

Reel 22

Collected and recorded by Helen Creighton

- Beg.- 60. The Drunkard's Dream. Sung by Wm. Gilkie, Sambro
- 60-52. Captain Wedderburn's Courtship. Sung by Wm. Gilkie,
Sambro.
- 52-40 The Baffled Knight. Sung by ~~Mrs. Edward Gallagher~~
~~Christina Head~~ Wm. Gilkie
- 40-32 Crockery Ware, Sung by Wm. Gilkie
- 32-31 I'm Seventeen Come Sunday (1 vs.) Wm. Gilkie
- 31-24 The Suffolk Miracle. Sung by Wm. Gilkie
- 24-15 The Ghostly Sailors. Sung by Wm. Gilkie (unfinished)
- 15-12 Two more verses of The Suffolk Miracle. Sung by Wm.
Gilkie
- 12- Drunkard's Song^a Sung by Wm. Gilkie.
- Madame Madame You Came Courting.

Your dress looks neat and clean,
I have not saw you drunk about,
Pray tell me where yâu've been?

2

Your wife and family too are well,
You once did treat them strange,
Oh are you kinder to them growed?
How came this happy change?

3

I dreamt once more I staggered home,
Beheld a wretched sight,
I missed my wife, where can she be,
And strangers in the home.

4

I heard them say, poor thing she's dead,
She led a wretched life,
For grief and want has broke her heart,
She died a drunkard's wife.

Sung by William Gilkie, Sambro, and recorded by Helen
Ureighton, Sept. 19, 1949.

(I omitted to take down the words of the first line, but they must be on the record. I believe this is all of this song that he knew, but am not too sure. The song not being folk or in a class with the others, I just recorded it for courtesy's sake, a thing which must often be done with singers).

As two young lords of Ireland
Were walking out one day,
A duke's daughter of Scot-a-land
By chance did come that way,
Says one unto the other,
"If it was not for the law
I'd have this fair one in my arms
Either by stock or wall."

2

"Hands off, hands off, young man," says she,
"Hands off to hide all shame,
For the supper bell will shortly ring
And I'll be called away"

(The singer has forgotten the rest until the part which he
says brings in)

sparrow's horns and priest unborn
For to marry us awa',
Before I will lay in your arms
And you lie next to the wall."

Sung by William Gilkie, Sambro, Halifax County, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, Sept. 19, 1949.

I'm Seventeen Come Sunday.

Reel 22, No. 3 & 6

"How old are you my pretty fair maid?
How old are you my honey?"
Quite modestly she answered me,
"I'll be seventeen come Sunday."

Cho.

With my roo dummin eh,
Fall the diddle ey
Right fol dol the diddle eare.

2

"Oh you are too young my pretty fair maid,
You are too young to marry,"
Quite modestly she answered me,
"You'd better come in and try me." Cho.

Sung by William Gilkie, Sambro, Halifax Co., and recorded by
Helen Creighton, Sept. 19, 1949

It's of a shepherd's laddie
Kept sheep on yonder hill,
He laid his pipe and crook aside
And there he slept his fill.

Cho,

Singing fall the dey diddle I diddle I,
Fall the dey diddle I diddle I,
Fall the dye diddle I diddle I
Singing fall the dey diddle care.

2

It's there he spied a pretty fair maid
A-swimming in the brook,
It would be more fair for ladies
To sew a silken seam,
And leave it all for gentlemen
To stroll against the stream. Cho.

3

It's, "You won't catch my mantle sir
Or leave my clothes alone,
I'll give you as much gold kind sir
As you can carry home." Cho.

4

It's, "I won't catch your mantle ma'am
Nor leave your clothes alone,
Nor take you from this clear fresh water
This day to be my own." Cho.

5

He gently took her by the hand
And he led her up the rock,
Says he, "My dear put on your shirt
To hide this comely charms." Cho.

6

He mounted her on a milk-white steed,
Himself upon another,
And they both of them rode along the road
Like sister and like brother. Cho.

7

As they were going through the bush
She spied some rocks on high,
Saying, "Yonder is a bonny place
For you and I to lie." Cho.

8

The both of them rode along together
Till they came to her father's cot,
There were none so ready as her father
To let this pretty maid in. Cho.

9

It's "I'm a maid within," says she,
"And you're a fool without,
So stand you there you silly sheep
And whistle on your thumb." Cho.

10.

It's, "Don't you remind, kind sir,
A-coming through the rye,
It's might had you to kiss me there,
What could I done but cry?" Cho.

11

"You're like a cock my father had
Who wore a double comb,
He could flap his wings but he could not crow
And I think you're just the same." Cho.

The Baffled Knight cont'd

12

"You're like a horse my father had
Who toddled at the pin,
He hung his head above the meat
But was afraid to venture on." Cho.

13

It's, "I'll haul off my shoes and shod
And let my feet gang bare,
And if I should meet another fair maid
Dang me if I'll her spare." Cho.

Sung by William Gilkie, Sambro, Halifax Co., and recorded
by Helen Creighton, Sept. 19, 1949

Mr. Gilkie was reticent about singing this song to me. He kept saying, "Are you prepared for what's coming at the end?" I assured him I had heard the song before and was quite prepared. Even so he made me stop twice during the singing to play over what he had already sung. He evidently thought it was alright, because he completed it. An elderly friend of his who had been listening from another room said to me afterwards, "I think that's a crazy song."

When Mr. Gilkie sings he fills his mouth with tobacco. In his own home he also has little children clambering over him while he sings, and says it is hard to sing without them. He has just lately, in his sixties, become a father.

A young man in Worcester town did dwell,
 He courted a girl and he loved her well,
 And all he craved
 Was to sleep with her one night.

Cho.

To me wrang what fol the diddle wagey oh.

2

O this young girl lay on her bed
 A-thinking on some trick to play
 And on her
 And into it put crockery ware .Cho.

3

O this young man came a-fumbling in the dark
 A-looking for his old sweetheart,
 He
 And hit

4

O the old woman woke up with a fright

A-smashing all of my crockery ware. Cho.

5

The watch was called without delay,
 And sure enough I had to pay

And one pound ten for the crockery ware. Cho.

6

~~Young man, said she, don't be so queer,~~

Young man, said she, don't be so queer,
 But pay poor mother for the crockery ware. Cho.

7

Come all you stout ad roving blades,

Never hit your toe against a chair
 Or you'll have to pay for the crockery ware. Cho.

Sung by William Gilkie, Sambro, Halifax County, and recorded
 by Helen Creighton, Sept. 19, 1949. Note the fog horn keeping up
 its constant warning.

(Sorry the words are so incomplete. This music hall type of
 song has little value. If you wish to send me a copy of the
 record I could fill in the missing words. I didn't do it before
 because I was so anxious to get this reel in so that the music of
 our good ballads could be included in my book).

Singer's Title: The Holland Handkerchief

There was a squire lived in this town,
 He was well known by the people round,
 He had a daughter, a beauty bright,
 And she alone was his heart's delight.

2

There's many a lord a-courting came,
 But none of them could her favor gain,
 Till at length a young man of low degree
 He fell in her arms and she fancied he.

3

It's when her father he came to hear,
 He separated her from her dear,
 Fourscore miles or better he had her sent
 To her uncle's house at her discontent.

4

It's when this young man he came to hear
 He was separated all from his dear,
 He wrang his hands and he tore his hair

5

This young girl lay on her bed,
 She heard a deep and a deadly sound,
 She heard a deep and a deadly sound
 Saying, "Unloose those bandages as lightly bound."

6

O she looked out of her window clear,
 She saw her true love on her father's mare,
 Saying, "Your mother's orders you must obey
 And your father's anger to satisfy."

7

O she jumped on to the mare's behind
 And they rode off with contented mind,
 They rode until this sad mourn he made
 Saying, "My dearest dear how my dead do ache."

8

She had a handkerchief of holland clear,
 Around her true love's head she bound,
 She kissed his lips and this sad mourn she made,
 Saying, "My dearest dear you're as cold as clay."

9

They rode on to her father's home,
 Loud for her father she thus did call,
 Saying, "Father dear did you send for me?"
 And by such a young man she named he.

10

Her father knowing this young man was dead
 Caused every hair to stand on his head,
 He wrang his hands and he wept full sore,
 But this young man's darling wept ten times more.

11

O she arose, to the churchyard went,
 O she arose to the churchyard went,
 She rose the corpse that was nine months dead
 With the holland handkerchief tied round his head.

Sung by William Gilkie, Sambro, and recorded by Helen Creighton,
 Sept. 19, 1949. Foghorn in background of record.

Verses 7 & 8 were confused in the first singing, and were
 added ~~xxxx~~ later on the same reel.

The Ghostly Sailors.

Reel 22, No. 8

The words as sung here are much the same as in Songs and Ballads From Nova Scotia, p. 254. The song is incomplete, as the singer could only remember a part of it.

The Drunkard's Song.

Reel 22, No. 10

The words of this song were not taken down. If they are worth preserving, I could take them off the record if you sent me a copy.

Madam, madam you came courting
 My kind favor for to gain,
 I will kindly entertain you
 If you will not call me names.

Cho.

Laddie cum a do, do cum, do cum,
 Laddie cum a do, do cum dey.

2

O madam, madam you came courting
 My kind favor for to gain,
 I will kindly entertain you
 If you will not call me names. Cho.

3

O madam you are very saucy,
 Madam you are hard to please,
 When the nights get cold or frosty
 Stick your nose between your knees. Cho.

4

Red it is a pretty color
 When it gets the second dip,
 All young girls that do go courting
 Very often gets the slip. Cho.

Sung by William Gilkie, Sambro, Halifax County, and recorded by
 Helen Creighton Sept. 29, 1949

O madam I've got ships on the ocean,
 O madam I've got houses and land.
 If you will consent to marry
 All shall go at your command.

O what care I for your ships on the ocean?
 What care I for your houses and land?
 What care I for your gold and silver?
 All I want is a fancy man.

Sung by Wm. Gilkie, Sambro, Sept. 1950;

is this just
 extra verses,
 or a missing
 song?