

Reel 44

FSG 30  
23. 161.2  
MF 289.321

- 70-60. Nellie Ray. Sung by Mr. Edward Deal, Seabright.  
60-58. Bella Skunk. Local. " " " "  
58-54. Three Men Went A-Hunting. Good song. Sung by Mr. Deal.  
54-50. The Derby Ram/Good song. Sung by Mr. Otis Hubley, Seabright  
50-44. I Kissed Her. Sung by Mr. Deal and Mr. Hubley.  
44-40. Tiger Bay. Sea song. Sung by Mr. Otis Hubley, Seabright  
40-36. Handsome Cabin Boy. " " " " " "  
36-34. The Baffled Knight. 1 vs. " " " "  
34-20. In Dawson City. Sea ghost. " " " "  
30-28. Some of Us. 1 vs. & cho. " " " "  
28-22. Paddy's Land. Irish, good. " " " "  
22-20. I Am A Jolly Teamster. Sung by Mr. Edward Deal, Seabright.  
20-18. That Little Old Red Shawl. Sung by Mr. Fred Somers, West Gore  
18-16. Found A Horseshoe. " " " " " "

I love a little country girl,  
The village beauty rare,  
With rosy cheeks and pearly teeth  
And lovely nut brown hair,  
Her waist it is so slender  
And her feet they are so small,  
Of all the girls I ever loved  
My Nellie beats them all.

Cho.

Nellie Ray, Nellie Ray, charming little Nell,  
Nellie Ray, Nellie Ray, charming little belle,  
Nellie Ray like birds of May singing all the day,  
I never had a sweetheart like my charming Nellie Ray.

2

Her father keeps a farmhouse  
In a village down in Kent,  
And being on my holidays  
To spend them there I went,  
And while a-strolling through the fields  
As on my way I roam,  
There's where I met my Nellie  
As she drove the cattle home. Cho.

3

And now we name the happy day,  
How happy we shall be,  
No thoughts of jealousy shall enter  
The minds of her or me,  
But in our farmhouse we  
Will be happy night and day,  
Our lives shall pass like sunshine  
For I have the ~~brilliant ray. Cho.~~ brightest ray. Cho.

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

There is a little street  
To the beggars up the Bay,  
Bailey he took Dolly  
And he made no delay.

Cho.

With my re a re a re,  
And my roo a roo a roo,  
Whack fol the daddy  
To my right fol the dey.

2

The whiskey it was brought  
And Bailey he got bad,  
It was all for Dolly's sake  
And Bailey he got mad. Cho.

3

The rum it was brought  
And Bailey he got drunk,  
And the next news I heard  
Was a row with Bella Skunk. Cho.

4

He called for some cake,  
Some white and some brown,  
And he says, "There's as good a living here  
As into any town." Cho.

5

Now when Bailey he got home  
He cursed and he swore,  
He spent one and threepence  
But he swore he spent no more. Cho.

Belle was a girl who "got in a brush" with a skunk, so she was called Bella Skunk after that. The words of the first line may be wrong, but I can't make them out from the tape.

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

Three men went a-hunting  
And they couldn't find a thing  
Until they came to a porkypine  
When they began to sing,  
"It's a porkypine," said the Englishman,  
The Scotty he said nay,  
The Irishman said it was a puncushion  
With the pins stuck in the wrong way.

2

Three men they went a-hunting  
And they couldn't find a thing  
Until they came to an owl  
And they begin to sing,  
"It's an owl," said the Englishman,  
The Scotty he said nay,  
The Irishman said 'twas the devil himself  
And his hair was turning grey.

3

Three men went a-hunting  
And they couldn't find a thing  
Until they came to a skunk  
When they began to sing,  
"'Tis a skunk," said the Englishman,  
But Scotty he said nay,  
The Irishman said it was a scent bottle  
But the cork has blown away.

4

Three men they went a-hunting  
And they couldn't find a thing  
Until they came to Seabright  
When they began to sing,  
"To Seabright," said the Englishman,  
The Scotty he said nay,  
The Irishman said it was the end of the world  
And we'll go the other way.

There are more verses which the singer couldn't remember. Sung by Mr. Edward Deal, Seabright, and recorded by Helen Creighton, July, 1950.

Mr. Deal substitutes Seabright for Marblehead, the name place he has heard other singers use.

As I rode out to Derby town  
All through the fields of corn  
There I spied a Derby ram,  
The biggest that ever was born.

Cho.

Come a tor rol lorrel laddie,  
Come a torrel lorrel ley.

2

This ram he had such horns  
They were fifty feet in reach,  
And right between the two of them  
The minister stood and preached. Cho.

3

This ram he had one tooth sir  
It held five bushels of corn,  
They hauled it down to Dublin  
For to make a bugle horn. Cho.

4

This ram he had one foot sir  
It covered an acre and a half,  
And every tick upon his back  
Was as big as a yearling calf. Cho.

5

The wool on Derby's ram  
It was neither thick nor thin,  
But it took the women seven long years  
For to card the wool and spin. Cho.

6

O the man that owned this ram  
He was neither rich nor poor,  
And the man who made this song up  
Was the lying son of a who. Cho.

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

See Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia, p.241.

I kissed her and carressed her  
And I called her my fairy queen,  
I threw my arms around her neck  
And give her a great big squeeze,  
Her lips began to quiver  
And her breath came short and quick,  
She had an elegant boot and ankle too  
Likewise a lily white calf,  
I'd tell you more about her  
But it would only make you laugh.

2

I took my girl out roaming  
And we sit upon the grass,  
A bumble bee he came along  
And stung her on the  
You take care of the bee,  
And watch her where she flies,  
A busy little bumbly bee  
Away up in the skies.

3

She had an elegant boot and ankle too,  
Likewise a lily white calf,  
I might tell you a great deal more  
But it would only make you laugh.

Probably a music hall song with more verses a bit off color.  
Begun by Mr. Edward Deal and finished by Mr. Otis Hubley,  
Seabright; recorded by Helen Creighton, July, 1950.

Tiger Bay. Reel 44. 44-40. No.6

Come all you young fellows a story I'll tell  
Of a sad misadventure unto me befell,  
While strolling down town one night on a spree  
A charming young clipper I spied on my lee.

Cho.

Singing fol diddle lido,  
Fol diddle lido whack fol the lie dey.

2

What country she hailed from I couldn't tell much,  
But from her appearance I took her for Dutch,  
Herrigging was neat, her spars they were low  
And she was round at the counter and bluff at the bow. Cho.

3

I sat out my 'bout face and my signals she knew,  
She clewed her maintopsails and hove herself to,  
I hailed her in English, she answered me this,  
"I'm out from Blue Anchor bound down for a drink." Cho.

4

I gave her my hauser, took her in tow,  
Was yardarm along together did go,  
We sailed along briskly, happy and gay  
Till we came to an anchor down in Tiger Bay. Cho.

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

It is of a pretty fair maid  
As you might understand,  
She was inclined for roaming  
All to some foreign land,  
Dressed herself in sailor's clothes  
And boldly did appear,  
And she hired with our captain  
To serve him one year.

2

She hired with our captain  
A cabin boy to be,  
The wind it being favourable  
We soon stood out to sea,  
The captain's lady being on board  
Her heart was overjoyed  
To see the captain hired  
Such a handsome cabin boy.

3

She skipped about the cabin floor,  
She done her duty well,  
But mark what follows after,  
The thing itself will tell,  
The captain and the cabin boy  
Would oftentimes skip and toil,  
We soon found out the secret  
Of the handsome cabin boy.

4

Her cheeks was red and rosy,  
Her hair locks they did curl,  
The sailors all would laugh and joke,  
She just looks like a girl,  
But after eating cabin biscuits  
Her color did destroy,  
And ~~the~~ waist did swell of pretty Nell  
Our handsome cabin boy.

5

It was up the Bay of Biscay  
Our gallant ship did plow,  
That night among the sailors all  
There rose a desperate row,  
Came tumbling from their hammocks,  
Began to rip and tear,  
The child belongs to none of us,  
To that we all can swear.

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

The Handsome Cabin Boy. Reel 44.

Extra verses contributed by Mrs. Grant, <sup>Sask.</sup> whose father had come from Pugwash. From last 2 lines of vs. 5 to end:

As from their hammocks they all jumped  
Which did their rest destroy,  
And they cursed about the groaning  
Of the handsome cabin boy.

6

Oh doctor, dear doctor  
The captain loud did cry,  
The sailors swore by all above  
The cabin boy should die, <sup>doctor</sup>  
But the old ship's ~~captain~~ he came up  
A-smiling at the fun,  
For to think a cabin boy should have  
A daughter for a son,

7

'Twas when the sailors found out the joke  
They all did look and stare,  
The child belonged to none of them  
They solemnly did swear,  
The captain's lady to him said,  
"My dear I wish you joy,  
For either you or I've betrayed  
The handsome cabin boy."

8

A flowing bumper then all drank  
Success to glorious trade,  
And one to the handsome cabin boy  
Who was neither man nor maid,  
Saying when the sea gets up again  
Our sailors to destroy,  
We'll ship some able seaman  
Like the handsome cabin boy.

The Baffled Knight. Reel 44.36-34.No.8

Singer's Title: The Shepherd's Laddie.

As I rode out one May morning  
And straightway have I looked,  
I spied a pretty fair maid  
A-bathing in a brook.

Cho.

Tilly fol lor a lorel lie  
Tilly fol lor a lorrel ley.

This is the only verse the singer could remember. Sung by Mr.  
Otis Hubley, Seabright, and recorded by Helen Creighton, July, 1950.

See Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia, p. 63.

In Dawson city, in Dawson square  
 There lived a lady I do declare,  
 She courted a young man to be her dear  
 Who was tall and handsome and wore curly hair.

2

One morning early before it was day  
 He went to Polly and these words he did say,  
 "Arise pretty Polly and come along with me  
 Before we get married our friends to go see."

3

We rode through hills and through valleys so deep  
 Which caused pretty Polly to sigh and to weep,  
 "Oh Willie, dear Willie, you're leading me astray  
 And perhaps my poor innocent soul to be slain."

4

"It's true love, it's true, oh it's true what you say,  
 For the whole of this night I've been digging your grave,"  
 And straight she walked to it till her grave she did spy  
 Which caused pretty Polly to weep and to sigh.

5

No time, no time, no time to withstand,  
 He instantly taking a knife in his hand  
 He pierced her tender bosom till the rich blood did flow,  
 And into that cold grave her body he did throw.

6

He covered her over so safe and so sound  
 Not thinking this murder would ever be found,  
 He went on board his good ship to sail the world round  
 Not thinking this murder would ever be found.

7

Now the captain he went to the crew and did say,  
 "You've murdered some fair maid before you came away,  
 Whoever will confess it his life I won't take  
 But I'll land them all on the first island I make."

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

See Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia, p. 114, The Ship's  
 Carpenter. Mr. Hubley has forgotten the part of the song  
 where the ghost of the murdered lady appears.

Some of us may leave from Ireland,  
Some from Scotland, some from Rome,  
Some from Greenland's icy mountains,  
More perhaps may stay at home.

Cho.

Coke a de luck a da luck a da ley lee,  
Coke a de luck a da luck a da ley,  
Coke a de luck a da luck a da ley lee,  
Coke a de luck a da luck a da ley.

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

All the singer can remember.

I am an Irishman,  
Pat O'Connors is my name,  
I came from dear old Ireland  
And I'll never deny the same,  
I'm always gay and happy  
Wherever I chance to roam,  
The sun will shine in the harvest time  
To welcome poor Paddy home.

Cho.

Then hooray boys hooray,  
No more I wish to roam,  
And the sun will shine in the harvest time  
To welcome poor Paddy home.

2

Now there's goldsmiths more than emery,  
They love gold Erin's isle,  
O'Connor's the blade, he died for a spade  
To make old Ireland smile. Cho.

3

I once knew a dear little cottage  
Way down by a hickory hill,  
There was whisky in skiddore, and potatoes by galore,  
A stranger could get his fill.  
O but now since destination  
Has gone all through our land  
The horse, the plow, the sheep, and the cow  
Lies on the stranger's hand. Cho.

4

Where the girls they are so pretty  
They will take you by the hand,  
Singing Gramma McGee come along with me,  
You're welcome to Paddy's land.

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

I Am A Jolly Teamster. Reel 44.22-20.No.12

I am a jolly young teamster,  
I follow the lumbering trade,  
And all the harm I ever done  
Was courted a pretty fair maid,  
I courted her all summer  
And part of the winter too,  
Ahd to gain my love's affection  
I did not know what to do.

One night as I lay in my bunk  
I couldn't sleep a wink,  
It's Molly dearest Molly  
I'm going to leave you now.

The second verse may belong to The Maid of the Mountain Brow.  
The first verse seems to be a variant of The Foggy Dew, and  
evidently has some verses which the singer didn't think proper  
to sing to me. I am quite sure it was that and not his memory  
that held him back.

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

That Little Old Red Shawl. Reel 44.20-18. No.13.

O that little old red shawl,  
That little old red shawl,  
That little old red shawl my mother wore,  
And just before she died  
She called me to her bedside  
And willed to me that little old red shawl.

This used to be sung at seranades.

Sung by Mr. Fred Somers, West Gore, Hants County, and recorded  
by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1950

Found A Horseshoe.

Reel 44.18-16.No.14.

Found a horseshoe, shoe,  
Found a horseshoe,  
Lying in the middle of the road,  
It was rusty, full of nails,  
Pick it up and hang it on the door;  
It was rusty, full of nail holes,  
Pick it up and hang it on the door.

Sung by Mr. Fred Somers, West Gore, and recorded by  
Helen Creighton, Aug. 1950.