

Reel 101A

- 1-3. Necum Tough Song. Sung by Mr. Norman Smith, Necum Tough; local; girl lost her beau and doesn't care; amusing; nicely sung. 2 vs. & cho.
- 3-8. Always Keep A Place For Jack. Sung by Mr. Frank Boutilier, Spry Bay; sad, probably music hall; son goes away and is killed 4 vs.
- 8-12. As Jimmy Went A-Hunting. Sung by Mr. Frank Boutilier, Spry Bay; good as far as it goes. 6 vs. hunter shoots sweetheart by mistake.
- 12-18. The Quays of Belfast. Sung by Mr. Frank Boutilier, Spry Bay. "Hollered". 9 vs.
- 18-19. McCarthy's Song. Sung by Mr. Frank Boutilier, Spry Bay. 1 vs. for tune; local; for full text see Songs and Ballads From Nova Scotia.
- 19-21. Johnny's Gone A-Sailing. Sung by Mrs. W.J. Johns, Musquodoboit Harbour and Mr. Berton Young, West Petpeswick; pretty, but incomplete.
- 21-24. The Spider and the Fly/Sung by Mrs. W.J. Johns, Musquodoboit Harbour. The old rhyme with 7 vs. and now a song; good for children.
- 24-end. Yankee Shore. Sung by Mr. Cornelius (West) Boutilier, Wingin Point. Very pretty love song. 5 long vs. Completed reel 101B1-2.

My love he is a-sailing,
Let him sail or let him swim,
I think in my heart
That I'm good enough for him,
The last place I saw him
Was down by yon shady green,
He smiled at me most sweetly
And offered me a rose.
He thought ~~that~~ I'd accept it
But I plainly let him see
That I have another
Since he's gone back on me.

Cho,

So away with cold weather,
And away with the frost,
I'll sing and be merry
Since my old beau I've lost,
I'll sing and be merry
Like a night bird in the tree,
There's rest for the weary
Since he's gone back on me.

2

So go home and tell your mother
She may put her mind at ease,
I heard she was a lady
And was very hard to please,
I heard she talked about me
And her tongue was never done,
She need not fret herself to death
For I don't want her son, Cho.

Sung by Mr. Norman Smith, Necum Teugh, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1952.

Local song about girl who lost her beau.

It's a story I've been told
Of a boy who kept his word
And misfortune come to those that he loved best,
For he heard that far away
That a fortune be some day
In the glorious land of promise called the west.
Cho.

How the loving hands were yearning,
How they longed for his returning,
But it seemed as though he never would come back,
But the future might be better
For he wrote in his last letter
At the table always keep a place for Jack.

2

Some cold and winter's night
He bid them all a sad good-night bye,
And his father say did bring a fortune back,
He's a brave and honest lad,
He is the pride of his old dad,
At the table always keep a place for Jack

3

But he ne'er come back again,
All their longings were in vain,
But they heard of love and honour he had won,
He had laboured with a heart,
He had nobly played his part,
And was call'd away before his task was done.

4

But one faithful comrade who
Had watched beside his dying bed
Brought the news from far across the desert track,
And they never shall forget
And the empty chair was set,
At the table always keep a place for Jack. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Frank Boutilier, Spry Bay, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, August 1952.

music
gone
Intro only.

~~Prody~~
input
90/03/15 n

Come all you jolly hunters who carries a gun,
Be aware of your shooting at the setting of the sun,
It's a melancholy accident that happened here of late
Whose name was Polly Laura, her fortune lies great.

2

This fair maid went a-walking at the setting of the sun,
She stooped under a green bush a shower for to shun,
Her true love being a-hunting was all in the dark,
And at length young Jimmy fired and he didn't miss his mark.

3

O when he found out what he had done he took her in his arms,
He kissed her, embraced her, and when he found that she was dead
A fountain of tears all around her he shed.

4

O Jimmy he run home with his gun in his hand,
Saying, "Uncle, dearest uncle, I shot Polly bawn,
I have shot that fair creature, the joy of my life,
I thought thousand times over she would be my wife.

5

His uncle being old and his locks turning grey,
Saying, "Jimmy, dearest Jimmy, don't you run away,
But stay all in your country till your trial do come on
And you'll never be condemned by the laws of the land.

6

The day of her funeral it was a sad sight,
There were four and twenty young maids standing in a row,
She appeared in the midst like a fountain of snow.

Sung by Mr. Frank Boutilier, Spry Bay, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, August 1952.

Sung also by Louis Boutilier, Tantallon in which
her spirit appears to Jimmy's uncle and tells how the
accident occurred. Another song of Mr. Boutilier's from
Tantallon begins in the County of Innocent, but is an
entirely different song. To avoid confusion this is
given the same title as the Tantallon version.

Down by the seaside so carelessly I wandered
 Last Saturday evening and calm was the air,
 I spied a fair damsel making sad lamentation,
 She clung to a rock, she was grieved to despair.

2

In sorrow and anguish I heard her complaining,
 Saying, "Willie, dearest Willie, return unto me,"
 And again she exclaimed, "No more shall I see him,
 My own truest Willie lies under the sea."

3

From the quays of Belfast where our steamship was sailing,
 Bound down to Liverpool last Wednesday set sail,
 The weather being fine and the land disappearing,
 Our hearts they were merry, delightful, and gay.

4

That night it came on most a dark one and dreary,
 The wind it did rise to a terrible gale,
 When our captain cried, "Boys, look out for a lighthouse,
 This night I'm afraid we will all suffer home."

5

The seas rose like mountains, no shelter to flee to,
 Our ship on the billows was tossed to and fro,
 Two seamen was washed o'er in the dark foaming ocean,
 Whilst women and children was crying below.

6

Some were on their bended knees to heaven's mercy imploring
 Whilst others quite insensible and deep in despair,
 The billows a-howling and sailors a-swearing,
 Whenever they heard us they mocked at our prayers.

7

Two boats was landed o'er in the dark foaming ocean,
 And in one of them stood my infant and I,
 But before we reached the shore there was one overwhelmed,
 Alas in the deep forty bodies must lie.

8

But Willie he stood by for to cheer and protect me,
 He landed me safe on the Isle of Mann shore,
 And to save his poor father his own life he ventured
 And now I am doomed for to see him no more.

9

Now I am left a poor desolate widow,
 Just one year in wedlock as you may plainlie see,
 To beg for my bread among hear-hearted strangers,
 Kind heaven look down on my infant and I.

Sung by Mr. Frank Boutilier, Spry Bay, and
 recorded by Helen Creighton, August 1952.

McCarthy's Song.

Reel 101A18-19NO.5

I crossed Taylor's Bay Harbour in very good order
From back to Pope's Harbour both up hill and down,
Till I took in my noddle to get a full bottle
Away at Brian's tavern that hole of renown.

Sung by Mr. Frank Boutilier, Spry Bay and recorded
by Helen Creighton, August 1952.

For full text see Songs and Ballads From Nova
Scotia p.133. Recorded for tune, and because song was
composed here.

McCarthy lived with Sarah and Henry Leslie, but
went into Halifax and got beaten up at a tavern. He
later came back to the Leslie's with whom he continued
to make his home. The Boutilier family regretted they
did not know the words of this song, and were nonplussed
and delighted to find it had been collected from Ben
Henneberry on Devil's Island where McCarthy taught
school at one time.

"Will you walk into my parlour?"
Said the spider to the fly,
It's the prettiest little parlour
That ever you did spy,
The way into my parlour
Is up a winding stair
And I've got many curious things
To show you when you're there."

2

"O no no," said the little fly,
"To ask me is in vain,
For who goes up your winding stair
Will ne'er come down again,
I thank you gentle sir," she said,
"For what you please to say,
And bidding you good-morning now
I'll call another day."

3

The spider turned him round about
And went into his den,
For well he knew the silly fly
Would soon come back again,
So he wove a subtle web
In a little corner sly,
And set his table ready
For to dine upon the fly.

4

Then he went out to his door again
And merrily did sing,
"Come hither, hither pretty fly
With a pearl and silver wing.
Your eyes are green and purple,
There's a crest upon your head,
Your eyes are like the diamonds bright
But mine are dull as lead."

5

Alas alas how very soon
The silly little fly
Hearing his wily flattering words
Came slowly flitting by,
With buzzing wing she hung aloft
And nearer nearer drew,
Thinking only of her crested head,
Her green and purple hue.

6

Thinking only of her crested head,
Poor foolish thing at last,
Up jumped the cunning spider
And fiercely held her fast,
He dragged her up his winding stair
Into his dismal den,
Unto his little parlour
But she ne'er came down again.

(over)

And now dear little children
Who may this story read,
To idle silly flattering words
I pray you ne'er give heed,
Unto an evil counsellor
Close head and ear and eye,
And take a lesson from this tale
Of the spider and the fly.

Sung by Mrs. W. J. Johns, Musquodoboit Harbour, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, August 1952.

This used to be sung in the Petpeswick
school.

