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Joan's Ale was New

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JOAN'S ALE Was New.

THERE were three jovial tradesmen,
And they all sat down to drinking,
For they were a jovial crew ;
They sat themselves down to be merry,
And they called for a bottle of sherry,
You're welcome as the hills, says Nelly,
While Joan's ale is new, brave boys,
While Joan's ale is new.

The first that came in was a soldier,
With his firelock over his shoulder,
Sure no one could be bolder,
And a long broadsword he drew ;
He swore he would fight for England's ground,
Before the nation should be run down,
He boldly drank their healths all round,
While Joan's ale was new.

The next that came in was a hatter,
Sure no one could be blacker,
And he began to chatter
Among the jovial crew ;
He threw his hat upon the ground,
And swore every man should spend his crown,
And boldly drank their healths all round,
While Joan's ale was new.

The next that came in was a dyer,
And he sat himself down by the fire,
For it was his heart's desire,
To drink with the jovial crew ;
He told the landlord to his face,
The chimney corner should be his place,
And there he'd sit and dye his face,
While Joan's ale was new.

The next that came in was a tinker,
And he was no small beer drinker,
And he was no small beer drinker,
Among the jovial crew ;
For his brass nails were made of metal,
And he swore he'd go and mend a kettle,
Good heart, how his hammer and nails did rattle,
While Joan's ale was new.

The next that came in was a tailor,
With his bodkin, shears, and thimble,
He swore he would be nimble,
Among the jovial crew ;
They sat and they called for ale and stout,
Till the poor tailor was almost broke,
And was forced to go and pawn his coat,
While Joan's ale was new.

The next that came in was a ragman,
With his rag bag over his shoulder,
Sure no one could be bolder,
Among the jovial crew ;
They sat and called for pots and glasses,
Until they were all as drunk as asses,
They burnt the old ragman's bag to show
That Joan's ale was new.



THE Cheesemonger's DAUGHTER.

London:—H. P. SUCH, Machine Printer & Publisher,
177 Union-street, Borough, S. E.

YOUNG Timothy White was a Cheesemonger's boy,
Not quite turned twenty—a Hobity Hoy ;
In love with Maria he F. E. L. fell,
And what happened these lovers I'll T. E. L. tell.
Chorus.—Ri choo ral, he was a good looking young swell.

Now no pride had Maria, tho' handsome was she,
But his master's proud daughter was as proud as could
be ;

With jealous rage, both their loves she was bent
To C. I. R. C. U. M. V. E. N. T. vent.
Chorus.—Ri choo ral, on mischief that girl was bent.

So to fair Maria a letter she writ,
Who, when she had read it, went off in a fit :
'Twas to say that another on the S. L. Y. sly,
Was courted by T. I. M. O. T. H. Y.
Chorus.—Ri choo ral ly choo, with a cast in her eye.

Then Maria went mad, in a book Muslin Gown,
With her Black Raven tresses a falling all down,
While Timothy cried, I. S. H. A. L. shall,
Be revenged on that Cheesemonger's G. A. L. gal.
Chorus.—Ri choo ral ly choo, which her name it was Sal.

Then he seized the big cheese-knife and rushed up stairs,
And the cheesemonger's daughter he took unawares ;
I've come for your life, so it's no use to pray,
For crazy you've driven poor M. A. R. I. A.
Chorus.—Ri choo ral ly choo, she could not run away.

Then the Cheesemonger's Daughter dropp'd down on
the floor,
And a ' drop ' brought Maria to her senses once more
So at last R. E. C. O. N. C. I. L. E. D.,
At the Church they were M. A. R. R. I. E. D.
Chorus.—Ri choo ral by Cupid U. N. I. T. E. D.

MORAL.

All young Gals now T. A. K. E. C. A. R. E.,
With other Gals' Beaus don't make F. R. Double E.
free,
Or you'll be in Hot Double U. A. T. E. R.,
Like the Cheesemonger's D. A. U. G. H. T. E. R.
Chorus.—Ri choo ral, my song is O. V. E. R.

1853