

Reel 106A

FSG30  
23.239.2  
MF289.476

- 1-3. Broken Ring Song(see 7-8 where it is complete)
- 3-5 The Mermaid, sung by Mr. Allan V. Teal, Bridgewater;  
8 vs.; quite nice.
- 5-7. Jesus Lover of My Soul with original tune composed and  
played by Mr. Allan V. Teal.
- 7-8. Broken Ring Song, sung by Mr. Allan V. Teal; 8vs.;  
interesting tune; good song.
- 8-9. The Frog and the Mouse sung by Mr. John Wolfe, Upper  
Burlington; 11 vs.; usual story but told  
differently; nice.
- 9-10. Lather and Shave, sung by Mr. John Wolfe, Uppper  
Burlington with clock striking at  
beginning; 7 vs. a bit mixed; another  
title is Love o' God Razor; comic.
- 10-14. It Being On A Monday Morning, sung by Mr. John Wolfe;  
fragment only of what is probably a  
nice song.
- 14-15. The Poor Little Fisherman's Boy, sung by Mr. Wolfe; frag-  
ment only, but tune and way of singing  
interesting.
- 15-16. Riddle, London Bridge, told by Mr. Wolfe; recorded for  
his way of telling it.
- 16-17 Down in Ramcat Alley, sung by Capt. Wm. Pratt, Summer-  
ville; local song of Windsor; comic; fair
- 17-20. Cock Fight, sung by Capt. Pratt; local song of  
cock fighting in Windsor in one  
particular game.
- 20-25. Talk on Cock Fights at Windsor by Capt. Pratt; quite  
interesting.
- 25-end. Do You See That Bird On Yonder Tree? sung by Mr.  
Leander Macumber, Cheverie; compare with  
record 96B2; beautiful.

Broken Ring Song

Reel 106A7-8.

As I was walking in the garden  
I saw a lady passing by,  
And when I saw her I stepped up to her  
And said, "Fair lady will you fancy I?"

2

"Oh you're a man of high opinion,  
And I'm a girl of low degree,  
Some other fair lady will be your companion  
For I'm not fit for your servant to be."

3

"If you're not fit for my servant to be  
I'll hire a servant to wait on thee,  
And if I wed thee I will maintain thee  
Just like a man of high degree. "

4

"Once I had a loving sweetheart  
And seven long years since I did him see,  
And seven more will I wait upon him  
To see if he will return to me."

5

He put his hand into his pocket,  
His fingers being genteel and small,  
He pulled out a ring that was broke between them  
And when she saw it she down did fall.

6

He stooped low to pick his love up,  
He gave her kisses two or three,  
Saying, "I am your true love a single sailor  
Who has just come back for to marry thee."

7

"If you're my true love, a single sailor,  
Your looks and features don't agree,  
But seven years makes an alteration,  
And seven long years since I did you see."

8

And now they go to church together  
And join the bands of unity,  
He stays at home now and takes his ease  
And he goes no more on the raging seas.

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

We sailed o'er the ocean in our gallant ship  
 And a taut little craft was she,  
 We were bound for the city of the famous New York  
 When a storm overtook us on the sea, the sea, the sea,  
 When a storm overtook us on the sea.

2

Now the raging seas do roar  
 And the stormy winds do blow,  
 While we poor sailors go reefing to the top  
 And the land lubbers lying down below etc.

3

Then up spoke the captain of our gallant ship  
 And a well-spoken man was he,  
 For the want of a longboat we all shall be drowned  
 And we'll sink to the bottom of the sea etc.

4

Then up steps the boatswain of our gallant ship  
 And a bold-hearted tar was he,  
 I've a washerwoman living in yonder old town  
 And this night she'll be watching out for me etc.

5

Then up speaks the first mate of our gallant ship  
 And a well-spoken man was he,  
 I am owing a board bill on fifth avenue  
 And this night there's a warrant out for me, etc.

6

Then up steps the second mate of our gallant ship  
 And a bold-hearted tar was he,  
 I've a fair little sweetheart in Madison's Square  
 And this night she'll be watching out for me etc.

7

Then up steps the cabin boy of our gallant ship  
 And a smart little chap was he,  
 I've a mother and a granny in yonder gay town  
 And this night they are weeping a;; for me, etc.

8

And all of a sudden we neared Jersey flats,  
 Sandy Hook it was on our lea,  
 When our ship gave a shiver and the galley capsized  
 And to old Davy Jones went she, went she, went she,  
 And to old Davy Jones went she.

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

There was a little frog and he lived in the well, um hah,  
 There was a little frog and he lived in the well  
 And there was a little mouse and she lived in the mill, um hah.

2

So Froggie thought he'd a-courting ride, um hah,  
 So Froggie thought he'd a-courting ride,  
 Sword and pistol by his side, um hah.

3

So he rode up to Miss Mousie's door, um hah,  
 So he rode up to Miss Mousie's door  
 And he says, "Miss Mouse will you marry me?" um hah.

4

"O we'll get Uncle Rat's consent, um hah,  
 O we'll get Uncle Rat's consent  
 And we'll strike up for the publishment, um hah."

5

"Where oh where shall the wedding be? um hah,  
 Where oh where shall the wedding be?"  
 "Way down south by the old oak tree, um hah."

6

"What oh what shall the bride dress in? um hah,  
 What oh what shall the bride dress in?"  
 "A white silk dress and a green breast pin, um hah."

XX 8

O just as the wedding was to begin um hah,  
 O just as the wedding was to begin  
 Cat and kitten come prancing in, um hah.

XX 9

Old Cat seized Ratty by the crown, um hah,  
 Old Cat seized Ratty by the crown  
 And Kitty swallowed Mousie down, um hah.

XX 10

As he was crossing yonder lake um hah,  
 As he was crossing yonder lake  
 He was swallowed down by a big black snake, um hah.

XX 11

So this put an end to one, two, three, um hah,  
 So this put an end to one, two, three,  
 The frog and the mouse and the little Ratty, um hah.

7

"O what shall we have for the wedding supper? um hah  
 O what shall we have for the wedding supper?"  
 "Black-eyed beans and bread and butter, um hah."

Sung by Mr. John Wolfe, Upper Burlington,  
 and recorded by Helen Creighton, June, 1953. 7th  
 verse forgotten, and added at end.

O I lived in the town not far from the spot  
Where a barber he kept a snug little shop,  
Um dum to me hi derry dum.

2

O an Irishman passing the way-hay one day,  
Quite near where the barber's shop lay,  
When he called to the barber, "Can you give me a scrape?  
For a scrape I haven't this many a day,  
~~Um dum to me hi derry dum.~~  
And the divil a cent have I got for to pay,  
Um dum to me hi derry dum."

3

"Sit down in the chair the barber did say  
And I'll shave off your beard close off to a hair,  
Um dum to me hi derry dum."

4

Oh the lather he spread over Paddy's broad chin,  
With his rusty old razor to shave he begin,  
Um dum to me hi derry dum.

5

"O leave off barber, what the divil are ye doin?  
Leave off, leave off or me jaws ye will ruin,  
Um dum to me hi derry dum."

6

"Keep still," says the barber, don't make such a yaw,  
For you're sure to be cut by the move of your jaw,  
Um dum to me hi derry dum."

7

"Keep still," says the barber, "don't make such a din  
For you're sure to be cut by the move of your chin,  
Um dum to me hi derry dum."

8

O a short time after oh Pat he was passing by  
Quite near where the barber shop lie,  
When a donkey bawled out with a terrible roar  
And the sound seemed to come from the barber house door,  
Um dum to me hi derry dum.

9

"O be Jazus," says Pat, "faith there's another poor devil  
Been getting the love o' God shave,  
He may lather and shave all day till he's sick,  
For my part I'd rather be shaved by a brick,  
Um dum to me hi derry dum."

Sung by Mr. John Wolfe, Upper Burlington, and  
recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1953.

Clock strikes at beginning of song.

It being on a Monday morning all in the month of June  
That I went out a-walking with lovely Kate Aroon,  
Oh her eyes were like the stars and her cheeks were like the rose,  
I'll tell you where we went me boys just as the story goes.

2

O Kate put on her Sunday gown and I me Sunday coat,  
And in my waistcoat pocket I had a five pound note,  
Beside an odd fifteen ortwo with splinter in my hand,  
We jumped aboard the outside car that rode away so grand.

3

Fragment sung by Mr. John Wolfe, Upper Burlington,  
and recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1953.

The Poor Little Fisherman's Boy

Reel 106A14-15

Down in the lowlands a poor boy did wander,  
Down in the lowlands a poor boy did roam,  
Seven long years he laboured to serve a noble master,  
Seven long years he laboured till he became a man,  
And now he can tell to strangers the hardships and the dangers  
Of the poor little fisherman's boy so far away from home.

Sung by Mr. John Wolfe, Upper Burlington, and recorded  
by Helen Creighton, June 1953.

Riddles

Reel 106A15-16

As I was going through London bridge  
I met a London scholar,  
He took off his hat and drew off his gloves,  
I've told you the name of the scholar.

Answer: Andrew

Told by Mr. John Wolfe, Upper Burlington, and  
recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1953

Down in Ramcat Alley lived old man Campbell,  
He was quite qualitated and a gentleman at that,  
Admired by the ladies, the gossips and the babies  
He represent the tenants in Carsons row of flats.

2

Little was expected, therent to be collected,  
They levied on the furniture, the bedding, and the slats,  
Then to hear the rally, the battle in the alley  
As they fired from the windows in Carson's row of flats.

Cho.

Ireland and Italy, Jerusalem and Germanys,  
Warners and niggers and a paradise of cats  
All jumbled up together in the stormy winter weather  
And will occupy the tenants in Carson's row of flats.

Sung by Capt. Wm. Pratt, Summerville, and recorded by  
Helen Creighton, June 1953/

The locale of the song is Windsor, between the  
station and the garages. Capt. Pratt heard it sung  
there about 70 years ago.



'Twas on the 17th of March  
 And very late at night  
 When Tom Doren and Johnny Brothers  
 Thought they'd have a rooster fight.

2

They went up to Tommy Gibson's  
 Knowing Davy was away,  
 They broke the lock and stole the cock,  
 The devil was to pay.

3

Bill Fletcher done the stealing,  
 John Brothers went as guide,  
 And Gibson swears if he finds it out  
 He'll warn the tinker's hide.

4

Now says Tom Doran to John Brothers,  
 "I've a Dunhill fed on crust,  
 And I'll bet one hundred dollars  
 He'll make yours bite the dust."

5

John Brothers bet he couldn't,  
 For ~~xxxx~~ he'd the best bird in town,  
 When the game bird put up his Derbys  
 The Dunhill knocked him down.

6

The referee he then declared  
 The Dunhill the best bird,  
 John Brothers he stepped back a bit  
 And never said a word.

Sung by Capt. Wm. Pratt, Summerville, and recorded  
 by Helen Creighton, June 1953

They used to fight roosters in Windsor. At  
 one time on St. Patrick's Street there were seven  
 open barrooms.

See Reel 106A20-25 for talk on cock fights at Windsor

I can remember things just as though it was yesterday, and recognize the old hasp on the mill door and the old swings where we used to swing there at picnics. We'd come out from Windsor. All the Sunday School picnics came out there them times. They call it Martock, it's down the road from Martock school house about a mile and a quarter.

I remember one cock fight. We'd take these roosters, you know, and they'd cut the combs off, and to stop them from bleeding they'd put cobwebs on them, and they'd cut the gills off, Cobwebs stops the blood. If you was to cut yourself and could get a hold of some cobwebs, that will stop the bleeding.

I had a game bird one time. He belonged to Mounce, but he went down on the wharf and got into a building where me brother worked and he told me about him and I went down and got him. One Wednesday night my mother and sister was out to prayer meetin', and this chum of mine we went a mile out and stole the rooster. And the old woman brought it down and let it down in the kitchen and they had a fight by lamplight - there was no electric lights then - and one of these here dressers, you know (kitchen dressers), you've seen 'em, and the dishes up in it? ~~They were~~ This here game feller he walked around - he was used to that kind of thing. He walked around this old Dunhill a bit and by and by he jumped and he struck and the old Dunhill went up in the amongst the dishes and knocked down a pile of plates and broke 'em. That's all the fight we got out of our trouble.

In the taverns at Windsor they'd let them down there and they'd bet, you know. Maybe they'd bet the ~~great~~ drinks or somethin' or other. Them times the worst trouble with the barroom, if you was in there and there was a dozen there, some fellah'd treat, and another fellah'd think, "Well, I'll have to treat," and they'd go all round, and first thing you know they'd be knocked out.

Yes, cock fights were druel. Now down in Havana ~~they have~~ them Spaniards, I've seen them goin' on Sunday with a rooster under their arm and hardly any feathers on him, on account of the heat, you see, and they have little steel spurs that goes on over their spurs, a little thing that fastens round the leg, and he has regular sharp steel spurs. We didn't use anything on ours, and it was cruel. Sure it was cruel. They are a game bird, they call them Wheelers(?). They'll get tired fightin' and they'll turn and they'll run around and the other fellah chasin', and by and by he'll wheel around quick and he'll ~~and~~ ~~XX~~ give it to the other fellah, bang. I suppose they have them around Halifax and other cities still, but they're not allowed to do it. Where was it, around Montreal they arrested a lot of them. Not it wasn't, it was in Cape Breton. They were in some barn. I forget how many birds they had there.

Them Cape Breton miners is great sports. They'll have a race horse. I don't know now, they want such terrible wages. Look, when I was married I paid three dollars a ton for pea coal, small little lumps like hazlenuts. No dust or anything, just pure coal. Three dollars a ton. To-day I spose you'd pay twentythree for it. And now they're shuttin' down.

Told by Capt. Wm. Pratt, Summerville,  
and recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1953.

Do You See That Bird on Yonder Tree?

Reel 1106A25-end

Do you see that bird on yonder tree  
Lamenting for its mate?  
Lamenting there so bitterly  
And it's so will I for you my dear,  
And so will I for you.

Sung by Mr. Leander Macumber, Cheverie, and recorded  
by Helen Creighton, June 1953. Also recorded on record 96B2  
as "Do You See That There Bird?" He says the word there  
is optional, but think that is because he heard dis-  
cussion on the radio about it. The natural way for  
him to sing it first was with the word there included  
Knowing the tune was considered so beautiful in  
Ottawa, he may have dressed it up a little here.