

Reel 42

- 70-62. The Braes of Strathblane. Pleasant love song. Sung by Mr. Edward Deal, Seabright.
- 62-60. The Mill at the Narrows. Fuller version reel 50. Sung by Mr. Otis Hubley, Seabright
- 60-42. The Dreadful Ghost. Good. Sung by Mr. Otis Hubley, Seabright
- 42-34. Sailors' Alphabet Song. Sung by Mr. John Obe Smith, Seabright
- 34-30. Songs Taught in Singing School. Sung by Mr. Oliver Hubley, "
- 30-26. I'm Seventy-Two To-day. Not folk. Sung by Mr. Jas. Mason, Upper Tantalion
- 26-22. When I Was A Laddie. Not folk. Sung by Mr. Jas. Mason
- 22-10. Moose Song. Local " " " " "
- 10-end. Story I'm An Earo. Told by Mr. Oliver Hubley, Seabright

As I was a-walking one morning in May
Over on Raleigh I chanced for to stray,
There I espied a young maiden a-standing a-lean,
She was bleaching her claes on the banks of Strathblane.

2

I walked up to her as it seemed to pass,
Your bleaching your claes my bonny wee lass,
It's twelve months or better since I had in my mind
All for to get married if ye would incline.

3

"To marry, to marry, I fear I'm too young
For to marry a man with a flattering tongue,
My faether and mither displeased would be
If I was to marry a ruler like thee. "

4

"O lassie, O lassie, how can you say so?
It's little you know the pain which I undergo,
Consent oh my lassie to be my ain,
And we'll go and live happy on the braes of Strathblane.

5

"O now you've consented but quite out of time,
Since you spoke those last words I have changed my mind,"
The clouds they look heavy, it's going to rain,
We shook hands and parted on the braes of Strathblane.

Sung by Mr. Edward Dea, Seabright, and recorded by Helen &
Creighton, July, 1950.

The Mill At the Narrows.

Reel 42.62-60.No.2

For fuller version see Reel 50.40-30.No.6.

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

For words see Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia, A, with these changes: p.151

There was a sailor

Two pretty fair maids
And one of them

2

Till public shame did her prevent

Till publick shame it proved the strife,
She cut the tender

3

She hanged herself

Her flesh the small birds has
Which made these young men's hearts feel sore

4

And with their knife

this note they found,

5

But on the ground pry let me lie,
To one and all as they pass by,
To one and all
Just you

6

Since he's proved

While he's on earth I'll plague him so
At last to the seas he'll be

7

Oneday, one day on the maintop high

And into it which
Like one big woman

8

He says
Here

morning doze,
my defence,

9

Up decks, up decks the
All dressed up in his morning clothes,
She says,

speak on

10

this young

She says,
For he is
If you
I will raise a mighty storm at sea,

11

And will

12

Down decks, down decks the
And brings this
She placed her eye
Which

(over)

13

Saying, "You
How you caused

#I come for
but I've got

You had

14

Down in her boat
And that was all between ship and men,
Sailors and all of do admire
When the boat she sank

15

And asit sank
And this is the morning

whose left behind,

Never you

And this is how she end her life
Because she was not a sailor's wife.

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

A for the anchor that hangs on our bow,
B for the bowsprit you very well know,
C for the capstan that sailors throw round,
And D for the derrick to hoist in our grog.
Cho.

High derry, low derry, high derry down,
Give sailors their grog and there's nothing goes wrong.

2

E for the ensign that flies at our peak,
F for the flag we all love so sweet,
G for the galley we all set around,
And H for the halliards we all hoist up high. Cho.

3

I for the iron on our sternsail boom
J for the jewel block we handle so soon,
K for the kilson that's way down below,
And L for the landyards we reef to and fro. Cho.

4

M for the marlin spike hangs on the sail,
N for the needle that sews up our sail,
O for the oars of our jolly boat,
And P for the pumps that keeps her afloat. Cho.

5

Q for the quarter deck solid and sound,
R for the rudder that guides her around,
S for the sails that sends her ahead,
T, U, V, W, X, Y and Z. Cho.

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

See Songs and Ballads From Nova Scotia, p. ~~20~~ 210.

Songs Taught in Singing School Reel 42. 34-30.NO.5

About ~~sixty~~-two years ago, Chas. Covey from Indian Harbour used to go along the coast as far as Blandford and Tancock, and away down to Isaac's Harbour in Guysborough County giving singing lessons. He taught in the schoolroom. He printed notes on the blackboard and would sing the song over and then have others follow. He'd start in by singing:

My Jane had a crane that was lame,
My Jane had a crane that was lame,
Oh pray gentle Jane let your dame lame tame crane
Drink and come home again.

(Another songs was:)

Cuckoo I hear,
Cuckoo I hear,
I hear the cuckoo sing
And welcome joyous spring.

I'm seventy-two to-day boys,
I know I'm getting old,
But I feel as brisk as the days of yore
Though my heart is young and bold.

2

No aches or pains my limbs assail,
I'm getting on it's true,
And a jollier lad you'll seldom find
Although I'm seventy-two.

Cho

O I laughed and says with a loud ha ha
~~With a loud~~ To keep this thing in view,
For to please you all who's great and small
Although I'm seventy-two.

2

When young I used to love to walk
Down by some shady grove,
With some pretty girl with laughing eyes
And I'd tell her of my love,

3

I'd slip my arm around her waist
I'd hug and squeeze her toom
And I'm sure I'd enjoy it all over again
Although I'm seventy-two.

Cho.

So I laughed and says with aloud ha ha
To keep this thing in view,
For to please you all who's great and small
Although I'm seventy-two.

3

Some men they love to go out
And spend the night in glee,
With whiskey, wine, beer, get tight
But there's no such a thing for me,

2

There's fun to be had in a social way,
In a social pleasure too,
For to walk your horses when you're young
And trot when you're seventy-two. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Jim Mason, Upper Tantalon, and recorded by
Helen Creighton, July, 1950.

When I was a laddie and wanting to roam
My father says, "Laddie before you leave home
It's a bit of an advice and the best thing to do,
Save up a small trifle each week from your due.

Cho.

For your coppers will grow into silver,
And your silver will grow into gold,

And this you will find very useful

For to help you my boy when you're old.

2

And when you have travelled and seen all through life
Don't you be afraid laddie in taking a wife,
For a woman is a comfort to a man I might say
And all will go well if you follow my way. Cho

3

And when you get married and you've settled in life
Your trials and troubles you must share with your wife,
And keep your head above water my boy if you can
And all will go well if you follow my plan. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Jim Mason, Upper Tantalton, and recorded by
Helen Creighton, July, 1950.

Not a folk song.

There was a moose hunter
Who lived down St. Margaret's Bay,
He hunted for bull moose
As we heard people say,
He went out into the forest,
The lad he was bound
To hunt up a bull moose
And take him to town.

2

When night came on
The old hunter was lost,
He had nothing to go by
But a track in the moss,
The night came on him,
He had nothing to eat,
He sat on a rock
And looked down at his feet.

3

He says, "This is poor food
For a hungary man,"
And he sprang to his feet
With a gun in his hand,
The people all hunted him,
They made a great alarm,
They came from the city,
Likewise from the Arm.

4

They found the old hunter
To their surprise,
And the first thing they saw
Was the bull moose's eyes,
They found the old hunter
Back in the land
Down by the big lake
With a bone in his hand.

5

He looked at his followers
With a sorrowful look,
He carried the bull home
To his friends for to cook,
He says, "This is natural,
An old British law,
To have the bull cooked
But not eat him raw."

6

When Moose Hibley came home
He thought he'd go back
Down by the big lake
To hunt up a track,
And there he saw Than Dauphinee
With a moose upon his back,
He says, "Lay down your moose
And do it in time,
Or go to the city "
And pay up your fine.

7

Dauphinee being an old hunter,
A man of great fame,
He hung to his moose meat
At that all the same,
He hung to his moose meat
And never made a sad mourn
And never laid it down
Until he got to his home.

(over)

Hubley being a woods ranger
 As you all understand,
 To hunt up a bull moose
 He tried every plan,
 He put the birch back to his snout,
 He made a loud call,
 He up with his rifle
 And down the moose he did fall.

We will skin him in the woods,
 We will bring him home in four,
 We will sell him in the city,
 Good-bye forever more,
 When Hubley came home
 The trial was o'er,
 His eyes did shine with glee,
 For seventy dollars he did get
 All for his familiee.

He bought presents galore,
 Of that I am sure,
 Including a bottle of rye.

Sung by Mr. Jim Mason, Upper Tantallon, and recorded by Helen Creighton, July, 1950.

This incident which is none too clear in the telling, happened 45 or 50 years ago when moose were plentiful in these parts. Mr. Hubley was a guide, Mr. Mason says, and a great caller like his father before him. He would call them up so close they would take snaps of them before shooting them. This was his living to take them huntin' and troutin'. Slaunwhite and he was bad friends, and he did catch him with Than (pronounced Tan) Dauphinee, so he made up a song about him. Mr. Slaunwhite couldn't read or write, but he made up several songs which the others put together as best they could.

"Do you want to make ten cents?" says my uncle from the States to tease us when we were boys.

"Yes, where do you want us to go?"

"I just want you to recite something for me; set up in the chair and say what I tell you:

I'm an eero
Kill my cleero,
A run jum, run jum,
Filly lily lily
A run jum
Filly dum kyro.

The story is told in a little more detail by Mr. Hubbley on the tape. He says his parents, watching the boys trying to catch the words, would shiver their sides laughing.

Told by Mr. Oliver Hubbley, Seabright, and recorded by Helen Creighton, July, 1950.