

- 1-4 Harry Dunn. Sung by Mr. Norman Hatt, Middle River,
good lumberman's song, but singing lifeless;
8 vs.
- 4-9 Betsy Beauty. Sung by Mr. Norman Hatt, Middle River;
words good but tune dull; 14 vs.
- 9-10. Dog and Gun. Sung by Mr. Norman Hatt, Middle River;
interesting words; 6 vs.; better tune reel 47.
- 10-14. The Little Black Moustache. Sung by Mr. Norman
Hatt, Middle River; probably music hall;
comic. 3 vs. & cho.
- 14-15. Dance Tune. Hummed by Mr. Nathan Hatt; name unknown.
- 15-19. Riddles. Told by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River;
good.
- 19-24. Henry Green. Sung by Mr. Arthur White, Noel Road;
husband poisons wife; good of its kind;
9 vs.
- 24-25. The Stowaway. Sung by Mr. Arthur White, Noel Road;
incomplete; see reel 50
- 25-end. The Bold Princess Royal. Sung by Mr. Arthur
White, Noel Road; good; last vs. not on
record; compare other variants.

Once there lived a fine young man whose name was Harry Dunn,
 His father was a farmer and Harry his only son,
 They had everything they needed and a farm of good land,
 But Harry oft times wished to try the woods of Michigan.

2

One morning as Harry was going away his mother to him said,
 "Now Harry dear don't go away but stay home on the farm,
 Don't leave your dear old mother, your father and sisters three,
 For there's something seems to tell me your face I'll no more see."

3

But Harry he paid no attention, he started for Michigan,
 He hired with a lumberman all on that very day,
 He worked away for three long months, then oft times would write
 home,
 Saying, "Winter will soon be over now and home I will return."

4

One morning as Harry arose from his berth he looked sad for a
 while,
 He called for his comorade whose name was Charlie Wiles,
 "O Charlie dear I've dreamt a dream which fills my heart with woe,
 I'm afraid there's something wrong at home, now home I'd better go."

5

His comorade only laughed at him which cheered him for a while,
 Saying, "Harry dear it's time to go, to go and fall a pine,"
 They worked away till one o'clock all on that very day,
 When a hanging limb fell down on him and crushed him to the clay.

6

"My time has come," said Harry, "my time has come at last,
 Sp pick me up and carry me in and send my body home,
 And ask my dear old mother why did I leave the farm."

7

Next morning as the train rolled onward the body was sent home,
 And when his mother saw him she dropped dead like a stone,
 Her heart was broke, God knows it was, to see her only son.

8

Likewise his dear old father, he lingered for a while,
 Not more than three weeks after they buried the dear old man,
 So now you see what things may be in the woods of Michigan.

Sung by Mr Norman Hatt, Middle River, and recorded
 by Helen Creighton, June 1852.

1
Come all good people far and near,
Those solemn words you now shall hear,
And you will find as my song rolls round
That sorrow in these words is found.

2

It was Betsy Beauty young and fair
Who lately came from Derbyshire,
A servant maid she had proved to be
For some rich lady of high degree.

3

This woman having but one only son
Whose heart by Betsy there was won,
It was Betsy Beauty young and fair
Drew Johnny's heart into a snare.

4

He went to her as you will find
And soon began to relieve his mind,
Saying, "I love you as I love my life
And I do intend to make you my wife."

5

His mother in the next room did lay,
A-hearing all that her son did say,
She had resolved it in her own mind
She'd rest it with her son's design.

6

Early next morning when she arose
She said, "Get up Betsy and put on your clothes,
Out of this town you now shall go
To wait on me one day or two."

7

She dressed herself in rich array
And with her missus she rode away,
"There is a ship anchored in this town
And to Virginia, Betsy, you are bound."

8

Was late that night when she returned,
"O mother dear you're welcome home,
You are welcome home dearest mother," she said,
But where is Betsy the serving maid?"

9

"O son, dear son, it was plain to see
That all your love was for Betsy,
Your love for Betsy you'll no more see
For she is sailing the raging sea.

10

"O son, oh son I would not wish to see
Your equal Betsy along with me,
I'd rather see you lay in your silent grave
Then Betsy for your wife to have."

11

"O mother, dear mother you are most unkind,
You've ruined this soul and body of mine,
Now your desire you soon will have
When I lay in my silent grave."

12

Soon Johnny was taking to his love-sick bed
And the thoughts of Betsy rang in his head,
In slumbering dreams he would sigh and cry,
"O charming Betsy for you I'll die."

13

Doctors was sent for far and near,
But no relief could they find there,
In slumbering dreams he would sob and say,
"O charming Betsy so far away."

14

O when she saw that her son was dead
She wrang her hands and those words she said,
"If love could bring back his life again
I would send for Betsy far over the main."

Sung by Mr. Norman Hatt, Middle River, and re-
corded by Helen Creighton, June 1952.

Compare Bessie Beauty, Songs and Ballads From
Nova Scotia, p.62.

In the county of New Innocent
On the third day of March
Two men went out hunting
It was late in the year,
They both have took with them
Their dogs and their guns
And to the false waters
A-fowling their guns.

2

They had been a-hunting
Two or three days or more
When the ice had been broken
They not well had known,
The ice had been broken
And they both have fell in,
Poor Robinson got drowned
While Maxwell could swim.
Poor Robinson got drowned
While Maxwell could swim.

3

His father came a-running
With rope in his hand,
It scarcely could reach him
From the bank to the strand,
Crying, "Father dear father
Your rope's all in vain,
I've been twice to the bottom
And I'm going again,
I've been twice to the bottom
And I'm going again."

4

His mother came a-running
Like one in despair,
A-wringing her hands
And a-tearing her hair,
Was there nobody near
That could save my dear son?
He is gone to the bottom,
Himself, dog, and gun,
He is gone to the bottom,
Himself, dog, and gun.

5

The next day he was lifted
And was laid on the bank,
There were twenty-four brothers
Around him did stand,

There were twenty-four brothers
All formed in a ring
With poles on their shoulders
To bear him along,
There were twenty-four brothers
All formed in a ring
With poles on their shoulders
To bear him along.

6

The next day he been lifted
And was laid in his grave,
The band it was there
Sweet music they played,
And the tune that they played on him
Was God save our queen,
And the colours that they wore on him
Was red white and green,
And the tune that they played on him
Was God save our queen,
And the colours that they wore on him
Was red white and green.

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

(The singer suggests that Robinson may have
belonged to some lodge whose colours he wore when
buried.)

Once I had a charming beau
I loved him dear as life,
I really thought when the time would come
When I would be his wife,
His pockets they were lined with gold,
And oh he cut a dash,
A watch, a chain, and a diamond ring
And a sweet little black moustache.

Cho.

That little black moustache,
That sweet little black moustache,
And every time I think of him
My heart would quickly flash,
That little black moustache,
That sweet little black moustache,
So now you know I've got a beau
With a sweet little black moustache.

2

He came to seeme every night,
He'd stay till almost three,
He said he never loved a girl
As much as he loved me,
He said we'd dress in the grandest style
For he had lots of cash,
And then he'd press upon my lips
That sweet little black moustache. Cho.

3

Then there came a sour old maid,
She was worth her weight in gold,
She had false teeth and false hair too,
She was forty-nine years old,
And then he cruelly slighted me
All for that old maid's cash,
And then he pressed upon her lips
That little black moustache.

Cho.

That little black moustache,
That sweet little black moustache,
And every time I think of him
My heart would quickly flash,
That little black moustache,
That sweet little black moustache,
And now you know I lost my beau
With a sweet little black moustache.

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

Dance Tune

Reel 95B 14-15.No.5.

Hummed by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River. In off moments Mr. Hatt frequently hummed this tune which he didn't think worth recording, but he repeated it so often that it seemed a pity not to get it. Recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1952.

Humpy Dumpy on the wall,
Humpy Dumpy had a fall,
All the darkies in the land
Couldn't make Humpy Dumpy stand.

An egg.

As I went over a granite wall
I hearn a man give a loud call,
His feet was bone, his mouth was horn,
Such a man like that was never born.

A rooster

(He was hatched)

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

Come all good people draw near to me,
Good people young and old,
And I'll sing to you a tragedy
Would make your blood run cold,
It's of a handsome damsel,
Miss Wyatt was her name,
She was posioned by her husband
And he hung for the same.

2

Young Henry Green being wealthy
As you may plainly see,
Miss Wyatt she being handsome
But not of high degree,
He said, "My dearest Mary
If you will be my wife
I will guide you as a parent
Through all this toilsome life."

3

"O Henry, dearest Henry
How can I give consent?
Before we will long be married
I'm sure you would repent,
Before we would long be married
You'll think me a disgrace
For I am not as rich as you,
'Tis often been the case."

4

"O Mary, dearest Mary,
Why do you torment me so,
I'll vow by all that's good and great
I surely will prove true,
I'll vow by all that's good and great
I'll surely end my life,
For I care no longer for to live
If you won't be my wife."

5

Before they had long been married
O she was taken ill,
Great doctors they were sent for
To do their power and skill,
Great doctors they were sent for
But none of them could save,
It was proclaimed by all around
She must go to her grave.

6

Her only brother hearing this
He straightway to her went,
Saying, "Sister dear you're dying,
Your life is at an end,"

Saying, "Sister dear you're dying,
Your doctors tell me so,
Now haven't you been poisoned
By one you thought your friend?"

7

"O yes I have been poisoned
By one I thought my friend,
And when I am dead and gone
I pray you for him send,
And when I am dead and gone
I pray don't have him hung,
For I do love him just the same
As when he was my friend.

8

Young Henry Green being sent for
His dying wife for to see,
Three time he cried, "O Mary
Are you deceiving me?"
Three times she cried, "O Henry,"
She turned all on her side,
"In heaven meet me Henry,"
She gently smiled and died.

9

Young Henry Green was taken,
In strong irons he was bound,
Young Henry Green was taken,
Strong walls did him surround,
The jury found him guilty
And the judge made this reply,
For the poisoning of Miss Wyatt
On the gallows you must die.

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

learned in lumbering woods in Nova Scotia.

The Stowaway

Reel 95B24- 25 No.8

For words see the same song sung by John Harvey,
reel 50, 12 to end. This version is incomplete, but
with a few minor exceptions the words are the same.

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

CANADA

On the 4th of October as we sailed from the land
On board the Princess Royal bound down to Newfoundland,
We sailed from the eastward, to the westward steered we.
And forty bright seamen was our ship's company.

2

We had not been sailing scarce two days or three
When a man from our masthead a vessel did see,
She came bearing down upon us for to see what we wore,
At the head of her masthead black colors she wore.

3

"Great God," says our captain, "oh what shall we do?
If this be a pirate she'll soon bring us to,"
Then up speaks the chief mate and answered him so,
"We will shake out our close reefs and from them we'll go."

4

By this the bold pirate had bore alongside,
With a loud-speaking trumpet, "Where are you from?" he cried,
The up speaks our captain and answered him so,
"We just arrived from Gibraltar bound down to Peru."

5

"Then back your maintopsails and lay your ship to
For I have in my locket some letters for you,"
"If I back my maintopsails and lay my ship to
It will bein some harbour, not alongside of you."

6

"Then loose your gaff topsails, you stunsails also,
Your stysails, your skysails, and from them we'll go,"
They fired a shot after us thinking for to prevail
But the old Princess Royal soon showed them her tail.

7

They chased us to windward for a l that long day,
They chased us to the windward, they beat us no play,
They chased us to the windward, to the westward steered we,
When they fished up this spakker and then bored away.

8

"Thank God," said the captain, "the pirate is gone,
Come down to your dinner boys and be of good cheer,
Come down to your dinner boys and be of good cheer,
For while we have sea room brave boys there's no fear."

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

Last vs. not recorded.