

- 70-60. A-Swinging In the Lane. Sung by Mr. Berton Young, West
Petpeswick. School song years ago.
- 60-43. Cumberland's Crew. Sung by Mr. Berton Young,
West Petpeswick. Good song of U.S. ship.
- 43-36. Diddling (Dance Music). Sung by Mr. Berton Young,
West Petpeswick with interesting
commentary.
- 36-32. Whach fol the Loren. Sung by Mr. Berton Young,
West Petpeswick. 1 vs. and chorus
learned in Nfld.
- 32-26. Erin's Green Shore. Sung by Mr. Grace Clergy, East
Petpeswick. Pleasant Irish song. 4vs.
- 26-20. The Preacher and the Bear. Sung by Mr. Grace Clergy,
East Petpeswick. Comic; late; well sung.
- 20-12. When Barney Flew Over the Hills. Sung by Mr. Grace
Clergy, East Petpeswick. Love song,
probably late, but with beautiful tune.
- 12-end. Bonny Labouring Boy. Sung by Mr. Grace Clergy,
East Petpeswick. Parents intervention
in choice of husband. 9 vs.

A-Swinging In The Lane. Reel 76.70-60.No.1

We oftimes talk of childhood days
And tricks we used to play
Upon each other while at school
To pass the time away,
Oh how often do I wish
For those bright hours again
When little Rosie Nell and I
Went swinging in the lane.

Cho.

But yet I'd give the world to be
With Rosie Nell again,
I never never shall forget
A-swinging in the lane.

2

The boys and girls would often go
A-fishing in the brook
With spools of thread for fishing lines
And bended pins for hooks,
They sometimes wished me with them
But they always wished in vain,
For I'd rather be with Rosie Nell
A-swinging in the lane. Cho.

3

At length a cloud of sorrow came,
A strange young man from town
Got introduced to Rosie Nell
By Aunt Jemima Brown,
She stayed away from school that day,
The truth to me was plain,
She went off with that city chap
A-swinging in the lane. Cho.

4

Come all young men with tender hearts
Pray take advice from me,
Don't be too quick to fall in love
With every girl you see,
For if you do you'll surely find
Your love is all in vain,
They'll go off with some other chap
A-swinging in the lane. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Berton Young, West Petpeswick, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1951.

{Singer changes pitch in final chorus}.

This song used to be sung in school at Petpeswick.
It must also have been sung in the Kentville schools,
for I remember my mother singing the 2nd stanza.

Cumberland's Crew, Reel 76.60-43.No.2

Now shipmates come gather and join in my ditty,
It's a terrible battle that's happened of late,
The good Union tar will shed a tear of pity
When he thinks of that one gallant Cumberland's fate.
Oh the eighth day of March told a dis-a-mal story,
When many a brave to the world bid adieu,
Yet our flag it was wrapped in the mantle of glory
By the heroic deeds of the Cumberland's crew.

2

On the eighth day of March about ten in the morning
So clear was the sky and bright shone the sun,
When a drum from the Cumberland sounded a warning
Told every bold seaman to stand by his gun,
When an iron-clad frigate down on us came bearing,
So high on the air her rebel flag flew,
Her pennant of treason she proudly was wearing
Determined to conquer the Cumberland's crew.

3

Now up speaks our captain with stern resolution,
Saying, "Boys by this monster now don't be dismayed,
We have sworn to maintain our beloved constitution,
And to die for our country we are not afraid,
We'll fight for the union, our cause it is glorious,
To the stars and the stripes we will stand ever true,
We'll sink at our quarters or conquer victorious,
While answered with cheers from the Cumberland's crew.

4

Our gallant ship fired her guns dreadful thunder,
Our broadsides like hail on the rebels did pour,
The people gazed on struck with terror and wonder
When the shots struck her side and they glanced harmless o'er.
Then she struck us amidships, our plank she did sever,
Her sharp iron prong pierced our noble ship through,
And still as we sank in the dark rolling river
"We'll die at our guns," cried the Cumberland's crew.

5

Slowly she sank beneath Virginia's waters,
Her voices on earth will ne'er be heard more,
They'll be wept by Columbia's brave sons and fair daughters
May their blood be avenged on the Virginia shore.
In that battle-stained grave they are silently lying,
Their souls have forever to earth bid adieu,
But the star spangled banner above them is flying,
It was nailed to the mast by the Cumberland's crew.

6

Columbia's great birthright is freedom's communion,
Our flag never floated so proudly before,
For the spirit of those who died for the union
Above its broad folds now exaltingly rose,
And when our sailors in battle assembled,
God bless our dear banner, the red, white, and blue,
Beneath its broad folds we'll cause tyrants to tremble,
Or we'll die at our guns like the Cumberland's crew.

Sung by Mr. Berton Young, West Petpeswick, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1951.

Asked what they used to do for music when they wanted to dance and had no instrument, Mr. Young said:

"In Newfoundland they'd lay back and do chin music. Here they'd whistle and sing a tune." He demonstrates this by diddling Wilson's Clog. "One feller would do that and the bunch would be dancing. He'd be settin' down; it wasn't necessary for him to set. He'd be actin' a fool. I call that diddlin' a tune." (He is referring here to the way it was done at Petpeswick).

"In Newfoundland they did cheek (pronounced chake) music." (Sings):

Cho.

Aye diddy ooden ooden aye,
Aye diddy ooden andy,
Aye diddy ooden ooden aye,
Aye didden ooden andy.

Harbour Grace is a pretty place
And so is Peeley's Island,
Daddy's going to buy me a brand new dress
When the boys comss home from swilin'. Cho.

"We'd get a bunch to meet of an evening, ~~xxxxxxx~~
~~xxxxxxx~~ five or six old fellers and three or four
women and they'd say, 'Let's have a couple of sets,' and
some old feller 'd have no music and some one would
say, 'Here you go to work and give is a little cheek
music,' and one old feller 'd set down on the floor and
haul his legs up and put his elbows on his knees, and
his chin on them under his jaw, and he'd set there and
sing for hours. They used to call it chake music;
that's the closest they could get to cheek."

As told by Mr. Berton Young, West Petpeswick,
and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1951.

swiling is the term used for baby seal fishing.

For the rest of the Harbour Grace song see reel 32,
sung by John Obe Smith, Glen Haven.

Whack Fol the lorem. Reel 76. 36-32.No.4

(The first part is diddled as the singer could not remember the words. Occasional bits came to him like these):

Naddie why whack fol lorem,
Sing torrel I deym
Laddie rum toodle darrel
Run torrel I aye.

I was married last August
Hard luck was his lot,
And the stove that he bought
It remained in St. Shot.

Sung by Mr. Berton Young, West Petpeswick, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1951.

He calls this a Newfoundland song.

One evening of late as I carelessly rambled
By the banks of a clear purling stream,
I sat myself down on a bed of primroses
And so gently I fell in a dream,
I dreamt I beheld a fair female,
Her equal I ne'er saw before,
As she sighed for the wrongs of her country
As she strayed along Erin's green shore.

2

I quickly addressed this fair female,
"My jewel come tell me your name,
For here in this country I know you're a stranger
Or I would not have asked you the same."
She resembled the goddess of liberty,
And green was the mantle she wore
As she sighed for the wrongs of her country
As she strayed along Erin's green shore.

3

"I know you're a true son of Gronyore(?)
And my secret thoughts to you I will unfold,
For here in this country a stranger,
Not knowing my friends from my foes,
I'm a daughter of Daniëë O'Connell
And from England I lately came o'er,
I have come to awaken my brethren
That slumbers on Erin's green shore."

4

Her eyes were like two sparkling diamonds
Or the stars of a cold, frosty night,
Her cheeks were like two blooming roses
And her teeth of the ivory so white,
She resembled the goddess of freedom,
And green was the mantle she wore,
Bound around with the shamrock and roses
That grew along Erin's green shore.

Sung by Mr. Grace Clergy, East Petpeswick, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1951.

The singer is prompted by his wife.

See Songs and Ballads From Nova Scotia, p. 171.

The Preacher and the Bear. Reel 76,26-20.No.6

A preacher went a-hunting,
'Twas on a Sunday morn,
He knew it was against his religion
But he took his gun along.
He shot him some some very fine quail
And one big measley hare,
And on the way returning home
Met a great big grizzly bear.

2

The bear walked out to the middle of the road
And waltzed to the coon you see,
The coon gets so excited
He climbed up the cinnamon tree,
The bear he walked up under the tree
And the coon climbed out on a limb,
And he turned his eyes to the Lord in the skies
And these words said to him:

Cho.

Lord, oh Lord in heaven, deliver Daniel from the lion's den,
Lord, deliver Jonah from the belly of the whale and then
Three Hebrew children from the fiery furnace the good book does
declare,
Lord, oh Lord, if you don't help me don't help that grizzly bear.

3

That coon he stayed up in that tree
I'm sure it was all night,
He says, "Now Lord if you don't help me
You'll see a awful fight,"
Just about that time the limb gave away
And the coon came tumbling down,
You should have seen him get his razor out
Before he struck the ground.

4

When he struck the ground a-cutting right and left
He put up a very keen fight,
Just then the bear he grabbed this coon
And he squeezed him a little too tight,
The coon he lowered his razor
But the bear held on with a vim,
He turned his eyes to the Lord in the skies
And once more said to Him, Cho.

Sung by Mr. Grace Clergy, East Petpeswick, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1951.

Was a cold winter's night and the tempest was snarling
The snow like a sheet covered ~~tavern and sty~~ cabin
When Barney flew over the hills to his darling
And tapped at her window where Katie did lie.

2

"A jewel," said he, "are you sleeping or waking?
The night's bitter cold and my coat it is thin,
O the storm it is brewing and the frost is abating,
O Katie mavourneen you must let me in."

3

"Barney," cried she as she spoke through the window,
"How could you be taking me out of my bed?
To come at this time is a sin and a shame sir,
It's whisky not love that's got into your head."

4

"Acushla," cried he, "it's my heart is a fountain
That weeps for the wrong it might lay at your door,
Your name is more white than the snow on the mountain,
And Barney would die to preserve it as pure."

5

"I'll go to my home though the winter winds face me,
I'll whistle the notes for I'm happy within,
And the words of my Kathleen will comfort and bless me,
Oh Barney mavourneem, I won't let you in."

Sung by Mr. Grace Uergy, East Petpeswick, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1951.

As I rose out one morning into the blooming spring
 I heard a lovely maid complain, so greivously did sing,
 "Cruel was my parents, they did me so annoy,
 They would not let me marry my bonny labouring boy.

2

"Young Johnny was my true love's name as you shall plainly see,
 My parents they employed him their labouring boy to be,
 To harrow, reap, and sow the seed while on my father's land,
 But soon I fell in love with him as you may understand.

3

"My mother thought to have me wed unto some lord or peer,
 I being the only heiress to one thousand pounds a year,
 I placed my heart on a true love, he was my only joy,
 This nation would I ramble with my bonny labouring boy.

4

"His cheeks were like the roses red, his eyes as black as sloe,
 He's mild in his behavoir wherever he do go,
 He's manly, neat, and handsome, his skin as white as snow,
 And in spite of my parents' malice I'll wed my labouring boy.

5

"I courted him for two long months, but little did I know
 That my cruel parents would prove my greatly overthrow,
 They watched us close one evening, it's like a shady grove,
 A-pleading our love together in the constand bands of love.

6

"My father he stepped up to me and seized us by the hand,
~~He swore he'd send young Johnny unto some foren land,~~
 He swore he'd send young Johnny unto some foren land,
 He looked me in my bedroom my comfort to annoy
 And kept me there to weep and mourn for my bonny labouring boy.

7

"My mother came next morning and to me she did say,
 'Your father has intanded to appoint your wedding day,'
 I nobly made answer, I never will reply,
 That single I would still remain for my bonny labouring boy.

8

"Says the daughter to the mother, 'Your plans are all in vain,
 Lords, dukes, and earls, their riches I disdain,
 I'd rather lead a humble life, my time I would employ
 Increasing nature's prospects with my bonny labouring boy."

Sung by Mr. Grace Clergy, East Petpeswick, and
 recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1951.

9

Fill up your glasses to the brim, let the toast go merrily round,
 Here's health to every labouring boy that plows and works
 the ground,
 And when his work is over to his home he'll go with joy,
 Happy is the girl that gets a bonny labouring boy.