

Reel 24.

Recorded by Helen Creighton.

FS630  
23.141.2  
MF29.281

- 70-54. Pretty Nancy of London. Sung by Amos Jollimore,  
Terrance Bay, Halifax Co.
- 54-45. I've A Tender Recollection(not folk-song). Sung by  
Eldy Bartlett, Terrance Bay.
- 45-40. When Barney Flew Over the Hills. Sung by Amos  
Jollimore, Terrance Bay.
- 40-30. The Grey Cock. Sung by Amos Jollimore, Terrance Bay.
- 30-20. It Was On the Day. Sung by Edward Little, with his  
brother Ward Little accompanying him on the organ.  
(The organ squeaks). Terrance Bay.
- 20-12. Come All My Dear Comrades. Sung by Edward Little with  
Ward Little at the organ. (Organ still squeaks). Terrance  
Bay.
- 12-end. Dance Tunes played on fiddle and mandelin by Edward  
Little and Ward Little.

Note in the Grey Cock how the singer stops for breath consistently at certain places in the ballad. This always interested me when this same song was sung by Dennis Smith at Chezsetcook, and treated in the same way. The singer forgot two verses which he added at the end. Could these be spliced to make it one complete song? The break should come after vs.6, then come the two added verses, returning to the final one in the first singing. They will be in proper sequence when the words go in.

Pretty Nancy of London  
 Who lived in Owl Street,  
 She was courted by Billy  
 On board of the fleet,  
 But when the wintry winds low  
 Began for to blow,  
 My heart is impressed love  
 With sorrow and woe.

2

Pretty Nancy of London,  
 My own heart's delight,  
 Here is a love letter  
 I'm going to write,  
 All for to inquit you  
 Of all we undergo,  
 All on the salt seas  
 Where the hurricanes blow.

3

It being late in the evening  
 Before it was dark,  
 Our honorable captain  
 He showed us a mark  
 Of something that he could  
 Discern in the sky,  
 Of a terrible storm (storr-um)  
 Just going to rise.

4

It being early next morning  
 Before it was day,  
 Our honorable captain  
 Then to us did say,  
 "Now don't be downhearted boys,  
 But keep up good cheer,  
 For while we have sea room  
 There's nothing to fear."

5

It roared like thunder  
 And tossed us about,  
 Caused every bold seamen  
 Both gallat and stout  
 To each stand a-trembling  
 'Tween hopes and despair,  
 One moment below  
 And the next in the air.

6

It's when the wind blows love  
 It makes my heart ache,  
 Makes ev-er-y room  
 In our cabin to shake,  
 But what can I do love  
 So far from the shore,  
 When I think on my sweetheart  
 What can I do more?

7

A ship in distress  
 Is a terrible sight,  
 Like an army of soldiers  
 Just going to fight,  
 But a soldier can shun  
 His most terrible doom,  
 While we must submit  
 To a watery tomb.

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



This is not a folk song, so I did not write down the words. This young man came to the Jollimore's house at Terrance Bay and suggested that we were making a lot of money out of these songs, and what was Amos getting? Amos had the grace to blush, but at the same time I fancied he had hopes of some return which he was too shy to mention. I explained our mission, and soon saw that in spite of all his talk, he wanted to sing and hear his own voice back. When he was through we congratulated him on his singing, but explained that his wasn't the kind of song we wanted. He took it well, but I don't think anything else could have impressed him so ~~well~~ satisfactorily. We all parted in a friendly way, and I think it was wise to let him sing.

*opinion*  
9 C

The music might be missing for this song, or it might be between #1 and #2. See long sheet.

Barney Flew Over the Hills. Reel 24, No. 3

On a bitter cold night as the tempest was raging  
The snow like a sheet covered cabin and stile,  
When Barney flew over the mountain to Katie  
And tapped at the window where Katie did lie.

2

"Oh Katie," said he, "are you sleeping or waking?  
The night's bitter cold and my coat it is thin,  
The storm it is raging, my heart it is breaking,  
Oh Katie mavourneen, won't you let me in?"

3

"Oh Barney," said she, "go away from my window,  
How could you be taking me out of my bed,  
To come at this time 'tis a sin and a shame too,  
'Tis whiskey not love that's gone into your head."

4

"Oh Barney," said she, "go away from my window,  
Consider the time when there's nobody in,  
What has a poor girl but her name to defend her?  
So Barney mavourneen I can't let you in."

5

"I'll go to my home where the wintry winds whistle,  
Will whistle the end for unhappy we'll be,  
The words of my Katie will comfort and cheer me,  
So Katie mavourneen you can't let me in.

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



One Saturday night as the moon it shone bright  
 Lovely Nancy ~~tried~~ dreaming of her love,  
 She was dreaming of her mama  
 And lamenting for her dada  
 And lamenting of her own true love John.

2

Oh Johnny, lovely Johnny, you promised you would marry me,  
 You promised you would make me your bride,  
 And I don't know what is keeping you,  
 I don't know what's delaying you,  
 I'm afeared with some other girl ~~has~~'s gone.

3

Young Johnny he appeared at the hour he appointed  
 And tapped at her window so clear,  
 Lovely Mary she arose  
 And she hurried on her clothes  
 For to let in her own true love John.

4

He took her in his arms and to the bed he carried her  
 And there they sat a-sporting awhile,  
 And he says, "My dearest dear  
 If I only had my wish  
 This long night it would never become day."

5

You pretty little cuckoo, you pretty little cuckoo,  
 It's don't you crow before day,  
 And your wings they shall be made  
 Of the very best of gold,  
 And your comb of the silver so gay.

6

You pretty little cuckoo, you crow so uncertain,  
 You've wakened me an hour too soon,  
 Mary thought that it was day  
 And she sent her love away,  
 It was only the glimpse of the moon.

7

"Oh Johnny, lovely Johnny, you promised you would marry me,  
 You promised you would make me your bride,  
 Oh where are those waiting maids  
 Who used to wait upon you  
 Every night as you go to your sleep?"

8

"The hard rocks and sand is my soft and my downy bed,  
 The waves is my white holland sheet,  
 And the little fish and worms  
 Is my very best companions  
 Every night as I roll in the deep."

9

"Oh Johnny, lovely Johnny, it's when will you return again,  
 Or when will you make me your bride?"  
 "When the salt seas do run dry  
 And the little fish do fry  
 And the hard rocks do melt ~~in the~~ with the sun.

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

(The Grey Cock is the title given by Child for this ballad  
 in which the lover is a ghost who must leave before the cock  
 crows. For another interesting version, see Traditional Songs  
 From Nova Scotia. In all versions, the singers take breath at  
 certain places such as de-laying in vs.2)



It was on the day when soldiers  
 Write a letter to those they love,  
 Just to mother, wives and sweethearts far away,  
 Lived a bright-eyed laddie dreaming  
 Of a quaint old southern town  
 Where a fair young maid is waiting day by day.

2

The strains of Down in Dixie  
 Softly floated on this dream,  
 And with teat-dimmed eye he drank in every note,  
 For his thoughts went back to Georgia  
 To the girl he left behind,  
 And that day to her those simple words he wrote.

Cho.

While the band is playing Dixie  
 I'll be humming Home Sweet Home,  
 For it takes me back to Georgia  
 Though I'm far beyond the foam,  
 Once again beside the river  
 With you Annie dear I'll roam,  
 While the band is playing Dixie  
 I'll be humming Home Sweet Home.

3

Till one night when all were sleeping  
 Came the bugle call to arms,  
 Then with flashing eye he jumped into the fray,  
 And among the first to give his life  
 All for the flag he loved  
 Was that boy who dreamed of Dixie far away.

4

They found within his pocket  
 A bloodstained little note,  
 For a bullet hole had pierced it through and through,  
 It began with Darling Annie  
 If I don't come back to you  
 Just remember that my last thoughts are of you. Cho.

Sung by Edward Little, Terrance Bay, Halifax County, accom-  
 panied by Ward Little at the organ; recorded by Helen Creighton,  
 Sept. 25, 1949.

(This is scarcely a folk song, but it was a start on a recording  
 session, and the one they wanted to sing first).

Come all my dear comrades,  
Let us join here and sing,  
Once more let your voices  
Sing in chorus with mine,  
Let us drink and be merry  
And from sorrows refrain,  
For we never for ever  
May all meet again.

2

Now the time is fast approaching  
When I must away,  
And to leave my dear country  
For many's the long day,  
Must leave my dear comrades  
That's dear happiness here,  
For to cross the Atlantic  
Is my course for to steer.

3

Tell your hills and your valleys  
I will now bid farewell,  
For when I'll return again  
Are no tongue can tell,  
We must trust in His mercy  
Who can sink and can save,  
Who carried me in safety  
Whilst crossing the sea.

4

Now some hearts they are merry  
Whilst mine is quite sad,  
When I think of the pleasure  
Me and my love had,  
When she laughed at my folly  
And sit on my knee,  
No mortals on earth were  
As happy as we.

Sung by Edward Little, Terrance Bay, Halifax Co., accompanied  
by Ward Little, his brother, at the organ; recorded by Helen  
Creighton, Sept. 25, 1949.

Dance Tunes

Reel 24, No. 7

Road to America, and Down Yonder, played on fiddle and mandolin, as played for dances at Terrance Bay, Halifax Co. Played by Edward and Ward Little, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 25, 1949.