

Reel 92B

- All songs sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River
- 1-8 The Drunkard, Tragic; probably composed by some  
temperance society
- 5-8 Peter Rambelay; local; tragedy in lumber woods;  
Mr. Hatt's only local song; good version
- 8-10 Why Don't My Father's Ship Come In? late song, but  
interesting minor tune
- 10-17 The Lady's Fan; good; old song 9 vs; interesting tune
- 17-18 Mary Across the Wild Moor; tragic; good of its kind;  
Mary dies at father's door; 5 vs.
- 18-20. They Tell Me Love's A Pleasure. Love song; late; not  
particularly interesting
- 20-24. My Sailor Boy; confused at start with Willie O; words  
more interesting than tune.
- 24-25 Yankee Doodle; nonsense song, 2 vs. and chorus; good.
- 25-26. Pat Murphy : Irish; one vs. only; see also reel 39
- 26 end. Lincoln Was A Mason; 2 vs. of murder song known  
years ago.

I saw him at the grog shop door,  
It was scarce the close of day,  
His lips they were parched and his eyes grew dim  
As I viewed him o'er and o'er,  
As I viewed him o'er and o'er,  
His lips they were parched and his eyes grew dim  
As I viewed him o'er and o'er.

2

His little girl stood by his side  
And unto her father she said,  
"O father, mother's so sick at home  
And sister cries for bread," etc.

3

O stepping back a step or two  
As he oft times done before,  
When turning to the landlord he faltered and said,  
"Won't you give me one glass more?" etc.

4

"You've drank enough," the landlord cried,  
"You have drank the pizoning bowl,  
You drank while your wife and your children have starved  
And you've ruined your own poor soul." etc.

5

I passed that way a year ago  
And a crowd stood in the door,  
I asked the cause of one of the men  
And he said, "The drunkard is no more," etc.

6

I saw his funeral pass this way,  
No wife nor children was there,  
They have all gone from this world of woe  
And they're free from toil and care,  
They're free from toil and care,  
They have all gone from this world of woe  
And they're free from toil and care.

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

My name is Peter Rambelay  
 As you may understand,  
 I was born in Prince Edward's Island  
 Near to the ocean strand,  
 In the year eighteen hundred and forty-two  
 When the flowers were blooming bright  
 I left my native counteree  
 My fortune to pursue.

2

I've landed in New Hampshire,  
 That lumbering counteree,  
 I've hired to work in the lumbering woods  
 Which proved my misery,  
 I've hired to work in the lumbering woods  
 Where they cut the tall spruce down,  
 I took to loading sleds on the yard,  
 I received my deathly wound.

3

There's danger on the ocean my boys  
 Where the seas roll mountains high,  
 There's danger on the battlefield  
 Where the angry bullets fly,  
 There's danger in the lumbering woods,  
 For death lurks always near,  
 Was there I've fallen a victim  
 In that tremendous snare.

4

It was my cruel father,  
 Washim that drove me here,  
 His treatment was so very

It's no good for to press a boy  
 Or try for to keep him down,  
 It will ofttimes

5

Here's adieu unto my nearest friend,  
 I mean my mother dear,  
 No more will I kiss her sweet roby lips  
 As she sang sweet melody,  
 No more will we watch those galliant ships  
 As they came sailing by  
 With the colours red, an the wide sails spread  
 In this sweet summer's dew.

Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River, and  
 recorded by Helen Creighton, May, 1952. Mr. Hatt always  
 sings roby for ruby.

It was on one winter's ev-en-ing  
As I lay down to sleep,  
I heard a boy about six years old  
On his mother's breast did weep,  
O onct I had a father dear  
That did me good and brave,  
And if he was here he'd kiss the tear  
Roll down my mother's cheeks.

2

"What makes my father stay so long,  
O mother tell me why,  
What makes my father stay so long,  
What makes you weep and sigh?  
Six months," he said, "that he'd been gone  
And leave us all alone,  
But by the cold winter's frost and cold  
Twelve months is passed and gone.

3

All other ships are sailing in,  
Parting the white sea foam,  
Why don't my father's ship sail in  
And why don't he come home?"

4

"Your father's ship my gentle boy  
Long time has come the main,  
Till a hurricane came, the ocean swept,  
For we'll never see him again,  
Where there's many a tall and a galliant ship  
Sails o'er your father's grave,  
I think, I think I see him yet  
Waving his hat and hand.

5

"This is the very last words that he spoke  
When he sailed off to sea,  
It's may the Lord be with us all  
Till I return again.

6

"The time I do remember well  
When he took us both to sea,  
With the colours red and the white skeets spread  
In the sweet summer's dew,  
With the colours red, the white sails spread,  
When he sailed off to sea

This is the very last fruit that he had brought  
From the far Indian tree,  
This is the burden fruit of our love  
I'll fold it to my side,  
Then casting their eyes to heaven above  
The son and mother died.

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

Down in yonder lives a lady,  
 Who she is I do not know,  
 She had two lovers and they were brothers  
 And both of them she thought she would try.

2

As these three lovers sat down to dinner together,  
 O the lady she made this reply,  
 "Come let us take a walk in the fields together  
 My constant loved ones for to try."

3

First they came to the mulberry bushes,  
 The next they came to the lion's den,  
 O into her hand she held a fan  
 And in the den she dropped the same.

4

"If there's anybody wants to gain this lady's favour,  
 Is there anybody here my heart for to win?  
 If there's anybody here wants to gain this lady  
 Return to me my fan again."

5

O up speaks the bold sea captain,  
 Unto the lady he made this reply,  
 "O lady in the den there lies great danger,  
 For life for love I dare not try,  
 O lady in the den there lies great danger,  
 And in the den I will not go."

6

When up speaks the bold lieutenant  
 And unto the lady he made this reply,  
 "O lady in the den there lies great danger  
 But I will return to you your fan or die."

7

With sword in hand he boldly did venture,  
 And oh the lions they looked sad and grim,  
 He picked up the fan into his hand  
 And from the den safely he returned again.

8

O when she saw her true love a-coming  
 And unto him no harm was done,  
 She fell a-fainting in his arms  
 Saying, "Take the prize which I have won."

9

Then up speaks this bold lieutenant (sea captain?)  
 Unto the lady he made t is reply,  
 "O it's lady for your sake the wild woods I'll wander,  
 And it's for your sake I'll lament and die."

Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River, and recorded  
 by Helen Creighton May 1952. Sometimes, as in the last verse,  
 the last two lines are repeated. The singer had great difficulty  
 getting started on this song. The 2nd verse seemed most  
 familiar to him, and would be best for taking down the tune.  
 vs. 8, last line should be you instead of I.

One night as the wind blowing cold,  
Blowing bitter across the wild moor,  
When Mary came home with her child  
A-wandering back to her own father's door.

2

"O father I pray let me in,  
Take pity on me, I am poor,  
Or the child at my bosom will die  
From the winds that blow cross the wild moor."

3

Her father lay deaf to her hearing,  
Not a voice, not a sound reached the door,  
For the watch dog did bark and the winds  
Blew bitter across the wild moor.

4

O how must the father have felt  
When he came to the door in the morn,  
There he saw Mary lay dead with her child  
Fondly clasped in his dead mother's arms.

5

O her father went deep in despair,  
When he saw Mary lay dead,  
And the child was clasped in the dead mother's arms

(last part forgotten)

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

They tell me love's a pleasure,  
 But love's no pleasure for me,  
 For the lad I loved so dearly  
 He has turned his back on me.

2

They told me for to shun him,  
 But shun him I cannot,  
 For the image of my own true love  
 Is engraved upon my heart.

Cho.

Then I don't see why I love him  
 His care is not for me,  
 And yet my mind shall wander on  
 Wherever he may be.

4

If I had a minded mother  
 I would not been here to-day,  
 I being young and foolish  
 I was easily led astray.

(This much is recorded; in another note book are  
 the following verses from the same singer:)

They tell me thay my true love  
 Is in some dying cell,  
 For there's no one can go see him  
 Nor bid him his last farewell.

But I shall go and see him,  
 No matter what it ~~wixt~~ may cost,  
 For I would give my life for to see  
 A true lover what I have lost.

Cho.

If I had a minded mother  
 I would not been here to-day,  
 And yet my mind shall wander on  
 Wherever he may be.

With his picture in my bosom,  
 Where his head he'd oft times ~~kaxt~~ lied,  
 With his ring upon my finger  
 I will wear it until I die.

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



My Willie shipped on board of the tender  
Bound to some place I do not know,  
But true it is I received no answer  
From my dearest Willie O.

2

Where are those cheeks that were once so red and rosy  
Not so very long ago?  
The watery grave has changed their color  
And I am the ghost of your Willie O.

3

There's forty men standing in one row  
My Jimmie he made the greatest show,  
He was the tallest of them all,  
My Jimmie I'll have or none at all.

4

O father father build me a boat  
That on the ocean I may float,  
And every ship that I do spy  
I'll enquire for my sailor boy.

5

She had not been to sea at long  
When she saw a French ship sailing in this way,  
"Come all both seamen come tell me true  
Does my love Jimmie sail along with you?"

6

"What is the color of your Jimmie's hair,  
Likewise the color of the clothing he wear?"  
His hat is light and his jacket blue,  
I will testify it, oh tell me true."

7

"O no fair maiden he is not here,  
But he is drowned oh great I fear,  
Down in yonders green island as we passed by  
It was there we lost your fine sailor boy.  
Down in yonders green island where the grass grows green  
There his fair body it might be seen."

8

She wrung her hand and she tore her hair,  
Like some young maiden in deep despair,  
Left nothing but the small birds for to join and sing,  
"You are welcome home Jimmie from the sea again."

9

Then she sat down and she wrote a song,  
She wrote it handsome and she wrote it long,  
And every line she shed a tear,  
On the end of every word, "Fare you well my dear."

Come pretty fair maidens that dresses light,  
Come pretty fair maids who dresses white,  
From the topmast high to the cabin door  
Go in mourning for your sailor boy.  
Hoist up your sail about half-mast high,  
Then go in mourning for your fine Jimmie boy.

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

Confused with Willie O Reel 94.

Yankee Doodle

Reel 92B 24-25.No. 8

Yankee doodle went to town,  
A pair of striped trousers,  
Swore he couldn't see the town  
There was so many houses.

Cho.

I am a Yankee doodle dandy,  
I am a Yankee doodle boy,  
I am a Yankee doodle sweetheart,  
I am a Yankee doodle boy.

2

My name it is a Yankee doodle,  
Make my name and pay my boodle,  
Just like Yankee doodle do  
By riding on a pony. Cho.

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

Mr. Hatt only sang two lines of the chorus for the  
second verse.

MADE IN CANADA  
BOND

Pat Murphy

Reel 92B 25-26, No. 8

My name it is Pat and I'm proud of that  
In old Ireland I'll neber deny,  
I'll fight for the sod which our forefathers trod  
They call me Pat Murphy, I'm the castle brave boy.

Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River, and  
recorded by Helen Creighton, May 1952. See Reel 39, sung  
by Sydney Boutilier, for more verses.

CHIFFON  
MADE IN CANADA  
BOND

Lincoln was a mason  
As ever laid a stone,  
He built a house for Douglas  
And payment got none.

(He murdered a woman and they found out and they  
hung him)

As Lincoln was a-hanging ~~on~~  
On the gallows so high,  
The same lights were burning  
When the mourners passed by.

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

All he could remember of murder song he had known  
years ago.