

Reel 55

FSG30

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- 70-50. There Was A Rich Merchant. Sung by Mrs. Lottie Grey, Sambro Creek
- 50-46. The Old Black Crow. Nursery Song. Good. Sung by Mrs. Percy Smith, Sambro Creek
- 46-40. You Pretty Girls of Liverpool. Sea song. Sung by Mr. David Slaunwhite, Terrance Bay.
- 40-18. Moose Hunting Song. Local. Sung by Mr. Willis Jollimore, Terrance Bay
- 12-end. The Outcast Parents. Late. Sung by Mr. Everett Jollimore, Terrance Bay

There was a rich merchant  
In London did dwell,  
He had one lonely daughter,  
A daughter of fame,  
She was courted by many  
But she slighted them all  
For to wed with a sailor  
Who was handsome and tall.

2

O when her old father  
The news came to him,  
He sent for his daughter,  
His own daughter dear,  
Saying, "It's daughter, dearest daughter,  
Can't you make a better choice,  
For to wed with a sailor  
Your friends to disgrace?"

3

"O father, dearest father,  
Your pardon I pray,  
For a sailor's my fancy  
And I'll be his bride,  
If I can't wed a sailor  
My life I'll destroy."

4

The day was appointed  
Those two were to be wed,  
With great preparation  
Brought much sorrow and much mirth,  
For instead of getting married  
Was a sorrowful day for her,  
For her cruel old father  
Had me Will pressed to sea.

55

She cut off her locks  
And she dressed in men's clothes,  
And over the ocean  
Like a sailor she goes.  
She had not been sailing  
Before it was her lot  
To be shipmates with her true love  
And he knew her not.

6

One day they were sailing  
Far over the foam,  
She heard a young sailor,  
A sailor lad say,  
Saying, "Once I had a true love,  
But now I've got none,  
For her cruel old father  
Had me Will pressed to sea."

7

"I am a young scholar  
Brought up by my pen,  
I can tell people's fortunes  
Sometimes now and then,  
So it's give me your age  
And I'll cast up your lot  
For to see if you'll gain  
Your own true love or not."

(over)



He gave her his age  
From the day of his birth,  
She told him his fortune  
With much joy and mirth,  
And into his arms ~~ix~~  
Like lightning she flew,  
Saying, "It's Willie, dearest Willie,  
I have suffered for you."

The captain being handy  
Mistrusted the joke,  
He sent for the deacon  
Which brought hat and clothes,  
He had those couple married  
Before the whole ship's crew  
And spite her old daddy  
And all he could do.

Sung by Mrs Lottie Grey, Sambro Creek, and recorded by Helen  
Creighton, Sept. 1950.

The Old Black Crow. Reel 55. 50-46. No.2.

A boy to school was tramping,  
Singing merrily  
Lil the lil the lil the lil the lido,  
When an old black crow came and sat upon a tree,  
With his caw, caw, caw,  
Lil the lil the lil, the lil the lido.

2

O what asong is that  
For any birā to sing?  
Lil the lil the lil the lil the lido  
Let me find a stone, down that crow I'll bring,  
With his caw, caw, caw,  
Lil the lil the lil the lil the lido.

3

He threw with all his might  
But he failed to touch the crow,  
Lil the lil the lil the lil the lido,  
When slipped and fell on the ground his nose did go  
With a caw, caw, caw,  
Lil the lil the lil the lil the lido.

4

He dirtied all his clothes  
And was late for school and so  
Lil the lil the lil the lil the lido,  
He got a whipping for loitering with the crow  
With his caw, caw, caw,  
Lil the lil the lil the lil the lido.

Sung by Mrs. Betty Smith, Sambro Creek, and recorded by  
Helen Creighton, Sept. 1950.



You pretty girls of Liverpool  
Those lines to you I'll write  
In crossing o'er the ocean  
Which I've ofttimes took delight,  
In crossing o'er the ocean  
As we poor seamen do,  
Whilst those land loping  
Do stay at home with you.

2

Whilst those land loping fellows  
Do tell the girls fine tales,  
And all that I can say or do  
Is travelling o'er the fields,  
Now it's when the sun it do go down  
Aside they lay their plow,  
No longer can they see to work  
And homeward they go now.

3

And when the night it do come dark  
Into their beds they'll crawl,  
Whilst we poor jolly seamen bold  
Stands many the bitter squall,  
Now the wind it blew both east nor'east  
Which tossed us up and down,  
Which put all the lads in confusion,  
Afraid that we'd be drowned.

4

Cheer up, cheer up me lively lads,  
Stand to your ship's regard,  
Come up, come up from down below,  
Send down top gallant yard,  
So it's now the storm is over,  
And homeward we are bound,  
All to our wives and sweethearts  
All sorrow may be drowned.

5

And there we'll set and sing and drink  
As we ofttimes did before,  
And when our money it is all spent  
We'll go and seek for more.

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



The summer months have passed and gone  
And autumn comes on more,  
The hunter's horn was sounded  
As in the days of yore  
'Twas then that five young men went farth  
With hearts both light and gay  
To hunt for moose in a far off wood  
Their hunting skills to try.

2

To Halifax County they belonged,  
A place called Oyster Pond,  
One being a widow's main support,  
Being her oldest son,  
And as the children was seven years old  
He was put to the test,  
For to support the familiee  
He a ways done his best.

3

The sun had risen and through a cloud  
Sent forth its morning ray,  
But an accident has happened  
On that memorable day,  
'Twill bring distraction to our minds,  
Caused us to grieve with fear,  
Now we possessed a hardest heart  
That death was ever near.

4

Now Cyrus Mitchell is the name,  
The lad of whom I write,  
Who with his life so innocent  
It grieves me to recite,  
When I think on that sad accident,  
How two lives were taken away,  
His Uncle Tom Webber and he  
Upon that fatal day.

5

He bid good-bye to his mother dear,  
Brothers and sisters too,  
And with his uncle joined the band,  
A brave and happy crew,  
They camped at night in a foreign world,  
Next morning being clear,  
When the calling of a moose was heard  
Distinctly on the air.

6

So as they slowly crept along,  
Thinking one would appear,  
Indeed they never supposed that anybody  
Was ever there,  
But oh alas no moose was there  
But creeping on the ground  
Two men sat there who never knew  
That others were around.

7

One seeing a moving object,  
Not thinking it was near,  
One fired; when it was too late  
He saw what he had done,  
The bullet pierced poor Webber's heart  
And falling cries, "Oh my,"  
And through young Cyrus Mitchell's neck  
As he was standing by.

(over)



Poor Webber scarce two steps had made,  
 Fell dead upon the ground,  
 While Mitchell in his comrade's arms,  
 His life blood streaming down,  
 His companion rose him tenderly,  
 Filled up with sad dismay,  
 Trying to stop that stream of blood,  
 But his life had passed away.

9

Then sad and slow those men they bore,  
 Their comrades dead and cold,  
 Back to their weeping friends they came,  
 A sad sight to behold,  
 Then neighbors from both far and near  
 Gathered with straining eyes,  
 The hardest heart would break to hear  
 That weeping widow's cries.

10

"My son, my son, my darling boy,  
 How can this ever be  
 That you have been so cruelly  
 Taken away from me?  
 'Twas only yesterday you came  
 And bid to us good-bye,  
 But oh how little did I think  
 That you went forth to die."

11

His brothers and his sisters too  
 Was pitiful to hear,  
 As they stood weeping bitterly  
 For their own brother dear,  
 Caressing his pale features,  
 Beseeching him in vain,  
 If he would only just come back  
 And speak to them again.

12

The man that fired the fatal shot  
 Was prosecuted by the same,  
 But as it was accidentally done  
 On him will lay no blame,  
 No man could tell his anguish  
 When he did really know  
 How he had caused the warm life's blood  
 Of that dear one to flow.

13

He would give all the  
 To have this  
 But they were gone, no earthly power  
 Could ever them restore,  
 In sorrow and dismay he cries,  
 "My God what have I done?"  
 When he beheld at last life's blood  
 Run trickling to the ground.

14

So in a village churchyard  
 Their graves are side by side,  
 Two fine young men so suddenly  
 Of their young lives deprived,  
 Now those who read these mournful lines  
 Should they a-hunting go,  
 Think on the saddest accident  
 And a poor mother's woe.

(over)

Don't be too hasty with your gun  
But take a steady aim,  
Some fellow creature may be there  
By chance receive the same,  
When a deed's on<sup>e</sup> done you can't undo,  
Adieu this world adieu,  
One hasty act may cause you grief  
The longest day you know.

Sung by Willis Jollimore, Terrance Bay, and recorded by  
Helen Creighton, Sept. 1950.

Vr. 2 was recalled after the song was ended; vs. 13  
seems out of place as though it should be sung earlier in  
the song. This is a story of a local happening.



The Outcast Parents. Reel 55.12-end. No.5.

Close beside a home of splendor  
Stands a couple old and grey,  
Pleading there in anxious tender  
Not to drive them thus away,  
By her side a sickly husband  
Beaten in the race of life,  
'Tis her son to whom she's pleading,  
Hear the cries of father and wife.

Cho.

"My boy it is your father and mother  
Who nursed you in days gone by,  
Do not turn us from your door  
Out in the cold to die.  
Remember the days in childhood  
When you toddled around our knee,  
Don't be unkind to us in our old age,  
Shelter your father and me. "

2

All around the snow is falling,  
Heavens what a bitter night,  
Carriages are swiftly hauling  
All within that dazzling sight,  
Up the steps the outcast loitered  
Just for shelter, nothing more,  
And the pleadings of that mother  
Seemed to penetrate the door. Cho.

3

The door was opened with a curse,  
He turned the outcast pair away,  
Little knowing, little caring  
If they'd ever see the day,  
With her shawl wrapped closely round them  
In the morning they both lay dead,  
In the snow with heads uplifted  
Those were the last words they said. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Everett Jollimore, Terrance Bay, and  
recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1950. There was no room  
on the reel for the last part of the chorus, but as this is  
not a folk song it was not repeated.

Music  
missing?