

Reel 53

FS630

23.170.2

- 70-52. Pretty Polly. Good. Sung by Mr. David Slaunwhite, Terrance Bay MF289.339
- 52-42. The Berby Ram. Good " " " " " "
- 42-20. Fiddle Tunes. Played by " " " "
- 20-end. Young Charlotte. Sung " " " "

As Polly lie sleeping all on her down bed
The thoughts of her true love still run in her head,
Neither father nor mother would make her false prove,
She dressed like a sailor and followed her love.

2

'Twas early next morning Pretty Polly arose,
She dressed herself in a new suit of clothes,
Coat, waistcoat, and trousers pretty Polly put on
And in every degree she looked like a queen's man.

3

She went to her father's stable, viewed the horses all round,
And she picked out the best one that was fit for the ground,
With a brace of loaded pistols and a sword by her side
On her father's best hunter pretty Polly did ride.

4

She rode along till she came to Killdown,
And she pulled up her horse by the sign of the crown,
And the first man she met was the brave English lord,
And the next was a captain, the man she adored.

5

Now when supper was over she held down her head,
And she asked for a candle to light her to bed,
"Go upstairs," says the captain, "there's a bed at your ease,
And may I lie with you young man if you please?"

6

"For to lie with my captan 'tis an undecent thing,
Like a new 'listed soldier going to fight for their king,"
"Let me be a captain at sea or on shore,
Here's a heath to pretty Polly, she's the girl I adore."

Sung by Mr. David Slauenwhite, Terrance Bay, and recorded by
Helen Creighton, Sept. 1950

Compare with Mrs. Gallagher's version recorded 1949.

1. Mr. Slauenwhite sings "dressed."

As I went down the street sir
 It was of a market day,
 I saw the finest ram sir
 That ever was fed upon hay.

Cho.

O you lie, you lie, you lie sir,
 Yes, no, you lie.

2

Now this ram had feet to walk sir
 And likewise legs to stand,
 And every hoof he had
 It would cover an acre of land. Cho.

3

Now the horns than grewed on his head sir
 Was touching to the moon,
 When a man went up in February
 And never came down till June. Cho.

4

Now the tail that grewed behind sir
 Was forty good yards and an el,
 And they sent it down to Terrance Bay
 For to ring the new chapel bell. Cho.

5

Now the eyeballs that grewed on his head sir
 They were football size,
 And they went down to Terrance Bay
 To kick around with the boys. Cho.

6

Now the backbone that grewed on his back sir
 Would make a mainmast for a ship,
 And carry as good a sail sir
 I'm sure as ever Herb's boat. Cho.

7

Now the wool grewed on his back sir
 Was touching to the skies
 Where old birds built their nests sir
 And lets the young ones fly. Cho.

8

Now the wool that grows on his belly sir
 Was toughing to the ground
 And as it grows on his side sir
 I sold for a thousand pound. Cho.

9

Now the butcher that killed this ram sir
 Was almost drowned in blood,
 And forescore from Terrance Bay
 Was carried away in the flood. Cho.

10.

So now you've heard my song sir,
 I cannot sing no more,
 And the man that made this song sir
 Was a lying you-know-who.

Sung by Mr. David Slaunwhite, Terrance Bay, and recorded by Helen
 Creighton, Sept. 1950

Note how the singer has brought in his own village all through
 the song.

Fiddle Tunes. Reel 53. 42-20³No.3.

Haste to the Wedding, Lord McDonald's Reel, Charlie Over the Water, and talk about learning to play the fiddle, recorded for sample of dialect.

Tunes played by Mr. David Slaunwhite, Terrance Bay; step dance by Mr. Edward Gallagher, Chebucto Head. Recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1950.

Charlotte lived by the mountain side
In a low and dreary spot
With not a house for three miles round
Except her father's cot,
And many's the long and winter nights
Young swains would gather there,
Her father had a social board
And she was very fair.

2

Her father liked to see her dressed
Fine as a city belle
For she was the only child he had
And he loved his daughter well,
At New Years Eve as the sun went down
As she watched with a watchful eye
Was out of those frozen windows
As the merry sleighs passed by.

3

In the village in fifteen miles off
There's a merry ball to-night,
The air abroad is piercing cold
But their hearts are warm and light,
How restless was her watchful eye
Till a well known voice she hears
Come dashing up to the cottage door,
Young Charles and her sleigh appeared.

4

"Now Charlotte dear," the mother cried,
"This blanket around you fold
For it is a piercing night abroad
And you'll catch your death of cold."
"Oh no, oh no," young Charlotte cried
As she laughed like a gypsy queen,
"To ride in blankets muffled up
I never shall be seen.

5

"My silken cloak it is quite enough,
It's lined throughout, you know,
Besides I have a silken scarf
To guard my face from snow."
Her gloves and bonnet being on
As they jumped into the sleigh,
They rode away by the mountain side
And over the hills away.

6

"There's music all round of the merry ball
Whilst over the hills we go,
What a creaking noise the runners make
As they bite the frozen snow,
Such a night as this I never knew
My reins I scarce can hold,"
When Charlotte cried in a feeble voice,
"I am exceeding cold."

7

Now he cracked his whip, he urged his steed
More faster than before
Until another five miles round
In silence they rode o'er,
"How fast, how fast the frozen ice
Is gathering on my brow,"
When Charlotte cried in a feeble voice,
"I'm growing warmer now."

(over)

Then its over the hills with the frosty air
 And with a clear starlight,
 Until at last the village inn
 And the barroom came in sight,
 They reached the end when Charles sprang out
 And reached his hand to her,
 "Why sit you there like a monument,
 Have you no power to stir?"

9

Now he called her once, he called her twice,
 She answered not a word,
 He called her for her hand again
 But yet she never stirred,
 'Twas then he took her hand, "Oh God,
 It was cold and as hard as stone,
 He tore the mantle from off her face
 And the cold stars on her shone.

10

Was then he took her out in the sleigh
 And with her he drove home,
 And when they reached the cottage door
 O how her parents mourned,
 They mourned the loss of their daughter dear
 While Charles mourned over the gloom
 Until at last his heart have broke
 And they both slumbered in one tomb.

Sung by Mr. David Slaunwhite, Terrance Bay, and recorded by
 Helen Creighton, Sept. 1950.