

Reel 93A

- 1-3. Lord Bateman. Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River. 2½ vs. with interesting comment
- 3-5. I Once Had A Duck. Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River. Comic, probably originally much longer and better.
- 5-6. Gypsy Laddie. Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River. 1 vs. good tune; sounds as though it had chorus originally.
- 6-7. Rock-A-By-Baby. Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River. 1 vs. only of old nursery song but with different tune.
- 7-8. Geordie. Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River. good variant well sung.
- 8-10 In the Late Evening Dew. Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River; love song with possibilities, but last vs. improper and was not sung; good tune.
- 10-12. The Farmer's Curst Wife. Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River. Tune dull and song poorly remembered.
- 12-18. Brennan on the Moor. Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River. well sung; interesting variant.
- 18-22. California Brothers. Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River. Late; dying brother send messages to family; tune hymnal.
- 22-24. He's Young But He's Daily A-Growing. Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River. 4½ vs. interesting tune and words.
- 24-27. The Dying Soldier. Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River. 5 double vs. not well remembered nor well sung.
- 27-3rd. The Bonny House o' Airlie. Sung by Mrs. Edward Gallagher, Chebucto Head. See 93B 1.

Lord Bateman was a noble lord,
Oh a man of high a high degree
But he was not satisfied
Till a voyage had went to sea.

The wind blowed from the east
And the wind blowed west
Till it blowed to the Turk's countere
And there they bound him in hard slavery.

The Turk had one only daughter
And she stole the keys from the prison strong
And said Lord Bateman I will set free.

(They were using him pretty rough in there and she
didn't want to see that so she let him out)

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

MADE IN CANADA
BOMBAY
CITIZEN
AUX

I once had a duck when I lived in the muck,
 I had very good luck when I lived in that land,
 Till some cruel thief he took longing for beef
 And to seek out relief he reventured a plan,
 By the head of my bed on my swaddie she fed,
 "Be the hoke," he said, "Ned they broke open a hole,"
 One morning in May just before it was day
 When I seek where she lay to my soul she was stole.

Cho.

Sing fol or rol laddie
 My darling duck swaddie,
 Sing tor rol fol laddie
 Ha ha hum the name.

2

My duck was no bother both one way the other,
 She always came home at the close of the day,
 I had no need to search from both lake, stream, or brook,
 Not a yard from my cabin had I need to stray,
 But a lad who had steal it and yet don't conceal it,
 I wish to my soul he would never have luck,
 May the weasles and rats build a nest in his hat,
 May 10,000 drop leeches right close by him stuck,
 May mad dogs affright him and everyone slight him,
 The devil that murdered my beautiful duck.

Cho.

Sing tor rol a laddie,
 My darling duck swaddie,
 Ha ha ma nannie,
 Ha ha hum de ney.

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

Gypsy Laddie

Reel 93A 5-6.No.3

I have not left my house nor my home,
I did not leave my baby,
Nor I did not leave my own true love
And come to the gypsy's lady.

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

All he could remember, although he had sung it
quite recently. Sounds as though it has a chorus.

Rock a Bye Baby

Reel 93A 6-7.No.4

Rock a bue baby all on the treetop,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock,
And when the bough bends the cradle will fall,
Down tumbles baby, yes, cradle and all.

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

Says at end: Come tumblin' down. That's a good
song, but that's all I know of it.

Mr. Hatt says it is a long song.

As I walkedover London bridge
Oh so early in the morning,
It was there I met a pretty fair maid
All lamenting for her Georgie.

2

"What has he done? Who has he killed?
Has he murdered anybody?"
"No he stole five pearls from the royals king
And he sold them in a hurry."

3

"Go bring to me my riding steed,
Go saddle up my pony,
Five hundred pounds I will lay down
All to plead for the life of Georgie.

4

"We will have him hung with a golden chain,
Such a chain there is not many,
We will have him buried with the same
For the likes and the life of Georgie."

5

The judge looked over his right shoulder,
It was words he didn't say many,
"Repair yourself for death young man
For it's mercy you shan't have any."

6

The judge lookedover his left shoulder,
It was words he didn't say many,
"I'm afeared you came too late fair maid
For your loved one is judged already."

7

"O if I had my Georgie on yonders plain
It would be kisses I'd have many,
With a sword and pistol by my side
I'll die for the life of Georgie."

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

Says at end: I've got such a tunderin cold in
my troat I can't sing.

In fair London city a place of renown,
Some people called it a dandy fine town,
As I went a-walking at the hour of nine
With a damsel beside me whose heart I had won.

2

I threwed my arms round her and away I did go
Over hills and through valleys through places that she did not
know,
And the grass being tall and her dress being new,
She's afraid she would soil it in the late evening dew.

3

My mama would chide me if she had known this,
My costly fine muslin, my silks, my new dress,
She was afraid she would soil it just because it was brand new
While we went a-walking in the late evening dew.

4

Oh I have a new coat of a dark London brown,
I think it no harm of lying it down,
Likewise a silk handkerchief for to spread under you,
It will keep you quite safely from the late evening dew.

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

There is another verse, but this is what they call
a bad song; Mr. Hatt says the last verse is rotten.
It is evidently improper, as they did not consider it
fit for me to hear.

There was an old farmer lived under a hill
And if he's not dead oh he's living there still,
He yoked up his pig and he ordered his plough
It was this way and that way and the devil knows how.

2

Oh up speaks the devil, "We'll hist her up higher,"
She up with her foot and kicked ten in the fire,
A little blue devil peeped over the wall,
"Take her the hell out of this or she'll murder us all."

3

Like an old fool he got her onto his back,
She clawed all the skin off the devil's backbone,
And away she went whistling down all over the hill,
If the devil can't keep her I don't know who can.

Cho.

Sing fol the dol daddie,
Sing fol the dol dey.

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

Not well remembered.

MADE IN CANADA
DORLAND
GILBERT
AUST

It's of a highway robber a story I will tell,
 His name was Willie Brennan, in Ireland he did dwell,
 It was on the Gilver's mountains where he commenced his
 wild career,
 And a many a lord and gentleman before him shook with fear.
 Cho.

Young Brennan on the moor, young Brennan on the moor,
 Bold and undanted stood young Brennan on the moor.

2

A brace of loaded pistols he carried both night and day,
 He never robbed a poor man all on the king's highway,
 He took it from the rich like Turpin and Black Bess
 And he shared it with the widows and orphans in despair. Cho.

3

Willie's wife she went to town provisions for to buy,
 And when she saw her Willie she began to weep and cry,
 "O come unto me my dear," said she, "those very words she spoke,
 When she hard to him a blunderbuss from underneath her cloak.
 Cho.

4

"It's under do this blunderbush, I mean to leave you now,
 He robbed the heir of Cassery five hundred pounds or more,
 Five hundred pounds was offered for his appreciation there,
 And Willie and his horse for the mountain did repair. Cho.

5

He overtook a pack man all on the king's highway,
 They rode along together until the first break of day,
 When the packman found that he was robbed of money, watch and
 chain
 He overcounted Willie and he robbed him back again. Cho

6

When Willie found the packman as good a man as he,
 "I will choose you for my comrade all on the king's highway,"
 The packman he lay down his pack without the least delay.
 "I will choose you for my comrade until my dying day." Cho.

7

So Willie he was taken and bound in prison strong,
 They marched him off to prison's jail, strong guards was him
 surround,
 The jurymen found him guilty and the judge made this reply,
 "For murdering on the king's highway young Brennan you
 must die." Cho.

8

O Willie he was an outlaw all on the king's highway,
 For prarie(?) and pitarie(?) pursued him both night and day,
 Willie's foremost little finger it was shot off by a ball
 And Willie and his comrade they were taken after all. CHO.

"It's fare you well my loveling wife, my little children three,
Likewise my aged father who will shed tears for me,
Likewise my aged mother and I think I've heard her say,
"O I wish young Willie Brennan were in his cradle laid."Cho.

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

Said at end; Then I left and went home.
This means that the song is finished.

"Lie up nearer brother nearer
For my limbs are growing cold
And your presence seems more dearer
When thine arms around me fold.

2

"I am going brother, dying,
Soon you'll miss me from your berth,
Soon my form it will be lying
Beneath the ocean's briny shore.

3

"Tell my father when you meet him
That in death I prayed for him,
A-praying that I might one day meet him
In a world that's free from care.

4

"Tell my mother, heaven bless her,
Tell her that she is growing old,
Tell her how her son would glad have kissed her
When his lips grow pale and cold.

5

"Hark unto me, catch each whisper,
It is my wife I speak of now,
Tell oh tell her how I have missed her
When the fever burnt my brow.

6

"Tell her for to kiss my children
Like the kiss I last impressed,
Hold them as when last I held them,
Fold them closely to my breast.

7

"It was for them I crossed the ocean,
Where my hope is I'll not tell,
But again an orphan's portion,
Yet they do it all things well.

8

"Bring them early to their Saviour,
Putting all their trust in God,
And he never will forsake them
For he said so in his Word.

9

"Oh my children, heaven bless them,
They were all my life to me,
Would I could die oncemore see them,
Here I sink beneath the sea.

10

"Tell my sister I do remember
Every kind in parting word,
And my heart it is kept tenderly
From the thoughts its memory stirred.

11

"Tell her I ne'er reached the heaven,
There I saw the precious Dove,
I have gained that port called heaven
Where the gold shall never rot.

12

"Heard them to secure an entrance
For they'll find their brother there,
Faith in Jesus and repentance,
It will secure for each a share.

13

"Hark I hear my Savoir speaking,
It is His voice I know so well,
And when I'm gone then don't be weeping,
Brother here is my last farewell."

Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, ~~xxxxx~~252c May 1952

He's Young But He's Daily A-Growing. Reel 93A22-24.No.10

The leaves they are green and the trees they are tall,
All those happy summer days are all past and gone,
Here I am left on the coldest winter day,
He is young but he's daily are a-growing.

2

O father, dear father, you've done of me much wrong
For you have married me to a boy that's too young,
For I am twice twelve and he's only thirteen
He is young but he's daily are a-growing.

3

O daughter, dear daughter, I done of you no wrong
For I had married you to a rich farmer's son,
And if you do but love him he'll be your lord and king,
He is young but he's daily are a-growing.

4

At the age of thirteen a married man was he,
At the age of fourteen his oldest son was born,
At the age of sixteen on his grave the grass grows green,
He is young but he's daily are a-growing.

(added later)

Tie a bunch of blue ribbon all around about his neck
For to let the girls all know that he's married.

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

The sun was sinking in the west
As it fell with glimmering ray,
Through the branches of the forest
Where the dying soldier lay,
Beneath the shades of Palma
Beneath the sultry southern sky
O so far from his New England
They laid him down to die.

2

A group had gathered round him
As his comrades in the fight,
Their hearts sank deep within them
As he said his last good-night,
One little friend and companion
Had knelt down by his side
For to try to stop his life blood flowing,
Was all in vain they tried.

3

When they found it was all in vain

On this loving company ~~the~~
The tears fell down like rain,
As he spoke the dying soldier,
"Harry weep no more for me,
For I am crossing the dark river
Where all beyond is free."

4

Now stand up brothers, closely
Listen to the word I say,
Who will be to her a brother,
Shield her with a father's care? "
The soldiers spoke together,
Like one voice seemed to fall,
"We will be to her a sister,
We'll protect her one and all."

5

A smile of raven brightness was
The halo o'er him shed,
In one quick convulsion shudder
The soldier boy was dead,
On the banks of Palmoa
They laid him down to rest,
With his knapsack for his pillow
And his musket on his breast,
O so far from his New England home
Where they laid him down to rest.

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