

Reel 103A

FSG30
23.233.2
mf 289.464

- 1-5. Sealing Song. Sung by Mr. Berton Young, West Pet-
peswick assisted by Helen Creighton.
For words see reel 102B
- 5-7. The Young Deserter. Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle
River. Young man about to be executed
tells his sad story; quite well sung; see
also reel 97B, sung by Sandy Stoddard.
- 7-8. Captain Jinks. Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle
River. 1 vs. only, and that mixed up.
- 8-9, and 10-11. Jack and Jill. Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt,
Middle River. 1 vs.
- 9-10. Fly Away Jack. Recited by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle
River. Game for children. 2 vs. but he
forgets how it is played.
- 10-12. Maria and Caroline, sung by Mr. J.H. Bobbitt,
Harrington, Labrador; murder; 3 vs; fair tune
- 12-15. Old Farmer John, sung by Allan V. Teal, Bridgewater;
good for children; amusing; 3 vs. & cho.;
cows try to sing.
- 15-18. Rogers the Miller, sung by Mr. Allan V. Teal; amusing;
suitor wants mare as well as girl and
loses both; 7 vs.; good.
- 18-20. The Waterfall, sung by Mr. Allan V. Teal, 6 vs.
quite nicely sung; late; victim of
wife and husband.
- 20-24. Enoch Arden, sung by Mr. Allan V. Teal; story of
Arden's return; tune gloomy; 6 vs.
- 24-26. Monday Morning I Married a Wife, sung by Mr. Allan V.
Teal; shrewish wife ~~than~~ away; words
better than tune; 7 vs.; amusing
- 26-26d Bachelor's Hall, sung by Mr. Allan V. Teal; song of
courting, with bachelor's life preferred;
7 vs. & cho.; late; fair.
- 26-end. Bonnets on the Brain, sung by Mr. Allan V. Teal;
laughs at women's clothes; probably
music hall; 3 vs. & cho.; fair.

The Young Deserter
~~Comex Akkx Myx Nobkx Comorades~~

Reel 103A5-7.No.2

Come all my noble comorades I pray you lend an ear,
Come listen to my sad story and for me shed a tear,
I am heavy bound in Ireland to waiting my sad doom,
I am here alone far from my home in some North Carolina state.

2

When I were young and foolish I left my native home
To seek for sport and pleasure so far away I did roam,
I've 'listed in the northern war to fight for gold so bright,
They used me there so cruel severe I left them in the night.

3

I soon was overtaken and bidden for to stand,
They bound my feet in irons strong, they handcuffed my hands,
They've locked me up in this dismal cell to waiting my sad doom,
I'm here alone far from my home in some North Carolina state.

4

Now fare you well my loving father and when he reads these lines
Likewise my aged mother, where will she comfort find?
And fare you well my comorades, and for me give a sigh,
And when I think of my fond home it's hard for me to die.

5

Here's one request I'll have to ask, to carry my body home,
Lay it beside my sister dear, at my head a marble stone,
It's plant upon my youthful breast a weeping willow tree,
That some brave souls and tender hearts for me may shed a tear.

Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River, and re-
corded by Helen Creighton, August 1952.

Also sings vs. 4 with the last 2 lines this way:

At ten o'clock I am doomed to die, it's by my comrades hand
When I do think of my fond home it's hard for me to die.

See same song sung by Mr. Sandy Stoddard Reel 97.

O Captain Jinks of the horse ~~marines~~ ~~marines~~
A captain in the army,
To feed your horse on oats and beans
To ~~work~~ upon the railway.

Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, August 1952.

The sun comes peeping o'er the hills,
Dries up the dew in the morning,
Those little birds begin to sing
And rejoicing it is turning.

Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, but not recorded,
May 1953.

Jack and Jill went up the hill
For a pail of water,
Jack fell down and broke his crown
And Jill came tumbling after.

~~Sung~~ Recited by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, August 1952; sung further
along on same tape, 10-11.

According to my remarks on the tape, Mr. Hatt was
singing this when I arried to makemy call, although when
I asked him for the tune he said there wasn't any. At
this point he was feeling discouraged because he was
sung out.

Game

Fly Away Jack

Reel 103A9-10No.5

Two little kitty cats sitting on a hill,
One named Jack and the other one Jill,
Fly away Jack, fly away Jill,
Come back Kitty Cat and set on the hill.

Two little kitty cats sitting on a hill,
One named Jack and the other one Jill,
Come back Jack, come back Jill,
Come back Kitty Cat and set on the hill.

Game

~~XXXXXX~~ recited by Mr. Nathan Hatt who can't remember
what it is about, recorded by Helen Creighton, August
1952. He described it as a riddle.

(This is a game played with pieces of paper attached
to finger tips.)

Come all young men and maidens, come listen unto my song,
Concerning of two fair young girls, it won't delay you long,
'Twas in a spot near Folkstone this dreadful deed was done
Where Maria and sweet Caroline was murdered by Alan Young.

2

This villian then was taken his own life for to try,
He was first sent to Fountain and there condemned todie,
Come all you men take warning of this sad fate of mine
For the murder of Maria and lovely Caroline.

3

Said the mother unto her daughter, "You'd better stay at home,
For it 's not safe for you to walk with that young man alone,
You'd better take your sister Maria along with you
Then I will have no objection, dear daughter you may go."

Sung by Mr. J.H. Bobbitt, of Harrington, Labrador, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, Feb. 24, 1953

(I have more verses from another singer)

Old Farmer John from his work came home,
One summer afternoon,
And sat him down in a maple grove
And sang himself a tune,
He sang as the cows came running by,
And round him formed a ring,
For they never heard old Farmer John
Before attempt to sing.

Cho.

And this was the tune right fol dol dey,
He sang in the maple grove,
Right fol dol dey, right fol dol doe,
Was the tune the old cow died on.

2

The oldest cow in the farmer's herd
Tried hard to join the song,
But she could not strike the melody,
Her voice was loud and strong.
The farmer laughed till the tears ran down
His cheeks like the apples red,
And the cow got mad and she tried to sing,
Until she dropped down dead.

3

The farmer had an inquest held,
To see what ailed the cow,
So a jury sat and a verdict brought
Which I mean to tell you now.
They said that the cow would be living yet
To chew her cud with glee,
If old Farmer John hadn't sung that song
Beneath the maple tree. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Allan V. Teal, Bridgewater, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, May, 1953.

Rogers the miller went courting of late
 A farmer's daughter named beautiful Kate,
 And she to her fortune had five hundred pounds
 And she to her fortune had fine silken gowns,
 Silk ribbons, fine jewels, and diamonds and rings,
 And some richer pearls and fifty fine things.

2

The day was appointed, the wedding was set
 For Rogers to wed with his beautiful Kate,
 But he unto the old man did say,
 "I will not wed with your daughter to-day
 Although she is handsome, comely, and fair,
 Without the addition of Tib the grey mare."

3

The old man replied and to him did say,
 "I thought you would wed with my daughter to-day
 But not the grey mare; and since it is thus
 The money shall quickly return to my purse,
 But I am her father, I solemnly swear
 You shan't have my daughter nor yet the grey mare."

4

The money soon vanished out of his sight
 And so did Miss Katie, his joy and delight,
 And he like a fool was kicked out of doors
 And forever forbid to come any more,
 Then Rogers began his locks for to tear,
 He wished he had never stood for the grey mare.

5

A twelvemonth hereafter or little above
 He happened to meet Miss Katie, his love,
 Says he, "My dear girl, and don't you know me?"
 "If I'm not mistaken I've seen you," says she,
 "Or one in your likeness with long yellow hair
 That once came a-courting my father's grey mare."

6

"'Twas not the grey mare a-courting I came,
 'Twas you, beautiful Katie by name,
 A-thinking the old man would make no dispute
 And that he would give us the grey mare to boot
 Before he would lose such a beautiful sum,
 But now I am sorry for what I have done."

7

"Sorry or glad I value it not,
 There's young men enough in this world to be got,
 And thinking a man is at his last prayer
 To marry a wife for the sake of a mare,
 The prize thereof is not very great,
 So fare you well Rogers, go mourn for your Kate."

Sung by Mr. Allen V. Teal, Bridgewater, and recorded by
 Helen Creighton, May 1953.

Come all young men that's been in love
And sympathize with me
For I have loved as pretty a girl
As ever you did see,
Her age it was just seventeen,
Her figure fair and tall,
She dressed so neat and then she wore
Oh such a waterfall.

2

Oh the first time that I saw her
I never shall forget,
I went into a Broadway store
Some handkerchiefs to get,
She stood behind the counter
Dressed up just like a doll,
I never saw a face so fair
Or such a waterfall.

3

I went to a picnic party,
I saw her there at that,
I quickly introduced myself,
We had a pleasant chat,
There were lots of other nice young girls
But none among them all
Could dance with me except the girl
That wore the waterfall.

4

I saw her home, we had a chat,
I thought we'd never part,
And when she left me at the gate
I thought she'd won my heart,
A footstep I heard coming,
A footstep through the hall,
All sorts of colours changed the girl
That wore the waterfall.

5

A man about six feet two in height
Came rushing through the room,
And when he saw me standing there
Why he began to fume,
With words so rash and voice so loud
He did my heart appal,
"This is my husband," says the girl
That wore the waterfall.

6

I hadn't time to say one word
Before he at me flew,

And the maiden she did hold me down
Till they beat me black and blue,
When I came to my watch was gone,
My money, chain, and all,
Since that I never went near the girl
That wore the waterfall.

Sing by Mr. Allen V. Teal, Bridgewater, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, May 1953

Once a noble youth and maiden
 Wooed and wed beside the shore,
 They dwelt beneath a cottage
 That looked the ocean o'er,
 And the fishing boat he daily rowed
 Gave but a scanty fare
 So he left his wife and children
 A sailor's home to share.

Cho.

And she waited long for his return
 Across the waters blue,
 And she mourned for Enoch Arden,
 Annie Arden, Annie true,
 And she mourned for Enoch Arden,
 Annie Arden, Annie true.

2

She was faithful, Annie Arden,
 And she waited long in vain
 Till they told her he had perished
 Far far across the main,
 So she wed another kind and true
 For love and pity said
 That the children must be cared for,
 Have clothing and be fed. Cho.

3

From alone and barren island
 Where the sailor had been thrown
 He wandered back all weary
 To meet his wife, his own,
 But they told him e'er he reached his home
 Another love reigned there,
 So he left his coming secret
 His Annie's grief to share. Cho.

4

In the garden in the evening
 Where no one could see or hear,
 He had watched his Annie darling
 With all his life held dear,
 But the smiles he oft bestowed he saw
 His children playing there,
 For his boy had grown so manly,
 His girl had grown so fair. Cho.

5

How his noble heart was yearning
 To press those forms again,
 But he loved them still too fondly
 To give their bosoms pain,

With a broken heart he turned away,
He cared not now to live,
Tell my Annie how I love her,
My life for her I'll give.

Sung by Mr. Allen V. Teal, Bridgewater, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, May 1953.

Monday morning I married a wife
Thinking to lead a sober life,
Music and dancing there was and play
To think how happy I was made.

Tuesday morning I went in the woods
Thinking my wife she wouldn't prove good,
I cut me a stick, a willow so green,
I thought it was the toughest stick that ever I seen.

3

Wednesday morning I brought it home,
I said nothing to her but let her go on,
I said nothing to her but laid the stick by
Thinking tomorrow the battle to try.

4

Thursday morning I banged her well
But still her clack she would rebel,
I told her twice then she better would be,
The deuce might take her and keep her for me.

5

Friday morning to my surprise
Just before the sun did rise
Cubas sent down in two devils came
And lugged her off in a shower of rain.

6

Saturday morning as I walked out
No scolding wife to rouse me about,
My biggest bottle is my best friend,
My week's work is just to an end.

7

If ever I marry another wife
Thinking to lead a sober life,
If I can't have a better one I won't have none,
The devil might take them and keep them for his own.

Sung by Mr. Allen V. Teal, Bridgewater, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, May 1953

The girls around here they live on the shore,
 If you speak one word you will hear it twice o'er,
 The more they put to it they will if they can
 For most of the young girls they are fond of the men.

Cho.

And sing wo wo wo nellie wo,
 And sing wo wo wo nellie wo.

2

The boys they dress up so neat and so fine,
 A-courting the girls is all of their sign.
 They'll go to their houses and there they will stay,
 And they'll keep the girls up till it's almost day. Cho.

3

The girls go to bed and sleep all the next day.
 Their mothers will curse, the devil to pay,
 Saying, "Mother, oh mother, we're not to be blamed
 For when you were young you were fond of the game." Cho.

4

The boys they get up, they'll stagger and reel
 A-cursing the girls, "How sleepy I feel,
 If this you call courting I'll court none at all,
 I'd rather stay single and keep bachelor's hall." Cho.

5

Bachelor's hall is one of the best,
 Be drunk or be sober you're always at rest,
 No wife to scold, no children to bawl,
 And happy is the man that has no wife at all. Cho.

6

When a man's single he lives at his ease,
 Gets up when he likes, lays down when he please,
 He lays himself down on his bed of old straw
 And he eats his corn cake if it's done or be raw. Cho.

7

Oh now to conclude and finish my song.
 I hope I have offended none,
 If it's anyone here to take an offense
 They can go to the devil and seek recompense. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Allen V. Teal, Bridgewater, and
 recorded by Helen Creighton, May 1953.

It seems to me the ladies now
Dress up most awful queer
With narrow skirts and little hoops,
How funny they appear,
Their hair they frizz in fancy shape,
I laughed and laughed again
To see how queer the ladies look
With bonnet on the brain.

Cho.

On woman, so pretty and so vain,
They flit around like butterflies
With fashion on the brain.

2

Last night I met a little miss
Rigged up in wondrous style,
She had a little bonnet on
That really made me smile,
'Twas smaller than a cabbage leaf
Dried up for want of rain,
How awful queer the ladies look
With bonnet on the brain. Cho.

3

They say they wear their dresses short
To show their pretty feet,
But if their boots were number eights
Extremes will never meet,
Or if they wear their dresses long
Or dragging in a train,
How awful queer the ladies look
With bonnet on the brain. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Allen V. Teal, Bridgewater, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, May 1953