

Reel 65.

- 70-65. The Brave Volunteer. Sung by Mrs. Hiram Smith,
Tantallon. 1 vs.
- 65-62. As I Walked Out. Sung by Mrs. Hiram Smith, Tantallon,
1 vs.
- 62-50. My Faithful Sailor Boy. Sung by Mrs. Hiram Smith,
Tantallon. Not folk and tune uninter-
esting, but song is great favourite.
- 50-42. The Miller's Lonely Daughter. Sung by Mr. Edward Deal,
Seabright. Love song but not folk.
- 42-40. Kissing Song. Sung by Mr. Edward Deal, Seabright.
Comic. Tune Little Brown Jug.
- 40-28. Johnny Doyle. Sung by Mr. Otis Hubley, Seabright.
Love song, lovers separated by mother.
good; 8 vs.
- 28-20. Mary and Willie/ Sung by Mr. Edward Deal, Seabright.
Pleasant love song; sea; 10 vs.
- 20-12. Lady Isabel and the Elf Knight. Sung by Mr. Otis
Hubley, Seabright. 2 tunes.
- 12-10. The Wild Irishman. Sung by Mr. Irving Graves,
Boutilier's Point. Irish and good of
it's kind.
- 10-end. The Miller and His Three Sons. Sung by Mr. Irving
Graves, Boutilier's Point. 10 vs.
Very interesting variant.

The Brave Volunteer.

Reel 65. 70-65.No.1

One morning, one morning, one morning in May
I spied a fair couple a-walking away,
The one was a lady, a lady so fair,
And the other was a soldier, a brave volunteer.

(All the singer knows of this song)

Sung by Mrs. Hiram Smith, Tantallon, and recorded by
Helen Creighton, July/51

As I Walked Out

Reel 65.65-62/ No.2

As I walked out one May morning
It was in the bloom of spring,
I overheard a fair maid
Most grievously did say,
It was my cruel father
Who made me sore annoyed,
And he would not let me tarry
With my young sailor boy.

(All the singer knows of this song)

Sung by Mrs. Hiram Smith, Tantalion, and recorded by
Helen Creighton, July/51

Was on a cold and winter night
As the snow lay on the ground,
A sailor boy stood on the deck,
His ship was outward bound,
His sweetheart standing by his side
She shed many a silent tear,
And as he drew her to his heart
He whispered in her ear.

Cho.

Farewell my own true love, farewell,
This parting gives me pain,
You'll be to me a guiding star
Till I return again,
My thoughts they'll be of you my love
When the storms are raging high,
So farewell love, remember me,
Your faithful sailor boy.

2

A stormy day that ship set sail,
His lass was standing by,
She stood and watched him out of sight
While tears streamed from her eyes,
She prayed to God in heaven above
To guide them on their way,
And their last parting words that night
Re-echoed o'er the main. Cho.

3

But sad to say that ship returned
Without her sailor boy,
For he had died while on the main,
The flags flew half mast high,
When his companions came on shore
And told her he was dead,
And handed her a letter with
The last words that he said,

Cho.

Farewell my own true love, farewell,
On earth we'll meet no more,
But we will meet in heaven above
On that eternal shore,
Yes we will meet in that bright land,
That land beyond the sky,
Where there'll be no more parting from
Your faithful sailor boy.

Sung by Mrs. Hiram Smith, Tantallon, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, July/51

By a mill stream stood the miller's lovely daughter
And her cheeks were like the first primrose of June,
And her voice it sounds so like the rippling water
As so merrily she sings her only tune.
But soon her song of joy has turned to sorrow,
Her sweetheart he has come to say good-bye,
But her only thoughts are on the lonely morrow
When he takes her hand and bids the last good-bye.

Cho.

When the bees are in the hive
And the honey's in the comb,
And the golden sunbeam bends
To kiss the dew,
As the old mill wheel goes round
I love you Mary,
When the bees are in ~~the~~ their hive
I'll come to you.

2

By a millstream sits a lonely maid repining,
And her thoughts are like the stream rolls far away,
When she looks down in the shiny rippling water
She sees her golden locks are turning grey.
But long long she has waited his returning
In hopes that he'll come back again some day,
But the light of love is in her eyes still shining,
As that old mill wheel goes round it seems to say. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Edward Deal, Seabright, and recorded by
Helen Creighton, July/51

Kissing Song.

Reel 65.42-40.No.5.

I started in kissing my girl one night,
I started in kissing her with all my might,
I kessed her high and I kessed her low,
And I kissed her swinging to and fro.

Cho.

Hâ ha hâ, he ho hum,
Now ain't we having lots of fun.

2

I kissed her on the mountain and I kissed her on the hill,
I kissed her in the valleys and I kissed her in the rills,
I kissed her on the benches and I kissed her in the park,
I kissed her in the daylight and I kissed her in the dark. Cho.

3

I kissed her and I kissed her till I kissed her some more,
I kissed her and I kissed her till my kisser got sore,
When my mouth gets healed and my kisser gets well
I'll start in kissing all over again. Cho.

4

I kissed her in the kitchen and I kissed her in the hall,
I kissed her in the cellar with her back against the wall,
I kissed her standing and I kissed her lying,
And if she'd had wings I'd a kissed her flying. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Edward Deal, Seabright, and recorded by
Helen Creighton, July/51.

(Tune Little Brown Jug)

It's of a fair maid all tangled in love
 Making all her complaints to the great God above,
 Making all her complaints as she thought it all no toil,
 For she'd far sooner ramble with young Johnny Doyle.

2

Now there's one thing between us, I'm afraid it's not to pass
 So one went to meeting and the other went to mass,
 "I'll go to mass with you Johnny and think it all no toil,
 And I'll change my religion for you Johnny Doyle."

3

It was early the next evening we made up the plan
 To go and get married the very next morn,
 The servant girl was listening to what we did say,
 She ran straight to my mother and gave me away.

3 4

It was early the next morning to my great surprise
 The horses they were ready and the carriages they rolled by,
 Some rode out in pleasure but I rode out in toil
 For my heart and my arms were for young Johnny Doyle.

4 5

We rode along together till we came to the church grounds.
 The gates they were threw open and the clergyman he came down,
 I gave him my hand with a great deal of toil,
 Saying, "I'd far sooner marry my young Johnny Doyle."

5 6

Behind me stood my eldest brother, with him I did ride home,
 Saying, "Mama, dearest mama, it's take me to your room,
 For no one shall never wed nor call me his brife
 For I pray this very night to put an end to my life."

6 7

"It's daughter, dearest daughter, I'll send for Johnny Doyle,"
 "To send for Johnny Doyle mama I think it is all too late,
 For the distance it is so far and my pain it is so great."

7 8

It was early the next morning this fair maid was found dead
 With Johnny Doyle's silk handkerchief all wound around her head,
 Her last words in dying was "Johnny Doyle, farewell,
 There were more between you and I than any tongue can tell."

8 9

Now the day of Mary's funeral it was a handsome sight,
 Four and twenty maidens and them all dressed in white,
 They followed her to St. Mary's church and laid her in the soil,
 Saying, "Here lies the heart of young Johnny Doyle."

(They were going to marry her to a man named Coleman
 and she took her life instead).

Sung by Mr. Otis Hubley, Seabright, and recorded by
 Helen Creighton, July/51/

As Mary and Willie sat by the seashore
Their last farewell for to take,
Says Mary to Willie, "If you're going to sea
I fear that my fond heart will break."

2

"O don't be despairing," young Willie did say,
As he pulled this fair maid to his side,
My absence don't mourn, for when I return
I'll make little Mary my bride."

3

The years having passed without any news
Mary stood by her own cottage door,
An old beggar came by with a patch on his eye
And did for her pity implore.

4

"Fair lady," cried he, "your kindness bestow
And I'll tell you your fortune beside,
The lad whom you mourn will never return
To make little Mary his bride."

5

"O if it be true you tell unto me
My Willie, my hero, still lives,
Straightway unto you will
All the money I have I will give."

6

"He is living," quoth he, "all in povertie,
His ship was wrecked beside,
He'll return no more because he is too poor
To make little Mary his bride."

7

"May heavens above know the joy that I feel,
And for his misfortune I mourn,
He's welcome to me all in povertie
With his blue jacket all tattered and torn."

8

The beggar threw by the patch on his eye
Likewise the crutch on his side,
In his blue jacket and trousers and cheeks like the rose
Young Willie stood by Mary's side.

9

"Forgive me fair lady, forgive me," he cried,
"It was only your love that I tried,
To the church we will away before close of day
To make little Mary my bride."

10

"I have money in plenty and riches untold,
I never was shipwrecked beside,
In coaches we'll roll all covered with gold
When I make little Mary my bride."

Sung by Mr. Edward Deal, Seabright, and recorded by
Helen Creighton, July/51

He courted part of a summer's season
And part of a winter courted he,
And all that he courted this fair lady for
Was to take her sweet life away.

2

"O give me half of your father's fee
And part of your mother's gold,
And we will away to some foreign countree
And married we will be."

3

Then she went down to her father's stable door,
There stood horses thirty-three,
Then she mounted a milk white steed
And him on a silver grey.

4

(The rest as in Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia, A, p.2.)

Sung to another tune:

I will sing you a song of a false young knight
Who courted a fair lady gay,
And all that he wanted of this pretty fair maid
Was to take her sweet life away.

Both tunes sung by Mr. Otis Hubley, Seabright, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, July/51/

There was in the city not far from this spot
 A barber he kept a neat little shop,
 He lived in old England for many long years
 And he shaved all the natives quite close to their ears.
 Cho.

To me hi, dum, hi diddy dum.

2
 One day a poor Irishman happened that way
 Whose beard had been growing for many's the day,
 He threw down his shovel, his spade and his hoe,
 Saying, "Trust me a shave for the pure love of God." Cho.

3
 "Oh no," said the barber, "we never give trust,"
 "Oh be Jazus," says Pat, "for this time you must,
 For the devil a cent have I got to pay
 And I haven't a scrape for these many a day." Cho/

4
 "Set down," said the barber, "set down on this chair,
 I'll soon scratch your whiskers quite close to your ear,"
 And with this thick lather on Paddy's broad chin
 With his old rusty razor the barber begin. Cho.

5
 "Hold hold," cries Pat, "what the devil you doin'?"
 Hold hold, "cries Pat, "or me jaws you will ruin,
 For who could be seen shaved to be shaving us all,
 And be Jazus you're draggin' every tooth from me jaw!" Cho.

6
 "Oh ho," cries the barber, "don't make such a din,
 By the move of your lip I'll cut into your chin,"
 "Cut cut," cries Pat, "with that razor you got
 Sure it wouldn't cut butter without it's red hot." Cho.

Sung by Mr. Irving Graves, Boutilier's Point, and
 recorded by Helen Creighton, July/51

There was an old miller in Devonshire,
 She(?) had three sons as you might hear,
 The one of them the mill he gave,
 The other one the will he made,

Cho.

Sing fol the diddle dol dol
 Dol the dol I dey.

2 ^{eldest}
 He called up his ~~second~~ son,
 Saying, "Son oh son my race is run,
 The mill to you it's I will give
 Pray tell to me what toll you'll take." Cho.

3

"O father you know my name is Dick,
 Out of every bushel I'll take a peck,
 Out of every bushel that I do grind
 I think I will good living find." Cho.

4

"You are too cheap," the old man cries,
 "You have not learned your father's trade,
 The mill to you I will not give
 For by such toll no man can live." Cho.

5

He called up his second son,
 Saying, "Son oh son my race is run,
 The mill to you it's I will give,
 Pray tell to me what toll you'll take." Cho.

6

"O father you know my name is Ralph,
 Out of every bushel I'll take a half,
 Out of every bushel that I do grind
 I think I will good living find." Cho.

7

"You are too cheap," the old man cries,
 "You have not learned your father's trade,
 The mill to you I will not give
 For by such toll no man can live." Cho.

8

He called up his youngest son
 Saying, "Son oh son my race is run,
 The mill to you it's I will give,
 Pray tell to me what toll you'll take." Cho/

9

"Oh father you know I'm a bonny boy
 And stealing corn is all my joy,
 And before I will a good living lack
 I'll take it all and swear to the sack." Cho.

10

"You are the boy," the old man cries,
 "It's you have learned your father's trade,
 The mill to you it's I will give
 For by such toll a man can live." Cho.

(Vs.2 must mean eldest, and not second, son)

Sung by Mr. Irving Graves, Boutilier's Point, and