

146A-147B Tyneside

Adam Bucklan

scratchy but n
as bad as some

Billy Boy

Rio grande

Geordie Honey

Used May the Keel Row, harmonica
accompaniment

Mr. Murphy's Breecchos etc. harmonica

Mistress Bell

The Bottom of the Deep Blue Sea
Harmonica

Story of Wellington

The Census Taker

I Had Lost All the Money

Talk about Tyneside

cont'd on 148B (check with
Tape)

REEL 40 A

7240A

7240B

7241A

7241B

7242A

7242B

146A.

Recorded by Helen Creighton.

March 13, 1944.

At my home, Dartmouth, Nova Scotia.

Tyneside songs.

Informant Vincent McGuckin, R.N.V.R.; native of Gateshead on Tyne, England, now Ordinary Telegraphist on a minesweeper.

1. Adam Bucham. Tyneside Song.
2. Billy Boy as sung in Tyneside. This was spoiled so he repeated it and sang it as he has always heard it at home.
4. Rio Grande as sung at Tyneside. Sung by Vincent McGuckin, accompanied on the mouth organ by Leading Cook Peter Burns, Cullercoats, Tyneside.

Billy Boy.

Where hae ye been aal the day Billy Boy, Billy Boy,
Where hae ye been aal the day me Billy Boy?
Aa've been warkin aal the day wi me charming Nancy Gray,
Oh me Nancy tickled me fancy,
Oh me charming Billy Boy.

2. Can she cook an Irish stew Billy Boy, Billy Boy,
Can she cook an Irish stew me Billy Boy?
She can cook an Irish stew as well as ay of you,
Oh me Nancy tickled me fancy,
Oh me charming Billy Boy.

3. Can she make afeather bed Billy Boy, Billy Boy,
Can she make afeather bed me Billy Boy?
She can make afeather bed fit for any lady's head,
Oh me Nancy tickled me fancy,
Oh me charming Billy Boy.

Tyneside version.

Sung by Ord. Tel. Vincent McGuckin, Gateshead, Tyneside.

146B. Tyneside Song and Mouth Organ.

Recorded by Helen Creighton.

March 13, 1944.

At my home, Dartmouth, Nova Scotia.

Informants; Ordinary Telegraphist Vincent McGuckin of Gateshead, Tyneside, England and Leading Cook Peter Burns of Cullercoats, Tyneside.

1. Keep Your Feet Still Geordie Hinny, sung by Ord. Tel. Vincent McGuckin.

2. Mouth Organ. 1. The Keel Row.
2. North Country Reel.

3. Phil the Fluter. 1. From the town of Ballymach.
2. With me shillelagh under me arm.
Mouth Organ. 3. Father O'Flynn.

The mouth organ numbers were played by Ldg. Ck. Peter Burns.

1 is considered by the men as the best of the Tyneside songs. Any man from Tyneside is known as Geordie, and the word Hinny means honey.

Copy sent to Archie Jan. 24/45

~~Keep Yor Feet Still Geordie Hin~~

Keep Yor Feet Still Geordy Hinney.

Wor Geordy and Bob Johnson byeth lay i' one bed
In a little lodgin hoose that's doon the shore,
Before he'd been an hour asleep a kick from Geordy's fut
Made him waken up te roar i'steed o' snore,

Chorus.

Keep yor geet still Geordy hinney
Let's be happy for the neet
For Aa may-nit be se happy thro the day,
So give us that bit comfort keep yor feet still Geordy lad
And ~~ixxent~~ divvent drive me bonny dreams away.

2. Aa dremt th^{or} was a dancin' held an' Mary Clark wes there,
An' Aa thowt we tript it leetly on the floor,
An' Aa prest hor heevin' breest te mine when walsin' roond the room,
That's mair than Aa dor ivver de afore. Cho.

3. Ye knaa the lad she gans wi, they caall him Jimmy Green,
Aa thowt he tried te spoil us ~~ix~~ i' wor fun,
But Aa dremt Aa nailed 'im hevvy, an' blacked the big feul's eyes,
If Aa'd slept its hard te tell what Aa wad deun. Cho.

4. Aa thowt Aa set hor hyem that neet; content we went alang,
Aa kissed hor lips a hundrod times or mair,
An' Aa wisht the road wad nivvor end, se happy like was Aa,
Aa cud waak a thoosand miles wi' Mary there. Cho.

5. Aa dremt Jim Green had left the toon an' left he's luv te me,
An Aa thowt the hoose wes furnished wi' the bst,
An Aa dremt Aa just hed left the Chorch wi' Mary ~~bx~~ me side
When yor clumsy feet completely spoilt the rest.

Chorus.

From Tyneside Songs by C.E. Catcheside - Warrington.

Record No. 146B.

197A. Tyneside Songs and reels.

Recorded by Helen Creighton.

March 13, 1944.

At my home, Dartmouth, Nova Scotia.

Informants; ~~Ord. xx Tel. xx Vincent McGuckin~~

1. Commander E.O. Stockman; Lieut. Roger Reeve; Ord. Tel. Vincent McGuckin; Ldg. Ck. Peter Burns, all now serving in the navy, and all from the north of England.

1. The Row Upon the Stairs, sung by the four men listed above.

2. The Deep Atlantic, sung by Ord. Tel. Vincent McGuckin who called it a chanty. This is the Tyneside version.

3. Medley of Old Country Reels as played in the Mess by Ldg. Ck. Peter Burns.

1. Scotch March.
2. Keel Row.
3. Me Lucky Lassies.
4. Road to the Isles.
5. The Isle of Skye.

It was interesting to see how officers and men gathered together with a common interest without any loss of dignity but with a complete understanding and good fellowship. The piano in the background was simply a guide.

Later in the evening I said something to these men about having seen action at sea, and was amused at the Englishman's genius for understatement. Yes, they'd maybe seen a scrap or two, and later they admitted that there were things they wanted to forget. One of them I know was at Narvik and in other engagements they couldn't do enough for me when it came to recalling songs, tales and legends, but as far as their part in the war was concerned they were tongue-tied. Those who have been really up against it want to talk of other things when they come ashore. The more they have experienced, the less they will say about it.

The Row Upon the Stairs.

Sez Mistress Bell te Mistress Todd, "Ye'd better clean the stairs, Ye've missed yor turn for mony a week, the neibours aall did theirs,"
Ses Mistress Todd to Mistress Bell, "Aa tell ye Mistress Bell Ye better mind yor aan affairs an' clean the stairs yorsel."

Chorus.

Oh what tungs i' the row upon the stairs,
Clitterin', clatterin' scandal an' clash i' the row upon the stairs.

2. Sez Mistress Todd, "When it suits me te think that it's me torn:
Ye've a vast o' cheek to order me thar's not a wummin born
That keeps a cleaner hbose than me: an' mark ye, Mistress Bell,
Ef ye'd oney de the syem as me ye'd gan an' clean - yorsel!" Cho.

3. Sez Mistress Bell, "Ye clarty fah, whe was't that stole the beef?"
"What de ye say?" cries Mistress Todd, "d'ye mean that Aa'm a thief?
Let's ha' the sixpence that Aa lent te treat Meg Smith wi' gin,
An' where's the blanket that ye got the last time ye lay in?" Cho.

4. Sez Mistress Bell, "Ye knaa yorsel the sixpence's lang been paid,
An' the raggy blanket that ye lent wes ne use then, ye said."
"A raggy blanket, Mistress Bell," cries Mistress Todd, "What cheek!"
Yor dirty stockin' had twe holes full twice the size last week." Cho.

5. "Ma holey stockins' Mistress Todd, Leuks better i' the street,
Than yor gud man's aad blucher byuts, ye wear te hide yor feet."
"The ear-rings ye gat frae the Jew on tick the t'other day,
'll be like the fine Manadge man's shaall, the syem as gi'en away." Cho.

6. Sez Mistress Todd, "Ye greet skyet gob ye'd better haad yor jaa,
The varry shift upon yor back belongs the wife belaa."
"Ye lazy wretch," shoots Mistress Bell, "it's true thar is na doot,
Last need ye fuddled wi' Bob the Snob the time yor man wes oot." Cho.

7. "Oh Mistress Bell," sez Mistress Todd, "ye brazend-leukin slut,
Ye may taak away: te clean the stairs, aa'll nivvor stor a fut!
Afore Aa'd lift a scoorin' clood the mucky stairs te clean,
Aa'd see them torn as black as ye, ye paanshop-leukin queen." Cho.

Sung by Commander E.O. Stockman; Lieut. Roger Reeve, Ldg. Ck. Peter Burns and Ord. Tel. Vincent McGuckin, Tyneside, England.

Words from Tyneside Songs, vol. 11 by C.E. Catcheside-Warrington.

clarty, mud

byuts, boots

Manadge man, manager

147B. Tyneside ~~Songs~~ Recitation.

Recorded by Helen Creighton.

March 13, 1944.

At my home, Dartmouth, Nova Scotia.

Informant; Ldg. Tel. Vincent McGuckin, R.N.V.R.; aged ~~at~~ out early twenties; native of Gateshead, Tyneside, now in the Royal Navy.

Haaks's Men.

This is a recitation from a book of Tyneside Songs vol.1, by C.E.Catcheside-Warrington, with this particular number by John Atlantic Stephenson.³ Haaks is the name of a firm at Gateshead. It is read in dialect.

~~HAAK'S Men.~~ HAAKS'S Men.

By John Atlantic Stephenson.

Aa wes cummin' doon the road there, cheps, wen Aa fell in wi' aad Ned Wright. Ye knaa it wen aad Ned Wright an' fower an' twenty o' Haak's men that won the Battle o' Waterloo. So Aa ses "Gud mornin' Ned." He ses, "Gud mornin' hinney, what fettle the day?" Aa ses, "Wey, not se far amiss. Cud ye de wi' a drop?" an' he ses "Wey, daresay Aa cud," so we caalled in at one of thor hooses - Aa divvent knaa which one, thor's that mony o' them - an Aa ses, "What are ye gan te hev?" an he ses, "Mine's a bittor," an Aa ses, "Aye, an mine's a Borton." So we gat the drinks in y e knaa, an' supped up in yooshil way. "Yor gud helth, Ned." "Same te yorsel." Then Aa ses, "Ned, de ye mind the time ye wor at Watterloo?" He ses, "Div Aa mind the time Aa wes at Watterloo? Aa think Aa de." Aa ses, "Did ye ivver see Wellington Wellinton when ye war oot there?" ~~Hexcaalked~~ ~~xxxNedxxx~~ ~~Aa~~ ~~caalked~~ ~~him~~ ~~Nasey~~ He ses, "Did Aa ivver see Wellinton? wey man Aa knaaed 'im. Him an' me wes weel acquent. He caalled me Ned an' Aa caalled him Nosey." "Wey," Aa ses, "mevvies ye'll tell us aall about it," an' he ses, "O Aa see what yor wantin' te be at noo, let's heh the drops in agyen." So Aa caalled in the lass an' gat the drops in, an' he started te tell us aall about it, summit like this.

The mornin' o' the battle o' Watterloo Wellinton sends for me an' Aa gans tiv 'im. He ses, "Gud mornin', Ned," Aa ses, "Gud mornin', Nosey, yor luckin' varry dour like." "Man," he ses, "Aa've gettin' a varry big job on." "Ay," Aa ses, "what is't?" He ses, "Well d'ye see aall yon men o' the top o' thon hill thonder?" Aa ses, "Wey, ma canny man thor not bad to see, with thor cockit hats an' one thing an' anuther." He ses, "Well, Aa want them shifted. D'ye think ye can manish the job?" "Div Aa think Aa can manish the job?" He ses, "Mind Aa divent want them jossaled, Aa want them shifted a' tegither." Aa ses, "Wey mistor, ye can consider the job aall deun but the shootin'. When Ned Wright put his hand te the plaw he nivvor torns back." So Aa went doon te where the lads war an' Aa caalled Bob Scott tiv us. Noo Bob Scott wes the clivvorest judge of a crood ye ivver saa. At a greyhound coursin' or a rabbit meetin', or when the Northumberland Plate was on the moor, he cud elwes tell the crood te one man, an' nobody contradicted him - not even the "Daily Chronicle." So Aa ses, "Bob hinney, hoo mony men is thor on the top o' thon hill thonder?" He ses, "Fower hunder," an Aa ses, "Hoo many o' wor lads will it tyek te shift them?" an' he ses, "Fower." Aa ses, "Wey aad Nosey wants us te tyek aall the fower an' twenty." He ses, "Nowt o' the sort, fower's plenty." "Well," Aa ses, "just to humor 'im, Aa'll tyek 10, an' ye an' me'll be 12." So Aa gat the lads tegither an' we started off doon the lonnin at the double - tappy lappy doon the x lonnin. An' just as wor tornin' a corner whe did we mest but Napoleon he's sel' on a cream lily-white powney wiv a cockt hat, it was a bonny un. He ses, "Hallo, Ned." Aases, "Hallo, Napoleon, what fettle the day?" (Aa ses, "Haad on a minute Ned, hoo did ye knaa hoo te taak French to Napoleon?" He ses, "Hadaway man, onybody can taak French ower there, aall the bits o' bairns taaks French ~~xxxNapoleonxxx~~ ower thonder.") "Well," he ses, "Where are ye gan wi' the lads?" Aa ses, "Wor gan te shift thon men off the top o' thon hill thonder." He ses, "Gan on yor coddin'."

HAAKS'S Men cont'd.

Aa ses, "Thor's ne coddin' aboot it. Aad Nosey wants them shifted and shifted thor gan te be. Het oot o' the road." He ses, "Haad on a bit man." So Aa caalled "Halt?" te see what the man wanted. He ses, "D'ye not knaa that's the floocer o'ma army?" Aa ses, "If that's the floocer o' yor army, they'll be varry seun beyk'd when huz gets in amang them." Wi' that he puts spors intiv he's powney an' rode reet in amang them an' ye cud hear 'im shootin' at the top ov he's voice. "Reet aboot torn, hinnies, tyek yor skite, get off the grass. Heor's Ned Wright an' fower an' twenty o' Haaks's men; Ye hevven't a happorth o' chance." "Did Aa évver see Wellington? wey man, Aa wad think shyem."

Read by Vincent McGuckin, Gateshead, Tyneside.

From Tyneside Songs vol. 1 by C.E. Catcheside-Warrington.

148A.

Recorded by Helen Creighton.

March 12, 1944.

At my home, Dartmouth, Nova Scotia.

Informants; 2 English sailors - Ord. Tel. Vincent McGuckin, Gateshead, Tyneside and Idg. Ck. Peter Burns, Cullercoats, Tyneside.

1. I can't remember wheter the first is a song or a story, but I think it is a song called The Cullercoats Fish-Lass. At any rate it refers to a fishwife named Polly Duncan who became so famous she went to London and sang Tyneside songs to King George VI and Queen Elizabeth. She was also honored by being invited to the wedding of the Duke of Northumberland. She always wore a silk shawl and a wide black silk and lace skirt. She shawl was draped over her head and shoulders. She wore a fish creel (basket) over her back. This was her usual dress.

2. The Gambler on the Dole.

This is a conversation between the two sailors, recalling a song Mr. Burns' father used to sing and which stresses the fact that gambling took all their money.

Jan. 24/05

The Cullercoats Fish-wife and the Census Man.

By Fred M. Gascoigne.

A chep com knockin' at wor front door the tother day, so Aa puts me heed oot o' the window to see whe it waas, an' it wes a cockeyed chep wi' ginger hair an' a clooty hat an' sum papors iv he's hand. "Good mornin, Mrs. Salmon," he sez. "What d'ye want," Aa sez, for Aa thowt he wes one o' the "bums" wiv a summons. "Where's yor census," he sez. Noo that got me hair off - so Aa sez, "Whe are ye coddlin', ye greet fond gonnial." He sez, "Thor's ne cod about it, Aa's not axin' for fish. Aa want your census." That fair got me monkey up, so Aa sez, "Wey ye greet blitherin' fyeul, me senses is where they elwes wor - i' me heed." "Hoot's hinny," he sez, "A divvent mean that, Aa want the census papor Aa left heor the tother day." "Wey," Aa sez, "What for ex cuddent ye a'telt us that afore 'isteed of axin' a body for thor senses." So he sez - "Howay doon an' Aa'll fill'd up for ye." So Aa gans doon an' he sets hes'sel doon at wor kitchen tyebble an' bless yor sowl ye nivver hard sec questions as he axed us. He sez, "Noo Aa te knaa, whe's the heed o' the hoose." "Wey," Aa sez, "Whe's the heed o' the hoose? Wey the chimley's the heed o' the hoose." "No, no," sez he sez; "Are ye married?" "Is Aa what?" Aa sez, "Aa'll gie ye a skelp i' the bob the-recklies. Ye'll just unnorstand Aa's a respectable married wummin, - and mind that," Aa sez. "Varry good," he sez. "Then yor husband's the heed o' the hoose." "Wey," Aa sez, "If he's the heed Aa's the neck, an' the heed's ne use wivoot the neck onyway." "Well," he sez, "Noo Aa want the nyems an' the full prescriptions of aall yor bairns." "Aye, wey," Aa sez, "Well thor's wor Bobby, poor sowl, he's a bit howlegged, but he cuddent help that, poor bairn, he wes put doon when he wes soft. An' then thor's wor little Tommy - a canny bit lad - but he's the tother way, poor thing - he's nacked - but it's not he's falt - it's weakness - he wes browt up on the bottle, ye knaa. An' then thor's wor Lizzie Ann, she's ..." "Stop, stop," he sez, "What Aa want te knaa is what sex they are." "Oh!" Aa sez, "Wey some's Roman Candles, an' some's Chorch ov England, an' the rest gans te the Bord Skeul." "Hoot's wummin," he sez. "That's not it at aall - what Aa want te knaa is - Are they males or females." "Oh!" Aa sez, "that's easy eneuf - the lads is males an' the lasses is females." "Varry well," he sez, an' he put that doon. "Noo," he sez, "Aa want te knaa yor age." "Wey hinny," Aa sez, "Aa divvent knaa mesel, but wor Nanny wes fowerty fower last Race Wednesda', an' Aa's 'ite yeer aader nor hor com next Pancake Tuesday, so mevvies ye can reckon it up for yorsel." "Noo," he sez, "Aa hev a varry important quastin' te ax ye. What's yor husband?" "Wey," Aa sez, "he's a nowt." "But what dis he de for anlivin?" he sez. "Nowt," sez Aa. "Wey, then we'll caall 'im independent," he sez, "that is, he leeves on he's aan means!" "No hinny, he disent," Aa sez. "He leeves on he's fréends." "Varry well," he sez, "that's gall the syem - that's independent." "De ye say se," sez Aa, "wey, Aa divvent caall that independent." "Aye," he sez, "an' what de ye caall it?" "Wey hinny," Aa sez, "Aa caall that spongin'!" An' then he sez -

"Noo Aa've on'y one more questin te ax ye. - "Aye,"Aa sez."An'
what's that?" "What de ye de for a livin?" "Ma hinny,"Aa sez,"De ye
not knaa Aad Mary, the fish wife. Iverybody knaa's me - (shouts)
"Caller harn fresh harn. Caller harn - Will ye buy on'y Fi.....ssh."

From Tyneside Songs by C.E.Catcheside-Warrington.

Record no. 148A.

148B. Stories.

Recorded by Helen Creighton.

March 12, 1944.

At my home, Dartmouth, Nova Scotia.

Informants; 2 English sailors - Ord. Tel. Vincent McGuckin, Gateshead, Tyneside, and Ldg. Ck. Peter Burns, Cullercoats, Tyneside.

This is a dialogue with questions asked by Mr. Burns, and stories told by Mr. McGuckin. I was deeply impressed with the readiness with which these men grasped the sort of thing I wanted. They made up their dialogue by using headings which Mr. Burns used to guide him with his questions. I was also struck with the extent of knowledge they have respecting their own legends and folklore. The stories they tell are about Newcastle and the Tyneside district.