

FSG30
23.187.2
MF289.373

Reel 70.

- 70-33. Babes In the Wood. Sung by Amos Jollimore, Terrance Bay. These are the English babes; good song well sung. 18 vs.
- 33-30. Billy the Weaver. Sung by Amos Jollimore, Terrance Bay. Comic; well sung. Husband catches rival up the chimney.
- 30-22. Lunenburg Fleet. Sung by Amos Jollimore, Terrance Bay. Sad song of local tragedy at sea.
- 22-21. The Blackbird. Sung by Michael Slaunwhite, Terrance Bay. Love song 2 vs. only. Must be part of pretty love song.
- 21-12. Marrow Bones. Sung by Michael Slaunwhite, Terrance Bay. Comic; husband and wife. Good.
- 12-11. Ship's Carpenter. Sung by Mr. Edward Slaunwhite, Terrance Bay. 1 vs. for tune, but the tune is dull.
- 11-end. Old Fashioned Homestead. Sung by Mr. Edward Slaunwhite, Terrance Bay. Gloomy song of son lost at sea.

65

A gentleman of noble life
In Norfolk once did dwell,
In peace and happiness he lived
And all men loved him well,
Till sickness struck him down at last,
No help his life could save,
His gentle wife lay by his side
And both were near the grave.

2

This gentleman a brother had
And in his mortal strait
He sent for him to guide his babes
And aid their helpless stage,
"Now brother," said the dying man,
"Look to my children dear,
Be good unto my boy and girl,
No friends else have they here.

3

"Now I have left my darling son
As plainly will appear.
When he to manhood stage shall come
Three hundred pounds a year,
And to my little daughter
Five hundred pounds in gold
To be paid unto their wedding day
Which must not be controlled.

4

"But if the children chance to die
Before of age they come,
Dear brother you receive their wealth,
And so my will shall run,
You father must and mother be
And uncle all in one,
God knows what will become of them
When we are dead and gone."

5

Then silence came upon the room
When death was coming fast,
And many a tear of sorrow flowed
When life went out at last,
So hand in hand they passed away,
Those two so good and kind,
In love they lived, and when they died
Left all they loved behind.

6

Two babes, the one a rosy boy
Just passing three years old,
The other being a lovely girl
Of beauty's perfect mold,
When unto them their uncle spoke,
"Poor orphans, come with me,
I'll take you to your future home,
My children you will be."

Now scarcely had they lived with him
 Just twelve months and a day
 When wicked thoughts came in his mind
 To win their wealth away,
 For well he knew that death alone
 Would give these (?)
 What to the orphans now belonged
 Into his greedy hands.

8

So then he bribed with wicked gold
 Two men of savage mood
 To take away the little ones
 And kill them in the wood,
 He spread abroad the artful tale
 Those children he would send
 To be brought up in a London town
 With one who was his friend.

9

Away then with the murderers
 The children gayly hied,
 They laughed and shouted in their glee,
 For well they loved to ride,
 And fast along the pleasant lanes
 Those guilty villians spurred,
 Their tender baby orphan tongues
 Their flinty bosoms spurned.

10

Their loving ways had power to make
 Their wicked hearts relent,
 But they had sworn to do the deed,
 Yet now they did repent,
 But one of them more hard of heart
 Would to his bargain hold
 Because the wretch who hired him
 Was lavish with his gold.

11

His friend would not agree to this,
 And so with bloody strife
 The wretches with each other fought
 About the children's life,
 And he that was more hard of heart
 The other there did slay,
 All in them dark and lonely woods
 He moaned his life away.

12

His slayer then with suiting words
 And eyes now always dry,
 He bid the babes to follow him
 And not to sob and cry,
 He led them far into the woods,
 They cried for food in vain,
 "Stay here," said he, "I'll bring you bread
 When I come back again."

13

Now handin hand those pretty babes
They wandered up and down,
But nevermore that wicked man
Came back again from town,
Their pretty lips with blackberries
Were all besmeared and dyed,
And when the dismal night came on
They both sit down and cried.

14

Now many's the weary night and day
They strayed without a lead,
They died in one another's arms
From hunger and from grief,
No burial due those babies dead
From any hand received,
But nature folds them to her breast
Cold as the world they leave.

15

The squirrels strewed their bed with twigs,
Soft blows the summer breeze,
And every bird that haunts the woods
Brings stores of fragrant leaves,
So now those murdered innocents
Have reached their heavenly rest
Safe nestled in the Savoir's arms
With holy angels blest.

16

But all the heavy wrath of God
Upon their uncle fell,
While fearful dreams did haunt his sleep,
His conscience was a hell,
His barns were burnt, his crops destroyed,
His land was bare and grown,
His cattle died all in the fields
And all his wealth was flown.

17

Two of his sons were wrecked and lost
Upon the stormy sea,
While he for debt in prison was thrown
To pine in misery,
At length the wretch who left the babes
To die from hungers too
Was for a murder judged to hang
And then confessed the truth.

18

But when they heard the dreadful tale
They to the prison fled,
To bring that wicked uncle forth,
He lay all dark and dead,
May the gracious God who soon o'erlaid
May good o'er ill repay,
Had called them guilty souls at last
Where none can flee away.

Sung by Mr. Amos Jollimore, Terrance Bay, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, July/51/

After the 10th verse the singer had to stop for breath;
he picks the song up on a lower key.

Mister, mister you don't know
 Who I saw with your wife just now,
 I saw your wife and Billy the Weaver,
 They were both hugged up together,
 Standing in the threshold door,
 They went in, and I saw no more.

2

O he went home like in a wonder
 Knocking at the door like thunder,
 "Who is there?" the weaver cried,
 "'Tis my husband, you must hide."

3

O round the house he then did scamper,
 Up the chimney hole he scampered,
 Crawling therethrough soot and coal
 Till he reached the chimney pole.

4

Now he rushed in one amazed,
 Up the chimney hole he gazed,
 Here he saw the wretched soul
 Straddle-legged over the chimney pole.

5

Now he cracked on a roaring fire
 Much against his wife's desire,
 She cried out against her will,
 "Husband, husband, a man you'll kill."

6

He cracked on a little more fuel,
 She cried out, "My precious jewel,
 If I am your lawful wife
 Take him down and spare his life."

7

He took him down, oh Lord amazement,
 Lord Almighty how he struck him,
 Every blow her husband made,
 "Come no more to stop my smoke."

8

Never was a chimney sweeper
 Half as black as Billy the weaver,
 Hands and face and clothes likewise,
 Sent him off with a pair of black eyes.

Sung by Mr. Amos Jollimore, Terrance Bay, and recorded
 by Helen Creighton, July/51

Out from the town of Lunenburg
Where our good ships come and go,
'Twas when the flowers were in full bloom
And gentle breezes blow,
Four of our good ships sailed away
Their fortunes to pursue,
With a total crew of eighty men
With hearts both kind and true.

2

Bound out for those fishing banks
Their fortunes there to reap,
While loved ones waiting their return
Their loving vigil keep,
In vain for headlands lone you watch,
Your hearts are grieved full sore,
No more you'll see them sailing in
To Scotia's lovely shore.

3

Caught in that fatal August gale
Where seas ran mountains high,
Where thunder breaks the sailors' rest
And lightnings flash drew nigh,
Through the cruel bars of Sable Isle
If their secrets they could tell,
They no doubt proved the destiny
Of those they loved so well.

4

Among those gallant fishermen
Who dwells on Scotia's strand
Were some among their number
Who came from Newfoundland,
Where many a heart is aching
Along that rugged shore,
Their lights to-night are burning bright
For the lads who come no more.

5

So weep no more you fishing folks
That have sailed across the bar,
Their spirits rest with Him to-night
Who guides the evening star,
Where rugged storms and angry seas
Their hearts will ne'er dismay,
We may greet them all in unity
Upon that judgement day.

Sung by Mr. Amos Jollimore, Terrance Bay, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, July/51/

The Blackbird.

Reel 70.22-21.No.4

One fine summers evening
For soft recreation
I spied a fair maiden
Whilst making my rounds,
Sighing and sobbing in sore lamentation
Saying, "My blackbird most lovely has flown.

2

"If love don't incline me
As true love don't blind me
And I am overwhelmed with sad misery,
But if love it don't blind me
As true love inclines me
My blackbird I'll seek out
Wherever he be."

Sung by Mr. Michael Slaunwhite, Terrance Bay, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, July/51

There was an old woman
 In Limerick town did dwell,
 She loved her husband dearly
 But another man twice as well.

Cho.

Mush a tuden aye a tuden aye
 A tuden nancy dey.
 Mush a tuden aye a tuden aye
 A tuden nancy dey.

2

She went to a doctor's shop
 To see what she could find,
 To see what she could find
 For to make her husband blind. Cho.

3

She got three marrow bones
 And he was to suck them all,
 And the last one that he sucked
 He couldn't see at all. Cho.

4

Now he said, "I will go drown myself
 If I could find the way,"
 She said, "I will go with you,
 Afraid you'll go astray." Cho.

5

They both walked along
 Till they came to the brim,
 He said, "I won't go drown meself
 Until you shove me in." Cho.

6

She made a sudden push
 For to shove the old man in,
 But the old man moved aside
 And plungo she goes in. Cho.

7

She hollered and she browled
 And for mercy she did call,
 But wasn't she a damn old hag?
 She wouldn't swim at all. Cho.

8

The old man was afraid,
 Afraid that she may drown,
 He shoved to her a cedar pole
 And shoved her further down. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Michael Slaunwhite, Terrance Bay, and
 recorded by Helen Creighton, July/51

See Reel 20.No.8 for part of same song sung by Mrs.
 Edward Gallagher.

In Gospard of late
A fair damsel did dwell,
For love and for beauty
There's none could excel,
A young man he courted her
All for to be his dear,
And he by his trade
Being a ship's carpenter.

Sung by Mr. Edward Slaunwhite, Terrance Bay, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, July/51/

1 vs. recorded for tune.

Old Fashioned Homestead. Rec. 70.11-end. No 7

There's an old fashioned homestead
That stands by the sea,
And a fond loving mother
Full three score and three,
~~Whose~~ Whose sad tearful eyes
Wander far o'er the sea
And her lips part to murmur,
Come back love to me.

2

Each night by the window
In silence she strays,
And places a lamp
And its flickering rays,
Determined for one who
May never return,
Though brighter the light
In the window shall burn.

3

There's a light in the window
Burns brightly for thee,
For my brave sailor laddie
So long gone from me,
Whose absence and silence
Makes mother's heart yearn,
Though brighter the light
In the window shall burn.

4

Now the story is simple,
Oft told in the day,
It was only a sailor
That sailed far away,
Who parted from mother
Whose heart beats with care
And a loving voice praying
For winds to be fair.

5

But at last a long year came
And it passed like a dream,
When some stories of wreckage
Came from the Gulf Stream,
But nightly the light
In the window shall burn
Intended for him
Who might never return.

(nightly in vs. 5 is the word used by the singer)

Sung by Mr. Edward Slaunwhite, Terrance Bay, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, July/51.

music
gone