

Reel 96B

- 1-6. Cotton Wool Pie. Composed and sung by Mr. Jack
Turple, Upper Kennetcook. Good story of
local pie social with tune he "picked off"
an old song. Comic .9 vs.
- 6-9. Bonny Labouring Boy. Sung by Mr. Jack Turple, Upper
Kennetcook. father tries to separate
lovers. 6 vs. beautiful tune.
- 9-12. The London Lights. Sung by Mr. Jack Turple, Upper
Kennetcook; late; girl turned from home.
- 12-17. The Old New Hampshire Home. Sung by Mr. Jack
Turple, Upper Kennetcook. Late song but
quite a nice tune.
- 17-18/ Farmer McGee. Sung by Mr. Jack Turple, Upper Kennetcook;
jolly, with chorus & 4 vs; good song.
- 18-20. Pat and the War. Sung by Mr. Jack Turple, Upper
Kennetcook. Irish, comic; good song but
words hard to make out without text. 8 vs.
- 20-24. The Old Elm Tree. Sung by Mr. Jack Turple, Upper
Kennetcook. girl dies thinking true
lover false; late song. 7 vs.
- 24-end. Come Gather Round Me. Sung by Mr. Arthur White,
Noel Road. Cowboy song. 4 vs. & cho.

or
The Cowboy Song

Come listen awhile all you that love fun,
Now I'll sing you a song that's as true as the sun,
A nice little story that happened of late,
It's about a pie social that should take the cake.

Cho.

Derry down down down derry down.

2

A number of people young ladies and old
Concluded to have a pie social I'm told,
One said she would have a fine time with her beau
If nothing turned up worse than cotton or tow, Cho.

3

The night it arrived, all hands in good glee,
The young men were anxious their sweethearts to see,
They brought the pies in as big as you please,
The young men they swarmed round like so many bees, Cho.

4

Now Jim sold the pies, they went like a whirl,
Each buyer began to look for his girl,
The most of the pies they were trimmed in good style,
That made the boys happy and caused them to smile, Cho.

5

At last one young fellow quite out of his mind
An object of pity no name could he find,
The pie was a beauty, no lady was nigh
To own or to help him devour that pie, Cho.

6

At last he concluded to call up his mate
To help him devour the pie on the place,
Now Warren Clark took the knife, and cutting away,
Hallelujah, "said Tom, "the devil to pay." Cho.

7

"Now if it's a joke," says Warren to Duff,
"This beautiful pie it is wooly and tough,"
When Tommy beheld the wool in the pie
He gave it a kick and away it did fly, Cho.
One looked at the other as much as to say,
I'll be darned if I'll eat cotton wool anyway, Cho.

8

Now Warren commenced to pull the wool by the pound
And heaped it on the floor it would pile all around,
And Tommy was mad, and well he might be,
No pie to devour, no sweetheart had he, Cho.

9

So now my boys as you stroll round the town
Keep humming the tune they call derry down, down,
And cheer up my lad, don't worry nor fret,
You'll probably find out and learn something yet, Cho.

Composed and sung by Mr. Jack Turple, Upper Kennetcook, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1952. Two girls lived at Lower Kennetcook.
ne, jealous if the other baked a pie with cotton wool in it intending to shift
the pies and break the affair up. She was seen and stopped. Tom bought the pie.

O Willie was my true love's name as you may plainly see,
He hired with my father his labouring boy to be,
To plough, to sow, to reap and mow and to till my father's land,
Until I fell in love with him as you may understand.

2

It's six long months we courted, but little did I know
That my hard-hearted father would prove my overthrow,
He watched us close one evening down by yon shady grove
In pledging our hearts together in constant bond of love.

3

My father he came to me and unto me did say,
"It's I will banish Willie unto Americay,"
He locked me up in my bedroom my comfort to destroy
And would not let me tarry with my bonny labouring boy.

4

My mother she came to me and unto me did say,
"Your father he's determined to name your wedding day,"
"O mother, dearest mother with him I'll ne'er comply,
But single still I will remain for my bonny labouring boy."

5

It's fifty pounds she took with her and left that very night,
And with the boy that she adored to Belfast took her flight,
She left her father's dwelling with her pride and only joy
And sailed away to Americay with her bonny labouring boy.

6

Come fill the glasses to the brim, let the toast go merrily round
We'll drink our health to all young men who plough and till
the ground,
And when our day is over we all will shout with joy,
For happy is that girl that enjoys her bonny labouring boy.

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

See those London lights are gleaming
Mid the fallen frost and snow,
It was those lights that first enticed me
From my mother's home to go.

Cho.

Mother mother do forgive me,
Let me rest my head once more,
Although you would turn me from your bosom,
Do not drive me from your door.

2

Once I was loved by a young man
And I loved him just the same,
But now he's gone away and left me,
On my bosom left a stain. Cho.

2

See my clothes they are all torn,
But my baby I will keep warm,
Sleep on, sleep on my blue-eyed darling,
For your mother has no home. Cho.

4

Farewell mother, farewell sister,
Farewell father, brother too,
Farewell to the young man who deceived me,
I'm going to bid you all adieu. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Jack Turple, Upper Kennetcook, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1962

The Old New Hampshire Home

Reel 96B12-17No.4

Far away upon the hills of old New Hampshire
Many years ago we parted, Ruth and I,
By the stream we ofttime wandered in the glooming,
It is there I kissed my love and said good-bye,
She come to me and trembled when I told her
And plainly she begged of me to stay,
But we parted and I left her broken-hearted
In my old New Hampshire village far away.

Cho.

Now the sunshine lingers there
And the roses bloom as fair
In the wildwood where together we have roamed,
In a village churchyard near
Sleeps the one I love so dear
In the hills of my old New Hampshire home.

2

In my dreams last night by the stream I dreamt I wandered,
And I dreamt my love was standing by my side,
Once again I tried to tell her that I loved her,
Once again she promised she would be my bride,
But when I woke I found I was mistaken,
I called her but she was not there to hear,
O my heart is buried with her in the churchyard
In my old New Hampshire home I love so dear. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Jack Turple, Upper Henne tdoock, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1952.

I'm old farmer McGee and I'm seeing the town
And I'm spending my money so free
Sure I bought the old lady a sparkling new gown
And seventeen pounds of good tea.
I raised apples and peaches that'll do you no harm
And honey that's right from the bee,
I've two pretty daughters and a nice looking marm,
They call me the laughing McGee.

Cho.

Ha ha ha ha ha ha, hee hee hee ho-o,
A jolly old Farmer McGee,
Ha ha ha ha ha ha, hee hee hee ho-o,
A jolly old Farmer McGee.

2

I bought an old donkey and placed on the farm
And I fed him on oats, straw, and peas,
And when the folks heard him bray his alarm
They called him the laughing McGee. Cho.

3

The old brindle ox as I raised from a calf
And I learned him to haw and to gee,
'Tis the familee failing he's learned to laugh
Just like his old master McGee. Cho.

4

Marm she dries apples and sells at the store
And the girls they make butter and cheese.
So now my boys if you want any more
Just call on old Farmer McGee. Cho.

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

There should probably be a chorus after the first
four lines which the singer forgot to put in.

O nine months ago I was digging up land
With me brogues on me feet and me spade in me hand,
O says I to meself, "What a shame it would be
For a neat Irish lad to dig turf by the way."

Cho.

Singing teddy I oh,
Right fol dol dol laddie,
Right teddy I oh,
Right fol dol dol dey.

2

So I greased up me brogues and shook hands with me spade
And away to the fair like a sporting young blade,
I then met a soldier, he asked me to 'list,
"Begob," said I lad, "give me hold of your fist." Cho.

3

"Ten guineas I'll give you but I'll give you no more,
If you go to headquarters you'll get the full score,"
"Headquarters, headquarters, headquarters," says I,
"If I've got to be quartered, oh sergeant good-bye." Cho.

4

"It's for to be quartered is not what I mean,
But to go to headquarters a soldier to remain,
They will dress you up in that scarlet so rare
And the girls they will look when you come from the fair." Cho.

5

So the first thing they gave me it was an old coat,
With a stiff junk of leather stuck under me throat
Sure I up with me scarbuck and said, "Don't do that,"
And they told me pradie grew out of me hat. Cho.

6

So the next thing they gave me it was an old horse
All saddled, all bridled, and two legs across,
Sure I gave the old brute a probe with the steel,
By the hold St. Patrick he's riding the de'il. Cho.

7

The next thing they gave me it was an old gun,
And under the trigger I then placed me thumb,
First she gave fire and then she gave smoke,
Sure she gave me poor shoulder the divil's own poke. Cho.

8

So now the war's over and peace is proclaimed,
I'll throw off me dull harness and shake hands with me spade,
Sure I served them nine months, I'm sure it's not ten,
I'll go home to old Ireland and dig murphys again. Cho.

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

pradies, vs. 5, are potatoes.

There's a path by the old deserted mill
By the banks of the bridge unbroken still
Where the weeping willows are bending low
On the mossy banks where the violets grow.

2

It was there with a bright blue sky above
She told me the tales of her heart's first love,
But e'er the blossom of summer had died
She gave me a promise to be my bride.

3

By now comes the trials of parting sore,
Little did I think we'd meet no more,
But e'er I'd cross the deep blue sea
They dug her grave neath the old elm tree.

4

A cruel and false were the tales they told
That her love was false and his heart had grown cold,
And that he had another dear ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~
And forgotten the vow that was spoken here. ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

5

The beautiful lips never smiled again,
And her cheeks grew pale with ~~hard~~ crushed pain,
And she bitterly wept where no one could see
On that moss covered elm neath the old elm tree.

6

She died and they parted her sunny hair
On the damp cold brow death had left so fair,
And they buried her where the sweet spring flowers
Would wave o'er her grave on those lonely hours.

7

O Laura, dearest Laura my heart's first love,
We'll meet in the angel's home above,
No treasure's on earth so dear to me
As that moss covered grave neath the old elm tree.

Sung by Mr. Jack Turple, Upper Kennetcook,
and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1962

O come gather round me my comrades and friends,
The sun is just setting of life's short day,
I'm wounded to die, I've nothing to do
But to wait till my life ebbs away.

2

I have rode on the praries by night and by day,
I've nothing to fear as I rode along,
Till at last the red foe has written my doom
And the cowboys will carry me on.

Cho.

Say let me lie on the lone prairie
Where the hoof of the horses will fall,
Where the echoing tread falls over my head
And the cowboys will carry me on.

3

There's a girl far away, she's dreaming to-day
Of the round-up we planned unknown,
But tell her I'm gone, and wait till the dawn
When the cowboys will carry me on. Cho.

4

Be kind to my pony while with you he stays,
Go bury him by me when he does go,
For it's oft times I've tried him and I know he'll not fail
When we ride in that great rodeo. Cho.

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

Learned in the lumber woods.

the red foe in vs.2 in the Indian