

Reel 107 A

You I'd

- 1-5. If I Were to Make a Change, the following negro songs sung by Mr. Chas. Owens, soloist, aged 99, and members of his family with Isabel Owens accompanying on guitar; whole program unrehearsed and sung as always done in their own home.
- 5-6 I Dreamed of the Great Judgement Morning; as above
- 6-7 Be Careful Little Ears, sung by children of family; learned at Bridgetown Salvation Army
- 7-8 I Wrote A Letter to My Love, singing game sung by children; 2 vs. good
- 5-9 London Bridges
9-15 I'll Be Present When the Roll Is Called, sung by the Owens family; hymn not known by many people to-day
- 15-17. Welcome Table, as above; probably the best of all these songs; very good; 5 vs. well sung.
- 17-18. Deep In the Love of Jesus, sung in harmony by Elaney Boyd and Andrew Stevens, with Isabel Owens playing the guitar.
- 18- End of Negro songs
- 18-21. Cunningham's Ball, sung by Geo. Dugan, Morden; 3 vs. only recorded, but have full text with 13 vs. good local song
- 21-23. Grandma's Advice, sung by Miss A.S.M. Ward, Wolfville; 5 vs. and cho.; very nice, and prettily sung.
- 23-25. If I Was As Young As I used to Be, sung by Mrs. Newton Keddy, Harmony; amusing and pleasant; late; 6 vs. & cho.
- 25-3rd. Young Charlotte, a few verses sung by Mrs. Ruth Morse, Millville; see reel 108A; sweet voice.

If I Were You I'd Make A Change

Reel 107B1-5

Cho.

If I were you I'd make a change,

If I were you I'd make a change,

If I were you I'd make a change

And be baptized in Jesus' name.

1

Tribulation just ahead,

Tribulation just ahead,

Tribulation just ahead

And then you'll wish that you were dead. Cho.

2

Jesus coming very soon,

Jesus coming very soon,

Jesus coming very soon

And you will meet Him in the sky. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Chas. Owens and family, Bridgetown, with
Isabel Owens playing the guitar. Recorded by Helen
Creighton, June 1953.

I Dreamed of the Great Judgement Morning. Reel 107B5-6

I dreamed of the great judgement morning
Adorned and the trumpet had blown,
I dreamed that the nations had gathered
To judgement before the great throne.

2

O down come a bright shining angel
And they stood on the land and the sea,
They declared with his hand reached to heaven
That time was no longer to be.

Cho.

Then all that a-weeping and wailing
When the last were told of their fate,
They cried for the rocks and the mountains,
They prayed but their prayer was too late.

drunkard 3

The gambler was there and the gambler
And the man that both sold him the drinks,
To the people who gave him the license,
Together in hell they did sleep.

4

The rich man was there with his money
Had vanished and melted away,
The pauper he stood at the judgement
For his debt was too heavy to pay. Cho.

5

The morman(?) was there with his greeting,
With his head bowed in sorrow and shame,
He remembered the time he loved Jesus
And there called upon His sweet name.

6

The widow was there and the orphans,
God remembered and heard their cry,
No sorrow in heaven forever
Could wipe all the tears from their eye. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Chas. Owens, soloist, aged 99, and
his family, Bridgetown, and recorded by Helen
Creighton, June 1953. Isabel Owens guitarist.

Be careful little ears what you hear,
Be careful little ears what you hear,
For the Lord up above is looking down in love,
Be careful little ears what you hear.

2

Be careful little eyes what you see,
Be careful little eyes what you see,
For the Lord up above is looking down in love,
Be careful little eyes what you see.

3

Be careful little tongue what you say,
Be careful little tongue what you say,
For the Lord up above is looking down in love,
Be careful little tongue what you say.

4

Be careful little hands what you do,
Be careful little hands what you do,
For the Lord up above us looking down in love,
Be careful little hands what you do.

5

Be careful little feet where you go, etc.

Hymn learned at Salvation army in Bridgetown.
Sung by children of Owens family, Bridgetown, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1953

I Wrote A Letter To My Love

Reel 107B 7-8

I wrote a letter to my love
And on the way I dropped it,
I dropped it once, I dropped it twice,
I dropped it twice times over.

2

Now it's time to close your eyes,
Now it's time to close your eyes,
Now it's time to close your eyes
And see what is behind you.

Singing game, sung by children of the Owens family,
Bridgetown, and recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1953.

Form circle and drop handkerchief; some one picks it
up and runs with it to the opening of the circle.

London bridge is all broke down, all broke down, all broke down,
London bridge is all broke down,
Tra la the lady oh.

2

London bridge is half built up, half built up, half built up,
London bridge is half built up,
Tra la the lady oh.

3

London bridge is all built up, all built up, all built up,
London bridge is all built up,
Tra la the lady oh.

Sung by children of the Owens family, Bridgetown, with
Isabel Owens playing the guitar.

Sometime I'll stand before the judgement bar
With a quickening raising dead,
The Lord will then make a record new,
Our names will all be read.

Cho.

I'll be present when the roll is called,
Pure and spotless through the crimson blood,
I will answer when he calls my name,
Safe through Jesu's blood.

2

I then will wear a bright and starry crown,
It's for that's what God will give,
And I been with Him there ten thousand years,
I have no less to live. Cho.

mee\$

There we'll part and never part again,
Our toils will then be o'er,
We'll lay our burdens down at Jesus' feet
And rest forever more. Cho. twice.

Learned many years ago, and hardly known
to-day; sung by Mr. Chas. Owens, aged 99 as soloist,
with members of his family; Isabel Owens accompanies
on guitar; recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1953.

The Welcome Table

Reel 107B15-17

I'm a-going to climb up Jacob's ladder,
I'm a-going to climb up Jacob's ladder some of those days,
hallelujah,
I'm a-going to climb up Jacob's ladder,
I'm a-going to climb up Jacob's ladder some of those days.

2

I'm a-going to climb up higher and higher,
I'm a-going to climb up higher and higher some of those days,
hallelujah,
I'm a-going to climb up higher and higher,
I'm a-going to climb up higher and higher some of those days.

3

I'm a-going to sit at the welcome table,
I'm a-going to sit at the welcome table some of those days,
hallelujah,
I'm a-going to sit at the welcome table,
I'm a-going to sit at the welcome table some of those days.

4

I'm a-going to feast on milk and honey,
I'm a-going to feast on milk and honey some of those days,
hallelujah,
I'm a-going to feast on milk and honey,
I'm a-going to feast on milk and honey some of those days.

5

I'm a-going to tell God how you served me,
Yes, I'm a-going to tell God how you served me some of those days,
hallelujah,
I'm a-going to tell God how you served me,
I'm a-going to tell God how you served me some of those days.

Sung by Mr. Chas. Owens, aged 99 soloist, and his family, Bridgewater, and recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1953. Guitar accompaniment by Isabel Owens.

Mr. Owens learned this when a boy and taught it to the family.

In the love of Jesus
Does my spirit cry to God,
Until all my life is hidden
Deep within thy cleansing flood.

Cho.

Deeper in thy holy light
Till I'm lost with Christ in God,
Till I'm with my blessed Lord
While I walk this earthly sod.

2

Daily must I walk to please Him
Whether it brings joy or pain,
Never falter, never murmur,
Always to His voice give heed. Cho.

xax

Sung by Elaney Boyd and Andrew Stevens with
Isabel Owens playing the guitar, and recorded by
Helen Creighton at Bridgetown, June 1953.

First learned in Yarmouth from a radio broadcast
by Harry Flewelling. These singers are among the younger
members of the Owens family.

Cunningham's Ball

Reel 107B18-21

On the broad Claremont road there lived one, Johnnie Cunningham,
 Come listen to me and the truth I will tell,
 In a fine wooden shanty close by a plantation
 Where he and his ancestors always did dwell,
 He gave a large party for all his old neighbors
 Who lived on the mountain, and asked them to call,
 Said he, "You'll all be heartily welcome"
 To waltz their old slippers at Cunningham's Ball.

Cho.

Titty-foo-lay, foo-loo, foo-larrity,
 Titty-foo-lay, foo-lara-li-day,
 Titty-foo-lay, foo-loo, foo-larrity,
 Whack, hurrah for Cunningham's Ball.

2

When this great invitation went out from headquarters
 The lads and the lassies did quickly prepare,
 The lame and the blind, the palsied, the crippled,
 All flew like a flock of wild geese through the air.
 There were all sorts of vehicles in requisition (or, lined up in
 rotation)
 And each gallant fellow with him took his moll (or, had brought with
 him his moll)
 With wagons and buggies and Irish side-jaunting cars
 All drove like the devil to Cunningham's Ball. Cho.

3

When the party arrived at Lord Cunningham's shanty
 The rain in fierce torrents came down like a spout,
 They valued it nothing but put to the kitchen
 Intending to have there a jolly blow-out,
 Two sucking porkers were served on the table
 And quickly demolished down to the bare bone,
 And cold ham and chickens were served up with pickles,
 And a rousing pig's baldder of old Avignon. Cho.

4

There were ten gallon kegs of double exposure
 And poteen imported from old Donegal,
 Two turkey gobblers were stuffed in colcannon
 And plenty pitates (potatoes) at Cunningham's ball,
 There was roosters galore had been fed in a stall,
 Some fine lemon syrup and splendid gin cocktail
 Was mixed in a washtub at Cunningham's Ball. Cho.

5

The feast being over they put for the dancing
 Upon a platform that was built for the same,
 The ladies likewise all bedecked out with ribbons
 Intending to have a small hand at the game,
 McCallion the fiddler was there in his glory
 In fine regmentals he looked very tall,
 He struck up a jig called Shake Your Leg Judy
 And away they went spinning at Cunningham's Ball. Cho.

6

John Conlon was there dancing with Peg Delaney,
 He looked very fine in a splendid new suit,
 The music being charming he soon got excited
 And he danced till he knocked the left heel off his boot.

"Wheel around my fair partner," called bold Johnnie Conlon,
"I know you can do it although you're not tall,
Now shake your left leg and keep time with the music
And dance on your muscle at Cunningham's Ball. Cho.

7

Me bold Peter Brennen was there in his glory,
In corduroy breeches he looked very big,
The schoolmarm, Miss Stronach, he chose for a partner
And got out on the floor for a neat Irish jig.
Miss Stronach she footed it down in a hurry
And with her long train swept the lime off the wall,
"Chassez to your partner," says me bold O'Brennan,
And put it down in a hurry at Cunningham's Ball. Cho.

8

Young Jimmy Dempsey was thereto dance a quadrillion,
The ladies all called him an ignorant scrub,
But Johnnie cared not for the dancing and fiddling
But he kept a sharp eye on the drink and the grub,
He hooked a fine bottle of fine old Jamaicay,
Another of porter that stood in the hall,
He stole a fine pie made of sweet lemon syrup
And away he skedaddled from Cunningham's Ball. Cho.

9

The smart Johnnie Perkins came there in his glory
All finely dressed up in a new beaver hat,
But somehow or other - it seemed very funny -
He soon got keeled over as drunk as a bat,
He cast up accounts on a fine Turkey carpet,
On chairs and on cushions that stood in the hall,
They swabbed out the porch with remains of his carcass
And pitched him outdoors at Cunningham's Ball. Cho.

10

The bully John Gould came down from Cornwallis,
The biggest old rowdy you ever did see,
He swore by the powers of the great moll Delaney
He'd lick every spalpeen was there at the spree,
But me bold Jimmie Connors stepped up to him freely
And handled him neatly as a child would a doll,
With a backhold he gave him, ~~xxxxxx~~ right deftly he laid him
And killed him completely at Cunningham's Ball. Cho.

11

Ned Morrow and Tom Hussey were at the fandango,
They thought on the sly they would have a small horn,
So off they both started to have a good footrace,
The likes you've not seen since the day you were born,
They were kicked by John Gould over hedges and ditches,
Over fences and slough holes they would stumble and fall,
They thought they'd arrived at the great Windsor depot
And sang, "All aboard for Cunningham's Ball." Cho.

12

The next bloody ruckus was kicked up by Dell Hudgins
Who tried, with Joe Lee, to kick up a fuss,
Joe being undaunted stepped up to him freely
And gave him a rap with his left fist;
When Hudgins found out his match he was getting
For pardon and mercy he loudly did call,
But Joe followed suit and quilted him soundly
Till he cried, "Melia Murder" at Cunningham's Ball. Cho.

Dennie O'Leary, the fly-shuttle weaver
 Came hopping on crutches the fun for to see,
 He soon got too much of Lord Cunningham's rot gut
 And soon got keeled over as drunk as could be,
 The next day he went home and thrashed his old Judy
 Till down on the floor like a log she did fall,
 With her blackthorn shillelagh she wallopped him freely
 And that put a finish to Cunningham's Ball. Cho.

Composed by Henry Woodside, Morden; contributed
 by Mr. Cook, Halifax, with extra verses added by Mr.
 George Dugan, Morden; verses 12, 10, and 8 recorded
 by Mr. Dugan by Helen Creighton, June 1953.

Cunningham was not the real name of the
 man who gave the party; he was a local character
 who was supposed to be "sort of a show-off."

Woodside made his living by selling these songs.
 Somebody copied Cunningham's Ball and sold it, so
 Woodside got information and wrote another song
 about the dirty retailer. This must have been made
 up about 90 years ago, Cunningham's Ball. John
 Redgate was Cunningham's real name.

My grandma lived on yonder little green
 As fine an old lady as ever was seen,
 She often cautioned me with care
 Of all false young men to beware.

Cho.

Tim-e-i, tim-e-i, tim-e-om petom peta,
 Of all false young men to beware.

2

These false young men they flatter and deceive,
 So my love you must not believe,
 They'll flatter, they'll coax till you are in their snare
 And away goes poor old grandma's ~~xxxxxx~~ care.

Cho.

Tim-e-i, tim-e-i, tim-e-om petom peta,
 And away goes poor old grandma's care.

3

The first came a-courting was little Johnny Green,
 As fine a young fellow as ever was seen,
 But the words of my grandma rang in my head
 And I could not hear one word he said. Cho.

4

The next that came a-courting was young Ellis Grove,
 'Twas then we met with a joyous love,
 With a joyous love I couldn't be afraid,
 You'd better get married than die an old maid. Cho.

5

Thinks I to myself, "There must be some mistake,
 What a fuss these old folks make,
 If the boys and the girls had all been so afraid
 Then grandma herself would have died an old maid. Cho.

Learned from singer's great grandmother in
 Staffordshire; sung by Miss A.S.M. Ward, Wolfville,
 and recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1953.

Young folks come listen to my song,
I'm old and I won't detain you long,
I'm eighty-four and I'll have you to know
And the young folks calls me Auntie Kay. (or Joe)

2

My hair once black is now turned grey,
But what's the odds while I feel gay,
I love to sing with joy and glee
If I was as young as I used to be.

Cho.

Hi de eye de dee, hook dee you,
How I love to sing to you,
How I would sing with joy and glee
If I was as young as I used to be.

3

When I was young I knew life's joys,
But now I'm old I'm one of the boys (girls)
I can take a smile or sing a song
With any good fellow who comes along.

4

I can tell a story or crack a joke
And never refuse to pie or cake,
I'm a gay old sport and you'll all agree
I feel as young as I used to be. Cho.

5

When I was young and in my prime,
I was chasing the girls (boys) most of my time,
I'd take them out each day for a ride
And always have one by my side.

6

I'd hug and kiss them just for fun
And haven't forgot the way it was done,
Now if anyone's in love with me
You'll find me as young as I used to be. Cho.

Sung by Mrs. Newton Keddy, Harmony, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1953.

"Oh no, oh no," young Charlotte she cried,
As she mocked like a gypsy queen,
"To drive in blankets muffled up
I never could be seen."

One New Year's eve as the sun went down
With the looks of a restless eye
Along the crowded wintry night
The merry sleighs passed by.

In a village fifteen miles away
There is a ball to-night.
Young Charlotte lived by the mountainside
In a dark and dreary spot,
There were no dwellings for three miles round
Except her father's cot.
On many a cold and ~~xxx~~ frosty night
Young swains would gather there
Her father kept a social abode
And she was very fair.

A few verses picked out here and there from
her memory, and sung by Mrs. Ruth Morse, Millville,
and recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1953

Song continued 108A