

## Reel 4

- No.1. Everybody's Scared of Dolan, sung by Earl Smith,  
Lower Clark's Harbour; good local song 5 vs. & cho.
- No.2. Testing the Cows, sung by Earl Smith, Lower  
Clark's Harbour. 5 vs. & cho. good local song,  
amusing
- No.3. Erin's Green Shore. sung by Ralph Huskins, Cape  
Sable Island. (One evening of late as I  
tambled). 9 vs.
- No.4. Early Early in the Spring. sung by Ralph Huskins,  
Swim's Point, Cape Sable Island. 8 vs, nice  
love story.
- No.5. The Farmer's Curst Wife, sung by Ralph Huskins,  
Swim's Point, 10 vs. published Traditional  
Songs From Nova Scotia, p.98
- No.6. Grandmother's Advice, sung by Earl Smith, Lower  
Clark's Harbour, 5 vs. & cho. amusing
- No.7. The Banks of Newfoundland, sung by Earl Smith and  
Ralph Huskins (It is early in the spring  
when the snow is all gone) Different from  
other songs by this name
- No.8. Hind Horn, sung by Ralph Huskins. Child ballad pub-  
lished in Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia,  
p. 17
- No.9. Break the News to Mother, sung by Ralph Huskins,  
not folk
- No.10. Highland Gates. Singing game sung by Ralph Huskins.
- No.11. Eeny Meenie Miney Mo. Counting out rhyme said  
by Ralph Huskins

My song is of a robber,  
 Tom Dolan was his name,  
 He was a most dishonest man  
 Which really was a shame,  
 He once lived at Clark's Harbor,  
 But long he didn't stay  
 For they sent him off to prison  
 For robbing Jim McGray.

Cho.

And everybody's scared of Dolan,  
 They say he's an awful man,  
 Everybody's scared of Dolan  
 But me and my old man.

2

When the news first came to town  
 That Dolan had got out,  
 The Clarks Harborers were so frightened  
 They made a general rout,  
 Some said they didn't believe it,  
 Others said 'twas fun,  
 One man was so frightened  
 That he slept with his hand on his gun. Cho.

3

At picking locks Tom Dolan  
 Was surely pretty good,  
 Some men over to the Centre  
 Were out cutting wood,  
 As they looked about the place  
 They saw to their amaze  
 That smoke was coming from a house  
 Called Mary Jane McGray's. Cho.

4

When they went into the house  
 They saw to their surprise  
 Dolan sitting by the fire  
 With a paper up to his eyes,  
 At first he was quite frightened,  
 But his fear did soon allay,  
 And the last they saw of Dolan  
 He was going Clam Point way. Cho.

5

The next they heard of Dolan  
 He went off on the Main,  
 Going along the railroad track  
 He was run down by the train,  
 Everybody's scared of Dolan,  
 He hadn't many friends,  
 I've told you his adventures  
 And now my story ends. Cho.

Sung by Earl Smith, The Hawk, Cape Sable Island, and  
 recorded by Helen Creighton, July 17, 1949.

Tom Dolan came from the United States. He built a little house in which he and his family lived, then he built a larger house outside, all the while still living in the little house. When the new house was finished he tore the little house down and threw it out the window. Boards were seen flying in all directions. His name will live for years because people were so frightened of him.

Dolan was in prison for robbing Jas. McGray's store at Centerville. There was a Post Office in the house and a store with millinery and dressmaking. There was a five hundred dollar bill there on which the clerk, a niece, had put a private mark; also a twenty dollar bill. When the money was stolen Dolan was arrested and the money found ~~on him~~ hidden by him. The clerk identified the bills, and that convicted him. Just before he went to jail he said, "If I ever get my hands on that girl I'll kill her." He did escape prison and they found him in a house where he had made a fire. After he had served his time he came home but was

Tom Dolan con't

run over by a train. He was badly injured, but returned to Boston. He was an accomplished painter, but a thief.

People were much afraid of him, and men did actually sleep with their guns beside them when they knew he was in the vicinity.

The niece, probably in her forties, was home this summer on her holidays. She still doesn't like to speak of Dolan.

The song was composed by Norman Cunningham, The Hawk, and was a Santa Claw song to be sung during Christmas festivities.

I suppose you all know that cussed old game  
That happened down here last spring,  
It had everybody all bugger-lugged up,  
It sure was a terrible thing,  
There were three or four glad ones  
But thousands of mad ones,  
It kicked up considerable row,  
When they got telling lurrries that two veterinaries  
Were coming to test the cows.

Cho.

They're coming to test your cows boys,  
They're coming to test the stock,  
They started in testing at North East Point  
And they'll finish on The Hawk,  
They're coming to test your cows boys,  
And if your old cow h'ain't too lank,  
Or isn't too bony to make good baloney  
She'll surely go to the tank.

2

~~They're coming to test your cows boys,  
They're coming to test the stock,~~

When I heard the news I had three or four spasms  
And lost all my joy and mirth,  
My ox was a picture of death warping-bars,  
The worst looking creetur on earth,  
Mr. Nickerson was walking beside my old ox  
When he ran his hand over his rump,  
I thought I would croke when he felt on his yoke  
And said he had found a lump. Cho.

3

They went down to Sarah's and went to her barn  
And Sarah was mad as sin,  
She said, "Veterinary I'll tell you right now  
Before I will let you come in,  
If you'll examine my cow from her tail to her bow  
Not a trace of a lump can you find,  
I tell you by crocus if you say tuberlocus  
Look out for my number nine!" Cho.

4

They say the next day they went down to South Side,  
They tried to get someone's goat,  
And poor old Than Perry he rolled up his sleeves  
And told them to take off their coat,  
He says, "I've a cow I will tell you right now  
That's been harrassed and chased by the boys,  
I'm afraid if you do it you'll ruin her suet  
And fracture her adenoids. Cho.

5

They went to Wallace's to test his old cow,  
She was ninetyfour years of age,  
He broke all his needles before he broke skin  
And he flew in a terrible rage,  
He said, "I can see your cow has t.b."  
And Cy gave some terrible groans,  
But the old veterinary said, "Wallace don't worry,  
T.B. only means tough bones." Cho.

1. lurrries - scandal
2. warping-bars in the loom look like ribs
3. creetur - cattle
4. number nine - shoe.

The cown in vs.5 was 18 years of age, the oldest the  
vet had seen. He said that would be equal to 94 years in a person.  
The song was made up by Norman Cunningham for a Santa Claw  
celebration about 1917.

Sung by Earl Smith, Lower Clark's Harbor, and recorded  
by Helen Creighton, July 24, 1949.

## Erin's Green Shore

For text see my notes for 1947.

Sung by Ralph Huskins, Cape Sable Island, and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 19, 1949.

(I tried to get some conversation from Mr. Huskins at the end of each record for dialect, but he didn't like talking as well as singing, and usually stopped the conversation with a laconic "yes ma'am". Polite but final. Later when he understood what I was trying to do, he was more cooperative. Note the difference in speech between Earl Smith and Mr. Huskins. Each village on the island has its own way of speech.)

Early Early In the Spring.

Reel 4, No. 4

For text see my notes for 1947.

Sung by Ralph Huskins, Cape Sable Island, and recorded  
by Helen Creighton, July 19, 1949

Break the News To Mother

Reel 4, No. 9

This is not a folk song, but is one of the singer's  
favorites, so it seemed best to let him sing it. I did not  
take the words down.

Sung by Ralph Huskins, Stony Island, Cape Sable Island,  
and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 19, 1949.

Highland Gates

Reel 4, No. 10

This must be the Stony Island version of the singing  
game by this name.

Sung by Ralph Huskins, Cape Sable Island, and recorded by  
Helen Creighton, July 19, 1949.

## Erin's Green Shore

One evening so late as I rambled  
On the bank of a clear running stream  
I sat myself down on a bed of primroses  
So gently fell into a dream.

2

I dreamed I beheld a fair female,  
Her equals I ne'er saw before  
As she sighed for the wrongs of her country  
As she strolled along Erin's green shore.

3

I quickly addressed this fair female,  
"My jewel come tell me your name,  
For here in this country I know you're a stranger  
For I would not have asked you the same."

4

"I know you're a true son o' Granue,  
My story to you I'll unfold,  
For here in this country amidst all dangers  
No knowing my friends from my foes."

5

"I'm the daughter of Daniel O'Connell,  
And from England I've lately come o'er,  
I came for to waken my brethren  
That slumber on Erin's green shore."

6

She was dressed in the richest attire,  
And freedom the mantle she wore,  
Bound around with shamrocks and roses  
That grew along Erin's green shore.

7

Her eyes were like two sparkling diamonds  
Or the stars of a cold frosty night,  
Her cheeks were like two blooming roses  
And her teeth of the ivory so white.

8

In transport of joy I awoke  
And found I had been in a dream,  
This beautiful damsel had fled me  
And I long for to slumber again.

9

May the heavens above be her guardian,  
For I know I shall see her no more,  
May the glories of heaven shine o'er her  
As she strolls along Erin's green shore.

Sung by Ralph Huskins, Clark's Harbor. Collected by Helen Creighton  
Oct. 3, 1948

Early Early In the Spring.

'Twas early early in the spring  
I shipped on board for to serve my king,  
I shipped on board without design  
For to leave my parents and sweetheart behind.

2

But not being long upon the sea  
Taking nearly ball of my opportunity,  
In writing letters to my dearest dear,  
But not one word from her could I hear.

3

I came into her father's hall  
And for this fair one I did call,  
Her aged father made his reply,  
"My daughter is married most secret I."

4

"My daughter is married young man," cried he,  
"To a very far richer one than thee,  
My daughter is married and that is for life,  
So go young man seek another wife."

5

"Since kind fortunes have on me frowned  
I'll sail the ocean all round and round,  
I'll sail the seas until the day I die,  
I will split the waves that run mountains high."

6

"Don't go, don't go young man," cries she,  
"No more don't go on the raging sea,  
For on the sea there is many who die,  
Don't go no more where the bullets fly."

7

"A few wrote letters to this town,  
But oh, my love, I never got one,  
Let the fault be great, it's none of mine,  
So don't be hard on the female kind."

8

"I love my father, I love my mother,  
I love my sister, likewise my brother,  
I love my friends, my relations too,  
I'll forsake them all and follow you."

Sung by Mr. Ralph Huskins, Swim's Point, Cape Sable Island.  
Another variant in the Creighton collection is from South East  
Passage.  
Collected by Helen Creighton and Joseph Raben, September 1947.



THE FARMER'S CURST WIFE

The old devil came into a field one day,  
Dol dol dol dol diddle dol dey,  
It isn't your oldest son I crave,  
Dol dol dol dol diddle dol dey,  
It's your old scolding wife and she I must have  
With my tor rol roral tor rol rorrel  
Diddle all diddle all dey.

2.

Take her old devil with all of my heart,  
Dol dol dol dol diddle dol dey,  
Take her old devil with all of my heart,  
Dol dol dol dol diddle dol dey,  
I hope you and her will never part  
With my tor etc.

3.

The old devil he muscled her on to his back,  
Dol dol dol dol diddle dol dey,  
The old devil he muscled her on to his back,  
Dol dol dol dol diddle dol dey,  
And like an old Jew went carrying his pack  
With my tor etc.

4.

And when he got her in sight of hell,  
Dol dol dol dol diddle dol dey,  
And when he got her in sight of hell,  
Dol dol dol dol diddle dol dey,  
Saying here's the place where you gat to dwell  
With my tor etc.

5

He carried her on to a big iron door,  
Dol dol dol dol diddle dol dey,  
He carried her on to a big iron door  
Dol dol dol dol diddle dol dey,  
And tumbled her in with ten thousand more  
With my tor etc.

6

One little devil peeped over the wall,  
Dol dol dol dol diddle dol dey,  
One little devil peeped over the wal,  
Dol dol dol dol diddle dol dey,  
Saying take her away or she'll murder us all  
With my tor etc.

7  
 No, says the old devil, we'll hang her up higher, <sup>check</sup>  
 Dol dol dol dol diddle dol dey,  
 No, says the old devil, we'll hang her up higher,  
 Dol dol dol dol diddle dol dey,  
 And then she up foot and kicked nine on the fire,  
 With my tor etc.

8  
 The old devil he mustered her on to his back,  
 Dol dol dol dol diddle dol dey,  
 The old devil he mustered her on to his back  
 Dol dol dol dol diddle dol dey,  
 And like an old fool went carrying her back  
 With my tor etc.

9  
 And when he got her in sight of home,  
 Dol dol dol dol diddle dol dey,  
 And when he got her in sight of home,  
 Dol dol dol dol diddle dol dey,  
 She kicked all the skin off the devil's backbone  
 With my tor etc.

10  
 He said, I brought your old scolding wife back safe and well,  
 Dol dol dol dol diddle dol dey,  
 I brought your old scolding wife back safe and well,  
 Dol dol dol dol diddle dol dey,  
 She's been through hell and she's ten times worse,  
 With my tor etc.

Sung by Mr. Ralph Huskins, Swim's Point, Cape Sable Island.

Collected by Helen Creighton and Joseph Raben, Sept. 1947.

## GRANDMOTHER'S ADVICE

My grandmother lives on yonder green,  
As fine an old lady as ever was seen,  
She often cautioned me with care  
Of all false young men to beware.

Chorus

Timmy eye, timmy um tum,  
Timmy um pa ta,  
Of all false young men to beware.

3 2

The first that came courting was little Johnny Green,  
A fine young man as ever was seen,  
But the words of my grandmother ringing in my head,  
I couldn't hear one word he said.

Chorus

Timmy eye, timmy um tum,  
Timmy um pa ta,  
I couldn't hear one word he said.

4 3

The next that came courting was Horace Dove,  
'Twas then we met with a joyous love,  
With a joyous love we couldn't be afraid,  
It's better to be married than to die an old maid.

Chorus

Timmy eye, timmy um tum,  
Timmy um pa ta,  
It's better to be married than to die an old maid.

4 4

Thinks I to myself, "There's some mistake,  
What a fuss the old folks make,  
If all young girls were always so afraid  
Grandmother herself would have died an old maid."

Chorus

Timmy eye, timmy um tum,  
Timmy um pa ta,  
Grandmother herself would have died an old maid.

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

Collected by Helen Creighton, October 1947.

The Farmer's Curst Wife

Reel 4, No. 5

For text see my notes for 1947. Sung by Ralph Huskins, Cape Sable Island, and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 19, 1949.

Grandmother's Advice

Reel 4, No. 6

For text see my notes for 1947

Sung by Earl Smith, The Hawk, Cape Sable Island, and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 19, 1949.

The Banks of Newfoundland

Reel 4, No. 7

There are two songs bearing this name in my Songs and Ballads From Nova Scotia, but this is another song. In fact there are quite a number with this title.

For text see my notes for 1947.

Sung by Early Smith and Ralph Huskins, Clark's Harbor, Cape Sable Island, and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 19, 1949.

Hind Horn

Reel 4, No. 8

For text see my notes for 1947. (Mr. Huskins rocks as he sings. He is feeling a bit more at home singing by now)

Sung by Ralph Huskins, Cape Sable Island, and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 19, 1949

## THE BANKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND

It is early in the spring  
When the snow is all gone,  
We are anxious my boys  
Some money to earn,  
We will fit out a ~~galley~~ vessel  
Of one hundred tons,  
And will spread all white canvas  
For the Banks of Newfoundland.

2

We will run down the shore,  
The wind being fair,  
Leaving friends and relations  
So dear and so fair,  
We will pass the Isle of Sable  
As we've often done before,  
Where the seas robl like fury  
On the storm beaten shore.

3

We will run to the eastward  
In three of four days,  
Then we'll haul around and sound  
On the very western edge,  
We will get up in the morning  
Just at the break of day,  
We will jump into our dory  
And saw saw away.

4

When the snappers bite our bait off  
Then we'll rip and rave,  
Saying if ever we get back again  
We will give back the trade,  
Our salt is all gone  
But one half of a pen,  
Our colors waves aloft  
And our mainsail we will bend.

5

We will wash down the deck  
And our dories we will stow,  
We will heave up the anchor,  
To the westward we will go.

Sung by Mr. Earl Smith, Clark's Harbor, who said it was a n old  
song fifty years ago.

Collected by Helen Creighton and Joseph Raben, Sept.1947.

## HIND HORN

I'll beg from Peter and I'll beg from Paul,  
 I'll beg from the highest to the lowest of them all,  
 But as for money I will take no toll  
 Unless it's received from the bride's own hand.

2

O the maid came tripping down the stairs  
 With rings on her fingers and jewels on her hair,  
 And a glass of wine all in her hand  
 For to treat this old beggar man.

3

He took the glass and he drank the wine,  
 And in the glass he slipped this ring,  
 "Oh where did you get it, from sea or land,  
 Or did you get it from some dead man?"

4

"I neither got it from sea nor land,  
 Nor neither did I get it from ~~some dead man~~ some dead man,  
 This ring I received on my courting days,  
 I'll return it back to you on your wedding day."

5

The rings from her fingers she did pull off,  
 The jewels from her hair she did let fall,  
 Saying, "I'll go with you forever ever more  
 If I have to beg my bread from door to door."

6

Between the kitchen and the hall  
 The beggar's rig he did let fall,  
 The gold upon him shone bright on them all,  
 He was the best looking man that was in the hall.

Sung by Ralph Hiskins, Swim's Point, Cape Sable Island. The  
 tune is similar to others for this same ballad in the Creighton  
 collection.

Collected by Helen Creighton and Joseph Raben, September 1947.

~~XXXXXXXX~~

Eeny Meenie Miney Mo

Reel 4, No. 11

This must be the Stony Island version of this counting-out rhyme. Sprry I did not take the words down.

Told by Ralph Huskins, Cape Sable Island, and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 19, 1949.