

Reel 84.

- 70-62. Here Come Three Dukes A-Riding. Sung by Mrs. W.O.Coates, Musquodoboit Harbour. Singing game. Nicely sung.
- 62-54. The Old Woman and Her Pig. Folk Tale, cumulative. Sung by Mrs. W.J.Johns, Musquodoboit Harbour.
- 54-42. The Mary L. MacKay. Sung by Mr. Bernard Young, East Petpeswick. Good local sea song, originally poem by Frederick William Wallace.
- 42-28. Birchen Canoe. Sung by Mr. Bernard Young, East Petpeswick. Pleasant Indian love song.
- 28-20. Dark-Eyed Sailor. Sung by Mr. Bernard Young, East petpeswick. Pleasant love song, on theme of Broken Ring.
- 20-10. Daniel Munro. Sung by Mr. Freeman Young, East Petpeswick. Tragedy, good of its kind.
- 10-end. The Old Blind Horse. Sung by Mr. Freeman Young, East Petpeswick. Pleasant nursery type of song.

Singing Game

Here Come Three Dukes A-Riding. Reel 84.70-62.No.1

Here come three dukes a-riding, riding, riding,
Here come three dukes a-riding
with a ransy tansy tiddy i oh.

2

What are you riding here for? etc.

3

We're riding here to be married.

4

And who are you going to marry?

5

You're all too black and ugly.

6

We're just as good as you are.

7

Lines formed and the three dukes would ride up towards opposite line, up and back, up and back, singing the first verse. At the 5th verse they would turn their backs. In the 6th verse the other line turned backs and shook back of skirts at them. Then they had a tug of war and jumped and squealed and had a lovely time.

Sung by Mrs. W.O.Coates, Musquodoboit
Harbour, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1951

The Old Woman and the Pig. Reel 84,62-54.No.2.

One time there was an old woman ~~xxx~~ went out to pick blackberries, and she met a pig, and she said,

"Pig, go home till I pick a bunch of blackberries."

"No," said the pig, "I won't do that either. I like blackberries as well as what you do."

She went along and she went along till she came to a dog. She says,

"Dog bite pig; pig won't go home till I get my bunch of blackberries."

"No," said the dog, "I won't do that either. I like blackberries as well as what you do."

So she went along and she went along until she ^{came to} ~~met~~ a stick. She says,

"Stick bang dog; dog won't bang pig and pig won't go home till I get my bunch of blackberries."

"No," said the stick, "I won't do that either. I like blackberries as well as what you do."

She went along and she went along till she came to ~~met~~ a fire. She says,

"Fire burn stick; stick won't bang dog, dog won't bite pig and pig won't go home till I get my bunch of blackberries."

"No," said the fire, "I won't do that either. I like blackberries as well as what you do."

She went along and she went along until she came to ~~met~~ the water. She says,

"Water, quench fire; fire won't burn stick, stick won't bang dog, dog won't bite pig, and pig won't go home till I get my bunch of blackberries."

"No," said the water, "I won't do that either. I like blackberries as well as what you do."

She went along and she went along ~~xxxix~~ till she ^{came to} ~~met~~ an ox. She says,

"Ox drink water; water won't quench fire, fire won't burn stick, stick won't bang dog, dog won't bite pig, and pig won't go home till I get my bunch of blackberries."

"No," said the ox, "I won't do that either. I like blackberries as well as what you do."

She went along and she went along until she came to ~~met~~ the butcher. She says,

Butcher kill ox; ox won't drink water, water won't quench fire, fire won't burn stick, stick won't bang dog, dog won't bite pig, and pig won't go home till I get my bunch of blackberries."

So the butcher began to kill the ox, the ox began to drink the water, the water began to quench the fire, the fire began to burn the stick, the stick began to bang the dog, the dog began to bite the pig, and they all ran home and the old woman got her bunch of blackberries.

Recited by Mrs. W.J. Johns, Musquodoboit Harbour, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1951.

Words as in Songs and Ballads From Nova Scotia with these minor changes. (The song was sung from memory, but agrees verse for verse).

1.

hard driving now.

In the Mary L. MacKay.

2

As the gale began to hum
And out past Cape Elizabeth
We slugged

3

took to jumping

With a howler o'er the taffrail

4

your boarding combers
green she ships,
watch your wheel

Clean decks

5

scooped down

Our cook

6

We lashed
In the fore and mainsheet blocks
As the gang

whip the bits

8

With long necks
For he saw how things might lay

9

She tore wildly

was a sight

To fill

on board

10

Amidst this wild
We still had
But we didn't

11

To the box we lashed the steersman

12

The skipper
So he swung her off for
Forchu that

We shot in

13

The gang then
Our skipper

the vessel was

Sung by Mr. Bernard Young, East Petpeswick,

and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1951.

The sun was just shedding her last golden rays
At the end of a calm and serene summer day
As I strayed by a lake of rare beauty to view
An Indian maid in her birchen canoe.

Cho.

So gently she dipped in the waters so blue,
Like a swan does she float in her birchen canoe.

2

Her features so dark were an enchanting face
And her form was the type of most exquisite grace
With such glossy black tresses she appeared to my view
A model of art in her birchen canoe.

3

Not a ripple upon the broad lake did appear,
Like a mirror it shone and reflected so clear,
The trees on its margin of different hue
And the Indian maid in her birchen canoe.

4

Not a sound could be heard, not a murmur did raise,
The birds were all chanting their ev-en-ing praise,
Though sometimes the paddle oh handled so true
Touched lightly the side of the birchen canoe.

5

The sun had gone down o'er the western hills
And the Indian maiden sat thoughtful and still,
And listened as if for some sound that she knew
And she struck up a song in her birchen canoe. Cho.

6

O why does my hunter make so much delay,
Has he failed in the chase or forgotten the way?
He promised and always I find him so true
That he'd meet me to-night in my birchen canoe.

7

O when shall I have this young brave for my own?
When I do he shall not go out hunting alone,
For when he goes hunting his squaw shall go too
And at night we'll return in our birchen canoe.

8

O my hunter is brave, he is chief of the race,
So merry in camp and so swift in the chase,
He promised to love me and he always speaks true,
And I'll meet him to-night in my birchen canoe.

9

O my hunter is handsome, his form is so neat,
Not one in the tribe with my brave can compete,
And when we are married he says that we two
Shall join like the bark in my birchen canoe.

10

And when the Great Spirit shall call us away
To the great hunting ground where good Indians stray,
We'll sing such brave songs as the brave never knew,
And we'll never more paddle the birchen canoe.

11

The sound of a whistle, the blast of a horn,
At that moment across the still waters was born,
And soft as the flight of an angel she flew
To the opposite side in her birchen canoe.

12

And soon I could tell by her gay merry tune
That the Indian maid was no longer alone,
But the dark shades of evening obscured from my view
The lovers who sat in their birchen canoe.

Sung by Mr. Bernard Young, East Petpeswick, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1951.

It's of a comely young maiden fair
Who was walking out for to take the air,
She met a sailor upon the way
So she paid attention, she paid attention
To hear what he might say.

2

"Fair maid," said he, "Why roam alone?
The night is coming and the day's far gone,"
She said while tears from her eyes did flow,
"It's my dark-eyed sailor, it's my dark-eyed sailor
That's proved my overthrow."

3

"It's seven long years since he left this land,
A gold ring he took from off my hand,
He broke the token, here is half with me
While the other's rolling, while the other's rolling
At the bottom of the sea."

4

Cried William, "Drive him off your mind,
As good a sailor as him you'll find,
Love turns aside and cold doth grow
Like a winter's morning, like a winter's morning
When the hills are clad with snow."

5

These words did Phoebe's heart inflame,
She says, "On me you will play no game,"
She drew a dagger and then did cry,
"For my dark-eyed sailor, for my dark-eyed sailor
A maid I'll live and die."

6

"His coal black eyes and his curly hair
And his flattering tongue did my heart ensnare,
Gentle he was, no rake like you
To advise a maiden, to advise a maiden
To slight the jacket blue."

7

"But a tarry sailor I'll ne'er disdain
But always I will treat the same,
To drink his health here's a piece of coin,
But my dark-eyed sailor, but my dark-eyed sailor
Still claims the heart of mine."

8

When William did this ring unfold
She seemed distracted midst grief and woe,
"You're welcome William, I have lands of gold
For my dark-eyed sailor, for my dark-eyed sailor
So manly, true, and bold."

9

In a cottage down by the riverside
In unity and love they now reside,
So girls be true while your lover's away
For a cloudy morning, for a cloudy morning
Oft brings forth a pleasant day.

Sung by Mr. Bernard Young, East Petpeswick, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1951.

Youngmen of North Britain, you loved for to range
A-viewing those countries and lands that are strange,
Among those bold numbers stood Daniel Munro
Who on the ocean was forced for to go.

2

He begged his two sons with their uncle to stay,
For the price of their passage he could not well pay,
The price of the passage, it being so dear,
"Now sons take advice and stay with him here."

3 uneasy

Those two boys got ~~wary~~ and troubled in mind
For the thoughts of their father who left them behind,
They shipped on the ocean for to cross the wide main
In hopes they might meet with their father again.

4

They had not been long sailing when a country they spied
Surrounded by ruffians on every side,
On leaving the ship to go by for a guide
To show them a place where their father did hide.

5

Going up a little further till they came to a grove
Where the woods and the bushes began for to move,
There were those two ruffians lie lodged in a bush
One presented their pistols wherethe two brothers stood.

6

They put two bright bullets in each of their breasts
And ran to the spot like ruffians and beasts,
And to take all their money and strip off their clothes
When they found that they had none they gave them cruel blows.

7

Now one of those guys he opened his eyes,
Now one ~~of~~ those guys he made his reply,
"We're in search of our father who long left our shore,
He left us in Scotland this twenty long years,
He left us in Scotland six twelve months ago,
Perhaps you might know him, his name is Munro.

8

Now the father looked on him with grief and surprise,
Now the father looked on him with tears in his eyes,
He cursed his misfortune for what he had done,
He cursed his right arm for shooting his son.

9

"Then are you our father?" this youth he replied,
"I'm glad I have seen you before I have died,
And tell my dear mother if she does but live
That we are both dying, and then she will grieve."

10

"What young man is that lying there dead by your side?"
"It's my youngest brother, dear father," he cried,
"It's my youngest brother and your youngest son,
It would not been so bad if it only been one.

Sung by Mr. Freeman Young, East Petpeswick, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1951

The Old Blind Horse. Reel 84. 10-end

Now since you've asked me for to sing
I will sing you a song of the legaleen (legacy)
And if you chorus while I sing
To-night we'll make this old shanty ring.

Cho.

Saying, "Come, come along with me
While the moon is fast declining,
Young girls, young girls, can't you sing,
While the dew on the grass is a-shining."

2

Now this poor old man he made a will
And he willed it all to poor old Bill,
And in the will was an old blind horse,
Two dollars and three quarters was all that it cost. Cho.

3

Now this poor old horse he was so lean
Every bone in his body was plain to be seen,
His eyes were sunk so far in his head
That they had to get a telescope to see if he was dead. Cho.

4

Now this poor old horse he down did lie,
And they knew for sure he was going for to die,
He opened his mouth and he give one roar,
"Here's adieu to Billy and sweet Rymore." Cho.

5

Now they took his hide for to make some shoes,
And the rest of his body they gave to the crows,
And every crow as he flew past,
They would all seem to sing, "The old horse died at last!" Cho.

Sung by Mr. Freeman Young, East Peppeswick, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1951.

See also Reel 52, sung by Wm. Gilkie.