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

15:10-16:15 Introductions
Rt Hon Kevin Barron MP & Phil Withington (University of Sheffield)

15:20-16:15 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
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 Customs, Pleasures, Company, Horse, and Conversation.

Gallants from night to night he never is exempt,
Who dare a look to distinguish a pretty maid,
I know I shall not hit your features right,
To have your beauty like a picture's.

Small Lines were drawn by a master called hand,
And which they were you 'll quickly understand,
Excuse me therefore if I do you wrong,
I did but make a bullet of a Song.

To a most Adorable New Tune, every where much in request.

The Second Part, To the same Tune.

For the Lady of Quality a Honour to strike,
Who dare her Company referring to be lifted
Who would hope by her life, both her honor's regained,
That's a hard of a jest, and a general of a smile;
May she be by her life, till she wears out the claret,
Going down to her Dinner, and up to her Provisions.

Let us give to noble and generous ladies,
Go method observe, but in sitting one bowl,
Let us cool it round, to explain our being,
And with nations again, to our ladies being,
To a way that's Gentle, and to drink to be good,
With a quencher to the Wine, and enliven the blood.

What a pleasure it is to see bottles before us,
With the women among us to make up the Cures,
And may she, now a Trust, now a Health,
Till our pleasure comes on by infinite the health.

And when you want a height with our DJs we retire,
By a lighter enjoyment, to backen the fire.
And lives in the way that the wine do take,
A perpetual motion in pleasure to make;
With a bowl of Obligo, we fill up each, with the spirits of which, our Minds must drink;
While the slower Bore, has no motion of blood,
For his fancy is nothing but purple and white.

He's a lute to his soul, in the sight of his heart;
With a bow of his own putting on resemblance,
To see the gallantry, when at large he gives, so
He's from the bowels of new drinking and bold.
But his fasted blood, that he so thought to be wise,
And his heart and his double, I mean the pretius.

Saying not a little the consequence is,
Do the well and be free, that's all he is free.

The wine is what that he can not without it, without.
The Wine-Cooper's Delight.

To the Tune of, The Delights of the Bells.

The Wine-Cooper's Delight.

The Second Part to the same Tune.

Sheer's chief of our Game is to heap the King's goods,
And our bandsmen must the Officer adjoin,
The Wine-Cooper, we'll have in our hands,
And then we'll make the King and Queen our Commanders: When Charles doth wish him we, we must not let him,
To make Clapping one to do so happy.

Wine-drinkers Objections - great Hypocrisies bring,
Old Adam doth want to be drink a King.
When they may not use we, they are much worse than we,
To do the whole World's, his own Beer-eyre's.
If one man alone can keep his Nation under,
When men may not use there are Kings' thousand number?

Wine, says the Cooper, and that's his old Friend,
Every Kingdoms but theirs, like a Child in a Candle.
Such herbs and herbs which I do prepare,
'Twixt make me an Splendid so Nell in his Christ.
We'll drink to old Pope, by drinking of new,
Wine shall be left but the Cooper and Pope.

Broke Wines! I broke Wines! The landlord old wise,
Tobacco and Liquor shall never on me,
As they are under, to the King call him,
Whereas to our Magistrates very alms.
When they were handed down the Northwell made them,
And fell like Apollo, so Dutchman could not make em.

In the Niznik the Spew the that Cooper did patish,
So they he put his Leg, but the Name was not right.
So his kind like a Tarlatie did strike and create,
Broke Wines the Wine-Cooper with the other English.
And there the whole litter we put both alike,
Into the Reign of the Pope, with the Pope in the Pope.

LONDON,
Printed for the Proseflout Ballad-Singer. 1681.
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 Fanatico sons of damned Whores.¹
French Wines Prohibition meant no other thing,
But to poison the Subject, and beggar the King.
Good Natures suggested with Dregs like to choak her,
Of fulsome stumed Wine by the cursed Wine-Cooper.²

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 boys on the Fret, Sir, he wisely pulls forth A Tap, which gives vent to the grounds of the Cause,³
And then is to vamp up a second Red Nose.⁴

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.⁵

4
Then the Rabble had notice from Smith and from Ben,⁶
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 stampt his old greazy Bonnet,
To drink M[onmou]ths Health, Sir, whatever came on it.

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.

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 maintain'd the K[ing]'s Right.
Both Papist and Protestant no matter whether,
They are not of our party, let's hang 'em together.

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?

8
0 brave Boys! 0 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 shrivle 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.

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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 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'm plainly made it appear,
I wear this Ribband in my heart,
And here my Colours have display'd
Let none then Tax my Loyalty,
Gain all the Fiends that invade
My King I live for ever I dye.

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

I am a True Born Cavalier,
And so my Father was before,
I carry you Fictious Presbyter,
And hate the thoughtlesse Atheist's hope.
Then let us all together sing,
And drink a health to Charles our King.

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

This Ribband in my Hat I wear,
It is to shew my Loyalty,
Tis my Kings Colours that I bare,
And him I live for ever I dye.
Then let us all, &c.

I leave Fanatics in the Lurch,
And Citizens that foe Sedition,
I own the True Establishment,
And hate the damned fierce Pretenders.
Then let us all, &c.

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

To Lawn Sleeves he's a Metal Foe,
And hates all those that go to Church,
He's never 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.

For such a Gracious Prince this Land,
Since it was England never had,
Then let him live, and long command,
And on his Foes for ever tread.
Then let us all together sing,
And drink a health to Charles our King.

Hi lawful Heirs and Successors,
We will endeavour to maintain,
At hand by them in Peace and Wars,
When we acknowleage Christ alone Kings.
Mean while let us all, &c.

Though Prentices in Party One,
Did their Allegiance quite forget,
And by the Presbyterian back'd on,
Thee Kingdoms in Confusion set.
But now all is well, &c.

No Pope nor Presbyter, shall mistake
Our Loyalty, with all their Arts,
We'll laugh to Shame, bold undertake
To make us from Allegiance Bar,
And we will all, &c.

No Jesuit shall us surprise,
With all the Craft he can invent,
No Presbyter with turgid up Eyes,
Our Loyalty shall we prevent.
But we will all, &c.

Neither the Factions do Repeate
At this our Loyalty, yet will
To Rouse the Ramp we will undermine,
And for good Charles Blood we'll spill,
Then let us all together sing,
And drink a health to Charles our King.

LOD, Printed for Richard Hill, 1681.
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'le 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'le 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'le serve until I dye.
Then let us all together Sing,
   And drink a health to Charles our King.

4
I'le 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'le 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'l 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 Morning

Wrote by Mrs. John Barley Co.

To the Tune of, Shall I Live Beyond This, &c.

Racy's Enter'd according to Order.

He rolled full upon the earth, till rain from sky did fall;
Then, as the sun's golden rays shone bright, his form was seen no more.

Incessant thou to Midsummer, he made them all afraid;
For he grew up like a giant, and his body was all afraid.

When evening at St. James's, his commerce wearied; he now full grown in part of strength, and then became a Man.

Wherefore with hooks and dikes does, unto the field they did;
That cut their legs off by the knees, and from ears and sides.

Then bloody they eat him down, from place he did stand;
And like a Toil to incite them, they bound him in a band.

So then they took him up again, according to his kind;
And placed him in several levels, to wash with the winter.

Then with a pitchfork long and short, he was led to his heart;
And Trapley for tendone, they bound him in a cart.

And tending him with weapons strong, unto the town they go;
Whereby some did in a snow, and set them like a chain.

They left him growing by the wall, till rain from sky did fall;
And having took him up again, they cut him on the floor.

And bred two with holly clubs to bear him at once; who thrust to hard and 8c. every, till he fell from his bone.

After that took him up again, to plantone to the world;
Yes, down they did, and trusted him, till he was almost blind.

Full fall they lost him in a flock, which grieved his very soul;
And one did beat him on the head, for three days and three more.

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

They raked up flour and up and down, and all did try and true,
The Miller's house in his death, his body should be fine.

They pull'd and held him up again, and threw him on a ball,
Yes, down they did in a flock, the more to work their will.

Then to the mill they went for him, and threw him on a ball,
Yes, down they did in a flock, and let him the more to work their will.

The last time they took him up, they did him all then after;
Yes, down they did in a flock, they walk him in a set.

But lost consent with God, woe woe, they brought him to such a place.
With cruel threat they promised next, to beat him in a set.

And lying in this danger deep, for fear that he should quarrel,
They beat him straight out of his head, and made him the more to work.

They go and brought him in a ship, and threw him in the sea;
And drew over every drop of blood, while any dogs would run.

Some brought in jackers on three backs, some brought in bowls and some;
Yes, down they did in a flock, and had him the more to work their will.

When Sir John Gresham heard of this, he made him the more to work;
And he brought them in a ship, till he fell from his bone.

Sir John at last in this respect, so paid them all their fare;
This some lay bleeding by the wall, some went to the wondrous.

Some lay bleeding by the wall, some fell off three times, some fell down;
Yes, down they did in a ship, and had him the more to work their will.

All you good Wives that cook good ale, God help you all along;
For we have but one man, and no more, and none more.

The Miller take upon him, take upon him, and make him to recove, and come in a ship, till they be the more to work their will.

Whereat a Court some Weavers kept, and to their rolls did lay, till change with double pass they left, you never, you never.

The Tinkor took the Weaver's part, such fierce rage did take his heart;
He took the pot and drunk a quart, it was very fine, you never.

For Mac a upper hand to go, he knew not how to pay the other
But part without the reckoning part, and paid him some money, you never.

The Miller came to his house, and found to Mac a, that he was sick;
That they all threw him into the ear, and paid him some money, you never.

And when his prehanging was hot, he prayed the lord to give them a sign, and paid him some money, you never, you never.

The Tinkor in this round the town, but Mac a was not a man, his face was gone;
I thank God to have given him a sign, and paid him some money, you never, you never.

Then before the Tinkor up, and let him prove a hand, and led at Mac a till his legs were gone, you never, you never.

The Taylor he did come and bawl, he bid the boy go take the cam, he'll have with Mac a, you never, you never.

Aboard they went to try the match, and long they did play at base and catch, till Mac a fell down a bank, you never, you never.

They came among travelling by, with chimping long his throat was dry, and at Mac a and there was, and in a sign of Jack, you never, you never.

The Carrier came to a piece of paper, and said Mac a came he did, so Mac a, so Mac a, who's for very well, you never, you never.

To the fire they were well warmed with shift, and Mac a hit right between the lips, till he was in a set, you never, you never.

Then Mac a began to tell his mind, and played them with beer, ale, and wine, they lit the base and light, and Mac a lit the base and light, they bound him to the good ale, till they be the more to work.

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A pleasant new Ballad to sing both Even and Morne,
Of the bloody murther 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,

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.

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.

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,

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,
yielding him in a band.

6
Then they brought him to the mill,
and there they burst his bones,
The Miller swore to murther 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.

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,

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.

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.

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 substitute
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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**AHRC 100 Hit Songs and their Significance in 17\textsuperscript{th} Century England**

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*https://www.facebook.com/100HitSongs/*