

Reel 90A

FS630

23.207.2

mf 289.412

- 1-3. Gay Spanish Maid. Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River. 8 vs. good.
- 5-9. The Twa Brothers. Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River. Interesting version of old ballad and quite well sung. 11 vs.
- 8-9. Old Jim Crow. Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River. 1 vs. only.
- 9-10. Home Dearest Home. Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River. Love song, pretty tune. 3 vs.
- 10-17. The Squire's Daughter. Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River. Very old; daughter breaks oath to lover and ghost comes to take her.
- 17-20. Cruel Mother. Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River. 10 vs. good variant with good tune.
- 20-22. The Miller. Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River. Bright rhythmic song with good chorus. Words mixed up.
- 22-25. The Miller of Derbyshire. Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River. Good version with interesting tune and chorus.
- 25-end. Crockery Ware. Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River. Music Hall; good tune.

A young Spanish maid at the age of sixteen
 As she wandered afield far and wide,
 Beneath a large shady oak this fair maid sat down to cry
 With her gay gallant youth by her side.

2

"Our ship sails to-morrow my true love," said he,
 "And together no longer we'll roam,
 And when you own parents have retired to rest
 Meet me to-night here alone."

3

O when her own parents had retired to rest
 It's dearest Nellie crept through the hall door,
 With her hat in her hand she ran down the light sand
 And she sat on a rock by the shore.

4

The moon just was risen, shine over the deep,
 And the sea and the skies seemed to meet,
 But there was nothing she could hear but the murmuring waves
 As they dashed o'er the shore at her feet.

5

Her lily white hand in her own heart did press
 Whilst her father had met her half way,
 He clasped his arms around her and he gave her a kiss
 Saying, "Your true love has left you to mourn!"

6

This night passed away through a terrible storm
 And a wind through our rigging did mounn,
 There was no one to cheer the sad hearts of the crew
 And our ship she was lost in the storm.

7

I had swimm'd to a plank, I escaped from the ~~stern~~ wreck
 Whilst the rest met a watery grave.

8

Now I will return to that maid on the shore
 Who ofttime thought of her boy in the storm,
 She died like a rose had been nipped by the frost
 And she's left me in sorrow to mounn.

Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River, and
 recorded by Helen Creighton, May, .952.

I will sing you a song, it is all about John,
About John the piper's son,
How he was slain by his own brother dear
Away in the woods all alone.

2

O saying, "Now it's time to be going,"
"O no, that never can be,
For in this woods I mean to have your life
For the sake of loving pretty Susie."

3

He drew a sword all from his side,
He pierced his body through,
He dug his grave and he threwed him in
Saying, "That's the end of you."

4

He covered him over with leaves so deep
That he never could be seen.
Then thinking what he should say to his own father dear
When enquiring for his son John.

5

O the first one he met was his own father dear
Enquiring for his son John,
"O he is there, o he is there into yonder green woods
A-hunting the woods all alone."

6

The next one he met was his own mother dear
Enquiring for her son John,
He is there oh he is there in yonder green woods
A-hunting the woods all alone.

7

The next one he met was his pretty Susie
Enquiring for her love John,
"O he's dead oh he's dead and he's into his grave
And his face you'll see no more."

8

She threwed the apron over her head
And she mourned the streets all alone,
She mourned the fish all out of the sea
And the frogs all out of the pond.

9

She mourned the milk from the fair maid's breast
And the birds all from their nest,
She mourned her true love out of his grave
And he could no longer rest.

10

"O what do you want my pretty Susie?
And it's what do you want of me?"
"I want one kiss from the sweet ruby lips
And that's all I want from thee."

"Go home, go home my pretty Susie,
And it's weep no more for me,
For I am dead, I am dead and into my grave
And I'm sure I never can return."

Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, May 1952.

Old Jim Crow

Reel 90A8-9.No. 3

As old Jim Crow come a-riding by
He says, "Old man your horse will die,"
"Oh if he dies I'll tan his skin,
If he lives I'll come riding round again."

Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, May 1952.

Cho.

Home dearest home and it's home you shall be,
 Home home home in your own counteree,
 Where the ash and the oak and the bonny bunch of trees
 They were all a-growing green in the North Americay.

1

O the sailor being drowsy hung down his head,
 He asked for a candle to light him to bed,
 O she lit him to bed and she thought it no harm,
 She jumped in behind for to keep herself warm. Cho.

2

Early the next morning the sailor he rose,
 Into her lap threw three hands full of gold,
 Saying, "Take this pretty maiden and buy your cheese and bread,
 This is what you get lighting the sailor to bed." Cho.

3

O if it's a girl she shall wear a gold ring,
 If it's a boy he shall fight for his king,
 With his long skif to boots and his jacket so blue
 He will walk on the deck like his daddy used to do. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River, and
 recorded by Helen Creighton, May 1952.

2nd verse not recorded; it was taken down at
 a later singing.

Vs.3 at a later singing:
 Saying, "Take this you pretty maid for to buy your cheese and bread,
 This is what you get for lighting sailors to bed."

In Exhun shires there lived a squire,
 He had only but one daughter fair,
 And when she was about sixteen years
 Courted she was by lords and squires.

2

But none of them could her favour gain
 Till a bold sea captain came straightway,
 For to make a mistress of his heart,
 They oft times vowed they would never part.

3

He gave to her a piece of gold
 Saying, "If ever I prove false to thee
 I wish the Heavens above my protection be,
 That's if ever I prove false to thee."

4

She broke in two a golden ring,
 Says, "If ever I prove false to thee
 I wish my body near no grave, my soul no rest,
 That's if ever I prove false to thee."

5

He had not been to sea at long,
 He had not sailed more than a month or two
 When courting she take by another man
 For to marry him for his riches sake.
 All other former vows to break.

6

This day she was for to be a bride,
 The captain from the sea arrived,
 O she looked, Oh she looked with a scornful frown,
 "Captain what wind brought you to town?"

7

This day I crossed the ocean wide,
 This day I hear you're to be a bride,
 "O yes, oh yes, and that be true,
 And if it is, what's it to you?"

8

His mouth was stopped, what could he say?
 She left him there for to be his mourn,
 His heart as cold as lead or stone.

9

There was a river near this town
 Where the young man walked up and down,
 He smote upon his breast and cried,
 "O had I on the ocean died,

10

"And never had lived for to see this day
 For to throw my precious soul away,
 For she her oath it had broken so
 She proved to me my overthrow."

(over)

He wrote her a letter and to her did send
 A-thinking that she might repent,
 She put it in her bosom now,
 In her ballroom safely she turned again.

12

He wrote another, to her did send,
 A-thinking indeed she might repent,
 This night I'll come for to envisit you,
 You'll think it strange, you'll find it true.

13

As she was in her father's stairs
 The ghost to her ~~he~~ did appear,
 She screeched, she screamed, she screeched, she cried,
 "Come help me friends or I shall die."

14

The lamps and lanterns they were all lit up,
 They searched ~~the~~ house from top throughout,
 But nothing of her could they find,

15

Her mother had distracted run,
 Her father cried, "We are undone,"
 Here's a warning you take all young and old,
 Break not your oath for the sake of gold.

Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River, and
 recorded by Helen Creighton, May/52

There was a lady in New York
 All alone and aloney O
 She fell in love with her father's clerk
 And it's down by the greenwood sidey O

2

She fell so deep in, love with him
 That she did intend for to marry him.

3

She learned herself against an oak,
 First it bent and then it broke.

4

Then she leaned herself against a thorn,
 There those two little babes & they were born.

5

She had nothing to wrap them in
 Only her apron, that were thin.

6

She had a penknife long and sharp
 She pierced those ^{two} little babes right to the heart.

7

She buried them under a marble stone
 And she prayed to God might never be known.

8

As she went through her father's hall
 There she saw those two little babes a-tossing ball.

9

You two little babes if you were mine
 I would feed you up on milk and wine.

xixxi

Mother dear mother for your sin
 Hell's gates will be opened and you led in.

xixxi2

It's seven long years a maid you'll reign
 And when you die in hell remain.

Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt and recorded by Helen
 Creighton, May 1952.

10

You two little babes if you were mine
 I would dress you up in silks so fine.

A many a sack of meal I've made,
 I've courted many a blooming maid
 Behind the kitchen door.

Cho.

Right merrily the wheel goes round
 And likewise goes the stone,
 Right merrily the wheel goes round
 And likewise goes the stone,
 Right merrily the wheel goes round
 When the corn is dry and sound,
 A better trade I never found
 Since ever I've been born.

2

I think I will go in my mill
 I think I hear the burglars in,
 I think I will go in my mill
 To see what we can catch,
 I think I will go in my mill,
 I think I hear the burglars in,
 I think I'll set a gun trap in
 To see what we can catch.

Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River, and
 recorded by Helen Creighton, May 1952.

I kissed her lips so ~~sweetly~~ sweetly,
 Both better far than honey,
 I kissed her lips so ~~sweetly~~ sweetly,
 Was thee I love the best,
 I think I will go in the mill,
 I think I hear the burgler in etc.as above.

recalled in 1954

There was an old miller in Dublinshire,
 He had three sons as you shall hear,
 And when he was about to make his will
 He gave to one of his sons his mill.

Cho.

Singing fol the diddle oil dol,
 Dol the dol dol dey.

2

He called up his oldest son,
 "My son, my son, my glass is run,
 If it's unto you my mill I'll make
 Pray tell to me what toll you will take." Cho.

3

"O father you know my name is Ralph,
 Out of every bushel I'll take one half,
 Out of every bushel that I will grind
 I think I'd make a good living I'd find." Cho.

4

"You are a thief," the old man cried,
 "You have not learned your father's trade,
 And it's by such toll no man could live,
 To you my mill I will not give." Cho.

5

He called up his second son,
 "My son, my son, my glass is run,
 Now if it's unto you my mill I'll make
 Pray tell to me what toll you'll take." Cho.

6

"O father you know my name is Dick,
 Out of every bushel I'll take a peck,
 Out of every bushel that I would grind
 I think I'd make a good living I'd find." Cho.

7

"You are a thief," the old man cried,
 "You have not learned your old father's trade,
 And it's by such toll no man could live,
 To you my mill I will not give." Cho.

8

He called up his youngest son,
 "My son, my son, my glass is run,
 Now if to you my mill I'll make
 Pray tell to me what toll you'll take." Cho.

9

"Father you know I'm your bonny boy,
 And stealing corn was all my joy,
 And it's for I would a good living make
 I'd take the whole and I'd swear to the bag." Cho.

(over)

"You are my hoy," the old man cried,
"Now you have learned your father's trade,
So the mill is thine," the old man cried,
And then he closed his eyes and cried. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, May, 1952.

Before recording, used rogue instead of thief in
4th verse.

There was a young man
 And he loved her well,
 O all he craved was his delight
 If he could sleep with her one night
 Cho.

To my high whack fol diddle high gee oh,
 O high whack fol diddle high gee oh.

2

This fair maid into her bed did lay
 Just thinking up some trick to play,
 When on the floor she placed a chair,
 On the chair placed crockery ware. Cho.

3

The young man coming in the dark
 Seeking for his own sweetheart,
 This young man coming in the dark
 Seeking for his own sweetheart
 He stubbed his foot against a chair
 Fell headfirst in the crockery ware. Cho.

4

The owner waking in a fright
 Asking for a candle light,
 "Young man what has brought you here
 Smashing up my crockery ware? "Cho.

5

"Old woman, old woman, don't take so cross,
 I missed my way and I mean no loss,
 Old woman old woman don't take so cross,
 I missed my way and I mean no loss." ~~Chaxx~~

&x

I missed my way, yes I declare,
 And I fell headfirst into the crockery ware. Cho.

6

The policeman called without delay,
 It's sure enough I had to pay,
 It's twenty shillings for the broken chair
 Three pounds ten for the crockery ware. Cho.

7

Now come all you noble rambling sparks
 That goes a-courting in the dark,
 Do not stub your toe against a chair,
 And if you do you'll pay quite dear for the crockery ware. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, and recorded by Helen Creighton,
 May 1952.