

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^e 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?