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, 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.
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,
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,
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,
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!
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.
A Song in Praise of the Leather Bottle.

Shewing how Gillies and Pots are Made, and how Tangent and Negative They are to Trade, and how the Leather Bottle saves Money.

In Time of Peace, it is a Blessing, and in Time of War, it is a Treasure.

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

God bless that made all Things, The Heaven, the Earth, and all therein, For who shows us the State of Nature, And let them all do what they can, For who made the Ground of Man, and it will be Done for thee, and thy work shall last.

We have a Leather Bottle, That shall it be made, That shall it be done, That shall it be made.

What do you say to your Glasses of Wine? Yes, they have no Praise of mine; For who made the Glasses of Wine? No, not the Glasses of Wine.

There is a Lord's Serf, or a Proctor, But with his Leather Bottle may cause:

Then let us赞美 the Leather Bottle, For who made the Leather Bottle? No, not the Leather Bottle.

God give thee health, and long life, To live in Peace and Plenty, And may the Glasses of Wine be long lived, And the Leather Bottle never die.

Then let us praise the Leather Bottle, For who made the Leather Bottle? No, not the Leather Bottle.

God give thee health, and long life, To live in Peace and Plenty, And may the Glasses of Wine be long lived, And the Leather Bottle never die.
The Black Bowle

From *A briefe discourse of the true (but neglected) use 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,
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 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 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
Hey ho, nobody at home
Canon in 5 voices

Hey ho, nobody at home,
meate nor drinke nor money have I none.
fill the pot Eadie.
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 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, 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?*
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.
Goe no more to Sheffield
Canon in 3 voices

Goe no more to Sheffield, unlesse you love a

Punke, for that wicked sinne-full towne hath made

me drunke, come follow me.
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