

155 A

Tyneside Songs & Story

Last Boat, sung by Lt. Cdr. Stockman  
scratchy

Hail Caladonia

Poor Old Man

9 Below to Glasgow

Jean Francois, sung by Vincent  
Johnny Bowker McQuackin

Drunkon Sailor

Blow the Man Down

Shenandoah, Vincent McQuackin

Shenandoah. " "

Sally Brown

Whisky Johnny

<sup>155</sup>  
Rose of Tralee, nicely sung

Customs

<sup>155</sup>  
Oh Look at the Sowdger, story in  
dialect well told by Vincent McQuackin

153A. Songs.

Recorded by Helen Creighton.

March 21, 1944

At my home, Dartmouth, Nova Scotia.

- Singers; 1. Lieut. Commander E.O. Stockman, Newcastle, England.  
 2. E.R.A. Robert Donaldson, Mussleburgh, Scotland.  
 3. Vincent McGuckin, Gateshead, Tyneside.

1. Last Neet. (A song of the new pollis (policeman) This is a  
 Tyneside song, sung by E.O. Stockman, R.C.N.  
 Oh they tould us at the stashun aa wes gan te hev a treat:  
 They picked us oot bekas Aa had sich lovely Trilby feet.

2. Hail Caledonia. Sung by E.R.A. Robert Donaldson, Mussleburgh  
 who says this is always sung at football games and at the village pubs.

3. Johnny Come Down To Hilo. Sea chantey sung by Ord. Tel.  
 Vincent McGuckin, R.N.

I nebber seen the like since I been born  
 When a big buck nigger wid his sea boots on,

Copy sent to Andrew Jones 24/45

Last Neet. (The New Pollis).

O they tould us at the stashun As wes gan te hev a treat:  
They picked usnot bekas As had sich lovely Trilby feet,  
An' they put us on neet duty for to waak about the street  
For the varry forst time last neet.  
Aa wes sittin on a doorstep quietly snoozin,  
Doon com sum cheps that hed aall been boozin,  
They'd somethin' in thor pockets that they wanted loozin',  
Aa did varry weel last neet, last neet, last neet,  
Ivery one Aa met was paralytic tight,  
Sum was full o' beer and sum wes full o' fight  
But Aa got fower watches and Aa seun wes oot o' sight  
Last neet neet neet, last neet.

2. Aa wes waakin roond the hooses to porvent from catchin' cowl'd,  
When tornin' roond a corner, on me word Aa did behowld  
A silly drunken masher, in the gutter he had rowl'd,  
He wes oot varry late last neet.  
As wes seun varry bizzy givin' him assistance,  
Dragged 'im by the hair up the street sum distance,  
Went thro' 'es pockets, thor wes ne resistance,  
O me luck wes in last neet, last neet, last neet.  
In 'e's pocket was a quid so bewteful an' brite,  
Which Aa varry seun found wi' me touch so lite,  
Aa teuk it wi' me left an' Aa plugged 'im wi' me rite  
Last neet, neet, neet, last neet.

3. As wes waakin doon a street, 'twas last neet at number ten,  
As stopped to see a bother wi' two silly drunken men,  
'Twas a landlord an' his lodger so ov course Aa tumbled then,  
He wes jillous ov he's wife last neet.  
Ot ov the hoose they started tearin'  
The landlord at he's lodger was loodly sweerin',  
When the missus of the hoose saw the fight prepearin',  
She waaked away wi' me last neet, last neet, last neet.  
While the landlord an the lodger O! they had an awful fight,  
Aa wes roond at the back, O! ye shud a' seen the seet,  
Aa wes cuddlin' he's missus in the pyel meun-leet  
Last neet, neet, neet, last neet.

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

Record no. 153A.

153B. Scotch song and sea chantey.

Recorded by Helen Creighton.

March 21, 1944,

At my home, Dartmouth, Nova Scotia.

Singers; E.R.A. Robert Donaldson, Mussleburgh, Scotland; Ord. Tel. Vincent McGuckin, Gateshead, Tyneside.

1. I Belang to Glasgae. Sung by E.R.A. Robert Donaldson. This is a comic song in Harry Lauder style. I wish I could have recorded the gestures that went with it.

2. Boney, sung by Ord. Tel. Vincent McGuckin.  
Boney was a warrior,  
Away ay yah.

3. Johnny Bowker, sung by Ord. Tel. Vincent McGuckin.  
Do my Johnny Bowker,  
Come rock and roll me over.

154A. Sea Chanties.

Recorded by Helen Creighton.

March 21, 1944.

At my home, Dartmouth, Nova Scotia.

Informants; 3 English sailors, Ord. Tel. Wincent McGuckin, Gateshead, Tyne-  
side; Ldg. Ck. Peter Burns, Cullercoats, Tyneside; E.R.A. Robert  
Donaldson, Mussleburgh, Scotland.

1. The Drunken Sailor.
2. Blow the Man Down.
3. Shenandoah.

The last chanty is incomplete as it was longer than I thought and  
I had not allowed enough space to finish it.

1. What shall we do with the drunken sailor,  
What shall we do with the drunken sailor.
  
2. Oh blow the man down bullies,  
Blow the man down.

154B. Sea Chanties.

Recorded by Helen Creighton.

March 21, 1944.

At my home, Dartmouth, Nova Scotia.

Informants: 2 English sailors - Ord. Tel. Vincent McGuckin, Gateshead, Tyneside; ~~Edg. x Cl. x Ret. x Burns, x G. x Tyneside, x F. x Robert x Denmark, x Musselburgh, x Scotland.~~

1. Shenandoah.
2. Sally Brown.
3. Whisky Johnny.

Mr. McGuckin thinks Shenandoah the most beautiful of all the chanties. He and Mr. Burns learned them from their music master at school in England, where "they were well drummed into them."

1. Oh Shenandoah I long to hear you,  
Way hay you rolling river.

2. Sally Brown she's a bright mulatter,  
Way eye roll and go.

3. Whiskey is the life of man,  
Whiskey Johnny.

Apparently the chanties are still sung aboard ship to-day, but for entertainment purposes only as there is no need for them as an accompaniment for labor.

155 A. Song and Talk.

Recorded by Helen Creighton.

March 21, 1944.

At my home, Dartmouth, Nova Scotia.

Informants; 1. Ord. Tel. Vincent McGuckin, R.N.; 2 and E.R.A. Robert Donaldson, R.N. Two British sailors.

1. Rose of Tralee.
2. Carnival Week in Newcastle. Questions asked by a shipmate, Ldg. Ck. Peter Burns. Or is it the other way around? I think it must be because Newcastle is Mr. Burns' home; Mr. Donaldson is a Scotsman. These men seem to set great store by the customs which have gone on for centuries, and they like to talk about ythem, with they do with a touching pride.

155B. Talk in dialect.

Recorded by Helen Creighton.

March 21, 1944.

At my home, Dartmouth, Nova Scotia.

Informant; Ord. Tel. Vincent McGuckin, R.N.; early twenties; rating in His Majesty's Royal Navy; native of Gateshead, Tyneside.

This song and story are from the book of Tyneside Songs by C.E. Catcheside-Warrington, and are done in Tyneside dialect.

Oh! Leuk a' the Sowljor.

Noo lads Aa've gyen an' listed,  
For what Aa cannot tell.