

102A

- 1-9. Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard. Sung by Mr. Harold Hilshie, Pope's Harbour. Excellent variant with 27 vs. and good tune.
- 9-15. Lily of the West. Sung by Mr. Harold Hilshie, Pope's Harbour; local; prefers California to Nova Scotia; quite nice; 6 vs.
- 15-18. Jimmy Ray. Sung by Mr. Harold Hilshie, Pope's Harbour; leaves Caledonio to go to war; quite nice song; 4 vs.
- 18-20. Never Take the Horseshoe From the Door. Sung by Mr. Freeman Young, East Petpeswick; pretty little song, well sung 3 vs. & cho.
- 20-22. The Frog In the Spring. Sung by Mr. Freeman Young, East Petpeswick; 1 vs. & cho.; good as far as it goes.
- 22-23. A Frog in the Well. Sung by Mrs. W.J. Johns, Musquodoboit Harbour; 1 vs. only ending Kitty me love and I.
- 23-27. The Nightingales are Singing. Sung by Mr. Freeman Young, East Petpeswick. good song, nicely sung, but sounds late. 2 vs. & cho.
- 27 to end. Tune only of Burns and His Highland Mary. Sung by Mr. Freeman Young and Mrs. W.J. Johns. For words see Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia p. 159.

It was a day and a very fine day,
The finest day in the year,
Little Marthy Grove to church did go
Some holy words for to hear,
Some holy words for to hear.

2

The first come day was dressed in safin,
The next come down in silk,
But the next that come down was Lord Arnold's wife
With her skin as white as milk,
With her skin as white as milk.

3

She looked all around her
All with a wishful look,
Saying, "Little Marthy Grove oh this very night
In bed with me you shall lie,
In bed with me you shall lie."

4

"O I cannot or I will not,
I dare not for my life,
For I see by the ring upon your finger
You are Lord Arnold's wife,
That you are Lord Arnold's wife."

5

"O if I am Lord Arnold's wife
O what is that to he?
Lord Arnold has gone to the king's castle
King Henery for to see,
King Henery for to see."

6

A little foot page being standing by,
He took to his heels and ran,
And when he came to the riverside
He fell on his breast and swam,
He fell on his breast and swam.

7

And when he came to the king's castle
He knocked at the door,
There was no one so ready as Lord Arnold
To arise and let him in,
To arise and let him in.

8

"What news, what news my little foot page?
What news do you bring unto me?"
"Bad news, bad news, and very bad news,
The worst of news for thee,
The worst of news for thee."

(over)

"Are any of my bridges broken down
 Or yet my towers won?
 Or is my fair lady put to bed
 With a daughter or a son,
 With a daughter or a son?"

10

"O none of your bridges are broken down,
 Or yet your tower won,
 But little Marthy Grove's in bed with your lady
 And will till you return,
 And will to you return."

11

"If this be a lie ~~which you tell unto me~~
 Which you tell unto me,
 I'll cause a gallows to be rigged
 And hanged you shall be,
 And hanged you shall be."

12

"If this be a lie
 Which I tell unto thee,
 You need not have any gallows to be rigged
 But hang me to a tree,
 But hang me to a tree."

13

"I think I hear Lord Arnold's horn,
 I think I hear him say
 "O he that's in bed with another man's wife
 It is time he was jogging away,
 It is time he was jogging away."

14

"You think you hear Lord Arnold's horn,
 You think you hear him say,
 O now you're in bed in a gay lady's arms
 And you want to be getting away,
 And you want to be getting away."

15

"Come huddle me up, come cuddle me up,
 And come keep me from the cold,
 'Tis only my father's blind shepherd boy
 A-herding his flock to the fold,
 A-herding his flock to the fold."

16 so

So long they kissed, ~~and~~ long they hugged
 Until they fell fast asleep
 And when they awoke to their surprise
 Lord Arnold stood at their feet,
 Lord Arnold stood at their feet.

(over)

17

"O how do you like my bed of down,
And how do you like my sheets,
And how do you like the false lady
Which lies in your arms to sleep,
Which lies in your arms to sleep?"

18

"O well do I like your bed of down
And better I like your sheets,
Far better I love this ~~fair lady~~ gay lady
Which lies in my arms to sleep,
Which lies in my arms to sleep."

19

"Arise arise little Marthy Grove,
Some clothing then put on,
For it shall not be said when I am dead
That I slew a naked man,
That I slew a naked man."

20

"O I cannot or I will not
I dare not form my life,
For you have two broadswords by your side
And I have neither a knife,
And I have neither a knife."

21

"If I have two broadswords by my side
They cost me from my purse,
O you can choose the very best one
And I will take the worst,
And I will take the worst."

22

The very first blow little Marthy Grove struck
He wounded Lord Arnold's sword,
But the very first blow that Lord Arnold struck
Little Marthy Grove struck no more,
Little Matthy Grove struck no more."

23

He called his fair lady to his side
He set her on his knee,
"Make choice, make choice my false lady
Between Marthy Grove and me,
Between Matthy Grove and me."

24

"O well do I like Marthy Grove
And well do I like his skin,
Far better I love his flattering tongue
Than Lord Arnold and all his kin,
Than Lord Arnold and all his kin."

(over)

He took his fair lady by the hand,
 He marched her to the hall,
 He cut her head off close to her shoulders
 And stuck it on the wall,
 And stuck it on the wall.

26

O the cuckoo sang her song of praise,
 She sang it deep in sorrow,
 Lord Arnold has killed his lady to-day
 And he's going to be hanged to-morrow,
 And he's going to be hanged to-morrow.

27

Come all you pretty fair maids
 Upon these words of strife,
 O it's never take a man to bed
 Or your husband will take your life,
 Or your husband will take your life.

Sung by Mr. Harold Hilshie, Pope's Harbour, and
 recorded by Helen Creighton, August 1952.

vs. 11-13 added later.

singer's title: Lord Arnold.

Come all you Nova Scotians and listen unto me,
 I've been a rover all my life but now I've quit the sea,
 I've sailed the stormy ocean, but the place that I love best,
 Is sunny California, the lily of the west.) bis

2

~~I don't despise the English nor yet the Turks or Jews,
 But I scorn the sour aristocrats~~
 When I was young and foolish I went out to the States,
 My name is Oliver Drummond, in Philadelphia I engaged,
 I led a wild and reckless life but you might guess the rest,
 I'm off for California, the lily of the west.) bis

3

You talk of Manitoba and Illinois so gay,
 Also of Colorado, don't mind what people say,
 If you want to gain a compliment by fear don't be oppressed,
 But go to California, the lily of the west.) bis

4

I don't despise the English, nor yet the Turks or Jews,
 But I scorn the sour aristocrats for the poor they do abuse,
 I've seen so much of their cruelty while tenants are oppressed,
 I'll dwell in California, the lily of the west.) bis

5

The snow cold hills of Pictou and too severe for me,
 But the burning plains of India I never wish to see,
 Give me the girl that loves me, 'tis all that I request,
 I'll dwell in California, the lily of the west.) bis

6

So good-bye my friends at River John, I can no longer stay,
 I'll never forget your kindness, while I I am far away,
 The train is at the station and I must do my best,
 I'm off for California, the lily of the west.) bis

Sung by Mr. Harold Hilshie, Pope's Harbour, and
 recorded by Helen Creighton, August 1952.

My name it is Jimmy Ray, in Glasgow I was born,
 In the place of my habitation I was forced to leave in scorn,
 In the place of my habitation I was forced to join the war,
 Since the seas must roll between us and sweet Caledonia.)bis

2

There's a farewell to my father, he's one of the best of men,
 Likewise to my old sweetheart, fair Elinor was her name,
 No more we'll roam out side by side down by yon gloanyn glone)
 Since the seas must roll between us and sweet Caledonia.)bis

3

There's a farewell to my mother, I'm sorry for what I've done,
 I hope God will protect her, the race that I have run,
 I hope God will protect her while I am far at war,)
 Since the seas must roll between us and sweet Caledonia.) bis

4

And since we cannot meet in earth I hope we'll meet in heaven,
 Where hallelujahs praises sings manys the joyful song,
 Where hallelujahs praises sings manys the joyful song,
 Where no earthly judge can judge us but him that rules us all,
 Since the seas must roll between us and sweet Caledonia.

Sung by Mr. Harold ~~Hilshie~~ Hilshie, Pope's Harbour,
 and recorded by Helen Creighton, August 1952.

vs. left out in middle of song, but he can't
 remember it.

A story handed down in Irish history,
It was all in the days of King Beroo(?)
You would find the greatest luck awaiting on you
When you'd pick up on the road a horse's shoe.

Chā.

Then gather your family round you Sunday morning,
Let the baby roll about the floor,
One and all I give you timely warning,
So never take the horseshoe from the door.

2

When first I set my eyes upon Cordelia
The many years we're married are but few,
It was in my father's cot at Tipperrary
I was nailing on the door a horse's shoe. Cho.

3

When first I had domestic troubles
Was with a little wife that I adore,
She was bringing in a crowd of her relations
When I found the horseshoe lying on the floor. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Freeman Young, East Petpeswick, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, August 1952.

(baby makes sounds in background)

The Frog in the Spring

Reel 102A20-22.No.6x5

There was a frog that lived in a spring,
He was so hoarse and he could not sing,
Sing song kiddy and the kiny oh
Sing song kiddy and the kiny oh.
Hock ee mooky moo da rah wah,
Hee mo ha ma rum diddle iddle ah,
Sing song kiddy and the sing song kye,
Sing song kiddy in the kiny oh.

Sung by Mr. Freeman Young, East Petpeswick, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, August 1952.

This is all the singer knows now.

the
A Frog In ~~x~~ Well

Reel 102A22-23. No. ~~7~~ 6

the
There was a frog lived in ~~x~~ well,
Kitty me love, Kitty me love,
La la la la la la la la
La la la la la la la la
La la la la la la la la
Kitty me love and I.

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

Most of the words have been forgotten, so
the singer had substituted with la la.

The nightingales are singing in the valley,
The stars like shining jewels deck the sky,
Still beside the garden gates they linger
And whisper of love that never die.
"The summer soon will pass away," he murmured,
But when the fields are ripe with golden grain
Then I'll come back to keep my loving promise
For you and I will never part again. "

Cho.

When the harvest moon is shining on the river
And the merry harvest songs again we'll hear,
With our sweethearts we will roam down the path that leads to home,
When the harvest moon is shining Molly dear.

2

'Tis autumn now and in the peaceful valley
The paths are strewn with leaves of brown and gold,
But someone waits for somebody's returning
And dreams about the loving vows he told.
Beneath the dancing foam he's sleeping
And when the crimson sunset turns to grey
A woman by the garden gate is waiting
For one who promised he'd return some day. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Freeman Young, and recorded by Helen
Creighton at East Petpeswick, August 1952.

Music
gone