

Mount A tape No.6

1. Dark-Eyed Sailor, Ben Henneberry, L.C.46B, broken ring song
2. The Frog and the Mouse, Miss Gordon Etter, 7B & 50B, nursery song
3. Bingo, Miss Etter, nursery song. L.C.7B & 50B
4. Knoxville Girl, Thomas Richard, murder. L.C.52A
5. Peter Rambelay, Richard Hartlan, death in lumber woods. L.C. 3
6. The Bold Princess Royal L.C. 2B; pirate song
7. Old King Coul, Richard Hartlan (as above), L.C.62A; nursery song
8. Once I Loved With Fond Devotion, sung by Richard Hartlan, L.C. 65B. love rejected
9. When A Man's In Love, L.C.67A Mrs. R.W.Duncan; love song
10. The Sheffield Prentice,

L.C. 67B, Mrs. Duncan; good-
night song

11. All Around My Hat, Mrs.
Duncan, L.C. 68B; love rejected

12. He's Young But He's Daily
A-Growing, Mrs. Duncan, L.C.
69A; young marriage.

Mount A re-recording No.6

Devil's Island;

- 43 1. Dark-Eyed Sailor, sung by Mr. Ben Henneberry; L.C.46B, begun tape 5, concluded tape 6; see note with tape 5.
- 44 2. The Frog and the Mouse, sung by Miss Gordon Etter; ~~L.C.50B~~, Mount Uniacke; L.C.50B; TSNS p.253; nicely sung; this could be used on broadcast; 6 vs. & cho.
- 45 3. Bingo, nursery song sung by Miss Gordon Etter; L.C.7B & 50B; well sung ~~ix~~ although a bit high; 2 vs.
- 46 4. The Knoxville Girl, sung by Thomas Richards, a soldier stationed in Halifax; L.C.52A with guitar accompaniment; song also known as The Wexford Lass; cruel murder; very popular; 5 vs.
- 47 5. Peter Rambelay (Emberley), sung by Mr. Richard Hartlan; L.C.2B 3B; SBNS p. 301; local song of Prince Edward Island boy killed in lumber woods.
- 48 6. The Bold Princess Royal, sung by Richard Hartlan; L.C.2B; pirate song; SBNS p.107; 8 vs.
- 49 7. Old King Coul, sung by Richard Hartlan, South East Passage; L.C.62A; he must have remembered better versions later as it is better in SBNS p.197; he is not always consistent, or perhaps I didn't hear him properly when I wrote down some of the words for there are several changes; this is a good singable nursery song; 4 vs.
- 50 8. Once I Loved With Fond Devotion, sung by Richard Hartlan; L.C.65B; there is another verse he could not remember; 2 vs. & cho. to a rather dull tune; theme love rejected.
- 51 9. When A Man's In Love, sung by Mrs. R.W. Duncan, Dartmouth; L.C.67A; TSNS p.214; love song with beautiful tune, used in folk opera, "The Broken Ring." 6 vs.
- 52 10. The Sheffield Prentice, sung by Mrs. Duncan; L.C.67B, 2 line tune; for song from other singers see TSNS p.203; good-night song; 9 vs.
- 53 11. All Round My Hat, sung by Mrs. Duncan; L.C.68B; on the record she sings, "If anyone do ask me why do I wear it," but in TSNS p.126 she sings, "the reason why I wear it." 1 vs. ; for other verses of this beautiful song see MFS pp. 80 and 81; this also is in the opera, "The Broken Ring."
- 54 12. He's Young But He's Daily A-Growing, sung by Mrs. Duncan; L.C.69A; beautiful song of young marriage; TSNS p.107 with 7 vs.; other variants in MFS pp.100,101.

Recorded by Helen Creighton

Bingo

L.C.tape 7B
Mount A re-recording No,6

A farmer had a little black dog and Bingo was his name,
A farmer had a little black dog and Bingo wagged his tail,
B,I,N,G,O, B,I,N,G,O, B,I,N,G,O,
And Bingo wagged his tail.
B,I,N,G,O, and Bingo wagged~~x~~ his tail.

2

A farmer had a little black dog and Bingo was his name,
They cut him up into sausage meat and Bingo wagged his tail,
B,I,N,G,O, B,I,N,G,O, B,I,N,G,O,
And Bingo wagged his tail,
B,I,N,G,O, and Bingo wagged his tail.

Sung by Miss Gordon Etter, Mount Uniacke, and recorded by Helen
Creighton for the Library of Congress in 1943.

I knew a little girl in Knoxville, a town we all know well,
And every Sunday evening out in her home I'd dwell,
We went to take an evening walk about a mile from town,
I picked a stick up off the ground and knocked that bad girl down.

2

She fell out on her beeding knees, to me oh she did cry,
"Oh Willie dear, don't kill me dear, for I'm not prepared to die,
She never spoke another word, I only beat her more,
~~She never spoke another word, I only beat her more,~~
Until the ground around me was in her blood did flow.

3

I picked her by her golden curls, I drug her round and round,
I threw her into the river who flowed two miles from town,
" you Knoxville girl, this dark and stormy night,
" you Knoxville girl, you can never be my wife."

4

Oh starting back to Knoxville
My mother she was worried and woke up in a crying,
"Things are ph son, what have you done to bloody
I told my worried mpther ~~xxxx~~ bleeding from my nose.

was

5

"Oh call for me a candle to light myself to bed,
Oh call for me a handkerchief to bind my aching head,"
They took me down to Knoxville jail, they put me in a cell,
I'm here to waste my life away fpr a girl I loved so well.

~~xxx~~

Sung by Thomas Richards ~~xx~~ (soldier stationed in Halifax),
and recorded by Helen Creighton for the Library of Congress in 1943.

A few words impossible to make out. This is also known as The
Wexford Lass, and I have it from the Miramichi.

My name is Peter Rambelay as you may understand,
I was born on Prince Edward's Island close by the ocean strand,
In eighteen hundred and eighty-two when the flowers were brilliant to view
I left my native counteree my fortune to pursue.

2

I landed in New Brunswick, that lumbering counteree,
I hired in the lumbering woods which proved my destiny,
I hired in the lumbering woods for to cut the tall spruce down,
While loading sleds all from the yard I received my deathly wound.

3

Here's adieu unto my nearest friend concerning my mother dear,
She reared a boy that fell as soon as he left her tender care,
Little did she ever thought when she sang to me lullabies
What country I would travel in or what death I would die.

4

Here's adieu unto my father, it was him who sent me here,
It was by his cruel usage and treatment so severe,
It is not right to press a boy for to try to keep him down
For it will make him leave his home when he is far too young.

5

Here's adieu unto Prince Edward's Isle and the Island girls so true,
May they long live to roam the isle where my first breath I drew,
~~I~~ I'll never see those lofty ships as they go sailing by
With a flag a-flying in the air above their canvas high.

6

All in the city of Alton town where my crushed remains do lie
We'll get some holy father for to bless my humble grave,
And here I lay in this cold clay until the judgement day.

This varies slightly from words from they same singer in SBNS p.301,
and there he has a few other verses.

Sung by Mr. Richard Hartlan, Sp South East Passage, and recorded
by Helen Creighton for the Library of Congress in 1943.

In the fourteenth of February we sailed from the land
In the bold Princess Royal bound for Newfoundland,
With forty brave seamen for our ship's company
We were bound from the east and the westward bound we.

2

Oh we ~~xx~~ had not been sailing both days two or three
When a man from our masthead a strange sail did see
Came bearing down upon us with a sail set so high,
And under her mizzen false colours did fly.

3

"Oh God," cries our captain, "Oh what shall we do?
Here comes a bold pirate to rob us I know,"
Up speaks our chief mate and answered him so,
"We'll shake out our reefs and away we will go."

4

With a loud speaking trumpet he asked whence we came,
Our captain being master is answered him so,
"We're from it's New London and we're bound for St. John's."

5

"Oh back your maintopsail and heave your ship to,
I have answering letters for to send them by you,"
"If I back my maintopsail and heave my ship to
It will be in some harbour, ~~xx~~ not alongside of you."

6

Oh they chased us to windward all that long long day,
They chased us to leeward but could not gain way,
They fired shots at us but they did prevail
And the bold Princess Royal ~~xxx~~ soon showed them her tail.

7

"Go down to your grog boys, yes go down every one,
There's six bottles of brandy and six more of rum,
Go down to your grog boys and be of good cheer,
For whilst there is sea room there is nothing to fear."

recorded

Sung by Mr. Richard Hartlan, South East Passage and ~~xxxxxx~~ by Helen
Creighton for the Library of Congress in 1943.

~~Old King Coul was a merry old soul and a merry old soul was he
He called for his pipe and he called for his lamp and he called for his~~

Old King Coul was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he,
He called for his pipe and he called for his lamp
And he called for his fiddle boys three.

Cho.

" Teedle teedle dee,"went the fiddler
" And happy we shall be."

2

Old King Coul etc.
He called for his drummer boys three.

Cho.

"Boom,boom,boom," went the drummer,
"Teedle teedle dee," went the fiddler,
" And happy we shall be."

3

Old King Coul etc.
And he called for his hammer boys three.

Cho.

"Rap a tap a tap," said the cobbler, etc.

4

~~Old King Coul etc.~~

For a better version see SBNS p.197 which is fuller . He must have remembered the other verses later. He is not always consistent with his words or perhaps I did not hear too clearly when I wrote down the words. Here instead of fiddlers he sings fiddle boys,and he has drummer boys and hammer boys.

Sung by Mr. Richard Hartlan, South-East Passage, and recorded by Jx Helen Creighton for the Library of Congress in 1943.

Once I Loved With Fond Devotion

L.C. 65B

Mount A re-recording No.6

Once I loved with fond devotion
All my thoughts they were on thee,
Till a dark-eyed girl she did beguile you,
And then you thought no more of me.

Cho.

Then go and leave me if you wish it,
Never let me cross your mind,
If you think I'm not worth having
Go and leave me, never mind.

When you're lying on your pillow
And enjoying sweet repose,
I poor girl are broken-hearted
Listening to each winds that blows. Cho.

There is another verse which the singer can't remember.

Sung by Mr. Richard Hartlan, South-East Passage and recorded by Helen
Creighton for the Library of Congress in 1943.

As I was brought up in Sheffield not of a high degree,
 My parents doted on me, they had no child but me,
 But I being bent on rambleing wherever my fancy be
 Until I became a roving blade, then all my joy had flown.

2

I did not like my master, he did not use me well,
 I rose a resolution not long with him to dwell,
 Likewise my ~~wealthy~~ wealthy master from ~~whom I ran~~ ~~away~~ him I ran away,
 And steered my course for London, oh cursed be the day.

3

When I arrived at London a lady from Holland was there,
 She offered me great riches to serve her for a year,
 After a long persuasion with her I did agree,
 We both set out for Holland which proved my destiny.

4

I had not been in Holland scarce one month two or three
 A well my wealthy mistress grew very fond of me,
 "My horses and my oxen, my houses and rich land
 If you'll consent and marry me, they'll lie at your command."

5

"Oh no my wealthy mistress, this thing can never be
 For I have lately promised and made a solemn vow
 To wed no ~~px~~ one but Polly, your handsome chambermaid."

6

Oh when my mistress heard of this she flew into a rage,
 She swore she'd have revenge on me before another day,
 As I was walking the garden taking the morning air
 My mistress followed after me plucking the flowers fair.

7

Her gold ring from off her finger as I was passing by
 She slipped it in my pocket and for it I must die,
 My mistress swore I robbed her, and quickly I was brought
 Before a brave old justice to answer for my crime.

8

Long time I pleaded innocent but it was all in vain
 She swore so hard against me that I was sent to jail,
 Come all that stand around me my dreadful lot to see,
 Don't glory in my downfall, I pray you pity me.

9

Believe me I am innocent, I bid this world adieu,
 So fare you well lovely Polly dear, I'll die for the love of you.

Sung by Mrs. R.W.Duncan, Dartmouth, and recorded by Helen Creighton
 for the Library of Congress in 1943.