

Reel 6

The Old Man, Billy Modicks, sung
by Mrs. Evelyn Richardson & Mrs.
Anne Wickens, Bon Portage Island

Interesting variant

The False Knight upon the Road
sung by Miss Evelyn Swim &

?

The Old Cat Spinning In the ~~Oven~~
Oven, cumulative tale told by
Mrs. Caroline Murphy, Clark's
Harbour

There Was A Man Had A Double
deed, part of a folk tale told
by Mrs. Caroline Murphy.

A Story I Will Tell You Now,
~~There Was A Lady Came to Call,~~
original verses by Mrs. Caroline
Murphy on folklorist's visit to
Clark's Harbour.

Come All You Jolly Jokers, origi-
nal local song composed & sung
by Mr. Otis Purdy, Baccaro

Come Listen To My Story,
composed & sung by Mr. Otis
Purdy, Baccaro, quite good and
words clear.

The Girl I Left Behind, sung by
Mr. Otis Purdy, Baccaro

Fred Hopkins and His Truck,
original song, composed & sung
by Mr. Otis Purdy, Baccaro.
Sings this & gets bill paid.

My Love Is Like A Little Bird,
sung by Mrs. Caroline Murphy,
Clark's Harbour; very nice.

LITTLE BIRD

~~Round the Cape~~ Get To Bed,
tongue twister for children, Mr
Murphy

Round the Cape, Mrs. Murphy I v.
Pick-Up A Little Lamb " used
to dance to this

On the Green Carpet, singing
game, Baccaro child en
Good tape. & Otis Purdy
good for local songs.

Reel 6

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- No.1. The Old Man, sung by Mrs. Evelyn Richardson and Anne Wickens, Bon Portage Island. Their title is Billy Modicks. 6 vs; good song; amusing
- No.2 The False Knight Upon the Road, sung by Mrs. Evelyn Richardson and Anne Wickens; 4 vs; published in Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia, p. 1
- No.3 The Old Cat Spinning In the Oven. Folk tale told by Mrs. Caroline Murphy, Clark's Harbour; very good
- No.4 There Was A Man Had A Double Deed, recited by Mrs. Caroline Murphy, fragments of a piece that used to be told to children
- No.5 A Story I Will Tell You Now. Composed and recited by Mrs. Caroline Murphy after folklorist's visit.
- No.6 Jolly Jokers, local song composed and sung by Otis Purdy, Baccaro; amusing; 12 vs.
- No.7 Song of Baccaro, composed and sung by Otis Purdy; local; 18 vs. amusing
- No.8 The Girl I Left Behind sung by Otis Purdy; 8 double vs.
- No.9 Fred Hopkins and His Truck, local song composed by Otis Purdy, and sung by him; 9 vs; comic
- No.10 My Lovels Like A Little Bird; sung by Mrs. Caroline Murphy, Clark's Harbour; 2 vs.
- No.11 Little Bird, Little Bird, sung by Mrs. Caroline Murphy; 2 vs.
- No.12 Get To Bed, sung by Mrs. Caroline Murphy, 2 vs. & cho; good for children
- No.13 Dance Songs. Round the Cape and Over the Shoals, and Pick Up a little Lamb, sung by Mrs. Caroline Murphy.

The Old Man,
Singers' title; Billy Modicks.

Reel 6, No. 1

There was an oldman came over the sea,
A-hem, a-ha, but I'll not have him,
He came over the sea a-courting me
With his crimson, cransom flourish some handsome
Billy Modicks, Modi, Modee.

2

My mather bade me go to the door,
A-hem etc.
I went to the door and he bowed to the floor etc.

3

My mother bade me pass him the stool,
I passed him the stool and he looked like a fool.

4

My mother bade me pass him the cheese,
I passed him the cheese and it made him sneeze.

5

My mother bade me show him to church,
I took him to church with his shirt white as birch.

6

My mother bade me show him to bed,
I showed him to bed and he asked me to wed.

Sung by Evelyn Richardson and her daughter, Anne Wickens,
Bon Portage Island, Shelburne Col., and recorded by Helen
Creighton, July 26, 1949.

"O where are you going?"

Said the false knight to the child in the road,

"I'm going to school," said the pretty little girl,

But still she stood in the road.

2

"What do you go to school for?"

Said the false knight to the child in the road,

"To learn to read," said the pretty little girl,

But still she stood in the road.

3

"What do you learn to read for?"

Said the false knight to the child in the road,

"To keep me from hell," said the pretty little girl,

But still she stood in the road.

4

"There is no hell,"

Said the false knight to the child in the road,

"I believe you lie," said the pretty little girl,

But still she stood in the road.

Sung by Evelyn Richardson and Anne Wickens, Bon Portage
Island, Shelburne Co., and recorded by Helen Creighton at
Clark's Harbor, July 26, 1949

Since the first note is actually G, the song is in the key of D flat major. However, for simplicity's sake, it has been written in D major.

This is a most unusual variant on the 'False Knight Upon the Road'. Actually the music isn't nearly as tuneful and rhythmic as that of the variant which you collected from Edmund Henneberry, at Devil's Island, Eastern Passage. However, it is interesting to see ^{that} ~~how~~ this folk song has reached Bon Portage Island and what has happened to it there!

Once upon a time there was an old cat spinning in the oven and along came a mouse and nipped off a thread and she said,

"If you do that again I'll nip off your tail."
So when she came out with her thread he nipped her thread off again. So she turns around quick and she nips off his tail and he said,

"Pray puss, give me my long tail before it comes cold weather," and she said,

"You gob up to the cow and get me some milk."

So first he hopped and second he run, and to the cow he quickly come.

"Pray cow give me milk. I'll give puss milk and puss will give me my long tail before it comes cold weather. And the cow said,

"Well, you go to the barn and get me some hay."

So first he hopped and second he run, and to the barn he quickly come.

"Pray barn give me hay and I'll give cow hay and cow will give me milk and I'll give puss milk and puss will give me my long tail before it comes cold weather." And the barn said,

"Go to the locksmith and get me a key."

So first he hopped and second he run and to the locksmith he quickly come."

"Pray locksmith give me key, and I'll give barn key, barn will give me hay, I'll give cow hay, cow will give me milk, I'll give puss milk and puss will give me my long tail before it comes cold weather." And the locksmith said,

"Well, you go to the mines and get me some coal."

So first he hopped and second he run, and to the mines he quickly come.

"Pray mines give me coal. I'll give locksmith coal, locksmith will give me key, I'll give barn key, barn will give me hay, I'll give cow hay, cow will give me milk, I'll give puss milk, and puss will give me my long tail before it comes cold weather." And the mines said,

"Go to the raven and get me a feather."

So first he hopped and second he run, and to the raven he quickly come.

"Pray raven give me a feather. I'll give mines feather, mines will give me coal, I'll give locksmith coal, locksmith will give me key, I'll give barn key, barn will give me hay, I'll give cow hay, cow will give me milk, I'll give puss milk, and puss will give me my long tail before it comes cold weather." And the raven said,

The Old Cat Spinning In the Oven(cont'd)

"Go to the sow and get me a pig."

So first he hopped and second he run, and to the sow he quickly come.

"Pray sow give me a pig. I'll give raven pig, raven will give me feather, I'll give mines feather, mines will give me coal, I'll give locksmith coal, locksmith will give me key, I'll give barn key, barn will give me hay, I'll give cow hay, cow will give me milk, I'll give puss milk and puss will give me my long tail before it comes cold weather." So the sow said,

"Well, you go to the cheesemaker and get me some swill."

So first he hopped and second he run, and to the cheesemaker he quickly come.

"Pray cheesemaker give me swill. I'll give sow swill, sow will give me pig, I'll give raven pig, raven will give me feather, I'll give mines feather, mines will give me coal, I'll give locksmith coal, locksmith will give me key, I'll give barn key, barn will give me hay, I'll give cow hay, cow will give me milk, I'll give puss milk and puss will give me my long tail before it comes cold weather." So the cheesemaker said,

"Go to the well and get me a bucket of water."

So first he hopped and second he run, and to the well he quickly come.

"Pray well give me water. I'll give cheesemaker water, cheesemaker will give me swill, I'll give sow swill, sow will give me pig, I'll give raven pig, raven will give me feather, I'll give mines feather, mines will give me coal, I'll give locksmith coal, locksmith will give me key, I'll give barn key, barn will give me hay, I'll give cow hay, cow will give me milk, I'll give puss milk and puss will give me my long tail before it comes cold weather." And he hopped up on the well and saw his reflection in the water and he went to turn around to see how he looked without his tail and he tumbled in and was drowned.

Recited by Mrs. Caroline Murphy, Clark's Harbor, Cape Sable Island, Shelburne Col, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 3, 1949.

This is told in a sing-song voice so that the children will be asleep by the time the story is ended.

There was a man had a double deed,
He saved his garden full of seed
And the seed began to grow
Like a garden full of snow,
The snow began to melt
Like a garden full of hemp,
The hemp began to peel
Like a garden full of steel

(Something) began to rear
Like a lion at the door,
And the door began to clap
Like a stick upon your back,
The back began to fail
Like a ship without a sail

The ship began to sink

Sounded like six hundred horses underground.

(Fragments of a piece that used to be told to the children at
The Hawk, Cape Sable Island)

Recited by Mrs. Caroline Murphy, Clark's Harbor, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, Aug. 2, 1949.

A story I will tell you now
 Of a lady I have met,
 The day she came to call on me
 I never will forget.

2

My house and I were in a mess
 As she could plainly see,
 I don't know which was looking worse,
 My dirty house or me.

3

I had been cleaning out the "stove"
 And every other thing,
 When she came into my kitchen
 And invited me to sing.

4

Now everyone should know that I
 Went not to singing classes,
 And early in life my voice was spoiled
 By crying for bread and molasses!

5

The only thing I can do it talk,
 Of this I am not bragging,
 My tongue it goes from dawn to dark
 And then keeps right on wagging.

6

The Lady came from Halifax
 To learn of our Folk-lore,
 She has learned some from different folks
 And is looking still for more.

7

She could have stayed at old Sea-View,
 Or Merle Swin's (in a pinch)
 But I guess she thought it would be fun
 To stay with Beth McNintch.

8

Now Beth's a girl we all know well,
 In town she has her home,
 Before she took in Millie
 She used to live alone.

9

But now they make a threesome
 And live in Miss Beth's flat,
 Miss Creighton, Beth and Millie,
 (Oh, I forgot the Cat).

10

Miss Creighton said she'd call again,
 I hope she will I'm sure,
 For I would like her company
 If me she can endure.

11

Oh how I wishe that I could sing
 Those songs of long ago,
 That Grandma sang as in her chair
 A-rocking to and fro.

12

But then perhaps I will recall
 A story I can tell,
 About our Old Time Customs
 And the home weloved so well.

13

The old home stands, it won't be the same
 Without the ones we love,
 But we can meet them in that Home
 Prepared for us above.

Composed and recited by Mrs. Caroline Murphy, Clark's Harbor,
 Shelburne Co. and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 2, 1949 Mrs.
 Murphy never had a day's schooling in her life, but wrote this
 out in a clear and legible hand. Mrs. Murphy says, "If anybody has
 any humerous thing happen to them, somebody makes up a valentine
 about it. This is quite a favorite pastime.

Jolly Jokers

Reel 6, No. 6

For text see notes for 1947.

Sung by Otis Purdy who composed it; recorded by Helen
Creighton, Aug. 18, 1949 at Baccaro, Shelburne Co.

COME ALL YE JOBBY JOKERS

Come all ye jolly jokers,, listen to my song,
As my time is very short I won't be with you long,
It's all about a gentleman who lived at Baccaro
When he got done with fishing, a-trapping he did go.

2

He heard about an animal that stayed around the store,
He seen it eating duck's eggs over at the store,
Why, he got excited, and almost had a fit,
He said, "Why that 's a silver fox and I will capture it."

3

He rubbed his trap up with a wing to take away the smell,
And just as night was falling he set it very well,
Then he went home and got in bed, but there he didn't stay,
For all his dreams were tainted by a good old silver gray.

4

He saw himself a gentleman with nothing much to do,
And having lots of money he'd have a car or two,
His picture in the paper, and underneath 'twould say,
"This Mr. Ellsworth Nickerson what caught the silver gray."

5

And so he walked the floor all night and most wore out his socks,
A-thinking of the million bucks he'd get from Mr. Fox,
At two o'clock as morning give out he could not stand no more,
He grabbed his gun and loaded it and started for the shore.

6

His knees they knocked together, his hair stood up in fright,
But when he came up to that trap he saw an awful sight,
An animal 'bout four feet long right at him did lope,
His tail went swinging to and fro, looked like a coil of rope.

7

He could see its eyes a-shining, a-shining in the dark,
When he points his gun at that it makes an awful mark,
And when he pulled the trigger, he to himself did say,
"Right here I've got a thousand bucks for that old silver gray."

8

The trap was fastened to a flake, he didn't stop for that,
He grabbed the trap and flake and all and put it on his back,
And legged it then for Dennis' house and turned him out of bed,
Den thought the man was crazy, or else somebody dead.

9

And there he told the story about the silver gray,
He started out again for home, and all along the way
He lost his gun, he lost his coat, and then he lost his hat,
When you have a thousand bucks you do not care for that.

10

When he got down to Tracy's house, and carrying his prize,
He turned the family out of bed and made them rub their eyes,
As he stroked down his silver gray he said, "Man, look at that,"
He liked to die when Tracy said, "Why that's somebody's cat."

11

"How can it be a silver gray when this is black and white?"
And when he looked it over he said, "Man, I guess you're right,
And now just seven years hard luck is what I'll get for that,"
For do you know that he had got somebody's Thomas cat.

12

And if you have a Thomas cat that roams around at night,
And if you want to save it, keep it shut up tight,
See Ellsworth is a-stropping, for it may get in his way,
And he will have it killed and called a silver gray.

Sung by Mr. Otis Purdy, Baccaro, Shelburne Co., N.S.

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

Tune: Come All Ye Jolly Jokers.

Song of Baccaro

Reel 6, No. 7

~~For~~ text see my notes for 1947.

Composed and sung by Otis Purdy, Baccaro, and recorded by Helen
Creighton, Aug. 18, 1949

SONG OF BACCARO

Come listen to my story
And you'll laugh at it I know,
It's all about what happened
Down here at Baccaro.

2

Things were getting kinda dull,
We had nowhere to go,
The boys they got together,
They had a minstrel show.

3

They practised it up perfect
Till they could not get no more,
And Friday night they held it,
Was up at Port La Tour.

4

The old hall it was crowded
And some had to turn away,
We was lucky to get in,
This is what we heard them say.

5

O how I love Sweet Adeline
Poor little old Red Wing,
Nellie Was a Lady
Two of the boys did sing.

6

Fred Hopkins with his Millstream,
How he sang that old refrain,
Then came Bobby Chapman
With his gold-tipped walking cane.

7

Ossie preached a sermon,
The crowd was still as mice,
You could hear the angels knocking
On the gates of Paradise.

8

He told about those good old days
When Adam was a lad
And Moses and Columbus was
The best friends Ossie had.

9

And Freddie played the fiddle,
And Max the old banjo,
While Tracy with his auto harp
Sat right to his elbow.

10

Maxie had his old guitar,
Baze plays the mandoline,
Lube Perry in the middle,
How he beat the tambourine.

11

Poor Benny he stood on the end
And didn't have much to say,
While Walky he stood away back
So he wouldn't be in the way.

12

Rube Perry beat that tambourine
And everybody knows
That Tracy's going to climb a chair
And do them rooster crows.

13

Ossie told a story,
And I'm sure it was no lie,
How he was out a-hunting
In the middle of July.

14

And how the bear had chased him
Till the ice began to freeze,
He ran so long he wore his feet off
Right down to the knees.

15

And then they had a wedding
And old Ossie tied the knot,
He used a lot of big words,
There was nothing he forgot.

16

He handed out some good advice
And told them how to start,
What he had joined together
Let no man pull ~~apart~~ her apart.

17

O yes, that show was perfect,
I told you hard to beat,
The music had a swing to it,
You could hardly keep your feet.

18

The proceeds went to the Red Cross,
Rube beats the tambourine,
Then they all got up and sang
To them God Save the King.

Sung by Mr. Otis Purdy, Baccaro, Shelburne Co., N.S.

Tune: Wabash Cannon Ball.

Collected by Helen Creighton and Joseph Raben, September 1947.

My parents raised me tenderly,
 They had no child but me,
 My mind being bent on rambleing
 With them could not agree,
 And I became a rover bold,
 It grieved their hearts full sore,
 I left my dear old parents
 And I ne'er shall see them more.

2

There was a worthy gentleman
 Who lived down in that part
 Who had an only daughter there
 And I had won her heart,
 She was noble-minded, true, and tall,
 So beautiful and fair,
 With Columbia's fairest daughter
 She surely could compare.

3

I told her my intentions
 They were soon to cross the Main
 And I asked if she would prove true
 Till I returned again,
 She threw her arms around my neck,
 Her bosom heaved a sigh,
 "Fear not for me brave youth," cried she,
 "My love can never die."

4

According to agreements
 I went on board my ship,
 And to the town of Glasgow
 We had a pleasant trip,
 When I found gold was plentiful,
 The maids were somewhat kind,
 Oh I felt my love grow cold a bit
 For the girl I left behind.

5

To Dumfries town we then sailed down,
 That hospitable land,
 Where handsome Jenny Ferguson
 First took me by the hand,
 Says she, "I've gold in plenty,
 And love with you I find,"
 O the thoughts of gold destroyed the love
 For the girl I left behind.

6

Said she, "If you will marry me
 And sail no more to roam,
 The gold that I possess is yours
 And I will constant prove,
 But the parents dear and other friends
 That you have left behind,
 Don't ever if you marry me
 Bear them again in mind."

7

To this I soon consented,
 I own it to my shame,
 For what man can be happy
 When he knows he is to blame?
 It's true I've gold in plenty now,
 My wife is somewhat kind,
 But my pillow is often haunted
 By the girl I left behind.

(Over)

The Girl I Left Behind (cont'd)

My father in his winding sheet,
My mother too appears,
The girl I left behind stands by
To wipe away the tears,
They all died broken-hearted,
And its now too late I find
That God has seen my cruelty
To the girl I left behind.

Sung by Otis Purdy, Baccaro, Shelburne Co., and recorded
by Helen Creighton, Aug. 18, 1949.

Oh Fred Hopkins had a good old truck
 That done alot of work,
 And while he kept it running there
 No job would it shirk,
 For it was getting kind of old,
 The tires were getting thin,
 He thought it would be a fine idea
 If he would turn it in.

2

Oh it was getting kind of old
 And made alot of rust,
 He took it up to Pinkham's
 And got a brand new bus,
 And that night when he fetched it home
 His wife said, "I'll be darned,
 The things too good to have outdoor,
 We'll put it in the barn."

3

That's where he made a bad mistake
 When he rolled in the door,
 Nwither pig nor chickens there
 Had seen a car before,
 It looked so bright and shiny there
 A-setting on the floor,
 And after he had gone in the house
 They started to explore.

4

The pig knawed at the hinder tire
 And then he gave a gruff,
 He said, "This thing is good to eat,
 And still its devilish tough,"
 The chickens on the wiper
 Says, "Oh this thing is loose,"
 And one lit on the running board
 Said, "Here's a place to roost."

5

A dozen more flew in the air
 And on the top they lit,
 And when they saw the box behind
 Said, "Here's a place to squiff,"
 They commenced to let it drive
 There both thick and fast,
 And one old hen looked over the side
 And seen the looking glass.

6

And when she seen herself in the glass
 The meeting it went in,
 She started then to picking there
 Right at the other hen,
 She picked away the whole day then
 Till most of them was dead,
 And what was left it wore the bills off
 Clear up to the head.

7

He never leaves his car outdoor,
 Says he don't give a damn,
 He'd sooner have it rusted out
 Than put her in the barn,
 For now he's got a rubber pig
 And chickens in a coop,
 All of them have got no bills
 And all they eat is soup.

(over)

Fred Hopkins and His Truck(cont'd)

8

He had a good egg market,
But then that soon let fall,
Now the eggs the chickens lays
They hain't no good at all,
He found them laying around the place,
They got an awful smell,
He says, "They hain't no good to eat,
They haven't any shell."

9

Now my song is almost done,
I won't go very far,
Keep your chickens in the barn
Instead of that new car,
Keep 'em in a hen house
And shut up in her coop,
For all you get is soft shelled eggs
While feeding them on soup.

Composed and sung by Otis Purdy, Baccaro, Shelburne Co., who made it up about a man who owed him money. Now every time Mr. Hopkins owes him, he reminds him by singing this song; recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 18, 1949.

Note the use of the word outdoor which is common here; also hain't which is usual here, at Cape Sable Island and Shag Harbor.

Mr. Purdy is a character. He plays for dances wearing a mackinaw, high rubber boots, his cap over one eye and a corn cob pipe in his mouth. He breaks one string on his fiddle so he won't have to work so hard. When he occasionally hands his fiddle over to some one else and goes on the floor to dance, he wears the same clothes. His songs certainly show an original mind even though they may lack elegance. If you think a few lines here are vulgar, you should have heard the one I erased from the record. That even had the fishermen blushing.

My love is like a little bird
That flies from tree to tree,
And when he finds another bird
He cares no more for me.

2

My love is like an apple tree
Upon a water shute,
My love is like an apple tree
~~Comes down~~ Borne down with richest fruit.

Sung by Mrs. Caroline Murphy, Clark's Harbor as learned
at The Hawk, Cape Sable Island when she was a child; recorded
by Helen Creighton, Aug. 19, 1949.

Little Bird, Little Bird.

Reel 6, No. 11

Little bird, little bird
Come unto me,
I have a green cage
All ready for thee.

2

No thanks little maiden,
No thanks unto thee,
But I have my nest
In the green green tree.

Sung by Mrs Caroline Murphy, Clark's Harbor, Cape Sable
Island and learned at The Hawk when she was a child; recorded
by Helen Creighton, Aug. 19, 1949.

Get to bed, what's the use?
Sing a song Sally can't you kime-i-o,
Stick out your feet for a chicken roost,
Sing a song Sally can't you kime-i-o.

Cho.

Old stump bed pummel,
Catnip a pum-me-diddle,
Sing a song Sally
Can't you kime-i-o.

2

There was a girl a-winding yarn,
Sing a song Sally can't you kime-i-o,
She wound a ball as big as a barn,
Sing a song Sally can't you kime-i-o. Cho.

Sung by Mrs. Caroline Murphy, Clark's Harbor, Cape Sable
Island, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 19, 1949.

(Baby Crowell used to clap his hands and sing:)

Round the Cape and over the shoals,
That's the way to Boston.

Pick up a little lamb, stow her in your bosom,
Pick up a little lamb, stow her in your bosom,
Pick up a little lamb, stow her in your bosom,
Let the old sheep go.

Dance Songs sung by Mrs. Caroline Murphy, Clark's Harbor, Cape
Sable Island, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 19, 1949.