

When Jones's Ale Was New

There were three jol - ly trades - men went out to spend an eve - ning. Went
out to spend an eve - ning, a jo - vial hap - py crew. They called for a drink in a
hur - ry That o'er it they might be mer - ry, That o'er it they might be
mer - ry. When Jones' ale was new, my boys, when Jones' ale was new.

There soon came in a hatter
Who asked what was the matter.
He scorned to drink cold water
Among that jovial crew.
He dashed his hat upon the ground,
Said every man must drink a crown.
The company drank his health around,
When Jones's ale was new, my boys,
When Jones's ale was new.

In came a jolly mason,
His hammer to put a face on,
What man could be more decent
Amongst that jovial crew?
He dashed his trowel against the wall
And wished the church and tower would fall,
Whereby all masons would get call,
When Jones's ale was new, my boys,
When Jones's ale was new.

The next to come in was a farmer,
His hoe upon his shoulder,
And what man could be bolder
Amongst that jovial crew?
He told the landlord to his face
He ne'er would quit the fireplace,
That he would live and die in peace,
When Jones's ale was new, my boys,
When Jones's ale was new.

There next came in a soldier,
No captain e'er looked bolder,
His gun on his right shoulder
His good broad sword he drew.
"The French," quoth he, "are feared to fight,
They know we keep our bayonets bright,
So we will spend a jovial night,
When Jones's ale was new, brave boys,
When Jones's ale was new.

Next came a tailor nimble
With lapboard, shears and thimble,
And oh, how he did tremble
Amongst that jovial crew.
They made him pay for drink and smoke
Until poor snip was fairly broke,
And he was forced to pawn his cloak,
When Jones's ale was new, brave boys,
When Jones's ale was new.

There next came in a tinker
Who was no small beer drinker.
He scorned to be a trinker
Amongst that jovial crew.
He had rivets made of metal
For to mend each broken kettle,
For what he drank he swore he'd settle,
When Jones's ale was new, brave boys,
When Jones's ale was new.

Last came in a ragman wary,
His rag bags he did carry,
And he sought to be merry
Amongst that jovial crew.
He threw his wallets on the ground,
Said he would pay for drinks a crown.
They drank his health right merrily round
When Jones's ale was new, brave boys,
When Jones's ale was new.

The ale was aye improving,
None ever thought of moving;
The longer they sat boozing
The greater friends they grew.
They drank each man full glasses
Till they were drunk as asses,
And the rag bags burned to ashes,
When Jones's ale was new, brave boys,
When Jones's ale was new.

Note: My father used to hear this song sung when he was a boy. He could not remember how all the verses rhymed, but he remembered the story of each one and a few of the verses. I found the song in a book several years ago, and the verses father could not remember I copied from the book as the story was the same. It is so long ago that I forget the name of the book.