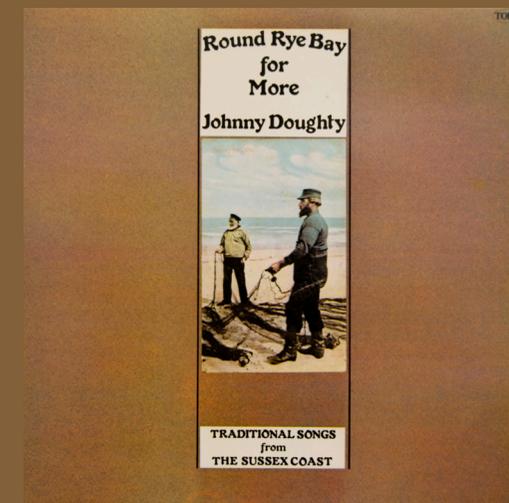




Johnny Doughty Round Rye Bay for More

Traditional Songs from The Sussex Coast

- 1 **Herrings' Heads**
- 2 **The Wreck of the Northfleet**
- 3 **When I was Single**
- 4 **The Golden Vanity**
- 5 **The Saucy Sailor**
- 6 **Baltimore**
- 7 **While Going Round the Cape/Round Rye Bay for More**
- 8 **Spanish Ladies**
- 9 **The Sailor's Alphabet**
- 10 **The Mermaid**
- 11 **Marry Me**
- 12 **I'm Going to be Mother Today**
- 13 **Barbara Allen**
- 14 **My Boy Billy**
- 15 **Dick Turpin/Let Her Go Back**
- 16 **Rye Harbour Girl**
- 17 **The Streets of Port Arthur**



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- at Johnny Doughty's home, summer 1976
Produced by Mike Yates & Tony Engle
Sleeve & booklet notes by Mike Yates
Sleeve & booklet design by Tony Engle
Photography by Mike Yates

Johnny Doughty, a 74 year old former inshore fisherman from Brighton, is, I believe, one of the most exciting folk-singers to have been discovered in the last few years. His songs, delivered with a vigorous intensity that belies his age, range from classic Elizabethan ballads to locally composed 'ditties' and well reflect the extrovert personality that has already made his name something of a legend among the Sussex fishing folk.

Many of these songs were learnt as a boy from the older fishermen who would sing quietly to themselves whilst net-mending on the Brighton beach. Others came from colleagues at sea or from his family and neighbours. Through Johnny Doughty their songs have remained and, through the medium of this record, a whole new audience will now be able to share in the excitement of this still active and musical community.

Mike Yates

Johnny Doughty was born in Brighton, Sussex, on September 1, 1903, in a cottage now demolished, in Wellington Place, then the centre of the town's fishing district.

'It was a rough area . . . but good people, you understand. My grandmother brought me up mostly . . . I can see her now. She used to take in washing and she'd be at her tub washing and singing all day, "Come my own one, come my fond one, come my dearest unto me"; that was one she loved; "Come all ye little Irish girls I would bid you all adieu," that was another, and Baltimore, 'cept she wouldn't sing me all the verses to that because they were too rude!

'Course when I wasn't at home or school I was on the beach . . . always on the beach. I almost lived there . . . first at the cockle and whelk stalls, then helping empty the boats of their catches. I used to go to the net arch - St. Margaret's Net Arch they called it, by the Palace Pier - and listen to the old sailors . . . *real* sailors they were . . . and some of 'em

were mean - really mean - and you daren't talk to 'em. You had to wait till they looked at you, "What you want?", they'd say, and you'd say, "Please Mr. Thompson", always Mister, mind you, "Please Mr. Thompson, Mr. Adams presents his compliments, and would you like to join him in the Arch for a drink?" And so they got to know you and you'd listen to them and they'd teach you rhymes about navigation, how to steer a boat, or what to do if danger was about.

'I learnt *The Golden Vanity*, *Herrings' Heads* and *The Wreck of the Northfleet* when I was just a nipper in the Arch . . . and any number of scraps of songs ... *Dick Turpin* ... *Let Her Go Back*, things like that, they'd hum them as they were net-mending . . . and some of 'em wouldn't tell you the words for all the gold in China. "What song?", they'd say when you asked 'em what they were singing. They were buggers all right. But I liked 'em!

Johnny left school when he was 13 years old and spent the next two years herring catching until he joined the Royal Navy as a boy sailor in May 1919.

'I was there until they invalidated me out after an accident. They told me I had defective vision and gave me £9 to buy a pair of glasses. Well, it all went on beer, and I've never worn glasses yet . . . so they were wrong, weren't they! We used to sing *The Streets of Port Arthur* in those days and "I'll give to you a string of pearls, if you will marry me". I learnt that from a girl in Malta, but where she got it from the lord only knows . . . another sailor I expect.

'Anyway, when I came out of' the Navy the depression was on and it was almost impossible to earn a living fishing. So I got a job in the gashouse at Portslade and I was there for six years. I worked seven days a week . . . £4 a week . . . and saved ten bob a week to buy the "Lady Ethel", she was a rowing boat, counter stern boat, and I bought set nets for her . . . I was making shrimp nets at the same time and selling them... so between it all I was able to buy a bigger boat with a winch, so that I could use bigger nets. That was the "Florence

Nightingale” and, do you know, there were more patches on the bottom of that boat than there were on Jacob’s coat ... and that’s the truth.

‘I bought another boat at that time from an old sailor we called Captain Cuttle ... fifty bob I paid. We tarted it up, scraped all the old tar off it, repaired the patches, put in a new centre board and put a new fo’c’stle to her and I used her with my son Jack to catch whiting.

‘In the end I left the gas works and they gave me £45 pension money. So I had two new boats built for me at Portsmouth and I used them up to the start of the war... taking holiday fishermen and trippers round the Bay in summer, and doing my own fishing in winter.’

When war broke out Johnny volunteered to work on a mine-sweeper and was shipped to Greenock. He was then transferred to become bos’n of a tanker carrying aviation fuel between Swansea and Plymouth. The cargo was such that the ship was not allowed to sail in convoy for protection. Whilst in Poole Harbour his ship suffered considerable damage during a German bombing raid and Johnny was lucky to escape uninjured. However, he was not so lucky on his next ship, another minesweeper, this time working in the Edinburgh Channel, which inadvertently struck a mine and sank. Finally, Johnny joined a French boat on the Murmansk run.

In 1945, while on leave, he was asked to take a converted trawler from Shoreham to Rye Harbour where the new owner lived. The war ended and Johnny remained in Rye working on his own boats ,the ‘Ocean Reaper’ and the ‘Helen Mary’ until he retired a few years ago. When asked about old songs, Johnny told me:

‘They were chiefly songs about the sea, like *The Stowaway from Liverpool* and *The Fighting Temarare*. Alice Cox used to sing *Billy Boy* when she was selling papers. They all had their own songs, you see.’

Johnny Doughty now lives a few miles out of Rye, overlooking the sea that has provided him with a lifetime of work. Like many a seaman before him he has experienced a love/hate relationship with his chosen environment. ‘The sea can be cruel you know, and it’s a fool that doesn’t remember that. But I’ve had a good life and a happy one . . . what more can I ask?’

HERRINGS' HEADS

In came the Herring, the King of the sea,
I think it high time our anchor to weigh.

For it's hazy weather, blowing weather
When the wind blows it's stormy weather.

So begins a late 18th century broadside, *The Fishes' Lamentation*, subtitled *A New Song*. Well, the song may have been new then but the notion that the herring was king of the sea was certainly not; and just as the wren was seen as the king of the birds - fit for ritual slaughter - so too was the herring the embodiment of some ancient, and widespread, regeneration ritual. Indeed, it is not without justification that present-day fishermen often regard themselves as the last of the hunters. Today, though, much of the magic has gone and we are left, not with a magical beast, but with a singer's test of sobriety.

- 1 Now what shall we do with the herrings' heads?
Turn them into loaves of bread
Herrings' heads - loaves of bread and all such things
Of all the fish that's in the sea the herring's the king of
the fish for me
With a wack-for-doodle-i-do, wack-for-doodle-aye
- 2 Herrings' eyes - puddings and pies
- 3 Herrings' backs - fishing smacks
- 4 Herrings' fins - needles and pins
- 5 Herrings' bellys - jam and jellies
- 6 Herrings' tails - buckets and pails
- 7 Herrings' guts - comic cuts

Spoken (We) used to go down on the beach and we used to wait down there all night ... and er ... for the boats to come ashore ... and then heave 'em up ... then you got so many herrings each. When they was all up, though, you carried up the herrings after they cleared the nets. You took your herring home then you went round and sold 'em, before you went to school. Then rush out of school and straight down

on the beach again. Cor, we was kids then!

Bib. Hamer 2 p.23; Kennedy 1 p.651 (extensive bibliography); Purslow p.52.

Disc. (Leader) Jack Elliott of Birtley; (Topic) - Animal Songs (Phoebe Smith, Richard Blackman)

THE WRECK OF THE NORTHFLEET

The sailing ship 'Northfleet', at anchor in the English Channel on the evening of January 22, 1873, was struck amidships by the Spanish steamship 'Murillo' with the resultant loss of 320 lives. At least two songs recall the event but the present one, so far as I know, is the only one to have entered the folksong tradition. The song presents a reasonably accurate account of the 'Northfleet's' final hour and includes mention of Captain Knowles who died, revolver in hand, attempting to prevent his crew from panicking.

- 1 Come listen all ye feeling people
While this sad story I relate
It's about a vessel called the 'Northfleet'
Which met with such an awful fate
Five hundred souls she had aboard her
Lay anchored there, off Dungeness
Bound for Australia was the vessel
They'd bid farewell with fond caress.
- 2 It was a big and foreign vessel
Came drifting with the channel tide
Bore down upon the helpless 'Northfleet'
And crashed into her 'timbered side
Nor did she stop to give assistance
Or repair the damage she had made
While everyone aboard the 'Northfleet'
Went down upon their knees and prayed.

-
- 3 God bless those widows and those orphans
Comfort them where e'er they be.
May God in Heaven above protect them
From all the perils of the sea.
- 4 The Captain said, 'Now to the lifeboats;
Stand back you men, the women first.
I'll shoot the first that disobeys me.'
They did not heed but madly rushed.
The Captain fired, his shot was fatal
And one poor fellow's life was slain
While everyone aboard the 'Northfleet'
Went down upon their knees and prayed.
- 5 The Captain sent down for his first mate
And bade him try and save his life
And gave into his trustful keeping
His young but newly-wedded wife.
'No, let me stay with you, dear husband.'
'No, no, my wife, that cannot be.'
She stayed aboard the sinking vessel
With him went to eternity.
- 6 God bless those widows and those orphans
Comfort them where e'er they be.
May God in Heaven above protect them
From all the perils of the sea.

Bib. Stubbs pp.86-87.

Disc. (Topic) Sussex Harvest (Harry Upton)

WHEN I WAS SINGLE

Whilst this song of compounded marital error owes much to the Victorian Music Hall, the idea behind it is by no means new - one version, at least, appearing in *The Westminster Drollery* of 1672. The song is frequently met with today - a fact which possibly explains why so few collectors have bothered to note it down.

- 1 I married a wife, oh then
I married a wife, oh then
I married a wife was the pride of me life
But I wished I was single again
Chorus:
Again and again and again
Again and again and again
I married a wife, was the pride of me life
But I wished I was single again
- 2 My wife she died, oh then
My wife she died, oh then
My wife she died and I laughed till I cried
For I knew I was single again
- 3 I married another, oh then
I married another, oh then
I married another far worse than the other
I longed to be single again

Bib. Kennedy 1 p.461; Williams p.111.

THE 'GOLDEN VANITY'

Sir Walter Rawleigh ha's built a ship in the Netherlands,
Sir Walter Rawleigh ha's built a drip in the Netherlands,
And it is called the 'Sweet Trinity',
And was taken by the false Gallaly,
Sailing in the low-lands.

So begins a blackletter broadside, 'shewing how the famous ship called the SWEET TRINITY was taken by a false Gally, and how it was again restored by the craft of a little sea-boy, who sunk the Gally,' that was printed during the period 1682-85 by Joshua Conyers, 'at the Black-Raven, the 1st shop in Fetter-lane, next Holborn.'

The history books appear to have missed this particular episode in Raleigh's life - no doubt because it was a flight of Conyers', or some other unknown printer's, imagination; a simple attempt to increase sales by the addition of a romantic and well-known name to an otherwise commonplace tale. Whatever the origin, the ballad certainly caught the popular imagination with the result that more than a hundred sets have been collected throughout England, Scotland, America and Australia. Johnny's final couplet is, to my knowledge, unique to his version.

1 A fair ship is mine called the 'Golden Vanity'
And she sails just now by the north country
But I fear that she'll be taken by a Spanish gallalee
As we sailed by the lowlands low
Chorus:
By the lowlands low,
As we sailed by the lowlands low.

2 'What will you give to me?' asked the little cabin boy
'If I venture to that Spanish ship, the ship that doth annoy?
I will wreck the gallalee, you may peace of mind enjoy
As we sail by the lowlands low'.

3 The Captain said, 'Now with you my lad I'll share
All my treasure and my wealth, you shall have my
daughter fair
If this Spanish ship you nobly sink and ease me of my
care
As we sail by the lowlands low'.

4 Then boldly the lad did he leap into the sea
And an auger very sharp and thin he carried carefully
And he swam the mighty billows 'til he reached the
gallalee
Where she sank by the lowlands low.

5 Then back to the ship the little hero hied
And he begged the crew to haul him up upon the
larboard side
'You can sink for me you little dog' the ungrateful
Captain cried
As we sail by the lowlands low.
Was there ever half a tale so sad
As this tale of the sea
Where we sailed by the lowlands low?

Bib. Bronson vol.4 pp. 312-62; Child no. 286;
Euing pp. 553-52;
Hamer 1 pp. 78-9; Pepys vol.4 p. 196.
Disc. (Topic) Child Ballads' 1701.2 (Bill Cameron);
Wattle AS2 Australian Traditional Singers and
Musicians in Victoria (Simon McDonald)



Golden Vanity, Or the Low Lands Low.

I HAVE a ship in the North Country,
And she goes by the name of the Golden Vanity,
I am afraid she will be taken [by some Turkish
Gallior.

As she sails on the Low Lands Low.

Then up starts our little Cabin Boy,
Saying, Master what will you give me if I do
them destroy

I will give you gold, I will give you store,
You shall have my daughter when I return on
shore.

If you sink them in the Low Lands Low,

The boy bent his breast and away he jump't in
He swam till he come to this Turkish Gallior,
As she laid on the Low Lands Low,

The Boy had an auger to bore holes two at once.
While some were playing cards, and some
were playing Dice,

He let the water in, and it dazzled in their eyes,
And he sunk them in the Low Lands Low,

The boy he bent his breast and away he swam,
Saying Master, take me up, or I shall be slain,
For I have sunk them in the Low Lands Low

I'll not take you up the Master he cried,
I'll not take you up the Master replied,
I will kill you I will shoot you I will send with
the tide,

I will sink you in the Low Lands Low.

The boy he swam round all by the starboard side,
Saying Messmates take me up, for I surely shall
be slain,

For I have sunk them in the Low Lands Low

His Messmates took him up all by the starboard
side,

They laid him on the deck, and its there he sunk
and died,

Then they sewed him up in an old Cows hide,
And they throw'd him overboard, to go down
with tide,

And they sunk him in the Low Lands Low.

THE SAUCY SAILOR

According to William Alexander Barrett, *The Saucy Sailor* has been in print since at least 1781. He cites it as being highly popular with East London factory girls and, judging by the efforts of other song collectors - Cecil Sharp alone noted it eleven times - it must indeed have been widespread at one time. Johnny's version comes from his grandmother, who was constantly singing it, and it is hard to say who was the more surprised, Johnny or myself, when, after recording the song, he told me that he hadn't sung it for at least 60 years!

- 1 Come my own one, come my fond one,
Come my dearest unto me
Will you wed with a poor sailor lad
Who has just returned from sea?
- 2 No indeed I'll have no sailor
For he's dirty, smells of tar
You are ragged, you are dirty
Get you gone you Jacky Tar.
- 3 If I'm ragged, if I'm dirty
If I smell so much of tar
I've got silver in my pockets, love
And gold in bright store.
- 4 When she heard him thus address her
Down upon her knees she fell
Saying, 'Ragged, dirty sailor lad
I love more than words can tell'.
- 5 Do you take me to be foolish
Do you think that I am mad?
When to wed the life (Ijke?) of you miss
While there's others to be had.

- 6 No my ship shall sail the ocean
No my boat shall spread her wings
Not to wed the life (like?) of you miss
Not for you the wedding ring.

Bib. Baring-Gould pp.42-3; Barrett p. 55;
FSJ no. 17 pp.342-45;
Hugill pp.461-2; Laws K38; Sharp vol.2 pp.31 1-15.

BALTIMORE

According to that master of sea lore, Stan Hugill, *Baltimore* was a once well-known shore song in Britain. Although it was sung as a capstan shanty on board German sailing ships, it was not, he believes, sung this way on British ships. Johnny had the song from his grandmother who, so he now believes, sang it at a slower pace.

- 1 And he kissed her on the cheek and the crew
begin to roar,
Oh, oh and up she goes, we're bound for Baltimore.
And he kissed her on the face and the crew begin to roar,
Oh, oh and up she goes, we're bound for Baltimore.
Chorus:
No more, no more, no more, we're going to sea no more.
As soon as we reach port tonight we're heading
for the shore.
- 2 And then he kissed her on the neck [etc.]
And he kissed her on the face [etc.]
- 3 And then he kissed her on the lips [etc.]
- 4 And then he kissed her on the arms [etc.]
- 5 And he kissed her on the legs [etc.]

WHILE GOING ROUND THE CAPE/ ROUND RYE BAY FOR MORE

According to Peter Kennedy, who collected a version of *While Going Round the Cape* from a Suffolk-born docker in the Port of London, this song is best known among the canal boatmen of Britain where it is to be found with titles as *The Fish and Chip Ship*, *The Capital Ship on an Ocean Trip* or *The Walloping Window Blind*. *Round Rye Bay for More*, similar in sentiment to the better known *Go To Sea Once More*, is a local composition that closes many an evening pub sing-song in Rye. 'Old Crusty', who makes a fleeting appearance in verse 2, was Henry Daniels Crampton, a local skipper who died, aged 84, in the early 1960s.

- 1 Now while going round the Cape
We had a mar-vu-lous escape.
The wind blew off the skipper's wooden leg;
And we hadn't been long at sea
When we struck a Christmas Tree
And we all fell down the coalshoot in the dark.
- 2 Singing, lower the lifeboats, stop the ship
And reef the anchor chain.
Heave the skipper overboard, haul him back again.
Strike the lifeboat up aloft, the stormy winds do blow.
Cook o' the watch, ship's struck a match.
Heave-ho, heave-ho.

Spoken We used to go herring catching and mackerel catching ... spratting ... but all rowboats ... we used to go mackerel sailing from the shore ... and shrimp trawling, trammelling, and you managed to get a living out of it like. I had the Helen Mary - she was a motorboat.

- 1 We'll go round Rye Bay for more, my tars,
Round Rye Bay for more,
And when our money's all spent and gone
We'll go round Rye Bay for more.
- 2 South of the buoy down Rye Bay way
That's where I lost my trawl and did I swear
the other day?
Old Crusty he told me that I shouldn't stray
South of the buoy down Rye Bay way.
- 3 Repeat verse 1.
- 4 More, more
Round Rye Bay for more
And when our money's all spent and gone
We'll go round Rye Bay for more.

Bib. Kennedy 2, pp.3, 15.

SPANISH LADIES

Johnny calls this *Up the Channel* and learnt it as a boy in the Brighton net arches. Like *The Mermaid* it has become rather standardised through the influence of late 19th century school book settings, although the broadside texts - the version printed here was issued by Hodges of Seven Dials and is from John Pitts' stock - show just how little the song has altered in the last 150 years.

- 1 Farewell and adieu all ye Spanish ladies,
Farewell and adieu all ye daughters of Spain,
'Cause we've just received orders to sail for old England
But shortly we hope to return back again.
Chorus
And we'll roar like a true British sailor.

We'll rant and We'll roar across the salt sea
 Until we strike soundings in the channel of old England
 From Ushant to Scilly is thirty-five league.

- 2 Now the first point we made was the
 Eddystone lighthouse
 Next Ram'shead off Plymouth, Start, Portland
 and Wight
 And then we sailed then by Beachy, by Fairleigh
 and Dungeness
 And we bore straight away for the South Foreland light.

- 3 Now we hove our ship to with the wind at sou'-west,
 me boy;
 We hove our ship to for to make soundings clear
 And then we brailed the main top'sail and we bore
 right away, me boys,
 Then right up the channel our course we did steer.

Bib. Bell p. 454; Hugill pp.385-86; Sharp vol.2 pp.288-89.

THE SAILOR'S ALPHABET

Alphabet songs similar to this one exist among many communities. Soldiers, lumberjacks and shepherders, among others, have their own versions of this mnemonic device which may originally have been influenced by such nursery rhymes as:-

A was an apple-pie;
B bit it,
C cut it,
D dealt it,
E eat it, [etc.]

which was well-known during the reign of Charles II. One interesting version, known as *Tom Thumb's Alphabet*, dates from at least the beginning of the 18th century and could well have provided the basic idea behind Johnny's song:-

A was an archer, who shot at a frog,
B was a butcher, and had a great dog,
C was a captain, all covered with lace,
D was a drunkard, and had a red face, [etc.]

- 1 A's for the anchor that swings at our bow,
 B for the bowsprit through the wild seas do plough.
 C for the capstan we merrily around,
 D are the davits we lower our boats down.

Chorus

Sing high, sing low, wherever you go,
 Give a sailor his tot and there's nothing goes wrong.

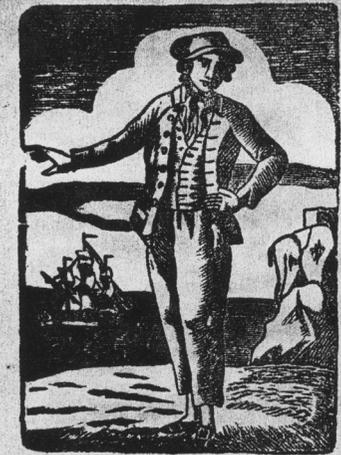
- 2 Now E for the ensign that flies at our peak,
 F is for the fo'c'sle where the good sailors sleep.
 G for the galley where the cooks hop around,
 H are the halyards we haul up and down.

- 3 Now I is the iron the ship is made of,
 J for the jib which moves her along.
 K is the keel at the bottom of the ship,
 L is the lanyards that never do slip.

- 4 Now M is the mainmast so neat and so strong,
 N for the needles which never go wrong.
 O for the oars we row our boats out,
 P for the pumps that we keep her afloat.

- 5 Q for the quarterdeck Where officers do stand,
 R is the rudder that steers us to land.
 S for the sailors which move her along,
 T for the topsails we pull up and down.

- 6 U for the union which flies from our peak,
 V for the vittles which the sailors do eat.
 W for wheel where we all take our turn,



Saucy Sailor BOY.

OH, come my own one, come my fond one
 Come my dearest unto me,
 Will you wed with a poor sailor lad,
 That's just returned from sea ?

You are dirty, love, you are ragged, love,
 And smell so strong of tar,
 So begone you saucy sailor boy,
 So begone you Jack Tar,

If I'm dirty, love, if I'm ragged, love,
 And smell so strong of tar,
 I have got silver in my pocket, love,
 And gold in bright store.

As soon as she heard him say so,
 Down on her bended knees she fell,
 She says, I will love my Henry,
 I will love my jolly sailor well.

Do you think I am foolish, love ?
 Do you think I am mad ?
 For to wed a poor country girl,
 When there's a fortune to be had.

So I'll cross the briny ocean,
 Where the meadows are so green,
 And since you have refused my offer, love,
 Some other girl shall wear the ring.

I am frolicsome, I am easy,
 Good-tempered and free,
 And I don't care a single pin, my boys,
 What the world says of me.

X,Y,Z is the name on our stern.
Bib. Hugill pp.456-58; Opie pp.47-52.
Disc. Philo 1020 Sara Cleveland; (Topic) A Garland for Sam
(Sam Larner)

THE MERMAID

There is an old belief among sailors that the sighting of a mermaid is an omen of impending doom. However, our present song has not been traced prior to the mid-18th century when it was printed as *The Seamen's Distress* in "The Glasgow Lasses Garland" a Newcastle chapbook of c. 1765. In North America the song appeared on at least three commercial 78 rpm records during the 1920s and 30s. The Carter Family sang it for Bluebird as *Waves on the Sea* whilst Ernest Stoneman recorded it as *The Sailor's Song* and, with his Blue Ridge Corn Shuckers, as *The Raging Sea, How it Roars* (Victor), a version now reissued by Rounder Record.

- 1 One Friday morn when we set sail
And our ship was nigh on the land
We there did espy a fair mermaid
With a comb and glass in her hand
Chorus
While the raging seas did roar
And the stormy winds they did blow
And we jolly sailor boys was up, up aloft
And the landlubbers lying down below, below, below
And the landlubbers lying down below
- 2 Then up spake the captain of our gallant ship
And a good old skipper was he:
'I have married a wife in fair London Town
But this night she shall weep for me, for me, for me
And this night she shall weep for me'.

- 3 Then up spake the cabin boy of our gallant ship
And a fair-haired boy was he:
'I've a father, and a mother in fair Portsmouth Town
But tonight they shall weep for me, for me, for me
But this night they shall weep for me'.
- 4 The three times around went our gallant, gallant ship
And three times round went she.
Then three times around went our gallant, gallant ship
And she sank to the bottom of the sea, the sea, the sea
And she sank to the bottom of the sea.

Bib. Bronson vol.4 pp.370-87; Child no. 289.
Disc. (Topic) Sailormen and Servingmaids (William Howell).

MARRY ME

Although versions of *Marry Me* only appeared at the beginning of the 19th century - with titles such as *The Keys of Heaven/Canterbury*, *Madam Will You Walk* or *The Little Row of Pins* - it would seem certain that the song is based on an earlier pattern, namely the Elizabethan Stage Jig, a short dialogue song and dance performed by two or three characters. A version collected in 1905 by Henry Hammond, from Mrs. Gulliver of Combe Florey, in Somerset, would seem to confirm this. Hammond's version is included by Frank Purslow in the book *The Wanton Seed* and Mr. Purslow notes, 'This version is essentially intended for performance. It was sung, presumably, by three characters. At intervals throughout the song ... dancing ... took place.'

- 1 Now I'm a young sailor I've come across the sea
I've come to merry England to marry you
Will you marry, marry, marry, marry?
Will you marry me?

2 Now if you're a young sailor, you've come across the sea
You've come to merry England to marry me
I won't marry, marry, marry
I won't marry you.

3 Now if I was to buy you a nice string of pearls
That you could flirt with the haughty girls
Then will you marry, marry, marry, marry
Will you marry me?

4 Now if you was to buy me a nice string of pearls
That I could flirt with the haughty girls
I won't marry, marry, marry, marry
I won't marry you.

5 Now if I was to buy you a nice buck nigger
To wait upon you and to cook your dinner
Will you marry, marry, marry, marry
Will you marry me?

6 Now if you was to buy me a nice buck nigger
To wait upon me and cook my dinner
Then I won't marry, marry, marry, marry
I won't marry you.

7 Now if it was to give you the keys of my heart
And say that we will never part
Will you marry, marry, marry, marry
Will you marry me?

8 Now if you was to give me the keys of your heart
And say that we will never part
I won't marry, marry, marry, marry
I won't marry you.

9 Now if I was to give you the keys of my chest
And every penny that I possess
Then will you marry, marry, marry, marry
Then will you marry me?

10 Now if you was to give me the keys of your chest
And every penny that I'd possess
Then I'll marry, marry, marry, marry
Then I'll marry you.

11 Now ha, ha, ha, now ain't it damn funny
She don't want me, but she wants me bloomin' money
I won't marry, marry, marry, marry
I won't marry you.

Bib. Hamer 1 p.80; Kennedy 1 p.. 312 (extensive
bibliography); Purslow pp.7 1 -2.
Disc. (Topic) Songs and Southern Breezes (Mrs. Chapman)

I'M GOING TO BE MOTHER TODAY

**'Equinoxial swore by the green leaves on the tree,
That he could do more work in a day
than Phoebe could do in three.'**

So runs one old song. Johnny's song is by no means as old
- a late music-hall song, I suspect, although I have been
unable to trace it to a printed source - but its sentiment has
long echoed through the corridors of history and it is a firm
favourite in the Doughty household.

1 Now on last Sunday I shan't forget,
Now oh it was a day,
The wife was ill and I undertook
To mind the young 'uns and be the cook.
Well as I'd never done cooking before
The young 'uns they shouted, 'Hooray'
I tied on an apron, to a neighbour I said:

- 'I'm going to be mother today.'
- 2 I started by cooking the bacon,
I used a fishy pan.
I went to the door to get the milk
And over went the can.
I started a-mopping it up, my boy
He shouted with all his might:
'Come along, father, quick,' he cried,
'The frying pan's all alight.'
- 3 So in I rushed to the frying pan
And threw it in the sink,
And when I turned the water on
You could smell it for miles, I think.
We thought the water would never boil
But when it boiled, it did!
It spluttered all over the - - - ing shop
And nearly blew off the lid!
- 4 My wife from out of the bedroom cried:
'What are you cooking, my dear?'
'I'm trying to cook the bacon
And I'm having a - - - spree.
For where do you keep the butter, dear?
I'm - - - if can see.'
'I keep it in the cellar, on the shelf,' was her reply
Down I went, and I bumped my head
And very near blacked my eye.
- 5 'You can - - - ing well do the cooking yourself
For I'm a-going out.'
And as I slammed that front street door
I heard those young 'uns shout:
'It's a shame to blame poor father?'

BARBARA ALLEN

The popularity of *Barbara Allen*, at least in the version that Johnny sings, is possibly due to its inclusion in Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time* of 1859. The ballad was first mentioned in Pepys's diary when, on January 2nd, 1666, he wrote that the actress Mary Knipp sang 'her little Scotch song of Barbary Allen.'

One theory, rather unsubstantiated, is that Barbara Allen was, in fact, Barbara Villiers, a mistress of Charles II, whilst the poet Robert Graves has suggested that Barbara was a witch destroyed by her own evil spells.

- 1 In Scarlet Town where I was born
There was a fair maid dwelling
Made every youth cry well-a-day
For her name was Barbara Allen.
- 2 Twas in the merry month of May
When green buds they were swelling
Young Jemmy Groves on his death bed lay
For the love of Barbara Allen.
- 3 He sent his man unto her then
To the place where she was dwelling
'You must come to my master dear
If your name be Barbara Allen'.
- 4 Then slowly, slowly she came up
And slowly she came nigh him
And all she said when'er she came
'Young man I think you're dying'.
- 5 As she was walking o'er the fields
She heard the bells a-knelling
And every stroke did seem to say
'Unworthy Barbara Allen'.

-
- 6 When he was dead and in his grave
Her heart was struck with sorrow
'Oh mother, mother make my bed
For I will die tomorrow'.

Bib. Bronson vol. 2 pp.321-91; Chappel vol. 2 pp.538-39;
Child no.84.

Disc. (Asch) Ballads and Songs of the Blue Ridge Mountains
(Granny Porter & Wade Ward); All Jolly Fellows (George
Belton); Packie Byrne; (Folkways) British Traditional
Ballads in the Southern Mountains (Jean Ritchie);
(Folkways) Mountain Music of Kentucky (James Cornett);
(Folkways) Lucy Stewart; (Folkways) Field Trip - England
(Mr. Reid); (Leader) Folk Ballads from Donegal and Derry
(Charlie Somers); (Library of Congress) Versions and
Variants of "Barbara Allen"; (Philo) Ted Ashlaw; (Topic)
Child Ballads vol 1 (Jessie Murray, Fred Jordan, Charlie
Wills, May Bennell, Thomas Moran and Phil Tanner);
(Topic) Ulster Ballad Singer (Sarah Makem); (Topic) Flash
Company (Bob Hart); (Topic) A Garland for Sam (Sam
Larner); (Topic) Songs of the Open Road (Phoebe Smith);
(Tradition) The Lark in the Morning (Thomas Baynes).

MY BOY BILLY

Johnny had My Boy Billy from Alice Cox, a blind paper
seller who pitched by Brighton's West Pier, some sixty years
ago and her version certainly predates the one recorded
commercially by Frank Crumit on December 22, 1925.
The earliest known sets are from Scotland, one version
being included in the Herd manuscript of 1776, whilst
another appears as *My Boy Tammy* in Johnson's *Scots
Musical Museum* of 1797. When the Reverend Baring-Gould
collected a traditional version in 1885 from a West Country
nurse he attributed the words to the first part of the old
ballad *Lord Randal* and later scholars, including Professor

Bronson, have tended to agree with him, although the
evidence for this is rather tenuous.

- 1 Where have you been all the day, my boy Billy?
Where have you been all the day, Billy won't you tell me?
Where have I been all the day? Talking to my Lady Jane
But she is too young to be taken from her mummy.
- 2 Can she bake, can she stew, my boy Billy?
Can she make an Irish stew, Billy won't you tell me?
She can bake, she can stew, she can make an Irish stew
But she is too young to be taken from her mummy.
- 3 Can she make a feather bed, my boy
Can she make a feather bed, Billy won't you tell me?
Can she make a feather bed, tit for any lady's head
But she is too young to be taken from her mummy.
- 4 How old is she then, my boy Billy?
How old is she then, Billy won't you tell me?
Twice one, twice two, twice eleven, but twenty two
But she is too young to be taken from her mummy.

Bib. Bronson vol. 1 pp.226-36; Hugill pp.450-52;
Sharp vol. 2 pp. 35 5 - 5 7.

Disc. (Lyrichord) The Travelling People of Ireland
(unnamed singer)

DICK TURPIN/LET HER GO BACK,

Many of Johnny's songs were picked up from elderly
fishermen who would sing to themselves as they were net-
mending. Unfortunately many of the sailors were loth to
pass on their songs to a young schoolboy - as Johnny then
was - with the result that Johnny now has many tantalising
scraps and fragments in his head. His song Dick
Turpin is not the well known one about Turpin's encounter

with a lawyer on Hounslow Heath, but part of a comic *cante-fable* that was issued by James Catnach as a quarto sheet in the 1820s, and subsequently issued by T. Watts, a Birmingham printer. Ralph Vaughan Williams found a fragment, similar to Johnny's, in Essex at the turn of the century, but it appears to have escaped the notice of other collectors. *Let Her Go Back*, on the other hand, is widespread among sailors - usually under the title *Paddy Lay Back* - and versions appear in most of the major collections of nautical songs.

1 Now Dick Turpin he sailed out one night
With his fortune to deliver,
When he met a well-dressed gentleman
And he asked him to deliver:
"Tis your money I want. Fork out your blunt*
Or I'll send this through your liver
with my little pop-gun, any other come
Oh, the oh-de-ido.'

2 Now Dick Turpin and his pals
And a jolly lot o' gals
'I've a very fine plan, you must know.
For the sky looks pale, we'll rob the Royal Mail
Before the cock** begins to crow-i-oh
Before the cock begins to crow.'

Spoken They only used to sing bits of it, they'd be net-mending and they'd chuck their needles down ... then they'd start something else, see. A lot of 'em would only hum their tunes, you know, then they'd break into a bit of it. Then they'd hum another bit, see. That's all a lot of it was.

1 Now when I was young and silly in me twenties
It was then I thought I'd go to sea.
So I shipped aboard the mast in a Whaler

We went from California all the way back to France.

2 So let her go back, take in the slack
Oh, heave away the capstan, heave a pawl, heave a pawl,
Stand fast, boys, and then keep handy,
And we're bound for Calabarosa (?) around the Horn.

Spoken I can't get the other bit.

*blunt - mid 19th century slang term for money.

** In this recording Johnny sings 'CLOCK' - a slip of the tongue.

Bib. Hugill pp. 321-26.

Disc. (Topic) The Ling Family - Singing Traditions of a Suffolk Family (George Ling).

RYE HARBOUR GIRL

A local, and somewhat ephemeral, song that has gained popularity in the old town of Rye, if not elsewhere. Although Johnny will not admit to composing the song he has, I suspect, been responsible for part, if not all, of it.

1 'With me hand in me pocket and a few extra bob
Rye Harbour village I was right on the job,
When someone said, 'Johnnie' on turning around
The loveliest crumpet in the village I found.

2 An High Harbour girl, a Rye Harbour girl
And I thought she was sweeter than honey.
She had jewels and pearls and her hair hung in curls
On her I spent all my money.

3 That dear little Miss she gave me a kiss
She set my poor heart in a whirl;
I'll never forget the first time I met
That dear little Rye Harbour girl.

THE STREETS OF PORT ARTHUR

When Frank Kidson printed a version of this song, which he called *The Unfortunate Lad*, in volume 1 of the Folk Song Society's Journal he added this note: '*The Unfortunate Lad* is a ballad that will scarcely bare reprinting in its entirety'. Kidson believed *The Unfortunate Lad* to be an English version of the Irish song *The Unfortunate Rake* in which a young man is dying from venereal disease. Henry Parker Such printed *The Unfortunate Lad* in the 1850s, possibly using an 18th-century song, *The Buck's Elegy*, as a basis, and the following verse, which mentions some then common forms of medicinal remedy for venereal disease, was no doubt considered offensive by Kidson.

**Had she but told me when she disordered me
Had she but told me of it in time.**

**I might have got salts and pills of white mercury
But now I'm cut down in the height of my prime.**

Such's sheet is further explicit in placing the young man outside London's Lock Hospital which offered treatment for such diseases. Versions of this ballad have spread throughout the English speaking world. These include the black American song *St James Infirmary* and the cowboy *Tom Sherman's Barroom* (The Dying Cowboy) sometimes called *The Streets of Laredo*. Port Arthur, incidentally, may refer to the Texas gulf port of that name, or to the Chinese port of Lu-shun, which was known as Port Arthur to 19th century Euro pean sailors

- 1 Now as I was walking through the streets of Port Arthur,
Dark was the night and sullen the morn,
When who should I see but one of me old ship mates
He'd been living a life that he thought was worthwhile.
- 2 Now his old aged father, his old aged mother
Oftimes they had told him of the fast life he led.

Never go courting flash girls of the city
For the flash girls of the city will be the ruin of you.

- 3 So We'll beat the drum o'er him and play the fife melody,
We'll play the dead march as we carry him on,
And each one will carry a bunch of white roses
For he is a young sailor come down in his pride.
- 4 At the top of the street you will see those girls standing
And one to the other doth whisper and say;
Why here comes that young sailor whose money
we've squandered
And he's wrapped in a blanket much colder than clay.
- 5 His shipmates will then carry him to the churchyard
And six bonny sailors will walk by his side.
Take him to the churchyard and fire three
volleys o'er him
For he is a young sailor come down in his pride.

Bib FSJ vol. 1 p.254; vol. 3 p.292; vol. 4 pp.326-7; vol. 5 pp.193-4; Holloway & Black pp.48-9; Sharp vol. 2 pp.122-4. Disc. (Folkways) *The Unfortunate Rake*; Philo 1022 Ted Ashlaw; (RCA) *Native American Ballads* (Dick Devall); (Topic) *Songs of a Shropshire Farm Worker* (Fred Jordan).

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COMIC MEDLEY OF

Dick TURPIN

DICK TURPIN. (MEDLEY.)

In London a long time ago, Dick Turpin he lived you must know.
 He was a non-sucher, and he lived at a butcher's, in a place named Whitechapel-road,
 As older he grew, so they say, more bolder and daring each day.
 With his croney Tom King, this famous Turpin, went robbing upon the highway
 So if you list to my lay then, while my little time it employs,
 I'll sing of those slap-up Highway men, two rattling high-toby boys.

Dialogue.—Now for the way in which Dick and Tom became acquainted.

As bold Turpin rode out one day, a prize for to discover,
 He met with a swell gentleman, and commanded him to deliver,
 Your money I want, come fork out your blunt, or I'll send this through your liver
 With my little pop gun, hand over come, with my—
 Whack fol the riddle ri do.

The horseman bowed and laughed aloud, and cried you are mistaken,
 What! Don't you know a Toby-man from an old chaw bacon?
 You'll think it is no sin to collar my tin, but in that you are mistaken,
 With your little pop gun, hand over come, Whack fol the riddle ri do.

Dialogue.—How the devil are you Dick? What! not know me? Put up your barking horns, and save your salt-petre for somebody else. But not know me? Ha! Ha! Pray pray, good Mr. Highwayman, have pity on poor Tom King. Hail Tom, cried Dick, tip us your dippers; suppose we turn our heads to the old 'White Hart'? With all my heart said King. (The 'White Hart,' in Derry Lane, at that time, was the headquarters for highwaymen.)

Air, Uncle Ned.
 It was then Turpin and his pals, and a rammy lot of gals,
 Got lushing until their money it got low, just a kevil and a rout, and they pushed the bowl about,
 Till many on the floor laid low.

Seid Turpin it's time for to go, I've a very fine plant boys I know,
 While Oliver soaks pale, We will rob the Royal Mail.
 Before the cock begins for to crow, Right on to the road lad's let go.

Dialogue.—Bravo Captain Turpin, bravo bravo Captain Turpin, long life and a merry one to Captain Turpin. But you must know Ladies and Gentlemen, that Tom King and Dick Turpin agreed to meet the next day at the 'Red Lion,' in Aldersgate-street, to wait there until night, to go on an expedition. But alas! Frailty, thy name is woman.

Air, Adam and Eve.
 For ever since the days of Adam, Who was deceived by a wicked Madam,
 Man's been sold like a lost mutton, And Dick had a mistress, one Madge Sutton
 Who went Tom King and Dick to sell them, And padded off the traps to tell them,
 And showed them where the two were drinking, And hooked it off herself like winking,
 For blood money she'd been itching, That's why she did the bit of snishing.

Dialogue.—Now snishing in polite cribs means nosing or preaching. Now for a mill between Dick, Tom, and the Traps.

Air, Chamolis Hunter.
 The Bow-street runners, the Bow-street runners, they've nailed Tom at the door
 And quickly rot him under, but Dick his man did floor,
 And mounting his bonny mare, he wheeled her head around,
 Tom called on Dick to bullet them, as they bore him to the ground;
 Dick glanced along the shining barrel, he saw his pal was pressed,
 He let fly at the runner, but it entered poor Tom's breast,
 Oh! fare thee well—Dick, away, away Dick, my bold daring hunter.

Dialogue.—Damn me, cried Dick Hayes the runner, he's escaped. By Jove. Fifty extra to the man that nails him.

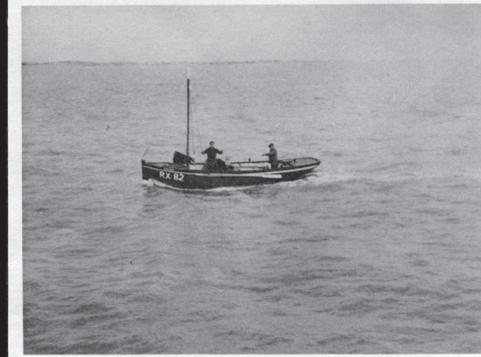
Air, Johnny Cope.
 When bold Turpin came to Hanger's-lane, at Tottenham so bonny oh;
 With his black mare, he made them dance, as he trotted from a jolly lot of gipsies oh;
 All night he rode through Cambridgeshire, Lincolnshire and Derbyshire,
 The Traps behind him Dick did bear, no nearer in the morning;
 Halt Bonny Bess, you're game lass yet, A rump and a dozen I'll freely bet,
 We'll gain York my gallant Bess, before eight in the morning.

Air, Nothing More.
 But slowly poor Bess staggered, and Dick had quickly seen,
 That her gallant heart was broken, and he knew with anguish keen
 How much he had overtaken her, and how bravely she had bore,
 Her bold rider out of danger, and she could do nothing more.

Dialogue. And there was nothing more for Dick to do, but to cut his lucky, which he did and got safe off, and he might have lived and been a fine fat old English gentleman—

Air, Too ral laddy,
 But Turpin he was bound to swing, Too ral laddy.
 Althrough a very paltry thing, Too ral laddy.
 He got a drop too much one day, Too ral laddy.
 He shot a game cock's life away, Too ral laddy.
 For that they put him in the blackhole, Too ral laddy.
 They discovered he was Turpin the bold, Too ral laddy.
 All through that drop he did touch, Too ral laddy.
 He died you must know of a drop too much, Too ral laddy.
 At the end of a string they gave him a swing, Too ral laddy.
 And this is all that I can sing, Too ral laddy.
 Of Dick Turpin the bold, Too ral laddy.

The 'Helm Mary', with Johnny at the tiller, 1858.



Henry Daniels Crampton, 'Old Crusty'.



Net mending, c. 1960.



Sail mending, c. 1960.

