

- 70-62. The Maid of the Mountain Brow. Sung by Mr. John Obe Smith,
Glen Haven MF 289.299
- 62-52. The Paisley Officer. Sung by Mr. John Obe Smith, Glen Haven
- 52-44. The Oyster Girl. Prob. music hall, but good. Sung by Mr.
John Obe Smith, Glen Haven
- 44-40. O Mary, Mary, Mary One Day. Sung by Mr. John Obe Smith
- 40-38. Temperance Song. " " " " " "
- 38-30. Nova Scotia Song. Sung by Mr. Oliver Hubley, Seabright. good
- 30-26. A Ship's Maiden Voyage. Sung by Mr. Oliver Hubley, Seabright
- 26-12. Lumberman's Alphabet Song. " " " " " "
- 12-8. Recitation (not folk). Recited by Mr. Barry Sparrow, Seabright
- 8-end. Dictionary Song. Sung by Mrs. Samuel Boutilier, Seabright.

The Maid Of The Mountain Brow. Reel 33.70-62.No.1

Come all you lads and lasses, come listen to my song,
A story I will tell you, it won't detain you long,
It is of a young man I'm going to tell you now
Who lately fell a-courting the maid of the mountain brow.

2

"O Polly, pretty Polly, come go along with me,
And we'll go and get married as quickly as can be,
Look down in yonder valley, my horses, men and plough,
They're labouring late and early for the maid of the mountain brow"

3

"If they're labouring late and early kind sir it's not for me,
For the character I hear of you is none the best I see,
There is an inn where you call in I hear the people say
Where you drink, you call, you pay for all, go home at the
break of day."

4

"If I drink and call and pay for all my money it is my own,
I spend none of your riches love for I know that you got none,
You thought you had my poor heart won, but I'm going to tell
you now
I'll leave you where I found you at the foot of the mountain
brow."

5

"O Willie, dearest Willie, oh do not leave me so,
For the girl that loves you dearly to prove her overthrow,
The girl that loves you dearly I'm going to tell you now,
You left her broken-hearted at the foot of the mountain brow."

Sung by Mr. John Obe Smith, Glen Haven, and recorded by
Helen Creighton, June 1950

In bright and bonny Scotland
Where all bluebells do grow,
There lived a fair and comely maid
Down in the valley low,
And many's the day she watched the sheep
Upon each hill and dale,
O Mary's cottage lies far away,
She was called the village belle.

2
One evening as Henery came over
His face all decked with woe,
"I wish you were my bride," he said,
"This night before I go,
The regiment is on the road
And I received command,
I must forsake those lowland shades
For India's buring sand."

3
Soon we sailed over
For India's buring sand,
There's no one knows what Mary bore
All on that trivilous strand,
When her trials did come on
Her heart she tried to yield,
And turning around with a gladsome smile
Saw young Henery by her side.

4
When the battle was raging
A ball passed through his side,
He never yielded from his post,
But where he stood he died,
And Mary clasped him in her arms
And to her heart did press,
When kneeling to heal his bleeding wound
A ball passed through her breast.

5
"O Mary, dearest Mary,"
Young Henery he did say,
"I'm 'fraid you're deeply wounded love,
Your lips are like the clay,
The very first time that I saw you,
'Twas you I did adore,"
They closed their eyes no more to rise
On India's burning shore.

Sung by Mr. John Obe Smith, Glen Haven, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, June 1950.

For a fuller text see Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia,
p.192.

1. troublous?

As I was a-walking up fair London street
A pretty little oyster girl I chanced for to meet,
She stepped up to me, and, "Kind sir," she said,
"Do you want to buy some good oysters.

2

"O oysters, oh oysters, oh oysters," said she,
"If you want to buy good oysters come buy them from me,
It's one for a penny, but three I'd give to thee,
And I warrant them to be some good oysters."

3

"O landlord, oh landlord, oh landlord," said he,
"Have you got a spare room for the oyster girl and me
Where we may sit down and so merry merry be
While we're dealing for the basket of oysters?"

4

"O yes sir, oh yes sir, oh yes sir," said he,
"I've got a spare room for the oyster girl and thee,
Where you may sit down and so merry merry be
While you're dealing for the basket of oysters."

5

I had not been seated more than an hour or two
When out of the window so nimblelie she flew,
When out of the window so mimbliclie she flew
And she left me the basket of oysters.

6

"Oh landlord, oh landlord, oh landlord," says he,
Have you seen the little oyster girl that came along with me?
She robbed my pockets of forty thousand pounds
And she left me the basket of oysters."

7

"O no sir, oh no sir, oh no sir," said he,
"I haven't seen the oyster girl that came along with thee,
But pay down the reckoning and let the girl go free
And you'll take away your basket of oysters."

8

I travelled through old England, I travelled through old France,
But I do declare I never met with such a lucky chance,
For the pretty little oyster girls, they learn you how to dance
And they learn you how to buy and sell oysters.

Sung by Mr. John Obe Smith, Glen Haven, and recorded by
Helen Creighton, June 1950.

Also known by Mr. Oliver Hubley, Seabright.

O Mary, Mary Mary one day,
She dressed herself in men's array,
With a brace of pistols by her side
To rob her true love away did ride.

2

She rode and met him all on the plain,
"Stand and deliver your gold watch and chain,
Stand and deliver your golden store
For this very moment your life's no more."

3

He stood and delivered his golden store,
Said she, "Young man there is one thing more,
There's a diamond ring that I saw you wear,
Deliver that and your life I'll spare."

4

"That diamond ring belongs to my true love,
Before I'll part with it my life I'll lose,"
She being tender-hearted like any dove
She turned and rode from her own true love.

Sung by Mr. John Obe Smith, Glen Haven, June 1950, and
recorded by Helen Creighton.

For fuller text see Songs and Ballads From Nova Scotia
p.51, entitled Silvy.

Temperance Song. Reel 33.40-38.No.5

Yes we in those principals join,
Such shall our actions display,
Our hands and our hearts will combine
To extend a beneficent sway.

2

Our laws we will ever respect,
Arise all contention above,
Stand by each other erect
In purity, friendship, and love.

Sung by Mr. John Obe Smith, Glen Haven, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, June 1950.

Mr. Smith says this was sung at the Sons of Temperance,
to which society he belonged about seventy years ago for
three or four years, though he sometimes had a little bottle
in his pocket. "I used to go because the girls used to go."

Nova Scotia Song. Reel 33.38-30.No.6

For words see Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia with these changes:

1
The sun etc.

to rest

Cho.

Farewell to Nova Scotia's
Let her

o'er the briny
ever give

2(vs. 4 in T.S.N.S.)

Brothers and sisters have all gone to rest,
They have folded their arms across, their breast,
And leave poor sailor boy like me,
O how often have I to cross the sea?

3

The drums doth alarm,
My captain calls, I must
Then farewell
For early in the morning I'll be

Sung by Mr. Oliver Hubley, Seabright, and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1950. Learned in school at Seabright about 70 years ago.

See Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia, p.265.

Come listen awhile and a story I'll tell
About an adventure that to me befell,
While one day walking and out on a spree
I fell into a yacht with the wind blowing free.

Cho.

Fal dee eye al diddy,
Fal dee eye al diddy,
Fal dee eye al diddy,
Fal dee eye aye.

2

"O where are you going my pretty fair maid,"
"I'm sailing in ballast kind sir," she said,
"I'm as fast going clipper as ever you see,
I am just down from the drydock and my hold is washed clean."Cho.

3

"O what is your cargo my pretty fair maid?"
"I'm sailing in ballast kind sir," she said,
I hailed her in English, her answer was this,
"I am just from the Blue Anchor, my deck is washed clean."Cho.

3

O now I have come to the end of my song
And I hope my young friends I have said nothing wrong,
But of all you young sailors who follow the sea,
Don't get into that yacht with the wind blowing free. Cho.

This is supposed to be a ship telling of her maiden voyage just after she had come off the ways, when she encountered another ship. The song apparently has a double meaning, and I suspect there were other verses which the singer either forgot, or didn't like to sing to me.

Sung by Mr. Oliver Hubley, Seabright, and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1950.

A is for axes you very well know,
While B is for the boys who can use them just so,
C is for chopping we now to begin,
And D for the danger we often stand in.

Cho.

And so merrily, so merrily are we,
No mortals on earth are as happy as we,
U derry, I derry, U derry ~~wanna~~ dey,
Give a shanty boys rum and there's nothing goes wrong.

2

E for the echo that through the woods rang,
F is for foreman, the head of our gang,
G is for grindstone so smooth and so round,
And H for the handle to turn it about. Cho.

3

I for the iron that marketh the pine,
J for the joker that's never behind,
K the keen edges our axes to keep,
And L for the lice that do over us creep. Cho.

4

M for the moss that stoggeth our camp,
N for the needle we mend up our pants,
O for the owl that hooted by night,
And P for the pine that do always fall right. Cho.
Cho. last line goes,
Give old Eli the whip he'll drive Diamond around.

5

Q for the quarrel that's never allowed,
R for the river our logs they do crowd,
S for the sleds so stout and so strong,
And T for the teams that do haul them about. Cho. as after vs. 4

6

U for the use we put our teams to,
V for the valleys our roads they run through,
W the woods we leave in the spring,
And I sang all to you that I'm going to sing. Cho.

7

O I have three more letters I can't put in thyme,
But it's love if you marry pray tell me in time,
The train is a-coming and the whistles do blow,
So fare you well darling and I must go too. Cho.

(Eli was a crack teamster, and when any of the animals didn't behave as they should, we'd say, "Eli, look after that feller," and before long he'd be in place as good as any. Eli came from Lunenburg. Diamond was the ox. We couldn't leave Eli out of the song. When we were lumbering we used to have one night to sing, Saturday, and that night we could stay up till eleven o'clock. At other times we had to go to bed at nine)

Sung by Mr. Oliver Hubley, Seabright, and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1950. Mr. Hubley learned the song while operating a stave mill at Croucher's Mill Lake about 55 years ago. The crackling noise is from new wood put on the fire.

See Songs and Ballads From Nova Scotia p.212 for this and the Sailor's Alphabet

I Want To Go To Morrow .Reel 33.12-8.No.9

This is a recitation, not a folk song, so I did not take down the words. It was recorded for the purpose of making a contact on my first visit to this home.

Recited by Mr. Barry Sparrow, Seabright, and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1950

Dictionary Song. Reel 33.8-end.No.10
Singer's Title. My Coloroo

As I rode out one fine summer's morning
A-speculating most curiously,
To my surprise I soon espied
A lovely fair one approaching me.

2
I stood awhile in deep meditation
Contemplating what should I do,
At length recruiting to my sensation
I then accosted my coloroo.

3
"Are you the Aurora or goddess Flora,
Or incompetche of Venus bright,
Or the Highland fair one beyond compare O
Which Flora stole from the Grecian's sight?"

4
"I am not sir, oh I do declare,
I'm not the Aurora or goddess Flora
Or incompetche of Venus bright.
Or the highland fair one beyond compare O
Which Venus stole from the Grecian's sight.

5
"I am not sir oh I do declare,
But a floral female to all men's view,
And since you're condoling on my situation
My appellation is the coloroo."

6
"My dearest fair one you have enslaved me,
Will you be mine -----

7
"So therefore wait for your sad hesitation,
I am engaged, I declare it's true,
To one I love beyond all earthly treasure,
He soon will enjoy his own coloroo."

8
"I've rode through Asia and Arabia,
Through Pennsylvania seeking for you,
To the burning mountain where scenes are furious
For one embrace of my coloroo.

(This was most difficult to take down since the singer had little idea of the meaning of the words. The title, Dictionary Song was used at Terrence Bay, and may or may not be the right one. It is evidently a play on big words, far beyond the singers' capacity. The story, according to the singer is that he went to the war and she was to wait. She heard he had been killed; either he or she went out and apparently they met).

Sung by Mrs. Samuel Boutilier, Collishaw's Point, Halifax County, and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1950.