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The Sea Crabb

a.k.a *The Lobster Song*, Roud 149

For the next three articles we venture into the realms of bawdry. Although the genre of bawdy songs and ballads overlaps into other forms of literature far removed from the realms of folksong, a sizable proportion has been found in the oral tradition; indeed such is the appeal of this genre that it overlaps seamlessly into that body of songs which we nowadays regard as folk. In fact many of these songs exhibit exactly the same characteristics as folksongs, having been through exactly the same processes. But, where folksong has had to undergo several revivals in order to preserve it, the bawdy ballad / rugby song has needed no such revival and thrives even to this day wherever young men are thrown together and left to their own amusement, as in the armed forces and among sports teams. This does not necessarily exclude the fair sex, but by and large these songs are performed less self-consciously in single-sex gatherings.

Whilst we can all differentiate between the slightly risqué tale of an amorous encounter and a piece that is out-and-out pornography, the large body of songs between these two are much more difficult to place because it all depends on fashion and taste. Many of the songs found in this corpus we accept today as folksongs, as they were part and parcel of the everyday repertoire of our source singers when these songs were being collected, although they were then deemed unsuitable for publication.

The rugby songs, perhaps at the bottom of the pile, are notorious for their preoccupation with genitals, copulation and bodily functions, are very explicit and seldom contain much wit or subtlety; nevertheless they are an integral part of our oral tradition in all of the English-speaking world and we can learn much from their study. The vast majority of them are not very old, being parodies of popular songs dating from the mid-nineteenth century to the present day. They seldom have their own tunes, having acquired them from popular songs and marches, much like their close relatives the football chants.

However, a few can be traced back over many centuries in one form or another. Some of the themes which qualify for this treatment are so complex and interesting I will leave them for future issues. Some of them are so well-known and well-documented that they need only a mention here, e.g. the *Jolly Tinker* theme, versions of which usually contain the thinly disguised euphemism of the tinker mending pots and pans by knocking in nails and mending rusty holes; and *The Merry Cuckold / Seven Drunken Nights*, which hardly qualifies as bawdy except in the most explicit versions.

Almost all bawdy *songs*, as opposed to bawdy ballads, are of the 'catalogue' type (see Renwick, *Recentering Anglo/American Folksong*, 2001, chapter 3), either enumerative (each stanza is autonomous, therefore there is no progression and stanzas can appear in any order, e.g. *The Good Ship Venus*); iterative (as enumerative, but each stanza uses to some degree a repeated pattern of phrases, e.g. *Dinah, show us a leg*); incremental (contains some kind of simple progression, i.e., each repetition produces a slight change in the topic's condition, e.g. *Roll me over in the clover*), or accumulative (e.g. *Old King Cole*). Renwick identifies a fifth subgroup, dialogue, but this is uncommon in bawdy song (e.g. *Bollocky Bill the Sailor*). To these five I add a sixth, decumulative, which only has, to the best of my knowledge, one example, the very simple but effective *Oh, Sir Jasper, do not touch me!*, in which, of course the lines get progressively shorter to hilarious effect if delivered with the appropriately exaggerated expressions of ecstacy.

Probably the most widespread and oldest bawdy ballad which still thrives today is *The Crabfish / Lobster Song*. It has existed in story and ballad form for many centuries and in many parts of the world. Its many versions have been carefully traced and studied by Roger de V Renwick and published as chapter five in his

excellent book *Recentering Anglo / American Folksong*, University Press of Mississippi, 2001.

I first encountered the song as part of an uncle's repertoire of forces songs from the Korean War period and then I came across similar versions in my rugby-playing days. Later on, in the Folk Scene, I heard more complex Irish versions and encountered the version Mrs Overd sang for Cecil Sharp in 1904 (See *Renwick* p142). It was then with great interest I found the sixteenth century version in the Percy Folio Manuscript and here it is barnacles and all!

The Sea Crabb

Itt was a man of Affrica had a ffaire wiffe,
Ffairest that ever I saw the dayes of my life:
With a ging, boyes, ginge! Ginge, boyes, ginge!
Tarradidle, ffarradidle, ging, boyes, ging!

This goodwiffe was bigbellyed, & with a lad,
& ever shee longed ffor a sea crabbe.

The Goodman rise in the morning, & put on his hose,
He went to the sea side, & followed his nose.

Sais, “god speed, ffisherman, sayling on the sea,
Hast thou any crabbs in thy bote for to sell me?”

“I have crabbs in my bote, one, tow, or three;
I have crabbs in my bote for to sell thee.”

The good man went home, & ere he wist,
& put the crabb in the chamber pot where his wife pist.

The good wife, she went to doe as shee was wont;
Vp start the crabfish, & catcht her by the cunt.

“Alas!” quoth the goodwife, “that euer I was borne,
The devill is in the pispott, & has me on his horne.”

“If thou be a crabb or crabfish by kind,
Thoule let thy hold goe with a blast of cold wind.”

The good man laid to his mouth, & began to blowe,
Thinkeing therby that they crab wold lett goe.

“Alas!” quoth the good man, “that euer I came hither,
He has ioyned my wiffes tayle & my nose together!”

They good man called his neigbors in with great wonder,
To part his wiues tayle & his nose assunder.

Mrs Overd's version, without mention of the wife's pregnancy, finishes with the line '& the baby were born with crabs on his belly' which would seem to be an addition from elsewhere had we not got versions like the one above.

By the way, the 'crabs on his belly' is a version of the 'identify father by birthmark' motif which can be found in several ballads and music hall songs.

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Bawdy Songs 2

Continuing the trawl into the depths of traditional bawdy material we come across a theme that has remained popular in a variety of forms for many centuries. Most of you will be familiar with the seduction sequence of verses in which a seducer gradually moves from placing his hand on a girl's toe ever upwards to explore the rest of her anatomy. In recent times it has evolved into various forms two of which were popularised by The Yetties in Dorset and both of these appeared on the same 1969 album, *Fifty Stones of Loveliness*:

1) Bound for Baltimore

'I touched her on the toe and the crew began to roar,
Oh, oh, up she goes, we're bound for Baltimore.
No more, no more, no more, will I go to sea no more,
Ill-I-o, ill-I-o, and we parted on the shore'

It is based on the song *We Parted on the Shore* of 1906, by Harry Lauder according to Kilgarriff, but the three singers who sang it for me all claimed it dated back to The Boer War.

2) I Touched Her on the Toe

'I touched her on the toe, that's my share,
That's my toe a tapper, you can go there,
Toe a tapper, love my dear,
The more I love my nigger draw near.'

This accumulative theme has a much longer pedigree; a version *The Corn Grinds Well* or *The Derbyshire Miller* was printed with tune by William Chappell in his *Popular Music of the Olden Time* p.750 if only in fragmentary form, but a fuller version *Matthew the Miller* can be found in Frank Purslow's *The Wanton Seed* p.75. Another version, *Billy Gillery*, is given in Dave Harker's *John Bell's Song Collection* p.204. This no doubt derived from an 1838 chapbook version entitled *Billy Go Leary, or I clapped my hand on her thigh, a Very Celebrated Flash Song*.

'I clapp'd my hand on her toe, what's that my deary?
That is my broad toe, Billy Go Leary.
Oh as I kissed her, I cuddled her dearly,
Oh as I kissed her, I cuddled her dearly.'

The same formula is also widely used in sea shanties, perhaps the best known being a version of *A-Roving*.

'I touched that maid upon the toe,
Mark well what I do say,
I touched that maid upon the toe,
She said, "Young man, you're far too low,"
I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid.'

But also check out the Danish shanty in *Folk Music Journal Vol. 7, no.4*, p.480, *Very well done, Jim Crow.*

'I put my hand upon her toe,
Very well done, Jim Crow-ho-ho!

Victorio, Victorio,
Very well done, Jim Crow!'

Incidentally *Bound for Baltimore* is far better known as a Danish / German shanty than as a British one.

Other borrowers of the theme abound e.g., in *More Rugby Songs* p.116.

'I laid my hand upon her toe,
She said, "Young man, you're rather low,"
With your hand, with your hand,
With your H-A-N-D hand.'

Which is possibly related to *Yo-ho, Yo-ho*, a song that utilises the tune of *When Johnny Comes Marching Home*.

'I put my hand upon her toe, yo-ho, yo-ho,
I put my hand upon her toe, yo-ho, yo-ho,
I put my hand upon her toe,
She said, "Young man, you're much too low,
Stick it in, stick it out, stop muckin' about,"
Yo-ho, yo-ho.'

For an earlier version of the formula we can turn to the song *Gently Johnny My Jingalo* collected by Sharp, which appears in its unexpurgated form in Reeves' *The Idiom of the People* p.113.

'I put my hand all on her toe,
Fair maid is a lily O,
I put my hand all on her toe,
She says to me, "Do you want to go?"
Come to me quietly,
Do not do me injury,
Gently Johnny my jingalo.'

It then progresses (not accumulatively) through knee, thigh, billy, breast to head. This is the version I remember singing in the folk clubs in the '60s, but Sharp collected another version *Fair Maid of Wickham*, and there are versions in the *Greig/Duncan collection, Vol. 7*, p.263.

Some versions of *Mademoiselle from Armentieres* employ the formula, and I'm certain there must be many more in more recent bawdy song e.g., the WWII RAF song *How Ashamed I Was*, a version of the song given above from *More Rugby Songs*.

'I touched her on the toe, how ashamed I was x 2
I touched her on the toe, she said, "You're mighty slow,"
Lord God Almighty, how ashamed I was.' From *Bawdy Ballads & Dirty ditties of the Wartime RAF* p50.

Before we move on to the very early relatives it is worth mentioning related songs such as the shanty *Pump Away* and *Roll Me Over in the Clover* from WWII, which employ a similar progression, but the progression up the girl's body is limited due to the necessity of having to rhyme with the first ten numbers e.g.,

'This is number two and my hand is on her shoe,
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again,
Roll me over in the clover,

Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.'

This must have been sung from the girl's viewpoint originally but I have heard it sung both ways.

Most of these songs should be classified as different songs unless they are related in some other way than simply employing the formula, e.g., having a similar chorus or tune. The formula used here should be rightly referred to as a motif, which can be transferred and adapted from one song to another in much the same way as other motifs, such as the 'broken token' motif, in which a long-absent returning lover reveals his identity to his sweetheart by showing half of a broken token they had shared at parting.

The earliest use of the motif I can find, though the probability is that there are much earlier examples, is in Thomas Heywood's play of 1608 *The Rape of Lucrece*. It is sung by Valerius, with the help of Horatius Cocles and the Clown, who turns Tarquin's vile crime into a ribald catch. The critic, Lamb, tells us it is 'a pointed example of the way in which the dramatists of the period pandered to the tastes of the less refined among their audiences'. The catch is often quoted as a predecessor of *A-Roving* but is seldom printed so here it is in full:

Val. Did he take fair Lucrece by the toe, man?
Hor. Toe, man?
Val. Ay, man.
Clown. Ha ha ha ha ha, man!
Hor. And further did he strive to go, man?
Clown. Go,man?
Hor. Ay, man.
Clown. Ha ha ha ha, man, fa derry derry down,
ha fa derry dino!

Val. Did he take fair Lucrece by the heel, man?
Clown. Heel, man?
Val. Ay, man.
Clown. Ha ha ha ha, man!
Hor. And did he further strive to feel, man?
Clown. Feel, man?
Hor. Ay, man.
Clown. Ha ha ha ha, man, ha fa derry, &c.

Val. Did he take the lady by the shin, man?
Clown. Shin, man?
Val. Ay, man.
Clown. Ha ha ha ha, man!
Hor. Further too would he have been, man?
Clown. Been, man?
Hor. Ay, man.
Clown. Ha ha ha ha, man, ha fa derry, &c.

Val. Did he take the lady by the knee, man?
Clown. Knee, man?
Val. Ay, man.
Clown. Ha ha ha ha, man!
Hor. Farther than that would he be, man?
Clown. Be, man?

Hor. Ay, man.
Clown. Ha ha ha ha, man, hey fa derry, &c.

Val. Did he take the lady by the thigh, man?
Clown. Thigh, man?
Val. Ay, man.
Clown. Ha ha ha ha, man!
Hor. And now he came it somewhat nigh, man.
Clown. Nigh, man?
Hor. Ay, man.
Clown. Ha ha ha ha, man, hey fa derry, &c.

Val. But did he do the tother thing, man?
Clown. Thing, man?
Val. Ay, man.
Clown. Ha ha ha ha, man!
Hor. And at the same had he a fling, man?
Clown. Fling, man?
Hor. Ay, man.
Clown. Ha ha ha ha, man, hey fa derry, &c.

A century later in 1707 Thomas D'Urfey gave us another use of the motif entitled *Pillycock*. In the 1719 edition of *Pills to Purge Melancholy Vol.4*, p.311, he gave an extra verse so this is the version given here:

Pillycock came to my Lady's toe,
And there the Whoreson began to go;
Had he Feet, ay marry, had he?
And did he go, ay marry did he?

Chorus: So bolt upright and ready to fight,
And Pillycock he lay there all night.

Pillycock came to my Lady's Heel,
And there the Whoreson began to feel;
Had he Hands, ay marry had he?
And did he feel, ay marry did he?

Pillycock came to my Lady's Shin,
And there the Whoreson began to grin;
Had he Teeth, ay marry had he?
And did he grin, ay marry did he?

Pillycock came to my Lady's Knee,
And there the Whoreson began to see;
Had he Eyes, ay marry had he?
And did he see, ay marry did he?

Pillycock came to my Lady's Thigh,
And there the Whoreson began to fly;
Had he Wings, ay marry had he?
And did he fly, ay marry did he?

Pillycock came to my Lady's ----
And there the Whoreson began to hunt;
Had he Hounds, ay marry had he?
And did he hunt, ay marry did he?

Pillycock came to my Lady's Quilt,
And there the Whoreson began to tilt;
Had he a Lance, ay marry had he?
And did he tilt, ay marry did he?

Whilst these two early variations of the theme are clearly different songs, there appears to be another link in that D'Urfey's seems to cater for different voices to take different parts of the verse, as in Heywood's.

As with all of these articles we are interested in adding information to the above. If you know of other similar songs that would add to our knowledge please send them to the editor and he will append them to the article, or for that matter any comments on the articles themselves.

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Bawdy Songs 3: Oh, you tease!

The final part in this trilogy of articles on the history of bawdy themes. We have here another theme which very likely goes back beyond the invention of printing. I have always referred to these songs as teasing songs, i.e. in which a bawdy word, made obvious by an earlier rhyme and the sense of the preceding words, is either omitted or replaced by an innocent word often starting with the same letter(s). A simple example is the following which we sang in the playgrounds of my youth to a Spanish waltz tune.

There was a young farmer who sat on a rick,
Ranting and raving and waving his -
Arms to the people who sat on the walls,
Teaching their children to play with their -
Bowstrings and kite strings as in days of yore,
When along came a lady who looked like a -
Decent young lady who walked like a duck,
Who said she'd invented a new way to -
Educate children to read and to write,
While the parents in the farmyard were shovelling -
Refuse from the back garden round to the front,
While the maids in the tavern plucked hairs from their -
Pullovers and jumpers (just for their health),
If you want any more you can sing it yourself.

I had to fill in the bit in brackets as my memory failed me. If you know any more please send it in to us and we will append it to the article. There are of course many more relatively modern examples; *Lulu had a baby, My old man's a dustman, As I was going by St Paul's, Sweet Violets*, etc.

The earliest example I can find is in *Bishop Percy's Folio Manuscript of Loose and Humorous Songs*, p.89, probably from the Elizabethan period, though had I access to the great manuscript collections in libraries around the country no doubt I could have found earlier examples. The song is titled *A Ffreinde of Mine*. I omit the first two stanzas which merely serve as an intro, and the manuscript gives both the intended bawdy word, which I have omitted, and the substitute tease word.

It was my chance not long agoe, by a pleasant wood to walke,
Wheere I vnseen of any one did heare tow louers talke;
& as these louers forth did passe, hard by a pleasant shade,
Hard by a mighty Pine tree there, their resting place they made.

"Insooth," then did this youngman say, "I thinke this ffragrant place
Was only made for louers true eche others to inbrace."
Hee tooke her by the middle small, good sooth I doe not mocke,
Not meaning to doe any thing but to pull vpp her -blocke

Wheron she sate, poor silly soule, to rest her weary bones.
This maid shee was noe whitt affraiyd, but shee caught him ffast by the -thumbes;
Wheratt he vext & greiued was, soe that his fflesh did wrinkle;
This maid shee was noe whitt affrayd, but caught him fast hold by the -pimple (pintle)

Which hee had on his chin likewise; but let the pimple passe;
There is no man heare but he may supposse shee weere a merry lasse.
He boldly ventured, being tall, yet in his speech but blunt,
Hee neuer ceast, but tooke vpp all, & cacht her by the -plumpe

And red rose lipps he kisst full sweete: Quoth shee, "I craue no succour."
Which made him to haue a mighty mind to clip, kisse, & to -plucke her
Into his armes. "Nay! Soft!" quoth shee, "What needeth all this doing?
Ffor if you wilbe ruled by me, you shall vse small time in wooinge.

"Ffor I will lay me downe," quoth shee, "vpon the slippery seggs,
& all my clothes Ile trusse vp round, & spread abroad my -eggs,
Which I haue in my aperne heare vnder my girdle tuckt;
Soe shall I be most ffine & braue, most ready to be -ducket

"Vnto some pleasant springing well; ffor now itts time of the yeere
To decke, & bath, & trim ourselues both head, hands, ffeet & geere."

There are several examples to be found in *Pepys Collection of Broadside Ballads*. The first is *A Ship-load of Waggery* from Vol.4, p.177, printed by P Brooksby c.1683-4. I give stanzas 5,6,7 and 10.

A ship must have a buntlin to hawl up her bunt,
And a maid must have a youngman to tickle her -
Top and top gallant a ship she sails trimly,
Maids, if they be not pleased they'll frown and look grimly.

A ship must have a mast; a long, strong, and strait stick,
And a maid must have a youngman with a lusty long -
Top and top etc.

A ship must be well victuall'd with meat without bones,
And a maid would have a youngman with a stout pair of -
Top and top etc.

When a ship is under sail we do wish her good luck,
And a maid under a youngman we wish her a good -
Top and top etc.

The Helpless Maidens Call to the Batchellors is from Vol.5, p.195. It has an answer in much the same vein on the following page, *A New Song, Call'd The Batchellor's Answer to the Helpless Maiden*. They were both printed by T.M. in 1691 and both have the same tune printed on the sheet. Just in case anyone notices the conspicuous metre of the song as possibly belonging to the *Admiral Benbow/Captain Kidd/Jack Hall* family, the tune given is nothing like this and has a very art-music look to it. I give here stanzas 5, 6 and 7 from p195 and if anyone thinks I've selected the most salacious stanzas, I'm simply omitting those that use obscure words which would lose their effect to modern minds.

Come let us do then you know what, you know what, you know what,
Come let us do then you know what,
Why may not I endure the brunt, I know a younger girl has done't,
I'me sure I have as good a -
You know what, you know what, I'me sure I have as good a courage.

So fain wou'd I have that I love, that I love, that I love,
So fain wou'd I have that I love,
For if by chance I shou'd fall sick, he wou'd not fail me in the nick,
To give me proof of his good -
That I love, that I love, to give me proof of his good meaning.

Sweet if thou lov'st me there again, there again, there again,
Sweet if thou lov'st me there again'
Few maids have met with so good luck as to encounter the first pluck,
Oh this wou'd tempt young girls to -
There again, there again, oh! This would tempt young girls to marry.

Moving on to the 18th century, as one would expect, there are plenty of examples in D'Urfey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy* of 1719 (although some would have appeared in earlier editions of the late 17th century). At p.196 of Vol.4 can be found *The Country Wake* from which I've selected stanza 4. The frollicks/bollocks rhyme is also echoed in the more recent oral song *The Molecatcher*.

Then rustling Joan came brustling in
And said, "You are vull of your froliks;
If you will not let black Maggy alone,
Beshrew she will take you by th' bald-pate."

In Vol.6, p.265 *Tom Tinker* has a full-blown use of the teasing style but we only have room for the first two stanzas and the last stanza (13th).

Tom Tinker's my true love, and I am his dear,
And I will go with him his budget to bear;
For of all the young men he has the best luck,
All the day he will fuddle, at night he will -
This way, that way, which way you will,
I am sure I say nothing that you can take ill.

With hammer on kettle he tabbers all day,
At night he will tumble on strumil or hay;
He calls me his jewel, his delicate duck,
And then he will take up my smicket to -
This way etc.

I met with a fiddler, a fiddling aloud,
He told me he had lost the case of his croud;
I being good natur'd as I was wont,
Told him he should make a case of my -
This way, and that way, and which way you can,
For the fairest of women will lye with a man.

The popularity of these songs never seems to have waned as the nineteenth century also produced many of the type. Most of the following examples can be found in the *Madden Collection* of broadsides in Cambridge University Library, (microfilm copy in the VWML). In the 1840s John Harkness of Preston printed *The Doctor* (Madden 18, Country Printers 3, item 793) and in this we have one of the true teasing songs of the type we commenced with, in which the bawdy word is replaced immediately with the first word of the next line, starting with the same letter to prolong the tease. The first stanza will suffice.

I am a doctor just set up, to cure young ladies when they're sick,
And the best remedy I can find, is a good stiff standing -
Post to the tavern I went one night, to spend a little money;
I met with a girl that was kind and free, and she asked me to play with her
Come sit down and drink all round, with a free good will to werry,
And he who will not a cuckold be, should never intend to marry.

Similarly *Love's Delight* (no imprint) (Madden, Country Printers 4, item 72) has the mid stanza tease in the style of the previous song, but not all of the stanza end teases are continued into the next line. Again stanza one.

Of all delights that's in the town, give me a wanton lass;
For when with me she does lie down, she begins to wriggle her -
Articles between parties made, both sides must stand the blunt;
But of all the pleasing sights in town, give me a pretty maid's -

In *Madam Sneak* (printer, Sleath of Stony Stratford) (Madden, Country printers 4, item 195) we have a very common tease where the obvious tease, repeated at the end of each stanza, is immediately replaced by the chorus, often a nonsense one. Similar songs such as *Artichokes and Cauliflowers* and *Cock-a-doodle-do* are quite common in oral tradition but not quite as ribald as some of the more explicit examples.

'Twas on a frosty night as Madam Sneak and I,
Went out to take a walk the country air to try,
I scarce had got ten yards when crossing o'er a pass,
Then went my wife's heels & the ice cut all her -
Rum si, bum si, bay, & c.

A similar song, *Wop she 'ad it-I-o*, is in the Copper Family repertoire. Another later example of which there are several different versions by different printers is *Brighton Chain Pier* (See for example madden 21, Country Printers 6, item 64, printed by Green of Birmingham) to the tune of *Love's Ritornella*. I give the first two stanzas of twelve.

I once know'd a gemman at Brighton last year,
His hobby was bathing close by the chain pier;
Every morning he'd go, when he felt rather sick,
To enjoy the salt water, and show people his -
Perfection in swimming, with grace so combined,
He was full of vigour before and behind.

He would dive like a dolphin, come up like a cod.
The ladies astonish'd, exclaiming, 'How odd!',
He would float on his back and for crabs he would hunt,
Then he'd imitate a woman washing her -
Clothes out so tidy-deny it who dare,
What a beautiful figure-what rough curly hair.

This song and its second part were in the repertoire of Henry Burstow, a prolific Sussex singer from the early 20th century, and a verse turns up in a book of Liverpool children's rhymes *You know me Anty Nelly* by Frank Shaw, 1970.

I finish with the whole of an excellent example from oral tradition in *John Bell's Song Collection*, edited by Dave Harker for The Surtees Society, p.253, *Country Lasses Kisses Sweet*.

Thine and mine for a pint of wine, we'll lay it up for supper,
And he is a fool if he does not fuf fuf -
Frown upon her countenance and make her for to grant.
“Aha,” said she, “you have tickled me a little below the cung, cung, cung
Country lasses kisses sweet and so does a frost in winter,
And bread and butter piping hot is a good bait for a tinker.”

Bragwell had as fine a dog as ever you did see,
And he sent him home to his mistress to bear her company.
Although it happened on a day he began for to hunt,
And round about his mistress' coats he laps into her cung, cung -
Country lasses kisses sweet when they lie all at length,
And before that they do rise again they will deprive you of your strength.

O how could you wish me so much harm and counted never a wrinkle,
For if she had not been more swifter than she she would have catched him by the pim, pim, pim, pim, pim -
Pinching goes by favour , boys, as it did ever still,
If that he hadn't been more swifter than she she might have got his will.

And some do wed for providence and other some for plucking,
But wiser's the lass that marries the lad for a belly full of fuf, fuf, fuf, fuf
Flumery is a dainty dish and it is as soon spent,
But fish and flesh is a far better dish for to feed a maid in lent.
And some do wed for providence and other some for riches,
But wise is the lass that marries the lad that rowes her in his brea, brea -
Bringing up of his children dear at schools the time of youth,
And when they come to perfect age they are declared a man of truth.

Here the tension is heightened by the stutter when the performer comes to the tease word. Note the use of rhymes 'wrinkle' and 'pintle' in stanza three which can also be found in our earliest example stanza three. I have taken the liberty of standardising some of the dialect words. This was sung by Hugh Jameson, September 2nd 1761, and Dave adds, 'Interestingly, an attempt seems to have been made to scratch out the singer's name.'