

- Johnny Bull. Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River. Probably about boxing between English and Americans. 23.208.2  
Interesting but a bit confused. 8 vs. MF 289.414
- 6-8. Three Jolly Hunstmen. Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River. Interesting version with good modal tune.
- 8-9. Banks of the Rosies. Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River. Pleasant love song with lilting tune.
- 9-15. Lady Isabel and the Elf Knight. Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River. 12 vs. sung a little uncertainly. good tune when he settles down to it.
- 15-18. Song of a Soldier. Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River. For complete song see reel 92A. good song and very old. 5 vs.
- 18-20. Green Bushes. Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River. Good, but tune a bit confused.
- 20-23. Foot of the Mountain Brow. Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River. Love song, good tune 5 vs.
- 23-28. New River Shore. Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River. Love song with pleasant tune. 5 vs.
- 28-end. Jenny Lund. Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River. Song of love and war, good of its kind. 3 double verses.

It was in sunny England the home of Johnny Bull  
 Where the British drank a toast ad they drank it brimming full,  
 Saying, "Here's to British champion and here's to British brave,  
 For the champions they are all over the land and the wave."

2

Up speaks Uncle Sam as he looked across the main,  
 "Is that that English bully? Are you bellowing again?  
 Why does he not remember the giant of the pond  
 Who smiled just like lightning when his day's work is done."

3

It was in merty England all in the bloom of spring  
 Where this English champion bully he stood tripped up in the  
 ring,  
 For to fight that lofty heathen the galliant son of a try,  
 For to try his British muscle on the bold Canacia boy.

4

Two heavy flags was floated all over the ring,  
 On the English was a lion just ready for to spring,  
 On the Yankee was an eagle and a lofty bird was he,  
 For he carried abunch of thunder bolts, the emblem of the free.

5

The coppersthey were tossing, the melon it did began,  
 From three to one receivers the belts came tumbling im  
 They fought the galliant hero till the one received a blow  
 And the red crimson tides from the Yankee nose did flipw

6

There's three cheers for Johnny Bull while the British shout  
 for joy,  
 There's three cheers our English bully while the bold  
 Canacia boy,  
 The lion roared like lightning with venom in his eyes,  
 Then smile away good old England, but Johnny mind your eye.

7

The last round of all my boys this world shall never see,  
 When Uncle Sam he rose a champion, he rode him from his knee,  
 He killed them in the air which caused a fellow for tosteer,  
 When from his grasp he show him how those Englishmen did swear.

8

Now come all you Yankee heroes wherever you may be,  
 Justlook on thatlofty eagle and never be despised,  
 May our Union last forever and the pride may ne'er give o'er  
 Until the star bangled bahner proudly waves o'er every shore.

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

Words often obscure in this song, written down  
 as the sounded.

It's of three jolly butchers as I've been lately told  
Who ventured their lives in travelling with 500 pounds in gold,  
As they were riding along the road as fast as they could ride,  
"O it's stop, oh stop," cried Johnston, "for I hear a woman cry."

2

"O no, oh no," cried Gibson, "oh no that never can be,"  
"O no, oh no," cries Stevenson, "or we shall all die,"  
Young Johnston he mounted horseback and he rode the globe all  
round,

At length he came to a woman with her hair pinned to the ground.

3

"O woman, dear woman, it's where are they,  
Nor where can they be found  
Who have left you here stark naked  
With your hair pinned to the ground?"

4

"They whipped me and they lashed me,  
They've thrown my body down,  
They left me here stark naked  
With my hair pinned to the ground."

5

Young Johnston being a noble man,  
A man of courage bold,  
He gave to her his overcoat  
For to shield her from the cold.

6

Young Johnston being a nobleman,  
A man of courage mind,  
He mounted on his horse's back  
And he placed her on behind.

7

As they were riding along the road  
As fast as they could ride,  
She placed her fingers in both of his ears  
And began to scream and cry.

8

Six rebels came out of the bushes  
With cudgels in their hands,  
Six rebels came out of the bushes  
And they bid young Johnston stand.

9

"I'll stand, I'll stand," cried Johnston,  
"I'll stand as long as I can,  
For it never had been in my lifetime  
That I feared any man."

Young Johnston fought them all most gallantly  
 Till the fifth of them he slain,  
 When she hauled a dagger all from his belt  
 And pierced his body behind.

11

"O I fall, I fall," cried Johnston,  
 "I fall unto the ground,  
 But it was that treacherous woman  
 Had gave me my death wound."

12

This woman she was taken  
 And bound in prison strong,  
 For the murdering of one of those finest young men  
 As ever the sun shined on.

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

Good tune. When he was through Mr. Hatt said, "Then  
 I left," which means that the song was through.  
 Later he said of the machine, "There's somebody there  
 asking if that's the end of it."

If ever I do get married  
 Will be in the month of May  
 When the birds they are singing  
 And the flowers they are gay,  
 When my love and I ~~will be together~~  
 We can set, sport, and play,  
 All down by the  
 Banks of the Rosies.

2

It was on the banks of Rosies  
 Where my love and I sat down.  
 When I hauled out my German flute  
 To play my love a tune,  
 In the midst of the tune  
 She sighed and she said,  
 "Lovely Jimmy, dearest Jimmy  
 Don't you leave me."

3

"Nancy, dearest Nancy  
 I have heard your parents say  
 That they'd rather see their daughter  
 Be buried in the clay,  
 They would rather see their daughter  
 Be buried in the clay  
 Than a ruffian like me  
 To enjoin<sup>1</sup> her.

4

"O Nancy, dearest Nancy  
 It's very well known,  
 That I can take a glass or I  
 Can leave it alone,  
 If your parents they don't like me  
 They can keep you at home  
 And your Jimmy will go roaming  
 In the morning."

5

"O Jimmy, lovely Jimmy,  
 Never mind what they say,  
 For I'm the only daughter  
 And my fortune it is gay,  
 All other enjoyments  
 I never<sup>2</sup> will forsake,  
 You're my darling  
 On the banks of the Rosies."

1.enjoy

2.ever

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

Nine tune, lilting.

extra verse:

I I placed my <sup>arms</sup> ~~arms~~ around her neat and slender waist  
To feel if her stays there were,  
When she pressed her lips to mine as we often embraced  
You're my darling on the banks of the rosies.

"O arise, oh arise, oh arise," said he,  
 "Arise, oh arise," said he,  
 "For we shall go to some foreign countree  
 And it's married we shall be."

2

So she jumped on her own horse  
 And he on the iron grey,  
 They roamed till they came to the riverside  
 Three hours before it was day,  
 They roamed till they came to the riverside  
 Three hours before it was day.

3

"There's aight, there's aight, there's aight," said he,  
 "There's aight, there's aight," said he,  
 "It's six purty maidens I have drowned here  
 And the seventh you shall be.  
 It's six purty maidens I have drowned here  
 And the seventh you shall be."

4

"Haul off, haul off your gay clothing  
 And lay them upon the green,  
 For I do think that your clothing is too gay  
 For to lie in a watery tomb."

5

"If I haul off my gay clothing  
 And lay them upon the green.  
 I do not think it fit for a ruffian like you  
 A naked woman for to see."

6

Then he was ashamed of what he had said,  
 He turned his back towards her,  
 She gave to him a shove just with all her dear might  
 And she sunk him in the deep.

7

"O sink, oh sink, oh sink," said she,  
 "And it's sink, oh sink," said she,  
 "For I don't think that your clothing is too gay  
 For to lie in the watery tomb.  
 For I don't think that your clothing is too gay  
 For to lie in the watery tomb."

8

Then she jumped on her own horse's back  
 And she led the iron grey,  
 She roamed till she came to her father's stable door  
 Two hours before it was day.

9

"Now it's hush, now it's hush my pretty Polly dear  
 Don't tell no tales on me,  
 For your cage it shall be made out of yellow beaming gold  
 And hung up on an ivory tree,  
 For your cage it shall be made out of yellow beaming gold  
 And hung up on an ivory tree."

10

The old man in his bed a-lying awake  
A-listening to all that was said,  
"What cause you to prattle my pretty Polly dear  
So long before it was day?"

11

The cat had clim on the window so high  
A-thinking my sweet life to destroy,  
I had to call on my youngest missus dear  
For to take that cat away."

12

"Well turned, well turned, well turned," said he,  
"Well turned, well turned," said he,  
"For your cage it shall be made out of yellow beaming gold  
And hung up on an ivory tree."

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

Probably the last two lines should be repeated  
in every verse. In singing, Mr. Hatt says beaming  
gold, but in reciting the words said beaten. The  
tune should be taken from a later verse as he takes  
some time to get into the song.

Explains at end that Polly was the parrot .



I will tell you of a soldier who lately came from war,  
 He courted a lady for all her rich and fair,  
 O her riches were so great that they scarce could be told,  
 Yet she loved a soldier because he was so bold.

2

"O charmer, dearest charmer, it's fate I'd be your wife,  
 But my daddy is so cruel I'm afraid he'd have my life,"  
 He clicked his sword and pistol and swung them by his side,  
 He swore he would marry her whatever might betide.

3

The old man he returning home, the knowledge it was there,  
 It wasn't because she loved him but he was so dread and fair,  
 For I never was a man that was fit to carry a gun  
 Or to start an inch of (fullery flinch until the war was done.  
 (fire and flinch)

4

As they went to church and was turning back again  
 Her own dadda met her and seven other men,  
 "O dear," said the lady, "I'm afraid we'll all be slain,  
 For to fight with this bold soldier is altogether vain."

5

Up speaks the old man, "I do not like your prattle,"  
 Up speaks the soldier, "I am prepared for battle,"  
 He clicked his sword and pistol which caused them for to rattle,  
 O the lady held the horse while the soldier fought the battle.

6

The first one he came to he quickly had him slain,  
 The next one he came to he served just the same,  
 "O dear," said the lady, "I'm afraid we'll all be slain,  
 For to fight with this bold soldier is altogether vain."

7

"O stop, stop," the old man said, "you make my blood run cold,  
 For you shall have my daughter and five hundred pounds in gold,"  
 "It's go on," said the lady, "my portion it is small,"  
 "Stay your hand," the old man cried, "and you shall have it all."

xRx

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

(There are extra verses here, added to the song  
 in 1954. Please put with the 1952 file).

Song of a Soldier  
~~The Lady and the Soldier~~

Reel 90B 15-18. No. 5

Reel 92A, complete

I will tell you of a soldier  
Who lately came from war,  
Her courted a lady  
For all her rich and fair,  
O her riches was so great  
That they scarce could be told,  
O yet she loved a soldier  
Because he was so bold.

2

"O charmer dearest charmer  
It's fate I'll be your wife,  
But my daddy is so cruel  
I'm afraid he'll have my life,"  
He clicked his sword and pistol  
And swung them by his side,  
He swore that he would marry her  
Whatever might to betide.

3

As they had went to church  
And returning back again  
Her own dadda met her  
And seven other men.  
"O dear," said the lady  
"I'm afeared we're all going to be slain,  
~~All he could remember.~~

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

For to fight with this bold soldier  
Is altogether vain."

4

"O it's stop, stop," the old man cried,  
"You make the blood run cold,  
For you shall have my daughter,  
Five hundred pounds in gold,"  
"O go on," said the lady,  
"My pension it is small,"  
"It's stay your hand," the old man cries,  
"And you shall have it all."

5

The old man he returning home again,  
The knowledge it was there,  
It wasn't because she loved him  
But he was so dread and fair,  
For I never had a man  
That was fit to carry a gun  
Or to start an inch of fire and flinch  
Until the war was done.

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

As I went a-walking one evening in spring  
 For to hear the birds whistle, the nightingales sing  
 I spied a fair damsel, so sweetlie sang she  
 All amongst those green bushes where she would meet me.

2

"O where are you going my pretty fair maid?"

"I'm waiting for my true love oh kind sir," she said,

"I will be your true love if you do agree,"

"I will leave my fine Jimmie and I will go along with thee."

3

"I will give you rich jewels, give you silks and fine gowns,

I will give you long dresses that do sweep the ground,

I'll give you short petticoats that flounce down to your knee

If you'll leave your fine Jimmie and go along with me."

4

"I want none of your rich jewels, your silks and fine gowns,

Don't think I'm so poor that I'd marry for clothes,

But I'll be your wife if you do agree,

I will leave my fine Jimmie and I'll go along with thee."

5

"Come let us be going kind sir if you please,

Come leave us be going from under these trees,

Down in yonders is a-coming my true love I see

All whistling, all singing all joys to meet me."

6

O when he got there he found she was gone,

He looked like a lambkin and cries out forlorn,

"She has gone with some other, she has forsaken me,

She has left those green bushes where she vowed to meet me,

She has gone with some other, she has forsaken me,

She has left those green bushes forever," said he.

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

In vs. 5 leave is used for let which is  
 common in Lunenburg County. Mr. Hatt always says  
yonders for yonder. His tune seems mixed. At the  
 conclusion of the song he looked up and said laconically,  
 "Gone."

Come all bold lads and lassies attend unto my song,  
 A verse or two I'll sing to you, it will not maintain you long,  
 It's all about a young man I'm going to tell you now  
 Who had lately went a-courting at the foot of the mountain Brow.

2

"It's Molly dearest Molly won't you go along with me?  
 Look down in yonder valley, so plainly you may see,  
~~See my horses, men, and plough~~  
 Look down in yonder valley see my horses, men, and plough,  
 Where they labour late and early for the maid of the mountain brow

3

"If they labour late and early kind sir it's not for me,  
 Your reputation that I do hear is not of the best I see,  
 There is an inn where you call in I hear the people say  
 Where you rap, you call, you pay for all, go home at the break  
 of day."

4

"If I rap, I call, I pay for all, my money it is my own,  
 I'm spending none of your fortune for they tell me you got none,  
 It's once you thought you had me but I'm going to leave you now,  
 I can leave you where I found you at the foot of the mountain  
 brow."

5

"It's Jimmy, lovely Jimmy, how can you treat me so?  
 I am the girl that you first loved, and that's right well you know,  
 I am the girl that you loved best for me you gave your vow,  
 Now you will leave me broken-hearted at the foot of the  
 mountain brow. "

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

I can love little or I can love long,  
I can love an old sweetheart till a new one comes along,  
I can kiss both and cheer them, I can make their hearts mind  
And when their back is turned I can alter my mind.

2

It's down in green valley where the tide ever rolled,  
Where the wild rosy blossom, chilly winds do blow  
It's there I first saw my Susan, she's the girl I adore  
While we went a-walking on the New River shore.

3

It's cruel was my father when he bid me adieu,  
Sent me way to old mountains so far from my home,  
Sent me way to old mountains so far from my love,  
So far from my darling on the New River shore.

4

I had not been there long when a letter it came,  
And into this letter those words they were plain,  
It's come home dearest William, you're the lad I adore  
While we went a-walking on the New River shore.

5

Then I brought forth my broadsword and it littered all round,  
There were several bold laddies I then slayed to the ground,  
Some wounded, some dying, whilst others lie in their gore,  
It was there I gained my darling on the New River shore.

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

A tear was i in a soldier's eye  
One clear bright summer's morn,  
When he bid adieu, bid his last farewell  
To weeping Jenny Lund,  
They strayed down by the meadow gay  
While resting on a lawn,  
For he whispered words of kind and love  
To pretty Jenny Lund.

Cho.

O it's good-bye Jenny dear,  
Don't you weep no more for me,  
And when the war is over  
I will return to thee.

2

The summer sun was sinking to rest,  
The corn is gathered now,  
And the red red rose are fading  
And the leaves falling from the bough,  
Yet keen and cold the winds don't blow  
Across the mournful moor,  
Why does not the soldier return  
To weeping Jenny Lund? Cho.

3

At length one day a village step  
Approached her cottage door,  
When a wounded soldier told a tale  
That her loved one was no more,  
She spoke no word, she gave no sigh,  
But the little robins roll,  
When springtime came the robin sadly chirped  
O'er the grave of Jenny Lund. Cho.

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

singer says gaythered for gathered.