

Reel 5

- No.1. Captain Wedderburn's Courtship, 3 vs. sung by Ralph Huskins, Swim's Point, published in Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia p.24; good variat as far asit goes.
- No.2. On A Lonely Isle, sung by Ralph Huskins, 3vs. local song of child being drowned; good of its kind
- No.3 Balm o' Gilead. Singing game sung by Miss Evelyn Swim and Earl Smith, Lower Clark's Harbour; good; 5 vs.
- No.4. The Drowsy Sleeper (Willie), sung by Miss Evelyn Swim, Clark's Harbour; tragic love song with pleasant tune
- No.5 Rosy In the Garden. Singing game sung by Earl Smith. 3 vs. good.
- No.6 Brother Jones. I think this is a round, sung by Earl Smith. 2 vs.
- No.7. Scotland's Burning. A round, sung by Earl Smith
- No.8 Row Row Row Your Boat, A round sung by Earl Smith
- No.9. Fallen Leaf, sung by Earl Smith. This is about an Indian girl, and may be local. I have also recorded it from Indians in New Brunswick in 1953.
- No.10 Molly Darling, sung by Miss Evelyn Swim, Clark's Harbour; love song, late, 3 vs.
- No.11 Lazy Sal. Singing game sung by Miss Evelyn Swim and Earl Smith, Clark's Harbour. 11 vs.
- No.12 Little Birdie in the Tree. Children's song sung by Miss Evelyn Swim. 2 vs. & cho.
- No.13 Oh Where Are You Going Pretty Bird? Children's song sung by Miss Evelyn Swim. 5 vs.
- No.14 Where Now Is t e Lazy Scholar? Sung by Miss Evelyn Swim.

Three questions I will give to you
If you can answer all,
Then you and I in the bed shall lie
And you lie next to the wall.

2

For breakfast you must cook for me
Is a bird without a ~~stony~~ bone,
For dinner you must cook for me
Is a cherry without a stone,
For supper you must cook for me
Is a bird without a gall,
And you and I in the bed shall lie
And you like next to the wall.

3

O when a bird is in its egg
I'm sure it has no bone,
And when a cherry is in its bloom
I'm sure it has no stone,
My fathers got some gentle doves
Who will come without a gall
And you and I in the bed shall lie
And you lie next to the wall.

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

On a lonely isle far out to sea
Resided a family of ten,
Was three little girls and three little boys,
The rest they had grown to be men,
They played on the sand when the tide would go out,
And returned when the tide would come in,
But at last death came to the door one day
And stayed there for poor little Jim.

2

How sorry we were when we heard the sad news
That our poor little Jimmie must die,
How we kissed his pale cheeks as his eyes grew dim
And each heart rang with a sigh,
The day came at last when the sun rose clear
O'er the hills where the birds build their nests,
But we knew that the spirit had gone to the home,
Had gone to the home of the blest.

3

They took him away o'er the troubled sea,
O'er the sea that was far and wide,
But we knew that the spirit had gone to the home
Up above the dark clouds in the skies,
We long for our Jimmie, we miss him and sigh,
He's gone to a better land,
He's happy and free, but no more shall we see
His little footprints in the sand.

A local song sung by Ralph Huskins, Stony Island (part
of Cape Sable Island) with the last verse added by Earl Smith,
The Hawk, and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 19, 1949

(Stand in a row and sing, acting as you sing:)

I put my right hand in,
 I put my right hand out,
 I give my right hand a shake shake shake
 And turn myself about (bow)

Cho.

Balm o' Gilead Gilead,
 Balm o' Gilead Gilead,
 Balm balm balm balm,
 Way down on the big old farm.

2

I put my left hand in,
 I put my left hand out,
 I give my left hand a shake shake shake
 And turn myself about. Cho.

3

I put my right foot in,
 I put my right foot out,
 I give my right foot a shake shake shake
 And turn myself about. Cho.

4

I put my left foot in,
 I put my left foot out,
 I give my left foot a shake shake shake
 And turn myself about. Cho.

5

I put my ugly mug in,
 I put my ugly mug out,
 I give my ugly mug a shake shake shake
 And turn myself about. Cho.

(While singing chorus, march down as though to balm o' Gilead tree and then return to places. The song would be sung in parts, and was played by quite big children).

Sung by Miss Evelyn Swim and Earl Smith, Clark's Harbor, Cape Sable Island, and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 24, 1942

Pray who is at my bedroom window
Weeping there so bitterly,
'Tis I, 'tis I your own true lover
Weeping beneath the willow tree.

2

Oh Mary dear go ask your father
If you my wedd ed bride may be,
If he says no return and tell me
And I'll no longer trouble thee.

3

I dare not go and ask my father
For he lies on his bed of rest,
With a cruel dagger at his bedside
To slay the one I love the best.

4

Then Mary dear go ask your mother
If you my wedded bride may be,
If she says no return and tell me
And I ll no longer trouble thee.

5

I cannot go and ask my mother
For I am all the help she's got,
So Willie dear go seek another,
Adieu adieu now we must part.

6

Then Willis took a shining dagger
And pierced it in his aching heart,
Saying Adieu adieu my own fair maiden,
Adieu adieu, we now must part.

7

Then Mary took the blood-stained dagger
And pierced it in her lily-white breast,
Saying Adieu adieu my cruel parents,
Adieu adieu now I'm at rest.

7 X

Then Mary rose up from her pillow
And hastened for the cause to see,
And there she spied her own true lover
Weeping beneath the willow tree.

8

Then Mary took the blood-stained dagger
And pierced it in her lily-white breast,
Saying Adieu adieu my cruel parents,
Adieu adieu, now I'm at rest.

Sung by Miss Evelyn Swim, Clark's Harbor, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, July 22, 1949.

There's a rosy in the garden for you young man,
There's a rosy in the garden for you young man,
There's a rosy in the garden, pluck it if you can,
Be sure and don't take a false-eyed man. (or cross-eyed)

2

Don't take her from her mama yet,
Don't take her from her mama yet,
For she's too young and hardly fit
To go and leave her mammy yet.

3

But now you're married you must obey,
You must attend to all I say,
You must be kind, you must be true,
She must kiss and so must you.

(Form a circle with man in the centre blindfolded. He points to one in the circle who joins him. The middle verses of the song are missing)

Sung by Earl Smith, The Hawk, Cape Sable Island, and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 24, 1949.

Brother Jones

Reel 5, No. 6

Are you sleeping, Are you sleeping,
Brother Jones, Brother Jones?

Morning bells are ringing,
Ding dong ding,
Ding dong ding.

Sung by Earl Smith as he used to sing it at school at The
Hawk, Cape Sable Island, and recorded by Helen Creighton, July
24, 1949.

Scotland's Burning (A round)

Reel 5, No. 7

Scotland's burning, Scotland's burning,
Look out, look out,
Fire, fire, fire, fire,
Pour on water, pour on water.

Sung by Earl Smith as he used to sing it at school at The
Hawk, Cape Sable Island, and recorded by Helen Creighton, July
24, 1949.

Row Row Row You Boat (A round)

Reel 5, No. 8

Row row row your boat
Gently down the stream,
Merrily merrily merrily merrily
Life is but a dream.

Sung by Earl Smith as he used to sing it at school at
The Hawk, Cape Sable Island, and recorded by Helen Creighton,
July 24, 1949.

Far across the wild prairie
Where a noble forest lies,
Dwelt the loveliest Indian maiden
Ever seen by mortal eyes.

2

She whose life was like the sunshine,
Daughter of an Indian chief,
Came to bless our home in autumn
And they called her Fallen Leaf.

3

From the depths of tangled forest
All alone one summer day
Came a hunter lone and weary
On his lone and dreary way.

4

Days passed by but still he lingered.
For Fallen Leaf he gently sighed,
With the pledge of love she promised
To become his woodland bride.

5

Then away into the forest
Went this hunter drear and lone,
Long she hoped and long she waited
But his fate was never known.

6

With the summer breeze she faded,
With the autumn leaf she died,
Now she's sleeping beneath the willow
By the quiet riverside.

7

Fallen Leaf, the breezes whisper,
At thy spirit's earthly plight,
And within that lonely wigwam
There's a wail of woe to-night.

Sung by Earl Smith, The Hawk, Cape Sable Island, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, July 24, 1949.

(I don't suppose this is a folk song, but it is one
I never heard before so felt I should record it)

Won't you tell me Molly darling
 That you love none else but me?
 For I love you Molly darling,
 You are all the world to me.
 Oh tell me darling that you love me,
 Put your little hand in mine,
 Take my heart sweet Molly darling,
 Say that you will give me thine.

Cho.

Molly dearest, sweetest, dearest,
 Look up darling tell me true,
 Do you love me Molly darling?
 Let your answer be a kiss.

2

Stars are shining Molly darling
 Through the mystic veil of night,
 They seem laughing Molly darling
 While fair Luna hides her light,
 Oh no one listens but the flowers,
 While they hang their heads in shame,
 They are modest Molly darling,
 When they hear me breathe your name. Cho.

3

I must leave you Molly darling
 Though this parting gives me pain,
 When the stars are shining brightly
 I will meet you here again,
 Good-bye Molly, good-bye loved one,
 Happy may you ever be,
 When you're dreaming Molly darling
 Don't forget to dream of me. Cho.

Sung by Miss Evelyn Swim, Clark's Harbor, and recorded by
 Helen Creighton, July 25, 1949.

This was recorded more for the story that goes with it
 than the song. Miss Swim's father used to go to sea, and
 often took his wife with him. So too did her grandfather. Miss
 Swim tells how her mother when a little girl used to lie in
 her cabin at night and hear the boatswain singing this song
 as he tramped in his wooden shoes over the deck above her.
 It was quite customary for wives and small children to go
 to see with the captain.

Lazy Sal will you get up?
 Will you get up, will you get up?
 Lazy Sal will you get up,
 Will you get up to-day?

2

No mother I won't get up,
 I won't get up, I won't get up,
 No mother I won't get up,
 I won't get up to-day.

3

What will you give me for my breakfast,
 My breakfast, my breakfast?
 What will you give me for my breakfast
 If I get up to-day?

4

A slice of bread and a cup of tea,
 A slice of bread and a cup of tea,
 A slice of bread and a cup of tea
 If you get up to-day.

5

No mother I won't get up,
 I won't get up, I won't get up,
 No mother I won't get up,
 I won't get up to-day.

6

What will you give me for my dinner,
 My dinner, my dinner?
 What will you give me for my dinner
 If I get up to-day?

7

A roasted cat and a piece of fat,
 A roasted cat and a piece of fat,
 A roasted cat and a piece of fat
 If you'll get up to-day.

8

No mother I won't get up,
 I won't get up, I won't get up,
 No mother I won't get up,
 I won't get up to-day.

9

What will you give me for my supper,
 My supper, my supper?
 What will you give me for my supper
 If I get up to-day?

10

A nice young man with rosy cheeks,
 Rosy cheeks, rosy cheeks,
 A nice young man with rosy cheeks
 If you get up to-day.

11

Yes mother I will get up,
 I will get up, I will get up,
 Yes mother I will get up,
 I will get up to-day.

Sung by Miss Evelyn Swim and Earl Smith, Clark's Harbor,
 Cape Sable Island, and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 24,
 1949. This is the way they used to sing it in school.

Little Birdie In the Tree

Reel 5, No. 12 & 15

Cho.

Little birdie in the tree, in the tree, in the tree,
Little birdie in the tree,
Sing a song to me.

1

Sing about the roses
On the garden wall,
Sing about the birdies
In the tree tops tall. Cho.

2

Sing about the cloudland
Far up in the sky,
When you go there calling
Do your children cry? Cho.

No. 12 sung by Evelyn Swim, Clark's Harbor, Cape Sable Island,
and No. 15 added by Berl Smith; recorded by Helen Creighton
July 23rd & July 24th, 1949.

This is a song that was sung in the schools on Cape Sable
Island.

O where are you going pretty bird?
O where are you going pretty bird?
I am going to the tree, I am going to the tree,
I am going to the tree sweet maid.

2

O what have you there pretty bird?
O what have you there pretty bird?
I have four little eggs, I have four little eggs,
I have four little eggs sweet maid.

3

O what will the little eggies be?
O what will the little eggies be?
They will be four birds, they will be four birds,
They will be four birds sweet maid.

4

O what will the little birdies do?
O what will the little birdies do?
They will sing with me, they will sing with me,
They will sing with me sweet maid.

5

O what will the little birdies sing?
O what will the little birdies sing?
They will sing praise to God, they will sing praise to God,
They will sing praise to God sweet maid.

Sung by Miss Evelyn Swim, Clark's Harbor, Cape Sable
Island, and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 24, 1949.

This song was sung by the children in Cape Sable Island
many years ago. Note the clock in the background.

Where now is the lazy scholar?
Where now is the lazy scholar,
Where now is the lazy scholar?
Lazily trudging his way to school.
Cho.

By and bye no one will need him,
By and bye no woman will heed him,
By and bye will the poor house feed him,
Then he'll wish he had worked in school.

2

Hands so black and face all grimy,
Hair uncombed and clothes so dusty,
It makes me sick as he goes by me
Lazily trudging his way to school. Cho.

3

He'll go through life like abogus dollar,
He'll stand the strain like a paper collar,
There is no room for a lazy scholar,
No, no, no, not in life's great school. Cho.

Sung by Miss Evelyn Swim as recalled from her school days
on Cape Sable Island, and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 24, 1949.

(This is very like the college song, Where oh where is
the verdant freshman, sung in Halifax)