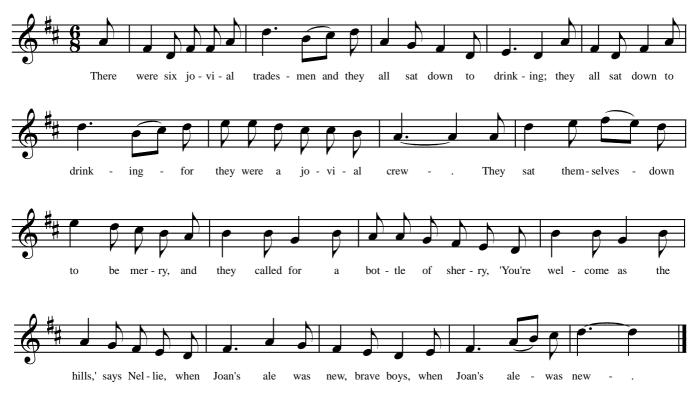
When Joan's Ale was New - Mr Hilton



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.