

Author: Anonymous

Text type: Verse, ballad

Date of print: 1663-1674

Editions: Unknown

Source text:

Anon. 1663-1674. *The Praise of Brewers: Or, The Brewers Bravery*.
[n.p.] Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright. <<http://eebo.chadwyck.com/>>.

e-text:

Access and transcription: February 2006

Number of words: 679

Dialect represented: Northern/Scots

Produced by Javier Ruano-García

Copyright © 2011– DING, The Salamanca Corpus, Universidad de Salamanca



Anonymous

The Praise of Brewers: Or, The Brewers Bravery
(1663-1674)

To the tune of, No body can deny

There's many a clinking verse was made
In honour of the Black-smiths trade,
But more of the Brewers may be said,
which no body can deny.

I[?]ne d naught else but this repeat,
The blacksmith [?] compleat,
Unless the brewer [?]o give him a heal,
which no body can deny

When Smug unto his Forge doth come,
Unless the Brewer doth Liquor him home,
Could never strike thy [?]o and m[?] pot Tom,

which no body can deny
Of all professions in the Town,
This brewers trade did gain renown,
His liquor once reach'd up to the Crown,
which no body can deny

Of all professions in the Town,
This brewers trade did gain renown,
His liquor once reach'd up to the Crown,
which no body can deny

Much Royal blood from him did spring,
Of all the trades this was the King,
The brewer had got the world in a sling,
which no body can deny

Though honour be a Princes daughter,
The brewer will woe her in blood & slaughter,
And win her, or else it shall cost him hot water,
which no body can deny

He fear'd no power, nor Martial stops,
But whipt Armies as round as tops,
And cut off his foes as thick as hops,
which no body can deny

He div'd for riches down to the bottom,
And cry's my Masters when he had got 'um,
Let every Tub stand on his own bottom:
which no body can deny

In warlike arts scorns to stoop,
For when his party began to droop,
He'd bring them all up as round as a hoop
which no body can deny

The jewish Scots who fear to eat
The flesh of swine, our brewers hear.
Twas the sight of their hogsheads made them to retreat,
which no body can deny

Poor Jockey and his basket-hilt,
Was beaten, and much blood was spilt,
When their bodies like barrels did run a tilt,
which no body can deny

though jemmy did give the first assault,
The brewer he made them at length to halt,
And gave them what ye Cat left in the Mault,
which no body can deny

They did not only bang the Kirk,
But in Ireland they did as much work,
Twas the brewer made them surrender Cork
which no body can deny

this was a stout character, of whom we may brag
But since he was hurried away with a Hag,
We have brew'd in a bottle, and bak'd in a bag
which no body can deny

He had a strong and very stout heart,
And lookt to be made an Emperour fort;
but the devil set a spoke in his Cart
which no body can deny

The Christian Kings began to quake,
And said, with that brewer no quarters we'l take,
We'l let him alone, as he brews let him bake;
which no body can deny

But yet by the way you must needs understand
He kept all his passions so under command,
Pride never could get the upper hand;
which no body can deny

And now may all stout souldiers say,
Farewel the Glory of the Dray,
For the brewer himself is turn'd to clay,
which no body can deny

Thus fell a brave brewer the bold son of a slaughter
Who need not to fear much what should follow after
That dealt all his life time in fire and water,
which no body can deny

And if his successor had but had his might
We all had not been in that pittiful plight,
But alas he was found many grains too light,
which no body can deny

Though time be a juyce, sweet, pleasant, & pure
This trade doth such pleasure & profit procure,
That every Wintner in town is turn'd brewer,
which no body can deny

But now let's leave singing & drinking off our Bub
Let's call for a reckoning, and every man club
For I think I have told you a tale of a Tub,
which no body can deny