

Mount A re-recording No.15

- 141 1. The Nova Scotia Song, sung by Mr. Walter Roast, East Chezzetcook; local song very popular; TSNS p.264; published by Gordon V. Thompson as Farewell to Nova Scotia; L.C.19A or 7177. 4 vs.
- 142 2. ~~Rix~~ Ritcey's Mill, sung by Walter Roast, local song, comic; composed by Mr. Roast about workmen in mill; L.C. 19A or 7177. 4 vs.
- 143 3. The Banks of Newfoundland (Come all you rakes), sung by Mr. Richard Hartlan, South East Passage; this is also on Mount A tape No.1; SBNS p.221; L.C.11A & 62B or 7160. Local song of fishing off Grand Banks of Newfoundland. 7 vs.
- 144 4. The Kate O'Brien, sung by Walter Roast; about ship that was run down, sung to quite a pleasant tune; 8 vs. local; L.C. No.23B or 7121.
- 145 5. The Ghostly Sailors, sung by Walter Roast; popular local song about sailors drowned when ship rammed coming back to take vessel over; 8 vs.; L.C.26A or 7124
- 146 6. Harry Dunn, sung by Walter Roast; story of Canadian boy killed in Michigan lumber woods; 9 vs. L.C.26B or 7124.
- 147 7. The Honest Working Man, local song, sung by Mr. Dennis Williams, Musquodoboit Harbour; humorous, about working conditions of that day; 8 vs.; L.C. 33B or 7131.
- 148 8. The Alphabet Song, sailors' version, sung by Mr. Dennis Williams; 7 vs. & cho. to good tune; local, giving some part of vessel for every letter; L.C.34A or 7132.
- 149 9. The Newfoundland Express, sung by Private Albert Gaudet; satiric song about slow train popular with troops in World War 2; 8 vs.; words difficult to make out from tape; L.C.51A or 7149. ;amusing.
- 150 10. The Island Soldier, sung by Private Albert Gaudet, soldier's song to his mother after being fatally wounded; 8 vs.; words difficult and ~~xxx~~ occasionally impossible to make out; L.C. 51B or 7149.
- 151 11. The Jam On Gerry's Rocks, sung by Walter Roast; young man killed in lumber woods; TSNS p.267; 10 vs.; concluded Mount A re-recording No.16; L.C.23A or 7120.

local  
The above are all ~~xxxx~~ songs.

Recorded by Helen Creighton



Nova Scotia Song

L.C.19A  
Mount A re-recording No.15

Words as in TSNS p.265 with the following changes:

Mr. Roast begins with the chorus, and doesn't sing it again until after the 4th vs. when he sings,

So farewell to Nova Scotia, etc

2

the bonny bonnie lassie

4

they are laid at rest.

Sung by Mr. Walter Roast, East Chezzetcook and recorded for the Library of Congress in 1943 by Helen Creighton.

He sings the last line of the chorus almost on a note of triumph.

It's early last spring Ritcey started his mill,  
The fellows they gathered their pockets to fill,  
There was Earl on the haul-up with his nine rows of teeth,  
It's sweet cake and plum duff he does like to eat.

2

John Roast is the marker with pencil in hand,  
He thinks of the school ma'am so handsome and grand,  
He thinks he is weary and tired of life  
And ~~he~~ thinks very soon that he will take a wife.

3

Arthur Conrod on the trimmer cuts slabs by the score,  
He says when he gets Tina he'll cut slabs no more,  
He says when ~~he~~ he gets married that he will stay at home  
And that he'll stick to her like a dog to a bone.

4

Oh the nighthawk arose, he looked out of the door,  
He says, "A fine day, I'll go down to Jeddore,  
The girls they are handsome, they are charming down there  
And I think if I'm civil I'll shoot a cow dear. "

This is sung twice and in the 2nd singing in vs.2, line 3 he sings;

He says he is tired etc.

Composed and sung by Mr. Walter Roast East Chezzetcook and  
recorded for the Library of Congress in 1943 by Helen Creighton.

Nighthawk means the nightwatchman, who in this case was the singer himself.  
The song refers to a mill in which he worked.



Words as in SBNS p.221 with the following changes:

1

I'd have you tope ware,

For buy

2

Their passage

(last 4 lines omitted)

3

She cut all up her underclothes

her true love freeze

4

I dreamt that me and my true love  
Was away down Scotland Road,

ale in hand,

And when I woke

5

holy stone and sand  
And we'll bid adieu

6

Oh nowe we're off of a big west banks  
Where stormy wands do blow,  
And us poor sailors here on deck  
To shovel off the snow,

7

Oh now we're off of Sandy Hook  
Where the Highlands is buried in snow,  
And the pilot boat ahead of us  
Into New York we will go.  
We'll call for liquors merrily  
With a jar of ale in hand,  
And when we're here we can't be there  
On the Banks of Newfoundland.

Sung by Mr. Richard Hartlan and ~~xxxx~~ recorded for the Library of Congress  
in 1943 by Helen Creighton.



Come all you intended parents, I hope that you will attend,  
Come listen unto those few lines that I have lately penned  
Concerning of the Kate O'Brien who lately was ran down  
All by an English man o'war bound down for St. John's town.

2

The man o'war that ran her down, the Royal was her name,  
Commanded by Captain Boutilier, on him we lay no blame,  
It was ~~s~~early in the morning ~~at~~ watch they had put out their lights,  
They were blamed for losing a boat and crew on that dark and stormy night.

3

The boat came to an anchor about three mile from the shore,  
It was little did those poor souls think they'd see their homes no more,  
As they were lying in their berth taking a silent sleep  
It was little they thought before daylight they'd be sleeping in the deep.

4

It was early the nest ~~m~~orning the boat and crew was found,  
Mike ~~Daly~~ Barrie sailing in the Bay poor Willie Daly found,  
They took him into St. Mary's Bay and wrapped him in a sail,  
If your hearts was made as marble for that poor boy you'd feel.

5

We lay no blame on St. Mary's boys for they are the real true blue,  
They ~~ma~~de him a shroud and a coffin, what more could those poor souls do?  
Also a boat ~~for~~ to take ~~them home~~ him home all on that very same day,  
For to have him waked amongst his own and buried in the clay.

6

At five o'clock in the morning, the weather being clear,  
At six o'clock in the evening they arrived at Carpenter,  
To see his aged mother, how bitterly she did cry,  
And to see the friends that gathered round to welcome that poor boy.

7

They took him to his father's house and waked him there that night,  
They buried him in the graveyard before it was daylight,  
To see his aged father as he sits in his room,  
~~ex~~ He sits and cries, "My darling son you've been cut down in your bloom."

8

Now to conclude and finish, I have no more to say  
Until the blessed Redeemer his sins all to set free,  
Until the blessed Redeemer his sins all to set free,  
And the blessed man that rules above and laid out on Calvary.

Sung by Mr. Walter Roast, East Chezzetcook, and recorded for the  
Library of Congress in 1943 by Helen Creighton.

When Mr. John Roast sings this song he gives the last line, and died  
on Calvary.



You may smile if you want to, but perhaps you'll lend an ear,  
For boys and girls together well on for fifty years,  
I've sailed upon the ocean in summer's pleasant days  
And all through stormy winters where the howling winds did rage.

2

I've been tossed about on Georgia Shoals, been fishing in the Bay,  
Down south in early seasons, most anywhere would pay,  
I've been in different vessels on the western Banks and Grand,  
I've been in herring vessels that went to Newfoundland.

3

~~Last night as we were sailing, we were off shore, ways~~  
There I saw storms I'll tell you and things looked rather blue,  
But somehow I was ~~luck~~ always quite lucky and ~~got through~~ quickly I got through,  
I will not brag however, I will not say so much,  
I have not been easily frightened like most of other men.

4

Last night as we were sailing, we were sailing off the shore,  
I will never forget it in all my mortal days,  
It was in the grand dog watches I felt a thrilling dread,  
Came over me as if I heard one calling from the dead.

5

Right over our rail there clambered all silent one by one  
A dozen dripping sailors, just wait till I am done,  
Their faces pale and sea-worn shone through the ghostly night,  
Each fellow took his station as if he had a right.

6

They moved around about us till land was most in sight,  
Or rather I should say so the lighthouse shone its light,  
And then those ghostly sailors moved to the rail again/  
And ~~wxx~~ vanished in an instant before the sons of men.

7

We sailed right in the harbour and ever mother's son  
Will tell the same sad story the same as I have done,  
The trip before the other, we were off ~~Georgia then~~ Georgia then,  
We ran down another vessel and sank her and her men.

8

These were the same poor fellows, I hope God rest their souls,  
That our old craft ran over and sank on Georgia Shoals,  
So now you have my story, it is just as I say,  
I do not believe in spirits until this very day.

Sung by Mr. Walter Roast, Chezzetcook and recorded for the Library ~~of~~ of  
Congress in 1943 by Helen Creighton.

In the last vs. he probably meant I do believe in spirits which is the  
way it is usually sung.



Come all you wild Canadian boys who leave your native home  
And longing for some excitement to Michigan you'll go,  
You'll work away for three long months and ofttimes will write home  
Saying, "The winter will soon be over now and then I will come home."

2

I once knew of a fine young man, ~~his~~ his name was Harry Dunn,  
His father was a farmer and Harry his only son,  
They had everything was needed for a farm of good land  
But Harry wished to have a trial in the woods of the Michigan.

3

The morning that Harry was going away his mother said to him,  
"Now Harry dear don't go away but stay home on the farm,  
You're leaving your poor old mother, your father and sisters three,  
And something seems to tell me your face I shall no more see."

4

It was early the next morning Harry started for Buffalo Bay,  
He hired with a lumbering king, to Michigan did go,  
He worked away for three long months and often did write home  
Sating, "The winter will soon be over now and then I will come home."

5

One morning as Harry rose from his bunk not a smile was on his brow,  
He called his chum outside the door, his name was Charlie Boyle,  
Saying, "Charlie dear I had a dream which filled my heart with woe,  
I fear there is something wrong at home and there I had better go."

6

His comrade only laughed at him which cheered him for a while  
Saying, "Harry dear the time is here, the time to fell the pine."  
He wrked away till three o'clock, it was on that fatal day  
When a hanging limb fell down on him and ~~smashed him~~ smashed him to the clay.

7

His comrades gathered round him and took the limb away  
Saying, "Charlie dear the time is here, my time has come at last,  
Oh pick me up and carry me down and send me to my home  
And ask my dear old mother why did I leave the farm?"

8

It was early the next morning the train had started on,  
All hands on board containing was poor young Harry Dunn,  
And when his mother saw him she fell down like a stone  
For her heart was broke, God knows it was, when she saw her only son.

9

Likewise his poor old father who lingered on a while,  
From that day, three months after, he was never seen to smile,  
From that day three months after they buried the poor old man  
So now you can see the deadly curse in the woods of Michigan.

Two verses sung by Mr. Walter Roast, East Chezzetcook and recorded for  
the Library of Congress in 1943 by Helen Creighton; other vs. from another  
singing of Mr. Roast's not recorded. In it the last 2 lines of vs.1 go:  
You'll work for three long months when a telegram will come  
Saying, "You son was killed in the lumbering woods and his body we will send home."



One fine evening at my leisure I thought it quite a pleasure  
 For to write a local ditty on the subject of the day,  
 So I ~~purc~~ purchased a three cent taper, a sheet of foolscap paper,  
 I sat down quite contentedly to pass the time away,  
 It gave me satisfaction, my pen moved with such action,  
 It may cause an attraction, I will please you if I can.

Each line a true invention of this sad evention  
 At MacDonald's intercession will not feed a working man.

Now the man that mixes mortar gets one dollar and a quarter,  
 The sugar house employer often gets one dollar ten,  
 And perhaps my ~~next~~ next door neighbor he subsists on outdoor labour,  
 And it's often in the winter don't get what would feed a hen.

What rises high my dander, next door a Newfoundlander,  
 Her husband cannot stand her since high living she began,  
 Because we have no backers but those well known codfish packers  
 Who steal the cheese and crackers from the honest working man.

Oh the men from east Cape Breton who knit the sock and mitten,  
 Chezzetcook is represented by its dusky black and tan,  
 They should all be rejected and home labour be protected,  
 They should never be connected with an honest working man.

When the leaves they turn in autumn and the fish freeze on the bottom  
 They charter a ten ton schooner from along the western shore,  
 They stock her with provisions, crow's feet and codfish wizens,  
~~Sung~~ Such a sight I never witnessed since the downfall of Jeddore.  
 They

~~We~~ crossed the Bay of Fundy, arrived here on a Sunday,  
 Did you see my cousin Angus, Mister tell me if you can?  
 He was once the soap fat greasman but now he is a policeman  
 For he could not earn his living as an honest working man.

Sticÿ to your next door neighbor and vote for honest labour  
 Go with Patsy ,Mike and Dan,  
 Extend your clubs still wider and impress on each outsider,  
 Give three cheers and a tiger fpr the honest working man.

Sung by Mr. Dennis Williams, Musquodoboit Harbour and recorded ~~for~~ for  
 Library of Congress in 1943 by Helen Creighton.

In an earlier singing not recorded he sand in the short 2nd vs:  
 Each line a true expression of this sad depression etc.

(2nd line of last vs. impossible to make out from tape)

(black and tan means anything not quite white)



Alphabet Song

L.C. 34A  
Mount A re-recording No.5

A for the anchor of our gallant ship,  
B for the bowsprit so neatly does fit,  
C for the capstan we all go around  
And D for the davits our boat hangs upon.

2

E for our ensign so gallant and true,  
F for the forecastle that holds all the crew,  
G for the grog that our captain sends round  
And H for the halliards we all sway upon.

Cho.

So merry,so merry,so merry are we,  
No mortals on earth are like sailors at sea,  
To me eye to me oh to me hi dee me ~~dey~~ dong,  
Give sailors good grog and there's nothing goes wrong.

on 3

I for the iron ~~of~~ the stunsail boom,  
G for the jigger block on the yardarm,  
K for the keelson away down below  
And L for the landyards we reef to and fro.

4

M for the marlin spike hangs on the nail,  
N for the needle they sew up the sail,  
O for the oars of our jolly boat  
And P for the pumps that we keep her afloat.

5

Q for our quarterdeck polished and strong,  
R for the rudder that steers her along,  
S for the sails that shove her ahead  
And T for the taffrail where we throw out the lead.

6

U for the Union Jack,red white, and blue,  
V for the vigilance of our brave crew,  
W for the wheel that turns her about,  
And X for the honour mark of the ~~xxx~~ lookout.

7

Y for the royal yard 'bove the crosstree,  
And Z is the zepher,the west wind so free,  
So merry,so merry,so merry are we,  
No mortals on earth are as like sailors at sea,  
To me eye to me oh to me hi dee me dong,  
Give sailors good grog and there's nothing goes wrong.

Sung by Mr. Dennis Williams, Musquodoboit Harbour, and recorded for the  
Library of Congress in 1943 by Helen Creighton.

It is probable that the chorus should be sung after every verse in the way  
it is usually done in this province. The last few letters are seldom put in  
rhyme, but he said he composed these himself.



Oh yet do I remember the dark and stormy day  
~~When~~ I travelled into Gander and we heard the people say,  
 "Oh see that girl from Cornerbrook? ~~she is my whole~~ she's just like all the rest  
 And she's down this morning on the Newfoundland Express."

2 you've

There's hobos here in Newfie, and ~~we~~ met one to-day,  
 I knew that he was anxious to be getting on his way,  
 But the only thing that stopped him he needed ~~to be~~ ~~excessed~~ sleep and rest  
 And he could not take no chances on the Newfoundland Express.

3

We left St. John's on Monday, the day was bleeding cold,  
 The engineer was roaring drunk as some of us was told,  
 He said, "If you're ~~not~~ not anxious to answer her request  
 Well get there sometime next month on the Newfoundland Express."

4

"So ~~now~~ ~~now~~ boys don't worry, just get some sleep and rest,  
 We've got to keep the rails clear for the Newfoundland Express."

5

Next ~~month~~ I'll get mu furlough and to Canada we'll go,  
 They're giving six days travel time but I'll need more I know,  
 I have to go through Porters and it'll take six days I guess,  
 That means I'll spend my furlough on the Newfoundland Express.

6

Oh see that lonely ~~is~~ soldier with his bayonet by his side,  
 He's going back to Canada to wed his promised bride,  
 He's fought his share of the battles, but now he's done his best,  
 And now he takes his chances on the Newfoundland Express.

7

Next month it will be winter with snow upon the ground,  
 We're waiting for the postman to bring some mail around,  
 He says, "Now boys I'm sorry, but I have done my best,  
 But the mail is on a snowdrift on the Newfoundland Express/"

8

One day a soldier decided to heaven he would go,  
 And he tied himself to the railroad track when he heard the whistle blow,  
 He must have been there a long time for he starved to death I guess  
 Waiting on the railroad track for the Newfoundland Express/.

Sung by Mr. Albert Gaudet, private in the Canadian Army to his own  
 guitar ~~accompaniment~~ accompaniment, and recorded for the Library of Congress in  
 1943 by Helen Creighton.

This satiric song was popular with the troops during the war. The  
 singer thought there was an answer, but if so, I have never heard it, The actress  
 Joan Blondel ~~is~~ said to have sung it.



In A British trench dear mother  
I am writing this to you,  
A German shot and shell a-flying  
And the smoke obscures the view.

2

Now dear mother if I do not  
See my dear old home again,  
Tell the boys to love the ~~W~~x Island,  
And to always play the game.

3

Tell the boys of our fair Island  
To ~~love the fair mother~~ know dear mother of their friends,  
And when mother dear is calling  
And her call must be obeyed.

4

When I left Prince Edward Island  
When my parents were called to advise,  
I was always nearly ready  
To give up my life for(?)

5

On the battlefield this ~~morning~~ morning,  
At the dawning of the day,  
Was ~~and~~ and tore by German bullets  
E'er I got my soldier leave.

his 6

Here's a letter to ~~you~~ mother,  
And he wrote ~~me~~ for advice,  
Go tell the truth  
E'er he held it all the time.

7

Farewell mother, you may never  
Press me to your heart again,  
you mother  
If I never again.

8

There's a home on our fair Island  
And in  
There stands a broken-hearted mother  
With a letter from the dead .

Sung by Private Albert Gaudet in Halifax, a soldier from P.E.I;  
recorded for the Library of Congress in 1943 by Helen Creighton.

Some words impossible to make out from tape, and some I guessed at.



Come all you wild young shanty boys and list while I relate  
The tale of one young shanty boy and his untimely fate,  
The tale of one young shanty boy so manly, true, and brave,  
It was on the jam ~~at~~ Gerry's Rock he met his watery grave.

2

It was on Sunday morning as you will quickly hear,  
Our logs were piled up mountains high, we could not keep them clear,  
Our foreman says, "Turn out brave boys with hearts devoid of fear,  
We'll break the jam on Gerry's Rock and for Eganstown we'll steer."

3

Now some of them were willing, while others they were not,  
To work on jams on Sunday, they did not think we ought,  
Till six of our brave Canadian boys did volunteer to go  
And break the jam on Gerry's Rock with our foreman Jack Munroe.

4

They had not ~~gone~~ off very far when they heard his clear voice say,  
"I'll have you boys be on your guard for the jam will soon give way,"  
Those words were scarcely spoken when the jam did break and go,  
And carried off those six brave youths with their foreman Jack Munro.

5

When the rest of our brave shanty boys the sad news came to hear,  
In search of their dead comrades to the river they did steer,  
Six of their mangled bodies ~~xxxx~~ a-floating down did go,  
While crushed and bleeding near the bank was that of young Munroe.

6

They took him from his watery grave, brushed back his raven hair,  
There was one fair maid among them whose sad cries filled the air,  
There was one fair maid among them, the maid from Saginaw town,  
Whose moans and cries did rend the skies for her true love who'd gone ~~gx~~ down.

7

~~Rix~~ Fair Clara was a noble girl, the riverman's true friend,  
Who with her widowed mother dear lived near the river bend,  
The wages of her own true love the boss to her did pay,  
And the shanty boys made up for her a generous purse next day.

8

They buried him with sorrow deep, it was on the first of May,  
Come all you brave young shanty boys and for your comrade pray,  
Engraved upon a hemlock tree that by the grave did grow  
Is the name and date of ~~v~~the sad sad fate of our foreman Jack Munroe.

9

Fair Clara did not long survive, her heart was broke with grief,  
Then scarcely two months afterwards death came to her relief,  
And when the timex had passed away and she was called to go  
Her last request was granted, to be laid by young Munroe.

10

So come all you bold young shanty boys, I would have you call and see  
Their green mound by the riverside where grows the hemlock tree,  
The shanty boys cleared off the wood for the lovers they laid low,  
'Tis handsome Clara Vernon and her foreman Jack Munroe.