

Reel 91B All sung by Nathan Hatt, Middle River  
except No. 8

- 1-5 Sweet Florella 6 vs; singing dull FSG 30  
5-7 Erin's Green Shore; pleasant Irish song; 4 double vs. 23.210.  
7-10 Billy the Weaver; comic; sung quite well; 12 vs. MF 29.410  
10-12 Good Luck to the Girls pleasant and light 6 vs.  
12-15 Freedom Sweet Freedom; song of slavery; words con-  
fused; late. 4 vs. & cho.  
15-18 Drunkard's Song; comic, probably music hall; good;  
5 vs. & cho.  
18-23 The Drowsy Sleeper; good variant, and quite well  
sung; 9 vs.  
23-25. I Wonder Do They Care To See Me Now; late, not folk;  
good example of the difference between singing  
of two generations; compare with other songs  
on this tape by Norman's father  
25-end Butcher Boy; good version with more interesting  
words than usual; 9 vs.

Down by yon weeping willow  
Where the violets gently bloom  
There lives a fair and fond Elia  
Lies silent in the tomb.

2

She died not broken-hearted,  
No sickness her befell,  
In one short hour she parted  
From those she loved so well.

3

"Come love let's take a ramble  
Down by some meadow gay,  
Help me for I am not weary,  
For I have traced my way.

4

"Here in thés woods I'll have you  
And you cannot from me fly,  
No earthly hand can save you  
For you must surely die."

5

On her bended knees before him  
She begged "Spare my life,"  
But in her snow white bosom  
He plunged a fateful knife.

6

"O Willie dear I will fogive you,  
Those words I'll say no more,  
My heart's blood is fast a-flowing,  
And soon I'll be no more."

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

One evening of late as I rembled  
By the side of a clear flowing stream  
I sat down on a bunch of primrosies  
And so slowly I fell in a dream,  
I deaamt that I saw a fair maiden,  
Her feathres I ne'er saw before,  
And she sighed for the wrongs of her country  
As she strayed along Erin's green shore.

2

Her eyes were like two sparkling diamonds  
Or like stars on a cold winter's night,  
Her cheeks were like two blooming rosies  
And her teeth as the ivory white,  
She appeared like some goddess of freedom  
For green was the mantle she wore,  
It was trimmed with the rose of the shamrock  
That grew along Erin's green shore.

3

And so kindly I saluted this fair one,  
Saying, "My jewel pray tell me your name,  
I am here in the midst of great danger  
Nor I would not have asked you the same,"  
"I'm the daughter of Daniel O'Connell,  
And from England I have lately sailed o'er,  
And I came for to ~~xs~~ waken my brother  
As she slumbered on Erin's green shore."

4

True transport in time I awaken  
And I found it was only a dream,  
When I found that this fair one was vanished  
How I longed for to slumber again,  
May the heavens above be her guardian,  
Her features I never saw before,  
May the sunbeams of Eden shine over her  
As she strayed along Erin's green shore.

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

"O father father I am married,  
Had I better longer tarried  
For my wife she do swear  
That the breeches she will wear."

2

"It's go home with thy wife and love her,  
Let me here no more discover,  
Give thy wife what's her due,  
Let me hear no more from you."

3

"Give her rings and give her diamonds,  
Give her things to keep her quiet,  
And if that will not do  
Take a whip and whip her too."

4

Going home like one in wonder,  
Rapping at the door like thunder,  
"Who is there?" the weaver cries,  
"'Tis my husband, you must rise."

5

"Where have you been all the day sir,  
Walking out taking your pleasure,  
Leaving thy poor wife at home  
For to set and sigh alone."

6

"O wife, oh wife don't be in a passion,  
You come follow my direction,  
Draw some ale for I am dry,  
Like a good wife to comply."

7

Oh when I had her in the cellar  
I done my very best endeavour,  
Searched the garret up and down,  
Nodding of him could I find.

8

I jumped around so nimbly,  
Then I looked up the chimney,  
There I saw the wretched soul  
Sitting on the chimney pole.

9

I built on a raging fire  
Much against my wife's desire,  
As I kept piling on the fuel  
She cries out, "Don't be so cruel."

10

"Take him down, spare his life  
For the sake of your dear wife."

11

It's from the chimney oh I took him,  
O good God and how I shook him,  
And I said with every poke,  
"Will you come back to stop my smoke?"

12

I never saw a chimney sweeper  
Half as black as Billy the Weaver,  
Two black hands and two black eyes,  
Kicked him home in that disguise.

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

Good luck to the girls that lives on the shore,  
If you ask them a question they'll tell you twice o'er,  
If you ask them a question they'll tell you if they can  
For every young girl's looking out for a man.

Cho.

And sing wo wo wolly wo.

2

The boys they will dress up so neat and so fine  
For to court a young girl that's all they resign,  
They'll go to the houses and there they will stay,  
They'll keep the girls up till it's almost day. Cho.

3

The girls they'll get up and they'll sigh and they say,  
"Boys oh dear boys how I wish you'd go away,"  
The boys they get up and they'll stagger and reel  
And they'll curse to the girls, "Oh how funny I feel." Cho.

4

The girls they will sleep about half the next day,  
The mother is scolding the devil to pay,  
"O mother, dear mother, we are not for to blame,  
For when you was young you was fond of the game." Cho.

5

When the girls they stop single she lives at her ease,  
Goes out when she likes, she comes in when she please,  
Goes out when she likes and she has her own fun,  
She eats her own bread let it be raw or be done. Cho.

6

O bachelor's hall it is one of the best,  
Be drunk or be sober you're always at rest,  
No wife to be scolding, no children to bawl,  
And God bless the man who keeps bachelor's hall. Cho.

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

I stand as a policeman upon the northern bay  
Of old Ireland and fresh Waterloo,  
It would cheer our weary souls safe beneath the billows roll  
And to think like the waves I am free.

Cho.

Ah freedom, sweet freedom,  
Freedom meant for me,  
And before I'd be a slave I'll be buried in my grave  
And go home to my Master free.

2

Don't you remember the old tarry oak  
Where I put on my last forty-four,  
There he bowed his lofty head and behold there he bled,  
Just remember that he'll bleed there no more. Cho.

3

Don't you remember the promise you made  
From your dear dying mother's last sad request,  
That you never would be sold, not for silver or for gold  
While the sun rose from the east to the west? Cho.

4

O Missy and old massy don't you weep no more for me  
For I cannot be your slave any more,  
I am o'er the billows soft safe beneath the lion's paw  
When they growl when I came near the shore.

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

Once I had a fortune of money and had land,  
 I spent it all for gamboling one night when I was drunk,  
 I woke up in the morning my head in such a pain,  
 I felt so broken hearted oh that I got drunk again.

Cho.

Thrn I got drunk again,  
 Then I got drunk again,  
 I felt so broken hearted  
 That I got drunk again.

2

From that I went to Ireland to work upon a trade,  
 I very soon got acquainted with a fair young dashing maid,  
 I then struck up a party for to cross the very main,  
 To living gay and happy then I got drunk again. Cho.

3

From that I went to England to take myself a wife,  
 To settle down and marry  
 As long as she spoke kindly how happy was I then,  
 Soon she spent all my money, then I got drunk again. Cho

4

Now my money is all gone for ale, wine, and gin,  
 My head it takes a climbing, the doctor he steps in,  
 He looks at me so earnestly and he tells to me quite plain,  
 "You've ruined your constitution by getting drunk again." Cho.

5

Come all you gay young fellows, take warning by this mind,  
 A-drinking of strong liquor what comfort do you find?  
 It brings to your relations both sorrow, grief, and shame,  
 And all you get is a very bad name from getting drunk again.

Cho.

Then I got drunk again,  
 Then I got drunk again,  
 And all you get is a very bad name  
 By getting drunk again.

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

3rd & 4th lines of chorus are always last line of  
 previous verse.



Arise arise you drowsy sleeper,  
 Arise arise 'tis almost day,  
 There's someone at your bedroom window  
 A-weeping there most bitterly.

2

"O who is at my bedroom window  
 A-weeping there most bitterly?"  
 "'Tis me, 'tis I your own true lover,  
 Arise arise and let me in.\*"

3

"O Mary dear go ask your father  
 If you my wedded bride could be,  
 If he says no, love, come and tell me  
 And I'll no longer trouble thee."

4

"O Willie dear, I dare not ask him,  
 For he is lying on his bed of rest,  
 And by his side a silver dagger  
 For to pierce the heart that I love best."

5

"Then Mary dear go ask your mother  
 If you my wedded bride could be,  
 If she says no, love, come and tell me  
 And I'll no longer trouble thee."

6

"O Willie dear, I dare not ask her,  
 For she is cruel and severe,  
 It's go away and court some other,"  
 She whispered gently in his ear.

7

"O I can climb the highest tree love,  
 And I can rob the eagle's nest,  
 I can court an handsomest lady  
 But not the one that I love best."

8

Then Willie drew the silver dagger  
 And he pierced his own dear side,  
 "Here's adieu adieu to all true lovers,  
 Fare you well Mary, I am at rest."

9

Then Mary drew the silver dagger  
 And she pierced her own dear breast,  
 "Here's adieu adieu to father and mother,  
 Fare you well Willie, I am at rest."

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

A tale of love I'll tell to you,  
It's of a maiden young and fair,  
She was the only child her parents had,  
They lived in merry England  
In a quaint old fashioned way,  
And happy was the family of three.

2

She longed to see the city  
So one night she stole away  
With one who promised faithful they would wed,  
Her temper proved to conquer  
On the one she loved so dear,  
She thought of home and then she softly said,

Cho.

I wonder do they care to see me now,  
Will they forgive me for that broken vow?  
I love them most sincerely though I left them all alone,  
I wonder do they care to see me now.

3

One night before the window  
Stood a maiden pale and thin,  
"It's my daughter," was the anxious mother's cries,  
"You have come home my dear,  
Our prayers were heard on high"  
"Yes mother dear I came home for to die." Cho.

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

There is a strange house in this town  
 Where my true love go set him down,  
 He takes a strange girl on his knee  
 And he tells to her what he won't tell me.

2  
 O grief, oh grief, come tell me why,  
 Because she had more gold than I,  
 For gold will wither and silver fly,  
 In the time of need she's as poor as I.

3  
 It's when I wore my apron low  
 He followed me through frost and snow,  
 O now I wear it to my chin  
 He passes by and he won't call in. *call*

4  
 She went upstairs for to make her bed,  
 It's not a word to her mother she said,  
 "O mother dear mother don't you ask me why,  
 For the pain of death is in my bosom now.

5  
 "Put your right hand on my left rib,  
 The ache of heart can find no breath,  
 Put your right hand on my left breast,  
 For the ache of heart can find no rest."

6  
 The very next day her father came home,  
 "O mother where's dear daughter gone?"  
 He went upstairs, the door he broke,  
 He saw her hanging on a rope.

7  
 He took his knife, he cut her down,  
 And in her bosom a note he found.

8  
 O dig my grave both wide and deep  
 Place a marble stone at my head and feet,  
 And on my breast plant a turtle dove  
 For to show the world I died for love.

9  
 O what a foolish maid was I  
 For to hang myself for a butcher's boy,  
 O what a foolish maid was I  
 For to hang myself for a butcher boy.

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