  
by the firm of Arnold

---

<sup>1</sup> Horace, Epistles 1.V

## 1. Sabina – tune ‘Delilah’ (Tom Jones).

I saw the light on the night that I passed by her office  
I saw the flickering shadow of love on her blind  
She was my accommodation manager  
As she emailed me I watched and went out of my room

My my my Sabina  
Why why why Sabina  
I could see, this room was too good for me  
But I was fined because I left it at twenty past three

At end of term when my parents were coming I was waiting  
I crossed the quad to her house and she opened the door  
She stood there frowning  
I left a box in my room and she frowned some more

My my my Sabina  
Why why why Sabina  
So before she comes to break down my door  
Forgive me Sabina I just couldn't take any more

She stood there frowning  
I felt the box in my hand and she frowned some more  
Bye bye Sabina  
Bye bye Sabina  
So before they come to break down the door  
We miss you Sabina, we wish you could email some more  
We miss you Sabina, we wish you could email some more.

## 2. House in Radcliffe Square – tune ‘House of the Rising Sun (The Animals).

There is a house in Radcliffe Square  
They call the JCR  
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy  
And God I know I'm one

My mother was a PPEist  
She cooked me a freshers week meal  
My father was a Pinger' man  
Down in Radcliffe Square

Now the only thing a pinger needs  
Is a playstation and a cue  
And the only time he's satisfied  
Is when he's dtb getting drunk

Oh mother tell your children  
Not to do what I have done  
Spend your lives in sin and misery  
In the House of the JCR

Well, I got one eye on the football  
The other eye on the frame  
I'm goin' back to Radcliffe square  
To pot that ball and game

Well, there is a house in Radcliffe Square  
They call the JCR  
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy  
And God I know I'm one

### 3. The Freedom Flag – tune ‘The Red Flag’.

The freedom flag let all applaud,  
Flying aloft the newest quad,  
On winter morning stiff and cold,  
Our eye’s transfixed its ev’ry fold.

Then raise the rainbow standard high.  
Within its shade we’ll love and sigh,  
Though critics flinch and sceptics sneer,  
We’ll keep the pride flag flying here.

It waved above our student might,  
As Trumpery seemed dark as night;  
A longer pennant is our vow,  
We must not change its colour now.

Then raise the rainbow standard high.  
Within its shade we’ll love and sigh,  
Though critics flinch and sceptics sneer,  
We’ll keep the pride flag flying here.

It well recalls a shameful past,  
Yet gives us hope of peace at last;  
The banner bright, the symbol plain,  
Of human rights and moral gain.

Then raise the rainbow standard high.  
Within its shade we’ll love and sigh,  
Though critics flinch and sceptics sneer,  
We’ll keep the pride flag flying here.

#### 4. Commoner people – tune ‘Common People’ (Pulp).

He came from the south-east he got a First for knowledge  
Of Geography at Brasenose College.

That’s where I  
Caught his eye.

He told me that the Hall was loaded  
I said “In that case I’ll have a three course meal with port”  
He said “Fine”.

And then in thirty second’s time he said:

I want to live like common(er) people  
I want do whatever common(er) people do  
I want to sleep with common(er) people  
I want to sleep with common(er) people  
Like you.

Well what I else could I do.  
I said “I’m afraid my room can’t fit two”.

I took him to a basement room in Frewin.  
I don’t know why  
But I hard to start it somewhere  
So it started there.  
I said pretend you’ve got no ensuite.  
He just laughed and said oh you’re so funny.  
I said yeah?  
Well I can’t see anyone else smiling in here.

Are you sure  
You want to live like common(er) people  
You want to see whatever common(er) people see  
You want to sleep with common(er) people  
You want to sleep with common(er) people like me.

But he didn’t understand,  
He just smiled and chose an A-band.

Rent a flat in John Wesley,  
Just to have some room to breathe.  
Hear your neighbours through the wall,  
Accept you’ll never go to Hall.  
But still you’ll never get it right  
‘cos when you’re laid in bed at night  
listening to the latest Union ball  
If you’re top of the ballot you can stop it all.

Yeah

.... *continued over* ....

You'll never live like common(er) people  
You'll never do whatever common(er) people do  
You'll never fail like common(er) people  
You'll never watch Old Quad slide out of view,  
and cook, and cook, and cook,  
Because there's nothing else to do.

I want to live like common(er) people  
I want to see whatever common(er) people see  
I want to sleep with common(er) people  
I want to sleep with common(er) people like me.

**5. Gotta go home – tune ‘Mr. Brightside’ (The Killers).**

Coming out of Val Thorens  
And I've been doing just fine  
Gotta gotta go home  
Because I want a rest  
It started out with a joke  
How did it end up like this  
It was only a joke, it was only a joke  
Now I'm not boarding the plane  
And they're calling a cab  
While I'm just an innocent bloke  
This whole experience is a drag  
Now they're flying to Geneva  
And my stomach is sick  
And it's all in my head  
But Joe's touching his chest  
Now, Rufus takes off his dress  
Now, let me go

I just can't leave its killing me  
And taking the piss  
Immigration policy, keeping Max in a foreign city  
Queuing in sick embassies  
Choking on your alibis  
But it's just the price I pay  
Better friends are calling me  
Open up my tired eyes  
Cause I'm Mr Swiss-side

**6. Final year – tune ‘Mr. Brightside’ (The Killers).**

Coming out of the Bod  
And I was doing just fine  
Then it suddenly hit  
That it's my final year  
At least I've been to a ball  
Not been to Burns Night at all  
But Ale Verses were cool - yes, Ale Verses were cool  
Now I'm looking for jobs  
And I'm finding a flat  
Need to pass my exams  
As well as think about that  
Now I'm going to bed  
And my stomach is sick  
Wish it was all in my head  
But it's nearly 8th week now  
One term left for me now  
Let me stay  
(And) I won't be good at adulting  
I've no self-control  
Pity me, nearly finished my degree  
Oh my word, the time - it flies!  
Gone before you've realised  
After graduation day  
All this will be history  
We'll look back with eager eyes  
When we're alumni

## 7. Hello from the HCR – tune ‘Hello’ (Adele).

Hello fresh-ers,  
I was wondering if after all these terms you’d like to see,  
That you’re not, all alone  
For lots of other students here we like to call this place our home

Hello, recognise me?  
You’ll most likely see me if I’m working in the library,  
When I was younger, finals free,  
I would go out every night, get into Park End VIP

There’s such a difference, between us, just wait til prelims comes around,

Hello from the HCR,  
You might not know who we are,  
But let me, tell you,  
That we’re students too,  
And just like undergrads, we have fun things we do,

Hello from the MSt,  
Integrated ones for free,  
We might be old, now but, believe me we know,  
That when we were younger, we used to run the show — but no more,

Hello, new era,  
It’s so typical that vac res remains a problem here,  
I hope, that you will, keep the veggie pledge & pledge 2 reg alive and kickin’ still,  
When we’re gone, Won’t be long, we’re running out of time,

So hello from the other side,  
We’re fourth years now, you bet we tried,  
To stay cool and relevant, keep coming to bops,  
But let me, tell you, you’ve all got sub-par props,

Hello from our post-grad lives,  
You might think we have kids and wives,  
But hell no, it’s true, Hassans is our favourite too,  
Commem balls and crewdates, pennyning somebody’s shoe  
But no more — ooooooh  
But no more — ooooooh  
But no more — ooooooooooh  
But no more — ooooooh

Hello fresh-ers do you see?  
We’re old but we’re not employees,  
Really you’re just like me, we’re all at BNC  
£2 pints and pantomimes, a sense of community

Hello to the JCR,  
Our common room is not that far,  
Biscuits and tea and a working coffee machine  
We’ve got mariokart and we like to keep the place clean / Come find the door....

8. B NNNNN C – tune ‘A thousand miles’ (Vanessa Carlton).

Makin' my way down town,  
walking fast,  
colleges pass  
and I'm home bound..

Staring blankly ahead,  
just makin' my way,  
makin' my way to B NNNNN C

And I need you  
And I miss you  
And now I wonder...

If I could pick, another place  
Do you think I, would re-submit  
Cause you know I'd do UCAS a thousand times  
and still piiiick yoouuuuu, tonight

It's always times like these  
when I think of Andy  
and I wonder if he ever thinks of meeeee

Cause everythings so right  
and I really belong  
living in  
your precious staircase threeeeeeee (or stairrrrcaaaaase eiiiiiggghteeteeeee)

And I need you  
And I miss you  
And now I wonder...

If I could pick, another place  
Do you think I, would re-submit  
Cause you know I'd do UCAS a thousand times  
and still piiiick yoouuuuu, tonight

## 9. Gap year – tune ‘Boulevard of Broken Dreams’ (Green Day).

I walk a lonely road  
The only one that I have ever known  
Went to India  
Took a gap year, now I walk alone

Think I found myself  
Want to spread the word to everyone  
Knowledge of the world  
And I’m the only one who sees the truth

Gap year, gap year, gap year, gap year  
Gap year, gap year, gap year, gap...

When I was on my gap year I saw all the world  
Now I’m mature and very spiritual  
Sometimes I wish someone out there would like me  
‘Til then I walk alone

Ah-ah ah-ah ah-ah aaah-ah  
Ah-ah ah-ah ah-ah ah-ah

When you drink vodka I  
Drink something weird from South America  
While you eat your chips  
I’d rather have my mirza ghasemi

I am so mature  
My anecdotes are gold and always fun  
‘Banter’, ‘chirpse’ and ‘sesh’  
I’ve no idea what any slang means

Gap year, gap year, gap year, gap year  
Gap year, gap year, gap year, gap...

All I want is to spread my wisdom to you all  
But you mock me when I go home from the ball  
When you’ve been out clubbing in downtown Beirut  
Wahoo was just “quite cute”

Ah-ah ah-ah ah-ah aaah-ah  
Ah-ah ah-ah ah-ah ah-ah

I’m not saying that  
I’m more sophisticated than you all  
But when all is said  
I’ve found myself and none of you have...

My friends in Nepal would be disappointed  
If they knew who I spent my uni years with  
Sometimes I wish someone out there would like me  
‘Til then I walk alone...

## 10. Don't stop revisin' – tune 'Don't Stop Believin' (Journey).

Just a small town girl, sitting in the RSL  
She's got revision notes scattered everywhere  
Just a city boy, has an offer from Deloitte  
He needs to pass if he's going anywhere  
A student in a silent room  
A smell of books pervades the gloom  
Nap a while, then revise all night  
It goes on and on and on and on

Students reading, cramming for their next exam  
Laptops glowing in the night  
Coffee, Red Bull, giving vital stimulation  
Focus, somehow we'll be fine

Working hard to not be worst  
Everybody wants a First  
Trying hard not to procrastinate  
'Cause there's no time  
Some will win, some will lose  
Some will only get 2:2s  
Oh, revision never ends  
It goes on and on and on and on

Students reading, cramming for their next exam  
Laptops glowing in the night  
Coffee, Red Bull, giving vital stimulation  
Focus, somehow we'll be fine

Don't stop revisin'  
Are you even trying?  
Coffee, Red Bull  
Don't stop revisin'  
Keep on  
Coffee, Red Bull  
Don't stop revisin'  
Unless you are dying  
Coffee, Red Bull

**11. Work from home [ *Tinbergen Building closes* ] – tune ‘Work from home’ (Fifth Harmony).**

I am worried 'bout asbestos  
I am wearin' a facemask  
I'm sittin' pretty, impatient, but I know you gotta  
go to these lectures, I'mma make it riskier  
I'm breathing tox after toxine, I am gonna get me cancer

I know your n'old and ugly building  
But I didn't think you'd poison me  
And I don't need no compensation  
'Cause baby, I can work at home

You don't gotta go to work, work, work, work, work, work, work  
But you gotta do the work, work, work, work, work, work, work  
You don't gotta go to work, work, work, work, work, work, work  
Let computers do the work, work, work, work, work, work, work, work  
We can work from home, oh, oh, oh oh  
We can work from home, oh, oh, oh oh

(repeat)

## 12. Eight am – tune 'Friday' (Rebecca Black).

Eight am, waking up in the morning  
Gotta be fresh, gotta get to out of bed  
Gotta have hall, gotta have cereal  
Seen the renovations,  
time is ticking on and on, everyone's rushing  
Gotta get to my - spot.  
Gotta get work done, but then I see my friends

They've taken all the front seats  
Taken all the back seats  
Gotta make my mind up  
Which seat can I take?

In the library, library  
Cant find seats in the library  
Everybody's used slips to reserve them, reserve them

Library, library  
No bloody seats in the library  
Everybody's used slips - to re-serve them

Studying, studying (yeah)  
Studying, studying (yeah)  
Is no fun, fun, fun, fun  
But it's how I spend my weekend

Last term it was clo-osed,  
This term it is o-pen  
We we we so excited,  
We so excited.  
Although it's dusty today.  
Tomorrow is Saturday,  
And no workers on Sunday.  
I want this drilling to end...

In the library, library  
Too dusty in the library  
Might work in the radcam till the weekend, weekend  
Library, library  
Why am I still in the library?  
Everybody's got fun plans for the weekend

Studying, studying (yeah)  
Studying, studying (yeah)  
Its no fun, fun, fun, fun  
But it's what I do on weekends

### 13. **Where are the Girls?** - tune 'Where is the Love' (Black Eyed Peas).

*[In aid of the 40 Years of Women in Brasenose Portrait Campaign].*

What's wrong with the world, mama  
People livin' like they ain't got no problems  
I think the whole hall devoted to one gender  
Not portraying the diversity of Brasenose members

Overall, yeah, we try to aid feminism  
And we do have feminists here livin'  
In the JCR of the BNC  
Aiding the girls in our community

But if you only have faith in the male sex  
Then you must have a serious complex  
And that complex only creates disrespect  
No disrespect, the genders need to intersect, yeah

Sexism is what you demonstrate  
And that's exactly how bias works and operates  
Man, you gotta have love just to set it straight  
Take control of our hall and commemorate  
Let our hall accommodate all the girls, y'all

Women workin', they're attainin'  
But for their paintings we're still waitin'  
Can you practice what you preach?  
And can you show equality?  
Miles, Miles, Miles help us  
We need some guidance from the pres  
'Cause people got me, got me questionin'  
Where are the girls?  
Where are the girls?  
Where are the girls?  
Where are the girls, the girls, the girls?