

FS630
23.140.2
MF 289.279

Reel 23. Recorded by Helen Creighton.

- 70-54. Terrance Bay Song. Sung by William Gilkie, Sambro.
- 54-33. Murder Song. Sung by William Gilkie, Sambro.
- 33-32. Carrion Crow (unfinished) " " "
- 32-30. A Wife of A Soldier. " " "
- 30-28. Pretty Polly Sung by Mrs. Edward Gallagher,
Chebucto Head.
- 20-10. The Bailiff's Daughter. Sung by Amos Jollimore,
Terrance Bay.
- 10-10. Her Masts Were Made of Amber. 1 vs. Sung by Amos
Jollimore, Terrance Bay.
- 10-end. The Pope's Harbor Song. (unfinished). (For words
see McCarthy's Song in Songs and Ballads From
Nova Scotia). Sung by Amos Jollimore, Terrance
Bay.

(I would love to have copies of Pretty Polly, The Bailiff's
Daughter, and Her Masts Were Made of Amber).

Come all young people, I pray for all you,
A dismal story you shall hear,
That murderous deed that was done of late,
In eighteen hundred and sixty-eight.

2

There was a man called John Munro
Who did Miss Vail a-courting go,
Miss Vail was handsome, young, and fair,
There's few with her that can compare.

3

John Munro was married, that was true,
He had a wife and children three,
But still Miss Vail he went to see
Not caring what the talk would be.

4

Poor girl, he led her all about
From Boston back another route,
But then she followed all at his will
But her own money paid the bill.

5

He took this girl and babe also
And to Black River they did go,
But little did this poor thing think
That she was just a point from death.

6

That's death by one close by her side
Which she expected her love and guard.

7

He took her to Black River Plains
And there he fired the fatal shot,
A bullet buried in her brain,
She sank in death there to remain.

8

Then to the baby with a rush,
And kivered them a l o'er with brush,
In secret those two bodies lay
Cruel nearer nearer passed away.

9

At length the news came floating round
That human bones put there was found.

10

The bones and clothing was gathered up
Was gathered up and brought to town,
10 An inquest told of their remains
That was found on Black River Plains.

11

The jury found that very plain
11 That Miss Vail and baby had been slain,
11 The jury found it plain also
That they were slain by John Munro.

12

By his false hand the deed was done
And he was sentenced to be hung,
12 So come all young girls this warning take,
And be sure that you make no mistake,
Whenever you do get a beau
Beware he's not like John Munro

Sung by William Gilkie, Sambro, Halifax Co. and recorded by
Helen Creighton, Sept. 19, 1949. Note the fog horn in the
background of the record.

There was an old crow sat on a log,
Laddie diddy daddy diddy dido,
Go get me my arrow, go get me my bow
Till I go shoot that darned old crow

Cho.

To me crack crack crack crack crack crack crow,
Laddie diddy daddy diddy dido.

2

The tanner he fired and he missed his mark,
Laddie diddy daddy diddy dido,
He shot his neighbor plumb through the heart, Cho.

3

1

Oh go get me some 'lasses, go get me a rag,
Laddie diddy daddy diddy dido,
Go get me some 'lasses, go get me a rag

All the singer could remember. Sung by William Gilkie, Sambro,
Sept. 19, 1949 and recorded by Helen Creighton. Note the fog horn
in the background.

1. molasses

A wife of a soldier
Lies starving with hunger
And close by her side
Stood a poor little lad,
"O where is my father?"
The boy kept on asking,
"O where is he now
For I do feel so ~~sad~~ cold?"

2

On that dark winters night
As the snow fast were falling
I could hear that faint voice
As the poor mother cried.

3

"He'll be back bye and bye,
It is true all I've told you,
So cheer up my darling
And don't sob and cry,
Your father my boy ~~he's~~
He's a brave British soldier,
So far from us now,
He'll be back bye and bye.

Sung by William Gilkie, Sambro, Halifax County, and recorded by
Helen Creighton, Sept. 19, 1949. Note the fog horn in the background
of the record.

As Polly lay a-sleeping in her fine feather bed
A comical notion came into her head,
She'd leave father and mother and kind friends so true
And enlist as a soldier in the Royal True Blue.

2

It's early next morning Pretty Polly arose,
She dressed herself in a suit of man's clothes,
With coat, vest and trousers pretty Polly appeared
To enlist for a soldier in the Royal True Blue.

(a few verses missing) 3

As Polly grew sleepy she hung down her head,
She asked for a candle to light her to bed,
"A bed?" said the captain, "I have one at your ease,
And you may sleep with me young man if you please."

4

"To sleep with the captain is a very fine thing,
But I'm only a poor soldier going to fight for my king,
But since you're my captain I'll obey you it's true
Since I am a soldier in the Royal True Blue."

5

Now early next morning Pretty Polly arose,
She dressed herself in her own female clothes,
The captain he viewed her from her head to her toe,
He threw his arms around her crying, "Polly my own."

Sung by Mrs. Edward Gallagher, Chebucto Head, Halifax County,
and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 19, 1949.

Singer's Title: The Bellyer's Daughter.

There was a youth lived in this town
And he was a squire's son,
Who fell in love with a bellyer's daughter
And he was very young.

2

Oh when his father came to know
His young and his foolish mind,
He bound him a prentice for seven long years
And he told him his business to mind,

3

That's to mind his book and study the lay
And to leave all cares behind,
Sweet lark and alas shall I ever see you more
But she still runs in my mind.

4

When seven long years had passed and gone
And the maids had room for to play,
The bellyer's daughter from far Lisbon town
So neat she stoled away.

5

I sat myself down where the grass grows green
And I heard a maid pass by,
So kind-i-ly she saluted me
Saying, "I'll ease your troubled mind."

6

"If you're not from that very same ~~time~~ town
You can't but very well know,
The bellyer's daughter from far Libbon town
Whether she's alive or no."

7

"Oh she's not ~~ad~~ alive but she is dead
And many's the day ago,
Oh she's not alive but she is dead
And in her grave lies low."

8

"Now bring to me my milk white steed,
Bridle and reins also,
That I may take a drive to some far counteree
Where* there's no one will me know."

9

"Oh stop young man, oh stop," cried she,
"Come and sit down by my side,
I am the bellyer's daughter from far Lisbon town
All ready for to be your bride."

~~Sung by Amos Jollimore, Terrance Bay, Halifax County, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 25, 1949.~~

10

So fare well friends and welcome youth
Wherever you may be,
Since I have met with my own true love
Who I never never thought for to see.

Sung by Amos Jollimore, Terrance Bay, Halifax County, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 25, 1949

Her Masts Were Mde of Amber

Reel 23 No.7

Her masts were made of amber,
Her rigging made of silk,
Her sails were made of the best of linen,
So neatly they did sit,
The mariners were maidens
As you may understand,
And one being fairer than the rest
Sat on her gilded stem.

Sung by Amos Jollimore, Terrance Bay, Halifax County and recorded
by Helen Creighton, Sept. 25, 1949. This is a fragment of what
Mr. Jollimore calls a dream song.