



Intoxicants & Early Modernity England, 1580-1740

Intoxicants and Politics: Past and Present
The CPA Room,
Palace of Westminster:
Monday 10 October 2016



Arts & Humanities
Research Council



The
University
Of
Sheffield.



**ALCOHOL
RESEARCH UK**



Intoxicants & Early Modernity England, 1580-1740

Programme

15:10-16:15 Introductions

Rt Hon Kevin Barron MP & Phil Withington (University of Sheffield)

15.20-1615 Panel 1: British Governance

Chair: Phil Withington (University of Sheffield)

James Brown (University of Sheffield): Licensing and Alcohol: The Long View

David Beckingham (University of Cambridge): Women and Regulation

Gerald Gouriet (QC, FTB Chambers): The Failure of Regulation

16:15-17:10 Panel 2: Comparative Perspectives (Sponsored by Alcohol Research UK)

Chair: Lord Malcolm Bruce of Bennachie

Karin Sennefelt (Stockholm University): Scandinavia

Gemma Blok (University of Amsterdam): The Netherlands and Germany

Rudi Mathee (University of Delaware): The Middle East

17:10-18:05 Panel 3: Cultures of Intoxication

Chair: Chloe Challender, Senior Clerk at House of Commons

Robin Eagles (History of Parliament): Parliamentary Intoxication

Kate Davison (University of Oxford): Clubs, Pubs and Intoxicating Humour

John Holmes (University of Sheffield): A Typology of British Drinking Culture 2009-2011: Implications for Alcohol Policy

Reception (19:00-21:30)

The post-conference reception features two short musical sets, courtesy of the AHRC Hit Songs of the Seventeenth Century Database project. Together, they briefly (and interactively!) explore the close relationship between drink, song, and politics, past and present. The sessions will be introduced by Angela McShane (V&A/Sheffield) and songs will be performed by members of *The Carnival Band* led by Andy Watts

19:00-19:30 Party Like It's 1679! Drink, Song, and the Creation of Party Politics

Featuring: Delights of the Bottle, The Wine Cooper's Delight, The Loyal London Apprentice, and Old Simon the King

20:00-20:30 Drink, Song, and Politics: Modern to Contemporary

Featuring: The Murder of Sir John Barleycorn, Lloyd George's Beer, Glorious Ale, and Rounds and Catches



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The Delights of the Bottle

This song was #34 of the top 100 Hit Songs of the Seventeenth Century

1

The Delights of the Bottle, & Charms of good wine,
To the pow'r & the pleasures of love must resign,
Though the night in the joys of good drinking be
past,
The debauches but still the next morning doth last;
But loves great debauch is more lasting and
strong,
For that often lasts a man all his life long.

2

Love, and Wine, are the bonds that fasten us all,
The world, but for this, to confusion would fall;
Were it not for the pleasures of love, and good
wine,
Mankind, for each trifle, their lives would resign;
They'd not value dull life, or would live without
thinking
Nor Kings rule the world, but for love & good
drinking.

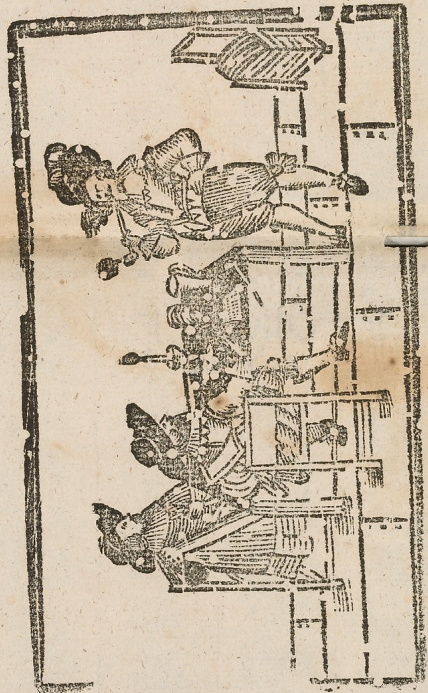
As the first ever political parties developed in clubs and gangs, recruitment and solidarity were facilitated by heavy drinking practices and singing, this hugely popular song was adapted as a Tory attack on the Whig leader Anthony Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury.

The Delights of the Bottle.

O. R.

The town-Galants Declaration for Women and Wine.

Being a Description of a Town-bred-Gentleman, with all his Intrigues, Pleasures, Company, Honor, and Conversation.
Some Lines were drawn by a more skilful hand;
And which they were you'll quickly understand;
Execute me therefore if I do you wrong,
I did but make a Ballad of a Song.
To a most Admirable New Tune, every where much in request.



The Delights of the Bottle are charms of good wine,
To the power of the pleasures of love must resign,
Though the night in the joys of good drinking be past,
The delights but still the next morning doth last,
But loves great delight is more lasting and strong,
For that often lasts a man all his life long.
Love, and Wine, are the bonds that fasten us all,
The world, but for this, to confusion would fall,
Where it not for the pleasures of love and good wine,
Man-kind, for each trifle, their lives would resign,
They'd not be so dull as to waste the without thinking
Of Kings rule the world, but for love and good drinking,
For the Duke, and the Duke, by society runs,
For he would not take a glass but for conversation his thirst

And poor! Nature up holds with a bit and a knock
What ever the ignorant riddle may say,
Who he breaths till a hundred, he lives but a day.
Let the Puritan preach against wenches, and drink,
He may waste our his lungs but I know what I think,
When the Lecture is done, he's a better entire;
For a Letter in Town can out do him at Wine;
Who beneath his Religion, he stifles his joys,
And becomes a Delaugh without clamour or noise.
I want the Wines of North, little difference lies,
But that one is more op, the other perize;
Though he drinks like a rich with his eye-balls lift up,
For he warrant the rich, he shall take off his cup;
This is the reason he hauch, the gallants outmatch.

The Second Part, To the same Tune.

For the Lady of Virtue & Honour to strive,
That who offers her Gimmies deserves to be kick'd
Who wish spot by her self, both her fair beguile,
That's asham'd of a jest, and afraid of a smile,
Say the by her self, till she wear out the stairs,
Coming down to her Dinner, and up to her Papers,
But let us that have noble and generous souls,
No method observe, but in filling our bowls;
Let us frolic it round, to replenish our veins,
And with notions divine, to enpire our brains,
Tis a way that's Gentle, and is found to be good,
Both to quicken the Wit, and enliven the blood.
What a pleasure it is to see bottles before us,
With the women among us to make up the Chorus;
Now a Jest, now a Catch, now a Ball, now a Healt,
Till our pleasure comes on by insensible healt,
And when grown to a height, with our Girls we retire,
By a better enjoyment, to slacken the fire.
And this is the way that the wiser do take,
A perpetual motion in pleasure to make:
With a flood of Oblivion, we fill up each vein,
All the Spirits of which our's Attriback must drain;
While the soberer sort, has no notion of blood,
For his fancy is nothing but puddle and mud.
He's a slave to his soul, who in sight of his sense,
With a Clog of his own putting on can dispence,
For he's affecting himself, when at large he might rove,
So he's ty'd from the sweets of good drinking and love,
For he's languish'd well, that he's thought to be wise,
By the dull and the foolish; I mean the priests.
For my part whatever the consequence be,
To my wit and my fancy, I'll always be free,
They are mad that do willingly run upon themselves;
Since dangers, and troubles, will come of themselves;
For whoever distrusts to live like a man,
He must be without trouble, as long as he can.
And these are the pleasures true Gallants do find,
To which if you are not, you should be inclin'd,
For you follow my counsel, you take off the curle,
And if you do not, we are never the worse;
For none will retire, but a Dragger of Clit,
Who to eat on the humour, wants fancy of Wit.

E I N I S. made about 1650.

Printed for P. Brook-by, and R. Burton and are to be sold at their shops in West-Smith field.

The Wine-Cooper's Delight, To the Tune of, *The Delights of the Bottle.*



French Melodians of the North, are in our debt, by factions musical sons of dumb old echoes.

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Good Nature's suggested wit, of falcon drum'd Melodians by the cursed Melodians-Cooper.

When this duncy Melodians-Cooper stops it up again,
And keeps it unbroken till it's all on a flame.
The Intelligence then were invented to show,
Where Melodians of strange Artures in plenty did flow,
People from all parts of the Nation did come,
Each Lords, Knights and Gentlemen, Doctor and Bum.

The Cooper then pulls the Tap out of his face,
And looks to the Echoes of all his good Grace.
But when they had gull'd about all their souls,
They found a strange Freedom it gave to their souls,
Of secrets in Nature, that never were known,
It gave Anticipation from Beggar to Throne.

He did rotten pipes, where he keeps all this trash,
For fear they should burst, Sir, he hops them with Ash.
When the Anticipation begins to froth,
And boils on the fire, Sir, he wisely pulls forth
A Tap, which gives vent to the grounds of the Cause,
And then is to dump up a second Melodians.

The Second Part to the same Tune.

For the Cooper himself full Examiners did draw,
And all the whole Gang were oblig'd to do so.
Amongst these Cabals there was no such a thing,
As he let once propos'd to the Duke of the King.
But thank to that foot of hopes, in their Powers,
And sons of most infamous Hackney old Echoes.

When the Rabbie had notice from Smith and from Ben,
That a heavenly Liquor was sent amongst men.
Both tinkers and Cobblers, the Y-man-men and Sweep,
To taste this Melodians-Cooper in flocks they did meet.
And each under fair stamp his old greasy Souner,
To drink Melodians's health, Sir, what ever came on it.

The Cooper perceiving his Trade to approach,
He then was resolved once more to debauch.
To encourage the Rabbie, and for to himself shout,
He pull'd out the spigot amongst the whole hour.
Which kindness provoked them to swear they would bring
Such Trade to his house as would make him a King.

A Hat of a Portle was still at the Tap,
But Melodians some times laid their shoulders to the fat.
They charge'd their brisk Bumpers to many times round,
Till part of the Mobile spawl'd on the ground:
But when this duncy Liquor was got in their pates,
They fell to Stumbling, Stopping King of Beasts.

They began to cant Duncies by formal Section,
And swear habitual Allegiance 'gainst taxid Surrection.
When these Propositions began to take fire,
They crowd'd their presumptions a hole of two higher.
But still they keep under Hugh Peters's Cloak,
To bring in the Devil, to drive out the Pope.

But then they began for to pick at the Crown,
And thinking that he defec'd one of his own.
When all the King's Chancery they thought fit to gadit,
Swear Treason 'gainst all that maintain'd the Right.
No Papal and Protestant no matter whether,
They are not of our party, let's hang 'em together.

But the chief of our Game is to keep the King poor,
And our Senators must the spittin lecture.
The Ship and Cinque Ports we'll have in our hands,
And then we'll make this Kingdom obey our Commands:
Then if Charles do withstand us, we need not to fight,
To make Crichton out to out do forty eight.

Wherever Objections great Loyalists bring,
Old Adam his happy without e're a King.
When why may not we, that are much wiser than he,
Debate the whole Melodians, Sir, by our Sovereignty?
If one man alone can keep these Nations under,
When why may not we that are Kings without number?

Right, said the Cooper, and that's his old double,
These Kingdoms we'll rule, like a Child in a Cradle.
Stick close to this Liquor which I do prepare,
I'll make us as plentiful as Noll in his Chair.
We'll have old Poles, by in venting of new,
Till none shall be safe but the Cooper and Peat.

O brave Boys! O brave Boys! the Rabbie did roze,
Lauds and Praises shall Victor, no more;
By as they're out-acted, to the they fall ben,
Till we're to our Melodians they're all alone.
When they were dead drunk as the Devil could make 'em,
And fell fast asleep, as ten Drums could not wake 'em.

In the Pits and the Specter the poor Cooper did padle,
To keep up his Day, but the Rabbie was not able.
For his Limbs like a Portle did gyrate and create,
When drops the Melodians-Cooper with the other Pates:
And there the whole Litter as per doth abide,
At the sign of the But, with the Tap in our fire.

The Wine-Cooper's Delight (1681)
To the Tune of, The Delights of the Bottle.

1

The Delights of the Bottle are turnd out of dores,
By Factious Fanati-cal sons of damnd Whores.ⁱ
French Wines Prohibition meant no other thing,
But to poyson the Subject, and begger the King.
Good Natures suggested with Dregs like to choak
her,
Of fulsom stumd Wine by the cursed Wine-Cooperⁱⁱ

3

For the Cooper himself full Brimmers did draw,
And all the whole Gang were oblig'd to do so.
Amongst these Cabals there was no such a thing,
As a health once propos'd to the Duke or the King.
But drank to that Idol of Hopes, in their Powers,
And Sons of most Infamous Hackney old Whores.^v

5

A Hat or a Pottle was still at the Tap,
But Zealots some times laid their Mouths to the
Fat.
They charg'd their brisk Bumpers so many times
round,
Till part of the Mobile sprawl'd on the ground:
But when this damn'd Liquor was got in their
pates,
They fell to Bumbasting, Disord'ring of States.

7

Whatever Objections great Loyallists bring,
Old Adam liv'd happy without ere a King.
Then why may not we, that are much wiser than
he,
Subdue the whole World, Sir, by our Sov'reignty?
If one man alone can keep three Nations under,
Then why may not we that are Kings without
number?

2

His old rotten Pipes, where he keeps all this
Trash,
For fear they should burst, Sir, he hoops them
with Ash.
When the Sophistication begins for to froth,
And boyls on the Fret, Sir, he wisely pulls forth
A Tap, which gives vent to the grounds of the
Cause,ⁱⁱⁱ
And then is to vamp up a second Red Nose.^{iv}

4

Then the Rabble had notice from Smith and from
Ben,^{vi}
What a heavenly Liquor was sent amongst men.
Both Tinkers and Coblers, the Broom-men and
Sweep,
Before this Wine-Cooper in Flocks they did meet;
And each under foot stamp his old greazy
Bonnet,
To drink M[onmou]ths Health, Sir, whatever came
on it.

6

But then they began for to pick at the Crown,
Each thinking that he deserv'd one of his own.
Then all the King's Guards they thought fit to
Indict,
Swear Treason 'gainst all that maintaind the
K[ing]'s Right.
Both Papist and Protestant no matter whether,
They are not of our party, let's hang 'em together.

8

O brave Boys! O brave Boys! the Rabble did rore,
Tantivies and Tories shall Hector no more;
By Us they're out-acted, to Us they shall bend,
Whilst we to our Dignities freely ascend.
Then they were dead-drunk as the Devil could
make 'em,
And fell fast asleep, as ten Drums could not wake
'em.

In the Piss and the Spew the poor Cooper did
 paddle,
 To stop up his Tap, but the Knave was not able.
 For his Limbs like a Tortoise did shrivel and
 crease,
 Down drops the Wine-Cooper with the other
 Beasts.
 And there the whole Litter as yet doth abide,
 At the Sign of the Butt, with the Tap in one side.

ⁱ That is Whigs and non-conformists such as Presbyterians, Quakers, Baptists etc

ⁱⁱ That is Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury, leader of the Whigs and Exclusionists.

ⁱⁱⁱ Cooper had a colestemic tap fitted in his side.

^{iv} That is a new Oliver Cromwell.

^v That is James Scott, The Duke of Monmouth, Charles II's eldest illegitimate son. Many Whigs saw him as a preferable successor than Charles's legitimate heir, his brother the Catholic James Duke of York.

^{vi} Whig journalists Francis Smith and Benjamin Harris.

The Loyal London Prentice :

Being his Constant Resolution, to hazard his
Life and Fortune for his KING.

With his Defiance to Popery and Faction.

I'll plainly make it to appear,
That I'm a True Born Cavaleir,
And here my Colours have Display'd,
'Gainst all the Factionous that Invade.

I wear this Ribbond in my Hart,
For all the Whiggs to wonder at,
Let none then Tax my Loyalty,
My King I'll serve until I dye.

To a pleasant Old Tune, called, *The Royal Rose.*



I Am a True Born Cavaleir,
And so my Father was before,
I scorn your Factionous Presbyter,
And hate the thoughts of Babels whore.
*Then let us all together Sing,
And drink a health to Charles our King.*

The Churches Right I will maintain,
As long as I have Life and Breath,
Establish'd by Great Charles again,
That will I follow unto Death.
Then let us all, &c.

This Ribbond in my Hat I ware,
Is for to shew my Loyalty,
'Tis my Kings Colours that I bare,
And him I'll serve until I dye.
Then let us all, &c.

I'll leave Fanaticks in the Lurch,
And Citizens that see Sedition,
I own the True Establish'd Church,
And hate the damn'd screw'd Precisian.
Then let us all, &c.

My Master he was one of they,
That use to Repeat long winded Grace,
And still at Night did go to Pray,
'Gainst Scarlet Coats with Silver Lace.
Then let us all, &c.

To Lawn Sleeves he's a Mortal Foe,
And hates all those that go to Church,
He ne're could bring me to his Bowe,
For I still left him in the Lurch.
*Then let us all together Sing,
And drink a health to Charles our King.*

He'd have me to their Meeting Rout,
But when his Book I there did bring,
I'de Steal away, being Devout,
To Pray for Charles our Gracious King.
*Then let us all together Sing,
And drink a health to Charles our King.*

Thus did I use to serve him oft,
And never car'd to stay at home,
When Codshead was for Codshead bought
Then I abroad did use to Roam.
Then let us all, &c.

And 'mongst a Crew of Loyal Boys,
Who always hate the Rebel Sect,
We there did Sing, and make a noise,
Trying to Drink us out of Debt.
Then let us all, &c.

Who ever takes it in disgrace,
That I this Loyal Favour ware,
I'll spit my Venome in his Face,
And for his Anger do not care.
Then let us all, &c.

I never yet did hide my Head,
From any Rascal of 'em all,
I'll serve my King till I am Dead,
The longest liver then take all.
Then let us all, &c.

So now my Merry Boyes appears,
We'll cause the Bells for joy to Ring,
And shew our selves true Cavaleirs,
Nay loofe our lives for Charles our King.
*Then let us all together Sing,
And drink a health to Charles our King.*

For such a Gracious Prince this Land,
Sine it was England never had,
Thn let him live, and long command,
And on his Foes for ever tread.
*Ybills that we all together Sing,
And drink a health to Charles our King.*

Hi lawful Heirs and Successors,
We will endeavour to Maintain,
And stand by them in Peace and Wars,
When he above with Christ does Reign.
Mean while lets all, &c.

Thugh Prentices in Forty One,
Did their Allegiance quite forget,
And by Tub-Preachers backed on,
Three Kingdoms in Confusion set.
But now will all, &c.

No Pope nor Prebyter, shall shake
Our Loyalty, with all their Art,
We'll laugh to Shame, those undertake
To make us from Allegiance start.
And we will all, &c.

No Jesuit shall us surprize,
With all the Craft he can invent,
Nor Presbyter with turn'd up Eyes,
Our Loyalty shall e're prevent.
But we will all, &c.

Although the Factionous do Repine
At this our Loyalty, yet still
To Rout the Rump we will combine,
And for great Charles our Blood we'll spill!
*Then let us all together Sing,
And drink a health to Charles our King.*

The Loyal London Prentice

**Being his Constant Resolution, to hazard his
Life and Fortune for his KING.**

With his Defiance to Popery and Faction.

I'll plainly make it to appear,
That I'm a True Born Cavaleir,
And here my Colours have Display'd,
'Gainst all the Factious that Invade.
I wear this Ribbond in my Hatt,
For all the Whiggs to wonder at,
Let none then Tax my Loyalty,
My King I'll serve until I dye.

To a pleasant Old Tune, called, The Royal Rose.

1

I Am a True Born Cavalier,
And so my Father was before,
I scorn your Factious Presbyter,
And hate the thought of Babels whore.
Then let us all together Sing,
And drink a health to Charles our King.

2

The Churches Right I will maintain,
As long as I have Life and Breath,
Establish'd by Great Charles again,
That will I follow unto Death.
Then let us all together Sing,
And drink a health to Charles our King.

3

This Ribbond in my Hat I ware,
Is for to shew my Loyalty,
'Tis my Kings Colours that I bare,
And him I'll serve until I dye.
Then let us all together Sing,
And drink a health to Charles our King.

4

I'll leave Fanaticks in the Lurch,
And Citizens that soe Sedition,
I own the True Establish'd Church,
And hate the damn'd screw'd Precisian.
Then let us all together Sing,
And drink a health to Charles our King.

5

And 'mongst a Crew of Loyal Boys,
Who always hate the Rebel Sect,
We there did Sing, and make a noise,
Trying to Drink us out of Debt.
Then let us all together Sing,
And drink a health to Charles our King.

6

Whoever takes it in disgrace,
That I this Loyal Favour ware,
I'll spit my Venome in his Face,
And for his Anger do not care.
Then let us all together Sing,
And drink a health to Charles our King.

7

So now my Merry Boyes appears,
We'll cause the Bells for joy to Ring,
And shew ourselves true Cavaleirs,
Nay loose our lives for Charles our
King.
Then let us all together Sing,
And drink a health to Charles our King.

8

Hi[s] lawful Heirs and Successors,
We will endeavour to Maintain,
And stand by them in Peace and Wars,
When he above with Christ does Reign.
Meanwhile lets all together Sing,
And drink a health to Charles our King.
(1681)

Old Simon the King

Words anon. from D'Urfey's Wit and Mirth: or Pills to Purge Melancholy 1719-1720. Tune anon. from The Division Violin 1685 and Humphry Salter's The Genteel Companion 1683

In a humour I was of late,
As many good fellows be;
To think of no matters of State,
But seek for good Company:
That best contended me.
I travell'd up and down;
No Company could I find;
Till I came to the sight of the Crown:
My Hostess was sick of the Mumps,
The Maid was ill at ease,
The Tapster was drunk in his Dumps;
They were all of one disease,
Says old *Simon* the King.

Considering in my mind,
And thus I began to think;
If a man be full to his throat,
And cannot take off his drink,
If his drink will not down,
He may hang himself for shame;
So may the Tapster at the Crown,
Where all this reason I frame;
Drink will make a Man Drunk,
Drunk will make a Man dry;
Dry will make a Man sick
Sick will make a man die,
Says old *Simon* the King.

If a Man should be drunk to night,
And laid in his grave to morrow;
Will you or any man say,
That he died of Care or Sorrow?
Hang up sorrow and care,
'Tis able to kill a Cat,
He that will drink all night,
Is never afraid of that!
Drinking will make a man Quaff,
Quaffing will make a man Sing;
Singing will make a man Laugh,
And laughing long life doth bring,
Says old *Simon* the King.

If a puritan Skinker cry,
Dear Brother it is a Sin,
To drink unless you be dry,
Then straight this tale I begin,
A Puritan left his Cann,
And took him to his Jugg,
And there he play'd the man,
As long as he could tugg:
When that he was spy'd,
What did he swear or rail;
No, no truly, dear Brother he cry'd,
Indeed all flesh is frail,
Says old *Simon* the King.

So Fellows, if you'll be drunk,
Of frailty it is a sin,
Or for to keep a punk,
Or play it In and In;
For Drink and Dice and Drabs,
Are all of one condition,
And will breed want and Scabs,
In spite of the Physician:
Who so fears every Grass,
Must never piss in a Meadow,
And he that loves a pot and a Lass,
Must never cry oh! my head oh!
Says old *Simon* the King.

Pleasant New Ballad to sing Evening and Morn, of Sir JOHN BARLEY-CORN

To the Tune of, *Shall I be brought there, &c.*

Licen'd and Enter'd according to Act.



He rell'd fill upon the earth,
till rain from sky did fall;
Then he grew up on branches green,
which lore amaz'd them all.

Increasing thus till Midsummer,
he made them all afraid;
For he sprung up on high,
and had a goodly beard.

When ripening at St. James's Tide,
his countenance wax'd wan,
Yet now full grown in part of strength,
and thus became a Man.

Wherefore with hooks and flicks keen,
they cut his legs off by the knees,
and limb from limb divide.

As I went through the North Country,
I heard a merry meeting,
A pleasant toy, and full of joy,
two Noble-Men were greeting:

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

His name was Sir John Barley-corn,
he dwelt down in a vale;
And had a Kinsman dwelt with him,
they call'd him Thomas Good-ale.

The one named Sir Richard Beer,
was ready at that time,
And likewise came a buxle Peer,
call'd Sir William White-mine.

Some of them fought in a black jack,
some of them in a can;
But yet the chiefest in a black pot,
fought like a Nobleman.

Sir Barley-corn fought in a bowl,
who won the Victory;
Which made them all to chafe and swear,
that Barley-corn must dye.

Some said, Kill him, some said him drown,
some wight to hang him high,
For those that followed Barley-corn,
they said would Beggars dye.

Then with a plow they plow'd him up,
and thus they did devise,
to bury him within the earth,
and swore he should not rise.

With harrows strong they came to him,
and buff cloths on his head;
A joyful banquet then was made,
when Barley-corn was dead.

They rub'd and stir'd him up and down,
and oft did toy and ture,
The Malt-man likewise was his death,
his body should be ture.

They pull'd and haul'd him up in fright,
and threw him on a kill,
Yea, dry'd him o'er a fire hot,
the more to work their will.

Then to the mill they forc'd him strait,
whereas they bruis'd his bones,
The Miller swore to murder him
betwixt a pair of stones.

The last time they took him up,
unto the field they h'y'd,
For with hot foaling liquor store
they wash'd him in a lat.

But not content with this, God wot,
they wrought him to much harm,
With cruel threat they promis'd next,
to beat him into a balm.

And lying in this danger deep,
for fear that he should quarrel,
They heav'd him straight out of the fat,
and turn'd into the barrel.

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

Some brought in jacks upon their backs,
some brought in bows and pail,
Yea, every Man some weapon had,
poor Barley-corn to kill.

When Sir John Good-ale heard of this,
he came with mickle might,
And took by strength their tongues away,
their legs, and else their fight.

Sir John at last in his respect,
to paid them all their hire,
That some lay bleeding by the walls,
some tumbling in the mire;

Some lay groaning by the walls,
some fell i'th' street down right,
The wif of one scarcely knew
what he had done o're night.

All you good Wives that brew good ale,
God keep you from all teen,
But if you put too much water in,
the Devil put out your cyme.

Printed by and for W. D. and sold by A.
Bentley, at the Red Lion on London-bridge.

A pleasant new Ballad to look upon, Mow Malt Deals with every Man

MR. Malt is a Gentleman,
And hath been since the World began,
I never in my life knew any
could match with Malt.

I never knew any match Malt make,
The Miller with his grinding stone;
He pull'd his flesh from off his bones,
you never saw the like, Sir.

Malt, Malt, thou art a flower,
Belov'd, right well in every bower,
Thou can't not be missing one half hour,
you never, &c.

For laying of the stones to clofe,
Malt gave the Miller such a copper-nose,
saying, *Tion and I will never be Foes,*
but unto thee I'll stick, Sir.

Malt gave thee Miller such a blow,
That from his horse he fell full low,
He taught his Maltster Malt to know,
you never, &c.

Our Host's Maid was much to blame,
To steal Malt away from her Dame,
And in her belly hide the same,
you never, &c.

That when Malt did work in her head,
Twice in a day she would be sped,
At night she could not get to bed,
nor scarce stand on her feet, Sir.

Then came in Maltster Smith,
And said, *Thou Malt be was a Thief;*
But Malt gave him such a dafh a'th' teeth,
you never, &c.

For when his iron was hot and red,
He had such an ach all in his head,
His boon Comrades got him to bed,
for he was very sick, Sir.

The Carpenter came a piece to square,
And bid Malt come if he dare,
He'd thrack his sides and belly bare,
and him full boundly be, Sir.

To the fire he went well warm'd with chips,
Malt bit him right betwixt the lips,
And made him lame on both his hips,
you never, &c.

The Shoemaker sitting on his seat,
At Maltster Malt began to fret,
He said he would the Knave to beat,
with his sharp Spanish knife, Sir.

But Malt came peeping through the hall,
And did his brains to her cely maul,
He turned round and caught a fall,
you never, &c.

The Weaver sitting in the loom,
He threatn'd Malt a cruel doom,
And make him to repulse the room,
or thrup him in a dike, Sir.

Whereat a Court some Weavers kept,
And to their Holts boldly kept,
Till charg'd with double pots they slept,
you never, &c.

The Tinker took the Weaver's part,
Such furious rage posselt his heart,
He took the pot and drank a quart,
his mits were very ripe, Sir.

For Malt the upper-hand to got,
He knew not how to pay the thot,

But part without the reckoning pot,
and found his Stomack fix, Sir.

The Taylor came to grind his sheers,
And flew to Malt what then he hears,
But soon they fell together by the ears,
and fore each other struck, Sir.

And when his prelling iron was hot,
He prell'd the board instead of a coat,
And failed home in a feather-bed boat,
you never, &c.

The Tinker walking round the pan,
But Malt was to fear his beer-mouth'd can,
Through belach coquer'd many a Men,
as I find him in the dike, Sir.

Yet was the Tinker gladly fain,
With Malt to have about or twain,
Till he again was thot i'th' brain,
you never, &c.

Then becape the Tinker anon,
And said he'd provch misfil a Man,
And laid at Malt till his legs were gone,
you never, &c.

The Saylor he did coule and band,
He bid the Boy go tap the can,
I'll have about with Malt anon,
you never, &c.

Aboard they went to try the match,
And long they play'd at hope and catch,
Till Malt beflew 'chim under a haicht
you never, &c.

Then came a Chapman travelling by,
With cheapping long his throat was dry,
And at Maltster Malt did flye,
and seriously him struck, Sir.

Till having laid at Malt apace,
Great store of blood was in his face,
And he was found in such a cafe,
you never, &c.

The Maltster came an oven to make,
The Bricklayer he his part did take,
They bound him to the good ale stake,
you never, &c.

Then Malt began to tell his mind,
And ply'd them with beer, ale, and wine,
They left the brick-axe, trowl behind,
they could not lay a brick, Sir.

Then came the Labour in his hood,
And law his two Maltsters how they stood,
He took his Maltster Malt by the hood,
and swore he would him strike, Sir.

Malt he ran, and for fear did weep,
The Labourer he did skip and leap,
But Malt made him into the mortar to leap,
and there he fell offest, Sir.

The Clover came to buy a skin,
Malt bit him right above the chin;
Then Power John came tumbling in,
you never, &c.

And laid on heads, and arms, and joynts,
Took away gloves, and grobs of points,
And swore they'd pay him in quarts and pints
you never, &c.

Thus of my Song I'll make an end,
And pray my Hoit to be my Friend,
To give me some drink or money to spend,
for Malt and I am quiet, Sir.

***A pleasant new Ballad to sing both Even and Morne,
Of the bloody murder of Sir John Barley-corne.
To the tune of, Shall I lie beyond thee.***

1

As I went through the North Country
I heard a merry greeting:
A pleasant toy, and full of joy,
two noble men were meeting.
And as they walk-ed for to sport,
upon a Summers day,
Then with another nobleman
they went to make a fray,

3

Some said kill him, some said drowne,
others wisht to hang him hie:
For as many as follow Barly-corne,
shall surely beggers die.
Then with a plough they plowed him up
and thus they did devise,
To burie him quicke within the earth,
and swore he should not rise.

5

Wherefore With hookes and sickles keene,
into the field they hide,
They cut his legs off by the knees,
and made him wounds full wide.
Thus bloodily they cut him downe
from place where he did stand,
And like a thiefe for treachery,
they bound him in a band.

7

But not content with this God wot,
they did him mickle harme,
With threatning words they promis-ed
to beat him into Barme.
And lying in this danger deep,
for feare that he should quarrell,
They tooke him straight out of the fat,
and turn'd him in a barrell,

9

When sir John Good-ale heard of this,
he came with mickle might,
And there he tooke their tongues away,
their legs or else their sight.
And thus sir John in each respect
so paid them all their hire,
That some lay sleeping by the way,
some tumbling in the mire.

2

Whose name was sir John Barly corne,
he dwelt downe in a dale:
Who had a kinsman dwelt him nigh,
they cal'd him Thomas Goodale.
Another nam-ed Richard Beere,
was ready at that time:
Another worthy Knight was there,
cal'd sir William White Wine.

4

With harrowes strong they comb-ed him
and burst clods on his head:
A joyfull banquet then was made,
when Barly-corne was dead.
He rested still within the earth,
till raine from skies did fall,
Then he grew up in branches greene,
which sore amaz'd them all,

6

Then they brought him to the mill,
and there they burst his bones,
The Miller swore to murder him
betwixt a paire of stones.
Then they tooke him up againe,
and serv'd him worse than that,
For with hot scolding liquor store
they washt him in a fat.

8

And then they set a tap to him,
even thus his death begun:
They drew out every dram of blood,
whilst any drop would run.
Some brought jacks upon their backs,
some brought bill and bow,
And every man his weapon had,
Barly-corne to overthrow.

10

Some lay groning by the wals,
some in the streets downe right,
The best of them did scarcely know
what they had done ore-night.
All you good wives that brew good ale,
God turne from you all teene:
But if you put too much water in,
the devill put out your eyne.

LLOYD GEORGE'S BEER

Sung by Ernie Mayne - 1917

1. We shall win the war, we shall win the war
As I've said before, we shall win the war
The Kaiser's in a dreadful fury
Now he knows we're making it in every brewery
Have you read of it? Seen what's said of it?
In the The Mirror or The Mail
It's a substitute, and a pubstitute
And it's known as Government Ale (or otherwise)

CHORUS: Lloyd George's Beer, Lloyd George's Beer
At the brewery there's nothing doing
All the water-works are brewing
Lloyd George's Beer, it isn't dear
Oh they say it's a terrible war, Oh Lor
And there never was a war like this before
But the worst thing that ever happened in this war
Is Lloyd George's Beer

2. Buy a lot of it, all they've got of it
Dip your bread in it, shove your head in it
From January till October
And I bet a penny you'll still be sober
Get the froth off it, make your broth with it
With a pair of mutton chops
Throw your dogs in it, drop some frogs in it
Then you'll see some wonderful hops (in that lovely stuff)

CHORUS: Lloyd George's Beer, Lloyd George's Beer
At the brewery there's nothing doing
All the water-works are brewing
Lloyd George's Beer, it isn't dear
Said Haig to Joffre when affairs looked black
If you can't shift the buggers with your gas attack
Get your squirters out and squirt the buggers back
With Lloyd George's Beer

HAIG – Commander in Chief of the British Army from December 1915 till the end of the war.

JOFFRE – French Commander in Chief.

BEER IN THE FIRST WORLD WAR

The Defence Of The Realm Act allowed the Government to make orders over the production and sale of alcohol. When Lloyd George became Minister of Munitions in 1915 he said “We are fighting Germany, Austria, and drink; and as far as I can see the greatest of these three deadly foes is drink.” Licensing hours were severely curtailed, afternoon closing was introduced, and you were no longer allowed to treat anybody else to a drink, so you couldn’t buy a round. The duty on beer went up more than once throughout the war years, and what grain was available was needed for food rather than beer, so the beer got weaker and weaker as the brewers tried to make the grain they *were* allowed go as far as possible. Brewers began labelling this weaker beer “Government Ale”, but it caused so much unrest that the name was banned. So beer gradually became scarcer, weaker, and more expensive.

GLORIOUS ALE

Origin unknown – presumably an English nineteenth century stage song that passed into the oral tradition. Still sung by several traditional singers.

1. When I were a young man, my father did say
The summer's a-coming, it's time to make hay
But when hay's all carted, don't you ever fail
To drink gaffer's health in a pint of good ale

CHORUS: Ale, ale, glorious ale
Served up in pewter it tells its own tale
Some folks like radishes, some curly kale
But give I boiled parsnips
And a great dish of taters
And a lump of fatty bacon
And a pint of good ale

2. Now our MP's in Parliament, our faith for to keep
I hopes now we've put him there,
he won 't sit and sleep
He'll always get my vote if he never fails
To bring down the price of a pint of good ale
3. Now take all teetotallers, they drinks water neat
It must rot their gutses and give 'em damp feet
Now I always say that a man can't grow stale
On broad beans and bacon and a pint of good ale

For further information

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