

Reel 68.

- 70-30. Plain Set. Called by Mr. Maynard Smith, Tantallon.
Caller danced while calling, so voice
is not too clear.
- 30-15. Benjamin Dean. Sung by Mrs. Wentworth Boutilier,
Indian Point. Local murder song, 25 vs. of
which she could only sing 12, as her voice gave out
- 15-10. The Farmer's Boy. Sung by Mr. Allan Tibbo, Musquodoboit
Harbour. Pleasant song with nice tune; singer
has jerky way of singing and is very old.
- 10-end. Bound Down to Newfoundland. Sung by Mr. Berton
Young, West Petpeswick. Local sea song
of smallpox on board ship.

Plain Set

Reel 68. 70-42.

Called by Maynard Smith, Tantallon. Armstrong orchestra with violin, electric guitar, guitar, drum and traps. The caller insisted upon dancing while calling, which makes this a rather unsatisfactory record. He probably couldn't give the calls unless he danced.

Recorded by Helen Creighton at Tantallon, July/51

Tunes played: Girl I Left Behind Me; Jingle Bells; Spanish Twostep; Silver and Gold, Irish Washerwoman.

Good people all both great and small read those ^{few} lines penned by me,
Those lines are written by a man deprived of liberty,
Who is serving out a sentence for a deed which I have done,
And here I fear I will remain till my race on earth is won.

2

My name it is Benjamin Dean, my age is forty-one,
I was born in New Brunswick on the city of St. John,
Near by the Bay of Fundy where the sea gulls loudly call
As they rock with pride the silvery tide as the billows rise and fall.

3

My parents reared me tenderly, brought me up in the fear of God,
But they have long been slumbering beneath their native sod,
Side by side they slumber in a quiet cemetery
Where the willows bow beneath the breeze far off the dark blue sea.

4

Farewell unto my native home, I ne'er shall see it more,
No more I'll watch those billows break upon that rockbound shore,
No more I'll watch those ships go by with sails as white as snow
Bound for some port far over the sea before the wind that blows.

5

When I arrived in Berlin Falls some twenty years ago
The town was then about one half as large as it is now,
And labouring men of every nationality was there,
For work was plenty, wages good, each man could get his share.

6

The business men of Berlin then was making money fast,
I thought that I too would invest before its boom had passed,
A building leased on Mason Street and into business went,
I kept a fruit and candy store, likewise a restaurant.

7

My business proved successfully for I did right by all,
I gained the favour of the great, the rich, the poor, the small,
To my surprise before one year had fully rolled its round
In glittering gold I did possess more than two thousand pounds.

8

The coming year I wed with one, the fairest of the fair,
Her eyes were of a heavenly blue and dark brown was her hair,
Her cheeks were like the dawn of day, her form graceful and fair,
Her smiles were bright as the morning light, her steps were like the air.

9

She was born of goodly parents and they reared her tenderly,
But little did she ever think she would be slain by me,
The night I gained her promise and her hand to me she gave
It would had been better for her had she lied in her grave.

10

I own I loved my fair young bride who proved a prudent wife,
But little did I think that I would one day take her life,
And as the years rolled swiftly on upon the wheels of time
I found a path of pleasure that led to the fields of crime.

11

My wife would often plead for me my steps for to retrace,
She told me that the path I tread led to death and disgrace,
Had I but heeded her warning I would not be here now
And she might yet be living with no stain upon her brow.

(over)

12

I soon began a wild career cause by the thirst for gold,
My property on Mason Street for a goodly sum I sold,
I bought a building on Main Street that cost a handsome sum,
I ran a free and easy house and went to selling rum.

13

My former friends of decent grade my company did shun,
But still I was contented to lead the life I had begun
For gold and silver like a brook came flowing into me,
By its glitters I was blinded and my danger could not see.

14

I soon began to associate with men of low degree,
My business kept me constantly in their base company,
I quickly went from bad to worse, did many a deed of crime
That never would be brought to light in future years of time.

15

Kind fortune that had been my friend began to frown on me,
'Twas then my eyes were opened, I could see my destiny,
Black clouds was gathering o'er me that with fury soon would break,
I fain I would retrace my steps, but oh alas too late.

16

All I possessed in real estate to my wife it was made
Over in legal writings when kind fortune smiled its fate,
But her regards and love for me did gradually grow cold
When she found my heart and soul was bound with silver and with gold.

17

The storm it came, the house I built upon the sands did fall,
With it my name, my wife and children, I got, wealth and all,
And on the verge of deep despair I saw them drift from me
Upon the tide of justice towards the sea of eternity.

18

Then under forty thousand dollars bonds then I was placed
For to respect the laws of man that I have long disgraced,
And then to add upon my name troubles that had come
When for indictments that appeared for selling beer and rum.

19

My fair wife she had fled to one whose name will not appear,
It is not necessary that I should reveal it here,
To persuade her to return to me it was my whole intent,
Unto the house where she then dwelt my steps I quickly bent.

20

I cautiously approached the house and opened the hall door,
I found the way to my wife's room upon the upper floor,
The sight that fell upon my gaze it stamped upon my mind,
Upon the bosom of a man my fair wife's head reclined.

21

The very pangs of hell it seemed my being had possessed,
I drew a loaded pistol and I aimed it at his breast,
'Twas when she saw the weapon it was loudly she did cry,
"For God's sake do not shoot me for I am not prepared to die."

22

The bullet pierced her snowy breast, in a moment she was dead,
"My God, Oh Ben you shot me," were the last words that she said,
The trigger of my weapon either pulled too hard or slow
Or else another soul would have passed with her to weal or woe.

(over)

23

The last time that I saw my wife she lay upon the floor
Her long and her light brown wavy hair was stained with crimson gore,
The sun shined through ~~the~~ window on her cold and lifeless form
As the officers led me away from that polluted place.

24

I have two daughters living, they are orphans in a way,
And should you chance to meet them treat them kindly I pray,
Don't charge them for their father's sins, for on them they will rest,
A crimson stain long after I am mouldering back to dust.

25

And now young men and women take by this sad tale of mine,
Don't sacrifice your honour for bright gold and silver fine,
Let truth and honour be your shield, you'll find that you will climb
The ladder to success and fame and not be strung by crime.

Sung by Mrs. Wentworth Boutilier, Indian Point, July,
1951. Recorded by Helen Creighton,

Mrs. Boutilier was unable to sing the whole song
through; fortunately she had the words written down.

The sun had set behind the hill
Across yon shady moor,
When wet and cold there came a boy
Up to a farmer's door,
"Can you tell me," said he,
"If any one there be
Who would like me to employ
Cho,
To plow and sow, reap and mow
And be a farmer's boy,
And be a farmer's boy."

2
"And if no boy you chance to want
One favour I would ask,
To shelter me till the break of day
From the cold and wintry blast,
And at the dawn of day
I'll trudge away
Elsewhere to seek employ, Cho.

3
"My father's dead, my mother's left
With four poor children small,
And what is more, poor mother still,
I'm the oldest of them all,
Though little I'll work
As hard as I can
If you will me employ, Cho."

4
The farmer's wife cries, "Try the lad,
Let him no further seek,
"Oh do, papa," the daughter cried
While tears rolled down her cheek,
For those who work it is hard for to want
And to wander for employ, Cho."

5
The farmer's boy he grew a man,
The good old farmer died,
He left the lad with all he had
And the daughter for his bride,
The boy that was, now farmer is,
And he sings and sits with joy
On the very first day
That he passed that way
To be a farmer's boy,
To be a farmer's boy.

Sung by Mr. Allan Tibbo, Musquodoboit Harbour, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug/51.

You landsmen that live on land
It's little do you know
What us poor seamen do endure
When the stormy winds does blow,
On St. Patrick's day we sailed away
In the schooner Mary Ann,
We left New York our native home
Bound down to Newfoundland.

2

The morning service it being o'er
We quickly slipped our lines,
And the Liberty statue in New York
We soon left far behind,
We spread our canvas to the breeze
For to shove us off the land
As we squared away from our native homes
Bound down to Newfoundland.

3

Our captain was a strapping youth
Scarce thirty years of age,
He was wedded to his loving wife
Three days before we sailed,
But little did she ever think,
As you might understand,
That her husband dear she would see no more
As he sailed for Newfoundland.

4

Three days after we set sail
Our captain he fell sick,
And scarcely was he able
To show himself on deck,
He called his mate unto him
And thus to him did say,
"I am stricken down with some disease
As you might understand,
And to you my mate I will leave full charge,
Bound down to Newfoundland.

5

"But if you can reach any port
On the Nova Scotia shore,
Give me a decent burial,
Of you I'll ask no more,
And if you ever do reach New York,
My death you will make known,
For my dying, sorrow it will bring
To my once loved native shore."

6

With saddened hearts we swung her off,
His orders to obey,
We made the land quite early
All on that very day,
At four o'clock in the evening
It was at God's command,
In Arichat our captain died
Bound down to Newfoundland.

(over)

The doctor he was called on board
His death for to make known,
Smallpox on board was raging,
Was told to every man,
It was on the following evening
Two more were sent on shore,
May the Lord have mercy on their souls,
We shall never see them more.

Out of five bold youths that left New York
Only two now did return
Home to their wives and families,
Their losses for to mourn,
Home to their wives and families,
And never more to roam,
And learn to live as landsmen do
Forever safe at home.

Sung to very end of tape.

Sung by Mr. Berton Young, West Petpeswick, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug/51