

Reel 17.

FSG30

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- 70-60. Tom Cornealy, Original song about himself, sung by
Mr. Tom Cornealy, Halifax.
- 60-42. Broom's Brook. Song of Nfld, sung by Mr. Tom Cornealy.
- 42-32. The Minnie Mac. Sung by Mr. Tom Cornealy, Halifax
- 32-22. Captain Conrod. Local song, sung by Mr. Tom Cornealy.
- 22-10. Puppy Swiles. Fishing for baby seals off Nfld. Sung
by Mr. Tom Cornealy.
- 10-end. The Schooner Mary Jane. Recited by Mr. Tom Cornealy.

It was in the springtime of the year
 When the weather it was rainy,
 I shipped on board the Lighter Home,
 My name is Tom Cornealy.

Cho.

Sing tiddy fall loo,
 Sing right fall loo,
 Sing tiddy fall loo
 Sing li-do.

2

Oh to the Labrador we we're bound,
 And I was but a greeny,
 And the captain he would at me roar,
 "I'll kill you Tom Cornealy." Cho.

3

At last we reached that awful land
 Where the snow and ice was beating
 And the ducks they did all fly in flocks
 Which set our hearts aching. Cho.

4

Oh the land it does American point,
 Oh you might think it was easy,
 For when we'd spit into the fire
 'Twould crack it was so greasy. Cho.

5

At last we started further north
 Up in the Arctic Ocean
 Where they say the salmon was so thick
 The sea it had no motion. Cho.

6

At last we arrived to Ungava
 But it was not quite so hunky
 For the very first thing that boarded us
 Was a great ~~big~~ damn big husky. Cho.

7

Oh this man he was both short and thick,
 He had a wife and baby,
 And he was all covered with hair
 And you would swear he's crazy. Cho.

8

We beat up in another Bay
 And there we met more huskies,
 And I did damn the captain some,
 I told you he got rusty. Cho.
 But if ever I get back again
 You'll hear tell of Ungava
 Where the salmon they are number one
 And the huskies are all starving.

Sung by Tom Cornealy,
 Halifax who made the song
 up at Hudson's Bay 69
 years ago. Recorded by
 Helen Creighton, June 1,
 1950

Come listen awhile and I'll sing you a ditty,
The verses are few and it won't take me long,
The subject is good so I think it a pity
To let it go by without making a song.

2

My name is Cornealy from Nova Scotia,
It's six months or more since my home I forsook,
But I never did dream of such a misfortune
That I'd be banished down to Broom's Brook.

3

The day I arrived my heart it felt lonely
To see that same place that I had for to go,
For I never expected to see such a country
If I was to take a trip to the region below.

Cho.

Sing fall the dum dey, sing right fall the daddy,
How sorry I am that I seen Broom's Brook,
For now I'm transported from civilization,
Set down as a hayseeder to Broom's Brook.

4

The snow it do lie on the top of the mountains,
They're five thousand feet above high water mark,
This is the same mountain that in the great deluge
Was saved as a resting place for Noah's Ark.

5

The wood it is scarce and is hard for to carry
Big alders and spruce is all ~~you can find~~ can be found,
I never expected to see such a country
If I was to travel this whole world all round.

6

The water we used it runs down by the river,
It is a long way for to carry it up,
And when you get started you may make your mind certain
You'll fall down the hill boys and spill every drop.

7

Every day I've been here it's been snowin' or rainin',
The nights they are cold and our blankets are thin,
And our old house it leaked beyond explanation
And some of the poor devils gets wet to the skin.

8

If my poor mother would know my condition
Her face would wear such a sorrowful look,
From the depths of her heart she would pity my misery
And wish that I never had seen Broom's Brook. Cho.

9

But there's one consolation I have for to mention,
The boys are good fellows, they keep me in cheer,
If it wasn't for them how quick I'd skidaddle
And for some respectable place I would steer.

10

But here is my doom and I suppose I must end it,
In this lonely forest I 'spose I must stay,
For if I was to leave before six months was ended
I know I would not sell a pound of my hay. Cho.

11

I never have mentioned the first of my hardship,
If that was all told it would fill a large book,
But I'll try to cheer up and endure it with patience
Till I get good and ready to leave Broom's Brook.

Composed and sung by Tom Cornealy, Halifax, June 1, 1950
Recorded by Helen Creighton.

Composed by the singer in 1882. Recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1, 1950. Sung by Tom Cornealy, Halifax.

The Minnie Mac

Reel 17,42-32 .No.3

Come all you stand around me and listen for a while,
I'll sing you a little ditty, it's made up in Yankee style,
It will not take me very long, may sound to you quite new
Concerning of my first voyage in 1882.

2

'Twas the first day of April as you may understand
I went on board the William with that gay and happy band,
For we were bound for the westward as you can plainly see,
And our intention was brave boys to ship and go to sea.

3

At last we arrived in Halifax and times that did look dull,
Let's walk the streets my boys, to every street you'd scow,
Let's walk around the street boys, and the mud it was knee deep,
And every five steps you'd make a sailor chap you'd meet.

4

One evening while walking up and down the street
I walked down into a wharf and Captain Mac I meet,
Says he, "You Tom Cornealy, you'd better come and go
And join the schooner Minnie Mac on a trading voyage to go."

5

At last I did consent, and I did not like to say nay
For I wanted to see that pretty place, that town called Port Medway,
And when we arrived at the town I felt myself at home,
For to think the pleasure of leaving the schooner Telephone.

6

We went unto a boarding house in upper Water Street,
Oh it was kept by a woman, her length was seven feet,
It was kept by a woman so jolly and so gay,
And there we spent all the night and surely half the day.

7

One evening was talking about what done and said,
O in corner two damsels, two fine and pretty maids,
I stood a while a-thinking and I didn't know what to do,
At last it got into my mind, I will go home with you.

8

When they got up and started you ought to seen me then,
For I did hop along the street like a rooster after a hen,
For I did hop along the street so jolly and so gay
To think the pleasure of having a girl in Port Medway.

9

Oh now our ship she's ready boys, oh our anchor for to weigh,
It's give her the big mainsail and we are bound away,
Oh give her the big mainsail and we are bound for sure,
For the Minnie Mac this very trip is bound for the Labrador.

10

So fare you well Agnes Cornealy, to you I'll bid adieu,
I'll hope you'll have the best of luck and your cabbage they'll
And when this voyage is over it's back to you I'll come, ^{grow too,}
We'll have a jolly wedding and then we'll have some fun.

Come a l you young fellow that follow the sea,
 Put yourself to an anchor and listen to me,
 Two weeks I've been blazing drunk on the shore
 With a jolly good fellow I spent all my store
 Cho.

And sing fall the diddle earo
 Sing torrel I dey.

2

It's early Monday morning down the wharf I did wag
 With a bottle of brandy stowed in my bag,
 Down to the brig Mary belonging to Starr
 I went down blazing drunk like a jolly Jack Tar. Cho.

3

Oh early next morning we got under way,
 The wind from the norrard did blow the half gale,
 My heart with the horrors did beat pitty pat
 And a tear in my eye like a ferry house rat. Cho.

4

Says I to myself I'll go down take a wee sip of grog.
 My heart it is running nine knots by the log,
 I went down to the bottle as true as you're born,
 Not a sup in the bottle, not one bloody horn. Cho.

5

Three days I was that way with nothing to eat
 And the devil a bit of some sleep could I get,
 When whispering a l round me I dare not look down,
 When trembling stood the boys, the cold sweat run down. Cho.

6

Our captain a Methodist preacher had been.
 One of the scaliest old buggers you ever did see,
 Salt cod and religion he gave us to eat
 And about once a week a small piece of meat. Cho.

7

When dinner time came he would go down to eat
 As a-dying and dying he'd strike out his feet
 He'd turn over his plate with a blessing to God
 Was a plate of boiled rice and a place of salt cod.

8

He'd set in the quarter a-~~smoking~~ his pipe
 And his face griddle up like a junk of salt tripe,
 He'd holler and bawl like awhale when he blows,
 You know who I mean by the lump on his nose.

8

The voyage is most ended, we'll live in good hopes,
 In Halifax Harbour we'll coil up our ropes,
 We'll let go both anchors, we'll moor head and stern,
 Over a jolly good table we'll spin a good yarn. Cho.

9

Now the voyage is over and all things are right,
 With cabbage and perk we'll blow out our kite,

And to hell with brig Mary and Captain Conrod. Cho.

Recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1, 1950 from the singing of Tom Cornealy, Halifax, who says he composed the song after a six months trip, in the year 1883. Mr. Ben Henneberry, whose version is in Songs and Ballads From Nova Scotia, says it was composed by Harry Rissal, a seaman who sailed with his brother.

Puppy swiles are young seals.

Recorded June 1950

Puppy Swiles

Reel 17.22-10.
No.5

Was early in the mornin' when we went aboard Peggy's skiff
To get the puppy swiles

And we got two quintals and a half,
Just as we landed on the wharf,
And if we took them to the store
We got two dollars more sir.

Cho.

Much of a hand aboard of a vessel,
Aboard of a vessel, aboard of a vessel,
Much of a hand aboard of a vessel
A-catching the puppy swiles sir.

2

We wrote a letter right away
And sent it down without delay,
We sent it down to Jimmy Baird
To get two gallons of rum sir. Cho.

3

So Friday night as you may see
Two gallons of rum had come to we,
We carried it down to Gerry Wall
So early in the mornin'. Cho.

4

So Saturday night as you may see
A bunch of maidens came to we,
A jolly good time we're going to have
A come to-morrow mornin'. Cho.

5

So in the night some trouble arose
And every one they grabbed their ~~xiatixx~~ beaus,
And every one they had their own
But Johnny Parker na'ar one. Cho.

6

Then Tommy said to Paddy D,
"What are you doin' along wit she?
She used to go along wit me,
She'll do the same this mornin'." Cho.

7

Then Mike and Pat got in a clinch,
And na'ar a one of them would flinch,
And when the fight come to an end
The maiden she was gone sir. Cho.

8

So all you men take warning by this
And never go fighting over a lass,
For if you do you'll case a laugh
And you'll be left wi' na'ar one. Cho.

Recorded by Helen Creighton from the singing of Tom Cornealy who
composed the song at Port a Basque.

It was the schooner Mary Jane that sailed the wintry sea,
 And the captain shipped his crew of twelve to trawl off Jefferie,
 All stout of heart, all strong of arms, the crew he shipped that day,
 And each one as the good ship did all hailed from Boston Bay.

2

The trip to the Banks were quickly made, our hold filled o'er a week,
 And in the fog it settled down
 The captain lost his reading which he never did before,
 And he smashed the compass in his rage and said, "Let her drift
 ashore."

3

For five long weeks we drifted in that ever increasing fog,
 At last the crew with plenty of food they did starve for the want
 of grog,
 We often wondered where we were, but had no way to know,
 Nothing but fog on every hand and Davy Jones below.

4

At last we heard that dreadful sound of breakers on the shore,
 But still we drifted onward where feet might tread no more,
 Then old Bill Brake in the rigging stood, and earnest he gazed away,
 "What's the matter Bill?" our captain cried, and Bill these words
 did say.

5

smell

"Oh captain I smell a familiar ~~sound~~, oh say what may it be?"
 But the captain answered never a word but he sniffed the
 hemingsfaye(?)

"Oh captain there comes that smaell again, this time I can feel it
 plain,

It smells like a Boston Saturday night out here in the raging main."

6

The captain took another sniff and a smile o'er his face o'erspread,
 "It's Boston, boys, we have drifted home, I can smell the beans," he
 said,

So we dropped the anchor there and then and swallowed the rest of the
 grog,

And guided alone by the sense of smell we walked ashore in the fog.

Recited by Tom Cornealy, Halifax, who says he learned it in
 Boston, and has never since met anyone who knew it. Recorded by
 Helen Creighton at Halifax, June 1, 1950.