



Dear God,
Oh how I love my cuppa,
Five a day, breakfast, elevenses,
Dinner, tea and supper.

I scarcely stop to think of those
Working the fields wherein it grows,
Bent over double through the day
And often getting little pay.

They want their families to thrive,
but there are many challenges to survive

So when I put the kettle on
To share with friends and have a natter,
Make sure that we call to mind,
That **BREW IT FAIR**'s what really matters.

Amen

