

- 1-3. The False Knight Upon the Road. Sung by Mrs. Byron Mitchell, Oyster Pond. 2 vs. interesting tune.
- 3-6. The Birdie's Ball. Sung by Mrs. Chas. Mitchell & Mrs. Byron Mitchell, Oyster Pond. Nursery song. Good
- 6-9. The Winds That Blow Cross the Wild Moor. Sung by Mrs. Chas. Mitchell, Oyster Pond. Sad.
- 7-8. If I Were A Little Bird. Sung by Mrs. Byron Mitchell, Oyster Pond. Sung at school 60 yrs. ago.
- 8-10. Hi Kitty, ho Kitty. Sung by Mrs. Byron Mitchell, Oyster Pond. Fragment
- 10-13. Battle of Waterloo. Sung by Mrs. Chas. Mitchell, Oyster Pond. Pretty love song nicely sung
- 13-16. Where Are You Going My Pretty Maid? Sung by Mrs. Byron Mitchell, Oyster Pond. Good for children
- 16-18. Cock Robin. Sung by Mrs. Byron Mitchell, Oyster Pond, 4 vs. good as far as it goes. Nursery song
- 18-21. The Wedding at Renowes. Sung by Mr. Isaac Doyle, West Jeddore. Nfld. song. comical and quite well sung.
- 21-24. McInnes's Hill. Sung by Mr. Isaac Doyle, West Jeddore. Comic and quite well sung. Same as Back Bay Hill
- 24-end. Ghostly Sailors. Sung by Mr. Isaac Doyle, West Jeddore. Local, 7 vs. quite well sung.

The False Knight Upon the Road

Reel 99A1-3 M.1

"What have you got in your basket?"  
Said a false false knight on the road,  
"Something good for you to eat,  
Something good for you to eat,"  
Said a poor boy seven years old.

2

"What is higher than a tree,  
What is deeper than the sea?"  
Said a false false knight on the road,  
"Heaven's higher than a tree,  
Hell is deeper than the sea,"  
Said a poor boy seven years old.

Sung by Mrs. Byron Mitchell, Oyster Pond, and  
recorded by Helen Creighton, July, 1952

Spring once said to the nightingale  
 "I'm going to give you birds a ball,"  
 "Pray mama," says the birdies all,  
 The bird and the birdies great and small,  
 Cho.

Tra la la la la,  
 Tra la la la la,  
 Tra la la la la  
 Tra la la la la,  
 Tra la la la la,  
 Tra la la la la,  
 Tra la la la la la la la la la.

2

Soon they came from bush and tree  
 Singing sweet their songs of glee,  
 Each one fresh from his cosy nest,  
 Each one dressed in his Sunday best. Cho.

3

The cuckoo and wren they danced for life,  
 The raven waltzed with the yellow bird's wife,  
 The awkward owl and the bashful jay  
 Wished each other a very good day. Cho.

4

They danced all day till the sun was low  
 And the mother birds prepared to go,  
 Then one and all both great and small  
 Flew from his nest to the birdies' ball. Cho.

Sung by Mrs. Chas Mitchell with Mrs. Byron Mitchell  
 joining in the chorus; recorded by Helen Creighton at  
 Oyster Pond, July 1952.

This used to be sung in the schools at Petpeswick  
 and Ostrea Lake over fifty years ago.

The Winds That Blow Cross the Wild Moor. Reel 99A8-9. No. 3

One night as the winds they did ~~blow~~ howl  
Blowing bitter across the wild moor,  
Poor Mary came wandering home,  
Home to her own father's door.

2

Saying, "Father take pity on me,  
Take pity on me I implore,  
For this child in my arms it will perish and die  
By the winds that blow cross the wild moor."

2

But the father being deaf to her cries  
Not a sound reached his ears from the door,  
But the watchdogs did howl and the village bells told  
Of the winds that blew cross the wild moor.

4

O what must the father have said  
When he came to the door in the morn,  
Where he found Mary dead and the child still alive  
Fondly pressed in its dead mother's arms.

5

How frantic he tore his grey hair  
While the tears down his cheeks they did pour,  
Saying, "This cold winter's night my dear child has died  
By the winds that blow cross the wild moor."

6

The villagers point to the spot  
Where the willows droop over the door,  
"That's where Mary died with her child  
By the winds that blew cross the wild moor."

Sung by Mrs. Chas. Mitchell, Oyster Pond, and  
recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1952.

If I were a little bird happy would I be  
Sitting all alone under some shady tree,  
Or down in the meadow setting up the dew,  
I'd have a gay time, say wouldn't you.

Cho.

Tra la la la, la la,  
Tra la la la la,  
I'd have a gay time,  
Say, wouldn't you.

2

Not a single grammar lesson, not a word to spell,  
Funny old school house without any bell,  
A cherry for a lunch, a blossom for a book,  
Dinner with the honey bees down by the brook. Cho.

3

And when the green grass waves no more,  
I'll seek again my native shore,  
A happy little bird I then will be,  
Build my nest in an old oak tree.

Cho.

Tra la la la la la  
Tra la la la la,  
Build my nest  
In an old oak tree.

Sung by Mrs. Byron Mitchell, Oyster Pond, and  
recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1952.

This used to be sung in school at Petpeswick and  
Ostrea Lake sixty or more years ago.

Hi Kitty, Ho Kitty

Reel 99A8-9.No.5

Tra la la la la la la la,  
La la la la la la la la,  
As free as a bird in a huckleberry tree,  
Then it's hi Kitty, ho Kitty, buckle up with me.

Sung by Mrs. Byron Mitchell, Oyster Pond, and  
recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1952.

(Mrs. Mitchell will try to get the rest of the  
wordsof this song).

CHIEF  
MABELINE  
BOND  
CALIFORNIA  
AUX  
X

A lady went a-walking down on the banks of Clyde,  
 A rolling tear stood in her eye as I passed by her side,  
 I saw her heaving bosom, these words she would renew,  
 "I fear, I fear my Willie's slain on bloody Waterloo."

2

"What color clothes did your Willie wear?" the soldier he did say,  
 "He wore a highland bonnet with a feather standing high,  
 With his broadsword down by his side and jacket of true blue,  
 These were the color clothes he wore in bloody Waterloo."

3

"I am your Willie's comorade, I saw your Willie die,  
 Five bullet holes was in his breast before he down would lie,  
 He took me by the hand and said, "Some Frenchman laid me low,  
 'Twas I who closed your Willie's eyes on bloody Waterloo."

4

She said, "Willie, dearest Willie," and she could say no more,  
 Then fell into the soldier's arms, those awful tidings bore,  
 "May the jaws of death now open and swallow me up too  
 Since Willie lies a mangled corpse on bloody Waterloo."

5

The soldier took her in his arms saying "Lady do not weep,"  
 He then took off his overcoat and threw it at his feet,  
 He unbuttoned his shirt bosom and showed the wounds so true,  
 "I am your dearest Willie who fought at Waterloo."

6

He then embraced her in his arms saying, "Lady do not frown,"  
 He wiped the tears from out her eyes like dewdrops on the ground,  
 "Since we have met no more we'll part for I'll make you my bride,"  
 They both joined hands in wedlock bands down on the Banks  
 of Clyde.

Sung by Mrs. Chas. Mitchell, Oyster Pond, and recorded  
 by Helen Creighton, July 1952.

"Where are you going to my pretty maid?  
Where are you going to my pretty maid?"  
"I'm going a-milling sir," she said, "sir" she said, "Sir" she said,  
"I'm going a-milking sir," she said.

2

"May I go with you my pretty maid?  
May I go with you my pretty maid?"  
"Nobody asked you to sir," she said, "sir" she said, "sir" she said,  
"Nobody asked you to sir," she said.

3

"O what is your father my pretty maid?  
O what is your father my pretty maid?"  
"My father's a farmer sir," she said etc.

4

"What is your fortune my pretty maid?  
What is your fortune my pretty maid?"  
"My face is my fortune sir," she said etc.

"Then I can't marry you my pretty maid,  
Then I can't marry you my pretty maid,"  
"Nobody asked you to sir," she said etc.

Sung by Mrs. Byron Mitchell, Oyster Pond, and  
recorded by Helen Cteightob, July 1952.

See Alan Mills Folk Songs and Ballads for same song.

The singer later changed vs. 2 to this:

May I go with you my pretty maid?  
You're kindly welcome sir, she said.

"Who killed Cock Robin?"

"I," said the sparrow

"With my bow and arrow,

I killed Cock Robin."

Cho.

All the birds of the air went a-sighing and a-sobbing

When they heard of the death of poor Cock Robin,

When they heard of the death of poor Cock Robin.

2

"Who saw him die?"

"I," said the fly

"With my little eye,

I saw him die." Cho.

3

"Who'll come and sing?"

"I," said the thrush

"If others will hush,

I'll come and sing. Cho.

4

"Who'll toll the bell?"

"I said the bell

Because I can pull,

I'll toll the bell. Cho.

Sung by Mrs. Byron Mitchell, Oyster Pond, and  
recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1952.

Other verses include the wren and other birds,  
but the singer could not remember them.

For a similar version see Alan Mills Folk Songs  
and Ballads.

O there's going to be a jolly time  
 I'll have youse al l to know,  
 There's me and Jim and Uncle Sam  
 Invited for to go,  
 I got the list down in me vest,  
 I'll send out all the crew,  
 There's going to be a jolly time  
 At the wedding at Renowes.

2

There's Julie Doyle from old Cape Royal,  
 She's coming on a hack,  
 There's Betsy Ann and Joseph Arm  
 They'll wear their Sunday sack,  
 There's Prudence White dressed out of sight  
 Got on her dancing shoes,  
 We'll dance all night till broad daylight  
 At the wedding at Renowes.

3

The men will moan, the table groan,  
 There's everything in style,  
 There's cold ham and turnip tops  
 And dumplings boiled in oil,  
 There's union tea and that's for me  
 With fresh fish in the breeze,  
 Cold turkey too and candle glue  
 At the wedding at Renowes.

4

There's Emily Day from Spanish Bay,  
 She's coming on a goat,  
 There's Erin Style from Ireland's Isle,  
 He'll wear his father's coat,  
 There's Sally and Dave from Port de Grave,  
 The pretty dancers' shoes,  
 We'll dance and spark till the moon gets dark  
 At the wedding at Renowes.

5

The girls that night dressed out of sight,  
 No expenses did they spare,  
 They'll wear their father's watch and chain  
~~And have goose grease on their hair,~~  
 And have goose grease on their hair,  
 The men that night were out of sight  
 With whiskers to their shoes,  
 I'll wear Bill's old strange cap  
 At the wedding at Renowes.

The very first teeth was first to eat  
 Cold turnip on a dish,  
 They'd guinea pigs and fancy rigs,  
 Fried whales and other fish,  
 The best worth wine and dandelion

Fried whales and other fish,  
The best worthwine and dandelion,  
Stale crabs and fresh canoos,  
Canary tongues and spider's lungs  
At the wedding at Renowes.

Sung by Mr. Isaac Doyle, West Jeddore, and  
recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1952.

Newfoundland song. Renowes is pronounced Reynoo.

The place names may not be correct. In the last  
verse canoos is spelt as it sounds, but I don't know  
what it means.

Last year December I'dl never forget,  
The charming young creature I met on the street,  
Her eyes shined like diamonds, she was dressed up to kill,  
She went slipping and sliding down McInnes's Hill.

Cho.

To me fol the roll doodle dum,  
Fol the roll doodle dum,  
Fol the rol doodle dum  
Rundy Hum Hum.

2

Said I, "Fair maid you must be excused,"  
To take up my arm she did not refuse,  
We both slipped together and fell to love's thrill  
And we made it all right on McInnes's Hill. Cho.

3

The very next day to the church we did go  
Which made the people all talk you might know,  
Said the priest, "Will you wed?" says I, "Yes we will,"  
And it's buckled we were on McInnes's Hill. Cho.

4

It's now we are married and children got three,  
Me and me missus can never agree,  
There's one they call Bridget, and the other's called B Bill,  
And says I, "Call the other McInnes's Hill!" Cho.

Sung by Mr. Isaac Doyle, West Jeddore, and recorded  
by Helen Creighton, July 1952.

The same as Back Bay Hill, S.B.N.S. p. 217.

You can smile if you're a mind to  
But perhaps you'll lend an ear,  
When men and boys together  
Well on for fifty years  
We sailed upon the ocean  
Through summer pleasant days  
And through the stormy winter  
Where the howling winds do raise.

2

O we tossed about on Georges,  
Been fishing in the Bay,  
Way down in every season  
Most anywhere will pay,  
I been fishing in different vessels  
On the western banks and grand,  
I've been fishing in herring vessels  
That sail to Newfoundland.

3

Last evening as I tell you  
We were off shore a way,  
I never shall forget it  
In all my mortal days,  
It was in the grand dog watches  
I heard a chilling sight  
Come over me as if I heard  
One calling from the dead.

4

Right over the rail they climbed  
Those ghostlies one by one,  
A dozen dripping sailors,  
Just wait till I am done,  
Their faces pale and sea worn  
Shone ghostly through the night,  
Each fellow took his station  
As if he had a right.

5

They moved about before us  
Till the land was just in sight,  
Or rather I should say so,  
The lighthouse shone its light,  
O then those ghostly sailors  
Moved over the rail again  
And vanished in an instant  
Before the son of man.

We sailed right in the harbour  
 Like every mother's son,  
 They'll tell you the same story  
 The same as I have done,  
 The trip before the other  
 We were on Georges then,  
 Rammed down another vessel  
 And sank her and her men.

O those are the same ~~xxkawa~~ poor fellows,  
 And I hope God blast their souls  
 That our old craft run ~~xxxx~~ under  
 That night on Georges shoals,  
 O those are the same poor fellows  
 And I hope God blast their souls,  
 That our old craft run under  
 That night on Georgia shoals.

Sung by Mr. Isaac Doyle, West Jeddore, and recorded  
 by Helen Creighton, July 1952

See S.B.N.S. p. 254.

Mr. Doyle says the ship that rammed the  
 other had done it on purpose, and whenever she  
 put to sea she was always boarded by their ghosts.  
 After that they could never leave the land. Other men  
 have told me they left that particular run.