

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## The Rakes of Stony Batter [Bob and Joan]

The Rakes of Stony Batter [Bob and Joan]

Come all you roving blades, that ramble through the City,  
Kissing pretty Maids, listen to my ditty,  
Out time is coming on, when we will be merry,  
Kitty, Poll, and Nan, will give us Sack and Sherry.  
Hey for Bobbin Joan, Hey for Stoney Batter,  
Keep your Wife at home or else I will be at her.

There's Bridget, Peg, and Nell, with Nancy, Doll, & Susan,  
To please their sweethearts well, sometimes will go a boozing,  
But when their cash is gone, they'll hunt for a Cully,  
And bring their splinters home, to their beloved Bully.  
Hey for Bobbin Joan, Hey for Stony Batter, etc.

In Summer Lasses go, to the Fields a Maying,  
Thro' the Meadows gay, with their Sweethearts playing,  
Their smiling winning ways, shewe for game their willing,  
Tho' Jenny cries nay, I won't F--k for a shilling.  
Hey for Bobbin Joan, Hey for Stony Batter, etc.

Go you cunning Knave, no more of coax nor wheedle,  
By those Buttons in my Sleeve, I'll prick you with my needle,  
What will you still be bold, Mammy call to this Man,  
For shame my hands don't hold, I vow my breath is just gone.  
Hey for Bobbin Joan, Hey for Stony Batter, etc.

There's Joan a buxom Lass, met with lusty Johnny,  
They went to take a glass, he call'd her dear and honey,  
She said you silly Clown, take me round the middle,  
Play me Bobbin Joan, or else I'll break your fiddle.  
Hey for Bobbin Joan, Hey for Stony Batter, etc.

He gently laid her down, and he pull'd out his scraper,  
He play'd her such a tune, which made her fart and caper;  
She said my dearest John, your such a Jolly rover,  
My cloak and gown I'll pawn, that you should n'er give over.  
Hey for Bobbin Joan, Hey for Stony Batter, etc.

Come let us take a roam, up to Stony Batter,  
Keep your Wife at home, for humpers will be at her,  
Hey for cakes and ale, Hey for pretty misses,  
That will never fail, for to crown our wishes.  
Hey for Bobbin Joan, Hey for Stony Batter,

Keep your Wife at home or else I'll stop her water,  
Is your apples ripe, are they fit for plucking,  
Is your maid within, ready for the F--king.

This spirited Irish ditty, set in the Stony Batter quarter of Dublin, is in the Roxburghe collection in the British Library, and the Madden collection at Cambridge. The latter copy is reprinted in Holloway and Black's, <<Later English Broadside Ballads>>, p. 223, 1975. The date is very uncertain, the Roxburghe collection copy is probably slightly earlier than 1775.

The tune is not named, but is obviously that printed in Irish and Scots music collections as "Bob and Joan," "Bobin John," etc. There are at least eight English songs to the tune, one of which is a parody of the original. Only one of the English songs calls for the tune as "Stony Batter," the rest, "Bob and Joan" or some variation on it. Its Scots tune seems to be first found in book 3 of Walsh's <<Caledonian Country Dances>>, c 1740, as "The Key of the Cellar." It is also one of the tunes in a Scottish dance tune MS of 1740, compiled by David Young, and now in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. The tune was used for "Robin shure in hairst" [which originally had its own tune, which can still be found] in The Scot Musical Museum, no. 543, and "Cam ye o'er frae France." The tune is "Key of ye Seller" in British Lib. MS Addl. 23971 and "The Cellar door key" in the Vickers MS, c 1772 (no. 377 in The Great Northern Tune Book, 1987).

The Irish also used it later for "Courting in the Kitchen". The tune was used the late 18th century Irish song, "Love and Whiskey" and that is set to the tune in <<Crosby's Irish Musical Repository>>, p. 178, 1808. The tune also appears as "Bobbing Joan" in Himes Forty Eight Original Irish Country Dances, Dublin, part I, no. 2, c 1800, and as "Love & Whiskey or Bob & Joan" in O'Farrell's <<Pocket the same tune.

The popularity of the Irish song led to a temporary displacement of the original tune title in Scotland. The tune appears as "Bobin John" in Gow's <<Complete Repository>>, Book 2, pp. 22-3, [1802], but in <<The Beauties of Niel Gow>>, Part 3 p. 31, [c 1826] the title is back to "The Key of the Cellar." In the United States the tune was used in 1812 by Samuel Woodward for "The Patriotic Diggers," and from that, for Haverford and Swarthmore school songs. The tune is also in <<Riley's Flute Melodies>>, New York, no. 143 [c 1815] as "Bobbing Joan or the Patriotic Diggers."

Thomas Moore wrote his song "Fill the bumper fair" to the tune, with verses and music appearing in the sixth issue (part 2

The song was evidently very popular in England, and about a dozen new songs were written to the tune "Bob and Joan" or, occasionally "Stoney Batter" most were not bawdy. One was an apparently polite imitation of the original. One song to "Bob and Joan", however, apparently slightly later than the middle of the 19th century, "The way to Come over a Maid", is quite bawdy.

If you'd get over a maid,  
Tickle and amuse her;  
Anything she asks,  
Mind you ne'er refuse her.  
Walk her out each day,

O'er the fields romantic;  
Roll her in the hay,  
With many a lustful antic.  
Tol de rol, &c.

First her bubbies feel,  
To raise her hot desire;  
Next just feel her thigh,  
Than a little higher!  
If she won't wince at that,  
Put Bob in her grasp then;  
And depend when it she feels,  
She'll take a precious rasping!  
Tol de rol, &c.

If she simpers "oh!"  
Embrace her, then caress her;  
Disrobe her form below,  
Entwine round her and press her!  
Soon you'll find her yield,  
For her lusts gets stronger;  
One more close embrace,  
And she's a maid no longer!  
Tol de rol, &c.

But if a widow you'd kiss,  
You must be much bolder;  
For as they've sipt the bliss,  
They don't feel much the colder!  
If you'd seduce a maid,  
You must swear, and sigh, and flatter,  
But if you'd win a widow,  
You must down with your breeches and at her!  
Tol de rol, &c.

Play: BOBJOAN1, from Riley's Flute Melodies

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