

Reel 43

FS630
23.160.2
mf 289.319

70-68. Toast. Recited by Mr. James Mason, Upper Tantallon

68-52. To Mr. G. U. Macumber. Local. " " " # Song

52-42. My Corduroys. Erased

42-38. Courting Is a Pleasure. Pleasant love song. Sung by Mr.
Edward Deal, Seabright

38-28. The Mary L. MacKay. Good sea song. Sung by Mr. Otis Hubley,
Seabright

28-20. The Cedar Grove. Local wreck. Sung by Mr. Otis Hubley, Seabright

20-10/Our Jack Came Home. Sung by Mr. Edward Deal, Seabright

10-8. I'm Sleeping in the Hammock. " " " "

8-end. My Sister Mary. Not folk. " " " "

A few years ago when we lived on the Bay Road at Fourteen Mile House my insurance agent was a great friend of ours and used to put up with us for the night, and being an old Scotchman he liked his hot toddy and he enjoyed them. He was a great fellow for taosts, and this is one I learned from him:

Ho rses and mules live thirty years,
They never like wine or beer,
Sheep and goats are dead at twenty,
They drink no liquor, water plenty.

2

At fifteen dogs are mostly dead,
They never taste the wine when red,
At nine a cat's lost all nine lives,
Most beasts on earth on water strives.

3

At five most birds have left this earth,
They never knew the cocktail's worth,
But evil, wicked, rum-soaked men
Live on to three score years and ten.

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

To Mr. G.U. Macumber
These lines I now dictate,
In answer to your letter
Of last December date,
It never was my expectation
To hear from you again,
You have proved yourself unfaithfully,
Your suit I now disdain.

2

Go false one, you've deceived me,
No more you I'll believe,
You have betrayed my confidence,
I own I am deceived,
A sailor once I dearly loved
I'll truly turn from now,
But your heart was dark and treacherous
As the ocean that you plough.

3

My love was your entirely,
That needs no tongue can tell,
But if a fault was cherished there
'Twas by loving you too well,
Relations, friends, and parents
I sacrificed for thee,
But your courage wasn't strong enough
To do the same for me.

The lovers were together and broke up and he had left her,
and this was a letter she had written and somebody got a
hold of it and made up these words. Working in the woods one
winter I learned that much of it, and I think it's a great
song.

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

My Corduroys

Reel 43.52-42. No.3

Not folk, and vulgar, so erased from tape.

Song erased

Courting is a pleasure
Betwixt my love and me,
And down in yonder valley
I'll meet my love bye and bye,
It's down in yonder valley
I will meet my heart's delight,
I could sing for you my true love
From the morning until night.

3 2

Now I'll buy my love a bottle of wine
And place it in her hand,
Come drink with me my darling,
Let the bottle remain with him,
Come drink with me my darling,
Let the bottle remain with him,
For a cowardly-hearted soldier
Shall never gain the field.

4 3

Now early last Sunday morning
I passed my loved by,
And I knew her mind was altered
By the rolling of her eye,
I knew her mind was altered
By a man of high degree,
I says, "My pretty Polly
It look though you wounded me.

5 4

Now I can plow a fair long strip
And I can plow it deep,
And I can court an old sweetheart
Till the new one do come on,
And I can pass my love by
Just as sly as she can pass me,
And the girl that thinks I'll have her
Disappointed she may be.

6 5

Now it's fare you well sweet Lachlan's green,
And it's fare you well Onmore,
And it's fare you well sweet Lawrencetown
And the girl who I adore,
For America lies far away
As the place you have go see,
May he be cursed forever
Who parted my love from me.

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

The Mary L. MacKay.

Reel 43.38-28. No.5

For words see Songs and Ballads From Nova Scotia, p.284.
This song is actually a poem by Mr Frederick William Wallace
about a trip in the Effie Morrissey published in the
Canadian Fisherman, 1914.

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

Mr. Hubley says the tune was put to the words by a man
in Musquodoboit.

There sailed a splendid steamship,
The Cedar Grove by name,
To cross the briny ocean
From London city came,
While steering on one stormy night
To think to make the land,
By some miscalculation
The Canso shore did strand.

2

The sailor at the helm
Knew that he could tell
They were nearing on the shore
By the heaving of the swell,
He wished to give the warning
But knew it was not his place,
But assisting hands that held
No matter what took place.

3

The weather thick and rainy
To lookout at his post,
The first he saw of danger
Were breakers on the coast,
The orders they were given
The engine to reverse,
"Starboard your helm," our captain cries,
"The ship is off her course."

4

But straight towards the breakers
The gallant ship steered on,
One moment more a terribly crash
Brought fear to every one,
The engineer and fireman
Were hurled to earth below,
And by their perseverance
Our ship did backward go.

5

Soon she gained deep water,
But yet her doors unsealed,
The briny flood rushed in to her
And soon to port did reel,
The heavy weight of water
From forward it did flow,
And bursting in to after parts
Then down our ship did go.

6

Now the saddest of my story
Still yet it is remained,
We had one lady passenger,
Miss Farlane was her name
To visit some relations
Near the city of St. John,
To venture on the stormy night
And now she's dead and gone.

7

A sailor said he saw her
Near the cabin door stand by,
It grieved his heart with pity
To hear her mournful cry,
He offered for to save her
And said she'd not be lost
But soon this handsome maiden
On the billows she was tossed.

8

The same sea took her captain
And he was seen no more,
Through heavy mist and darkness
The boat still lingered near,
The engineer and fireman
Just as the ship went down,
The body of that lady
Has never yet been found.

9

Our cargo was for Halifax
And the city of St. John,
And to the latter port
Our steamship did belong,
She was strongly built on the banks of the Clyde,
Five thousand tons or more,
But her rugged strength proved no avail
On the rocks of Canso shore.

10

O now that splendid steamship
On the bottom she do lie,
And for the rest of her cargo
The divers are to try,
A disfigured body was brought up
And taken to the land,
Our brave and noble captain
Who died in all command.

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

Our Jack came home from sea to-day
And the jolly old tar is he,
It's many a year he's been away
From his love, his home, and me.
Yethis heart is true as it was of old,
His spirits light and gay,
All dangers past he's home again at last
When our Jack came home to-day.

Cho.

Our Jack came home to-day,
Our Jack came home to-day,
And that good ship Jane's in port again
When our Jack came home today.

2

Our Jack came home from sea to-day
To make his Nell his bride,
With glowing cheeks she never despaired
Though the hope within her died,
Her eyes grew dim, her cheeks grew pale,
And she slowly pined away,
But that lovely bloom is in her cheeks again
When our Jack came home to-day. Cho.

Learned from an Irishman harvesting in the Canadian west.

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

I'm Sleeping in the Hammock Reel 43.10-8.No.8

I'm sleeping in a hammock,
I dreamed a lovely dream,
I dreamed I was in Ireland
All by some flowing stream,
And the pretty fair maid sat by my side
And she had my command,
But when I woke my heart was broke
In a place called Paddy's land.

Hurray my boys and the sails al set
And the winds all blowing fair,
We're bound for Halifax Harbour,
In a few days we'll be there,
It's hard to part from those you love
And it fills my heart with woe
To dine in dear old Ireland
Where the dills and the shamrocks grow.

The second verse is probably a chorus.

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

I'm in search of my young sister Mary,
She's been missing a month and four weeks,
She's rather a good looking fairy
With a bloom moulded green on her cheeks,
And she works in the pig iron foundry
Making crutches for cork wooden legs,
She spends her spare time with the farmer
Putting shells on grasshopper's ~~legs~~ eggs.

Cho

Did you see my sister Mary
She's got bunions on her gums,
And you'd think to see her laughing
~~She's got~~ That her mouth was full of plums,
She's got one eye looking east and west,
The other north and south,
She ran into a flour barrel,
I had to kic k he r out.

2

But wherever she's gone to it's a mystery,
I've been searching for her till I'm sick,
I'd thank anyone who can tell me
Where to get the good supper on tick. Cho.

3

But she do not wear gloves on her eyebrows
Though weeping she oft times shed tears,
It would take a steam shovel a fortnight
For to dig the wax out of her ears. Cho.

Probably music hall song.

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