

Reel 91A All sung by Nathan Hatt, Middle River
except No. 3

- 1-3 Lass of Mohee ; good variant, nicely sung 8 vs.
- 3-9 Captain Robert Kidd; 10 vs. put together with difficulty.
- 9-10 Frog and the Mouse ; sung by Mrs. F. St. C. Harris,
Chester 1 vs. & cho.
- 10-12. Had I the Wings For to Fly; probably love song,
but Mr. Hatt only knows 3 vs.
- 12-15. As I Walked Out One Evening Bright; Man seduces girl
and then reproaches her; good of its kind. 6 vs.
- 15-20 The Jealous Lover; man kills brother's sweetheart; not
(old Jimmy, Mary) well remembered and singing ragged words
good; 8 vs.
- 20-25 Bonny Barbara Allan 14 vs. and more interesting tune
than usual.
- 25-26. Billy He Was A Fine Old Man; 1 vs. only; nursery song
- 26-end Little Timmy Tucker. ; one vs. of old nursery song,
nicely sung.

As I went a-walking for pleasure one day
For to seek recreation for to pass the time away,
I sat amusing myself on the grass,
O who should come to me but a fair Indian lass.

2

She sat down beside me, took a hold of my hand,
"I know you're a stranger, not one of this land,
And if you will follow me you are welcome to go,
For I live by myself in a snug little home."

3

The sun was a-setting all across the salt sea,
Where me and my smoky together did go,
Together did ramble, together did roam,
Till we came to her cot in the coccanut grove.

4

A nice invitation she offered to me,
Saying, "If you will consent for to stay here with me,
No more go a-roaming, no more go to sea,
I will teach you the language that they use in Mohee."

5

"O no no my fair one that never can be,
For I have a sweetheart in my own counterees,
And I'd better not despise her for her poverty,
For I think she is as fair as the lass of Mohee."

6

It was early the next morning all down by the strand
Our ship sailed by, she wove her lily white hand,
Saying, "When you get back to the one you love best,
You will think of this Mohee in the coccanut grove."

7

O now I am safe landed on my own native shore,
My friends, my relations flock round me once more,
And all that flocked round me and all that I see,
There is none can compare with the lass of Mohee.

8

This Mohee she was beautiful, she was kind, she was good,
She acted a part in the heavenly land,
For me being a stranger she took me to her home,
I will think of this Mohee as I wander along.

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

My name is Robert Kidd as I sailed,
 My name is Robert Kidd and wickedly I did,
 I had the Bible in my hand as I sailed,
 I had the Bible in my hand, my father's great command,
 And I've sunk it in the sand as I sailed.

2

I had murdered William Moore as I sailed, as I sailed,
 I had murdered William Moore as I sailed,
 I had murdered William Moore no not many leagues from shore
 And I left him bleeding in his gore as I sailed.

3

I steered from sound to sound as I sailed, as I sailed,
 I steered from sound to sound as I sailed,
 I steered from sound to sound and a many a ship I found
 And the most of them I burnt as I sailed.

4

I being sick and near to death as I sailed, as I sailed,
 I being sick and near to death as I sailed,
 I being sick and near to death that I vowed with every breath
 I thought I was undone as I sailed,
 I thought I was undone, my weakest glass was run,
 But health returned again as I sailed.

5

I spied three ships from Spain as I sailed, as I sailed,
 I spied three ships from Spain as I sailed,
 I spied three ships from Spain and after them I fired amain
 Till the most of them I slain as I sailed.

6

I spied three ships from France as I sailed, as I sailed
 I spied three ships from France as I sailed,
 I spied three ships from France and after them I did advance
 And I took them all by chance as I sailed.

7

I spied fourteen ships more as I sailed, as I sailed,
 I spied fourteen ships more as I sailed,
 I spied fourteen ships more, and all brave men they were,
 And they were too many for me as I sailed.

8

I been taking at last as I sailed, as I sailed,
 I been taking at last as I sailed,
 I been taken at last and in prison being cast
 To receive my just desert I must die, I must die,
 To receive my just desert I must die.

9

(over)

Through execution dock I must go, I must go,
Through execution dock I must go,
Through execution dock where many a thousand flock,
And there I must bear the shock, see me die.

So fareyou well the raging main
A both Turkey, France, and Spain,
For I shall ne'er see you again
As I sailed.

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

It takes a verse or two for Mr. Hatt to get into
his song, then he tires towards the end.

There was a frog lived in a pool,
Sing song kiddy won't you ky me oh,
And oh he was the biggest fool,
Sing song kiddy won't you ky me oh.
Cho.

Keemo kymo darro why,
Ma he, ma ha, ma in cum sally singing,
Nip cap perry winkle
Sing song kiddy won't you ky me oh.

Sung by Mrs. F. St. C. Harris, Chester, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, May 1952.

Chorus (not recorded)

Kimo kymo darro wha,
Me ho, me ky, me in cum sally siggin,
Sing song penny winkle nim cum nip cat,
Sing song sidy won't ye ky me oh.

Sung by Mrs. Frank Whitman, Annapolis, mother of
Mrs. Harris.

Had I the wings for to fly,
The wings of a turtle dove,
I would fly to the arms of my neat Irish girl
For she is the one that I love.

2

She was tall with a slender waist,
With a dark and rolling eye,
It was all for her sake I had ploughed the salt sea,
Here on this cold deck I must die.

3

Our captain was wounded full sore
And eighty of our best men,
Our main standing rigging was so badilee tore
We was obliged to surrender unto them.

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

As I walked out one evening bright
 Down by the riverside,
 I heard a lovely maiden sing
 And she filled my heart with pride,
 "Oh heaven bless you my fair one,
 Come sing another song,
 I wish you were my bride," he said,
 "Kind sir I am too young,"
 "For I vowed and vowed and vowed again
 That I win no one but thee."

2

He took her by the lily white hand,
 He kissed both cheeks and chin,
 He took her to his own bedroom
 For to spend the night with him.

3

The night was gone, the day came on,
 The sun rose bright and clear,
 This young man rose, put on his clothes,
 Saying, "Fare you well my dear."
 "Is this the promise you made to me
 Down by the riverside?
 You promised that you would marry me
 And make me your own bride."

4

"O if I promised to marry you
 That's more than I'll ever do,
 I never intend to marry a girl
 As easily led as you,
 Oh so easily led as you," he said,
 "So easily led as you,
 I never intend to marry a girl
 As easily led as you."

5

"There's a tree in your father's garden,
 Go there and cry your fill,
 And when you think of what you have done
 Just blame your own free will,
 Just blame your own free will," he said,
 "Just blame your own free will,
 And when you think of what you have done
 Just blame your own free will."

6

There is other farmer's daughters,
 To market they can go,

While I poor girl must stay at home
And rock the cradle o'er,
And rock the cradle o'er and o'er
And sing hush my baby bye,
Was there ever a girl in this cold world
More easlier led than I?

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

She dressed herself up in men's attire
 And so gayly she was dressed.
 A-thinking to meet her own true love,
 The one that she loved best.

2

And when he saw her a-coming
 He cried out, "Who's there?"
 It is my eldest brother
 A-thinking to meet my dear.

3

But how soon will I deceive him
 For his butcher I will be,
 He shall never live to enjoy my dear
 Or not to bother me.

4

He fired right at him as he thought
 Which caused his loved one to fall,
 And in her tender bosom
 He plunged a fatal ball.

5

"I fall, I fall, I fall," said she,
 "I fall unto the ground,
 O Jimmie, cru-el Jimmie
 You have gave me my death wound.

6

"Come look at the crimson tide
 From my bleeding wound doth flow,
 O Jimmie, cru-el Jimmie
 How could you serve me so?"

7

And when he saw her a-dying
 He tore his loving hair,
 Another loaded pistol
 For himself he did repair.

8

"I will die for the loss of Mary,
 I will die for the love of thee,
 So come all bold lads and bold lassies
 Be ye ware of jealousy."

Subg by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River, and recorded
 by Helen Creighton, June 1952

Was early early in the spring
 When the flowers they were a-blooming,
 I saw a young man all on his death bed lie
 For the love of Barbary Ellen.

2

He sent his servant out one day
 Where this fair maid was a-dwelling,
 Saying, "Master sent me here to-day
 For the love of Barbary Ellen,
 O master says you must come forth
 If your name be Barbara Ellen."

3

It was slowlie slowlie she arose
 While slowlie she went towards him,
 She hauled the curtain all from his face,
 "Young man you are a-dying.

4

"For death is printed in your face,
 For death crimsol'd all round you,
 And it's for my sake you shall be no better
 Since you slighted Barbary Ellen.

5

"Young man don't you remember well
 When you were in the tavern
 You drank good health to the room all round
 And you slighted Barbary Ellen?"

6

"Young man don't you remember well
 When you was in the dance hall a-dancing
 You danced with every fair lady there
 And you slighted Barbary Ellen?"

7

He turned his face against the wall,
 His back he turned towards her,
 Saying, "Here's adieu, adieu to my friends all,
 Adieu to Barbary Ellen,
 Here's adieu adieu to my friends all
 And be kind to Barbary Ellen."

8

She scarc-a-lie had left the house
 When she heard the death bell a-tolling,
 Every toll it seemed for to say
 "O cruel Barbary Ellen,"
 And every toll it seemed for to say
 "O hard-hearted Barbary Ellen."

(over)

She had not been more than a mile and a half from the town
 When she saw the cold corpse ~~gaming~~ a-coming,
 "Lay down, lay down the cold corpse of clay
 That I may look upon him."

10

"O cursed me, kind sir," said she,
 "O curse me forever after,
 For I may have saved this young man's life
 Just by using my endeavour.

11

"O mother mother make my bed,
 Make it both long and narrow,
 For my true love died for me to-day,
 I will die for him to-morrow. "

12

They both was buried in one churchyard,
 They both lie here together,
 Out of his breast grew a fine red rose
 And out of hers a briar.

13

They grow so long, they grow so tall
 That they reached the church steeple top,
 And into the top tied a true lover's knot,
 And they both died away together.

14

For this young man he's died for love
 And the fair maid shortly after,
 The finest young man all in New York died
 For the love of Dave Allan's daughter.

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

Mr. Hatt says togetayther, for together. He says there
 is more of this song which he can't remember. His
 tune is more interesting than that usually sung in
 Nova Scotia.

O Billy he was a fine old man,
He washed himself in the frying pan,
He combed his head in the wagon wheel
And he died with a toothache in his heel.

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

Better in second singing, but think he has this
tune confused with another. It sounds like Early Spring
When I Was Young.

MADE IN

CANADA

GREEN
N
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T

Little Timmy Tucker
Sung for his supper
What would he have but
White bread and butter,
How will he cut it
Without any knife,
How will he get married
Without any wife?

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

2nd singing better