

- 1-3. Caroline of Edinborough Town, sung by Mr. Allan V. Teal, Bridgewater; 9 vs. fair: Bernard Young's version probably better
- 3-5 Here We Stand, sung by Allan V. Teal, motion song with 6 vs. learned in school; very nice for children
- 5-6. My Grandfather's Farm, sung by Allan V. Teal good variant of Old MacDonalld Had a Farm; 6 vs.; interesting.
- 6-9. Pirate Song, sung by Allan V. Teal; 8 vs.; good song of piracy
- 9-14. Caroline and Her Young Sailor Bold, sung by Allan V. Teal; 7 vs.; compare S.B.N.S. p.66 and other N.S. variants
- 14-15. Gallant Brigantine, sung by Mrs. Edward Gallagher, Chebucto Head; 7 vs. lovely.
- 15-18. Nell Flaherty's Drake, sung by Mrs. Edward Gallagher, comic; Irish; good; 6 vs.
- 18-19. Captain Kidd, sung by Mrs. Gallagher; 1 vs; more interesting tune than others from N.S.
- 19-22. John Martin Duffy, sung by Mr. Allan V. Teal; learned as ~~from~~ poem in old book, and made tune up himself; comic; good story
- 22-24. Lovely Annie, sung by Mr. Allan V. Teal; 8 vs; pretty love song; war; compare with Nathan Hatt's variant.
- 24-end. The Brookside, sung by Mr. Allan V. Teal; sister dies and is buried by brookside; 3 vs; fair; late.

Michael
Roy ?

Come all young men and maidens
 And tend unto my rhyme,
 It's of a young damsel
 Was scarcely in her prime,
 She beat the blushing roses,
 Was admired by all around,
 'Twas lovely young Caroline
 Of Edinburgh town.

2

Young Harry was a highland man
 A-courting her he came,
 But when her parents came to know
 They did not like the same,
 Young Harry was offended
 And unto her did say,
 "Arise my dearest Caroline
 And with me run away."

3

"We'll both go to London love
 And there we'll wed with speed,
 And lovely young Caroline
 She shall have happiness indeed,"
 Attended by young Harry
 She put on her over gown,
 And away went young Caroline
 Of Edinburgh town.

4

O'er lofty hills and mountains
 Together they did roam,
 In time they arrived in London
 Far from their happy home,
 "I pray my dearest Harry
 Don't never on me frown
 Or you'll break the heart of young Caroline
 Of Edinburgh town."

5

They scarce had been in London
 More than one-half a year
 When hard-hearted Harry
 Proved severe,
 Says Harry, "I will go to sea,
 Your friends did on me frown,
 So beg your way without delay
 To Edinburgh town."

" The fleet is fitted out for sea
 All fitted and faced down,
 I am going to join the fleet
 To fight for king and crown,
 But the gallant tars may feel the scars
 All in a watery down,
 I never shall return again
 To Edinborough town."

Pressed with grief without relief
 This damsel she did go,
 Into the woods to eat the fruit
 That on the bushes grew
 Some strangers they would pity her
 While more would on her frown,
 Some would say, "What made you stray
 From Edinborough town."

Beneath a lofty spreading oak
 This damsel sat down to cry
 A-watching all the gallant ships
 As they were passing by,
 She gave three cheers to Harry
 And threw her body down,
 Away floated young Caroline
 Of Edinborough town.

A note, likewise her bonnet,
 She left lay on the shore,
 And in the note a lock of hair
 And the words, "I am no more,
 It's fast asleep I'm in the deep
 And fishes watch around,"
 'Twas comely young Caroline
 Of Edinborough town.

Sung by Allan V. Teal, Bridgewater, and recorded
 by Helen Creighton, May 23, 1953

Here We Stand
(Motion Song)

Reel 103B 3-5

Here we stand handin hand ready for our exercise,
Heads upright with delight sparkling in our laughing eyes.

Cho.

Singing cheerily, cheerily, cheerily,
Clapping merrily, merrily, merrily,
One, two, three, don't you see
Where scholars ought to be.

2

Right hand up, left hand up, whirling see our fingers @,
Folded now let us bow gently to each other so. Cho.

3

Eastward point, westward point, left hand (nader) ascending right,
Forward fold, backward fold, arms akimbo, chest upright. Cho.

4

Seated now smooth your brow, then tap lightly on your crown,
Oh what fun every one chasing off each surly frown. Cho.

5

Quickly stand, lungs expand, backward let your shoulders go,
Life and health, comfort, wealth, we can much improve you know. Cho

6

Both hands meet, then retreat, clasp them, whirl them round and rou
Right hand fold, left hand fold, let's shake hands like sisters
bold. Cho.

vs. 3. singer stumbled over word nader which he has
in his scribbler; he doesn't know what it means.

This was sung in school at Broad Cove, Lunenburg
when the singer was a boy 55 years ago.

Sung by Mr. Allan Teal, Bridgewater, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, May 23, 1953

Make motions while singing, as song directs.

My grandfather had a very fine farm
And a very fine stock had he,
With a cackle cackle here and a cackle cackle there,
With a quack quack here and a quack quack there,
Oh come along boys, oh come along girls
To the merry green fields away.

2

My grandfather had some very fine dogs,
Some very fine dogs had he,
With a bow-wow here and a bow-wow there,
With a cackle cackle here and a cackle cackle there,
With a quack quack here and a quack quack there,
Oh come along boys, oh come along girls
To the merry green fields away.

3

My grandfather had some very fine sheep,
Some very fine sheep had he,
With a baa baa here and a baa baa there,
With a bow-wow here and a bow-wow there,
With a cackle cackle here and a cackle cackle there,
With a quack quack here and a quack quack there,
Oh come along boys, oh come along girls
To the merry green fields away.

4

My grandfather had some very fine cows,
Some very fine cows had he,
With a moo moo here and a moo moo there,
With a baa baa here and a baa baa there,
With a bow-wow here and a bow-wow there,
With a cackle cackle here and a cackle cackle there,
With a quack quack here and a quack quack there,
Oh come along boys, oh come along girls
To the merry green fields away.

5

My grandfather had some very fine pigs,
Some very fine pigs had he,
With a quee quee here and a quee quee there,
With a moo moo here and a moo moo there,
With a baa baa here and a baa baa there,
With a bow-wow here and a bow-wow there,
With a cackle cackle here and a cackle cackle there,
With a quack quack here and a quack quack there,
Oh come along boys, oh come along girls
To the merry green fields away.

(over)

My grandfather had some very fine birds,
Some very fine birds had he,
With a caw caw here and a caw caw there,
With a quee quee here and a quee quee there,
With a moo moo here and a moo moo there,
With a baa baa here and a baa baa there,
With a bow-wow here and a bow-wow there,
With a cackle cackle here and a cackle cackle there,
With a quack quack here and a quack quack there,
Oh come along boys, oh come along girls
To the merry green fields away.

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

The twenty-fourth of June my boys
From Bristol we set sail,
The wind did blow south-east my boys,
A sweet and pleasant gale,
Crossing the briny ocean
Where foaming billows roar,
Leaving our wives and our sweethearts
Lamenting on the shore.

2
We sailed all of that same night
And part of the next day,
And nothing did we spy my boys
Till evening on that day,
Till evening on that day my boys
A pirate we did spy,
And being well to windward
Bore down on us with prize.

3
He hailed us in English
And asked us from whence we came,
We told him from Bristol
A-coasting we were bound,
We told him from Bristol
A-coasting we were bound,
And we asked him the reason
For what he bore down.

4
"If you want to know the reason
I soon will let you know,
Haul back your fore and main courses
And lay your ship to,"
"Oh no," says our commander,
That thing can never be
While I have got those ten brass guns
To bear my company."

5
"While you have got those ten brass guns
And I have got fourteen,
And I have got two hundred men
While you've got twenty-three,"
So then says this bold pirate,
"Every man to his gun stand bold,"
When up flew his ensign
All glittering round with gold.

6
So then this pirate boarded us
With a hundred of his men,
And a word from our commander
We soon did slaughter them,

He boarded us again my boys
With the same repeating gun,
And with boarding pikes and cutlasses
We soon did slaughter them.

7

We boarded this bold pirate,
We asked him for his fees
While he lay on the quarter-deck
With both legs off to his knees,
"The prize you won and you shall have,
And for it you fought bold,
Go down below and there you will find
Five hundred chests of gold."

8

Oh early the next morning
There was a sight to see,
There was a sight to see my boys
Outside of Bristol quay,
Each man has made his fortune
And soon will reach the shore,
And we'll all agree like brothers
And go to sea no more.

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

(Mr. Teal forgot the tune, so made this one
up)

There was a rich nobleman's daughter,
So handsome, so comely to behold,
Her father possessed a great fortune,
Full fifty odd thousands in gold,
He had but one only daughter,
Caroline was her name we are told,
One day from her drawing room window
She admired a young sailor bold.

2

His cheeks they appeared like two roses,
His eyes were as black as a jet,
Young Caroline watched his departure,
Walked round and young William she met,
She says, "I'm a nobleman's daughter
Possessed of ten thousands in gold,
I'll forsake both my father and mother
To wed with a young sailor bold."

3

Her father says, "Daughter remember,
Your parents you are bound for to mind,
For in sailors there is no dependence,
Their true loves are left far behind,
So be wise, stay at home with your parents
And try to do as you are told,
And never let any persuade you
To wed with a young sailor bold."

4

She says, "There will no one persuade me
One moment to alter my mind,
But I'll ship and proceed with my true love,
He never shall leave me behind."
So she dressed like a gallant young sailor
To forsake both her father and gold,
Six years and a half ploughed the ocean,
Caroline and her young sailor bold.

5

Three times with her love she was shipwrecked
But always proved constant and true,
Went aloft with her love, did her duty
In her jacket and trousers so blue,
Her father long wept and lamented
Till his eyes with tears down did roll,
At length they arrived safe in England,
Caroline and her young sailor bold.

(over)

Caroline she went straight to her father
 In her trousers and jacket so blue,
 He received her but quickly fainted
 When first she appeared in his view,
 Crying, "Father, dear father, forgive me,
 And prime me forever in gold,
 Grant me my request and contented,
 To wed with my young sailor bold. "

Her father admired young William
 And vowed with a sweet unity,
 If life would spare them till to-morrow,
 To-morrow the wedding to be,
 They were married and Caroline's portion
 Full twenty odd thousands in gold,
 And now they live cheerful and happy,
 Caroline and her young sailor bold.

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

As I strayed ashore one evening from my gallant brigantine
 In the island of Jamaica where I have lately been,
 Now I being tired of rambling I sat me down to rest
 And I sang a song of my native land, the land that I love best.

2

Now when my song was over my mind was more at ease,
 I rose to pick some oranges that hung down from the trees
 'Twas there I spied a fair maid who filled me with delight,
 She wore the garb of innocence, her dress was snow white.

3

Her dress was snowy white my boys, her spencer it was green,
 A silken shawl hung round her neck her shoulders for to screen,
 Her hair hung down in ringlets, and it as black as ~~the~~ sloes,
 Her teeth were like the ivory white, her cheek was like the rose.

4

So boldly I accosted her, "Good morning my pretty fair maid,"
 Most kindly she smiled on me, "Good morning sir," she said,
 "I think you are a sailor just lately come from sea,"
 "I belong to yonder gallant ship lies anchored in the Bay."

5

Then we both sat down together and we chatted for awhile,
 I told her many a curious tale which caused her for to smile,
 And when she rose to leave me these words to me addressed,
 "O come in and see my husband, he will treat you to the best."

6

It was then she introduced me to her noble looking man,
 Most kindly he saluted me and shook me by the hand,
 The wine being on the table and dinner served up soon,
 Oh we all sat down together, spent a jolly afternoon.

7

Now there's one thing more I have to say before my tale is done,
 It's Harry Rysall is my name, I am a married man,
 Three weeks before I left the shore my troubles they began,
 By the powers above the wife I love gave me a baby son.

K

Sung by Mrs. Edward Gallagher, Chebucto Head, and
 recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1953.

My name it is Neil, ri taapther-i-ellm
 I live in Cole Hill I'll never deny,
 I had a fine drake, the truth for to spake
 My grandmother left me when going to die.

Cho.

The poor little fellow; his legs they were yellow,
 He flew like a swallow and swam like a hake
 Till some wicked savage to grease his white cabbage
 He murdered Neil Flaherty's beautiful drake.

2

He was plump, he was round, and he weighed twenty pounds,
 He was fit for a queen of the highest degree,
 His neck it was white, he was fit for a sight,
 He was plump, round and heavy, and brisk as a bee. Cho.

3

May his horse never neigh, may his hens never lay,
 May his cattle all stray both early and late,
 May black flies molest him and bed bugs infest him,
 The monster that murdered Neil Flaherty's drake. Cho.

4

May he swell with the gout till his granders fall out,
 May he yell, whoop, and shout with a horrible toothache,
 May a four year old bug build a nest in the lug
 Of the monster that murdered Neil Flaherty's drake. Cho.

5

May his grindstone not turn, may his fire not burn,
 And a cold north wind make him shiver and shake,
 May he be poorly fed till the hour he is dead,
 The monster that murdered Neil Flaherty's drake. Cho.

6

May jackdaws affright him and monkeys a-bite him,
 And every one slight him at home and away,
 May the curse of each hag ever carried a bag
 Look down on the way till his brains go astray. Cho.

Sung by Mrs. Edward Gallagher, Chebucto Head,
 and recorded by Helen Creighton, May 30, 1953

I have ninety barrels of gold as I sail, as I sail,
I have ninety barrels of gold as I sail,
I have ninety barrels of gold, for it I lost my soul,
And for it I lost my soul as I sail.

Sung by Mrs. Edward Gallagher, Chebucto Head, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1953.

John Martin Duffy was judge of a court
 In a small rising town in the west,
 He didn't know much of the rules of the law
 But as judge he was one of the best,
 One day a young negro was brought to the bar,
 For stealing a new pair of pants,
 And though he well knew he was guilty of course
 These words from the judge made him dance,

"Young man I discharge you, go run away home,
 I'll let you off this time, you're free now to roam,
 For the evidence shows me right here at a glance
 I can't make a suit out of one pair of pants."

John Martin Duffy bought a pair of blind mules,
 To drive him around through the town,
 But one night a bold burglar stole one of those
 And on it escaped from the ground,
 But Duffy was great in believing in fate,
 So he prayed on his knees every day,
 That the Lord would be good and the burglar sent back,
 With the mule he had stolen away.

So he prayed every night and he prayed every day
 Till at last the good Lord sent the burglar his way,
 But he came in the nighttime, for he was no fool,
 And while Duffy slept stole the other blind mule.

One day in the winter a murder occurred,
 And a blacksmith was charged with the crime,
 They caught him red handed, and though he'd two trials
 The verdict was guilty each time,
 But he was the only blacksmith in town,
 They hated to take his dear life,
 When Duffy rose up on his bench like a lord,
 In these few words settled the strife,

"I move we discharge him, we need him in town,"
 He spoke up these few words which gained his renown,
 We have two Chinese laundrymen everyone knows,
 We must spare the poor blacksmith and hang one of those."

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

This was learned by Mr. Teal as a poem found
 in an old book. He made up the tune himself.

Come love hear a letter, 'tis the last one I'll send,
And our last correspondence is now to an end.

2

The first time we parted we parted in pain,
But we were in hopes love of meeting again.

3

But now I am wounded, I am wounded all sores,
And the wounds ~~xxx~~ I received love no surgeon can cure.

4

And now I am bleeding all on the damp ground,
And my head like a fountain with blood streaming down.

5

With my knapsack I stopped it to gain as much time
As would write you a letter lovely Annie of mine.

6

But his pen did drop down before he got through,
And the unfinished letter did to Annie pursue.

7

She picked up the letter and she read it in grief,
And to bed she was taken till she found her relief.

8

And now that young couple they both died in love,
And they both live together in that bright home above.

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

In Brooklyn City there lived a maid
 And she was known to fame,
 Her mother's name was Mary Ann
 And hers was Mary Jane,
 And every Saturday morning
 She used to go over the river,
 And went to market where she sold eggs
 And sausages, likewise liver.

Cho.

For oh, for oh, he was my darling boy,
 For he was the lad with the auburn hair
 And his name was Michael Roy.

2

She fell in love with a charcoal man,
 Mc'losky was his name,
 His fighting weight was seven stone ten
 And he loved sweet Mary ~~Ann~~ Jane,
 He took her to ride in his charcoal cart
 On a fine St. Patrick's day
 When the donkey took fright of the charcoal man
 And started and ran away. Cho.

3

Mclosky shouted and hollered in vain
 But the donkey would not stop,
 Till it threw Mary Jane right over his head
 Right into a policy shop,
 When Mclosky saw the terrible sight
 His heart was moved with pity,
 So he stabled the donkey with a bit of charcoal
 And started for Salt Lake city. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Allen W. Teal, Bridgewater, and
 recorded by Helen Creighton, May 1953. ~~Fifty-five~~
~~years ago, this song was sung in the school at~~
~~Broad Cove.~~

This used to be sung in the school at Broad Cove,
 Lunenburg County fifty-five years ago.

It was a summer I remember
When the days were long and warm
And the blackbirds and the robins
Came to cheer us with a song,
It reminds me of a parting,
Of a parting long ago
By the brookside, shady brookside
Where the water lillies grow.

2

We were comrades, three in number,
But the dearest one to me
Was my little blue-eyed sister
And her heart was light and free,
They buried her beneath a willow
With its branches drooping low
By the brookside, shady brookside
Where the water lillies grow.

3

Farewell father, dearest mother,
I must bid you all adieu,
Farewell sister, dearest brother,
It is hard to part with you,
No more we'll roam together
As we did long years ago
By the brookside, shady brookside
Where the water lillies grow.

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