

- No.1. Man Pazuda Kumelinis (I Lost My Stallion)
Latvian. All Latvian songs sung by Theodore
Britts, accompanied on piano by Alfred
Strombergs, professional musicians, Halifax
- No.2. Sita Zeni Mums Dzivoti. Latvian
- No.3. Mary an Sar. Indian Lullaby, sung by
Miss Marguerite Letson, Port Medway
- No.4. Me Neleme na. Indian song sung by Miss
Marguerite Letson, Port Medway.
- No.5. The Mountains They Will Skip Away. Negro
spiritual sung by Miss Marguerite Letson,
Port Medway
- No.6. Let Me In the Lifeboat. Negro spiritual,
sung by Miss Marguerite Letson, Port Medway.
- No.7. Highlanders. Singing Game, sung by Miss
Marguerite Letson, Port Medway.
- No.8. Pretty Little Pink. Sung with dancing of
quadrille. 1 vs. sung by Marguerite Letson,
Port Medway
- No.9. The Violet and the Pink. Fragment learned
from maid of German extraction and sung by
Miss Marguerite Letson, Port Medway
- No.10. Dialect. Charlie's Story, told by Miss
Marguerite Letson, Port Medway, Queen's Co.
- No.11. Dialect words explained by Miss Marguerite
Letson, Port Medway
- No.12. Brigantine Sirocco, sung by Charlie Harnish,
Ragged Harbour, Queen's Co. Local
- No.14. Talk on Long Walk; dialogue between Charlie
Harnish and Marguerite Letson.
- No.14. The Mermaid, sung by Earl Smith, Lower
Clark's Harbour. Ballad
- No.13. Lorelon. Sung by Chas. Harnish, Ragged
Harbour. Words not written down
- No.16. The Spanish Galillee, sung by Earl Smith,
Lower Clark's Harbour
- No.17. The Little Mohee (or the Lass of Mohee), sung
by Earl Smith, Lower Clark's Harbour
- No. 18. Dialect Cape Sable Island. Conversation for
dialect

Latvian Folk Song

Sita Zeni Mums Dzivoti

Reel 3, No.2

When we boys lead a life like this, we shall soon be forgotten,
We will drink our boots from our feet,
Two days and three nights in the same spot!
Sweet beer, white mug and pretty damsel.
Drink the beer and crush the mug, kiss the damsel!

(Translation contributed by Theodor Brilts)

Sung by Theodor Brilts, accompanied on piano by Alfred Strombergs, and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 8, 1949.

Indian Song

Mary an Sar

Reel 3, No. 3

Mary an Sar

A gid a win a me-a,

A gid a win a me-a,

Mary an Sar,

A gid win mue

A gid a win a me-a,

A gid a win a me-a,

A gid a win a me-a.

This is an Indian lullaby as remembered by her mother's singing, who probably learned it from the Indians at Port Medway; it is written down as it sounds.

Sung by Miss Marguerite Letson, Port Medway, Queen's County, and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 13, 1949.

Indian Hymn

Me Neleme na

Reel 3 No.4

Me neleme nā
Tiss mam por
Me neleme nā
Tiss ma-m por
Tiss mam por
Tiss ma-am por
Me neleme nā
Tiss maam por

I'm Going Home To Die No More.

Sung by Miss Marguerite Letson, Port Medway, Queen's Co., as remembered from her mother's singing, and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 13, 1949.

Man Pazuda Kumelinis (I Lost My Stallion)

I lost my stallion in the stumpage; I was searching and could not find it. I found my stallion in the barn. Good evening young girl, give me back my stallion. No, for he destroyed roses and barley field. My brother would forget the barley, but I cannot forget the roses.

(Translation contributed by Theodor Brilts. When he sang the song his explanation was that when he asked the girl for the stallion she said he would have to pay; that is, marry her.)

Sung by Theodor Brilts, accompanied on piano by Alfred Strombergs, and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 8, 1949.

Negro Spiritual. The Mountains They Will Skip Away. Reel 3, No. 5

The mountains they will skip away
The mountains they will skip away,
The mountains they will skip away
And what will ye do that day?

2

Oh we'll go to your praying father,
We'll go to your praying father,
We'll go to your praying father,
And what will ye do that day?

3

Your father cannot save us all,
Your father cannot save us all,
Your father cannot save us all,
And what will ye do that day?

4

Oh we'll go to your praying mother etc.
(can go to all the family)

Last verse

The mountains they will skip away,
The mountains they will skip away,
The mountains they will skip away
And what will ye do that day.

Sung by Miss Marguerite Letson, Port Medway as remembered
from her mother who heard it sung at negro prayer meetings
here; recorded by Helen Creighton, July 13, 1949.

Dialect Cape Sable Island

Reel 3, No. 18

Conversation for dialect, recorded by Helen Creighton
July 19, 1949.

The Little Mohee

Reel 3, No. 17

For text see my notes for 1947; recorded by Helen
Creighton, July 19, 1949.

The Mermaid

Reel 3, No. 15

Text will be in Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia;
recorded by Helen Creighton, July 19, 1949.

Brigantine Sirocco

Reel 3, No. 12

(Part of the words are the same as found in Songs and
Ballads From Nova Scotia, p. 228, but the rest will have to
be taken from the record.

Sung by Charlie Harnish, Ragged Harbor, Queen's Co., and
recorded by Helen Creighton, July 14, 1949.

The Violet and the Pink

Reel 3, No. 9

The Violet and the Pink
They'll be fading soon I think
But I hope they will carry on till June.

All the singer could remember of a song their maid used to sing. The maid was of German extraction and lived on the road between Mill Village and Bridgewater. The singer has tried to catch her accent.

Sung by Miss Marguerite Letson, Port Medway, Queen's Co., and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 13, 1949.

Come brother sailors, and don't you fall asleep,
Pray day and night though you sink in the deep,
Hope is the anchor and this you must keep
For Jesus Christ is coming in the lifeboat.

2

Let me in the lifeboat,
Let me in the lifeboat,
She will stem the raging storm,
Let me in the lifeboat,
Let me in the lifeboat,
She will bear my spirit home.

Sung by Miss Marguerite Letson, Port Medway as remembered
from her mother who heard it sung at negro prayer meetings;
recorded by Helen Creighton, July 13, 1949.

Pretty Little Pink

Reel 3, No. 8

O my pretty little pink
I suppose you think
That little I care about you,
But I'll let you know
Before I go
That I won't go home without you.

(Sung to the tune of The Girl I Left Behind Me. This was one of the quadrills that used to be played by fiddlers for dances, when this little song would be sung.)

Sung by Miss Marguerite Letson, Port Medway, Queen's County,
and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 13, 1949.

Come highlanders lets be marching,
Everyone sing to his true love,
Choose your one and choose no other,
Choose your true love now or never.

Over the hills and rocky mountains
By the rumbling tumbling fountains
Where the sweet birds sing all day,
Where the crystal waters play,

There sits a young girl down lamenting,
Down lamenting in her chair,
Crying, crying, dearest loved one
Come and kiss me if you dare.

(To play this they formed a circle and went around in a ring, single. At the word choose, the men would join the girls and then go around the ring double. When they broke up the one in the middle would choose her man. It was something like a Paul Jones.)

Sung and described by Miss Marguerite Letson, Port
Medway, Queen's County, and recorded by Helen Creighton, July
13, 1949.

THE MERMAID

'Twas Friday morn when we set sail
 And we sailed not far from the land
 When our captain espied a lovely mermaid
 With a comb and glass in her hand.

Chorus

Oh the ocean waves may roll
 And the stormy winds may blow
 While we jolly sailors go skipping to the tops
 And the land-lubbers lie down below below below,
 And the land-lubbers lie down below.

2.

Then out spake the captain of our gallant ship
 Who at once did the peril see,
 "I have married a wife in fair London town
 And this night she a widow will be." Cho.

3.

Then out spake the cook of our gallant ship
 And a fine old cook was he,
 "I care much more for my pots and my pans
 Than I do for the bottom of the sea." Cho.

4.

Then out spake the cabin boy of our gallant ship,
 A fair-haired lad was he,
 "I've a father and mother in fair London town
 And this night they'll be weeping for me." Cho.

5.

Then three times round went our gallant ship
 And three times round went she,
 Oh three times round went our gallant ship
 And she sank to the bottom of the sea. Cho.

Contributed by Earl B. Smith, Lower Clark's Harbor, Shelburne County. He writes: "This song, based on the old superstition that it was unlucky to see a mermaid combing her hair, has several variations of tune and chorus, but this is the old version as sung by the fishermen of Cape Sable Island.

Collected by Helen Creighton and Joseph Raben.

THE LITTLE MOHEE

As I was a-walking for pleasure one day
I craved recreation as the day passed away,
I sat me down musing alone on the grass
And who should come by me but a young Indian lass.

2.

She came and sat ~~by~~ by me and taking my hand
Said, "You look like a stranger; not one of our band,
But if you will rise sir and come with me
I'll teach you the language of the little Mohee."

3.

Said I, "No, fair maiden, that never can be,
For I have a true love in my own countree,
And I'll not forsake her for I know she loves me
And is just as faithful as the little Mohee."

4.

She said, "When you return sir to the land that you know
Remember the maiden where the coconuts grow."
The last time I saw her she was out on the sand,
As my ship sailed past her she waved me her hand.

5.

And now I am landed on my native shore,
My friends and relations around me once more,
But of all who surround me no one can I see
Who really compares with my little Mohee.

6.

And the girl I had trusted proved untrue to me
So I said, "I'll turn backward across the blue sea,
I'll set my course outward and away I will flee,
Spend the rest of my days with my little Mohee."

Contributed by Earl B. Smith, Lower Clark's Harbor, Shelburne County.

Collected by Helen Creighton and Joseph Raben.

Dere I see old Tibby in the bahn stompng kraut barefooted without any shoes on.

(As Charlie, a character from Scotland, told it to Miss Letson after seeing a Herman stompng kraut, or grout, as he called it)

Told by Miss Marguerite Letson, Port Medway, Queen's Co., and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 13, 1949.

Dialect Words

Reel 3, No. 11

Dialect words explained by Miss Marguerite Letson, Port Medway, Queen's Co., and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 13, 1949

Lorelon

Reel 3, No. 13

(This old man tired easily, so I could not get him to repeat the words for me to take down. If I could have a copy I could get them from the record).

Sung by Charlie Harnish, Ragged Harbor, Queen's Co. age 83, and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 13, 1949.

Talk on Long Walk

Reel 3, No. 14

Dialogue between Charlie Harnish of Ragged Harbor and Marguerite Letson of Port Medway about a bet a man had that he would walk sixty miles in twelve hours. He actually walked almost the whole way over a flat surface between the two places mentioned above.

Recorded by Helen Creighton, July 14, 1949.