

FSG 30
23.183.2
MF 289.365

Reel 66

- 70-62. The Marriage of Patterson. Sung by Mr. Ernest Snair, Queensland. Local; 3 vs; comic.
- 62-60. She's A Neat Little Dude. Sung by Mr. Ernest Snair, Queensland; words almost impossible to make out; probably not folk.
- 60-52. Brian O'Lynn. Sung by Mr. Irving Graves, Boutilier's Point; comic Irish; some of the words difficult to make out.
- 53-50. Billy Boy. Sung by Mrs. Guy Moran, Queensland. 3 unusual verses.
- 50-38. On the Twenty-First of May. Pirate song. Sung by Mr. Ernest Snair. Interesting; repeated.
- 38-32. Garrison's Hill. Sung by Mr. Porter Brigley, Queensland. Local; variant of Back Bay Hill; good.
- 32-30. Piggy Talley. Sung by Mr. Porter Brigley, Queensland. Take-off on Chinese; comic.
- 30-22. On the Twenty-First Of May. Repeated. 8 vs.
- 22-14. The Deserter. Sung by Mr. Ernest Snair, Queensland. Different from song usually known by this title, and more interesting.
- 14-10. I Dyed My Petticoat Red. Sung by Porter Brigley, Queensland. Nonsense song; good, though words difficult to make out.
- 10-end. Michael Fagen. Sung by Mr. Porter Brigley, Queensland. Irish. 3 vs.

I took a trip to Hammond's Plains
The truth to you I'll tell,
I passed by Mr. Keough's mill,
~~The truth to you I'll tell,~~
About twelve o'clock that day,
Now I stepped into the cookhouse
Now you listen to what I say.

Cho.

There was Sydney Boutilier and his brother Will,
Jim Kelvy and Smeltzer too,
These were assembled at the wedding,
They was some of the few,
Such a roaring and a screeching,
It was a dreadful sight
To see the marriage of Patterson
Was on last Monday night.

2

Now the population of Hammonds Plains
Assembling at the house,
Was Annie Nicholson searching
All round for William Crouse,
She was in great confusion
As sure as you're alive,
Now next Sunday he promised to take her
Down to the Bay for a drive. Cho.

3

Now the 'preciated minister
From Halifax he came
For to splice those noble couple
And I'm sure he's not to blame,
Oh the bride she looked so charming
All for the bridegroom's sake,
Now Charlie Perry was groomsman,
I bet he took the cake. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Earnest Snair, Queensland, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, July/51

See also Reel 31.29-28. 1 vs. sung by Lawson
Innes, Indian Harbour.

I often had a sweetheart,
Like lovers always do,
O she broke my heart in twenty ways
But now it can't be glued.

Cho.

For she's a sweet little neat little
Number two feet little
That will walk up the street
A smart little dude,
I gave her to eat little,

drink little

Neat little dude.

2

I went to see her last Sunday night
Like lovers always do,
O she broke my heart in twenty ways
But now it can't be glued. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Ernest Snair, Queensland, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, July/51

(Sorry I could not make out all the words.)

See also reel 39.10-5. Sung by Mr. Sydney Boutilier.

O there's Hinky and Tinky
 And Coffis and Saley,
 There's Hyfus and Griffus and Talkaway Blast,
 A-rankin' o'er and o'er and o'er,
 Threepin a dodger and Gougin Pin,
 And a love of the devil says Brian O'Lynn.

Cho.

Oh me neat little poopadil
 Lo de da lada dey,
 Me neat little poopadil,
 La da lada dey dandy.

3

O Brian O'Lynn he had no coat,
 They made him one of the skin of a goat,
 The wooly side in and the skinny side out,
 "It's pleasant for cold," said Brian O'Lynn. Cho.

2.

Brian O'Lynn his wife and his mother,
 They all went up to the church together,
 They knocked at the door, I bid him come in,
 "I cried to get married," says Brian O'Lynn.

come

The words of the first verse may not be exactly
 as it was sung.

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

Billy Boy Reel 66.53-50. No.4

Where have you been Billy Boy, Billy Boy,
Where have you been charming Billy?
I have been to seek a wife,
She's the joy of my life,
She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother.

2

Did she ask you to come in? etc.
Yes she asked me to come in
With a dimple in her chin,
She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother.

3

Did she offer you a chair? etc.
Yes she offered me a chair
Combing down her yellow hair,
She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother.

4

Did she ask you to take her to the church? etc.
Yes, she asked me to ~~take~~ ~~gaxtaxshursh~~ her to the church
With a bonnet by the birch,
She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother.

5

Can she make a cherry pie? etc.
Yes, she can bake a cherry pie
Quick as a cat can wink her eye,
She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother.

6

Can she make a feather bed? etc.
Yes she can make a feather bed,
Put the pillows at the head,
She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother.

7

Can she row a boat ashore? etc.
She can row a boat ashore
With a paddle or an oar,
She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother.

8

How tall is she? etc.
She is tall as any pine
And straight as a punkin vine,
She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother.

9

How old is she? etc.
She is six times seven,
Twenty-eight and eleven,
She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother.

Sung by Mrs. Guy Moran, Queensland, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, July/51

vs. 4, 7, & 8 are unusual, although the boat appears
in other N.S. variants.

See Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia, p.246.

On the twenty-first of May my boys
From Bristol we set sail,
We sailed along for three long months
With a sweet and a pleasant gale,
We sailed along for three long months,
One day as we was sailing on
We spied a large and a lofty ship
She was sailing two feet to our one.

2

She kept bearing down upon us
With great honour and disdain,
Saying, "Where are you going
And from where and when you came?"
"From Bristol town," our captain he cries,
"And on a cruise we're bound,
And we'd like to know the reason why
You kept bearing so hard down."

3

"The reason," says the pirate captain,
"I mean to let you know,
Come wind your fore yards round your mast
And let your ship come to,
For if I'd fire one shot at you
This moment you should see,
And every man that you have got on board
This night shall walk the plank."

4

Now up speaks the honored captain
And to his men did say,
Saying, "We have got eighteen guns
To bear our counteress,
Likewise we got three hundred men
With courage stout and bold,"
And the pirates they being amazed my boys
When the news to them was told.

5

Now up speaks the pirate captain
And unto his men did say,
Saying, "They have got eighteen guns
While we have got twenty,
Likewise we got five hundred men
While they have only three,
And if we would let them take us my boys
All hanged we should be."

6

The pirate captain he boarded us
With eighty of his men,
With spears and pikes and cutlasses
We soon did slaughter them,
We hoisted our blue silks my boys
For this pirate ship to take,
We stood them such a hurl my boys
We made their poor hearts ache.

Now we went on board the pirate ship
 And there to our surprise
 There we saw the pirate captain with his leg shot off
 Close below his thighs,
 He says, "My boys you has won the prize
 And you fought for it most bold,
 So go ye down and there you'll find
 Fivehundred chests of gold.

Now we took this pirate ship in tow,
 A most glorious sight to see,
 We sailed along for three long months
 Till we came to Bristol guay,
 And every man had his fortune made
 When we landed safe on shore,
 Now we'll bid adieu to the old Belle Flew
 And we'll go to sea no more.

Sung by Mr. Ernest Snair, Queensland, and recorded
 by Helen Creighton, July/51/

(This was recorded twice because the singer got
 all mixed up in the first singing. However his
 voice was fresher then, and his singing better in
 the first recording. This is a pirate song I had never
 heard before.)

One day in September we'll never forget
 For a charming young creature that we was first met,
 Her eyes was like diamonds, she was dressed to kill,
 She was slipping and sliding down Garrison's Hill.

Cho.

With my fol de rol doodle dum,
 Fol ~~de~~ rol doodle dum,
 Fol de dol doodle dum
 Laddie die dey.

2

The very next day to the church we did go
 For to make all the people talk you may know,
 The priest to be wed, yes sir it is,
 And buckled we were near Garrison's Hill. Cho.

3

Now we are married and children of three,
 Me and the missus could never agree,
 Called the one Bridget, the other one Bill,
 And faith I called the third one Garrison's Hill. Cho.

(The singer has reversed the verses, but this is the obvious sequence)

Sung by Mr. Porter Brigley, Queensland, and
 recorded by Helen Creighton, July/51.

For a fuller variant see Songs and Ballads From Nova Scotia, p.217.

Garrison is a family name near Queensland, and there is a Garrison's Hill there.

Piggy Tailey

Reel 66.32-30.No.7

Me getty married
Have a pretty wifey,
Have a piggy tailey,
Hang it over a back,
Long come American man
A pull a piggy tailey,
Pull a piggy tailey
Off a bold Chinese.
Cho.

Helike a bow wow,
Sheep like a chow chow,
He lock at yella gal,
She like a me,
Long come American man
A pull a piggy tailey,
Pull a piggy tailey
Off a bold Chinese.

2

Me sing a song y,
Got a five a cent y,
Take a five a cent y,
Put it right away,
Long come American man,
Take a five a cent y,
Turn right around and
Hey what do ye say. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Porter Brigley, Queensland, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, July, 51.

(I remember this being sung when I was a child but
haven't heard it since).

The day that I have listed
My mother to me did say,
It is the breaking of my heart
To see you go away,
It is the breaking of my heart
For me when you are gone,
May God restore you back to me
When the cruel war is o'er.

2

I scarce had been on the battlefield
When a letter to me did come,
I quickly tore it open,
Those words soon pierced my eye,
"Come home, come home dear Willie dear
Once more before I die."

3

Now who could refuse a dying wish
For such a mother poor dear,
Out of the crowd young Willie stepped
And he gave a heavy sigh,
Saying, "I'll be shot as a deserter
When the battle it is won."

4

I scarce had been home one half an hour
Before a heavy footstep appeared,
"I want to know the reason," was an officer appeared,
He says, "You cowardly rascal,
From the battlefield you has run,
You'll be shot as a deserter
Now the battle it is won."

5

I pointed to the bedside
Saying, "Be careful what you say,
My mother she's a-dying
And on her death bed lay,
I don't say this to clear myself
For death I do not fear,
I'll not go 'way from her bedside
Until she do recover or to her grave do go."

6

He called his men around me,
They tore me right away
Before I could defend myself
Or have one word to say,
They took me into the guardhouse
Where manys has gone before,
They left my poor dying mother dear
As I never will see no more.

7

Now this officer what brought me here
He swore my life away,
He thinks that he'll gain Mary
Who's going to be my wife,

He thinks that he'll gain Mary
Who's going to be my wife,
But through the false water
Has she proved truer than the sun.

8

Now he called his men around me,
Around me they did come,
He said, "Shoot that cowardly rascal,
From the battlefield he has run."
They took and shot young Willie
And the bullet pierced his heart,
And he left his dying mother dear
As he never will see no more.

9

Now this officer he went a-courting,
To Mary he did go,
"It was you that shot my Willie dear,
And death shall be your bride,"
And she took and shot the officer
And fell dead by her side.

(The last two lines of vs. 7 may not be correct,
but that is the best I could make of it)

Sung by Mr. Ernest Snair, Queensland, and recorded by
Helen Creighton, July/51.

I wish and I wish and I wish in vain,
I wish I was a young maid again,
A maid again I never shall be
Till apples grows on an orange tree.

Cho.

Shoal shoal shoal de backerol,
Slow de ransack call the popapate,
As they call the cat the kiddleyack
Widdley widdley wum,
Niddleack niddleack night night night.

2

I dyed my petticoat, I dyed them red,
And around the world I begged my bread,
Friends and relations think that me dead,
Call the cat the kiddleyack the low. Cho.

3

I churned my butter with a bullikin boot
And I churned it round with a bloody old scott,
Some friends and relations think it was a-cute,
Call the cat the kiddleyack the low. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Porter Brigley, Queensland, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, July/51.

The day I left old Ireland,
 It was many years ago,
 I left the pig and the murphys
 Where the pig and the murphys grow,
 Since the time I left old Ireland
 It has always been my plan
 For to let the Ellershouse ladies see
 You're a true born Irishman.

2

If any lady present
 Would like to marry me,
 I'll take her to my little home
 So far across the sea,
 I'll dress her in silk and satin
 And do the best I can
 For to let the Ellershouse ladies see
 I'm a true born Irishman.

3

"Hello there Michael Fagen,
 I got my eye on you,
 Hello there Michael Fagen,
 For you I kept my eye,
 I'm a credit to old Ireland
 And now you'd know mankind,
 You're a harum scarum bump scholarum
 True born Irishman

Sung by Mr. Porter Brigley, Queensland, and recorded
 by Helen Creighton, July/51

(He may say Fagel instead of Fagen)

Compare with reel 57. 12-end sung by Mr. Edward Deal,
 Seabright.

Way down east among the mountains
Neath the shady maple trees,
There lives an old acquaintance all alone,
And there lives the sweetest maiden,
She's my darling Eloise,
She's as bright as any star that ever shone.

2

And at evening we would gather
Round the fireside after tea,
The time would come when we would go to bed,
Then they'd kiss us all a fond good-night
And kneel down to their prayers,
I am sure I kept my promise when I said,

3

Way down east I'll live forever
With my darling Eloise
Among the maple trees so softly fed by Neptune's breeze,
I will comfort you dear mother
And your heart will be at ease
Way down east among the shady maple trees.

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