

Reel No. 14

FSG30
23. 131.2
MF289.261

- 70-62. Babes in the Wood. Sung by Mr. and Mrs. Jim Apt,
Victoria Beach, Annapolis Co., N.S.
- 62-33. Talk on Fishing at Victoria Beach. Jim Apt.
- 33-24. The Lion's Den. Sung by Mrs. Aggie Everett,
Victoria Beach.
- 24-22. Willie Taylor. Sung by Mrs Aggie Everett,
Victoria Beach.
- 22-12. The Frog and the Mouse. Sung by Mrs. Aggie
Everett, Victoria Beach.
- 12-end. Paddy. Sung by Mrs. Aggie Everett, Victoria Beach,
who was joined by her daughter.

(I used Mr. Apt's talk and Mrs. Everett's singing of the
Lion's Den when addressing the Authors, and they both went
over very well. I would like to have copies of these songs,
and also Willie Taylor, and in each case the comments before
and after which always amuse an audience. The Frog and the
Mouse might be useful if I were playing records to children)

Babes in the Wood

Reel 14, No. 1

For words see text with 1947 notes.

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

Babes In the Wood

O don't you remember a long time ago
Two poor little babes whose names I don't know
Were stolen away one fine summer's day
And lost in the woods I've heard people say.

2

And when it was night so sad was their plaight,
The moon it went down and the stars gave no light,
They sobbed and they sighed, they bitterly cried,
Poor babes in the woods, they lay down and died.

3

And when they were dead, robins so sad
Brought strawberry leaves and over them spread,
And all the day long they sang them this song,
Poor babes in the woods, they never did wrong.

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

(Talk begins with story of a whale coming up close beside his boat) and it was so close I could have jumped right in its blow hole.

A shark grabbed one boat off and bit through one and almost hauled her under. I took a pitchfork to her gills; the gills is their lungs; whales will never bother a boat, but sharks is dangerous.

Once I see a sea serpent off in the Bay. It looked like a spar buoy ten or fifteen feet long; then it went up to thirty feet and spread out like a big balloon. That was the only sea serpent I ever see. We were in a vessel fifty or sixty ton. That was fifty years ago.

There are so many porpoises in the Bay (of Fundy) you can almost gaff them. The Indians shot them with a spear and hauled them over the side of the canoe. One jumped on top and upset him but he got the canoe and rolled over and the Indian got back aboard but he lost his gun. They shoot porpoises with a gun; they used to.

A white whale has been seen here two or three years. It's just a small whale twenty or twenty-five foot long. You could tell it was the same whale by the size of it.

There was a fisherman killed once by lightning. His body was found by Bungy Everett. That's not his name, that's just a nickname; his name is Hiram. He had his hook over the gunwale holding his boat and he brought him in to Digby.

I never see a ghost ahip, but I see the ghost of a woman dead two years and she walked along with me. I seen another fellow the night he was murdered walking along with me. Next morning I heard he was murdered. He was far away from here all the time. I wasn't scairt. I'm not easy scairt.

I was lost this July. Our boat sprung a leak. My son took me to his house. We wasn't very clean in our fishing clothes. We had supper and drove back to the boat about twelve o'clock. Next day we went back for dinner. We got fuel aboard and we had an awful day coming home. It blew heavy the whole way over. Him and me hadn't a dry thread on us. They had the lifeboat out looking for us and an aeroplane. We came home without the help of anybody but the good Lord, the only one that helped us out - on that voyage.

Told by Jim Apt, Victoria Beach, Annapolis Co., questions asked and recording done by Helen Creighton, Sept. 6, 1949.

Most of these stories had been told by Mr. Apt in previous interviews. I played the reel to some of the other fishermen who laughed heartily, especially when Mr. Apt said he could have jumped in the whale's blow hole. Mr. Apt is far and away the heaviest man on the Beach. They were very sceptical about the sea serpent episode. This is not a complete text, but I would have to have a copy of the record to take the whole thing down word for word, and I would dearly love to have a copy for my own amusement.

The Lion's Den

Reel 14, No. 3

For text see my notes for 1947. The last two lines of each verse are repeated.

Sung by Mrs. Aggie Everett, and recorded by Helen Creighton,
Sept. 7, 1949.

When she saw her true love coming,
Unto him no harm was done,
She quickly ran to him and saying,
"Here, take the prize that you have won."

11

And Then up spoke the faint-hearted captain,
Unto her he made this reply,
"Madam, in some lonely woods I'll wander
There for to lament and die."

Sung by Mrs. Aggie Everett, Victoria Beach, Annapolis Co.

Collected by Helen Creighton, June, 1947.

The Lion's Den

Reel 13 No 3

Singer's Title: The Maiden's Courtship

Listen awhile and I'll sing you a ditty
That will give your heart a cheer,
It's of a fair maid of wealth and beauty
Worth ten thousand pounds a year.

} bis

2
Many a young man came for to court her,
Many a youngman she had denied,
Until she had two lovers and they were brothers,
One of them she resolved for to have.

} bis

3
One of them was a faint-hearted captain
Of as fine a ship as ever you saw,
While the other was a bold lieutenant
Of a British ~~man~~ man-of war.

4
One day as they were at the table sitting,
Unto them she made this reply,
"Come take a walk to gain my good pleasure
And my constant love for to try."

5
They walked and they talked to the briery brambles
And then from there to the lion's den,
Into her hand she carried a fan
And into the den she cast the same, it

6
Saying, "Is there anyone here wish to gain my good favor,
Is there anyone here my good will for to gain?
Into the den let him boldly venture
And return my fan again."

7
Then up spoke the faint-hearted captain
And unto her made this reply,
"Madam, in the den lie's great danger,
Life for love I dare not try."

there

8
Then up spoke the bold lieutenant
And unto her he made this reply,
"Madam, here is a man in being
Who'd return your fan or die."

9
Into the den he boldly ventured,
The lions they looked fierce and grim,
Broadsword in hand for his defender,
Picked up the fan and returned it again.

He

William Taylor

Willie Taylor the brisk young sailor,
Full of life and unity,
Took a notion to get married,
Pressed himself and went to sea.

folded Cho.

Fol the diddle inkum laurel laddie,
Fol the diddle inkum laurel eye

This young lady followed after
Under the name of William Carr,
With her fingers long and slender
Soon got smeared with pitch and tar. Cho.

sub

There rose a scuffle on the deck,
This fair lady being among the rest,
A button flew off her jacket,
The captain saw her lily white ~~jacket~~ ~~chest~~ breast. Eho.

"Now," says the captin to this lady,
"What misfortune brought you here?"
"I'm in search of Willie Taylor
Whom you pressed the other year."

"You rise early, early in the morning,
Early at the break of day,
There you'll see young Willie Taylor
Walking along with his lady gay."

and

She rose early, earlybin the morning,
Early at the break of day,
There she saw young Willie Taylor
Walking along with his lady gay.

She called for a brace, a brace of pistols,
A brace of pistols at her command,
She fired and shot young Willie Taylor
As he walked along the Strand.

Sung by Mrs Aggie Everett, Victoria Beach, Annapolis Co.

Collected by Helen Creighton, June, 1947.

Willie Taylor

Reel 14, No. 4

For text see my notes for 1947. In the chorus instead of fol the diddle inkum, she sang folly diddle inkum.

Sung by Mrs. Aggie Everett, Victoria Beach, Annapolis Co., and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 7, 1949

The Frog and the Mouse

Reel 14, No. 5

For text see my notes for 1947. In the record she sings ho-hum instead of a-hum.

Sung by Mrs. Aggie Everett, Victoria Beach, Annapolis Co., and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 7, 1949.

For text see my notes for 1947. The chorus should read:
And sing fal a ral rarrel
I farrel I dey.

1st line of vs. 6 the word should be space, not place, and in vs.
7, wrote there, not their.

Sung by Mrs. Aggie Everett, Victoria Beach, Annapolis Co.,
and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 7, 1949.

Mrs. Everett is aged 73

Paddy

It's a gang of old Shellbacks was walking the street,
They thought to play game on the first one they meet,
So they salute Paddy, and Paddy they said
To a close conversation together they came.

Cho.

And sing farrel a lie, leaxal I lal,
Fall lal leaxal lal
farrel I ley.

They wassked and they talked till they came to a shop,
Says one to the other, "Let's go for a drop,"
So Paddy loosed up and he says with a smile,
"How I long to be tasting strong ale and Carlisle." Who.

So one by one they all stepped in
Till forty-five shillings amounted their bill,
Besides for their oats, their horse and the hay,
They thought they'd leave Paddy the reckoning to pay. Cho.

"Never mind," says Pat, "since they've all gone away
I've money enough and the reckoning I'll pay,
Come sit down beside me before that I go
And I'll tell you a story I want you to know." Cho.

"I'll tell you a story concerning the law,
How two kinds of liquox from one cask I'll draw,"
The landlord being anxious to find out the plan,
Down cellar with Paddy he quickly did ran. Cho.

O Pat bore a hole in a very small place,
Says he to the landlord, "Clap your hand on that place,"
Pat bore another, says, "Clap your hand there
While I for atumbler will run up the stair." Cho

Up the stair he nimbly did trot,
And down on the counter he wrote their with chalk,
And down on the counter with chalk there was laid,
"Here's an Irish handle to your Ing-il-ish blade." Cho

Now Pat bore away and was soon out of sight,
The servant came in for to see if all right,
He searched the house from the top to the ground,
Half dead in the cellar his master he found. Cho.

"Oh master, oh master, oh how came you here?"
"I'm saving my liquox you see very clear,
Both hands engaged I'm hobbled you see,
I thought to trick Paddy but Paddy tricked me.
Sung by Mrs. Aggie Everett, Victoria Beach.

Collected by
Helen Creighton,
July, 1947