

Philosophers, Poets & Kings

Kate Rusby

Diogenes surly and proud
He started at the ??? youth
He delighted in wine, wine that was good
Oh, because in good wine there was truth

Oh, for good wine
Oh, for the pleasure it brings
If it wasn't for wine, we couldn't sing
Of philosophers, poets and kings

Democritus' wine was well stored
With wine he suffered no wrath
And when he was drunk, as drunk as a bird
At those who were sober he'd laugh

And oh, for good wine
Oh, for the pleasure it brings
If it wasn't for wine, we couldn't sing
Of philosophers, poets and kings

Copernicus had wine in his veins
Oh, it made his philosophy real
Then fancied the world, just like his brains
Turned round like a chariot wheel

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Aristotle that master of arts
Had been but a dance without wine
Oh, for what we ascribe, ascribe to his parts
Was due to the juice of the vine

And oh, for good wine
Oh, for the pleasure it brings
If it wasn't for wine, we couldn't sing
Of philosophers, poets and kings

Old Plato was reckoned divine
Who wisely, to kindness was prone
But had it not been down to good wine
His merit had never been known

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Of philosophers and poets and kings