

HAWKSMOOR

SHARPENERS

Green Snapper
*Beefeater gin, green tomato,
jalapeño, lime, cucumber*
11.00

Sour Cherry Negroni
*Tanqueray gin, Campari,
Martini Rubino, sour cherry*
12.00

Hawksmoor Calling
*Fords gin, Salisbury honey, chamomile,
fino sherry, fizz*
13.00



OYSTERS



Natural
six 18.00 dozen 36.00

Roasted with bone marrow
three 10.00 six 20.00

Scotch bonnet mignonette
three 9.00 six 18.00

STARTERS

Devon crab on toast 16.00
cucumber salad
Roasted scallops 18.00
white port & garlic
Hawksmoor smoked salmon 14.00
soda bread
Half a native lobster 8.00/100g
with garlic butter

Potted beef & bacon 10.50
Yorkshires & onion gravy
Old Spot belly ribs 14.00
vinegar slaw
Smoked mackerel salad 9.00
new potatoes, watercress, horseradish
Fillet carpaccio 14.00
pickled chestnut mushrooms, parmesan

Heritage tomato & herb salad 9.50
with Graceburn & Nigella seeds
Spring vegetable salad 9.00
goat's curd, heritage radishes & sourdough crisp
Bone marrow with onions 9.50
sourdough toast
Hawksmoor Caesar 9.50
Cantabrian anchovies

STEAKS

Be warned, our favourite cuts - Bone-in prime rib, porterhouse & chateaubriand - are big.
Good if you're hungry or for two to share.

Chateaubriand 14.50/100g
Porterhouse 11.00/100g
Bone-in prime rib 11.00/100g
T-bone 9.50/100g

Fillet (300g) 39.00
Rib-eye (400g) 37.50
Sirloin (400g) 36.00
Rump (300g) 25.00

Extras

Half a native lobster 8.00/100g
Grilled bone marrow 5.50
Maple bacon 4.50
Two fried eggs 3.00

Sauces 3.50: Béarnaise, Peppercorn, Bone marrow gravy, Anchovy hollandaise, Stichelton hollandaise

MAINS

Charcoal roasted halibut 9.00/100g
porcini & bone marrow sauce
Monkfish 9.50/100g
grilled over charcoal

Whole native lobster 8.00/100g
with garlic butter
Roasted herb-fed chicken 19.00
traditional trimmings

Cast-iron fillet steak 39.00
bone marrow & onion
Charcoal roasted cauliflower 18.00
*Coronation spices, smoked aubergine,
IPA raisins*

Hawksmoor hamburger (*Monday - Saturday until 6pm*)

SERVED WITH TRIPLE-COOKED CHIPS OR ENGLISH LETTUCE & HERB SALAD 18.00

SIDES

Triple-cooked chips 5.50
Beef dripping fries 5.50
Mash & gravy 5.50
Tunworth mash 6.50
Buttered Jersey Royals 5.50
Baked sweet potato 4.50

Macaroni cheese 6.50
Buttered greens 5.50
Spinach, lemon & garlic 6.50
Creamed spinach 6.50
Garlic mushrooms 6.00

Heritage tomato side 5.00
English lettuce & herb salad 5.00
Hawksmoor Caesar 5.50
Rye by the Water sourdough 3.75
with Longman's butter

EXPRESS MENU 2 courses £24, 3 courses £28 (*Monday - Saturday until 6pm*)

Potted beef & bacon
Smoked mackerel salad
Heritage tomato salad

Rump / fillet tail (+6.50) & chips
Whole roasted sea bream
Charcoal roasted cauliflower

Sticky toffee sundae
Peanut butter shortbread
Strawberry cheesecake

SUNDAY ROAST

SLOW ROAST NATIVE BREED RUMP WITH ALL THE TRIMMINGS 25.00

BYO MONDAY £5 corkage on any bottle, for maximum value bring a Nebuchadnezzar of Nebbiolo and a Balthazar of Bastardo

AN OPTIONAL 12.5% SERVICE CHARGE WILL BE ADDED TO THE BILL. ALL CASH AND CARD TIPS GO DIRECTLY TO STAFF.

We cannot guarantee the absence of traces of nuts or other allergens, cheese may be unpasteurised. Please advise a member of staff if you have any particular dietary requirements.

HAWKSMOOR IS A CARBON NEUTRAL RESTAURANT GROUP



A

ARK PIRATES

Or LUMPERS. Skinny docker-thieves who hid their loot in lumpy pouches beneath their clothes.

E

EATING IRONS

or GOBBLING RODS. Cutlery.

I

ITALIAN TEABAGS

Ravioli.

M

MRS B.

Tinned steamed pudding. After Mrs Beeton.

Q

QUICK BURN

A rapidly (and silently) smoked cigarette.

U

UP AND A DOWNER

A heated argument.

Y

YAM

Eat heartily. Also, YAFFLE and YAFFLE GEAR – mouth and teeth.

B

BEN FLAKE

A steak at a dockside SLAP-BANG (lowly cook-shop).

F

FLAM-FEW

Moonlight reflected on water. And FROST-SMOKE. Icy fog.

J

JACK NASTY-FACE

Cook's assistant.

N

NELSON'S BLOOD

Rum.

R

ROAST BEEF DRESS

Full uniform.

V

VINO CALLAPSO

Any rough, strong local wine.

Z

The ZEDS

Where a Jack goes once he's KEELED OVER and CROSSED THE BAR to the big sleep in THE SOUNDLESS DEEP that is DAVY JONES'S LOCKER. Dead, dead, dead.

C

COG AND SOG

or DOG'S NOSE. Beer with a stabilising slug of KILL-COBBLER (gin), KILL-DEVIL (rum) or any other KILL-GRIEF (strong liquor). For stormy seas.

G

GRANNY'S BEND

Slippery hitch made by a LOB-COCK, CHUCKLE-HEAD or GAW-GAW (all useless landlubbers).

K

KISS THE WOODEN LADY

Tied to the mast as punishment. Shipmates encouraged to kick the kisser's buttocks when passing by.

O

ONE-EYED STEAK

Kipper.

S

SUCK THE MONKEY

Illicitly siphon spirits from a ship's cask via a tube.

W

WISHY-WASHY

or WATER BEWITCHED. Weak grog.

D

DOGSBODY

Passengers' leftovers mixed with ships biscuits reheated. And lowly Jacks who had to eat it.

H

HOB-A-NOB

To drink with friends. Also, touching glasses in pledging health.

L

LOWBACK CAR

Small vehicle that helped launch ships in the docks. Literally built to 'push the boat out'. Which we encourage you to do in our waterside bar – The Lowback. A special place for celebratory revelry.

P

PUSH THE BOAT OUT

See LOWBACK. Also, to buy a round of drinks: "This bloke you're meeting up the Old Jacket and Vest tonight, let him push the boat out, the bastard." (J. Curtis, 1937)

T

TOUCH UP IN THE BUNT

Mend the sail on the yard; goad or remind forcibly.

X

X-CHASER

Brainy sailor.

THE ISLE OF JACKSPEAK

... The slanguage of sailors and dockers that whirled and swirled in these parts for centuries. A short guide for all you lubberly clod-hoppers so you aren't all at sea the next time you find yourself three sheets to the wind on the ceiling (deck) of a skyscraper (tall-masted sailing ship with highest sail set).

THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF THE ISLE OF DOGS

THINK BERLIN 1961. EXCEPT INSTEAD OF A GIANT WALL, THERE'S A VAN AND A FEW DOZEN DOCKERS BLOCKING BRIDGES TO SEAL THE ISLE OFF FROM 'THE MAINLAND'. NOBODY IN OR OUT.

IT'S 1970

and from his council-flat-turned-government-headquarters the President of the new Republic of the Isle of Dogs, Ted Johns, has just announced a Unilateral Declaration of Independence. "We can govern ourselves much better than they're doing.

"THEY'VE LET THE ISLAND GO TO THE DOGS."

Rumours of official passports start to spread.



Not everyone is happy with the new President. Jean from three doors down: "He's a wash out. He doesn't know what he's talking about. It's just plain stupid!" Betty from across the way: "When they cut the island off my husband couldn't get home from work and have his tea!". Inspired by the Ealing Comedy, *Passport to Pimlico*, Ted's two week reign drew attention to the Isle's long-neglected infrastructure, and new investment and support followed.

A few years later he also helped see off the challenge of the BNP. In his obituary, the Guardian called him

"THE MOST IMPORTANT GRASS-ROOTS LEADER THE EAST END PRODUCED IN THE LAST HALF CENTURY"

President Ted - We salute you

The Isle of Dogs
is the smell of tar.
It's a granite lover,
weathered veins of steel.
And loving it,
don't get you far.

The Isle of Dogs
is a smoky sky.
Two-stroke is its heartbeat,
diesel is its blood.
And yet,
I love it 'til I die.

Well, it's raining,
on the Isle of Dogs...

*The Isle of Dogs
is the smell of tar.
It's a granite lover,
weathered veins of steel.
And loving it,
don't get you far.*

It's cold as sin,
the Isle of Dogs...

The Isle of Dogs
is a smoky sky.
Two-stroke is its heartbeat,
diesel is its blood.
And yet,
I love it 'til I die.

This is the stony pillow,
had a dream to tell.
These the metal sinews,
that nursed me well.

Now when you pass through
the Isle of Dogs,

*the Isle of Dogs
opens gaping jaws.*

Kiss it with acetylene,
caress it with a fire,
and you can make
all of it yours.

Isle of Dogs Blues
Queenie Watts, 1964

QUEENIE WATTS



*I*t was the early sixties, and the East End was a scene. A heady mix of booze and boisterousness, grit and glamour. Rowdy dockers, gangsters (the Krays and more), celebrities and thrill-seeking high society flocked to see Queenie Watts – singer, songwriter, actor and self-confessed bawdy landlady (think Peggy Mitchell meets Joni Mitchell) – and she welcomed them all. “I just love people. People are life, aren't they?”

A proper local treasure, her story is told on the walls of our private dining room which bears her name, Queenie Watts. It may not be quite in keeping with her boozier (the long-gone) Iron Bridge Tavern, but we hope she would approve.