

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FG 3507

# NOW IS THE TIME FOR FISHING

songs and speech by

## SAM LARNER

of Winterton, England

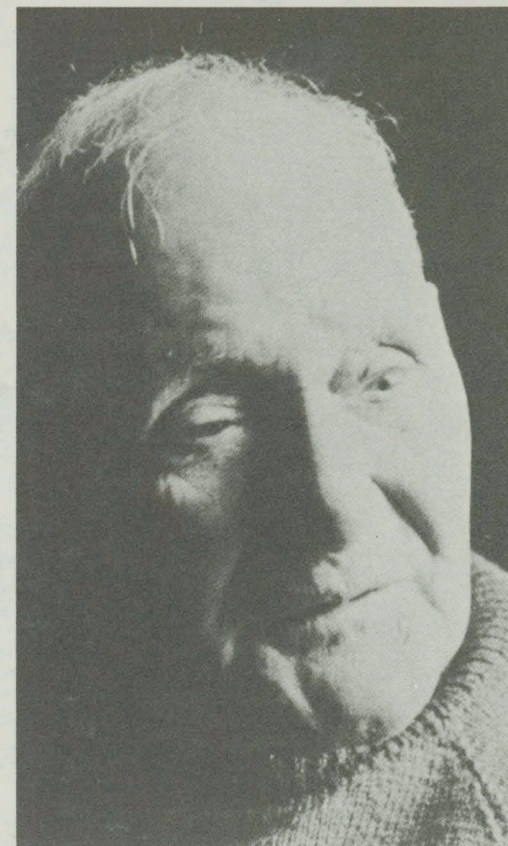
Collected & edited by  
Ewan MacColl & Peggy Seeger



M  
1740  
L325  
N946  
1961

MUSIC LP





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**SIDE I**

**Now is the Time for Fishing**  
**Up Jumped the Herring**  
**The Dogger Bank**  
**Henry Martin**  
**Butter and Cheese**

**The Reckless Young Fellow**  
**Blow Away the Morning Dew**  
**All Fours**  
**Green Broom**  
**The Dockyard Gate**  
**No, Sir, No Sir**

**SIDE II**

**Sealore and Rhymes**

**The Drowned Lover**  
**The Dolphin**  
**The Bold Princess Royal**  
**The Ghost Ship**

**Pleasant and Delightful**  
**Maids, When You're Young,**  
**Never Wed an Old Man**  
**The Wild Rover**

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Library of Congress Catalogue Card No. R67-1092

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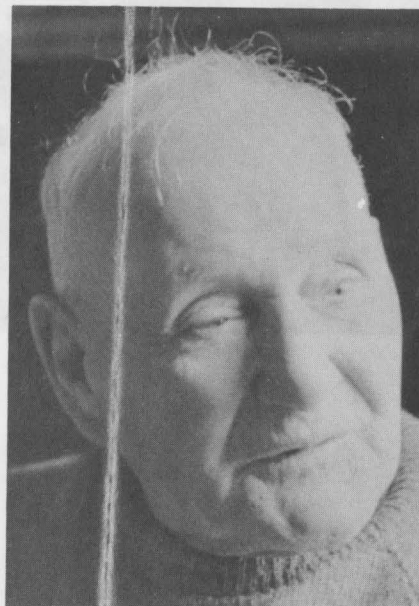
MUSIC LP

# NOW IS THE TIME FOR FISHING

## songs and speech by Sam Larner of Winterton, England

Collected and edited by

EWAN MacCOLL and PEGGY SEEGER



### GENERAL NOTES ON

#### NOW IS THE TIME FOR FISHING

#### THE MAN

Sam Larner was born in the village of Winterton in the county of Norfolk in 1878. At that time Winterton had a population of almost 900 and its chief "industry" was fishing; the men in a fleet of sailing-luggers followed the herring-shoals on their annual migrations round the coast of Britain, while the womenfolk worked at home making and repairing nets.

Sam, who was one of nine children and whose father was a fisherman until ill health banished him to the land, began going to sea on occasional voyages when he was eight years old. Four years later he signed on as cabin-boy in a sailing-lugger and, during the next twelve weeks, earned four pounds (about \$12). In the eight or nine years which followed he spent the greater part of his life aboard sailing-luggers hunting the shoals of herring from the Channel Grounds to the Faeroe Islands, from the Norwegian Deeps to the Butt of Lewis.

In 1899 he made his first voyage in *The Lotte*, one of the new steam drifters and continued thereafter to

sail 'in steam' until 1933 by which time he had, in the words of his doctor, "worn himself out with hard work". Wornout or not it was necessary that he should continue to earn his living for, as he himself puts it "food don't fall out of trees into a man's mouth."

It was the time of the depression and work was hard to come by.. "real hard, bor (boy) and it was worse in the towns. I reckon they was starvin' in the towns. Still after a couple of months on the dole I landed a job on the roads; breaking stones, just like a convict, bor! Just like a convict!" And when that job gave out he got another one, tree-planting for the forestry-commission. During the next ten years he worked at whatever he could find.

Now at the age of 82 he lives, with his wife Dorcas, in a small cottage on the edge of the village in which he was born. During his lifetime he has seen sailing boats give way to stream drifters and seen them, in their turn, give way to diesel vessels. He has seen how Radar and the echo-sounder have usurped the function of a fisherman's accumulated experience; "The gulls and the blowfish used to tell us where the fish were...the big blowfish, the big sparm whales that

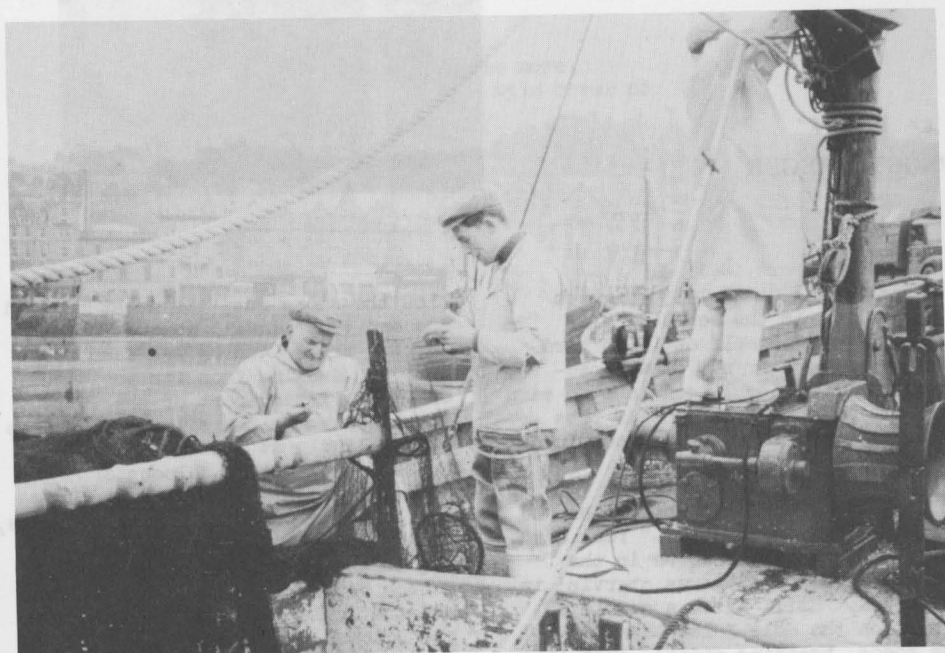
blow the smoke out, the great big old uns and they'll tell you where the herring are." And he has seen Great Yarmouth decline from its position of first fishing-port of the world to a town where the silent fish-docks stare blindly at the screaming fun-fairs and pin-table saloons of 'holidayland'. "I've seen the harbour chock-a-block with fishing boats, eight hundred or a thousand belonging to the home fleet. Then the Scotch boats as well and the Danes and the Icelanders and the Germans and Dutch...fair solid it was".

Changed times indeed! Nowadays you could count the drifters registered at Yarmouth on one hand "and it's pretty much the same right through East-Anglia." For real driftnet fishing on any scale these days, you have to go up to the Moray Firth in N.E. Scotland where a new generation of fishermen are busily engaged in working themselves into an early grave.

#### THE PLACE

Winterton is a village situated some 15 miles north of Great Yarmouth on the coast of Norfolk. In Mr. Larner's lifetime the population of the village has grown from 800 to





907 and in the same period the number of fishermen in it has declined from 300 to 9.

Norfolk and East Suffolk form the area known as East-Anglia, an area which, as far as the coast is concerned, stretches from Kings Lynn in the north to Oxfordness in the South. It is an area in which fishing has been an important industry for at least 600 years.

#### THE SINGER AND HIS SONGS

East-Anglia is generally considered

to be the part of England most rich in folk songs and folk singers. The regional repertoire has much in common with the material collected by Miss Helen Creighton in Nova Scotia.

Sam Lerner learned many of his songs from his father and some from the fishermen among whom he worked as a boy. Of the none family sources, the richest appears to have been Jimmy Sutton (nicknamed Old Larpin), from whom collected a number of fine songs in

Mr. Lerner has been singing in pub-

lic since he was nine years old, at which period he used to sing for pennies to the coach parties passing through Winterton. Later he sang at numerous fishermen's concerts "all the way from Lerwick in Shetland down to Newlyn in Cornwall". And, of course, there was always the village pub: "We used to have some good old times when we used to come home from sea. We used to get in the old pub, have a pint or two around, give them a four-handed reel...a drink, a song and a four-handed reel. Round we'd go and up we'd go and we used to have a rare old, good old time. That's all there was for our enjoyment."

In 1957, Sam Lerner was persuaded to visit London and sing for an audience of young folk-song enthusiasts who made up the audience of the weekly hootenannies at The Princess Louise, the Holborn public house which saw the birth of London's first big folk-song club. The occasion was a memorable one and won for Sam Lerner a unique place in the affections of the London Oficianados. Two months later, on his eightieth birthday he gave a second concert, this time at The Horseshoe on the Tottenham Court Road, one of the most successful Hootenanny venues to date. On this occasion the place was sold out and it is doubtful whether many among those present will easily forget the picture of this stockily-built 80 year-old fisherman leading 500 teen-agers in the chorus of "Maids When You're Young Never Wed An Old Man".

Sam Lerner's style is vigorous and one well adapted to public-house conditions. He likes to stand up during a song and, if the tune of the song he is singing is a lively one, will occasionally execute a few jig steps. His left hand is usually cupped at his ear while his right hand illustrates the song with vigorous gestures.

Sixty-five pieces were collected from Mr. Lerner: traditional ballads, broadsides, sea-songs, music hall pieces and various miscellanea. About half of them are complete and most of them strongly reminiscent in text of Nova Scotian repertoire. Although Mr. Lerner does not favour one meter over another, as do many singers, the majority of his songs are in pure major scale, and only six of the 65 are found to be in minor modes. He has but 8 songs with gapped scales (of which items 3 and 8 are two). Twenty-one of the songs have two or more musically identical lines (refrains not included), as in items 5,6,7,10,11 and 18). As you listen to one song after another throughout the whole repertoire, you are struck with a similarity between the melodies - a similarity difficult to put the finger on until you analyze the tunes and find that they are borrowing from one another, that



several tunes have one phrase, one line, or a certain type of variation in common. Or one tune may house several different texts. This is not to say that Mr. Larner does not have a varied melodic repertoire, but rather to point out how a singer can build up his own characteristic trademark, the signature that he, as an artist, puts on his work to identify it. This personal stamp will become more obvious when a study is made, below, of his variation and decoration within a given tune.

Of the sixty-five songs, only thirteen had choruses independent textually of the verses. The singer would time and again, in a long ballad or song, sing what he called "the chorus": a refrain, repeating the last and/or the last two lines of the verse for emphasis. It is impossible that this is a practice developed from pub and group singing, a practice to aid a group in joining in on a song which has not already a proper chorus. (See items 5, 8, 9 and 16).

#### Variation and Decoration

Many folksingers in the Anglo-American tradition leave, either consciously or otherwise, their own stamp upon a melody through varying it, decorating it in the progress of a song. There appear to be four main types of decoration in this tradition - types which may be used individually or in combining to make up a singing style.

#### 1. Rhythmic variation

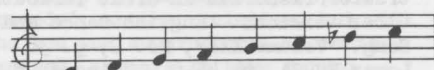
This type of variation is basic to the text and the meaning of the text. Pure rhythmic variation occurs when the melody notes are unchanged from verse to verse, while the rhythm, the emphases vary according to the changing text. This technique is plain in item 16, 3rd verse, 2nd line; in item 15, in which latter song the first syllable of a line may be held, lengthened for emphasis until the four-line structure of the quatrain is violated.

Much of such rhythmic variation, in Mr. Larner's case, may be due to the conversational inflection of his performance. In item 8, for instance, the first line of each verse is practically spoken. And indeed, in items 2 and 3 he even goes from music into speech and back again.

#### 2. Modal variation

A song may change mode, or scale, in midstream or even, as in Mr. Larner's style, two modes may be used conjointly. Item 4 is an excellent example of this de-

vice: the first two lines use the mixolydian mode



and the last two lines go into a pure major scale:

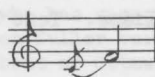


This is a device common to Anglo-American tradition, but Mr. Larner uses only the variable 7th. Never any other step of the scale. This phenomenon appears also in items 10 and 13.

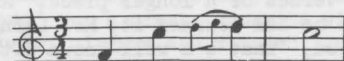
#### 3. External decoration

Every melody has a basic skeleton from which all the forms of variation and decoration are derived. External variations do not affect this skeleton in its scale or the direction of its phrasing. External variations choose an emphasized note or group of notes and decorate it, or them, with grace notes (either single or in clusters) or with passing notes.

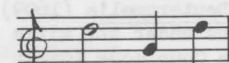
The single grace note appears quite often throughout this album, generally taking the form of a slide up or down to a melody note, thus:



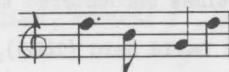
A cluster of grace notes appear in items 10 and 14 (in which latter song, on the 4th line, there occurs the following decoration:



The singer in this album does not use such grace notes as often as he does passing notes. For instance, in one verse he might sing



And in the next verse he might sing the same bar thus:



On the whole, Larner depends less on this category than on the other three.

#### 4. Structural variation

This involves changing the actual melody skeleton in small ways, usually between the beginning of a line and its cadence. An excellent example of this in item 4, where the first two verses might almost be taken as belonging to different songs entirely. As this is Larner's favourite form of variation, it can be easily spotted throughout the album (items 2, 4, 8, 10 and 18).

All in all, he uses remarkably little variation in melody, although his singing style is a strong, distinct and deliberate one.

#### THE RECORDINGS

The first recordings of Sam Larner were made in 1957 by Phillip Donnellan, a feature producer employed by the B.B.C. in the Birmingham Region. Two months later, on his eightieth birthday, he was recorded in London, over a period of three days, by Ewan MacColl.

In the winter of 1959, Peggy Seeger and Ewan MacColl visited him at his home and spent four days recording him covering, for the most part, the ground previously explored by Donnellan and MacColl.

In the spring of 1960, Seeger and MacColl visited him once again and, on this occasion, spent almost a month recording him. During this visit a great deal of new ground was covered and, in addition to valuable autobiographical material, historical records and fishing lore, a considerable number of weather and sailors' rhymes were recorded, as were local rhymes, toasts and sayings and many hitherto unrecorded songs and fragments.

In July 1960 Ewan MacColl and Charles Parker presented through the B.B.C. a musical documentary based on recordings made in Fishing Communities in East Anglia and the Moray Firth, entitled 'Singing the Fishing'. Sam Larner served as the central figure in this programme.

The songs presented in this album were recorded at different times, on different machines, under different acoustical conditions and there is, naturally, a considerable variation of level and quality. The editors, however, consider, defects notwithstanding, that this collection is one of the most important



to have been made in England in recent years, presenting, as it does, a cross section of the repertoire of a traditional singer from England's main folksong area.

#### NOTES ON THE SONGS

##### NOW IS THE TIME FOR FISHING

Common among East-Anglian fishermen between 1892 and 1914, this short piece is probably of music-hall origin. In the time when Great Yarmouth was a flourishing fishing centre, almost any actor or music-hall performer could be assured of a good round of applause by introducing a reference to, or singing a song about, the main local industry, fishing. The editors of this album have collected such songs as far north as Banffshire and Aberdeen from fish-wives (fish gutters) who used to follow the herring fleets south to Yarmouth.

##### WINDY OLD WEATHER

According to Captain W.B. Whall, this song was, at one time, used as a shanty to the tune of 'Blow the man down'. It is exceedingly popular with East-Anglian fishermen but is rarely encountered in other parts of Great Britain. During a recent recording trip among the fishermen of Durham, Northumberland, Aberdeenshire and Banffshire, the writers of these notes did not encounter anyone who knew the song or, indeed, knew of the song. It is found in Nova Scotia and in the U.S. where it is known as The Boston Come All Ye. Kipling in 'Captain's Courageous' tells us that it was popular with the banks fishermen.

Other versions. FSJ vol. 5, p. 34. Novello's School Songs, book 263, by Cecil Sharp. Creighton and Senior. Joanna Colcord.

##### THE DOGGER BANK

This is possibly an English parody of the American song "Cruise of the Bigler", and probably is of music-hall origin. The reference to the Knickerbocker Line in the last chorus is almost certainly an echo from the very popular music-hall song which greeted the inauguration of the Boston street-car service known as The Knickerbocker Line. Another song, which has for its refrain the final chorus of the song printed here, was collected by Cecil Sharp in 1911 at Shipton, Somerset. (Sharp MS 2620) The tune appears to be fairly widely distributed in both Scotland and Ire-

land. Mr. Larner learned his version of the song in 1890 from a trawler fisherman in Great Yarmouth. Other versions. English Dance and Song. Volume XXIV, No. 2, p. 38. Lomax FSUSA, p. 45-6. Colcord. p. 200.

##### HENRY MARTIN (CHILD 250)

Mr. Larner always refers to this song as 'The Lofty Tall Ship' and he has, in his own words, "been singing it for nigh on seventy years. I never heard anyone sing that but my uncle Jimmy who was mate on The Breadwinner". The verse containing the reference to Henry Martin's Scots nationality, and which usually prefaces the action of the song, is not found in Mr. Larner's version.

Other versions FSJ, Vol. I, pp. 44, 162. Vol. IV, pp. 92, 301. Creighton and Senior pp. 86-7. Kidson. p. 29.

##### BUTTER AND CHEESE

The picture of the unfortunate lover forced to hide in the chimney is one which would have delighted the heart of Boccaccio; East-Anglian villagers are no less ready than the Italian to appreciate the droll, the sly and the bawdy elements of the human condition. This song was recorded twice, an interval of three years separating the two recordings. The spoken interpolation in the last stanza occurs in both recordings at the identical place.

Other versions. Williams. Text but no tune.

##### THE RECKLESS YOUNG FELLOW

These two verses are, according to Mr. Larner, "the complete song" and that may well be so, although they could, equally well, be the first and last verses of a longer piece. Asked where he had learned it, Mr. Larner replied, "That's a well-known ditty in these parts, a well-known ditty." The editors have been unable to trace other versions of the song.

##### BLOW AWAY THE MORNING DEW

The earliest printed version of this well-known ballad is in Thomas Ravenscroft's Deuteromelia (1609), where it appears under the title of 'Yonder Comes a Courteous Knight'. It is widely distributed in Great Britain, but appears not to have emigrated to the United States, though a secondary version 'Katie Morie' is sometimes encountered there.

Other versions: David Herd (1869), Vol.

II, p. 156; Sharp. Creighton and Senior; Dixon.

##### ALL FOURS

This witty little song was, according to Mr. Larner, a great favourite in the Norfolk pubs at the beginning of the century. It is still fairly well known in the Winterton district, but appears to have been missed by the many collectors who have worked in the region.

##### GREEN BROOM

This is the only song that Mr. Larner ever heard used as a work song. When the drift-net fishermen were hauling in their nets they would "come in on the chorus and pull". According to Kidson, the most 'authentic' version of the song is one printed in Thomas D'Urfey's Pills to Purge Melancholy, 1720.

Other versions: FSJ, Vol. I., pp. 84-5. Folk Songs from Somerset (5th Series), by Sharp and Marson; Stokoe and Reay. Williams.

##### THE DOCKYARD GATE

Nothing could be further removed from the romantic sea 'ballad', so admired by the Victorians, than this cynical piece. Kidson, who collected one and a half verses of it in Whitby, Yorkshire, describes it as "one of a type of song which is produced even today, on ship-board. It is here that real sailors' songs are invented and occasionally passed on to shore people, where a generation or two of singers form them into folk songs pure and simple."

Other versions: FSJ, Vol. II, p. 265. Vol. III, pp. 57-8.

##### NO SIR, NO SIR

'My Man John', 'Twenty Eighteen' and 'No, John' are all related to this somewhat bawdy piece. More distant relatives are those singing games, 'The Keys of Heaven' and 'Lady on the Mountain'. The most closely related versions, however, are American, 'Uh-uh, No' and 'Merchant's Daughter', which latter was recorded for Folkways by the Stoneman family and bears an uncanny similarity in text and tune to that in this album.

Other versions: Lomax, FSNA; Randolph; Folkways LP #FP 253.

##### THE DROWNED LOVER (Scarborough Fair Town)

The singer insists that the tragic events mentioned in this song ac-



tually took place. The fact that all the collected versions identify the scene of the tragedy as either Robin Hood's Bay or Scarborough suggests that there is some substance in his assertion.

Other versions: Kidson; FSJ, Vol. III, pp. 258-60. Sharp; Ord, p. 332.

#### THE DOLPHIN

Pirates occupy an important place in the annals of folksong; Captain Ward, Henry Martin, Captain Kidd, have all been immortalized in the great ballads. The exploits of others, often nameless, have been sung on the dogwatches of a thousand voyages. 'The Dolphin' is one such song. Known under several aliases as 'The Bold Pirate', 'The Pirate Song', 'The Irish Captain' and 'The London Man o' war', it has been collected from singers in Sussex, Norfolk, Dorset, Somerset and Nova Scotia.

Other versions: Creighton, p. 229. JEFDS. Vol. VII, No. 3, p. 150.

#### THE BOLD PRINCESS ROYAL

Colcord dates this song as belonging to the period of the American War of Independence or shortly before. The seaports mentioned in the numerous versions vary considerably, ranging from Callao and Peru to Rio and Cairo. It has been recorded in Nova Scotia and the United States but appears to be most common in the East Anglian district of England. Mr. Larner's tune seems to be a fairly standard one and belongs the 'Villikins and his Dinah' family.

Other versions: Greenleaf and Mansfield pp. 78-80. Doerflinger 142. Colcord p. 149. Garland of English Folk Songs: Kidson and Moffat. p. 34. FSJ Vol. I, pp. 62 and 103. Vol. II, pp. 145-6.

#### THE GHOST SHIP

British balladry has many examples of the Jonah legend, songs in which a wrongdoer aboard a ship is unmasked by supernatural means and punished (often in order to avert a shipwreck). 'Bonnie Annie' (Child 24) and its close relative 'The Banks of Green Willow' are venerable examples of this form. Later branches on the genealogical tree of the Jonah ballad are 'The Guilty Sea Captain', 'The New York Trader' and 'Captain Glen'. It is to the last-mentioned that 'the Ghost Ship' would appear to owe its origins. According to A.L. Lloyd "the song was a stage favourite in the latter part of the 18th. century. In 1805, Laurie and Whittle of London published a sheet

music version, 'The Sailor and the Ghost' a whimsical ballad. As sung by Mr. Moody, Mr. Suett and Mr. R. Palmer." 'The Gosport/Gospard tragedy', another relative, but with the sea and supernatural elements excised, appears to have formed the basis of the well-known American murder ballad 'Pretty Polly'.

#### HAPPY AND DELIGHTFUL

Mr. Larner has always looked upon these four stanzas as a complete song whereas they, in fact, represent a little more than half of the text of 'Farewell, dearest Nancy' with a chorus taken from 'The Lark in the Morn', known also as 'The Pretty Ploughboy', 'Ploughman's Glory' and 'The Ploughboy'.

Other versions: Songs from the Countryside by F. Collinson and F. Dillon. Kidson p. 145. Creighton 189. FSJ Vol. I, p. 24. JEFDS Vol. III, p. 194.

#### MAIDS WHEN YOU'RE YOUNG NEVER WED AN OLD MAN

The miseries of marrying an old man have frequently provided a theme for Scots songs, as instance by 'What can a lassie do wi' an auld Man?', 'Auld Rob Morris', 'Auld Robin Gray' and 'Carle Cam' O'er the Craft'. They are not quite so common in the English tradition and Sam Larner's song may well be an anglicized version of a Scots song. In the appendix to the 1791 edition of Herd's 'Scottish Songs' there is a fine version, a remarkably close parallel to Mr. Larner's, and Edith Powke has recently collected an even fuller version from Mr. O.J. Abbott of Ottawa.

Other versions: Kidson. p. 92. FSJ Vol. II, p. 273.

#### THE WILD ROVER

During the 19th. century 'The Wild Rover' was a great favourite with country singers and Catnach, Such and Bebbington all issued broadsheet versions of it. There is every reason to believe that this 'modern' version derives from an older song, 'The Green Bed'.

Other versions: Creighton. Ashton's Modern Street Ballads. FSJ Vol. I, p. 48. Vol. III pp 281-2

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Material collected from Larner not included in this album

The Oxford Murder  
As I lay a-Musing  
Barbara Allan  
Barley Straw  
Before the Daylight in the Morning  
The Blackberry Fold  
Bob Ridley  
The Bold Young Fisherman



Bonny Bunch of Roses  
 The Chesapeake and the Shannon  
 The Coachman and His Whip  
 Coil Away the Trawl Warp, Boys  
 The Crocodile  
 Cruising 'Round Yarmouth  
 The Dark-Eyed Sailor  
 Died for Love  
 Donnelly and Cooper  
 The Female Cabin-Boy  
 General Wolfe  
 Girls Around Cape Horn.  
 Golden Fenadier  
 The Grass Cut Very Dry  
 Green Grow the Laurel  
 Handkerchief on the Sand  
 I Tell You She was Mad  
 Just as the Tide was Flowing  
 King William  
 Kitty, won't You Let Me In?  
 The London Steamer  
 Loss of the Ramillies  
 Maid of Australia  
 Napoleon's Dream  
 The Old Arm-Chair  
 The Outlandish Knight  
 Over there in Ireland  
 The Oyster Girl  
 The Reek and Rambling Blade  
 The Rich Old Miser  
 Sailor Cut Down in his Prime  
 The Sailor's Alphabet  
 She Said She was a Virgin  
 Spurn Point  
 Tan Yard Side  
 The Three Butchers  
 When I Was Single  
 When I Went a-Fishing  
 Will Watch  
 I've Been Lonely Since My Mother  
 Died.

SIDE I, Band 1.

(Song)  
 Now is the time for fishing  
 If you mean to have a try,  
 Get your tackling ready  
 It's no use to keep them dry.

Shoot your nets out on the briny  
 And Haul them in again,  
 And you'll get a funny shimmer  
 In the morning.

(LAUGHS)

When you're a-hauling, you say, well  
 this is a poor shimmer, that mean  
 a .a multitude a..a good lot, you  
 know, a shimmer. A big shimmer or a  
 little shimmer, we call that a  
 shimmer o' herring. And when we're  
 a hauling mackerel, we call them...  
 scrunks, big scrunks for mackerel,  
 shimmer for herring.

Then up jumped the herring,  
 He's the king of the sea,  
 He said to the skipper:  
 "Look under your lee."



1ST CHORUS:

Windy old weather, boys,  
 Squally old weather, boys,  
 When the wind blow,  
 We'll all go together.

Then up git the garnet  
 With pricks on his back,  
 He jumped on the foredeck  
 To hook on the jib tack, singing

(CHORUS)

Then up git the codfish  
 With his great old head,  
 He said to the deckie,  
 "Get a cast of lead," singing

(CHORUS)

Then up git the haddock,  
 So sharp and so shy;  
 He said to the deckie:  
 "Hook on the lee guy."

(CHORUS)

Then up git the roker,  
 So sharp and so rough,  
 He said to the cook:  
 "You are burning the duff,

2ND CHORUS:

So after it, you bugger,  
 So after it, you bugger,  
 When the wind blow,  
 We'll all go together.  
 Then up jumped the sprat,  
 The smallest of them all,  
 He said to the skipper:  
 "Haul, haul the man's trawl."

(1ST CHORUS)

(LAUGHS) That's what we used to

sing, little boys used to sing that,  
 we went to school. Course, we were  
 all connected with the fishing, our  
 fathers and our forefathers, we were  
 ...that was bred in us to be fisher-  
 men. Course we were brought up the  
 hard way we were, there's no mistake  
 about it. We see more Sundays than  
 we did Sunday dinners when I was a  
 little boy. That we did. Why, for  
 me and my brothers that was either sea  
 or jail, and that for my sisters that  
 was service or jail. I started to  
 go to sea in 1892, and the luggers I  
 went in were: Young John, John  
 Frederick, Gemini, Thalia, Snowdrop,  
 The Snowflake and the Breadwinner.  
 They're the ones, yes.

O, sailing over the Dogger Bank  
 O, wasn't it a treat?  
 The wind a-blowing 'bout east-north-  
 east

So we had to give her sheet.  
 You ought to see us rally,  
 The wind a-blowing free,  
 A passage from the Dogger Bank  
 To Great Grimsby.

CHORUS:

So watch her, twig her,  
 The proper juber-jus,  
 Give her sheet, let her rip,  
 We're the boys to put her through;  
 You ought to see us rally,  
 The wind a-blowing free,  
 A passage from the Dogger Bank  
 To Great Grimsby.

Now our captain he's a shangaroosh  
 He likes a drop of good ale,  
 Our mate he is a road-stone  
 inspector,  
 He's been seen in many a jail.  
 Our third hand he's a bush ranger  
 He come from the African Isles,



And you give a look at our old cook,  
He is so hoppity wild.

(CHORUS)

Now, we are the boys to make a noise  
When we come home from sea,  
We get right drunk, we roll on the  
floor,  
And cause a jubilee;  
We get right drunk and full of beer  
And roll all over the floor,  
And when our rent it is all spent,  
We'll go to sea for more.

FINAL CHORUS:

So watch her, twig her,  
The piperay she goes,  
High heels, painted toes,  
Jinnie is all the go;  
She is one of the flash girls,  
Can't she cut a shine?  
She can do-a the double shuffle  
On the Knickerbocker Line.

(LAUGHS) There's something human  
about a sailing boat...how they answer  
to the helm and...you know...how  
they...they do. And if you treat 'em  
kindly they'll treat you kindlier.  
Don't punish 'em. Some of them punish  
'em too much, give 'em too much sail  
and they'll labour and all that.  
You've gotta...you've gotta study what  
your ship want, what sail she want and  
how...how to handle her. That's the  
main thing o' sailing o' boats.

As we were got sailing five cold frosty  
nights,  
Five cold frosty nights and four days;  
It was there we espied a lofty tall  
ship,  
She come bearing down on us, brave  
boys.

Where are you a-going, you lofty tall  
ship?  
How dare you to venture so nigh?  
For I have turned robbing all on the  
salt sea,  
To maintain my two brothers and I.

Now, come heave up your courses and  
let go of your main sheets.  
And let her come under your lee,  
And I will take from you your rich  
merchants, good merchants goods,  
And I'll point your bow guns to the  
sea.

I shall not heave up my courses nor let  
go of my main sheets,  
Nor I'll let her come under my lee,  
Nor you shan't take from me my rich  
merchants, good merchants goods,  
Nor you'll point my bow guns to the  
sea.

Now, broadside to broadside these two  
vessels did lay,  
They were fighting four hours or more,  
Till at length Henry Martin gave her  
a broadside,  
And she sank and she never rose more.

Bad news I've to tell you, sad news  
I've to tell,

Bad news I'm a-going to tell,  
Of a lofty tall ship lost on the  
salt sea,  
And the most of her mariners drowned.

Now that's the truth, that is. They  
used to come press-ganging in this  
village years ago, when Nelson's time  
when they used to press-gang, shanghai  
'em aboard, you see. There's a lot of  
these old chimleys built in the village  
now, where I lived there was, where  
they could get up and hide up in the  
chimley. Each side there's a big ledge,  
they used to get up and hide in them...  
some used to hide in stacks and all  
over. Now, that's how we got clear of  
going into the war in them...all them  
old ships. My father used to tell me  
all them yarns. (LAUGHS) Yes.

O, now you've called on me to sing  
I'll see what I can do.  
And when that I have finished it,  
I'll call upon one of you.  
And now you've called on me to sing,  
I'll see what I can do.  
And when that I have finished it,  
I'll call upon one of you,  
I'll call upon one of you.

Now, the first time I went a-courting  
I'll tell you the reason why.  
It was to a jolly old cook  
Who my wants she did supply.  
She fed me off the best roast beef  
And plenty of mince pies.  
And when that I was hungry,  
She would my wants supply,  
She would my wants supply.

One night I went to see her,  
She invited me to tea.  
She said, "The missus and master's  
out,  
We'll have a jolly spree."  
I went into the parlour  
My own true love to please,  
And into one pocket she rammed some  
butter  
And into the other some cheese,  
And into the other some cheese.

Now after supper was over  
And I could eat no more.  
O Lor, at my surprise  
When a rap came at the door.  
And then for a hiding place, my boys,  
For that I did not know,  
Then up the chimley I did go  
As black as any old crow,  
As black as any old crow.

Now, the fire it being rather warm  
It began to scorch my knees.  
Likewise to melt my butter,  
Likewise to toast my cheese.  
For every drop dropped in the fire  
A mighty blaze was there;  
The master swore in his old heart  
The devil himself was there,  
The devil himself was there.

Now up the top the master went  
To drive Old Harry out.  
He began to pour cold water down  
Which put me to a rout.

And down the chimley I did come  
And into the streets did crawl,  
I was obliged to ramble as fast as  
I could  
With my butter and cheese and all,  
With my butter and cheese and all.

Now some they said it was Old Nick,  
For him you very well know.  
And some they said 'twas the devil  
himself,  
For I was as black as a crow,  
The dogs did bark, the children  
screamed,  
Out flew the old women

(you know what they are don't you?)

...out flew the old women all.  
And then they began to blubber it out,  
He's got butter and cheese and all,  
He's got butter and cheese and all.

SIDE I, Band 2.

I once was a reckless young fellow  
I never took care of my life.  
I sailed the salt seas all over,  
And every port a fresh wife.

I wish the wars were all over  
And I safe ashore on the main,  
God bless me forever and ever  
If I ever go whoring again.

(LAUGHS)

I been a naughty boy in my time...  
little bit naughty. But no harm, no  
harm.

As I walked out one morning gay  
To see what I could shoot;  
I there espied a pretty fair maid  
Come tripping by the road.

CHORUS:

So all hail the dewy morning,  
Blow on the winds high-O;  
Clear away the morning dew,  
How sweet the winds do blow.

We both jogged on together,  
Till we come to some locks of hay.  
She said, "Young man, there is a  
place  
Where you and I can lay."

(CHORUS)

I put my arms around her waist,  
And I tried to throw her down.  
She said, "Young man, the dewy grass  
Will crumple my silk gown."

(CHORUS)

She said, "You can come to my  
Mumma's house,  
There you can lay me down.  
Take away my maidenhead  
Likewise a thousand pound."

(CHORUS)

I took her to her mother's house,  
And she quickly locked me out;



She said, "Young man, I'm a maid  
within  
And you're a fool without."

(CHORUS)

O, yes, we liked the girls. I did.  
I always loved a young woman, always.  
And I could always get one. Though  
I aren't a saying boasting, I could  
always have a young lady...had one  
in every port, fresh one every port.  
(LAUGHS) Course, I been a lustful  
old boy in my time, you know, I  
loved 'em.

As I walked out on one midsummer's  
morning,  
It happened to be on a sunshiny day;  
'Twas there I espied a pretty fair  
damsel  
As she was got walking all on the  
highway.

I stepped up to her and I bid her  
good morning  
Saying, "Where are you going so early  
this morn?"

She said, "Kind sir, I'm going to  
Lisbon,  
In that little town wherein I was  
born.  
She said "Kind sir, I'm going to  
Lisbon,  
In that little town wherein I was  
born."

Said I, "Pretty fair maid, and may  
I go with you?  
And may I accept of your sweet  
company?"  
She said, "Kind sir, you're heartily  
welcome,  
You're heartily welcome to walk with  
me.  
She said, "Kind sir, you're heartily  
welcome,  
You're heartily welcome to walk with  
me."

Now, we had not been walking scarcely  
half an hour,  
Before acquainted, acquainted came  
we.  
She said, "Kind sir, come sit down  
beside me,  
And there I will play you a sweet  
civil game.  
She said, "Kind sir, come sit you  
down by me,  
And there I will play you a sweet  
civil game."

Said I, "Pretty fair maid, I'm not  
given to gaming,  
But still, for all that, I am willing  
to learn."  
Now the game that we play shall be as  
all fours,  
And that I can beat you three to your  
one.  
Now the game that we play shall be as  
all fours,  
And that I can beat you three to your  
one.

Now, she cut the cards, it was my turn  
to deal them.

I dealt her all trumps, I alone had  
poor Jack.  
And she had the ace and the deuce for  
to follow,  
Which are the very best cards in the  
pack.  
She had the ace and the deuce for to  
follow,  
Which are the very best cards in the  
pack.

Now, she led off her ace and she stole  
poor Jack from me,  
Which made her both high, low, Jack and  
game;  
She said, "Kind sir, I freely beat you  
Unless you can play the game over again."  
She said, "Kind sir, I freely beat you  
Unless you can play the game over again."

Now, I put on my hat and I bid her good  
morning,  
Although she was high, low, Jack and  
the game.  
She said, "Kind sir, call this way  
tomorrow,  
And we'll play the game over and over  
again."

(LAUGHS)

She liked it, didn't she? (LAUGHS)  
She liked playing cards! (LAUGHS)  
Everyone do. That's human nature,  
isn't it? Course a man, he want his  
necessaries, don't he? Well, you  
know, and fishermen being rough and,  
you know, and get plenty of good  
fish down on 'em, they all so strong.

There was an old man and he lived in  
the wood  
And his trade was selling of brooms;  
He had one son, and his name it was  
John,  
And he laid abed till it was noon,  
bright noon,  
And he laid abed till it was noon.

Now in come the old man and upstairs  
he went  
And he swore he'd fire the room,  
If John didn't arise and sharpen his  
knives  
And away to the woods to cut broom,  
green broom,  
And away to the woods to cut broom.

Now Johnnie arose and he sharpened  
his knives  
And away to the woods to cut broom,  
He binds them all round, carries them  
through the town,  
Crying, "Maids, do you want any brooms,  
green broom,"  
Crying, "Maids, do you want any brooms?"

A lady so high from her window did spy  
Young Johnnie a-selling o' brooms;  
"Now if you'll forsake this trade, and  
do what I persuade,  
And marry a maiden in bloom, green  
bloom,  
And marry a maiden in bloom."

Now, Jack gave consent and to church  
they went,  
And he married that maiden in bloom;  
Now, I vow and protest, there's not  
one in the West  
Can equal the lad that sells brooms,  
green broom,  
Can equal the lad that sell brooms.

(LAUGHS)

There's a nice swing to that. (LAUGHS)  
We used to sing that when we hadn't  
many herring in the nets, when we  
hadn't much to do, and we used to  
start singing, and I used to sing it  
right through till I got to this...  
this...just that little titty-bit, you  
know. Then they'd start, ...maiden  
in bloom. They'd all go like that, man,  
it used to sound lovely, going hauling  
the nets. (LAUGHS) I used to sing to 'em  
'board o' the boat.

List you seamen unto me  
For these few lines to you I'd write.  
Just to let you know how the game go  
on  
When you are out of sight.  
Just to let you know how the lads on  
shore  
Go sporting with your wives,  
When you are out on the raging seas  
All venturing your sweet lives.

Now, last farewell of her true love  
She then began to cry.  
She took her handkerchief from her  
breast  
To wipe her weeping eye.  
Saying, "My love is going to sea,  
How hard it is, my case.  
There's plenty a-more all on the  
shore  
And another one to take his place.

(LAUGHS)

Now go you down to the dockyard gate,  
And wait till I come out.  
For this very day, we'll spend his  
half-pay  
And we'll drink both ale and stout.

Now the day being spent with sweet  
content  
And his half-pay was no more;  
"Nevermind, my love," she then did/  
cry,  
"My husband is working hard for more.  
Perhaps it is his watch on deck  
All shivering in the cold;  
Or perhaps it is his watch below,  
Our joys we can behold.

(LAUGHS)

Fancy there all them old songs and these  
these old fishermen. They all knew 'em  
out here, you know. Well, they used to  
meet...different ports. Why, I sung in  
every port in the British Isles.

In London City there dwelt a maiden  
And her name I do not know.



I courted her all for her beauty,  
But she would always answer "No."

CHORUS:

No, sir, no, sir.  
No, sir, no, sir.  
For she would always answer,  
No, sir, no.

Her husband was a Spanish captain,  
Seven long years he'd been away.  
And the last time that he left her,  
He bade her always to say "No".

(CHORUS)

Madam, may I walk your garden,  
Walk and talk as lovers do?  
And, Madam, would you think it rudely  
If I plucked a rose and pinned on you?

(CHORUS)

Madam, may I tie your garter,  
Just one inch above your knee?  
And if my hand it should slip higher,  
Would you think it rude of me?

(CHORUS)

Madam, why not strip stark naked?  
Go to bed as lovers do.  
And, Madam, would you think it rudely  
If I undressed and came with you?

(CHORUS)

Now we are in bed together,  
Gazing on each other's charms;  
Would your own husband please you  
better  
As I lay all in your arms?

(CHORUS)

Madam, rise, draw back those curtains,  
The morning cock is crowing high.  
Madam, rise, draw back those curtains,  
Open your arms and let me fly.

(CHORUS)

SIDE II, Band 1

Pakefield for poverty,  
Lowestoft for poor,  
Galston for pretty girls,  
Yarmouth for whores;  
Caister for waterdogs,  
California for pluck,  
Damm and beggar old Winterton,  
How black she do look.

(LAUGHS)

Then there's another one.

First the Dudgeon,  
Then the Spurn,  
Flamborough Head  
Next comes on turn,  
Scarborough Castle,  
Standing high,

Whitby Rocks  
Lay northerly.  
Sunderland  
Lay in a bite,  
Canny old Shields  
Afore dark that night.

(LAUGHS)

Then there's another one, this is a  
Cornish one.

As I to the mizzen backstays clung,  
I saw three lights and loud I sung,  
West, three points north Saint Agnes  
Bore,  
The long ships bearing nor' west 'n  
by nor'.  
The Lizard Lights I do design  
I wait your pleasures to resign.

They used to tell these aboard the boat,  
all these different rhymes...well then,  
you a-being a boy, you used to pick  
'em up and you could say 'em after...  
you'd learn't 'em, you see, that's how  
that was done. The rhymes were purpose  
to help navigation. And that was, that  
was true. And they'd...what was another  
one? There'd be a...

When in danger or in doubt,  
Always keep a sharp lookout;  
If you haven't got room to turn,  
Ease her, stop her, or go astern.

If on your starboard red appear,  
It is your duty to keep clear,  
To act or say or judge as proper,  
Ease her, back her, or stop her.

Ours was all practical know, no book-  
learning at all, no booklearning at all.

The sun go down beneath the black,  
A westerly wind you will 'spect to get.  
Sun go down as clear as a bell,  
A easterly wind you can foretell.

When clouds are gathering thick and  
fast  
Keep a good lookout for sails and  
mast,  
But if they slowly onward crawl,  
Shoot your nets, lines, trawls and all.

(LAUGHS)

Quick rise after low  
Indicate a stronger blow.  
Long foretold, long last,  
Short notice, soon past.

See?

Imingham, Trimingham, Nepkin  
and Trunch, Southrups and Northrups  
lay all in a bunch.

And you can box the compass, can't  
you?

North, nor' by east, nor'nor' east,  
nor' east by nor'  
North East. northeast by east, south  
nor' east, east by north

East. east by south, east southeast,  
southeast by east  
South East. southeast by south,  
south southeast, south by east  
South. South by west, south south  
west, sou'west'n by west,  
Sou' West. Sou west'n by west, west  
sou'west, west'n by south,  
West. west by north, west nor'west,  
nor'west'n by west,  
Nor' West. nor'west'n by north, west  
nor' west, nor'nor'west, NORTH.

Experience teach knowledge, that's  
how we done and learned and work  
up, cause we'd go from a cook like,  
work up to the skipper and mate.  
Ah, rhymes like people don't hear  
now.

O dear O dear, O Lor O Lor,  
Of that fishing of '84.

1884, that was the worst fishing was  
ever known in Yarmouth. There were  
so many herring caught that they  
couldn't get a price, couldn't sell  
them, so many herring. And our  
fishermen, came home, when they came  
home that Christmas time, they got  
up a rhyme and then they went round the  
old fishermen went round, two of them  
carried the banner and they went  
round and sung:

O, a penny towards the pot, my boys,  
A penny towards the pot,  
A stuiver will not break you  
For the cases you have got.

A stuiver - just a small coin, you see,  
a stuiver. A penny towards the pot  
my boy... They were round then after  
to get strength cause they hadn't enough  
to get a pint of beer with. They made  
up and ain't a, couldn't, cause they  
always been used to having a rare-old  
booze-up every Christmas time.

SIDE II, Band 2.

Now I was, I was six year old then, '84.  
I was born in '78 reckon that up. I  
can recollect when I was about six years  
old when four sailors were washed ashore  
drowned on this beach. And they were  
taken up into the old church barn, they,  
and that was the mortuary then. They  
took 'em up in a corner, four laid  
beside each other, laid in the barn. And  
we were birds-nesting and when we were up  
on the balks after the sparrow's nest,  
we could see 'em laying up in the corner,  
you see. Four of 'em layin' there dead.  
Yes. That's true. That was in May, May  
gale. That was the biggest gale ever  
they did know. Now, that was the first  
mansion house breeze.\* Gale o' wind  
come down, and they were mackerel-faring  
out there after mackerel, and they were  
lost in all hands. I heard my mother  
say they were shrieking in the riggings,  
they couldn't get no help no where,  
couldn't get 'em. And the old man, when  
he got to Yarmouth and he heard this



news, he say: "They're all gone, all gone."

\* First mansion house breeze: the first storm in which the local gentry offered help and accomodations to the victims of the storm and their families.

'Twas in Scarborough fair town  
A young damsel did dwell.  
She loved a young sailor,  
She loved him full well,  
When they were about to marry (her)  
This was this young man's lot,  
Instead of a married life,  
A watery grave he got.

Now as we were got sailing  
Through Robin Hood's Bay;  
The wind came down all on us  
And dismal was the day,  
The wind came down all on us,  
And the seas like lions roared,  
Which tossed these poor sailors  
All on the lee shore.

Now as we were got swimming,  
Yes, swimming for our lives.  
Some of them had sweethearts  
And some of them had wives.  
And it was about our (landing?)  
It worked to be this young man's lot,  
For instead of a-marrying her,  
A watery grave he got.

Now as soon as this fair maid  
These tidings did hear,  
She pulled off her ringlets,  
She tore off her hair,  
Crying: "Come, all you cruel billows,  
Come, toss my love on shore,  
So that I may behold his  
Sweet features once more."

Now as she was got walking  
Down by the sea side.  
She met a pretty sailor  
Washed up all by the tide,  
And when she saw him,  
She immediately did stand,  
For she knew it was her own true love  
By the marks on his right hand.

"And now that I have found  
My true love I do adore.  
I'll kiss him, I'll embrace him  
Ten thousand times o'er,  
I'd be happy and contented  
To lay down by his side,"  
And the very next day morning  
This pretty fair maid died.

Now in Scarborough fair town  
These two couple do lay.  
And written on their tombstone  
In full memory:  
Crying, "Come, all you loyal lovers,  
This way as you pass by,  
Think of those unfortunate couple  
Who now here do lay."

My wife wanted me to give up going to sea. I said to her, "What am I going to do if I give up? Where I'm gonna

work?" There was no work, only go on the land, at ten bob a week and I didn't know nothing 'bout farm work. She knew she was marrying a fisherman when she married me, you know. O, yes, she knew. Very often, she said, "I wish I'd a known this, I'd never married a fisherman." She didn't like me a-going away to sea every, every... she didn't like it. She said that make her feel so miserable and the wind blow, you know, and the wind a-roaring down the chimley, ah, they lay awake and thinkin' about on you at sea.

Our ship she laid in harbour,  
In Liverpool Dock she lay,  
A-waiting for fresh orders  
And her anchor for to weigh.  
Bound down to the coast of Africa,  
Our orders did run so:  
We're going to sink and destroy, my boys,  
No matter where we go.

We had not been sailing  
Scarce fifty leagues or more,  
For there we espied a lofty ship  
And down on us he bore.  
He hailed us in French colours,  
He asked us where and whence we came,  
We just come down from Liverpool Town  
And the Dolphin is our name.

Are you a man-of-war, sir,  
Pray tell me what you be.  
I am no man-of-war, sir,  
But a pirate ship, you see.  
Come heave up your fore and mainyards,  
And let your ship come to,  
For our tackles are overhauled and  
our boats are all lowered,  
Or else we will sink you.

Now our captain stood on the quarter-deck,  
He was brave and fearless too.  
"It's three to one against us,"  
He cried unto his crew.  
"If it hadn't been for my younger brother  
This battle would never been tried,  
Let every man stand true to his gun,  
And we'll give to them a broadside."

Now broadside to broadside  
Which caused all hands to wonder,  
To see that lofty tall ship's mast,  
Come rattling down like thunder,  
We shot them from our quarterdeck  
Till they could no longer stay,  
Our guns being smart and we played  
a fine part  
And we showed them Liverpool play.

Now this large tall ship was taken  
And in Liverpool Dock and moored.  
We fired shots with our sweethearts  
And with the fancy girls on shore.  
We lowered down the French colours,  
We hoisted the red, white and blue,  
We'll drink success to the Dolphin  
And all her jovial crew.

You'd hear chaps singing on deck with the watch, when they're on watch of

nights. You could hear them on deck singing. (LAUGHS) Sing to pass the time away when you're on deck. When you stood in the wheelhouse, you... if you didn't sing a little song you'd be a-meditating about something, thinking about home, boy, yes, used to sing a little song. And break the monotony, you see, and that took all your thoughts away from everything, all troubles.

On the fifteenth of February  
We sailed from the land,  
In the Bold Princess Royal  
Bound for Newfoundland.  
We had forty bright seamen  
For a ship's company,  
When bold from the east, boys,  
To the westward steered we.

Now we had not been sailing scarce  
Days two or three.  
When a man from our masthead  
Strange sails he did see.  
He came bearing down on us  
For to see what we were,  
And under his mizzen,  
Black colours she wore.

"Good Lord," cried our captain,  
"What shall we do now?  
Here comes a bold pirate  
To rob us I know."  
"O, no," cried our chief mate,  
"It ne'er shall be so.  
We will shake out our reefs, boys,  
And from her we'll go."

Now this bold pirate  
He hove alongside,  
With a loud-speaking trumpet,  
"Whence came you?" he cried.  
Our captain being up, my boys,  
And he answered him so:  
"We come from fair London  
And we're bound to Caroo."

"Come, heave up your courses  
And bring your ship to.  
I have a long letter  
To send home by you."  
"I shall not heave my courses,  
Nor bring my ship to,  
But it will be in some harbour,  
Not alongside of you."

Now he chased us to windward  
For all that long day,  
He fired shots after us  
But none made no way.  
He fired shots after us,  
But none could prevail,  
For the Bold Princess Royal  
Soon showed them her tail.

"Good Lord," cried our captain,  
"Now the pirate is gone.  
Go ye down to your grog, boys,  
Go down, everyone.  
Go ye down to your grog, boys,  
And be of good cheer,  
While the Bold Prince has sea room,  
Brave boys, never fear."

When I was twenty, thirty, I could, I could, raise this roof. Young lads,



be about fourteen or fifteen used to sing when I was a boy. Now they're all dead and gone.

Now the Queen she wants sailors  
To sail on the sea.  
Which made pretty Polly's  
Stout heart to bleed.  
Sayin': "William, dear William,  
Don't you go to sea;  
Remember the vows that  
You made unto me."

Now it was early next morning  
Before it was day.  
He went to his Polly,  
These words he did say,  
Sayin' "Polly, pretty Polly,  
You must come 'long with me,  
Before we are married  
My friends for to see."

He led her through groves  
And through valleys so deep.  
Which made pretty Polly  
To sigh and to weep.  
Sayin': "William, dear William,  
You've led me astray.  
On purpose my innocent  
Life to betray."

"O yes, dearest Polly,  
'Tis true all thou said.  
For all this long night  
I've been digging your grave."  
And the grave being open  
And the spade standing by,  
Which made pretty Polly  
To weep and to sigh.

"O pardon, dear William,  
My innocent life.  
I never will regret  
For to be your dear wife.  
I'll travel the country over  
All for to set your free,  
Remember the vows that  
You made unto me."

"No pardon, no pardon,  
No pardon I'll give."  
And with it he drew out  
A long daggered knife.  
He stabbed her to the heart  
Till the blood did then flow,  
And into the grave  
Her fair body did throw.

Now he buried her securely  
In Upwall quite sound,  
Not thinking this body  
Would ever be found.  
He then went on board  
For a sailor to go,  
Not thinking this murder  
Would ever o'erthrow.

Now it was early one morning  
Before it was day,  
Our captain came up  
And these words he did say:  
"Our ship she's in mourning  
And cannot sail on,  
There's a murder on board  
Which has lately been done."

Now up jumped a sailor,  
"Indeed it's not me."  
Then up jumped another,  
The same he did say,  
Then up jumped bold William  
To stamp and to swear:  
"Indeed it's not me, sir,  
I'll vow and declare."

Now he hastened to the  
Forecastle with speed,  
He met his pretty Polly  
Which made his heart bleed.  
She ripped him, she stripped him,  
She tore him in three  
Because he had murdered  
Her baby and she.

That's the "Ghost Song."

SIDE II, Band 3.

O, I was happy and delightful  
On one midsummer's morn.  
When the green fields and meadows  
They were buried with corn;  
And the blackbird and thrushes  
Sang on every green tree,  
And the larks they sang melodious  
At the dawn of the day.

And the larks they sang melodious  
And the larks they sang melodious,  
And the larks they sang melodious  
At the dawn of the day.

Said the sailor to his true love,  
"I'm bound far away.  
I am bound to the East Indies  
Where the loud cannons roar.  
I am bound to the East Indies  
Where the loud cannons roar,  
And I'm going to leave my Nancy,  
She's the girl I adore."  
And I'm going to leave (etc.)

Said the sailor to his true love,  
"I can no longer stay,  
For our tops'ls they are hoisted  
And our anchor is weighed.  
Our big ship lays waiting  
For the next flowing tide,  
And if ever I return again,  
I will make you my bride."  
And if ever (etc.)

Now a ring from her finger  
She instantly drew.  
Saying "Take this, dearest William  
And my heart will go, too."  
And whilst I was embracing her,  
Tears from her eyes fell,  
Saying "May I go along with you?"  
"O, no, my love, farewell."  
Saying, (etc.)

Actually, when we came home after you'd  
been away seven or eight weeks down on  
the North Sea, (LAUGHS) That's when  
that used to be lovely, when, 'bout  
when I first got married, you know.  
Longing to get home then, you know, I  
used to count the, used to count the  
days. Then, then you know, you began  
to feel thrilly...you know, all...you

know...fruity! (LAUGHS) That was like  
getting fresh married again when  
you'd been away about ten or a dozen  
weeks. (LAUGHS) Lovely!! Oh, I wished  
...that's all gone from me now, and  
that's the reason I don't care if I  
live or die now, cause that was the..  
one of the main things I lived for,  
cause I loved it.

An old man once courted me  
Aye ding doorum down.  
An old man once courted me  
Aye doorum down.  
An old man once courted me  
Fain' he marry me,  
Maids, when you're young,  
Never wed an old man.

CHORUS:  
For they've got no falooral  
Faliddle, falooral,  
They've got no falooral,  
Faliddle all day;  
They've got no falooral,  
They've lost the ding doorum  
So maids, when you're young,  
Never wed an old man.

Now, when we went to church,  
Aye ding doorum down,  
When we went to church,  
Aye doorum down,  
When we went to church,  
He left me in the lurch,  
Maids when you're young,  
Never wed an old man.

(CHORUS)

Now when we went to bed,  
Aye ding doorum down,  
When we went to bed  
Aye doorum down,  
When we went to bed,  
He neither done nor said,  
Maids, when you're young  
Never wed an old man.

(CHORUS)

Now, when he went to sleep,  
Aye ding doorum down,  
When he went to sleep,  
Aye doorum down.  
When he went to sleep,  
Out of bed I did creep,  
Into the arms  
Of a jolly young man.

FINAL CHORUS:  
And I found his falooral  
Faliddle, falooral,  
I found his falooral  
Faliddle all day,  
I found his falooral  
And he got my ding doorum  
So maids, when you're young,  
Never wed an old man.

(LAUGHS)

Yes, we use to, and we used to have a  
rare old, good old time. We used to  
get in the old pub, and we used to  
have a song, a drink and a four-handed



reel (DIDDLES THE REEL). Round we'd  
go, Whoop! they go! (LAUGHS) That's  
all there was for our enjoyment.

Here's to the world as round as a  
wheel,  
We all the sting or death must feel.  
But if life was a thing that money  
would buy,  
The rich would live and the poor would  
die,  
But God in his goodness has ordained  
it so,  
That the rich and the poor all together  
must go.

Big bees fly high, little bees gather  
the honey,  
The poor man work hard, and the rich  
man pocket the money.

I've been a wild rover for many long  
year  
I've spent all my money on wine, ale  
and beer,  
Now to give up all roving, put my money  
in store,  
And ne'er will I play the wild rover no  
more.

CHORUS:

Nay, no never, never no more,  
Ne'er will I play the wild rover no  
more.

I went into an alehouse where I used to  
frequent,  
And told the landlady my money was all  
spent.  
I called for a pint, but she says to  
me, "Nay,  
Such customer as you I can meet every  
day."

(CHORUS)

I put my hand in my pocket, drew  
handfuls of gold,  
And on the round table it glittered and  
rolled.  
"Now here's my best brandy, my whiskey  
and all."  
"Begone, landlady, I'll have none at all."

(CHORUS)

Now, I'll go home to my parents, tell  
them what I've done.  
And ask to give pardon to a prodigal  
son.  
And if they forgive me, which they've  
done times before,  
Then ne'er will I play the wild rover  
no more.

(CHORUS)