

# When Joan's Ale was New - Mr Hilton



There were six jo - vi - al trades - men and they all sat down to drink - ing; they all sat down to



drink - ing - for they were a jo - vi - al crew - . They sat them - selves - down



to be mer - ry, and they called for a bot - tle of sher - ry, 'You're wel - come as the



hills,' says Nel - lie, when Joan's ale was new, brave boys, when Joan's ale - was new - .

2

The first to come 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'd fight for England's ground  
before the nation should be run down;  
he boldly drank their healths all round,  
when Joan's ale was new, brave boys,  
when Joan's ale was new.

3

The next to come in was a hatter,  
sure no-one could be fatter;  
and he began to chatter  
among the jovial crew.  
He threw his hat upon the ground  
and swore every man should spend a crown,  
and boldly drank their health all round,  
when Joan's ale was new, brave boys,  
when Joan's ale was new.

4

The next to come 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,  
when Joan's ale was new, brave boys,  
when Joan's ale was new.

5

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  
when Joan's ale was new, brave boys,  
when Joan's ale was new.

6

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 seat,  
when Joan's ale was new, brave boys,  
when Joan's ale was new.

7

The next to come in was a ragman  
with his ragbag over his shoulder;  
sure no-one could be bolder  
among the jovial crew.  
They sat and called for pots and glasses  
till they were all as drunk as arses  
and burnt the old ragman's bag to ashes,  
when Joan's ale was new, brave boys,  
when Joan's ale was new.