

FS630
23.202.2
MF289.402

Reel 85

- 70-58. Rick a Tick Tack. Sung by Mr. Freeman Young, East Petpeswick. Comic, partly skoken, probably music hall.
- 58-50. Roving Irish Blade. Sung by Mr. Bernard Young, East Petpeswick. Good song of sailor exploited by girl.
- 50-40. Winds That Blow 'Cross the Wild Moor. Sung by Mr. Freeman Young, East Petpeswick. Mother and child die of exposure, good of its kind.
- 40-30. The Girl I Left Behind. Sung by Mr. Freeman Young, East Petpeswick. Love, desertion, and regret; good song.
- 30-20. Caroline of Edinborough Town. Sung by Mr. Bernard Young, East Petpeswick. Good song well sung, love and desertion.
- 20-10. Schooner E.A.Horton. Sung by Mr. Berton Young, West Petpeswick. Good sea song of Americans outwitting British in Nova Scotia.
- 10-end. Seven Long Years. Sung by Mr. Berton Young, West Petpeswick. Last verse reel 86. Broken ring theme; good variant; singer prompted.

As I walked out on one fine moonlight evening
A telegraph office I chanced for to pass,
And right alongside of an instrument setting
I was introduced to a comely young lass,
By the way of acquaintance I soon sent a message
To my married sister who lived out of town,
And I asked this young girl if she'd wait for an answer
And she politely asked me for to set down.

(Spoken)

Well, I sat down and we talked about diamond jewels,
rotten gull eggs and all such a muck as that and
a dispatch come over the wire (Sung) Chorus:
With a tick tick tick tick tick a tick a tick,
And the music that sounds so sweet,
Rick tick tick tick tick a tick a tick
When Maria and I first did meet.

2

I then went to see her not very long after,
I was introduced to her father and mother as well,
Her aunts and her uncles, her sisters and brothers,
How many relations I'm sure I can't tell.
We used to go out walking on fine moonlight evenings,
We'd talk about love, and I tell you 'twas fine
Until I managed to pick up my courage
And I asked this young girl if she would be mine.

(Spoken)

Says I to her, "If you love me as I love you, there's
no mad dog can tear my love in two pieces, and she
did not take time to explain herself ~~but she sprang~~
~~at my little heart is fluttering, no, but she~~
sprang at my first offer just as quick as

Cho.

3

Now we've been married three years and have got five children,
Two pair of twins and a fine bouncing boy.
The neighbors all round say we ought to be happy
But I'll tell you my boys married life is no joy.
Her aunts and her uncles are all living with us,
And never a cent of the rent do they pay,
They sleep half the time and eat all the vittals
While I have to go out and work hard all day.

Spoken

Now boys, you talk about married life being a joy,
but I guess I've got it in my family. Boys, if you
go to marry, never marry in a family related, marry
one, one's a do. I've got all I can do these hard
days and if I want a drink or a cigar I've got to
go out on

Cho.

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

As I was a-walking down the street
A pretty fair maid I chanced to meet,
I treated her to kisses sweet
So early in the morn,
I said, "Will you come along with me?"
"Oh yes I will kind sir," said she,
A spright young lad you seem to be,
A roving Irish blade."

2

Into a tavern then we went,
To get some liquor we were bent,
And oh what a happy night I spent
Till early in the morn,
It was in some lonely room I found
Myself lying naked on the ground,
My watch, my clothes, and fifty pounds
In change she stole from me.

3

A sailor's clothes lay on the floor,
I put them on you may be sure,
When a jolly jack tar broke open the door
A-looking with a frown,
"You are the bully I suppose,
I see you have got on my clothes,"
And they all cried out, "How gay it goes,
But where is Fanny Brown?"

4

"It's in your clothes I am confined,
To keep your clothes I am not inclined,
For in the army I'm consigned
Since Fanny robbed me so."
"Oh bother my life," cried sailor Jack
As neat as any pedlar's pack,
I found myself wrapped in a sack
Down by a lonely wall.

5

So come all you roving Irish blades,
Beware of all those cunning jades,
Beware of all those cunning jades
For a few are in the town,
There's Betsy Belle and Sally McLean,
And Biddy McGee from Feather Bed Lane,
But there's none will strip you half so clean
As sporting Fanny Brown.

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

On one cold winter's night
As the winds they blow 'cross the wild moor,
Poor Mary came wandering home with her babe
Till she came to her own father's door.

2

"Father, oh father," she cried,
"Get up and open the door
Or my babe it will perish to-night in my arms
By winds that blow 'cross the wild moor."

3

But the old man was deaf to her cries,
Not a sound of a voice reached his ear,
But the watch dogs did howl and the village bells tolled
To the winds that blow 'cross the wild moor.

4

Now how the old man must have felt
When he came to the door the next morn,
Poor Mary was dead but her child was alive,
Fold close in its dead mother's arms.

5

From grief the old man passed away
And the child to its mother went soon,
And there's no one they say that is there living now,
And the cottage to ruin has gone.

6

An arrow to the right points the spot
Where the willows droop over the door,
Where poor Mary died a gay village bride
By the winds that blow 'cross the wild moor.

7

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

The Girl I Left Behind. Reel 85.40-30.No.4

My parents reared me tenderly, they had no child but me,
And I being fond of rambling with them could not agree,
I soon became a rover which grieved their hearts full sore,
I left my aged parents I never will see more.

2

Likewise an honored gentleman who lived in that same part,
He had a handsome daughter and I had gained her heart,
This maid was noble-minded, tall, generous, kind and fair,
Columbia's fairest daughter she truly could compare.

3

I told her my situation was soon to cross the Main,
I says, "Will you be faithful till I return again?"
Big drops of tears were in her eyes, her bosom heaved a sigh,
"My dear," said she, "fear not for me, my love will never die."

4

According to agreements I went aboard my ship,
And on our way to Glasgow we had a pleasant trip,
Gold there I found was plenty, and the girls were good and kind,
My heart began to cool a bit for the maid I left behind.

5*

When we arrived at St. John's town, that hospitable land,
One handsome Jenny Ferguson soon took me by the hand,
Saying, "Gold I have in plenty, and in love with you I see,
All I possess it will be yours if you will marry me."

6

Oh soon I did consent to this, I leave it to my shame,
Now what man can be happy when he knows he is to blame?
Saying gold I have in plenty and my wife is somewhat kind,
May God forgive my cruelty to the maid I left behind.

7

My father in his winding sheets, my mother too appears,
The girl I left seemed by my side a-wiping off their tears,
With broken hearts they all have died, it's now too late I find,
My pillow now is haunted by the maid I left behind.

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

O come all young men and maidens, attend unto my rhyme,
It's of a fair young damsel who was scarcely in her prime,
She beat the blushing roses, and admired by all around
Was comely young Caroline of Edinborough town.

2

Young Henry was a Highland man a-courting of her came,
And when her parents came to know they did not like the same,
Young Henry was offended and unto her did say,
"Arise my dearest Caroline and with me run away.

3

"We'll both go to London love, and there we'll wed with speed,
And then lovely Caroline ~~wik~~ shall have happiness indeed,"
Now enticed with young Henry she put on her other gown
And away went young Caroline of Edinborough town.

4

Overhills and lofty mountains together they did roam,
In time arrived in London far from her happy home,
She cries, "My dearest Henry, pray never on me frown
Or you'll break the heart of Caroline of Edinborough town."

5

They had not been in London more than half a year
When hard-hearted Willie soon proved too severe,
Said, "I will go to sea, your friends did on me frown,
So beg your way without delay to Edinborough town."

6

The fleet is fitting out for sea and to Spithead dropping down,
And I will join the fleet to fight, for king and crown,
The gallant tars may feel the scars or in the waters drown
Yet I never will again return to Edinborough town.

7

Then many a day she passed away in sorrow and despair,
Her cheeks though once like roses were grown like lilies fair,
She cries, "Where is my Henry?" how often did she swoon,
Crying, "Sad the day I ran away from Edinborough town."

8

Oppressed with grief without relief this damsel she did go
Into the woods to eat such fruit as on the bushes grow,
Some strangers they did pity her, and some on her did frown,
And some did say, "What made you stray from Edinborough town?"

9

Beneath a lofty spreading oak this maid sat down to cry,
A-watching of the gallant ships as they were passing by,
She gave three shrieks for Henry, and plunged her body down,
And away floated Caroline of Edinborough town.

10

A note, likewise her bonnet, she left upon the shore,
And in the note a lock of hair and the words, I am no more,
When fast asleep I'm in the deep, the fish are watching round,
Once comely young Caroline of Edinborough town.

11

So come all you tender parents, never try to part true love,
You're sure to see in some degree the ruin it will prove,
Likewise young men and maidens never on young lovers frown,
Think of the fate of Caroline of Edinborough town.

12

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

Seven Long Years, Reel 85, 10-end, concluded reel 86.

As I walked out one fine summer's morning
To view the fields and to take the air
I spied a maid walking in her garden,
She appeared to me like a lady fair.

2

I stepped up to her thinking to view her,
I said, "My dear can you fancy me?
I will marry you and make you a lady,
For I have servants to wait on thee."

3

"You seem to be some great man of honour,
Some man of honour you seem to be,
How could you impose on a poor young maiden,
Your servant, sir, I'm not fit to be."

4

"If you're not fit for to be my servant,
My bride I am sure you are fit to be,
I have gold and silver to spend upon you
If you'll consent for to marry me."

5

"I have a sweetheart of my own sir,
For seven years he's been gone from me,
And seven more I will wait upon him
If he's alive he'll return to me."

6

"If he's alive I love him dearly,
And if he's dead pray let him rest,
No other young man will ever enjoy me,
My single sailor I love the best."

7

When he saw his Sally so faithful
He thought it a pity such love to cross,
"Oh I'm your poor young single sailor
Who has many times on the ocean crossed."

8

"If you're my poor and my single sailor
Show me the token I gave to thee,
For seven years makes great alteration,
That's just the time he's been gone from me."

9

He put his hand all in his bosom,
His fingers they were long and small,
He showed her the ring that was broke between them
And when she saw it she down did fall.

10

"Arise, arise my lovely Sally,
Arise, arise and come with me,
For I'm your poor and your single sailor
And I've returned for to marry thee."

11

So hand in hand they went together,
Straight to the church without more delay,
And there he married his lovely Sally,
And there he made her his lady gay.

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

Compare Broken Ring Song, p. 134, Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia