

Reel 38

FSG30

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- 70-60. City of Baltimore. Sung by Mr. John Obe Smith, Glen Haven
- 60-28. Captain Kidd. " " " " " " " "
- 28-26. Story/ Told " " " " " " " "
- 26-20/ Willie. Sung " " " " " " " "
- 20-16. When Women Were Created. Sung by Mr. Lawson Innes, Indian Harbour
- 16-end. James MacDonald. Good-night song. <sup>word 3</sup> Goo of its kind. Sung  
by Mr. Oliver Hubley, Seabright.

McCarthy left his native shore  
His fortune to persue,  
He shipped/on board of an ocean boat,  
The City of Baltimore.

2

As McCarthy came from his hiding place  
The mate to him did say,  
"Oh what in the devil brought you here,  
What made you stow away?  
What in the devil brought you here,  
What made you leave the shore?  
You'll rue the day you stowed away  
On the City of Baltimore."

3

Early every morning  
He put the sailors through  
And early every morning  
He put the sailors through,  
"Where is that Irish son-of-a-gun?"  
The mate he loud did say,  
"O here am I," McCarthy ~~said~~ cried,  
"What do you want of me?"

4

"It's true I am an Irishman,  
The truth I'll never deny,  
Before I'll be cut down by you  
It's on this deck I'll die,  
If you're a man of courage  
It's me you'll stand before,  
I'll fight you fair a**ll** on the deck  
Of the City of Baltimore."

5

Our mate he being a cowardly man  
Before him would not stand,  
But with an iron b'laying pin  
McCarthy through he ran,  
McCarthy being a smart young man  
Soon laid him in his gore,  
There was bloody murder on the deck  
Of the City of Baltimore.

6

Our second mate and boatswain  
Went to our mate's relief,  
But McCarthy with a handspike  
He caused them both to retreat,  
And when his Irish blood did boil  
Like a lion he did roar,  
"I'll fight you both all on the deck  
Of the City of Baltimore."

7

Our captain being a Scotchman,  
McDonald was his name,  
And when he saw what McCarthy done  
Straightforward then he came,  
He took McCarthy by the arm saying,  
"Do not fight any more,  
I'll make you first officer on my ship,  
The City of Baltimore."

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

See also Songs and Ballads From Nova Scotia, p.117

Captain Kidd. Reel 38. 60-28. No.2

For words see Mackenzie p.278. The only difference is that Mr. Smith repeats the last line. I don't think my singer had any intention of going through the whole song when he started, but it became a matter of pride with him to see it through. In the middle of it he announces that he is just getting his second wind.

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

An oldfeller came along and he asked the old man Charlie Boyd (Charlie plays on the Jew's Harp), and the old feller says,

"How far does this road go?"

"Well," he says, "I've been living here for twenty years and it's in the same place yet," and he still kept on playing,

Dum diddle diddle diddle diddle diddle dum,

Dum diddle diddle diddle diddle diddle dum,

Dum diddle diddle diddle diddle diddle dum,

Diddle diddle diddle diddle die dee.

And the old feller says,

"How do your potatoes turn out?" He says,

"They don't tum out at all; I have to dig them out," and he still kept on playing,

Dum diddle diddle etc.

And he goes on a little further and he says,

"Why don't you shingle your house?" And he says,

"It's raining out."

"Why don't you shingle it when it's fine?"

"It don't leak then," and he still kept on playing,

Dum diddle diddle etc.

(It's a great song if you can remember it. Everything the old feller would ask the other old feller, he'd tell him and still keep on playing. )

Told by Mr. John Obe Smith, Glen Haven, and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1950.

O Mary dear go ask your father  
If you my wedded bride can be,  
If he says no then come and tell me  
And I'll no longer trouble thee.

2

How can I go and ask my father  
When he is on his bed to rest,  
With a shining dagger by his bedside  
To slay the one that I love best?

3

O Mary dear go ask your mother  
If you my wedded bride can be,  
If she says no then come and tell me  
And I'll no longer trouble thee.

4

How can I go and ask my mother  
When she's been trying to plead for me?  
So it's Willie dear go seek another  
And I'll no longer trouble thee.

5

O I can climb the highest mountain,  
And I can rob an eagle's nest,  
And I can court a pretty maiden,  
But not the one that I love best.

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

Compare with the same song from Clark's Harbour which has  
a tragic ending.

When women were created  
They were taken out o f man,  
Out of a long and crooked bone,  
Deny it if you can.  
Out of a long and crooked rib  
Created woman were,  
And thistheir crooked nature shows  
How crooked women are.

2

Oh if I would marry a black one  
My friendson me would frown,  
If I would marry a young one  
Why they'd drive me out of town,  
If I would marry a pretty one  
They'd pluck me up with pride,  
And if I would marry an old one  
Why they'd 'clare she had been tried.

Sung by Mrs Lawson Innes, Indian Harbour, and recorded by  
Helen Creighton, July 1950.

Come young and old while I unfold  
 A story you shall hear,  
 It is as true a story  
 As ever you did hear,  
 For the murdering of an orphan girl,  
 Her age was scarce eighteen,  
 Her beauty bright on me did light  
 While Satan did me sin.

2

She being a farmer's daughter  
 And I a merchant's son,  
 Her home being in this country  
 Familiar to my own,  
 In private locks I courted her  
 Till I did her beguile,  
 And for to take her precious life  
 I planned a scheme most vile.

3

It was on a Sunday evening  
 I quickly sent for her,  
 She dressed herself in private  
 And she quickly came to me,  
 I said, "Now Ann with your consent  
 To Hansport we will go,  
 And there we will get married,  
 I'm sure no one will know."

4

It was late that night when we set out  
 To cross the counterree,  
 It would bring the tears down from your eyes  
 To hear what she did say,  
 When I was going to take her life  
 I made her this reply,  
 "Now Ann you will go no further  
 For it's here you've got to die."

5

"O James think on your infant young,  
 Don't give me such a fright,  
 And don't commit a murder  
 On this dark and stormy night,  
 For I'll pray to God here on my knees  
 If you will spare my life,  
 I never more will trouble you  
 Nor ask for to be your wife."

6

But all she said it was in vain  
 For I did strike her sore,  
 And with my heavy loaded whip  
 Soon left her in her gore,  
 Her blood and brains did stain the ground,  
 Her cries would break your heart,  
 I thought I had her murdered  
 Before I did apart.

7

She was alive next morning  
 Just at the break of day,  
 A shepherd's only daughter  
 Had chanced to stray that way,  
 She found her lying in her gore,  
 And ran to her release,  
 She said, "I was murdered here last night,  
 Go you bring the police."

(over)

The police he was sent for,  
 A doctor likewise,  
 They got her information  
 And they sent out in disguise,  
 They quickly surrounded me  
 While she put them on my trail,  
 And back to prison I was brought,  
 I was loosed and lodged in jail.

9

Now in this prison I must lie  
 Until my trial day,  
 The judge he'll read my sentence  
 And these words to me he'll say,  
 "For the murdering of Miss Ann O'Brien  
 Your country soon shall see,  
 On the twenty-fourth of April  
 You'll be hanged on the gallows tree."

10

Now my name is James McDonald,  
 From life I have to part,  
 For the murdering of Miss Ann O'Brien  
 I am sorry to my heart,  
 But I hope the Lord will pardon me  
 Before my trial day,  
 And when I am on the gallows tree  
 Kind people for me pray.

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

Mr. Habley learned this song in the lumbering woods  
 near Bangor, Maine. It was a favourite among the lumbermen  
 fifty years ago. The song is well sung and the words are  
 clear.

See also Songs and Ballads From Nova Scotia p.42.