

Reel 94B

- 1-8. The Ship's Carpenter. Sung by Mr. Jack Turple, ^(William and Mary or Molly) Upper Kennetcook. Murder. Quite a nice tune. Good of its kind.
- 8-9. Lonely Belvedere. Sung by Frank White, Noel Road; sad song of lover lost in riot in Newfoundland. Singer has a good voice.
- 9-13. Moose River Mine Explosion. Composed and sung by Mr. Jack Turple, Upper Kennetcook. Local. Fair
- 13-15. Lovely Annie. Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River. Very nice tender love song of man writing to sweetheart after being wounded in battle.
- 15-18. His Jacket Was Blue. Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River. Pretty love song, sung with vigour.
- 18-21. Willie O. Sung by Nathan Hatt, Middle River. Pretty love song of ghost returning to sweetheart.
- 21-24. Effie the Maid of the Mill. Sung by Nathan Hatt, Middle River. Effie dies. Probably late song.
- 24-end. Weeping Willow. Sung by Nathan Hatt, Middle River. Probably late song. In chorus always sings "gentily" which is rather nice.

Said Willie to Molly "Why can't we agree?
Give me your consent and it's married we'll be,"
Her cheeks they did blight like the red rose of June,
Said Molly to Willie, "We will marry too soon."

2

They parted that night with kisses so sweet
Intending the next day at noon for to meet,
But Willie returning before it was day
Taking her by the hand saying, "Come love with me
Before we get married our friend go and see."

3

He led her o'er hills and through valleys so deep
Until this fair damsel began for to weep,
Saying, "Willie, love Willie, you've led me astray
On purpose my innocent life to betray."

4

"It's true lovely Molly, it's true what you say,
For all of last night I was digging your grave,"
She saw the grave dug and the spade standing by,
"Is this your bride's bedding, young man?" she did cry.

5

"O come lovely Molly, there's no time to stand,"
And instantly taking his knife in his hand
He plunged her fond heart till the blood down did flow
Then into the grave her fair body did throw.

6

He covered her up so safe and so sound
Leaving nothing but small birds to weep all around,
He rode to New Bedlock, took ship and sailed free,
Sailed out on the ocean, sailed off on the sea.

7

That night he was aroused by an innocent cry,
The voice seemed familiar, he could not tell why,
Saying, "Rise up lovely Willie, rise up and you'll hear
The voice of a damsel that once loved you dear."

8

He rose like a man and a hero so bold,
He beheld a fair damsel all on the ship's hold,
She held in her arms a baby so fair,
He ran to embrace her but nothing was there.

9

'Twas all of that night he could hear her sad cry
When flashes of fire flew out of his eyes,
There was no one but Willie could see that sad sight,
He ran wild distracted and he died the next night.

Sung by Mr. Jack Purple, Upper Kennetcook, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1952.

As I strolled out one evening
To take the balmy air
It being in the month of May
'Twas down in Belvedere,
I spied a maid all on a grave
In sorrow and in tears,
Saying, "I'm left here to watch this grave
On Lonely Belvedere."

2

O I stepped up to this fair maid
And unto her did say,
"Why do you lament and mourn
Like one in deep despair?"
"My true love he is sleeping here,
'Tis the cause of my despair,
And it leaves me here to watch his grave
On lonely Belvedere."

3

"On the eighteenth day of lovely May
A riot did take place,
My true love he was walking by
When a bullet pierced his tender breast,
When a bullet pierced his tender breast
Which leaves him sleeping here,
And it leaves me here to watch his grave
On lonely Belvedere."

4

"Young Clifford was my true love's name
As you will understand,
He was a noble fisherman
Came out from Newfoundland,
They laid him low so long ago,
So far from grief and fear
And it leaves me here to watch his grave
On lonely Belvedere."

5

I quickly then departed
For I could no longer stay,
Her mournful sighs and dismal cries
Had driven me away,
She kissed the grave whereon she lay,
The briars growing there,
I left her there heart-broken
On lonely Belvedere.

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

Moose River Mine Explosion. Reel 94B9-13No.3

Way down in old Nova Scotia,
Moose River it seemed was the name,
Three Canadians on Easter Sunday
To the tumble-down gold mine they came.

2

They descended the mine for inspection
Little dreaming fate trailed them nearby,
A crash that gave them no warning
Entombed in that mine there to die.

3

Brave men from all over the countree
Volunteered to give up their lives,
They worked with unceasing effort,
It seemed that death they defied.

4

Long days and nights they laboured,
Turned back when the great cave-in fell,
While far beneath them patiently waiting
Were three men in one living hell.

5

Offtimes turned back from near rescue
They seen what was blocking their way,
With a prayer on their lips they worked onward,
We must win, we must win, pray we may.

6

On Sunday they got the first message
From the men prisoned far far below,
"Can you help us?" they heard the men calling,
"Our suffering God above only knows."

7

The next message filled their hearts with sorrow,
They heard them say one pal is gone,
"We are doing our best to keep up boys,
Try your best and don't make it too long."

8

At last the great strife it was over,
A miner out of breath brought the news,
"We have won the great fight," he was calling,
"At last we have dug our way through."

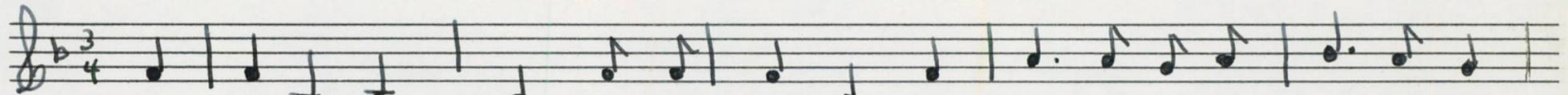
9

The great fight against the dark angel,
'Tis won fighting hard all the way,
But they said, "We will go down in history
Of the gold mine down Moose River way."

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

The words here are exactly like those on Record
Melotone 93083-A. Compo Co. Ltd., Lachine, Montreal. Mr.
Turple insists he composed the song and sent it to
California and heard nothing further until it appeared
as a record. He received no compensation, he says.

Love by Annie



I write you this letter tis the last one I'll send tis of your old corres-



pondent 's now to an end 's now to an end 's now to an end tis of your



old corres. pondent 's now to an end

copy written for Mrs. Jones

I write you this letter,
 'Tis the last one I'll send,
 It's of your old correspondent
 Is now to an end.
 Is now to an end, is now to an end,
 It's of your old correspondent
 Is now to an end.

2

I was wounded in battle,
 A most mortal severe,
 When the wound I received love
 No surgeon can cure,
 No surgeon can cure, no surgeon can cure,
 When the wound I received love
 No surgeon can cure.

3

Крѣпко хлѣбъ ѣлъ, а вода пилъ,
 Крѣпко хлѣбъ ѣлъ, а вода пилъ,
 As I lie a-bleeding
 All on the damp ground
 From my head flowed a fountain
 Of blood streaming down,
 Of blood streaming down, of blood streaming down,
 From my head flowed a fountain
 Of blood streaming down.

4

With my knapsack I stopped
 For to take this much time
 To write you this letter
 Loveling Annie at home,
 Loveling Annie at home, loveling Annie of mine,
 For to write you this letter
 Loveling Annie at home.

5

His pen it did drop
 Before he was done,
 And his unfinished letter
 Came to Annie at home,
 Came to Annie at home, came to Annie at home,
 And his unfinished letter
 Came to Annie at home.

6

She picked up his letter,
 She read it in grief,
 When to bed she was taking
 Till she found her relief,
 Till she found her relief, till she found her relief,
 When to bed she was taking
 Till she found her relief.

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

Says at end of song, "And then I went home." This
 means the song is ended.

The 5th verse is added at the end and in a higher key.

His Jacket Was Blue

A ship's crew of sailors as you may understand bound for the East

Indies on a passage did steer There was one lad amongst them that I

wish I never knew that was a jolly jolly sailor and his jacket was blue

copied by M. Jones

A ship's crew of sailors
 As you may understand
 Bound for the East Indies
 On a passage did steer,
 There was one lad amongst them
 That I wish I never knew,
 He was a jolly, was a jolly sailor,
 And his jacket was blue.

2

The very first time that I saw him
 He had a spyglass in his hand,
 I tried to speak to him
 But he would not stand,
 I tried to speak to him
 But from me he flew,
 And away went my sweetheart
 And his jacket of blue.

3

I said, "My bold laddie
 I will buy your discharge,
 I'll free you from the man o'war,
 I will set you at large,
 And if you will always love me
 And to me prove true
 I will never put a stain onto
 Your jacket of blue."

4

"O no no my fair one
 That never can be,
 For I have a sweetheart
 In my own countree,
 She is one that will always love me
 And to me prove true,
 And she'll never put a stain onto
 My jacket of blue."

5

I will send for an artist
 In old England all around,
 I will have his picture taking,
 Yes, taking it large,
 I will hang it all in my chamber
 Right close to my view
 For to let them know I had a sweetheart
 And his jacket was blue.

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

The 2nd verse is omitted in the recording.

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

2

When Mary was a-sleeping Willie came a-creeping
 Through the bedroom door so low,
 "Oh Mary dear don't be a-frighted
 For I am your Willie and don't you know?"

3

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

4

Willie stood a-talking till daylight in the morning
 About those courtships long ago,
 "O Mary dear I must be a-going
 For the cocks they are a-going to crow."

5

And when she saw her true love disappearing
 The tears all from her eyes did flow,
 "O Mary dear oh don't be weeping
 For I am your Willie, don't you know?
 O Mary dear, oh sweetheart and darling
 Weep no more for your Willie Oh."

6

If I had all the gold that is in New England
 And all the silver that's in Mexico,
 I would resign it to the king quite ready
 If he'd send me back my Willie O.

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

Mr. Hatt says this is a long song, but he
 cannot remember the other verses. He thinks Willie
 went to sea and was "drowned". In recording he needed
 to be prompted from the text as he had sung it earlier.

Beneath the old shady oak where the bough sweeps the ground
 And so near to the old ferny hill,
 Where the cot was half hidden beneath the tall ivy vine
 There lived Effie the maid of the mill.

Cho.

Now it's rest loved one rest,
 For the beating of my loving heart is still,
 May the ivy twine and vine around the last resting place
 Was dear Effie the maid of the mill.

2

It was one morning in June when the birds were all in tune
 And so near was the murmuring frill,
 I was called away in haste, way to that last resting place,
 Was dear Effie the maid of the mill. Cho.

3

"Lie your head upon my breast my true love," he said,
 "For your strength is beginning to fail,
 And we will sing that little song that we used to sing so long ago
 Of dear Ida the lily of the vale."

4

O she sung that little song although her voice was low and weak,
 And her head from his breast it did fall,
 And her spirit was called away to the precious Lamb of God
 Was dear Effie the maid of the mill. Cho.

5 shady oak

Beneath the old ~~xxxxxxx~~ where the old house used to stand
 So near to the old ferny hill
 That's where the lamp of life went out when they lost their only
 child,
 It was dear Effie the maid of the mill,
 That's where the lamp of life went out when they lost their only
 child,
 It was dear Effie the maid of the mill. Cho.

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

In that grey old village churchyard
 There I saw a grassy mound,
 There's where my mother she lies sleeping
 Beneath that turf cold covered ground.

Cho.

Gently waved the weeping willow,
 Fair its songsters sing their song,
 My poor heart so sad and lonely
 Since my mother's dead and gone.

2

O how well I do remember
 That sad day when mother died,
 I stood weeping, watching, waiting,
 Till she called me to her side,
 A whisper, "I'll not see the morning,
 Angel voices bid me come,
 We'll trustin God we will meet in heaven
 Where sin and sorrow shall be no more." Cho.

3

Ofttimes I've wandered to that churchyard,
 Kindly I have nursed the flowers there,
 There beside my mother's grave
 I passed many many hours
 A-looking to the skies above me,
 A-wondering if it would be long
 Till the angels come to take me
 To that place where mother's gone.

Cho.

Gently beam the flowers all round her,
 Fair their songsters sing their song,
 We'll trustin to God that we'll meet in heaven
 Where sin and sorrow shall be no more.

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