



Intoxicants & Early Modernity England, 1580-1740

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]





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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*



The
University
Of
Sheffield.





Intoxicants & Early Modernity England, 1580-1740

**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,

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.



The bonny biter Spoon-maker,
A brave Spoon-maker,
He troined to be a Drinker,
I think his name was Hugh,
He called for liquor in so fast,
I'll be forgot his shot and last,
And up the reckoning he did cast,
Whilft Jones, &c.

And then came in the Water,
You never saw a Water,
With a Silk man and a Glover,
Tom Tinker for to brew,
And so to welcome him to Town,
They every man spent half a crown,
And to the drink went merrily down,
For Jones, &c.

Then came a drunken Dutchman,
And he would have a touch man,
But he took too much man,
Which made them after sue,
He drank so long as I suppose,
All greater drops fell from his nose,
And like a beast he fell to his hole,
Whilft Jones, &c.

A Welshman he came next to,
With joy and to row mist to,
Who being partly bent to,
He out his dagger drew,
Cut-plutter-a-mis, quoth Taffie span,
A Welshman is a Gentleman,
Come what is all at the other Can,
For Jones, &c.

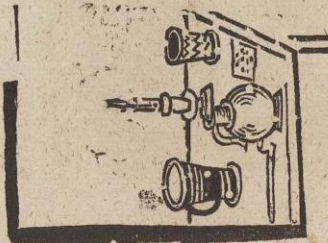
Thus like to men of courage stout,
Courageously they drank about,
Till such time all the air was out,
As I may say to you,
And when the business was done,
They every man departed home,
And promised some again to come,
When she had brew'd anew.

F I N I S.

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

JOAN'S Ale is New, OR?

A new merry Medley, 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.



Let each one take his due:
But when good liquor they found,
They cast their caps upon the ground:
And to the Tinker he drank round:
Whilft Jones Ale, &c.

The King man he being weary,
With the humble he did carry,
He thought he would be merry,
And spend a shilling or two:
And he told his story to her face,
The Chimney corner was his place,
And he began to drink apart,
And Jones Ale, &c.

The Tinker he drew nigher,
For it was his desire,
To show the wags of his face,
And burn the humble blew,
So would they drink whole flasks,
And there about the glasses,
The wags were burnt to ashes,
And Jones Ale, &c.

There was a jovial Tinker,
Which was a good ale-drinker,
He never was a drinker,
He told the tale so true,
And he came from the north of Kent,
When all his money was gone and spent,
Which made him like a Jack-a-Lent,
And Jones Ale is new,

And Jones Ale is new Boys,
And Jones Ale is new,
The Tinker he did settle,
Spot like a man of mettle,
And how to put a little
Now mark what did ensue,
His spades they flockt in pace,
To see Tom Tinker come in place,
And here they drank roundly for a space,
Whilft Jones Ale, &c.

The Tinker and the Wagon-mat,
Came next to the room man,
And said they would drink for town man,



Intoxicants & Early Modernity England, 1580-1740

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.*

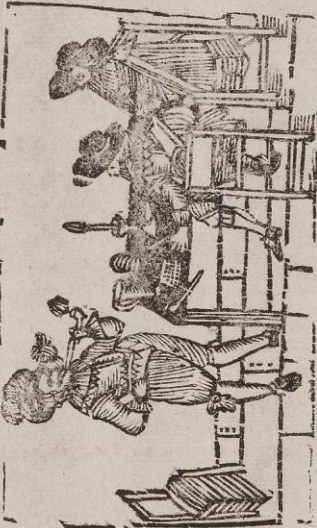


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A Song in Praise of the Leather Bottel.

Shewing how Glasse and Potts are hit off,
And how the Leather Bottel will engend endure;
And how it will in Heaven his Soul may dwell,
'Tis for the Use and Praise of Man.

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



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 will in Heaven his Soul may dwell,
That first devised the Leather Bottel.

Then what do you say to these Glassees so fine?
Yes, they have no Praise of mine;
For when a Company they are met;
For to be merry as we are met;
Down falls the Liquor and all therein;
If your Table Cloath be never so fine;
There lies your Beer, Ale, or Wine;
It may be for a small Abuse,
A young Man may his Service lose;
But had it been in a Leather Bottel,
And the Stopples in, then all had been well:

And I will, &c.

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 fills at Strife,
As many have done I know in their Life;
They lay their Hands on the Pot both;
And both they try to toll their Broth;
The one doth tug, the other doth ill;
Betwixt them both the Liquor doth spill;
But they shall answer another Day,
For calling their Liquor so vainly away;
But had it been in the Leather Bottel,
They might have tug'd, till their Hearts did ake,
And yet their Liquor no Harm could take:
They might have tug'd till their Hearts did ake,
Then I will, &c.

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 lend,
To be filled with Wine as he doth intend;
The Man with the Flagon he doth run away,
Because it is Silver most gallant and gay;
Oh, then the Lord begins to ban,
And frowns he hath lost both Flagon and Man;
There's never a Lord's Serving-Man or Groom,
But with his Leather Bottel may come:
Then I will, &c.

A Leather Bottel we know is good,
Far better than Glassees or Cans of Wood,
For when a Man is at Work in the Field,
Your Glassees 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 will, &c.

Also the honest Sixth-man too,
He knew not very well what to do,
But for this Bottel standing him near,
That is filled with good Household Beer,
At Dinner he sits him down to eat,
With good hard Cheele, and Bread or Meat;
Then this Bottel he takes up again,
And drinks and lets him down again;
Saying, good Bottel stand my Friend,
And hold out till this Day doth end:
For I will, &c.

And likewise the Hay-makers too,
When as they are turning and making their Hay,
In Summer Weather, when as it is warm,
A good Bottel full then will do them no Harm;
And at Noon Time they fit them down,
To drink their Bottles of Ale Nor brown;
Then the Lads and Lasses begins to tattle,
What should we do but for this Bottel?
They could not work if this Bottel was done,
For the Day's so hot with the Heat of the Sun:
Then I will, &c.

Also the Leader, Lader, and the Pitcher,
The Reeper, Hedges, and the Ditcher,
The Binder, and the Raker and all
About the Bottel's Ears do fall;
And if his Liquor be almost gone,
This Bottel he will part withal;
But say, My Bottel is but small,
One Drop I will not part withal:
You must go drink at some Spring or Well,
For I will keep my Leather Bottel:
Then I will, &c.

Thus you may hear of a Leather Bottel,
When as it is filled with Liquor full well;
Though the Substance of it be but small,
Yet the Name of the Thing is all;
There's never a Lord, Earl, or Knight,
But in a Bottel doth take Delight;
For when he is hunting of the Deer or Beast,
He often doth with for a Bottel of Beer;
Likewise the Man that works at the Wood,
A Bottel of Beer doth oft do him Good:
Then I will, &c.

Then when this Bottel doth grow old,
And will good Liquor no longer hold,
One of the Side you may take a Clout,
Will mend your Shoes when they're worn o
Eft take it, and hang upon a Pin,
Will serve to put in odd Tridles in;
As Hinges, Nails, and Candle Ends,
For young Beginners must have such Things:
Then I will in Heaven his Soul may dwell,
That first devised the Leather Bottel.

Newcastle: Printed and sold by John White.



Intoxicants & Early Modernity England, 1580-1740

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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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



Intoxicants & Early Modernity England, 1580-1740

Hey ho, nobody at home Canon in 5 voices

Hey ho, no - bo - dy at home,
meate nor drinke nor mo - ney have I none,
fill the pot Ea - die.



Intoxicants & Early Modernity England, 1580-1740

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.

2

I see a sheepe sheering corne,
Fie man fie;
I see a sheepe sheering 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?



Intoxicants & Early Modernity England, 1580-1740

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, 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, 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, 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, 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, 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?



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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

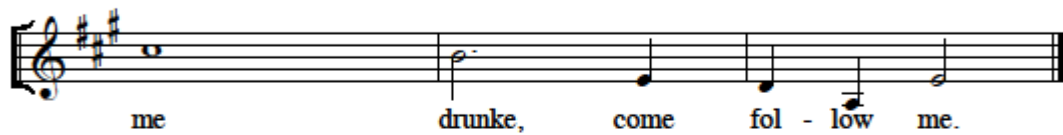
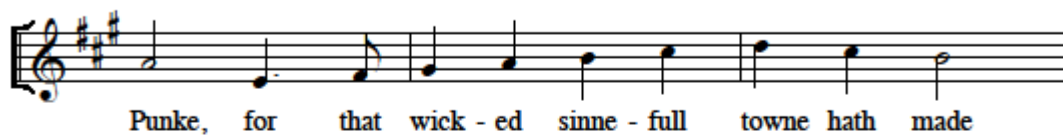
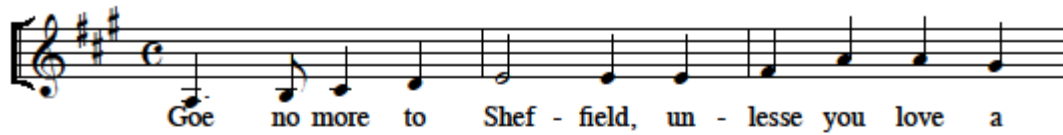
They hired men with crab-tree sticks
To thrash his skin and bones;
But the miller use'd him ten times worse,
He ground him between two stones.
Put wine into a glass, sir,
Put claret in a can;
But Barleycorn in a nut-brown bowl
Will prove the nobleman.

[illegible]



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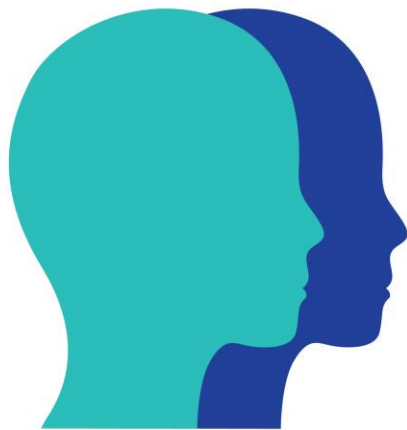
Goe no more to Sheffield Canon in 3 voices





Intoxicants & Early Modernity England, 1580-1740

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



Being Human

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