

Reel 104A

FSG30

23.235.2

MF reel. 468

- 1-3. White Wings. Sung by Mr. Berton Young, West Petpeswick.
Pretty song but pitched too low. Late. 5 vs.
- 3-5. Tah Rah Rah Boom Dee Aye. Sung by Mr. Berton Young
West Petpeswick. 3 vs. Bright. Is probably more
to this song than he sang.
- 5-7. Early Spring When I Were Young. Sung by Mr. Nathan
Hatt, Middle River. Good. Compare 98B16-19.
Mr. Hatt sings 5 vs. and cho.
- 7-8. A Maiden Sat. Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River.
Sad but rather pretty love song of sea.
- 8-9. Young Flora. Sung by Nathan Hatt, Middle River.
Girl goes to sea with lover. Quite a nice song.
- 9-10. Caroline of Edinboro Town. Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt,
Middle River, Not as well sung as 65, reel 85.
- 10-11. Sergeant Tally-i-o. Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt,
Middle River. 1 vs. and cho. only
- 11-18. The Banks of Sweet Dundee. Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt
Middle River A bit mixed. See reel 88.
- 18-end. Story Preceding singing of The Dreadful Ghost,
Nathan Hatt, showing how he romances about his
song characters.

Sail home as straight as an arrow,
My barque sails along on the crest of the sea,
Sail home to sweet Maggie Darrow
In her dear little home she is waiting for me.

2

High up where the cliffs they grow craggy,
That's where the girl of my heart waits for me,
Heigh ho I long for you Maggie,
I'll spread out my white wings and sail home to thee.

3

White wings they never grow weary,
They carry me cheerfully over the sea,
Night comes I long for my dearie
I'll spread out my white wings and sail home to thee.

4

Sail home to sweet Maggie Darrow,
Maggie my darling is there at my side,
Sail home blue eyes and gold tresses
The fairest of all is my own little bride.

5

Sail home to part from me never,
Always together Life's voyage shall be,
Night comes I long for my dearie,
I'll spread out my white wings and sail home to thee.

Sung by Mr. Berton Young, West Petpeswick, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, August 1952

I'll sing a song it won't take long,
If I sing long why ring the gong
And I will say to you so long
And start right off for old Hong Kong.
Cho.

Tah rah rah boom dee aye,
Tah rah rah boom dee aye,
Tah rah rah boom dee aye,
Tan rah rah boom dee aye.

2

O sweet Tuxedo girl you see
On the swell society,
Fond as fun as fond could be
When it's on the strict Q T. Cho.

3

Not too young and not too old,
Not too hot and not too cold,
Just the kind you'd like to hold,
Just the kind for sport I'm told. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Berton Young, West Petpeswick, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, August 1952.

(There is probably more to this song, but Mr.
Young thought it discreet to stop at this point).

Long years ago when I were young
 When the flowers they bloom and the birds they sung
 A sailor lad and his lovely bride
 Stood weeping by the ocean side.

Cho.

Ha la la, la la la la,
 Ha la la, la la la la,
 A sailor lad and his lovely bride
 Stood weeping by the ocean side.

2

It is scarce six months since we've been wed,
 And oh how fast the time has fled,
 We must part at the dawn of the day
 When the good ship sails my love away. ~~CHORX~~

Cho.

Ha la la, la la la la,
 Ha la la, la la la la,
 We must part at the dawn of the day
 When the good ship sails my love away.

3

Long years have passed, they will comeno more,
 His griefless bride on the ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ lonely shore,
 The ship went down in the howling of the storm
 And the waves has joust his lifeless form.

Cho.

Ha la la, la la la la,
 Ha la la, la la la la,
 The ship went down in the howling of the storm
 And the waves has joust his lifeless form.

4

Now here I sleep beneath the sea,
 The men is shedding tears for me,
 The men is all at the bottom of the sea
 Shedding their sad tears for me.

Cho.

Ha la la, la la la la,
 Ha la la, la la la la,
 The men is all at the bottom of the sea
 Shedding their sad tears for me.

5

Once I was a-sleeping too
 Beneath the waves and the ocean blue,
 But my soul's on high and my body in the sea
 And the dark blue waves beating over me.

Cho.

Ha la la, la la la la,
 Ha la la, la la la la,
 But my soul's on high and my body in the sea
 And the dark blue waves beating over me.

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

(Compare with 98B16-19 sung by Mrs. Chas Mitchell,
 Oyster Pond)

EARLY SPRING WHEN I WERE YOUNG

Reel 104A5-7. No. 3

Long years ago when I were young
When the flowers they bloom and the birds they sung
A sailor lad and his lovely bride
Stood weeping by the ocean side.

Chorus

Ha la la, la la la la,
Ha la la, la la la la,
A sailor lad and his lovely bride
Stood weeping by the ocean side.

2

It is scarce six months since we've been wed,
And oh how fast the time has fled,
We must part at the dawn of the day
When the good ship sails my love away.

Cho.

Ha la la, la la la la,
Ha la la, la la la la,
We must part at the dawn of the day
When the good ship sails my love away.

3

1. Long years have passed, they will come no more,
His griefless bride on the lonely shore,
The ship went down in the howling of the storm
And the waves has joust his lifeless form.

Cho.

Ha la la, la la la la,
Ha la la, la la la la,
The ship went down in the howling of the storm
And the waves has joust his lifeless form.

4

Now here I sleep beneath the sea,
The men is shedding tears for me,
The men is all at the bottom of the sea
Shedding their sad tears for me.

Cho.

Ha la la, la la la la,
Ha la la, la la la la,
The men is all at the bottom of the sea
Shedding their sad tears for me.

.....

Once I was a-sleeping too
Beneath the waves and the ocean blue,
But my soul's on high and my body in the sea
And the dark blue waves beating over me.

Chorus

Ha la la, la la la la,
Ha la la, la la la la,
But my soul's on high and ~~in~~ my body in the sea
And the dark blue waves beating over me.

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

(Compare with 98B16-19 sung by Mrs. Chas. Mitchell, Oyster Pond).

A maiden sat by a moonlight bow
As it was flowing free,
She dreamed of her sailor, her loved one away
Far down the deep blue sea.

2

She dreamt that on his dark brown locks
As he clinged to the shivering mast
She saw the spray of the ocean dash
As the hurricane plundered past.

3

O again she dreamed that he had come
And from some foreign sunny clime,
To dwell with her in her native home
As he did in the olden time.

4

A again she dreamed he was by her side
As she looked in his mild blue eyes,
As he sat on the proud ship's deck beneath
A clear and a cloudless sky.

5

Dream on fair maid, but oh how false
Your beautiful dreams may be,
For your sailor sleeps his dreamless sleep
Far down in the deep blue sea.

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

(Says, "Hum, I missed that verse; that comes in
between them two." He had forgotten the 4th verse
when recording.)

Come all ye true lovers, attend it for a while,
 A story I'm going to unfold,
 Young Flora was a damsel both beauty bright and fair
 And young Jimmy was a gallant sailor boy.

2

"Here's adieu to loving Flora," one morning he said,
 "I am called, I am forced for to go,
 It's to that foreign shore where loud the cannons roar
 And aloft when the stormy winds do blow."

3

Young Flora weeped in deep despair when she heard her young
 Jimmy must depart,

She broke her ring in two,
 Saying, "Here is half with you for you,"
 And the other she pressed to her heart.

4

Young Flora weeped in deep despair, oh she tore her lovely hair,
 Crying, "Jimmy, lovely Jimmy I must go,
 It's to that foreign shore where loud the cannon roar
 And aloft when the stormy winds do blow."

5

Like a sailor she shipped with her lover so bold
 In her trousers and jacket so blue,
 And never was it said that young Flora was a maid
 In her trousers and jacket so blue.

6

And when they were discharged young Jimmy was at large
 And they both to the captain did go,
 Saying, "She being ~~xxix~~ held a maid that never was afraid
 In her trousers and jacket so blue,"
 Saying, "She being held a maid yet never was it said,
 In her trousers and jacket so blue."

7

"Here's my loved one so bold, here's fifty pounds in gold,
 And to church with you both I shall go,
 And since your love be blest now it's on your pillow rest
 Now at home when the stormy winds do blow,
 And since your love be blest and it's on your pillow rest
 Now at home, home contented you may sleep. "

(Probably all verses should have the formation of
 the last two which seemed to come naturally once he had
 got well into the song. He says at the end of the song,
 "I guess you sleep home better.")

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

Come all young men and maidens attend it, to my song,
 It's of a fair young damsel was scarcely in her prime,
 She beat the blooming roses admired by all around,
 It was sweetest loving Caroline of Edingborough town.

2

Young Henry being a highland lad and to her cottage came,
 And when her parents heard of it they did not like the same,
 Young Henry being offended and unto her did say,
 "O arise my dearest Caroline and with me run away."

3

Over hills and lofty mountains togeth'er they did roam,
 Till at length they reached London far from her happy home,
 She had not been in London more than one half a year
 When hard-hearted Henry he proved to her severe.

4

"They're fighting now at Spithead and they are falling down,
 And I must go and join the fleet ~~and~~ to fight for king and crown,
 The gallant tars they'll feel the scars nor in the waters drown,
 But I will never return again to Edingborough town."

5

Through deepest grief without relief this maid abroad did go,
 'Twas in the woods to eat the fruit had on the bushes growed,
 While some strangers took pity on her and some did round her frown,
 And others did say, "Why did you stray from Edingborough town?"

6

A many a day she passed away in sorrow to remain,
 Whose cheeks was once as red as roses, grow as the lily fair,
 She said, "Where is my Henry?" then plunged her body down,
 "O sad was the day I run away from Edingborough town."

7

A note, likewise her bonnet, is lying upon the shore,
 And in this note a lock of hair with those words, "I am no more,
 I'm fast asleep all in the deep, the fishes are watching round,
 O sad was the day I run away from Edingborough town."

(The singer made a break between the 6th and 7th verses, and finished on a higher key).

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

Sergeant Tally-i-o.

Reel 104A10-11.No.7

O he swelled his lungs
And broke his tongues
And away went Sergeant Tally-i-o.

And sing fol de rol dol,
Sing fol de rol dey,
And sing fol de rol dol,
Sing fol de rol dey.

Hi oh hi oh
Sing Joshuay.

This is the last of what was a good old song,
according to the singer.

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

'Twas of a farmer's daughter most beautiful I'm told,
Her parents died and left to her 500 pounds in gold,
She lived with her uncle, the cause of all her woe,
But soon you'll hear this lady maid she proved his overthrow.

2

~~There was a wealthy squire who oft came her to see,
But still she loved her ploughboy on the banks of sweet Dundee.~~
There was a wealthy squire who oft came her to see,
But still she loved her ploughboy on the banks of sweet Dundee.

3

On a fine summer Sunday's morning her uncle went straightway
He rapped unto her bedroom window and unto her did say,
"Arise my pretty fair maid, a lady you may be,
For the squire's waiting for you on the banks of sweet Dundee."

4

"It's not a fig for all you squires, your lords nor dukes likewise,
For Willie's hands they shine to me like diamonds in my eyes,"
"Begone you 'danted female for happy you never shall be,
For I mean to banish Willie or tie him to some tree
Or yet to bribe the press gang on the banks of sweet Dundee."

5

The press gang came to Willie as he being all alone,
He boldly fought for liberty, but there being six to one,
The blood did flow in torrents, "Pray kill me now," said he,
"I would rather die for Mary on the banks of sweet Dundee."

6

This maiden fair was walking, lamenting for her love,
She met the wealthy squire all in her uncle's grove,
He placed his arms around her intent to throw her down
When she spied a sword and pistol beneath his morning gown,
"Stand off, stand off," said Mary, "for 'danted I'll not be
Since you have killed the boy I love on the banks of sweet Dundee."
"Stand off, stand off," cried Mary, "for 'danted I'll not be,"
She fired and shot the squire on the banks of sweet Dundee.

8

Her uncle overheard the noise and hasted to the grounds,
"Since you have shot the squire I'll give you your death wound,"
"Stand off, stand off," said Mary, "for 'danted I'll not be,"
The sword she drew and her uncle slew on the banks of sweet Dundee.

9

A doctor her was sent for, a man of noble skill,
And likewise came a lawyer to write his own death will,
"I'll will my gold to Mary who fought so manfully,"
And he closed his eyes no more to rise on the banks of sweet Dundee.
"I'll will my gold to Mary who fought so manfully,"
He closed his eyes no more to rise on the banks of sweet Dundee.

('danted means undaunted)

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

For a more complete version which includes Willie's
return see Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia, p.128

(Mr. Hatt remarks at the end of the song, "Hum,
she got the gold." The satisfied "hum" is characteristic
of Mr. Hatt and usually followed the play back of his
songs).

The man in the song was an awful good man. He was a sailor, full of fun, full of tricks, awful comical you know tellin' stories, and tellin' all kinds of stories. They all liked him, you know. So the captain then said he'd take him with him, so he got in with the captain for years and years.

One year he wasn't the man that he was before. They all took notice of it. He wasn't full of fun nor he wasn't so jolly like he used to be and he'd be all the time standin' and considerin' and he'd always look out on the ocean out the one way. Then all of a sudden he'd jump to good work and forgit himself.

So he worked away a while. So they used to come home and lay in the harbour. Sometimes five or six wessels would be laying there at one time. Then they'd sail out again. So dis man he kept doin' this and the mate told the captain,

"Look," he says, "that man's done somethin' and it's wearin' on him."

"Yes," he said, "we all know that. He's done some bad crime or another and he's worried over it."

So in the morning they were going to set sail just at daylight and go out on a trip, so he went down to the store and he was going with a girl. Oh she was a nice girl. There couldn't be no better, and she was a girl that always stayed home. She went nowhere, particularly at night. She went nowhere at all, she was always home with her father and mother. She went down to the store and she'd be home before dark. She'd always go to the store and do the shopping.

When she got her stuff all ready and was just ready to leave, why he come in, and he come there for some stuff and he was goin' then aboard the wessel. They were sailin' out then the next morning. He come there and he got the stuff he wanted and she was ready to go home and he said,

"Hold on a few minutes. I'm goin' up the way you're goin'. Go up along with me."

Well, she stopped and they went up along together, and they come to her father's house, or place - her home. And they lived a little bit off the road, oh just a few steps and the road went in and a gate was there and she stood inside and he stood outside and they were talkin' and talkin' and talkin'. There was two men come along and they stood talkin' awhile ~~xxxxxxx~~ and they went on and left them there. That was the last account that girl was ever knowed of.

Well, he went down to the ship and he sailed out the next mornin'. Well this girl was always early up in the mornin' and she didn't get up that mornin'. Her mother thought she was out late and no doubt got in late

so she got breakfast ready. She went to the step and she called her. She got no answer, but she knowed that she'd hearn her. So she set down there and she got her breakfast then and after breakfast she didn't get up so she went again and called her. She got no answer, and didn't know what minute she'd be down, and she didn't come down and she went upstairs to look and she wasn't in her bed at all that night. Her bed was the same as it was the next day, and she had a dress laying on the bed. Well then she told her husband that she wasn't home, and she was a girl that never went away much at night. Sometimes she'd go down to her aunt's in the town and stay all night, but then she'd come back in the morning. They thought she was down there.

The ship was sailing off. No idea where it was by that time. Twelve o'clock she never come home. The old woman got their dinner and then she begin to get her eyes opened. She knowed therewas somethin' wrong and then she went huntin' for her. She kept huntin' and huntin' all through the town. Nobody saw her. Only she was there in the store and she got what she wanted and she went home. That was all she could find out. So she hunted and hunted and hunted and bye and bye she come across these two men. They told her they'd seen her last night some time in the night, the first part of the night. That was the last was seen of her.

She hunted and hunted and she went away down the line most a hundred miles where she used to be to work sometimes. Once in a while she'd go away and work for a while, but no, she wasn't there. They didn't see her, and she wasn't down here nowhere. Somebody would have seen her, but nobody seen her down here. She was gone.

So in the fall when the wessels come back and come down in the cove they went down to find out by him. They thought she might have went with him, you know, out to sea, but she didn't.

Well, all he said, he told the same as the two men said. That's all he knowed about it, he said. But he knowed all about it.

So that morning he sailed away and away they went. He was out on the ocean. Nobody knowed where he was and when he come home they they got after him about this and he didn't know anything about it, and the next year when he went he wasn't the same man as he was before. He was awful down-hearted, and there was something on his mind and he was working and talkin' like this and standin' and considerin' and bye and bye he jumped and looked out from his work so the mate told the captain one day,

"That man's done somethin' and it's workin' on his mind."

So next year he shipped out again with the same captain, and he was the same kind of a man. It looked like an awful storm - an awful storm. So the captain told him in the evening he should take all the things off the deck and put it down below, and what they couldn't get off the deck they should fasten it on so the seas couldn't wash it overboard because they were going to have an awful storm. Well he did so, but there was something up on the deck he couldn't do. So this man knowed he could do it and they sent him up and he looked out on the ocean and he seen a little boat. He seen a little boat comin' in and in the boat sat a maid so glim which made him tremble in every limb.

He knowed it, so he went down out of that and off the deck and down in the ship below. Well this fair maiden on the deck she came. She came to the captain, She said,

"Captain captain help me to such a man," and he said, "No no fair maid he is not here." He knowed her. She was just a shadow - just a ghost, and he said,

"No no fair maid, he is not here, for he is drowned great I fear."

"Oh captain, captain how can you say so when he is down into your ship below?" Well now, she knowed where he was.

"If you stand in his defence a mighty storm I will send hence, and it will cause you and your whole crew to weep and leave you sleeping in the deep."

That put fear in him.

Well the captain went to the cabin and he called him up. He didn't want to come out. He went down with his sword and walked him out - forced him out to his foe. He knowed then. Well, she fixed her eyes on him so glim, which made him tremble in every limb.

(The song follows, as on 104B1-5. At its conclusion he remarks: with a triumphant chuckle:)

Man, boat, and de ghost was gone. That was the last was ever seen of him. She got him all right. That's what he was worried about, you know.

Told by Nathan Hatt, Middle River, and recorded by Helen Creighton, August 1952. Most of this is pure invention, but it demonstrates how Mr. Hatt's characters must live for him. This is probably the picture he has always drawn of this song. It has become somewhat garbled with his increasing years, although the disappearance of the girl and the vengeance of the ghost remain the dominant theme.