

- 55 1. The Cuckoo, sung by Mrs. R.W.Duncan, Dartmouth; L.C.69A; TSNS p.142; Scratchy tape; Mrs. Duncan sings one more vs. than in TSNS which repeats her 1st vs. with these changes, line 3, "her voice to keep clear," and line 4, "the more she sings cuckoo sweet summer draws near."; ~~xxxx~~ 4 vs.
- 56 2. I'm A Stranger In This Counteree, sung by Mrs. Duncan; good song, well sung for age 87; L.C.70A; pleasant love song; 4 vs./
- 57 3. Branded Lambs, sung by Mrs. Duncan; started too high and forgot words so began again; lovely pastoral song; TSNS p.133; L.C.71A; For words see TSNS where the singer, Mr. Hartlan, is a brother of Mrs. Duncan's; 6 vs.
- 58 ~~The~~ 4. The Ship's Carpenter, sung by Mrs. Duncan; L.C.71B; well sung and words clear; TSNS p.118; supernatural; some of the words are different here from when she sang it for recording. 10 vs.
- 59 5. Tarry Trousers, sung by Mrs. Duncan; L.C.71B; well sung and words clear; is bad flaw in tape as though needle stuck in groove of disc and three vs. are omitted from ~~her~~ version in TSNS p.212, as sung by her brother, Mr. Enos Hartlan; 3 vs. here, 6 in TSNS.
- 60 6. Nancy, sung by Mr. Dennis Smith, East Chezzetcook; L.C. 76B; Dennis Smith's tune but John Roast's words; good recording although start is bad; 6 vs.
- 61 7. When A Man's In Love, sung by Dennis Smith; L.C.77A; pitched a little too high but otherwise well sung; words and tune almost the same as Mrs. Duncan's, TSNS p.214 and Mount A re-recording No.6; 6 vs.
- 62 8. The Dreadful Ghost, sung by Mr. Dennis Smith; L.C.78B; much forgotten in this singing; is much better in TSNS p.151 with 8 vs.; he was probably tired when he made this recording, for he was over 90.
- 63 9. Green Mossy Banks of the Lea, sung by Dennis Smith; L.C. 79B; song begun here and concluded on tape No.8; well sung; Mr. Smith always spoke the last word, sometimes with great vehemence to show he had come to the end; nice love song; 6 vs.; also in SBNS p. 167 from Devil's Island.

Recorded by Helen Creighton.

I'm a stranger in this counteree from America I came,
Nobody here does know me or can call me by name,
But to prove myself loyal if you'll come along with me
I'll take you to America my true love to be.

xx 2

Now some says I'm rakish and some says I'm wild,
And some says I'm false-hearter my neighbors to beguile,
But I'll prove myself loyal if you'll come along with me
I'll take you to America my true love to be.

3

The ship's on the ocean, they sail without sail,
And the smallest of fishes ~~my~~ may grow to large whales,
In the middle of the ocean may grow lofty pine
If ever I prove false to that little girl of mine.

4

Oh the ship's on the ocean, they sail without sail,
And the smallest of fishes may grow to large whales,
In the middle of the ocean may grow lofty pine
If ever I prove false ~~to~~ to that little sweetheart of mine.

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

Scratchy tape.

Says William to Mary, "Will you come along with me
Before we get married our friends for to see?"
He led her through groves and through valleys so deep,
At last this young damsel began for to weep.

2

A grave with a spade lying near did she see,
Which caused her to weep and to cry bitterlee,
She cries, "Cruel William, the worst of mankind,
Is this the bride's bed I expected to find?"

3

"Now pity my infant and spare my poor life,
Let me live full of shame if I can't be your wife,"
Then instantly taking a knife in his hand
He pierced her fair breast whence the blood it did flow
And in the deep grave her fair body did throw.

4

He buried the body and then returned home,
Leaving none but the small birds her fate to bemoan,
On board ship he entered without more delay
And he set sail for Plymouth to plough the salt sea.

5

One night a brave man having courage most bold
One night being late to go down in the hold,
When a beautiful damsel to him did appear
And into her arms held an infant most dear.
When to his amazement she ~~ex~~ vanished away
Which he told to the captain without more delay.

6

The captain soon summons the jovial ship's crew,
"I'm afraid my brave fellows, I'm afraid some of you
Have murdered some damsel e'er you came away
Whose now injured ghost haunts you on the sea.

7

"Now he who confesses his life we'll not take,
But will land him on the first island we make,
But he who don't confess, his life we'll destroy,
And he shall be hung from the yardarm so high."

8

Now William immediately fell on his knees,
And the blood in his veins with horror (horror) did freeze,
And behold that poor fellow beheld a sad state
And raving distracted he died the same night.

9

Now when her poor parents they came for to hear
They then searched the body of their daughter dear,
Near the town of Southampton in a valley so deep
They found her poor body what caused many to weep.

10 ashes

In St. Sullie's churchyard her ~~xxxxxx~~ now lies,
And I hope her poor soul is with God in the skies,
Come all ye fair maidens, here's a warning to all,
Who dare a poor innocent maid to enthrall.

It was down in yon green valley in the pleasant month of May,
 Where the grass ~~xxx~~ grow on the hillside, the valleys all a-gay,
 'Twas there I first saw Nancy, she's the girl I do adore,
 She was my joy and fancy and I could love no more.

2

I said, "My dearest Nancy could you but fancy me
 I have not stores of riches, but stores of love for thee,
 There's richer men than I am, but none could love you so,
 And if I had gold like mountains it would be yours also."

3

"To wed you in my prime love it would be a pretty thing,
 For I have the conceit love that I can dance and sing,
 I am for some rich gentleman, I'd have you to be gone,
 For riches will answer me better and your love will soon cool down."

about

4

It was ~~xxxxx~~ six months after ~~xy~~ this fair one changed her mind,
 She wrote to me a letter hoping that I'd prove kind,
 What she had said she was sorry for, hoping that I'd forgive,
 And grant to her one favour, her heart and hand receive.

5

I wrote to her an answer in some right scornful way,
 I said, "My dearest Nancy for you I do not grieve,
 For I have another one kinder that's taking up your place,
 And I'll let you know I can dance and sing should I never see your face. "

6

So come all you pretty fair maids a warning take by me,
 Oh never slight your true love nor any one degree,
 For riches will not last you and beauty will decay,
 And by recreeting(?) your own true love his love will fade away.

Sung by Mr. Dennis Smith, East Chezzetcook, and recorded by Helen
 Crieghton for the Library of Congress 1943.

TSNS p. 189, Mr. Smith's tune and John Roast's words.

When a man's in love sure he feels no cold
 Like I not long ago,
 Like a hero bold for to see my girl
 I set out through frost and snow,
 The moon it gently shone me light
 That long and lonesome way,
 Till I arrived at that sweet cot
 Where all my treasure lie.

2

I gently rapped at my love's window,
 "Let me in my dear,"
 Oh she arose and the door unclosed
 And slowly I drew nigh,
 "Now let me to your chamber love,
 Oh let me to your bed,
 Oh let me to your chamber love,
 I'm wet and very ill."

3

"If I let you to my chamber love,
 My prudence would ne'er allow,
 Come set you down by a good fireside
 And I'll set there by you,"
 Her hand was soft her breath was sweet,
 Her tongue did gently glide,
 I stole a kiss from her ruby lips
 And all her colours died.

4

"Many's the night and many's the day
 I come for to visit you,
 Tossed about by the cold winter storms
 And wet with the summer dew,
 Oh many's the night I courted you
 Against your parents' will,
 I never forced you to be my bride,
 So now my love set still.

4

"For to-morrow I am going away
 To old ~~Virginia's shore~~ Virginia's shore,
 And never more will you behold
 Your youthful lover more,"
 "Don't talk of going away my dear,
 For that will break my heart,
 Come let us now be married be
 'Fore you and I do part."

6

And with a kiss the bargain was drawn
 And the wedding soon went on,
 So npw they're free from courting ,since
 They're both joined in one.

Sung by Mr. Dennis Smith, East Chezzetcook, and recprded by Helen Creighton
 for the Library of Congress, 1943.

Tune and words almost the same as Mrs. Duncan's, TSNS p. 214.

When first to this country a stranger curiosity caused me to roam,
Over Europe I resolved to be a ranger when I left Philadelphia my home,
'Twas then I sailed over to England where streams of great beauty did shine,
It was there I beheld a fair damsel and I wished in my heart she was mine.

2

One morning as I careless did ramble where the winds and soft breezes do blow,
'Twas down by a fair crystal river where the sweet purling waters do flow,
'Twas there I beheld a fair damsel, some goddess to me did appear,
As she rose from the sweet smelling(?)water on the green mossy banks pf the lea.

3

Is tepped up and bid her good morning and her fair cheeks did blush like the rose,
I said,"The green meadows looks charming,your guardian I'll be if you choose,"
"Kind sir oh I ne'er want a guardian, young man you're a stranger to me,
In yonder my father is coming on the green mossy banks of the lea."

4

I waited till up came her father and I picked up my courage once more,
I said,"Sir if this be your daughter she is a beautiful girl I adore,
Ten thousand a year is my ffortune, a lady your daughter shall be,
She'll ride in a coach and six horses on the green mossy banks of the lea."

5

They welcomed me home to their cottage, soon after in wedlock to join,
'Twas there I erect~~ed~~ a castle in splendour and grandeur to shine,
It's now the American stranger all pleasures~~and pastime~~ and pastime can see,
With his lovely and gentle Matilda on the green mossy banks of the lea.

6

~~So~~ So come all you pretty fair maids take warning no matter how poor you might be,
For there's many the poor girl is handsome as well as those with a large property,
So with flattering let no one decieve you thow't you know what your fortune's to be,
Like lovely and gentle Matilda on the green mossy banks of the lea.

Sung by Mr. Dennis Smith,East Chezzetcook and recorded by Helen Creighton
for the Library of Congress in 1943.

Nice love song pitched too high and some surface noise,but good example.