

Reel 95A

All songs sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River.

- 1-3. Janey on the Moor. Pretty love song with good tune;
broken ring theme; well sung; 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ vs.
- 3-8. There Was An Old Man In Dover. Good; taming of a
flighty wife; 4 long vs.; interesting tune.
- 8-9. Saucy Sailor; good words; fairly well sung; 7 vs.; girl
rejects sailor, and finds too late he has money
- 9-21. Meagher's Children. Local tragedy quite well sung;
15 long vs.
- 21-25. Billy Boy. There are a number of unusual verses, but
the singer has to be prompted; words interesting
- 25-26. Yalla Gal. darkey song. 2 vs.

46

One evening for recreation all down by the seaside
 I espied a pretty fair maiden as she moved along the tide,
 I spied a pretty fair maiden as she moved along the shore,
 Like two blooming rosies was the cheeks of Janey on the moor.

2

I said, "My pretty fair maiden why roam you here all alone?"
 She answered me, "Kind sir," said she, "I have leisure of my own,
 I love to walk down on the beach where loud the breakers roar
 Which breaks the billows of the deep," says Janey on the moor.

3

We both sat down together all on a mossy stone,
 And I said, "My pretty fair maiden it's with your consent I
 would make you my own,
 I have plenty of money at my command, I'm from a foreign shore,
 And I would share it with you, dear Janey on the moor."

4

"O once I had a true love, long time he's gone from me,
 And it's true I will prove to him till he returns to me,
 And it's true I will prove to him till he returns on shore,
 We'll join our hands in wedlock bands," said Janey on the moor.

5

"If your true love was a soldier I know him very well,
 It was in the battle of Home Astray(?) By a waghry ball he fell,
 Saying, 'Here's a token to all true lovers, he on his finger wore,'
 She fell a-fainting in his arms, dear Janey on the moor.

6

"While you been so loyal hearted, behold your love," he said,
 Saying, "Here's your happy dennis royal(?) a-standing by your side,
 It's come and we will get married, oh happy we'll live on shore,"
 "We'll join our hands in wedlock bands," said dear Janey on the moor

7

"So it's come and we will get married, oh happy we'll live on shore,
 We'll join our hands in wedlock bands and I'll go to sea no more.

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

There was an old man in Dover,
He had ~~axixix~~ ~~wifex~~ loveling wife,
So she loved young men's company
As well as she loved her life,
The old man being forced
For to go to serve his king,
And every penny that he would earn
Safe home to her did bring.

2

The old man being coming home,
Being late out one night,
He called for his loveling wife
And his jovial heart was broke,
"She's over in her mammy's house,
May I go call her in?"
"O no," replied the old man
It's there I mean to drin."
She's over in her mammy's house,
May I go call her in?"
"O no," replied the old man,
"It's there I mean to drin."

3

The old man he went over
To listen at the noise,
And there he saw his loveling wife
Amongst his jovial boys,
"O fill up another pint," said she, *There are*
"And see what he has to pay,
For this is the way we sport and play
When our husband's gone to sea."

4

The old man he went back again
And his jovial heart was broke,
He told the maid to call her in
While he prepared a rope,
The back door being bolted,
The front door being locked,
And every whack he gave to her,
"Now fill up another pint."
Now fill up another pint, "said he,
"And see what there are to pay,
This is the way we whack our wives
When we return from sea.

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

"Come my fairone, come my dear one,
Come my fairest unto me,
Won't you fancy a poor sailor boy
Who has just came from sea?"

2

"No I cannot fancy thee,
So begone you from me,
So begone you saucy sailor lad,
So begone you from me.

3

"Do you think that I'm gone crazy,
Do you think that I'm gone mad,
For to fancy a poor sailor boy
Where there's fortune to be had?"

4

"If I'm dirty love, if I'm ragged love,
If I do smell strong of tar,
I have silver in each pocket love,
I have gold in each door."

5

When this fairone came this for to hear
On her bended knees fell she,
"It's forgive me my poor sailor boy
For I lovenone but thee."

6

"Do you think I'm gone crazy,
Do you think I'm gone mad
For to fancy a poor country girl
Where there's fortune to be had?"

7

"I'm just-a-going to cross thebriny ocean love,
Where the grass has ever grown green,
Whilst you have deprived me of this chance
Someother girl shall wear the ring. "

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

(Just before the song starts, Mr. Hatt explains the
use of salt in clearing his throat; at the conclusion
of the song he chuckles and says of the girl, She got
left.)

Good people read these verses
Which I havewritten here,
And if you can peruse them
You can but shed a tear,
Was eighteen hundred and forty-two
On April the eleven day,
Two little girls from Preston Road
Into the woods did stray.

2

Their father and their mother
Both sick in bed did lay,
While these two little young girls
Around the door did play,
Was handin hand together
They saw them leave the door,
The oldest one was six years old,
And theyoungest only four.

3

Jane Elizabeth and Margaret Meagher
Was their true andpretty names,
Yet two handsomenst little young girls
In faith was ever seen,
Was Elizabeth and Margaret Meagher,
How sweetlie they did play,
But mark what followed after,
How soon they losttheir way.

4

Here in this lonelie wilderness
They spent adismal day,
When night came on they thoughtof home,
Their screaming eyes gave way,
The frosty wind blow very cold,
Not a star to yield them light,
But thebeasts of prey they feared all day
Andthe screechesof owls by night.

5

They might have been discovered
For that simple way,
You Preston negroes wash your hands
And wipe out your disgrace,
You cruel Brown that heard them cry
And would not take them in,
May the Lord reward andpunish you
According to your sin.

It was early the next morning
 Turned out one hundred men,
 And there they spied Meagher and his wife
 A-searching the dreary plains,
 First casting their eyes to heaven
 And then upon the ground,
 With prayer and groans and dying cries
 Distracted as they roam.

Was all that week they hunted,
 At last was all in vain,
 Here in this lonelie wilderness
 Those infants still remain,
 Ofttimes they stopped to listen
 But never could hear a sound,
 On Thursday about twelve o'clock
 A bloody rag was found.

Now gentle readers what a sight
 We have now to behold,
 A-dying in the wilderness
 For hunger, fright, and cold,
 Not another nigh to close an eye,
 Not a friend for to wipe a tear,
 How true it is as Burns remarked,
 And men were made to mourn.

No more will we leave them here
 For the birds and beasts to tear,
 On decent burn they laid them
 And for them shed a tear,
 To the father's house they carried them
 For the mother to behold,
 She kissed them both a thousand times
 When they were dead and cold.

Their father had distracted run
 And overcome with grief,
 His neighbors tried to comfort him
 But could find no relief,
 The cries of their dear mother
 Was dismal for to hear,
 To think death it had on her frowned,
 Took those she loved so dear.

The rain was fast a-falling
 And dismal was the day,
 When gazing on to Elizabeth
 I think I've heard her say,
 "Fare you well my loveling neighbors,
 I pray dry up your tears,
 Let us do lay in this cold cold clay
 Till God himself reappears."

12

It was early the next morning
Was in one coffin lay
'Tween Allan' vaje and Allan's farm
Their two little graves were made,
And thousands had resembled
Their last farewell to take,
Both rich and poor lamented so
For those poor children's sake.

13

Five pounds reward was offered
To the man that did them find,
But Curry he refused it
Like a Christian just and kind,
May the God forever bless you
And grant you length of day,
May your humble portion your deeds have done
May he ever sing your praise.

14

Ye gentle folk from Halifax
Who did turn out so kind,
I hope in heaven hereafter
A full reward you'll find,
Not forgetting those of Preston Road
Who turned out rich and poor,
And likewise those from Preston Road
And around the eastern shore.

15

Now for to close and make an end
Of this my mournful song,
I pray you to excuse me
Of writing it so long,
I hope in times hereafter
We never more shall behold,
It is the first, I hope the last,
God grant it so, amen.

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

Compare Songs and Ballads From Nova Scotia sung by
Mr. Ben Hennebery, Devil's Island. with 19 vs. p.294

- "Where have you been Billy Boy, Billy Boy,
Where have you been charming Billy?"
- "I've been to seek a wife, she's the joy of my life,
She's a young thing, she cannot leave her mammy."
2
- Did she knockèd at the door Billy Boy, Billy Boy,
Did she knockèd at the door charming Billy?"
- "She knockèd at the door till she made things roar,
She's a young thing, she cannot leave her mammy."
3
- "Did she bid for you to come in Billy Boy, Billy Boy? etc.
She bid me to come in with a wrinkle in her chin, "etc."
4
- Did she set for you a chair Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
O she set for me a chair with a wrinkle in her hair.
5
- Can she bake a cherry pie Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
She can bake a cherry pie as a cat can wink her eye.
6
- How tall is she Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
She's as tall as any pine, she's as straight as a pumpkin vine.
7
- Can she make up a bed Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
She can make up a bed from the toe to the head.
8
- Can she row a boat Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
She can row a boat without a paddle or an oar.
9
- How tall did you say Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
She's as tall as any steeple, she looks down upon the people.
10
- How old is she Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
Twice six, twice seven, twice twenty and eleven.

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

I once fell in love with the pretty yalla gal,
O her name was Susie Brown,
She was one of the fairest little gals
That we had into our town,
Her eyes so bright they shine at night
While the moon and sun come down,
She used to wake this darky up
Just before the break of day.

2

O when I throw my banjo down
I play two or three more,
All at once I heard those witches raps
Come banging at the door,
She's the fairest little yalla gal
Ever my two eyes did see,
She said she'd never go out a-walking
With no other coon but me.

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recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1952.