



The Vesta Pearl was a ship that was haunted. My brother was the captain and I shipped as mate. One night we reefed the foresail and my brother run out to me to come aft. He says, "You take the wheel and I'll go forward," and he made three men there. But you could distinctly see four men. Later he said,

"Did you see three men?"

I said,

"I see four."

"Yes," he said, that's why I wanted you to take the wheel." He didn't want the rest of the crew to know the ship was haunted.

When we reefed the sails he was always there to help, and it was the easiest sail to reef I ever knew. I think he came aboard when we weren't reefing the sail.

One night I came aboard and I was down having a mug-up in the cabin. I heard a man come aboard, and every time he'd come up the ladder he'd knock the mud off his heels. I'd go up and there'd be nobody there.

They claim the captain had been swept off on his maiden voyage and he always came aboard to help reef the sails.

Told by Horace Johnston, Port Wade, Annapolis Co., and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 5, 1949. A fuller account of this story is in my notes of 1947 in manuscript headed: Ghosts. Port Wade. English, Irish & Scotch (informant). July/47.

The first time a car drove down here a man wanted to buy a yoke of oxen but it was too late then. I said, "Why not stop all night and go down in the morning?" He did, and we started. He wanted to know if I'd trade the oxen for a car. I said maybe I would. He said,

"You could steer a vessel so you could steer a car."

So I got down a couple or three miles and there was a woman going to milk, and my gracious, the car took after the woman. She jumped over the ditch, and I went over the ditch after her, and she went over the fence and I went over the fence too. The woman was barefooted, and that was quite a curiosity in them days. 'Taint much curiosity to see them necking now!

Told by Horace Johnston, Port Wade, Annapolis Co., and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 5, 1949. Mr. Johnston told later that the woman had on on a short dress to her knees, which were at that time worn to the ground. She was kind of bow-legged too, he said.

True Story. Whale Story

Reel 13, No. 3

Words in my notes for 1947 headed: Whale. Port Wade,  
Irish & Scotch, July/47. It is listed under Anecdotes.

Told by Horace Johnston, Port Wade, Annapolis Co.,  
and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 5, 1949.

James Conroy the Farmer.

Reel 13, No. 4

Words in my notes for 1947.

Sung by Mrs. Clarence Everett, Hillsburn, Annapolis Co., and  
recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 6, 1949.

## James Conroy the Farmer

Come all young men and maidens  
Who ramble for to care,  
I pray you will take warning,  
The truth I will declare,  
Concerning two young lovers  
So fondly were impressed  
For to take the joys of wedlock  
Till fortune proved unkind.

2

'Twas James Conroy the farmer  
Who did this tragedee,  
He courted handsome Betsy,  
The pride of Harboree,  
Till they were crossed by jealousy  
And fast bound by an oath,  
To live and die together  
Till death should part them both.

3

Betsy she wrote a letter  
And sent it to her love,  
Desiring him to meet her  
That evening in a grove,  
She dressed in men's apparel,  
So gayly was she dressed,  
But little was she knowing  
The thought lay in his breast.

4

For when he saw her a-coming  
He cries out, "Who comes here?  
I believe it is my brother  
A-coming for my dear.  
I surely will deceive him,  
His butcher I will be,  
He never shall live to enjoy my love  
Or live to trouble me."

5

He fired as he thought at him,  
And down his Betsy falls,  
And in her tender bosom  
He lodged the fatal ball,  
She cries out, "Cruel lover!"  
As she lays on the ground,  
"Come now and see me a-dying,  
'Twas you that caused this wound.

" 'Twas you that caused the scarlet stain  
From my death wounds to flow,  
O cruel-hearted lover,  
How could you serve me so?"  
O when he saw her a-dying  
He raved and tore his hair  
Saying, "Another pistol  
I quickly will prepare.  
I'll shoot myself for Betsy,  
I will die for the love of her,  
Let all young men take warning,  
Beware of jealousy."

Sung by Mrs. Clarence Everett, Hillsburn, Annapolis Co.

Collected by Helen Creighton, July, 1947.

Down by the wild shore for pleasure I wandered  
Last Saturday evening and calm was the air,  
I heard a fair maid making sad lamentation,  
Inclined to a rock she had grieved to despair.

2

In sorrowful accents I heard her complaining,  
Singing, "Willie, dearest Willie, return unto me,"  
But alas for her cries, never more shall I behold him,  
My own tender Willie lies under the sea.

3

In the quays of Belfast in a steam packet sailing,  
Bound down for Liverpool last Wednesday set sail,  
And the weather being calm and the land disappearing  
Our hearts were all happy, delightful and gay.

4

The night it came on, it was darksome and dreary,  
The winds did increase to a terrible storm,  
When our captain he cried, "Boys look out for a lighthouse,  
This night I'm afraid we shall all suffer harm."

5

The waves rose like mountains, no shelter to flee to,  
The ship by the billows was tossed to and fro,  
When two of our seamen were lost in the ocean  
And women and children were crying below.

6

Some were on their bended knees for heaven's help imploring  
While others quite insensible inclined in despair,  
With false-hearted seamen and sailors all swearing,  
Whenever they heard us they mocked at her prayers.

7

Then two of our boats they were launched in the ocean,  
And in one of them was my Willie and me,  
But before we reached shore one of them was overwhelmed  
Alas forty bodies were lost in the sea.

8

My Willie stood beside me to cheer and protect me  
Till we landed safely on the Isle of Mann shore,  
And to save his own father his own life adventured,  
Alas I am doomed to behold him no more.

9

And now I am left a poor desolate widow  
Just one year in wedlock you plainly can see,  
For to beg for my bread amongst hard-hearted strangers,  
Kind heaven look down on my infant and me.

Sung by Mrs. Clarence Everett, Hillsburn, Annapolis Co.,  
and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 6, 1949.

Alphabet Song

Reel 13, No. 6

Words in my notes for 1947.

Sung by Clarence Everett, Hillsburn, Annapolis Co., and  
recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 6, 1949.



## Lumberman's Song

A is for axes you very well know,  
B is for boys that can use them also,  
C is for chopping we now must begin,  
And D is the danger we often stand in.

### Chorus

So merry oh so merry are we,  
No mortals on earth are as happy as we,  
I dare you, I dare you, I dare you come down,  
Give the charity boys rum and nothing goes wrong.

### 2

E is the echo that through the woods ring,  
And F is the foreman the head of our gang,  
G is the grindstone we all doth use,  
And H is the handle so round and so smooth. Cho.

### 3

I is for iron that maketh the pine,  
J is for jovial that's never behind,  
K is keen edges our axes we keep,  
And L is the lice that over us creep. Cho.

### 4

M is for moss that we stog in our camp,  
N is for needles we sew up our pants,  
O is for owl that hooteth by night  
And P is the pine trees that always falls right. Cho.

### 5

Q is for quarrels we never allow,  
R is the river we drive our logs down,  
S is the sleds so stout and so strong,  
And T is the team that can haul it along. Cho

### 6

U is for use that we put ourselves to,  
V is the valley where logs doth grow,  
W is the woods that we leave in the spring  
And I've sung all to you that I'm going to sing. ~~Stax~~

### 7

The three last letters I can't bring in rhyme,  
But love if you'll marry just tell me in time,  
The train's at the cross and the whistle a-blowing,  
So good-bye my love for I must be going.

Sung by Mrs. Clarence Everett, Hillstun, Annapolis Co.

Collected by Helen Creighton, July, 1947.

'Twas Last Tuesday Evening.

Reel 13, No.7

Last Tuesday Evening

Reel 13, No.7

It was last Tuesday evening at the Theayter Hall  
I espied my lovely Jimmie, he was handsome and tall,  
I asked him to go with me a piece by the road,  
I'll show you my father's dwelling and the place of my abode.

2

"There's a tree in father's garden, lovely Jimmie," says she,  
"Where the young men and maidens all do wait ~~for me~~ there for me,  
And while they are sleeping in their own quiet rest  
Meet me there my tender Jimmie, you're the one that I love best."

3

Oh her mother lying in ambush the words for to hear,  
Her father lying in ambush the deed for to do,  
And with a sharp weepion he pierced her love through.

4

"O father, cruel father, since this has been your will,  
The blood of my innocent lover to spill,  
I'll throw myself down on the grass where he died,  
May the heavens shine about him, he's my own darling boy.

5

"I'll dress myself in mourning and to foreign lands I'll go  
Where I know no one and no one knows me,  
And I'll mourn for my Jimmie wherever I'll be."

6

For the cuckoo she's a fine bird, she sings as she flies,  
She brings us glad tidings and tells us no lies,  
For the cuckoo she's a fine bird, she sings as she flies,  
She brings us glad tidings but tells us no lies.

Sung by Mrs. Clarence Everett, Hillsburn, Annapolis Co.,  
and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 6, 1949.

Woods Song.

Reel 13, No. 8

It's when we get it to the shore  
We'll knock the head in and ask for more,  
And jolly brave boys are we.

It's when we get it on the sled,  
Gee up Buck and it goes ahead,  
And jolly brave boys are we.

Fragment sung by Clarence Everett, Hillsburn, Annapolis Co.,  
and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 6, 1949.

Over the Hills and Lofty Mountains

Reel 13, No.10

For text see words sent in in 1947 under Singing Games.

Sung by Mr. and Mrs. Jim Apt., Victoria Beach, Annapolis Co.,  
and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 6, 1949.

On the Carpet

Reel 13, No.11

For text see words with 1947 notes under the title,  
Johnny Brown. This is classed as a Singing Game.

Sung by Mr. and Mrs. Jim Apt, Victoria Beach, and  
recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 6, 1949.

Happy As the Miller

Reel 13, No.12

For words see text with 1947 notes under Singing Game.

Sung by Mr. and Mrs. Jim Apt, Victoria Beach, Annapolis  
Co., and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 6, 1949

Down in Digby

Reel 13, No. 9

Down in Digby so bright I was born  
To see the May task of the tall yellow corn,  
Was there I first met with my Julie so true  
And at night sailed around in her gum-tree canoe.

Cho.

Singing row I oh,  
The waters so blue,  
Like a feather we float  
In our gum-tree canoe.

2

My hand on the banjo, my toe on the oar,  
And I sang of the songs as the rivers they roar,  
The stars they shine bright and the sky is so blue  
And at night sailed around in her gum-tree canoe. Cho.

3

The stream it burst so far far away,  
We couldn't get back so we thought we'd just stay,  
We spied a tall ship and her flag was so blue  
And at night sailed around in her gum-tree canoe. Cho.

Sung by Mrs. and Mrs. Jim Apt, Victoria Beach, Annapolis Co.,  
and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 6, 1949.

By giving it the name of their nearest town, a local touch has been given this song which I have taken down also as The Birchen Canoe. What is meant by "the May task of the tall yellow corn" is more than I can tell you. Nor can the Apts.

Reel 13 No. 10

Singing Game.  
Over the Hills

Over the hills and the lofty mountains  
Where the fields are buried in snow,  
By the rumbling tumbling waters  
Where the crystal waters fly,  
There sits a fair one down lamenting,  
Down lamenting in her ~~skirt~~ chair,  
Crying dearest dearest (here someone's name is called)  
Come and kiss her if you dare.

(This is a game played in a circle with one in the centre.  
The name the children called in Mrs. Apt's day was usually one  
they thought would not want to go, who would be obliged to leave  
the circle and kiss the child inside).

Sung by Mrs. Jim Apt, Victoria Beach, Annapolis Co.; collected by  
Helen Creighton, Sept. 27, 1948.

Singing Game

Reel 13. 40. 11

Johnny Brown

(With one in centre form circle and all go round singing:)

Very well done says Johnny Brown,  
Is this the way to London town?  
I stand you here, I stand you by  
Until I hear your true love cry.

On the carpet you may stand,  
Take your true love by the hand,  
Take the one that you profess  
To be the one you love the best.

O what a horrible choice you've made,  
Don't you wish you'd longer stayed?  
Since you can no longer stay  
Give her a kiss and send her away.

(The one in the circle chooses one from the ring; they kiss and change places)

Sung by Mrs. Jim Apt, Victoria Beach, Annapolis Co.; collected by Helen Creighton Sept. 27, 1948.

Singing Game

Reel 13 Vo. 12

Happy As The Miller

(Form circle and go round singing;)

Happy as the miller  
As he lives by himself,  
As the wheel goes round  
Is the getting of his wealth,  
Your hand on the hopper  
And the other on the sack,  
The ladies step forward  
And the gents step back.

Sung by Mrs. Jim Apt, Victoria Beach, Annapolis Co.; collected by  
Helen Creighton, Sept. 27, 1948.