

Reel 93B

- 1-8 The Bonnie House o' Airlie. Sung by Mrs. Edward
Gallagher, Chebucto Head. 6 vs.
well sung.
- 8-9. Bold Pedlar and Robin Hood. Sung by Mrs. Edward
Gallagher, Chebucto Head; rare
ballad, well sung.
- 9-18. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~
The Herbert Fuller. Sung by Mr. Jack Turple, Upper
Kennetcook. Murder at sea; sung most
cheerfully; good tune; 13 vs; local
- 18-20. Liberal Song. Composed and sung by Mr. Jack
Turple, Upper Kennetcook; election
song, quite good; local.
- 20-21. Old Age Pensions. Composed and sung by Mr. Jack
Turple, Upper Kennetcook; Irish
tune; good of its kind; local
- 21-24. The Hard Surface. Composed and sung by Mr. Jack
Turple, Upper Kennetcook. highway
work; tune Home on the Range; local.
4 vs.; good of its kind.
- 24-28. Morrissey and the Black. Sung by Mr. Frank White,
Noel Road; 1 vs.; good tune.
- 28-end. Kilkenney/ Sung by Mr. Frank White, Noel Road.
Irish; 3 vs.; probably late; quite
pretty.

Lady Ogilvie looked over the castle wall
And she vowed and she sighed right fairly
When she saw the great Argyle and all his highland men
Come to plunder the bonny house of Airlie.

2

"Come down, come down Lady Ogilvie," he cried,
"And I will kiss you right fairly
Or I swear by the breadth of my bonny broadsword
I will not leave a standing stone in Airlie."

3

"I will not come down to you great Argyle,
Neither will I kiss you right fairly,
I will not come down to you great Argyle
Though you would not leave a standing stone in Airlie.

4

"If my guidman were aye here to-day
But he's off awa' for Prince Charlie,
It would not be you or all your highland men
Who would plunder the bonny house of Airlie.

5

"It's seven sons to him I have born
And the youngest has never seen his daddy,
But if I had as many many more
They'd all carry arms for Prince Charlie."

6

Then they went to work worse than heathens or Turks
And they plundered the mansion so fairly,
And it was a solemn day as ever you did see
When they burned down the bonny house of Airlie.

Sung by Mrs Edward Gailagher, Chebucto Head,
and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1952

The Bold Pedlar and Robin Hood. Reel 93 8-9.No.2

There was a pedlar, and a pedlar bold,
A pleasant pedlar he seemed to be,
And he put his pack all on his back
And he went clinking all o'er the lea.

2

Now as he was clinking all o'er the lea
He met two men, quarrelsome men they seemed to be,
And the one of them was bold Robin Hood
And the other Little John so free.

3

"What is in your pack?" cried Little John,
"Come tell it to me most speedilee,"
"I have seven suits of the Spanish silk
And I have bow strings it's two or three."

4

"If you've seven suits of the Spanish silk
And you have bow strings it's two or three,
I will pledge myself," said Little John,
"If one half of them do not fall to me."

5

The pedlar then he lowered his pack,
He lowered it fown unto his knee,
Saying, "Show me the man 'll put me two foot back
And the pack and all will be his fee."

6

The Little John he pulled out his sword
And the pedlar he pulled out his brand
And they swiped their swords till the sweat did run,
He cried, "Lovely pedlar come hold your hand."

7

Now Robin Hood he been standing by,
As angry a man as there could be,
Saying, "I know a man of a smaller scale
Who could whip the pedlar and win the fee."

8

"Go try him master," cried Little John,
"Go try him mastermost speedilee,
For there's not a man in fair Nottingham
Who can whip the pedlar and win the fee."

9

Then Robin Hood he pulled out his sword
And the pedlar he pulled out his brand,
And they swiped their swords till the blood did run,
He cried, "Lovely pedlar come hold your hand."

10

"What is your name?" cried Little John,
"Come quickly tell it unto me,"
"Oh the devil a bit of ~~you~~ my name you'll get
Till the both of yours you have told to me."

11

Now Robin Hood he been standing by,
As pleasant a man as there could be,
Saying, "The one of us is bold Robin Hood
And the other Little John so free."

12

Now the pedlar said, "I have both your names,
For the both of them you have told to me,
And now it lies within my own breast
Whether I'll tell my name to either he or thee."

13

But - my name," he said, "it is young Gamewell,
I have travelled far over land and sea,
For killing a man in my father's court
In my own defence I was forced to flee."

14

Now Robin Hood he been standing by,
As pleasant a man as there could be,
"We are two sister's sons," he said,
"And what nearer kindred can we be?"

Sung by Mrs Edward Gallagher, Chebucto Head, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1952.

Words vary slightly from ballad by same singer
in T.S.N.S. p. 67.

We sailed away from Boston on the 9th day of July,
The day was fine while on the dock we bid our friends good-bye,
Our barquentine being trim and neat her flag flew in the breeze,
We little thought of murder, brutal murder on the seas.

2

Our crew being mixed of Europeans from a nation o'er the foam,
The captain and the first mate claimed Americay their thome,
The second mate a champion who once lived at his ease,
But now at home his friend do grieve he was murdered on the seas.

3

We have one passenger left among, came with us on the ship,
Endowed in wealth all for his health he meant to make the trip,
With parent dear he lived at home in luxury and ease,
He little thought of murder, brutal murder on the seas.

4

We sailed away for several days and all went smooth and well,
But listen to me for a while, a sad sad tale I'll tell,
The morning of the fourteenth day the first mate at his ease
~~with his ax~~ Went boldly forth with ax in hand to murder on the
seas.

5

The second mate lay sound asleep when down upon his head
The cruel ax descended and his life it quickly fled,
And then into the captain's room so cautiously he crept,
And raising high the bloody ax he slew him while he slept.

6

The Captain Brown being at the wheel and saw that frightful sight
Inrooted to that spot he stood on that eventful night,
A-scared to leave his wheel or post, he dearly loved his life,
When Bran went to another room to kill the captain's wife.

7

He struck one blow, the woman screamed and furiously she fought,
With cruel odds against her she was murdered on the spot,
The passenger he heard her scream, with pistol in his hand
He met a mate upon the deck and boldly bid him stand.

8

The murder was discovered near about the break of day,
The mate he called the crew on deck, those words to them did say,
"The living must not suffer for the dead both one and all.
These are the story you must tell while into port we call.

9

The captain found the second mate a-sleeping with his wife,
When thereupon he seized an ax and quickly took her life,
The man being strong resisted and they both fought side by side,
When bleeding from the ghastly wound they both fell down and died."

10

He found his story would not work, the crew was wide awake,
The mate was quickly put in irons, no outcry dare he make,
They sewed the bodies up in sheets and placed them in the boat
And lunched the load of human freight upon the seas to float.

11

The passenger and steward then took full charge of the ship,
To head her for the nearest port and end this ghastly trip,
They made the port of Halifax and soon they told their tale,
All hands were soon arrested and quickly lodged in jail.

12

The victims of the murder then by undertaker Snow
Was taken from the vessel bold impressively and slow,
The second mate they buried while the captain and his wife
Was embalmed and sent to Harrigan where he spent his boyhood life

13

The crew was sent to Boston, then it's there they will be tried,
The cruel mate had not confessed, his guilt he tried to hide,
But still the Yankee stars and stripes are flying in the breeze,
And God looks down on murder, brutal murder on the seas/

Sung by Mr. Jack Turple, Kennetcook, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, July 195a.

Mr. Turple heard this song and learned it in
Halifax. He was there when the bodies were brought in.
A short hearing was given in Halifax and the crew was
sent on to Boston where they were tried. Mr. Turple
says that Bram got off; he saw him about ten years
after the event.

(Have 15 vs. of same song from Clark's Harbour,
copied from old note book)

The Tories put on an election
And soon it did derive,
The twenty-third day of October
In eighteen forty-five,
The people they went to the poll,
It was a glorious sight,
And even to the C.C.F.
Put up a desperate fight.

2

Now the C.C.F. and Tories
They spent money to galore
To buy the ones upon the fence
But ah they needed more,
For a candidate he did get in
And pushed them all away,
And now the Liberal government
Is running strong to-day.

3

Now if you'll kindly listen
I will quickly to you tell
About this Liberal government
That's using you so well,
You mothers who have families
Be careful what you say,
Remember you're receiving cheques
For your children to-day.

4

Now opposition's the life of trade
But I'm very pleased to say
That this present Liberal government
Has nothing in their way,
For the Tories they have disappeared,
They'll never run no more,
Nor starve their people as they did
In nineteen thirty-four.

5

Now I was just a-singing
As I come along to-day,
And wondering what possessed a man
To vote that foolish way,
For the Tories they will get you
As they did in days of yore,
My God, I'll never forget the time there was
In twenty-three and four.

6

Now to conclude and finish
These lines that I have penned,
We'll call upon the Liberals
Who is your only friend,

Likewise ye good old Tories
Wherever you may be,
Before you vote just stop and think
Of the hard times in twenty-three.

Composed and sung by Mr. Jack Turple, Upper
Kennetcook, and recorded by Helen Creighton,
July 1952.

BOND

MADE IN CANADA

CLARENCE

A story, be aisy, don't tempt me no more
With a pension you promised so often before,
Appear you been lying till lately I swore
I turned to a Liberal right through to the core.

2

Since Murray has left us there's none of his race
Begorra who's fit for to stand in his place,
Hemay have mismanaged, but one thing is sure,
He never took back what he promised the poor.

3

One promise he made that was doubted afar
When he told the rum seller that held close up his bar,
But he closed them up tight like he said he would do,
That showed that his promises ever were true.

4

But the Tories they hollered, "More money we need,
So to hell with old Murray and all of his creed,
There are several Tories we'll have to secure,
So we'll let them sell liquor to pension the poor."

5

And we'll send the commissioner to spy out the land,
To see just how much the poor devils can stand,
But as yet begobs there's no pension in sight,
But they sent up the Mountiesto make us do right.

6

The writing will do and I'll tell you here plain
It will be done at the poll when we meet there again,
And when the poll closes we'll ring in our cheers
And we'll send back the Liberals for forty more years.

Composed and sung by Mr. Jack Turple, Uppse
Kennetcock, and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1952.

I don't have to roam now days from my home
 For there's work on the highway to-day,
 The miserable birds ofttimes can be heard
 When they said that hard surface won't stay.

Cho.

Home, home it is strange
 To be working so near every day,
 The Tories detained oh the man who proclaimed
 That hard surface is coming to stay.

2

They saved all the old who had been in the cold
 If their pensions had never been passed,
 If they'd done as they told in the way that was bold
 And the budget was balanced at last.

Cho.

Home home it is strange
 To be working so near every day,
 The Tories detained oh the man who proclaimed
 That he'd balance the budget some day.

3

Tis none but a fool would object to the rule
 Giving books to the poor without cost,
 But ofttimes is heard a discouraging word
 That the money spent that way is lost.

Cho.

Home home it is strange
 To be working so near every day,
 The Tories detained oh the man who proclaimed
 That he'd pay for our school books some day.

4

I'll now take my stand in my own native land
 Where prosperity flowed like a stream,
 Where work can be found almost anywhere round
 And it's not a mere mystical dream.

Cho.

Home home it is strange
 To be working so near every day,
 The Tories detained oh the man who proclaimed
 That he'd drive all our hard times away.

Sung by Mr. Jack Turpie, Upper Kennetcook, and
 recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1952.

Morrissey and the Black

Reel 93B 24-28No. 7

Come all ye bold heroes
Who listen to me,
I'll sing you the praises
Of John Morrissey,
Who has latelie been challenged
To ten thousand pounds
To fight Ned the Black
Of Bamerry town.

Sung by Mr. Frank White, Noel Road, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1952.

(All the singer could remember, Recorded for tune.)

In the town of Kilkenney there runs a fair stream,
In the town of Kilkenney there lives a fair dame,
Her cheeks are like red roses and her lips somewhat the same,
Like a dish of ripe strawberries all smothered in cream.

2

O Kilkenney is a pretty place, it shines where it stands,
And the more that I think of it the more my heart yearns,
For if I were in Kilkenney I would think myself at home,
For it's there I'd have a sweetheart while here I have none.

3

I will build my love a castle on Kilkenney's free ground
Where no dukes or no squires they will e'er pull it down,
And if anyone happens for to ask you my name,
I am Irish born in exile, from Kilkenney I came.

Sung by Mr. Frank White, Noel Roady and recorded
by Helen Creighton, July 1952.