

Soirée 2019

The French Brexit Song (modified)

Oh England, you broke our heart when you voted to depart
But before you take French leave and go and pack,
One thing you'll surely lack, whether you be Jacques or even Jack
We just want to have our gallic language back.

You'll be lost and up a lonely cul-de-sac,
Of savoir-faire you'll surely lose the knack.
You may write la plume de ma tante, you could can-can but now you can't [OOH!]
'Cos we're taking all our French words back.

Non, you cannot drive a car without a chauffeur
You can drive a van but not a sleek coupé
You won't get very far without our ooh-là là
On the day French words go back to France.

Oh England, it's the start of picking allies à la carte
It isn't nice, but clearly it's too true
You can no longer rendez-vous or even parlez-vous
And we just want to have le français back.

You may still have a wife but no fiancé
Without us your soufflé will never ever rise
Don't bother to RSVP, we've slipped off for après ski
And we're taking all our French words back

Without a soupçon of warm Camembert or pâté
Le menu for the Soirée isn't there.
And you can't eat à la mode nor in a café down the road
We want our language back – it's only fair.

Alas you cannot have another encore [SHAME!]
You won't even have another village fête.
And if you want our bel esprit, I'm sorry c'est la vie
We want our language back before it is too late.

D'après Sarah-Louise Young, Maxim Melton and Amanda Palmer