

Reel 100A

- 1-3. In Dublin City. Sung by Mr. Sandy Stoddard, Lr. Ship Harbour. story of highway robbery; not too well remembered which makes singing a bit dull; 6 vs.
- 3-6. On the Lakes of Ponchartrain. Sung by Mrs. Chas. Mitchell, Oyster Pond; quite nice; 4 vs.
- 6-9. In Gossip of Late. Sung by Mrs. Chas. Mitchell, Oyster Pond. Good story, but tune sounds late; sailor lover is drowned, washed ashore, and found by sweetheart who dies in sorrow; 6 vs.
- 9-12. Port Medway Song. Sung by Mrs. Chas. Mitchell, Oyster Pond. True story of man drowned logging; local; dull tune; story mixed with religion.
- 12-14. No John. Sung by Mr. Bobby Lowe, Moser's River. This is the usual song to this title, well sung. 4 vs. and cho.
- 14-16. Time To Be Made A Wife. Sung by Mr. Bobby Lowe, Moser's River. Good variant, well sung 3 vs.
- 16-18. Lord Randal. Sung by Mr. Bobby Lowe, Moser's River. 2 vs. only to interesting tune; in this mentions three spotted fishes.
- 18-21. Ephriam Johnston. Sung by Mr. Bobby Lowe, Moser's River. darky song, partly spoken with good dramatic effect; 3 vs. & cho; comic.
- 21-26. Jovial Young Sailor. Sung by Mr. Bobby Lowe, Moser's River; sailor song fairly well sung. 8 vs.
- 26-end. A Father To His Only Son. music hall; amusing and quite well sung. 3 vs. & 3 cho.

97227
 In Dublin city where I was bred and born,
 In Stevens where I suffered scorn
 I followed after a saddler's trade
 Till I was counted a sporting blade.

2

At the age of sixteen I married a wife,
 I loved her dear as I loved my life
 And to maintain her a lady gay
 I took to robbing on the king's highway.

3

I never robbed a poor man yet
 Nor caused a tradesman for to fret,
 I robbed the rich, gave to the poor
 Which brought me to this untimely hour.

4 5

As me and my love walked out one day
 To Stevens green where we chanced to stray,
 Stevens band did me pursue
 And taken I was by that cursed crew.

6

My aged father cried, "I'm undone,"
 My tender mother cried, "My only son,"
 This trembling fair one she tore her hair,
 Crying, "Alas he's gone, I'll die in despair."

4

I robbed Lord Mansfield of his golden square,
 And Lady Wesley I do declare,
 I robbed them all of their pearls bright
 And carried their gold to my heart's delight.

vs. 4 added at end of song.

Sung by Mr. Sandy Stoddard, Lower Ship Harbour,
 and recorded by Helen Creighton, August 1952.

It was early early all in the spring
 I bid my friends adieu,
 Steering my course for Jacksonville
 Where I was forced to go,
 That cruel Katie Mannon
 To me had no credit given,
 She had filled my heart with sorrow
 On the lakes of Ponchartrain.

2

It was through swamps and alligators
 Where I had to take my way,
 In crossing over the railroad track
 All by my feet they lay,
 It was about dusk in the evening
 And some of my ground I'd gained,
 'Twas there I beheld the creole girl
 On the lakes of Ponchartrain.

3

She took me home to her mother's house
 And treated me right well,
 And all around the yeller girl's neck
 Those raving ringlets fell,
 For me to paint her beauty,
 For me was all in vain,
 For handsome was the creole girl
 On the lakes of Ponchartrain.

4

I said, "My love I must leave you,
 I'll not see you any more,
 But I'll pray for you for your gratitude
 All on the foreign shore,
 And now before the shore I'll leave
 One flaming glass I'll drink,
 I'll drink the health of the creole girl
 On the lakes of Ponchartrain."

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

in vs.3 this should probably be raven ringlets.

See Songs and Ballads From Nova Scotia p.299.

I Gossip of late a young damsel did dwell,
She was courted by a sailor and he loved her right well,
And he promised to marry her when he returned home
But the marks of hard fortune all on him befell,

2

He went a-sailing to a far distant shore
Where the raging seas they run so high and the billows they roar,
Which wrecked these poor sailors all on a main shore.

3

These poor sailors had to swim for their lives,
Some of them had true loves and others had wives,
This unfortunate young man he chanced to be one
Who had lost his sweet life in a watery tomb.

4

This young maid was walking round Robin Hood Bay
When she spied the drowned sailor, on the bank he did lay,
And as she drew nigh to him he put her to a stand,
She knew it was her Willie by the ring on his hand.

5

She kissed him, she hugged him, and she called him her dear,
Five thousand times over she did kiss him there,
Saying, "I'm very well contented to lie by your side,"
And a few moments after broken-hearted she died.

6

In Robin Hood's churchyard these young couple did lay
With a tombstone erected in remembrance of them,
Come all you true lovers who pass by this way,
You will weep when you see where these young couple do lay.

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

At Port Medway as we have been told
A dreadful deed was seen unfold,
A Greenfield man, Jake Horne by name,
Was rafting logs on Medway stream.

2
On Monday morning on the fourth of May
He left his home and went away,
For to join a crew on Medway stream,
How strange the words of God do seem.

3
On Tuesday evening at four o'clock
When he was busy at his work
The logs they rolled and he fell in,
He left this sorrowful world of sin.

4
When the rafters they hears his ~~xxx~~ last cry
Like the speed of lightning they did fly,
When they got there no trace was found
But the water was bubbling all around.

5
They fished him up with great supplies,
The tears were rushing to their eyes,
His life is gone and his spirit has fled
And his soul is numbered with the dead.

6
On that very day when God shall dawn
He'll wake all nations under ground,
This is a warning, take pride in truth
For to save your God in the days of youth.

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

Mrs. Mitchell says this is a "right true" song.
She was singing it one time and a woman was there who
knew the man. Mrs. Mitchell learned it at Ostrea Lake

Tell me one thing, tell me truly,
 Tell me why you scorn me so,
 Tell me why when asked a question
 That you always answers no.

Cho.

No sir, no sir, no sir, no sir,
 No sir, no sir, no sir, no.

2

My father was a Spanish merchant
 And before he went to sea
 He told me to be sure and answer
 No to all you would say to me. Cho.

3

If when walking in the garden
 Plucking flowers all wet with dew,
 Would you have any objections
 If I'd wash and talk with you? Cho

4

If when walking in the garden
 I should ask you to be mine,
 If I told you that I loved you
 Would you then my heart decline? Cho.

Sung by Mr. Bobby Lowe, Moser's River, and
 recorded by Helen Craighton, August 1952.

Time To Be Made A Wife

Broad As I Was A-Walking
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Reel 100A14-16.No.6

'Broad as I was a-walking
I met a charming maid,
She was with her father talking
And thus to him did say,
"I'm fourteen years of age this night,
I'm tired of this life,
I think it is full time," she said,
"That I was made a wife."

2

"Daughter do not say so
For I'm afeared you are too young,
For men they are deceivers
And wear false flattering tongues."
"I care not for their flattering tongues
For married I must be,
For when you married my mother
She wasn't as old as me."

3

"I have a sister Mary
And that you very well know,
She only has got married
A few months ago,
And now she has a baby
For to dandle on her knee,
I think it's time that I had one
When I am old as she."

Sung by Mr. Bobby Lowe, Moser's River, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, August 1952.

"What did your true love give you
Young Henery my son?
What did your true love give you
My own dearest one?"
"Three spotted fishes mother,
Make my bed soon
For I'm sick unto my heart
And I fain would lie down."

2

A rope for to hang herself
On some foreign tree,
For that's good enough for her
For she has poisoned me.

All the singer could remember. The 2nd verse is
what he leaves his sweetheart.

Sung by Mr. Bobby Lowe, Moser's River, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, August 1952.

Ephram Johnston was a coon
 As plous as could be,
 A pillar of the Baptist church
 In hard-shelled Tennessee,
 He prayed to angel Gabriel
 To take him to the sky,
 And said that he was willing and ready for to die.

2

One night as Ephram was offering up a prayer
 Some youngsters passed his door heard Eph say,
 "Blow Gabriel blow, I'm ready for to go."
 A youngster blew a big fish horn
 To test his nerves that night,
 And when he ~~Ephram~~ hollered Ephram
 Eph yelled with all his might,

xix Cho.

"Ephram Johnston don't live here no more,
 He's gone more than a week ago,
 He's gone away an' that am a fact,
 I don't think he's ever coming back,
 Ephram Johnston don't live here no mo'."

43

He grabbed the blankets (that's where I don't know)
 Then he took and tried to hide his head,
 A voice cried out, "Are you ready Eph?
 Your time has come, let's go."
 Eph says, "Massa Gabe my name is Sam,
 Eph don't live here no mo'. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Bobby Lowe, Moser's River, and
 recorded by Helen Creighton, August 1952.

Jovial Young Sailor

Singer's title: Willie

Reel 100A21-26.No.9

It's of a rich damsel from Yarmouth's fair town,
She was coated with beauty, she was neat, tall, and slim,
Manys a rich merchant set her favour to gain,
And manys a handsome present were sent to the same,
But all their heart strivings proved them all in vain,
They could not succeed her fond favour to gain.

2

On a fine summer's morning, and a bright sunny day
A handsome young sailor by chance came that way,
He was tall neat and handsome and as he passed by
She beckoned unto him and she bid him draw nigh.

3

"Where are you going and from whence have you came?
What's your occupation, pray tell me your name?
And where is the place that you make your abode
And what is the cause of you travelling this road?"

4

"My name it is Willie I'm a sailor by trade,
Some parts of America I have lately surveyed,
In the sweet town of New York where I make my abode,
And I hope there's no harm in me travelling this road."

5

"Dear Willie I would have you in this country to tarry
And one of those pretty girls I'd have you to marry,
Perhaps their great riches would increase your store,
Dear Willie I would have you to ramble no more."

6

"I would ~~never~~ never give up rambling for thousands or more,
I can gather up riches and lie them in store,
I have gold in each pocket and silver likewise,"
Like an innocent lover tears fell from her eyes.

7

"Dear Willie I would have you to get married to me,
Maid and man servants to wait upon thee,
And a coach of six horses at your leisure shall ride,
O dear Willie I would have you for to make me your bride."

8

Young Willie consented for to be the bridegroom,
The minister was sent for all in the forenoon,
Such a handsome a wedding as your eyes ever seen
Was the charming young sailor and his beautiful queen.

Sung by Mr. Bobby Lowe, Moser's River, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, August 1952.

Mr. Lowe interrupts the song, and also says at the
end that it must have been leap year. Also points out
that she wouldn't have the right fellers, but that the
right one come around.

A father to his only son said, "Boy take my advice,
 And follow papa's footsteps, you will always have price,
 You have got to be real sly my lad to gain prosperity,
 Do your neighbors and your friends, it's business, child," said he
 Cho.

Oh do do my huckleberry do be careful, what you do do,
 Try to be a mascot not a Jonah or a hoodoo you do,
 Do do my huckleberry do they'd do you if they could,
 For when you do your neighbors be sure and do them good.

2

O love it is a funny thing, some think it quite absurd,
 I been loved by manys a girl if I would take their word,
 It's more a study than a gift, especially with our race,
 They'll tell you that they love you but of course it is a case of,
 Cho.

Do do my huckleberry, the girls are far from to do
 They call you sweet and tender names their object is to hoodoo you
 do,

Do do my huckleberry do they'd do you if they could,
 For when the girls do do you, you can bet they'll do you good.

3

Sam Johnston to a hen roost went just for to get some tips,
 He saw a nice spring chicken and began to smack his lips,
 He was a nice magician, he done many tricks with birds,
 The chicken it ran up his sleeve while he sang out those words.

Cho.

Do do my chicken doodle do, first go change your do do,
 The chicken now you see is gone you'll find it in a stew do you do,
 Do do my chicken doodle do I'll roast you o'er some wood,
 And when I see you are well done this coon will do you good.

Sung by Mr. Bobby Lowe, Moser's River, and recorded
 by Helen Creighton, August 1952.