

Reel 58

FSG30  
23.175.2  
mf289.349

- 70-62. The Waterfall. Sung by Mr. Otish Hubley, Seabright.
- 62-32. The Eight Famous Fishermen. Local. Composed for recording  
and sung by Mr. Edward Deal, Seabright
- 32-30. As I Rode Out. Sung by Mr. Otis Hubley, Seabright
- 30-28. Mantle of Green. 3 vs. " " " "
- 28-24. The Fox. Nursery Song. Good. Sung by Mrs. Edward  
Gallagher, Chebucto Head
- 24-20. The Bonnie House o' Airlie. Good " " "
- 20-14. The Gypsy Laddie. Good " " "
- 14-end. Henry Martyn. Good " " "

The Fox

Reel 58. 28-24

No.5

For words see Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia B,p.248.  
Sungby Mrs. Edward Gallagher, Chebucto Head, and recorded by  
Helen Creighton, Sept.1950

Bonny House o' Airlie

Reel 58.24-20 No.6

Words as recorded in 1949. Sung by Mrs. Edward Gallagher,  
Chebucto Head, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1950. Her  
tune has been transcribed, and is in Traditional Songs From Nova  
Scotia.

Gypsy Laddie.

Reel 58. 20-14. No. 7

For words, see Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia, p. 71.  
The tune is also there. Sung by Mrs. Edward Gallagher, and  
recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1950

Henry Martyn.

Reel 58. 14-end No.8

For words and music see Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia, p.86. Sung by Mrw. Edward Gallagher, Chebucto Head, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1950. The machine developed a noise which rather spoils this record.

The Waterfall

Reel 58.70-62.No.1.  
Complete version.  
Also Reel 37 incomplete.

Come all young girls who fall in love  
And sympathize with me,  
Q once did court the prettiest girl  
That ever two eyes did see,  
She was scarcely seventeen,  
Her figure neat and tall,  
She was a charming creature  
And she wore a waterfall.

2

The next time that I met my love  
I never shall forget,  
I went into a Broadway store  
Some handkerchiefs for to get,  
She stood behind the counter  
All dressed up like a doll,  
She was a handsome creature  
And she wore a waterfall.

3

Was at the picnic party where  
I met her after that,  
Was there I introduced myself  
And had a pleasant chat,  
Lots of nice young girls were there  
But none could dance at all  
Except this charming creature  
And she wore a waterfall.

4

That night when I went home with her  
I thought I'd won her heart,  
But when she asked me to come in  
I thought we'd never part,  
But when I got inside I heard  
Strange footsteps in the hall,  
All sorts of colors turned the girl  
That wore the waterfall.

5

A great big fellow six foot three  
Came bounding in the room,  
And when he got his eyes on me  
He then began to fume,  
He grew so fierce and angry  
Oh my heart it did appal,  
"It is my husband," said the girl  
That wore the waterfall.

6

I scarcely had but time to think  
When this fellow at me flew,  
Sure this maid they held me down,  
They beat me black and blue,  
When I got up I found was gone  
My money, watch chain, and all,  
But I never more went near the girl  
That wore the waterfall.

Sung by Mr. Otis Hubley, Seabright, Halifax County, and recorded  
by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1950

O there's eight famous fishermen noted for fame,  
 They're descendents of Adam and offsprings of Cain,  
 They're descendants of Adam and the offsprings of Cain,  
 They don't make much money but they lives just the same.

Cho.

Right torrel, right torrel, right torrel oh dey,  
 To see all the sights I have came a long way,  
 And it cost I from one to two dollars a day,  
 Right torrel, right torrel, Paddy whack fol the dey.

O please pay attention to the tale I will tell,  
 I have <sup>in</sup> dimensions right here in detail,  
 I had them remodelled a short time ago  
 And their names I will mention while singing this song. Cho.

Now there's old Eddy Deal standing there like a crane  
 With his mutton chopped eyebrow and his long shaggy mane,  
 With his mutton chopped eyebrow and his long shaggy mane  
 Saying, "if the mackerel keeps coming he'll be getting quite tame." Cho.

Now Tom Hubley salts mackerel and sings Scotch melodies,  
 He sounds like a bullfrog that's taking a sneeze,  
 The tune that he sang it has a high pitch,  
 And the noise that he's making would frighten a fish. Cho.

Now there is George Hubley, the splitting machine,  
 The tub and the table which he stands between,  
 With his bald head a-shining and his cheezy-cat grin,  
 He looks like the moon rising over Benny's old hill. Cho.

O there is Byron McDonald in an old pair of brogues,  
 With a baseball team of whiskers smeared over his jaws,  
 With a baseball team of whiskers and his long eagle claws,  
 He pulls the gibbs out from their tails to their jaws. Cho.

There's Gordon McDonald in the back of the store,  
 He's packing up mackerel and he feels pretty sore,  
 O his eyes they are heavy, his fingers are sore,  
 Saying, "If Harold Redmond don't get some rum I won't pack any more." Cho.

Now Warden Redmond was out a-fishing all night,  
 He got bags around his eyeballs and he looks an awful sight,  
 Says Warden to Jimmie, "I don't think it's right,  
 It's terrible, terrible, these fish they won't bite." Cho.

Now Otis Hubley'll get up and he'll sing us a song,  
 It's not very short or it's not very long,  
 The song that he's singing it has a low tone,  
 But he's not doing too bad for a man with one lung. Cho.

Now there is Harold Redmond, the boss of the gang,  
 With his nose like a bunion and his mouth like a clam,  
 He's heading up mackerel and he says he don't give a damn  
 As he brings his big hammer right down with a bang. Cho.

Now they ~~catch~~ fish catches fish in the spring, they catch fish  
 in the fall,  
 They catches the big fish and they catches the small,  
 They goes out in the mornings and they baits up their trawl,  
 And all the night long they go jigging for squid. Cho.

1. Cheshire cat
2. mackerel gibbs

(over)  
 (over)

12

When the times it is hard and their money is spent,  
And their stomachs is empty and they're all out of breath,  
They'll go down to the store and bring up the salt cod,  
And if their wives won't cook him they'll eat them bones, skin  
and all. Cho.

13

Now there is Miss Creighton, she feels rather sore,  
I don't think she'll come down to Seabright no more,  
She came down to Seabright a-lookin' for tales  
And all that she found was six fish without scales. Cho.

14

Now her heart it is heavy and her feet they are sore,  
The sea gulls goes loudly and the billows they roar,  
And when she gets back to the old Dartmouth shore  
I don't think she'll make a recording no more. Cho.

15

Now boys just a moment, you've all had your say,  
While enjoying yourselves in so pleasant a way,  
The devil got in me one dark foggy morn  
As the dawn birds sang sweetly I'll now end my song. ~~Chor~~  
Cho.

Right torrel, right torrel, right torrel oh dey,  
For to see those queer sights she has came a long way,  
And it cost her from one to two dollars a day,  
Right torrel, right torrel, Paddy fol the dey.

Composed and sung by Edward Deal, Seabright, Halifax  
Co. Mr. Deal is a shy man, and it was a great surprise to his  
family and friends when he sang at all. On the final visit  
he sang this song as a surprise. He had been working on it  
for weeks while doing his work as gardener, and he sang it  
through from memory. No one had heard it before. Recording  
so many songs from memory had stimulated him to compose.  
Please do not allow this to be sung over a network as it  
might make bad friends for him in his community. Recorded  
by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1950

Occasionally the singer says two shillings a day in  
the chorus instead of two dollars. Undoubtedly he has set  
his words to a familiar tune, and probably the word shilling was  
part of the older song.

As I Rode Out.

Reel 58. 32-30 No.3

As I rode out one May morning,  
The fields and meadows in bloom,  
There I spied a pretty fair maid  
She was washing in a marble stone.

Go bring me in those spreading white sheets  
That hangs in linens so fine,  
Till I wave them over young Callinses corpse  
For to-morrow they shall spread over mine.

Sung by Mr. Otis Hubley, Seabright, Halifax Co. This is all  
he could remember. Recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1950

Mantle of Green.

Reel 58.30-28 .No.4

O one night as I went out walking  
Way down by a clear crystal stream  
As I lie on a bed o f primroses  
So gently I fell in a dream,  
I dreamt I espied a fair damsel,  
Her equals I ne'er saw before,  
She was dressed in the richest attire,  
So green were the mantle she wore.

2

So gently I kindly embraced her,  
"My dear what have brought you here?"  
"I'm a daughter of Daniel O'Connor,  
From old England I lately sailed o'er,  
I am here to awaken my brothers  
Who slumber on Erin's green shore."

3

Her eyes they did shine like two diamonds,  
Or like the stars on a keen frosty night,  
And her cheeks they did bloom like the roses,  
Her teeth like the ivory so white.

Fragment sung by Mr. Otis Hubley, Seabright, Halifax County,  
and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1950. After recording it  
as above, he remembered that vs.3 should be vs.2.