

Jolly Good Ale and Old: A conversational evening of drink history and song at the sign of the Sheffield Tap 6.00-8.00

The Sheffield Tappers:

Angela McShane (V&A/RCA); James Sumner (Manchester); David Beckingham (Cambridge); Phil Withington (Sheffield); James Brown (Sheffield); Kate Davison (Sheffield); Alex Taylor (Sheffield)

And our very special guest:

Lucie Skeaping (BBC)

6.45 - 7.00 Interval

As you enjoy the hospitality of the Sheffield Tap, Experience the 'Delights of the Bottle' and other songs from the 17th century Top 100! Courtesy of the AHRC Hit Songs of the Seventeenth Century Project [Chris Marsh (QUB), Angela McShane (V&A/RCA), and The Carnival Band)













6.00: Welcome!

From Alehouse to Pub: Drinking Houses Now and Then

Song: Joan's Ale is New

Drink & Drinking Things

What did people drink in the past? And whatever happened to the leather bottle, the pewter tankard and the ceramic beer mug?

Song: The Leather Bottel

Measurement and Excess:

Were people in the past perpetually drunk?

Song: *The Black bole*

Company and Entertainment

Who would we expect to meet 'down the pub'? Did they have more fun than us?

Catch: Hey ho, nobody at home **Song:** Martin said to his man

Part II

How was your beer?

Historian of Technology, James Sumner analyses the Victorian pint.

Drink, Sex and Crime

Were pubs always havens for illicit sex & crime?

Song: The Trooper watering his nag

Jukebox

Drink and Song: pop songs that have lasted for two hundred years

Song: John Barleycorn: a 19th cent version

Finale

Catch: Goe no more to Sheffield











JOAN's Ale is New; OR: A new merry Medly, shewing the power, the strength, the operation, and the vertue that remains in good Ale, which is accounted the Mother-drink of England.

All you that do this merry Ditty view, Taste of Joan's Ale, for it is strong and new.

To a pleasant New Northern Tune.

There was a jovial Tinker,
Which was a good ale-drinker,
He never was a shrinker,
Believe me this is true,
And he came from the wild of Kent,
When all his money was gone and spent,
Which made him like a Jack-a-Lent,
And Joan's Ale is new,
And Joan's Ale is new boys,
And Joan's Ale is new.

The Tinker he did settle,
Most like a man of mettle,
And vow'd to pawn his kettle,
Now mark what did ensue.
His neighbours they flock't in apace.
To see Tom Tinker's comely face,
Where they drank soundly for a space,
Whilst Joan's Ale is new.
Whilst Joan's Ale is new, boys,
Whilst Joan's Ale is new

And then came in a Hatter,
To see what was the matter,
He scorned to drink cold water,
Amongst that jovial Crew,
And like a man of courage stout,

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He took the quart-pot by the snout, And never left till all was out,

O Joan's Ale is new.
O Joan's Ale is new, boys.
O Joan's Ale is new.

The bonny brave Shoemaker.

A brave tobacco-taker,
He scorned to be a Quaker,
I think his name was Hugh,
He called for liquor in so fast,
Till he forgot his awl and last.
And up the reckoning he did cast,
Whilst Joan's Ale is new.
Whilst Joan's Ale is new, boys,
Whilst Joan's Ale is new

Then came a drunken Dutchman,
And he would have a touch man,
But he soon took too much man,
Which made them after rue;
He drank so long as I suppose,
Till greasy drops fell from his nose,
And like a beast be-foul'd his hose,
Whilst Joan's Ale is new.
Whilst Joan's Ale is new, boys,
Whilst Joan's Ale is new

Thus like to men of courage stout,
Courageously they drank about,
Till such time all the ale was out,
As I may say to you.
And when the business was done,
They every man departed home,
And promised Joan again to come,
When she had brew'd a-new.
When she had brew'd a-new, boys,
When she had brew'd a-new

FINIS.



Intoxicants & Early Modernity England, 1580-1740

The second part, to the same Tune.

And merry Medly, thewing the power, the firength, the operation, and the vertue that remains in good Ale, which is accounted the Mother-drink of England, All you that do this merry Ditty view,

Taffe of Jam's Ale, for it is firong and new.

To a pleafant New Northern Tune. is New; OR

A No then came in a hatter, To fee what was the matter, De feogned to bifnk cold water, And like a man of courage flout. He tok the quart pot by the Inou And netier left till all was out, amongt that Nobial crew,

let each one take his due :

the brank to long as I fuppole, All greate drops fell from his no And like a beat befoul o his hole,

a melhman he came neut ffr, excitty joy and foreow mixt fir,

Whilft Iones, (fc.

And call'd to last to, lapand smooth, Unitel he had pawn's his Ulinegar Cloak excity Bookin, Shears, and Chimble, be die no whit deficintle.

A think his name was True, be fait that he was Ike to chook, The Laplo, being nimble.

he out his danger brew, Cuts plutter-a-nails, quoth Taffie than, A Beldman is a Shentleman, Come Holis allesthe other Can,

among't this jobial crew, Abgiter he had dere bad luck, Defoge that it was ten a clock, Abe fol got dunk and latt his frock Austh he file thew fome fport here A hin came a pittiful Poster,

And promifed ione again to com-when the had brew'd anew.

Conragiouly they yank about, Till fuch time all the ale was out, as A may fay to you. And when the business was bone,

A bey ebery man beparted home,

Thus like to men of courage flout

For Jones, &C.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, & T. Paffinger

They every man fpent half a crown,

For Iones, (tc.

And then came in the Meaber, pou never fam a byaber, Antig a Sollk man and a Clober, Tom Tinker fog to biew,

And up the reckoning he ofte eaf.
Whill Jones, Co.

Think his name was Hugh The bony blabe Shoomaker, an biabe Tobacoo-taker,

Ehen came a Dunken Dutchman,

And he would have a couch man, But he fan took to much man, which made them after rue ;



There was a jobial Linker, gulbich was a god Ale-dinker, beneve was a hijnker, believe me this is true,

Legithin was a god Ale-Hinker, South when good liquoj the found, believe mass hinker, was hinker was hinker, believe me this for true, And fores he is new, And fores he is new his Rettle, And he tegan hink apare, And fores he is new, And fores he is new his Rettle, And And he cold his Potts to her face, The Chinney conner was his place, And he began blink apace, And Jones Ale, it. The Peoler to the withfirt, For it was his votre. At those his ladge l'éh fire, sond burn the builde blew, Sond burnt to built ble diffes, An there bout the Glaffes, Eye rage were burnt to affes, Come next intle coom men, And fafo they would dichk for bon man, His Peterge the flockt inspice. Ao tee Tom Tinkerscomely face, an here they deank foundly fol a fpace, C'e Cobler and the Bronn mant, now mark what did enfue. Whilft Jones Ale, &c.





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And Jones



A Song in Praise of the Leather Bottel.

To the Tune of, The Bottel Makers Delight, etc

God above that made all things, The Heavens, the earth, and all therein, The ships that on the sea do swim, To keep the enemies out that none come in:

And let them all do what they can, Tis for the use and praise of man: And I wish in Heaven his Soul may dwell, That first devised the Leather Bottel.

Then what do you say to these cans of wood?

In faith they are, and cannot be good; For when a man he doth them send, To be filled with ale, as he doth intend;

The bearer falleth down by the way,

And on the ground the liquor doth lay;

But had it been a Leather bottel, Although it had fallen, yet all had been well:

And I wish in Heaven his Soul may dwell, That first devised the Leather Bottel.

Then what do you say to these glasses so fine?

Yes, they have no praise of mine For when a company they are set, For to be merry as we are met;

Then if you chance to touch the brim,

Down falls the liquor and all therein;

If your tablecloth be ne'er so fine, There lies your beer, ale, or wine: But had it been in a leather bottel, And the stopple in, then all had been well:

And I wish in Heaven his Soul may dwell, That first devised the Leather Bottel.

Then what do you say to these black pots three?

True, they shall have no praise of me, For when a man and his wife falls at strife,

As many have done, I know, in their life; They lay their hands on the pot, both.

And loath they are to lose their broth:

The one doth tug, the other doth ill.

Betwixt them both the liquor doth spill;

But had it been in the leather bottel,

They might have tugg'd, till their hearts did ache,

And yet their Liquor no harm could take:

Then I wish in Heaven his Soul may dwell, That first devised the Leather Bottel.

Then what do you say to the silver flaggons fine?

True, they shall have no praise of mine; For when a Lord he doth them send, To be filled with wine as he doth intend;

The man with the flaggon doth run away,

Because it is silver most gallant and gay;

Oh, then the Lord begins to ban, And swears he hath lost both flaggon and man!







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There's never a Lord's serving-man, or groom,

But with his Leather Bottel may come:

Then I wish in Heaven his Soul may dwell, That first devised the Leather Bottel.

A Leather Bottel we know is good, Far better than glasses or cans of wood, For when a man is at work in the field, Your glasses and pots no comfort will yield;

Then a good Leather Bottel standing him by,

He may drink always when he is dry;

It will revive the spirits and comfort the brain,

Wherefore let none this bottel refrain:

For I wish in Heaven his Soul may dwell, That first devised the Leather Bottel.

Then when this Bottel doth grow old, And will good liquor no longer hold, Out of the side you may take a clout, Will mend your shoes when they are worn out

> Else take it, and hang upon a pin, Will serve to put many odd trifles

in;

As hinges, awls, and candle ends, For young beginners must have such things:

Then I wish in Heaven his Soul may dwell, That first devised the Leather Bottel.











Intoxicants & Early Modernity England, 1580-1740

Then what do you fly to thele black Pots three?

True, they fhall have no Perilé of me,
For when a Man and his Wife falls at Strife,
As many have done know in their life;
They lay their istades onthe Pot both,
And loath they are to lofe their Broth),
Berwix them both the Liquor doth fill,
Berwix them both the Liquor doth fill,
But they fhall andwer another Day,
For caffing their Liquor fo vainly away,
But had it been in the Leather Bottel,
They might have trued, slit their Hearts did ake,
They might have trued, slit their Hearts did ake,
They might have trued, slit their Hearts did ake,
They might have trued till their Hearts did ake,
They might have trued till their Hearts did ake,

16. So when a steep are turning and making their Hay,

17. So most Ever turning and making their Hay,

18. And at Noon Time they fit them down,

18. And at Noon Time they fit them down,

18. And at Noon Time they fit them down,

19. To drink their Bottels of Ale Nuc brown;

19. To drink their Bottels of Ale Nuc brown;

19. To drink their Bottels of Ale Nuc brown;

19. To drink their Bottels of Ale Nuc brown;

19. The Repeat, Hedger, and the Pitcher,

10. The Leader, Lader, and the Pitcher,

10. The Repeat, Hedger, and the Ditcher,

10. The Bottel's Ears do fall;

20. The Number of a Leathern Bottel,

20. The Number of the Pitcher,

21. Then J myb, &c.

22. Thus you may hear of a Leathern Bottel,

23. Thus you may hear of a Leathern Bottel,

24. Thus you may hear of a Leathern Bottel,

25. Thus you may hear of it be but faull,

26. Thus you may hear of it be but faull,

27. Thus you may hear of it be but faull,

28. Then J myb, &c.

29. Then sould have been down of the feet of the Man that works at the Wood,

29. He often dock with for a bottel of Beer,

20. Then when this Bottel doth good of the Side you may take a Clout,

28. And will good Lique on to nger hold,

28. And will good Lique on tonger hold,

29. Then when this Bottel doth grown of A relies in,

20. Our of the Side you may take a Clout,

20. Our of the Side you may take a Clout,

20. Our of the Side you may take a Clout,

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20. Our of the Side you may take a Clo

Far better Bottel we know is good,
Far better thin Olifica or Can so of Wood,
For when a Man is at Workin the Field,
Your Galdfes and Post no Conflort will yield;
Then a good Leather Bottel thinding him by,
It will revive the Spirits and comfort the Brain,
Wherefore lett none this Bottel treffair.

Therwhated you day to the Silver Flaggons fine?

For when a Lord he doth them field.

For when a Lord he doth them field.

To be filled with Wine as he doth intend;

The Man with the Flaggon he doth run away,

Because it is Silver most gallant and gay;

And fiverars he Lord begins to ban,

And fiverars he but hold both Flaggon and Man;

But with his Learther Bottel may come:

Then I myll, &c. But had it been a Leather Bottel,
Although it had fallen, yet all had been well:
And I will, &c.

Shewing how Ghaffs and Pois are laid afide, And this you may very well be fure, And Huggings and Nuglish they cannot abide.)

The Leather Barrel will ongel enderes, And Fer all Wives do what they can,
And Her all Wives do what they can,
It for the Cle and Peaile of Man:
That first deviled the Leather Barrel.

Song in Praise of the Leather Bottel

To the Tune of, The Bottel Maker's Delight, Go.

OD above that made all Things,
To Ships that on the Earth, and all therein,
To keep the Enemies out that none come in;
And let them all do what they can,
This for the Ulicand Praife of Man;
And I might in Areason his sol

Then what do you fay to thefe Cans of Wood?

In Faith they are, and cannot be good;

For when a Man he doth them fend,

To be tilled with Ale, as he doth intend,

The Baarer filterh down by the Way,

And on the Ground the Liquor doth lay;

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The Black Bowle

From A briefe discourse of the true (but neglected) vse of charact'ring the degrees, by their perfection, imperfection, and diminution in measurable musicke, against the common practise and custome of these times ... By Thomas Rauenscroft, Bachelor of Musicke (1614).

Give us once a drink, for and the black bowle Sing gentle Butler *balley moy* For and the black bowle Sing gentle Butler *balley moy*

Give us once a drink, for and the pint pot Sing gentle Butler *balley moy* The pint pot, For and the black bowle Sing gentle butler *balley moy*

Give us once a drink, for and the quart pot
Sing gentle butler balley moy
The quart pot,
The pint pot,
For and the black bowle
Sing gentle Butler balley moy

Give us once a drink, for and the pottle pot
Sing gentle Butler balley moy
The pottle pot,
The quart pot,
The pint pot,
For and the black bowle
Sing gentle Butler balley moy

Give us once a drink, for and the gallon pot
Sing gentle Butler balley moy
The gallon pot,
The pottle pot,
The quart pot,
The pint pot,
For and the black bowle
Sing gentle butler balley moy

Give us once a drink, for and the firkin
Sing gentle Butler balley moy
The firkin
The gallon pot,
The pottle pot,
The quart pot,
The pint pot,
For and the black bowle
Sing gentle Butler balley moy

Give us once a drink, for and the kilderkin
Sing gentle Butler balley moy
The kilderkin
The firkin
The gallon pot,
The pottle pot,
The quart pot,
The pint pot,
For and the black bowle
Sing gentle Butler balley moy

Give us once a drink, for and the barrell Sing gentle Butler balley moy The barrell The kilderkin The firkin The gallon pot, The pottle pot,







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Intoxicants & Early Modernity England, 1580-1740

The quart pot,

The pint pot,
For and the black bowle
Sing gentle Butler balley moy

Give us once a drink, for and the Hogs

Head

Sing gentle Butler balley moy

The Hogs Head The barrell The kilderkin The firkin

The gallon pot, The pottle pot,

The quart pot, The pint pot,

For and the black bowle

Sing gentle Butler balley moy

Give us once a drink, for and the pipe

Sing gentle Butler balley moy

The pipe

The Hogs Head
The barrell
The kilderkin
The firkin
The gallon pot,

The pottle pot,

The quart pot,

The pint pot,

For and the black bowle

Sing gentle Butler balley moy

Give us once a drink, for and the Butt

Sing gentle Butler balley moy

The Butt The Pipe

The Hogs Head

The barrel

The kilderkin

The firkin

The gallon pot,

The pottle pot,

The quart pot,

The pint pot,

For and the black bowle

Sing gentle Butler balley moy

Give us once a drink, for and the Tun

Sing gentle Butler balley moy

The Tun

The Butt

The Pipe

The Hogs Head

The barrel

The kilderkin

The firkin

The gallon pot,

The pottle pot,

The quart pot,

The pint pot,

For and the black bowle

Sing gentle Butler balley moy











Hey ho, nobody at home Canon in 5 voices

















Martin Said the Man Also from Thomas Ravenscroft

1
Martin said to his man fie man fie
O Martin said to his man
Who's the foole now?
Martin said to his man
fill thou the cup and I the can
Thou hast well drunken man,
Who's the foole now.

I see a sheepe sheering corne,
Fie man fie;
I see a sheepe shearing corne,
Who's the foole now?
I see a sheepe sheering corne,
And a couckold blow his horne,
Thou hast well drunken man,
Who's the foole now.

3.
I see a man in the Moone,
Fie man fie;
I see a man in the Moone,
Who's the foole now?
I see a man in the Moone,
Clowting of St Peters shone,
Thou hast well drunken man,
Who's the foole now.

4.

I see a hare chase a hound,
Fie man fie;
I see a hare chase a hound,
Who's the foole now?
I see a hare chase a hound,
Twenty mile above the ground,
Thou hast well drunken man,
Who's the foole now?

5.
I see a goose ring a hog,
Fie man fie;
I see a goose ring a hog,
Who's the foole now?
I see a goose ring a hog,
And a snayle that did bite a dog,
Thou hast well drunken man,
Who's the foole now?

6.
I see a mouse catch the cat
Fie man fie;
I see a mouse catch the cat
Who's the foole now?
I see a mouse catch the cat
And the cheese to eate the rat,
Thou hast well drunken man,
Who's the foole now?











The Trooper watering his nag

From Thomas D'Urfey, *Pills to Purge melancholy* (1791), p. 77-79

There was an old woman lived under a hill Sing trolly, lolly, lolly lo She had good beer and ale for to sell Ho ho, did she so, did she so, did she so?

She had a daughter he name was Sis Sing trolly, lolly, lolly lo She kept her at home for to welcome her guests Ho ho, did she so, did she so?

There came a trooper riding by Sing trolly, lolly, lolly lo
He called for drink most plentifully Ho ho, did he so, did he so?

When one pot was out he called for another *Sing trolly, lolly, lolly lo* He kissed the daughter before the mother *Ho ho, did he so, did he so, did he so?*

And when night came on to bed they went Sing trolly, lolly, lolly lo It was with the mother's own consent Ho ho, was it so, was it so?

Quoth she: What's this so stiff and warm? Sing trolly, lolly, lolly lo 'Tis Ball, my nag, he will do you no harm Ho ho, won't he so, won't he so? But what is this hangs under his chin? Sing trolly, lolly, lolly lo Tis the bag he puts his provender in Ho ho, is it so, is it so, is it so?

Quoth he: 'What's this?' Quoth she: 'Tis a well Sing trolly, lolly, lolly lo Where Ball your nag may drink his fill Ho ho, may he so, may he so?

But what if my nag should chance to slip in?

Sing trolly, lolly, lolly lo

Then catch hold of the grass that grows on the brim

Ho ho, must I so, must I so, must I so?

But what if the grass should chance to fail?
Sing trolly, lolly, lolly lo
Shove him in by the head, pull him out by the tail!
Ho ho, must I so, must I so, must I so?











Sir John Barleycorn

There were three knights came from the north
And strove for a victory;
And they did make a solemn vow
That Barleycorn should die.
They plough'd him down with strong plough irons.
Put clods upon his head.
And then they made a solemn vow
That Barleycorn was dead

And he lay sleeping on the ground Till rain from the sky did fall; Then Sir John Barleycorn rose up And sore amazed them all; And there he lay till Midsummer, Till he grew pale and wan; And then Sir John had gotten a beard And so became a man

They hired men with scythes so sharp. To cut him to the knee;
And thus they us'd poor Barleycorn
And serv'd him barbarously.
They hired men with pitchforks strong
To pierce him to the heart;
And like a thief for felony.
They bound him to a cart

They hired men with crab-tree sticks
To thrash his skin and bones;
But the miller use'd him ten times worse,
He ground him between two stones.
Put wine into a glass, sir,
Put claret in a can;
But Barleycorn in a nut-brown bowl
Will prove the nobleman.











Intoxicants & Early Modernity England, 1580-1740

A ploutant new Ballad to look upon, Mow Mats Deals with every Mann

The Trainer and in a testing eigen dozuga payment, Re. M. S. M. S

M. R. Adda is a Gentleman, and the control of the c

The Style for ded coulcing and hard, the first the Borg to perfect on, and the first the Borg to perfect on, and for the Borg to perfect on, and for the Borg to perfect on, and for the Borg to perfect on the Borg to perfect on the Borg to perfect of the Borg of the Borg to perfect of the Borg of the Borg to perfect of the

They rub'd and flur'd him up and down, and oft did toyl and ture,
The Maltenan likewise wow his death, his body shoald be fure, They pull'd and hal'd him up in fright, and threw him on a kill, Yea, dry'd him o're a five hot, the more to work their will.

But not content with this, God wot, they wrought him so much theres. With cruel threat they promise next, to beat him site a balm. The last time the y took him sp, they served him, worst then that, For with hot feel ding liquor store they wasts thim in a fat,

And lying in this danger deep, for fear that lhe flould quarel, They beaved him firsight out of the fat, and turn'd into the barrel.

They goar'd and broach'd it with a tap, fo thus his death began,
And drew out every drop of blood, while any drop, would run,

Some brought in Jacks upon there backs, fome brought in bowls and pail, Yea, every Man fome weapon had, poor Barley-corn to kill,

When Sir John Good-afe heard of this, he came with mickle might, And took by frength their tongues away, their legs, and eke their fight. Sir John at laft in this respect, io paid them all their hire, That some lay bleeding by the walls, some tambling in the mire;

All you good Wives that bren good aley Good keep you from all teen, Eue if you pat too nuch water in, the Devil put out your eyne.

Then to the mill they fored him first, whereas they bruis d his bones, The Miller forone to insurder him betwitt a pair of flones.

So then they took him up again, according to his kind,
And plac'd him up in everal flacks, to wither with the wind. Then bloody they cut him down, from place were he did fland, And like a Thief tor reachery they bound him in a band,

Then with a pitchfork flarp and long they rent him to the heart, And Traytor-like for treafon vile, they bound him in a cart.

And tending him with weapons flrong, unto the town they hye, Whereas they mow'd him in a mow, and so they let him lye,

They left him groaning by the walls, till all his bones was fore.

And having took him up again they caft him on the floor.

And bired two with holly clubs to beat at him at once; Who thwackt to hard on Burley-cryn, the fleth fell from his bones.

Then after took him up again, to pleafe fome Womens mind, Yea, dufted, fam'd, and lifted his till he was almost blind.

Full faft they knit him in a fack, which griev'd him very fore, And foundly it eept him in a fat, for three days space and more.

Printed by and for [III. D, and fold by A. Berefront, altheRedLion on Londonbringe.

Pleafatt New Ballad to fing Ev ning and Morn Co. Licens'o and Enter'd according to 100 Wherefore with hooks and fickles keen, unto the field they ly'd, They cut his leggs off by the knees, and limb from linb divide. When ripening at St. Jamr's Tide, his countenance waxed wan. Yet now full grown in part of firength, and thus became a Man. Increafing thus till Midfummer, he made them all afraid; For he forung up on high, and had a goodly beard.

S I went through the North Country,
I heard a merry meeting.
I pleasant coy, and full of joy,
two Novle-Wen were greeting:

And as they walked forth to fport, upon a Summer's day:
They met another Nobleman, with whom they had a fray.

Lis name was Sir John Barley-torn, he dwel: down in a vale; and had a Kinfman dwelt with him, they call'd him Thomas Good-ale.

The one named Sir Richard Beer, was ready at that time, And likewite came a busine Peer, call'd Sir William White-wine,

Wome of them fought in a black jack,

fome of them in a can;

Bar yet the chiefeff in a black pot,
fought like a Novleman.

Some faid, kill him, fome faid him drown, fome withtro Sang him high, for those that fallowed Barley-corn, they faid would Beggars dye, Sr Barley-corn fought in a bowl,
who won the Victory;
Which is it is then all to chafe and fwear,
that is arter-carn mult dye.

hen with a plow they plow'd him up, and thus they did devite, or bury him within the earth, and fwore he fhould not rife,

From whence again they took him on and laid him forth to dry; Then call him on the chamber-floor, and fwore that he should dye.





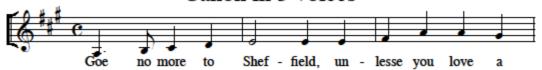


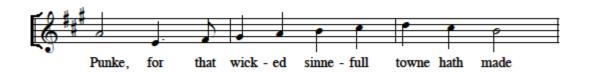
The University Of Sheffield.

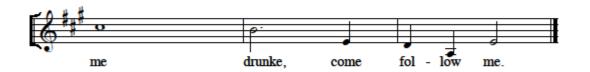




Goe no more to Sheffield Canon in 3 voices

















Intoxicants in the Sheffield Tap is part of the Being Human Festival, the UK's only national festival of humanities. From philosophy in pubs, history in coffeehouses, classics on social media and language lessons on street corners – the festival provides new ways to experience how the humanities can inspire and enrich our everyday lives. Being Human demonstrates the strength and diversity of the humanities, and how they can help us to understand ourselves, our relationships with others, and the challenges we face in a changing world. See more at www.beinghumanfestival.org









