

Reel 87.

FS630
83.204.2
MF 289.406

- 70-54. Bold Daniel. Sung by Mr. Sandy Stoddard, Lower Ship
Harbour. Pirate song. Interesting.
- 54-42. Andrew Rose. Sung by Mr. Sandy Stoddard, Lower
Ship Harbour. Cruelty at sea. Grim.
- 42-32. Poor Little Joe. Sung by Mr. Sandy Stoddard, Lower
Ship Harbour. Not folk. Sad.
- 32-26. Shelling Green Peas. Sung by Mr. Sandy Stoddard,
Lower Ship Harbour. Comic. Probably music hall.
- 26-22. Bear Story. Told by Robert Faulkner, guide, Musquodoboit
Harbour.
- 22-20. Moose Yarn. Told by Mr. Sandy Stoddard, Lower Ship
Harbour. Tall tale; good.
- 20-10. Oh What Has Changed You? Sung by Mr. Freeman Young,
East Petpeswick. Girl wronged by lover.
- 10-end. Where Did You Get That Hat? Sung by Mr. Freeman Young,
East Petpeswick. Comic. Probably music hall.

On the twentieth of December last
 From England we set sail,
 We were sailing for Logwirey(?)
 With a sweet and pleasant gale,
 The Roving Lizzie we are called,
 Bold Daniel is my name,
 We are sailing for Logwirey
 Down on the Spanish Main.

2

When we arrived at Logwirey
 Our orders they run so,
 To discharge a part of our cargo,
 We're bound for Pariso(?)
 The captain called his men all aft
 And this to them did say,
 "Here's money for you to-day my boys,
 To-morrow we'll sail away."

3

Was early the third morning out
 As daylight broke the eye
 A man upon our masthead
 A strange sail he did spy,
 With a black flag on her mizzen peak
 Came bearing down this way,
 "I'm bound she is some pirate,"
 Bold Daniel he did say.

4

In the course of two or three hours
 This pirate ranged alongside
 And with his speaking trumpet,
 "Where are you from?" he cried,
 "The Roving Lizzie we are called,
 Bold Daniel is my name,
 We're sailing for Logwirey
 Bound on the Spanish Main."

5

"Come back your topsails to your masts
 And heave your ship under my lea,"
 "I'll be damned if I do," says Daniel,
 "I'd rather sink at sea,"
 In rousing up their bloody flags
 Our lives to terrify
 With her big guns on our small arms
 A toss they did let fly.

6

We mounted four six pounders
 To fight one hundred men,
 And when this action did commence
 It was about half past ten,
 We mounted four six pounders,
 Our crew it was twenty-two,
 In the course of forty-five minutes my boys
 This pirate cried more blue. (1)

7

So now the prize is taken,
 'Tis on the Columbia shore,
 There's a good old place in America
 They call it Baltimore

Where we'll drink success to Daniel,
Likewise to his noble crew
Who fought and beat the pirates
With his jovial twenty-two.

Sung by Mr. Sandy Stoddard, Lower Ship Harbour, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1951.

1. Would this be a French expression that sounds in
English like more blue?

Come all you captains, I pray take warning,
 Listen while I do complain,
 Was on a trip down to Barbadoes
 It was on board of the Martha Jane.

Cho.

So now think of a cruel torture,
 Not a friend to interpose,
 Where they whipped and mangled, gagged and strangled
 The British sailor young Andrew Rose.

2

Was in an empty cask they put him,
 Nineteen hours to stay there,
 At last poor Rose he did cry for water,
 The captain swore none should go there. Cho.

3

Up to the mast did he send his victim
 Naked to the burning sun,
 The mate he followed up behind him
 And flogged him till the blood did run. Cho.

4

The captain trained his dog to bite him,
 Loud for mercy poor Rose would cry,
 At last his flesh was all torn to pieces,
 Great mouthfuls on the deck did lie. Cho.

5

At last poor Rose he began to fester,
 Head and body and heart likewise,
 At last poor Rose he could live no longer
 And down upon that fore-hatch died. Cho.

6

Now come all you captains I pray take warning,
 Listen while I do complain,
 Hanged I must be for doing murder,
 It was on board of the Martha Jane.

Sung by Mr. Sandy Stoddard, Lower Ship Harbour,
 and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1951

In all choruses but the first, he sings that cruel
 torture.

While strolling one night through New York's gay throng
I met a poor boy, he was singing a song,
And while he was singing he wanted for bread,
Although he was singing he wished himself dead.

Cho.

And its cold blew the blast,
Down came the snow,
He had no place of shelter
And nowhere to go,
No mother to guide him,
In the grave she lies low,
So it's cast on the cold world
Was poor little Joe.

2

A carriage drove by with a lady inside,
She looked on poor Joe's face and not even smiled

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

~~SHE~~ But her carriage drove on and she not even smiled,
But fondly carressed her own darling child. Cho.

3

Now the lights had gone out when the clock had struck one
When along came a p'liceman whose duty was done,
You could tell by the sounds of his dull heavy tread
You would think he was seeking the graves of the dead. Cho.

4

"What is this?" cried the p'liceman as on a cold form did tread,
'Tis poor little Joe, on the ground he lies dead,
With his eyes cast to heaven, all buried in snow,
So it's cast on the cold world was poor little Joe.

Sung by Mr. Sandy Stoddard, Lower Ship Harbour,
and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1951.

Shelling Green Peas. Reel 87.32-26.No.4

O there once was a maiden of fair face and fashion,
She lived from the city some seventeen miles,
Her name was Maria, her worthy old sire
Was clerk and town crier, his name was John Stiles.
With lips like the cherry, her smiles too so merry,
I thought her the very one suited to please,
Now the first time I met her and tried hard to gether
For worse or for better she was shelling green peas.

Cho.

Oh under a tree with a bowl on her knee
Maria sat silently shelling green peas.

2

Now I long loved her dearly, oh truly, sincerely,
At length I thought really I'd settle in life,
And although aged fifty I'd been very thrifty
And thought it high time to be taking a wife.
With bosom on fire in search of Maria
To range the wild briar all shaded by trees
I strolled to the spot where outside of her cot
She was sitting so silently chelling green peas. Cho.

3

I stepped up to her commencing to woo her,
I said that no truer fond heart could be found,
Than mine of she'd take me some morning and make me
The happiest mortal for twenty miles round.
I said that heß life might be one round of delight
Like the little birds singing upon the green trees,
To whispering and dropping my voice without stopping
The question was popping while she popped the peas. Cho.

4

No answer she made and I was much afraid
That this beautiful maid had not heard all I said,
Oh at her feet kneeling I tried to be stealing
A kiss when came reeling a hand on my head,
"Do you think I'd engage you," she cried in a rage,
"With a man twice my age, so clear out if you please,"
In a terrible passion at me she sent smashing
And on my head crashing that bowl of green peas. Cho.

5

By way of a dander she said, "Love remember
That May and December can never unite,"
My leaves are betaken, my neck nearly breaking,
I made my escape in a terrible fright.
I never will marry but single will tarry
Though friends and relations do nothing but tease,
Whenever they meet me in this style they greet me,
"Old boy what's the price now of lamb and green peas?"

Sung by Mr. Sandy Stoddard, Lower Ship Harbour, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1951

One time I was going in the woods with a party of fishermen and I'd left a tar pot half full of tar. I used to use it to keep my boats water tight.

The chap I was guiding went ahead of me up the trail and he was stopped when I came to him and he said,

"Bob, I seen something just run up over the hill on the trail." So I walked past them and there was me tar pot. He had met a bear comin' with me tar pot. Bears are awful fond of tar. They eat tar and tar paper and things like that, so he happened to meet my bear with my tar pot, carrying it away.

Told by Bob Faulkner, guide, Musquodoboit Harbour, and recorded by Helen Creighton at Ship Harbour, Sept. 1951.

Moose Yarn

This time I was going on a hunting trip for moose, but the feller who was going with me failed to turn up. I went up Tangier, up the Long Still at Tangier, and it was night. I went to the brook to dip up a dish of water. I was going to make on a fire. When I riz up, there was a moose. I had put the horn and I'd blowed a couple of blasts on the horn - a moose call - not expecting a moose to come. But when I turned with a bucket here was a big buck looking at me.

I didn't know what to do. Finally I always carried a gun with me. I had it right by the brook. I picked her up and the moose dropped ~~xxxxx~~. I had to go to work and ~~dress~~ him and I got him ready but it got dark on me; it was dark. I had no fire, and it was a cold night in the fall, then cold and frosty. I thought instead of making on a fire, "that moose is good and hot inside. I'll crawl inside of him and stay till morning."

In the morning I woke up and the moose had closed to, and here I was inside of the moose. I struggled and turned and got round. At last I got my feet on the ground. When I stood up, here ~~xxxx~~ was the moose's horns away up over my head and my body, but me legs was out, and I was out lugging this moose on me back. I had to travel away out to Tangier with this moose on me back, for five miles.

Going over Tangier Bridge I met a crowd and they all stood wondering and looking and said, "What's this comin'?" Well, they come to detect what it was, "How in the name of senses did you ever get that out of the woods on your back?" Well I told them I had got caught into it unintentionally. They had to chop me out; quarter the moose up before I could get out.

That's the moose yarn as far as I know. I got clear of him and got out. But I had a good chunk of meat. I had the whole moose.

Told by Mr. Sandy Stoddard, Lower Ship Harbour, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1951.

For variant of this story see index card under Tall Tales, told by Joseph Davis.

Oh What Has Changed You? Reel 87.20-10.No.7

As I was strolling down the street I heard a mournful cry,
A maid was weeping bitterly, her lover stood close by,
She cries out, "Do not leave me," as the tears rolled down her face,
"Oh don't desert me, you know I'm in disgrace.
Once you said you loved me before I knew a care,
Oh how once you flattered me and kissed my bonny face so fair,
But now you want to cast me off and leave me in my shame,
Oh don't desert me," and then she did exclaim.

Cho.

O what has changed you, can you forget
How you once loved me when first we met,
When we were lovers you caused my downfall,
Now I am sneered at, I'm jeered at by all.

2

The poor girl clasped her lover but he spurned her from his side
And as the people paused to look his face he tried to hide,
"Come back to me," his lover cried, "or else my heart you'll break,
Forgive me what I said just now for my poor baby's sake."
~~A carriage dashing by just then beneath the wheels she fell~~
The man in rage turned her around, he says, "Now will you go?"
Before we had time to stop him he struck her a cruel blow,
A carriage dashing by just then beneath the wheels she fell,
And when I picked her up she moaned, how sad I ne'er can tell.

Cho.

3

The life's blood streaming down her face she lay there in the snow,
She cries, "Oh bring my babe to me one moment e'er I go,"
And when they brought it to her she fold it to her breast,
And cries, "Oh God protect my child when my poor soul's at rest."
The stern policeman and the crowd they walked away in tears
And as I walked on down the street those words rang in my ears,

Cho.

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

Where Did You Get That Hat? Reel 87.10- end

O how I came to get this hat is very strange and funny,
My grandpa died and left to me his property and money,
And when his will it was read out they told me straight and flat
if I could have his money I must always wear his hat.

Cho.

Where did you get that hat?
Where did you get that tie? (or, T. L. a.)
Isn't that a nobby one
And just the proper style!
I would like to have one
Just the same as that,
For where I go they shout hello
Where did you get that hat?

2

If I go to the opera house all in the opera season
There's some one sure to shout at me without the slightest reason
If I go to the Chowder Club to have a jolly spree
There is some one in the party who is sure to shout at me. Cho.

3

When twenty-one I thought that I to my sweetheart would be
married
The people in the neighborhood they said so long we tarried,
So to the church we went right quick determined to be wed,
I had not there been long when the parson to me said. Cho.

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