

- 70-60. The Sailor's Grave. Sung by Mr. Charlie Harnish, Port Medway.
- 60-50. The Wreck of the Atlantic. Local. Sung by Mr. Charlie Harnish, Port Medway.
- 50-46. The Flying Cloud. Sung by Mr. Charlie Harnish, Port Medway.
- 46-43. Lady Isabel and the Elf Knight. 1 vs. Sung by Mrs. Charlie Harnish, Port Medway.
- 43-42. Customs and Dialect. Told by Mona Wolfe from East Port L'Herbert, Shelburne, Co.
- 42-33. Mary Hamilton. Sung by Marguerite Letson, Port Medway. Good
- 33-30. Jock o' Hazledean. " " " " " "
- 30-28. The Mistletoe Bough " " " " "
- 30-29. Le Petite Navire. Sung by James Lewin, Halifax
- 29-23. Le bon vin m'endort. " " " " "
- 23-20/ Rolles to bosse. " " " " "
- 20-18. The Preacher and the Sailor " " "
- 18-15. The Little Mohee. " " "
- 15-12. Over the Meadow " " "
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- 8-6. Are You Going to Wittingham Fair? " "
- 6-4. One-Eyed Riley " "

The Sailor's Grave. Reel 28.70-60.No.1

Our barque was far far from the land
When the bravest of our gallant band
Grew deadly pale and pined away
Like the twilight of an autumn day.

2

We watched him through long hours of pain,
Our fears were grave and our hopes in vain,
Death's stroke he gave no coward alarm
But he smiled and died in his messmates' arms.

3

We had no coarsely winding sheets,
We placed two round shots at his feet,
We proudly decked his funeral vest
With the British flag upon his breast.

4

We gave him this as a badge of the brave,
And then he was fit for a sailor's grave,
On his hammock he lay all snug and sound
As a king in his costly marble bound.

5

One splash and a plunge and all was o'er,
And the waves rolled on as they rolled before,
And few were the prayers we hallowed o'er the tide
As we lowered him down our ship's dark side.

6

And few were the prayers we hallowed o'er the wave
As he sank beneath to a sailor's grave.

Sung by Mr. Charlie Harnish, Port Meday, and recorded by
Helen Creighton, June 1950.

Mr. Harnish said you always bury a sailor from the dark
side of the ship.

The Wreck of the Atlantic. Reel 28.60-50.No.2

Come all ye Christian people and listen unto me
While I relate my sad mistake that's happened unto me,
It's all about the Atlantic and when she sailed away,
She left the city of Queenstown all on the twentieth day.

2

She left the city of Queenstown a passage to New York,
They shipped a course to Halifax, her coal was getting short,
Our captain he goes down below thinking everything all right,
But little did our captain think the Atlantic would be wrecked
that night.

3

Our captain he goes down below, likewise his engineer,
But little did our captain think the Atlantic was so near,
Full forty souls got in the boat, they tried to reach the shore,
The boat upset, all hands got lost, and they were seen no more.

4

Six hundred jolly souls were landed safe on shore,
And in the act of landing they perished on the shore,
We had a lady fair on board that didn't make any alarm,
She left the rigging the mast to climb with an infant in her arms.

5

Her husband therefore saw her there, he just had time to say,
May the Lord have mercy on her soul, and she was washed away,
The fishermen from Prospect they came with all their speed,
But the Lord have mercy on my soul, they came in time of need.

6

The news went swiftly around causing every poor soul to mourn,
It's of the ship Atlantic to sail the seas no more.

Sung by Mr. Charlie Harnish, Port Medway, and recorded by
Helen Creighton, June 1950.

The Flying Cloud. Reel 28.50-46.No.3.

When I was young and innocent
My heart did know no guile,
My happy home I lived content,
My friends did on me smile,
Till drinking in bad company
Has made a wreck of me,
So a warning take by my sad state
And beware of piracy.

One verse sung for tune by Mr. Charlie Harnish, Port Medway,
and recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1950.

Lady Isabel and the Elf Knight. 46-43. No.4.

Take off, take off those silken gowns
And deliver them unto me,
For they do look too costly and fine
To rot in the deep deep sea,
To rot in the deep deep sea.

If I take off those silken gowns
And deliver them unto you,

All she could remember. Sung by Mrs. Charlie Harnish, Port
Medway, and recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1950.

Customs and Dialect. Reel 28.43-42.No.5.

This was recorded mainly for dialect, but the presence of the microphone made any conversation impossible beyond monosyllables. The informant had grown up in East Port L¹Herbert, Shelburne County where the speech is quite different from that in other places.

At Christmas they painted flour bags red and other colors, put them over their heads, with holes for eyes; this was their dressing up.

At Easter bunny boxes were made of crepe paper.

Told my Mona Wolfe, aged about 14, at Port Medway, and recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1950.

Yestreen the queen had four Maries,
The night she'll hae but three,
There was Mary Seaton, and Mary Beaton,
And Mary Carmichael and me.

2

How often hae I dressed my queen
And put gold on her hair,
But naught hae I gotten for all my pains,
Fell death ~~shakixh~~ maun be my share.

3

Oh little did my mither think
The day she cradled me
O the lands that I should travel in
Or the death that I should die.

4

O happy, happy is the maid
That's born o' beauty free,
It was ma dimplin' rosy cheeks
That hae been the dule o' me.

Sung by Miss Marguerite Letson, Port Medway, who learned it
from her mother at Brooklyn, Queen's County; recorded by Helen
Creighton, June 1950.

(This song has a beautiful tune).

" Why weep ye by the tide lady?
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son
And ye shall be his bride.
And ye shall be his bride lady,
Sae comely to be seen,"
But aye she let the tears ~~flawxflax~~ down fa',
For Jock o' Hazledean.

2

" Now let this wilfull grief be done
And dry that cheek so pale,
Young Frank is earl of Errington
And lord of Langley dale,
And thou the fairest of them all
Shall reign our forest queen,"
But aye she let the tears down fa'
For Jack o' Hazledean.

3

The church is decked at morning tide,
The tapers glimmer fair,
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there,
They sought her both by bower and hall,
The lady wasna seen,
She's o'er the border and awa'
With Jock o' Hazledean.

Sung by Miss Marguerite Letson, Port Medway, who says
it was a favourite here; recorded by Helen Creighton, June,
1950.

The mistletoe hung on the castle wall,
The holly branch bloomed on the old oak wall,
The barons' retainers were blithe and gay
A-keeping their Christmas holiday,
The baron beheld with a father's pride
His beautiful daughter, young Lovell's bride,
While she with her bright eye seemed to be
The star of that goodly company.

Cho.

Oh the mistletoe bough,
The mistletoe bough.

2

They sought her next night and they sought her next day,
They sought her in vain till a week passed away,
In the highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot
Young Lovell sought wildly but found her not,
And the years rolled on and her grief at last
Was told as a sorrowful tale long past,
And when Lovell appeared the children cried,
"See the old man weeps for his fairy bride," Cho.

3

At last an old chest that had long laid hid
Was found in a corner, they raised the lid,
And a skeleton form lay mouldering there
With a bridal wreath in her clustering hair,
O sad was her fate, in sportive jest
She hid from her lord in the old oak chest,
It closed with a spring and her bridal bloom
Lay mouldering there in its living tomb. Cho.

As much as the singer could recall; sung by Miss
Marguerite Letson, Port Medway, and recorded by Helen
Creighton, June 1950.

Il était un petite navire,
Qui n'avait ja,-ja,-jamais navige,
Il entreprit un long voyage
Sur la mer Me-Me-Méditerranee,
Au bout de cinq ou six sermaines
Les vivres vin-vin-vinrent a manquer
L'on tira-z-a la courte paille
Pour savoir qui qui qui serait mange
Le sort tomba sur le plus jeune
C'est dance lui qui fut désigne
On cherche alors a quelle sause
Le pauvre enfant-font-font serait mange
L'un voudrait qu'on le mit a frire
L'autre voulait-lait-lait le fricasser
Pendant qu'ainsi l'on délibere
Il monta sur sur sur le grand humier
Mais regardant la mer entiere
Il vit des flots flots flots de tout cote
Il fit au ciel une priere
Interrogeant-geant-geant l'Immensite
Oh Sainte Vierge oh ma Patronne
Empeche-les-les-les de me manger
Au meme instant un grand miracle
Pour l'enfant fut fut fut realize
Des petits poisson dans le navire
Sauterent par par par millions
On les prit on les mit a frire
Le pauvre mou-mou-mousse fut saure
Si cet histoire vous amuse
Je vais vous la la la recommencer.

(Sorr y there is no punctuation; this is the way it was copied out for me).

Sung by Mr. James Lewin of St. John and Halifax who learned the song at Notre Dame, Kent Co. New Brunswick in 1943; recorded by Helen Creighton in Halifax, June 1950.

Le bon vin m'endort. Reel 28.29-23. No.9

Passant par Paris, buvant le botteille-e,
L'un de mes amis m'a dit à l'oreille-e,
Le bon vin, le bon vin m'endort
Et l'amour me reveille encore.

2

L'un de mes amis m'a dit à l'oreille-e
Il y a bien longtemps que j'ai été voir la belle-e
Le bon vin, le bon vin m'endort
Et l'amour me reveille encore.

3

Il y a bien trois ans que je me' couch' avec elle-e etc.

4

Au bout de trois ans, trois 'tits capitaines-e etc.

5

L'un est à Paris, l'autre est à Serrainne -e etc.

6

L'autre est avec moi, me versant à boire-e etc.

7

L'autre est avec moi, me versant à boire-e
Je lui montre à faire, à faire comme son père-e
Embrasser les jeunes filles dans les 'tits coins noirs-e,
Le bon vin, le bon vin m'endort
Et l'amour me reveille encore!

Sung by James Lewin of St. John & Halifax and
recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1950.

(As written down by the singer who learned the sounds while a child, and has no idea of the meaning of the second stanza).

Il y a rien plus drôle à voir
 Il y a rien plus drôle à voir
 Il y a rien plus drôle à voir
 Qu'un bossu couché travas.

Cho.

Rolles ta bosse mon 'tit bossu
 Dans man carasse te n'embaguteras plus.

2

R Z homme Bernard et Mommy a dit ne (à dinné?)
 R Z homme Bernard et Mommy a dit ne
 Z homme Bernard et Mommy a dit ne
 Pi y et pas pu les hommes bel bil y ta dit.

B

" Mary Maria! where is your daughter?"
 " Don't you know I've only got one?
 She went out for a pail of water,
 Will you wait till she is done?"

Same tune for both, râllicking and liltting.

Sung by James Lewin of St. John and Halifax; recorded by
 Helen Creighton at Halifax, June 1950.

Learned at Wellington, P.E.I. In checking with the tape
 I find that B was not recorded, as I do not know why it was
~~sound like the words typed out, so they had better be~~
 checked by someone familiar with the language.

The 1st verse is like the dance song from Newfoundland,
 Lots of Fish, reel 26,24-22.No.8

Le bon vin m'endort.

1. Passant par Paris, buvant le botteille-e
L'un de mes amis m'a dit à l'oreille-e
Le bon vin, le bon vin m'endort
Et l'amour me reveille encore

2. L'un de mes amis m'a dit à l'oreille-e
Il y a bien longtemps que j'ai été voir la belle-e
Le bon vin, le bon vin m'endort
Et l'amour me reveille encore

3. Il y a bien trois ans que je me ' couch' avec elle-e

4. Au bout de trois ans, trois 'tits capitaines-e

5. L'un est à Paris, l'autre est à Serrainne-e

6. L'autre est avec moi, me versant à boire-e

7. L'autre est avec moi, me versant à boire-e
Je lui montre à faire, à fairé comme son père-e
Embrasser les jeunes filles dans les 'tits coins noirs-e
Le bon vin, le bon vin m'endort
Et l'amour me reveille encore!

En roulant ma boule.

1. Derrière de chez nous il y a un étang
En roulant ma boule-e
Derrière de chez nous il y a un étang
En roulant ma boule-e

cho. En roulant ma boule roulant
En roulant ma boule -e
Rite roulant ma boule roülant
En roulant ma boule -e

2. Le fils du roi va les chassant

3. Il a blessé le noir et tué le blanc

4. Fils du roi tu es mechant
En roulant ma boule -e
Tu as tué mon canard blanc
En roulant ma boule -e

cho.

Same as
1. & 2.

Same
as 1.

The Preacher and the Sailor. Reel 28.20-18.No.11

On the preacher and the sailor went walking one day,
Says the preacher to the sailor,"let us kneel down and pray,
And whatever we pray for we'll pray for again,"
Said the preacher to the sailor,said the sailor Amen.

2

" Now the first thing we'll pray for is one glass of beer,
For if we had one glass 'twould be a great cheer,
Oh if we have one glass then may we have ten,
May we always have a bellyful,"said the sailor Amen.

3

" Now the next thing we'll pray for is one pound of meat,
For if we had one pound 'twould be a great treat,
Oh if we have one pound then may we have ten,
May we always have a bellyful,"said the sailor Amen.

4

" Now the next thing we'll pray for is our little queen,
She's surely the fairest that ever was seen,
Oh if she has one child oh May she have ten,
May she always have a bellyful,"cried the sailor Amen.

Sung by James Lewin of St. John and Halifax, who learned it
in Queen's Co., N.B. The Girl guides have a similar song,
only much more proper. The above was recorded by Helen Creighton
at Halifax, June 1950

Over the Meadow. Reel 28.15-12.No.13

Over the meadow and over the moor,
Hungry and barefoot I wandered forlorn,
My father is dead and my father is poor
And she mourns for the day that will never return.

Cho.

Pity kind gentleman, friend of humanity,
Cold blows the storm and the night lingers on,
Give me some food for my mother in charity,
Give me some food and I ~~ten~~ will be gone.

2

Call me not lazy-back, beggar and bold enough
Fain would I labour my gratitude for to show,
I've two little brothers at home, when they're old enough
They will work hard for the gift you bestow.

Sung by James Lewin of St. John and Halifax, and
recorded at Halifax June 1950.

The Derby Ram. Reel 28.12-10.No.14

Oh the tail on the ram sir it measured a mile and a half,
It was covered all over with great big ticks as big as a
yearling calf.

Cho.

O, it's true sir, it's true sir,
I'm telling you no lie,
If you'd been down to Derby town
You'd seen the same as I.

2

The fleeces on the ram sir they dragged upon the ground,
It took forty yoke of oxen just to drag the fleece around. Cho.

3

Now when the ram was butchered a ^{dyin'} ~~lyin'~~ in his blood
Forty-seven young butcher boys was carried away in the flood. Cho

4

O when the ram was butchered boys a-lyin' on the ground,
It took forty yoke of oxen just to drag one end around. Cho.

5

The man that owned the ram sir he must have been mighty rich,
But the man that made the rhyme sir was a lying son of a bitch. Cho.

The verses were picked up in pieces in New Brunswick.
Sung by James Lewin of St. John and Halifax, and recorded
at Halifax by Helen Creighton, June 1950.

Come all you pretty school ma'ams,
Come along with me,
To a foreign country
Some pleasures for to see,
I'll take you to the city

?

And in the evening I'll amuse you
With my long peggin' awl.

2

An old man's daughter
Was in a ?
Into a foreign country
Some pleasures for to ~~xxxx~~ know,
You fool, you a-huh,
The devil owes it all,
He'll get you into trouble
With his long peggin' awl.

3

O mother dearest mother
You know I m not to blame,
Cause when you were a young girl
You acted just the same,
You left your dearest parents,
Your house and friends and all
To marry my old daddy
For his long peggin' awl.

Sung by James Lewin of St. John and Halifax, and recorded by
Helen Creighton at Halifax, June 1950

Are You Going to Wittingham Fair? Reel 28.8-6.No.16

Are you going to Wittingham fair?
Cho. Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme,
Remember me to one who was there
Cho. For once he was a true lover of mine.

2

Tell him to make me a cambric shirt
Without any seams or needlework.

3

Tell him to wash it in yonder well
Where never spring or rain ever fell.

4

Tell him to dry it on yonder thorn
That never had blossoms since Adam was born.

5

Now you have given me questions three
I hope you will answer as many for me.

6

Tell him to bring me an acre of land
Betwixt the salt water and the sea strand.

7

Tell him to plough it up with a ram's horn
And sow it all over with one peppercorn.

8

Tell him to reap it with sickle and leather
And bind it all up with a peacock's feather.

9

When he is done and is finished his work
Tell him to come and I'll give him his shirt.

Sung by James Lewin of St. John and Halifax, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1950.

Interesting variant of the song ususally known as the
Keys of Canterbury.

One-Eyed Riley. Reel 28.6-4.No.17

As I was going down the road
I thought I'd like a drink of water,
I stepped up to Riley's house
As they were sitting down to supper.

Cho.

Sure aye aye,
Sure aye aye,
The drunken begger
Was one-eyed Riley.

All the singer knew. Sung by James Lewin who had learned
in in St. John from a man named Hoche; recorded by Helen Creighton
at Halifax, June 1950.