



Kentish Hooden Horse. Saint Nicholas-at-Wade, circa 1908

Three Jolly Hoodening Boys

Three jolly hoodening boys
Lately come from town,
For apples or for money
We search the country round;
What you please to give us
Happy we shall be,
God bless every poor man
Who's got an apple tree;
Hats full, caps full,
Half a bushel bag full—
God bless every poor man
Who's got an apple tree.

Windy Old Weather—as sung by Johnny Doughty

1 As I was a-fishing off Dungeness Light,
Shooting and hauling all through the night:

Chorus:

In the windy old weather, stormy old weather,
When the wind blows we'll all pull together.

2 When up spoke the cod with his big head,
'Hold 'ard there skipper, I'll go chuck the lead'
In this windy etc.

3 Then up spoke the herring, the king of the sea,
'In this stormy old weather you'll never catch me'

4 Then up spoke the plaice with spots on his side,
'Now look here skipper, these seas you can't ride'
In this windy etc.

5 Then up spoke the mackerel with stripes on his back,
'Hold 'ard there skipper, I'll shift the jib back'

6 Then up spoke the sprat, the smallest of all,
'Come on there skipper, let's get the man's trawl'
From this windy etc.

7 Then up spoke the skipper, 'If it's true what they say,
We'll haul up our trawl and get under way'
From this windy etc.

8 Then up spoke the crew, 'If those fish are right,
We'll sail into Rye Harbour, then we're alright'
From this windy etc.

When I first met Johnny I asked him if he knew the song 'Windy Old Weather'. He told me that he had heard it sung along the south coast but that he could not remember all the words. Imagine my surprise when, in February 1979 at the Islington Folk Club, he sang the above set of words!

For an early broadside text see the version printed in Holloway & Black's *Later English Broadside Ballads* (1975) pp. 100-101 where it is titled 'The Fishes Lamentation'. Johnny's tune was that commonly used for the song.

Mike Yates

THREE JOLLY HOODENING BOYS, LATELY COME FROM TOWN,
FOR APPLES OR FOR MONEY, WE SEARCH THE COUNTRY ROUND.
WHAT YOU PLEASE TO GIVE US, HAPPY WE SHALL BE,
GOD BLESS EVERY POOR MAN WHO'S GOT AN APPLE TREE!
HATS FULL ! CAPS FULL ! HALF A BUSHEL BAG FULL !
GOD BLESS EVERY POOR MAN, WHO'S GOT AN APPLE TREE.

The text is basically that collected by Percy Maylam from Mr. Cladish of Blean in Kent. It was sung on Christmas Eve by gangs of boys in the parish as a quète song, although they had no hooden horse. However, at Broad Oak it was the standard song used for the Hooden horse perambulations. Unfortunately, Maylam gives no tune so we have put it to the tune of 'Six Jolly Miners' a Yorkshire Christmas quète song.

Dave and Toni Arthur



Sam Bennett's Broom Dance

Newspaper quotes taken from: *News from the English Countryside*, C. Morsley-Harrap.