

Reel 97A

- 1-7. Lancers. Called by Mr. Jack Turple, Upper Kennetcook.
5 figures; no music.
- 7-10. Polka and Waltz. Called by Mr. Jack Turple, Upper
Kennetcook, 3 figures; no music.
- 10-14. The Old Apple Tree. Sung by Mr. Jack Turple, Upper
Kennetcook. parody on the old song of
same name. 4 vs. comic
- 14-17. Moonshine Song. Sung by Mr. Jack Turple, Upper
Kennetcook. his own composery; is
about a neighbor who made moonshine. 5 vs.
- 17-23. Comrades. Sung by Mr. Jack Turple, Upper Kennetcook.
war song. 4 vs. late.
- 23-end. Howard Kerrier. Sung by Mr. Jack Turple, Upper
Kennetcook; poor recording; for better,
variant, see Reel 1.

Address partners and turn corners,
 1st and 2nd forward and back,
 1st couple through the centre outside returning,
 'Dress partners and turn corners.
 3rd and 4th forward and back,
 3rd couple through the centre outside returning,
 'Dress partners and turn corners.
 4th couple, 1st and 2nd forward and back,
 2nd couple through the centre outside returning,
 'Dress partners and turn corners.
 3rd and 4th forward and back,
 4th coming through the centre outside returning,
 'Dress partners and turn corners.

2nd Figure

1st and 2nd to the right and address,
 Places and address,
 Right and left in the corners,
 Ladies change,
 Right and left back then,
 Balance your partners.
 3rd and 4th to the right and address,
 Places and address,
 Right and left in the corners,
 Ladies change,
 Balance and turn.
 1st and 2nd to the left,
 To their places and address,
 Right and left,
 Ladies change,
 Balance and turn.

3rd Figure

Right hand to partners and grand change all the way,
 Saluting partners half way,
 1st couple inside facing outward,
 Heads fall in,
 Ladies to the right and gents to the left,
 All balance and turn.
 Right hand to partners and grand change all the way,
 Saluting partners half way,
 2nd couple inside facing outward,
 Sides fall in, forward and back three times,
 Ladies to the right and gents to the left,
 All balance and turn.
 Right hand to the partners and grand change all the way,
 Saluting partners half way,
 3rd couple inside facing outward,
 Heads fall in, forward and back
 Ladies to the right and gents to the left,
 Balance and turn your partners.

Right hand to partners and grand change all the way
Saluting partners half way,
4th couple inside facing outward,
Heads fall in, forward and back,
Ladies to the right and gents to the left,
Balance and turn your partners.

4th Figure

Right hand to partners and grand change all the way
Saluting partners half way,
1st lady and opposite gent advance to the centre,
Advance and address,
4 ladies cross right hands and gents around the outside,
2nd lady and opposite gent advance to the centre,
Advance and address,
4 ladies cross right hands and gents around the outside,
3rd lady and opposite gent advance to the centre,
Advance and address,
4 ladies cross right hands and gents around the outside,
4th lady and opposite gent advance to the centre,
Advance and address,
4 ladies cross right hands and gents around the outside.

5th Figure

All balance and turn,
Promenade the room,
Turn your partners.
All balance and turn,
Promenade clean around the room again 4 different times,
All balance and turn,
Promenade and turn your partners
All balance and turn,
Promenade the room, and
Off the floor.

Salute is to bow by nodding the head and raising the hand. Promenade in pairs to one-step. In last figure turn next partner till you've turned all, and come back to your own partner.

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

Mr. Turple claps at end of figure. "Off the floor" is his signal that the dance is over.

The term caller is not used here; the person calling the figures is the floor manager, bouncer, or prompter.

Polka and Waltz.

Reel 97A7-10.No.2

Right and left, right and left ahead
1st and 2nd polka,
All polka.
Right and left in the sides,
3rd and 4th polka,
All polka.
Right and left in the heads,
1st and 2nd polka,
All polka,
Right and left in the sides,
3rd and 4th polka,
All polka.

2nd Figure

Right and left in the heads,
1st lady and opposite gent advance to the centre,
Advance and address,
1st and 2nd polka, all polka.
2nd lady and opposite gent advance to the centre,
Advance and address,
3rd and 4th polka,
All polka,
3rd lady and opposite gent advance to the centre,
Advance and address,
3rd and 4th polka,
All polka.
4th lady and opposite gent advance to the centre,
Advance and address,
1st and 2nd polka,
All polka.

3rd Figure

All join hands,
Polka with lady on your left,
All polka all around the room,
All join hands,
Polka with next lady on your left,
All polka (repeat till you meet your partner)
Polka with your own partner.
Polka off the floor.

(There used to be 5 or 6 figures This is all that
is danced now.)

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

Sweet Maggie Jones she was a homely maiden
And Maggie owned a homely apple tree,
Now Maggie's face with freckles it was laden,
To tell the truth she's homelier than me,
I never called to see that fair young damsel
Until one day as I was passing by
She told me if I'd help her pick some apples
That she would bake for me an apple pie.

2

Well I climbed up the old apple tree,
For a pie was a real thing for me,
She stood down below with her apron spread so
Just to catch all the apples you see,
Well it looked like a picnic to me,
But to see the limb broke holy gee,
I broke seven bones, near killed Maggie Jones
In the shade of the old apple tree.

3

Now my old dad was counted quite a fighter,
And mother she was quite a fighter too,
Especially when fighting with my father
When she used to beat him black and blue,
Now dad would find a soft place in the woodshed
Just to give a little jack away,
Till one thing about my dear old parents,
In the house they never fight so I can say,

4

They go out neat the old apple tree
Where they got lots more room don't you see,
Then mother'll start in with a big rolling pin
And beat father till he cannot see,
In the fight they upset the beehive
And they find that the bees all alive,
They don't bother ma but they all fly on pa
In the shade of the old apple tree.

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

Parody on the song of The Old Apple Tree.

The king of all liars who lives out the line
And his occupation is making moonshine,
He stirred up his brew with molasses and hops
And hides it away and defies all the cops.

2

When the eighth day is up and the brew is all ripe
He gets up from his supper and then lights his pipe,
Picks up his lantern and looks at the time
And starts for the forest to run off his shine.

3

When his fire's all kindled and everything hot
And the brew it is boiling all in the brew pot,
The old timer he sets there a-stroking his chin,
When the shine starts to run you should see that man grin.

4

He bottles it up then and lays it away
And starts to selling the very next day,
He looks like a hedgehog as slow as a snail,
And he spent seven long months down in Windsor jail.

5

So now I will end up my queer little song,
My good piece of poetry ain't very long,
For it's ever I make another as well
I'll not forget Work or the vendor as well.

Sung by Mr. Jack Turple, Upper Kennetcook, who
says this is his own composery, and he dassen't put in
the names of the people in the last line because this
is about real people. Recorded by Helen Creighton,
July 1952.

We from childhood played together,
 My old comrade, Jack and I,
 We would share each other's battles,
 To each other's aid we'd fly,
 And in boyish scrapes or trouble
 You would find us always there,
 Where one went the other followed,
 None could part us

Cho.

For we were comrades, comrades,
 Ever since we were boys,
 Wearing wach other's ~~ganza~~ sorrows,
 Sharing each other's joys,
 Comrades when manhood was dawning,
 Faithful whate'er would betide,
 When danger threatened my darling old comrade
 Was there by my side.

2

Just was budding into manhood
 I yearned for a soldier's life,
 Night and day i dreamt of glory
 Far beyond the battle strife,
 I said, "Jack, I'll be a soldier
 Neath the red, white, and blue,
 Good-bye Hack," he said, "No never,
 If you go I will go too." Cho.

3

I enlisted, Jack came with me
 And theups and downs we shared,
 For a time our lives was peaceful
 But at length war was declared,
 England's flag had been insulted,
 We were ordered to the front,
 And the regiment we belonged to
 Had to bear the battle's brunt. Cho.

4

That night the saddest moment
 Crept around us as we lay,
 To our arms we left to face them,
 Back to back we stood at bay,
 But at me a savage running
 Aimed a spear like lightning dark,
 My old comrade jumped to save me
 And received it in his heart.

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

For words see reel 1, No.4. sung by Judson Armstrong, Sherwood, Lunenburg County. The words on reel 97 are too faint to be written out with any clarity, and they are practically the same as Mr. Armstrong's.

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