

Reel 45

FSG30
23.162.2
MF289.323

70-45. Lord Bateman. Good. Sung by Mr. Louis Boutilier, Upper Tantalillon

45-40. As Jimmie Went A-Hunting. For fuller recording see reel 47

40-38. Braking On A Train, Sung by Mr. Otis Hubley, Seabright

38-30. The Girl I Left Behind " " " " " "

30-28. Tale. Told by Mr. George Hubley, Seabright

28-20. Alphabet Song. Late. " " "

20-12. The Lass of Mohee. Sung by Mr. Otis Hubley, Seabright

12-10. McCarthy's Mare. Irish. " " " " "

10-end. Willie Was As Fine A Sailor. Ghost, sea. " "

In India lived a noble lord,
His riches were beyond compare,
He was the darling of his parents
And of their estate an only heir.

2

He had gold and he had silver
And he had houses of high degree,
But still he never could be contented
Until a voyage he had gone to sea.

3

He sailed east and he sailed west
Until he came to the Turkish shore
Where he was taken and put in prison
Where he could neither see nor hear.

4

The jailor had one only daughter,
A brisk young lady gay was she,
As she was a-walking across the floor
She chanced Lord Bateman for to see.

5

She stole the keys of her father's prison
And said Lord Bateman she would set free,
She went unto the prison door
And opened it without delay.

6

"Have you got gold or have you got silver,
Have you got houses of high degree?
What will you give to the fair lady
If she from bondage will set you free?"

7

"Yes I've got gold and I've got silver,
And I've got houses of high degree,
I'll give them all to the fair lady
If you from bondage will set me free."

8

"It's not your silver nor your gold,
Nor yet your houses of high degree,
All that I want to make me happy
And all I crave for is your fair body."

9

"Let's make a bargain and make it strong,
For seven long years it shall stand,
For you to wed no other woman
Or I'm to wed no other man."

10

When seven long years had passed and gone,
When seven long years were at an end
She packed up her richest clothing
Saying, "Now I'm going to seek my friend."

11

She sailed east and she sailed west
Until she came to the Indian shore,
But still she never could be contented
Until her true lover she did enquire.

12

She did enquire for Lord Bateman's palace
At every corner of the street,
She enquired for Lord Bateman's palace
To every person that she chanced to meet.

13

When she came to Lord Bateman's palace
She rapped so loudly upon the ring,
There was none so ready as the brisk young porter
To rise and let this fair lady in.

14

She asked if this was Lord Bateman's palace,
Or is the lord himself within,
"Yes, yes," replied the brisk young porter,
"He and his new bride have just entered in."

15

She wept, she wept, she wrang her hands
Crying, "At last I am undone,
I wish I was in my native country
Across the seas there to remain."

16

"Ask him to send me one ounce of bread
And a bottle of his wine so strong,
And to ask him if he have forgot the lady
Who set him free from his iron chains."

17

The porter went unto his master
And bowed so lowly upon his knees,
"Arise, arise my brisk young porter
And tell me what the trouble is."

18

"There is a lady standing at your gate
And she does weep most bitterlee,
I think she is as fair a creature
As ever I wish my eyes to see."

19

"She's got more gold on her four fingers,
And round her waist hangs diamond strings,
She got more riches about her clothing
Then your new bride and all her kin. (kin?)"

20

"She wants you to send her one ounce of bread
And a bottle of your wine so strong,
And to ask if you have forgot the lady
Who set you free from your iron chains!"

21

He stamped his foot upon the floor,
He broke the table in pieces three,
"Here's adieu to you my wedded bride,
For this young lady I will go see."

22

Then up spoke his new bride's mother,
She was a lady of high degree,
"Since you have married my only daughter,
"When she is none the worse for me."

23

"But since my fair one has returned
A second wedding there shall be,
Your daughter came on a horse and saddle
And she may return in a coach and three."

24

He took this fair lady by the hand
And he led her over the marble stone,
He changed her name from Susanna fair-a,
And now she is called the wife of Lord Bateman."

25

He took her by the lily white hand
And he led her through from room to room,
He changed her name from Susanna fair-a,
And now she is called the wife of Lord Bateman."

Sung by Mr. Louis Boutilier, Tantallon, and recorded by
Helen Creighton, July, 1950. He says he made up the tune, but
at the age of 88 his memory had probably failed him as it is so
similar to other tunes for this song.

1. On reel 47 he sings him instead of you.

2. Well?

This was recorded twice because he had been confused
in this reel between vs. 7 & 8. Also he was probably excited at
singing to a stranger for the first time, and sang quickly. The
other reel is slower, but his voice sounds tired, so this is the
better sounding reel.

As Jimmie Went A-Hunting. Reel 45.45-46.No.2

For a fuller recording and words see Reel 47, No.6

My name it is Edward Johnston,
A story to you I will tell,
I worked the section number ten
I'm a decent Irishman,
The conductor came to me one day,
And unto me these words he did say,
"O Johnston how would you like to be
A Brakesman on my train?"

2

He called me down to the station yard,
In my hand he placed a card,
He said that braking was not hard
If I would only gain,
And on my head he placed a cap
Which was worn by Oliver Chap
And all of the other decent chaps
While braking on a train.

3

They set me out to number ten,
There my troubles they began,
It was enough to rack my brain
When all came running in,
Then one would send me for apin,
The other would kick me back again,
They kept me running from end to end
While braking on a train.

4

The cars in couples went downthe hill,
The conductor said I was a dill,
I could thank the stars I hadn't been killed
While braking on a train,

5

When we got to Buffalo,
Holy Ginger didn't she blow,
When we got to Kalamazoo
I was frozen through and through,
He sent me out to shift the switch,
I run the old engine in the ditch,
The conductor said, "You son of a gun,"
While braking on a train.

6

My Sunday suit in a terrible state,
That was caused by loading freight,
There was a hole in my pants as big as New York,
The bare skin shining through,
The girls came shouting all the while,
"Johnston where did you get the style?"
Which caused my Irish for to boil
While braking onaa train.

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

My parents reared me tenderly,
They had no child but me,
My mind being bent on rambling
With them could not agree,
I soon became a rover bold,
~~With them could not agree,~~
Which grieved their hearts full sore,
And I left my aged parents
Never to see them more.

2

There was a wealthy gentleman
Residing in that part,
He had one only daughter
And I did gain her heart,
She was noble minded, true, and kind,
Most beautiful and fair,
With Columba's fairest daughter
She surely could compare.

3

I told her my intention was
To sail across the main,
I asked her if she would prove true
Till I returned again,
Big drops of tears rolled down her cheeks,
Her bosom heaved a sign,
"Fear not for me, brave youth," said she,
"My love will never die."

4

Then according to agreement
I went on board my ship,
Unto the town of Gloucester
We made a pleasant trip,
There I found gold in plenty, ~~And the maids were more than kind,~~
And the maids were more than kind,
And my love grew cold and colder
For the girl I left behind.

5

We next set sail for Dunfrie Bay
That hospitality land,
Where handsome Jenny Ferguson
First took me by the hand,
She said, "I've gold in plenty
And love with you to find,"
And the tales of gold destroyed my love
For the girl I left behind.

6

She said, "If you will marry me
And say no more you'll roam,
All I possess, it shall be yours
And I'll prove constant, true,"
To this I soon consented
And I own it to my shame,
For what man can be happy
When he knows he is to blame?

7

My father in his winding sheet,
My mother too appears,
The girl I love stands by their side
To wipe away their tears,
They all died broken-hearted,
And now too late I find,
Since God has seen the cruelty
To the girl I left behind.

Sung by Mr. George Hubley, Seabright, and recorded by
Helen Creighton, Aug. 1950.

There were three fellers onetime going along the street, an Irishman, a Scotchman, and an Englishman, and they saw a sign up, Tailor Wanted. So the ~~Englishman~~ said they'd go in and see if they could get the job. So they went in and one of the fellers looked at him and said, "What kind of a tailor do you want?"

"Well," he said to the Scotchman, "What good are you at tailoring?"

"Well," he said, "all I got to do is to look at a man going along the street and I can cut a piece to fit him."

"Well," he said, "that wasn't too bad." So he said to the Englishman,

"How good are you on a suit?"

"Well," he said, "all I got to do is to see a man going around a corner and I can cut a suit to fit him."

He said, "That's pretty good," so he said to Pat,

"How good are you on cutting a suit?"

He said, "Just show me the corner that man went round, and I'll cut a suit to fit him."

Told by George Habley, Seabright, and recorded by
Helen Creighton, Aug. 1950

Father was one of the most absent-minded men ye ever saw. Just to show you how absent-minded father was, we had a big bull dog up at our house, and every night before father put himself to bed he kicked the dog downstairs. Well one night father came home and he had one of his absent-minded streaks, and instead of putting the dog downstairs, he put the dog to bed and kicked himself downstairs.

So father went prowling round the streets all night looking for rats, cats, and other kind of dogs, and he never knew the difference till he come to back in the morning and we were going to put a muzzle on him.

So he was a great school teacher, and all the while he was travelling he was teaching school, and this is the way he used to learn his a,b,c's.

A stands for Atlanta,
 B for Boston town,
 C stands for Chicago
 Where the hold-up men are found,
 D it stands for Denver
 Where they cure your lungs and liver,
 E is for the Evanville
 On Mississippi River.

F is for Fall River,
 Frankfort tube as well,
 And G is for Grand Rapids,
 And H it stands for Helne,
 I stands for Indianapolis
 Where Indians are found,
 J stands for Jersey City
 Where mosquitoes weigh a pound.

K stands for Kanso City,
 L for Louisville I hear,
 M is for Milwaukee,
 Milwaukee stands for beer,
 N's for New York City
 A place to go in a half,
 A man from Arkansas from there
 Lost his little raft.

O stands for Amaha-ha,
 Don't think the town's a joke,
 And P it stands for Pittsburg,
 And Pittsburg stands for smoke,
 Q it stands for Qunizy,
 R for Rochester,
 T is the strongest thing they drink
 Out in Topeka.

R.S.T.U. squiddle with Virginia,
 X, Y's that got the best of me,
 The X for zne at the north pole,
 The glory that is heard by the old country's song the way
 that she groaned and leave the entire world.

Recited^Z and sung by Mr. George Hublely, Seabright, and recorded
 by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1950.

(What the last part means I can't imagine, but that is
 the way it is on the record).

As I went out roaming for pleasure one day
Into deep recollection to while the time away,
As I sat amusing myself on the grass
Who should I spy but a fair Indian lass.

2

She sat down beside me and taking my hand,
Saying, "You are a stranger and in a strange land,
But if you will follow you're welcome to go
And dwell in the cottage that I call my own."

3

The sun was fast sinking far o'er the blue sea
As I wandered home with my pretty Mohee,
Together we rambled, together we roamed
Till we came to a cot in the cocoanut grove.

4

Now the fondest expression she made unto me,
Saying, "Will you consent sir and stay here with me,
And do no more roaming far o'er the blue sea?
I will teach you the language of the lass of Mohee."

5

Now I says, "My kind maiden that never can be,
For I have a true love in my own countree,
She'll never forsake me for I know she loves me,
And her heart is as true as the lass of Mohee."

6

It was early one morning, one morning in May,
Unto this fair maiden these words I did say,
"I am going to leave you, so farewell my dear,
My ship's sails are spreading, and home I must steer."

7

The last place I saw her she stood on the strand,
And as my boat passed by she waved me her hand,
Saying, "When you have landed with the one that you love
Think on the pretty Mohee in the cocoanut grove."

8

Now I am landed on my own native shore,
Friends and relations all around me once more,
I gazed all about me but none could I see
That was fit to compare with the lass of Mohee.

9

The one I had trusted proved untrue to me
So I'll steer my course backwards far o'er the blue sea,
I will steer my course backwards, from this land I'll flee,
And I'll go spend my days with the lass of Mohee.

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

We started for the fair with spirits light and hearty
 Behind McCarty's mare sure we had a lively party,
 You never saw the like before, believe me what I say,
 Sure we had a roaring racket but the mare she ran away.

Cho.

Off she went, off she went, be god she wasn't worth a cent,
 The road was just as hard as flint behind McCarty's mare,
 "Hold her in," McCarty cries; "Stop her," saus McKeoughn
 Sure I thought we'd shake to pieces as over the road we flew,
 My head was spinning like a top, my heart was in despair,
 Sure the devil himself was in the wheels behind McCarty's mare.

2

McCarty held the wheels while Murphy held McCarty,
 And whisky filled our brains and made us wild and hearty,
 Mahoney tumbled out behind and there we left him lay,
 Sure we offered to assist him but the mare she ran away. Cho.

3

My decent coat was torn and my hat was left behind me,
 O then I swore sure I thought the ~~maxill~~ dust would blind me,
 Over holes and ditches went the wheels and murdered such a day,
 But myself was just returning with the mare than ran away. Cho.

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

Young Willie was as fine a sailor
As ever spliced a rope,
And Mary being his own true love,
His dear and fondest hope,
They were near about to join in wedlock bands
When Willie's first commission was
To sail to some foreign land.

2

"All hands on deck," our captain cries,
"Let us get our ship to sea,
Her sails are set, she fears no dread
As she steers her dangerous way,"
With a heavy gale of sea and tide
We entered Quebec Bay.

3

Oh now our ship is anchored
And Willie has gone on shore,
And all the whole way over
The foremost part he bore,
O now the storm is over,
Our ship begins to reel,
And Willie being a first class man
Was sent to guide the wheel,
And like a flash of lightning
A figure before his eyes,
And when it spoke it sound to him
Just like some churchyard cries.

"He's gone," she cries, "no more to rise,"
Which shocked the crew it fears,
When Willie's body disappeared
The night grew calm and clear.

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

Much of the song is forgotten, but this is evidently one
of the songs in which the ghost of the girl he has beguiled comes
to his ship and forces him to go to his death with her.