

FSG 30
23.167.2
MF 219.333

Reel 50

- 70-62. Rocking A Cradle. Sung by Mr. Edward Deal, Seabright
- 62-60. Apples, Pears & Peaches. This is another part of The Long Peggin' Awl, reel 28. Sung by Edward Deal.
- 60-52. Captain Wedderburn's Courtship. Interesting. Sung by Mr. George Hubley, Seabright
- 52-42. Banks of Newfoundland. Local. Sung by Mr. Edward Deal, Seabright
- 42-40. Stormy Weather Boys. Chanty. Sung by Mr. Otis Hubley, Seabright
- 40-30. The Mill at the Narrows. Good. Local. " " " "
- 30-28. Lady Isabel and the Elf Knight. 3 vs. " " "
- 28-24. Burns and His Highland Mary. Sung by Miss Elsie McDougall, West Gore
- 24-22. Jack the Sailor. Sung by Miss Elsie McDougall, West Gore
- 22-20. Meagher's Children. Sung by Mr. Arthur White, Noel Road.
- 20-12. The Flying Cloud. " " " " " " "
- 12-end. The Stowaway. Sung by Mr. John Harvey, Noel Road

As I was a-walking one fine summer's evening
It's down to the river I wandered alone,
There I espied an old man a-weeping and wailing,
A-rocking a cradle which was not his own.

^{u-h-sha-do} Cho.

Singing ~~rockaby~~-sweet baby lie easy,
Faith your old daddy might never be known,
For its weeping and wailing while rocking the cradle
For somebody's baby that is not your own.

2

Every night she would go to a ball or a party
And leave me a-rocking the cradle alone,
Poor innocent baby he calls me his daddy
But little he thinks that he is not my own. Cho.

3

Now come all you young men has no wives, that are single,
I pray al you fellows let women alone,
For by the Lord Harry, if ever you marry
They'll bring you a baby and swear it's your own. Cho.

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

Apples, pears, and peaches,
When ripe they must be plucked,
And if you meets a pretty school ma'am
She surely should be kissed.

Old maids and widows,
School ma'ams and all
Seems to take a liking
To my little black moustache.

Now mother, dearest mother, now
I'm surely not to blame,
For when you was young
O you surely did the same,
You left your own country,
Your home, friends, and all,
And you followed dear old daddy
For his little black moustache.

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

All he could remember of what he calls a little ditty.

Part of the Long Buggin' Quid. Reel 25

Captain Wedderburn's Courtship. Reel 50.60-52.No.3

Now what is rounder than a ring,
What's higher than a tree,
What is worse than women's tongues,
What's deeper than the sea,
What tree buds first, what bird sings best,
And where does the dew first fall?
So you and I in one bed lie
And you lie next the wall.

2 2

This world is rounder than a ring,
Heaven's high er than a tree,
The devil is worse than women's tongues,
Hell's deeper than the sea,
The oak buds first and the thrush sings best,
The dew on the grass first falls,
So you and I in one bed lie
And you lie next the wall.

3

Now for my breakfast you must bring
Some chickens without bones,
And for my dinner you must bring
Some cherries without stones,
And for my supper you must bring
A bird without a gall,
So you and I in one bed lie
And you lie next the wall.

4

Now when the chickens are in the shell
They haven't any bone,
When cherries are in blossom
They haven't any stone,
The dove he is a gentle bird,
He flies without a gall,
So you and I in one bed lie
And I lie over all.

Sung by Mr. George Hubley, Seabright and recorded by
Helen Creighton, Aug. 1950. The singer seems uncertain of the
tune at first, but has captured it fairly well by the end
of the song.

See also Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia p.21; 3 variants.

Mr. Arthur White, Noel Road, Hants Co., remembers the ending
of this song as, beneath the stock or wall.

Banks of Newfoundland. Reel 50.52-42. No.4.

Words as in Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia, p.227.
with these exceptions.

- vs.1. wild winds,
- vs.2. fare you well.
- vs.3. gently flow.
- vs.6. do show
- vs.8. and merry will be.

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

Stormy Weather Boys. Reel 50.42-40.No.5.

Cho.

And it's windy weather boys, stormy weather boys,
When the wind blows we're all together boys,
Blow your winds westerly, blow your winds blow,
Jolly nor'wester how steady she goes.

1 2

Up turns the eel with his slippery tail
Saying, "Damn your eyes captain it's time to make sail." Cho.

2 1

Up turns the whale with his shiny back,
Saying, "Damn your eyes captain it's time for to tack. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Otis Hubble, Seabright, and recorded by Helen
Creighton, Aug. 1950. The singer's breath gave out before he
had gone very far and he had to stop.

For a fuller version see Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia,
p. 232.

There's a mill at the narrows, she's one of the kind
 For sawing good stays her equals you can't find,
 She works with a cylinder and that's a good scheme,
 She don't run by water for she runs by steam.

Cho.

Laddie why whack for lorrel,
 Laddie why whack fal ley,
 Laddie why whack for lorrel
 Sing torrel I dey.

2

Now there is old Andy, he feels pretty sore,
 He always did work on a cylinder saw,
 Tite Hubley came down here looking at Bob
 And the first thing we knew he had old Andy's job. Cho.

3

Now there is Tite Hubley, a sawyer by trade,
 He works on a cylinder for which he gets paid,
 He works on the cylinder for which he gets paid
 And the stays that he saws they are of a good grade. Eho.

4

Now Bob will go down hook on a big load of logs,
 Before they get near up they'll break out some cogs,
 He'll go to the boss, "Now it's mighty damn queer
 The cogs in this hook up slip out every year." Cho.

5

Now there is Hiram Hubley on the shingle machine,
 The sawyer and the joined which he stands between,
 The sawyer and the joined which he stands between,
 He can't saw fast for he's too bloody green. Cho.

6

Now there is Peter Bowers as plain to be seen,
 He's laying up hidden but he's mighty green,
 He's laying up hidden it's plain to be seen
 With one moccasin red and the other one green. Cho.

7

Now there is Dick Byers in the back of the mill,
 He looks like a battle upon a dung hill,
 The saw that he works on it has a good dish
 And the stalk that he saws its for packing up fish. Cho.

8

Now Landy he goes to the boss and do say,
 "You better be careful when you go away,"
 Fred turns on the pump and out he will scoot,
 I'm afraid that old boiler will soon take a shoot! Cho.

9

"O I wouldn't mind but she's been there so long,
 She's gone through a fire and she can't be strong,
 I am so frightened you know very well
 That if she do burst we will all go to hell." Cho.

10.

O the time it rolled on till it came twelve o'clock,
 The whistle it blew and the mill it did stop,
 And when we came up to get what we eat
 We took off our shoes and walked in our sock feet. Cho.

Composed by Fred Byers, engineer at the Musquodoboit mill. There about as much more to the song which the singer can't recall, made up about all the men who worked there.

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

Lady Isabel and the Elf Knight. Reel 50.30-28.No.7

O she then mounted on her milk white steed
And led his fast travelling grey,
She rode till she came to her father's stable door
Just at the break of day.

2

She then walked up to her father's castle door
When the parrot to her did say,
"O where have you been my pretty fair maid
This whole long summer's day?"

3

"Hush up, hush up my pretty Poll dear,
Don't you tell no tales on me,
For your cage shall be made of the purest of gold
And your doors of ivory."

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

For fuller variants see Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia,
p. p.2.

Burns and His Highland Mary. Reel 50.28-24. No.8

For words see vs.13&14, Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia. "rosies" is sung for "roses".

Sung by Miss Elsie McDougall, West Gore as remembered from the singing of the late Sarah Harvey whose favorite song this was; reformed by Helen Creighton, Aug.1950

Jack the Sailor. Reel 50. 24-22. No.9

For words see 1st and last verses of this song in
Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia, p.167. Tune recalled
from the singing of a lumberman on the Noel Road.

Sung by Miss Elsie McDougall, West Gore, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1950 $\frac{1}{2}$

For words see Songs and Ballads From Nova Scotia p.292.
This is just a fragment of the song. Changes are:

vs.1. Kind Christians hear

vs.2. While there

They saw them leave.

vs.3. Was Mary Elizabeth, Margaret Meagher

Were their two pretty names,

Two fairer creatures never did

Dame Nature ever frame.

vs.4. Here in

that dreadful

they feared by day

And the screeching owls by night.

Sung by Mr. Arthur White, Noel Road, Hants Co., and
recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug.1950.

Mr. White says the song was composed by a Hants County
man named Daniël Garfield Blois.

O my name is William Holland
As you may understand,
I was born in the county of Waterford
Near Paddy's happy land,
When I was young and in my prime
Kind fortune on me smiled,
My parents reared me tenderly,
I being their only child.

2

My father bound me to a trade
Near Waterford's fair town,
He bound me to a cooper there
By the name of William Brown,
I served my master faithfully
For eighteen months or so,
When I shipped on board of the Ocean Queen
Bound down to Valparaiso shore.

3

When we arrived in Valparaiso
I met with Captain Moore,
He was commander of the Flying Cloud
Belonging to Trimore,
He said, "My boys how would you like
A slaving voyage to go
To the burning shores of Africa
Where sugar cane does grow?"

4

We all agreed but five bold youths
And them we had to land,
Two of them was Boston men
And two from Newfoundland,
The other was an Irish chap
Belonging to Trimore,
I wish to God I had joined them first
And went with them on shore.

Sung by Mr. Arthur White, Noel Road, Hants Co., and recorded
by Helen Creighton. Aug. 1950.

For a fuller variant see Songs and Ballads From Nova
Scotia, p. 26.

From Liverpool across the Atlantic
 Our good ship she sailed o'er the deep,
 With the sun brightly beaming above us
 And the waters beneath the salt sleet.

2

Not a bad tempered sailor among us,
 A jollier crew never sailed,
 Excepting the mate abit savage,
 But abetter seaman never sailed.

3

One day as he came from the low deck
 A-grasping a child by the arm,
 A poor ragged worn out little urchin
 Who had better been home with his ma.

4

Our mate asked the boy very roughly
 How he dared to be stowed away
 A-cheating the owners and captain
 ,Eating,saling, and all without pay.

5

This boy had aface bright and winning,
 And pretty blue eyes like a girl,
 Looked up in the mate's brushy eyebrows,
 And brushed back his long shining curls.

6

And he spoke in a voice soft and pretty,
 Saying,"My stepfather brought me on board,
 And he stowed me waybdown there below decks
 For to keep me he could not afford.

7

"And he told me this good ship would take me
 To Halifax city so fair,
 And he told me that God was my father
 Who dwells w^here the good angels are."

8

"It's a lie," said the mate,"not your father,
 But some of these big skulkers here,
 Some dough-headed muke-hearted sailor,
 Speak up, tell the truth,do you hear?"

9

And the boys eyes were filledup with teardrops,
 And faltering he asked,"May I pray?"

10

Then he knelt down there on the low deck
 Clasped his hands o'er his dear baby breast,
 As he ofttimes had done in his homeland
 At nighttime when going to rest.

11

Low and clear came the first words,"Our Father,"
 Low and clear from his dear baby lips,
 Though how like a trumpet it sounded
 To each man on board of that ship.

12

Now the whole of his prayer he has gone through
 For ever and ever amen,
 For al the bright shining gold ont he Indies
 They would not have heardit again.

13

Then the boy from the low deck was lifted
 And pressed to the mate's rugged breast,
 And his husky voice murmured,"God bless you,"
 As his lips to his forehead he pressed.

14

"You'll believe me now?" said the boy,
 "Believe you!" and he kissed him once more,
 "You have laid down your life for the truth lad,
 I'll believe you for now and ever more."