

- 1-3 Once I Had Plenty of Time, sung by Mr. Freeman Young, East Petpeswick; variant of The Seeds of Love, or When I Was In My Prime, S.B.N.S. p. 53; charming little song; singer nearly 80 and voice a bit weak.
- 3-6 Sassy Young Sailor, sung by Mr. Freeman Young, 4 vs. & cho.; amusing; probably music hall.
- 6-8 New Year's Eve, sung by Mr. Freeman Young, with last verse added but not recorded by Mrs. Berton Young; girl forsaken about to die in childbirth; sad; 6 vs.
- 8-10. Sassy Young Sailor, last verse sung by Mr. Young.
- 10-15. Riley and I, sung by Mr. Berton Young, West Petpeswick, with last verse added but not recorded by Mrs. Young; pleasant song, 3 vs. and cho.; amusing; nice tune.
- 15-17. Diddling, or Cheek Music; used instead of instrument for dancing; diddled by Mr. Berton Young and Miss Gertrude Young, West Petpeswick; Tunes: Buonapartes March (called by Mrs. Young, Boney Crossing the Wease!); Maid Behind the Bar; Pop Goes the Weasel; Fisherman's Hornpipe; short description of diddling.
- 18-21 It's Down in Old Ireland, sung by Mr. Freeman Young, East Petpeswick; 7 vs. curious song of mother's advice, love, robbery, and the penal colony; sounds a bit mixed; interesting tune. At end described how last word is often spoken instead of sung.
- 21-24 Brave Nelson, sung by Mr. Freeman Young; 2nd vs. contributed by Mrs. W.J. Johns but not recorded; both learned it in Petpeswick school; 5 vs; good story and tune; good for Trafalgar Day.
- 24-26 I Learned of a Comical Ditty, sung by Mr. Freeman Young; 3 vs. & cho.; light, amusing, and late; good of its kind.
- 26-end. Shabby Genteel, sung by Mr. Freeman Young; 4 vs.; late; song of misfortune.

The Petpeswick singers are all musical, and they know a great variety of songs; practically all of their tunes are interesting.

Once I had plenty of time,  
I was cherished by night and by day  
Till at length a saucy sailor by chance did come that way  
And he stole all my pastime away.

2

O there was an old gardner standing by  
And I asked him to choose for me,  
He chose for me the lily, the violet and the ~~RARE~~ rose,  
And I kindly refused them all three.

3

Now the lily I threw it away  
Because that it faded so soon,  
But the violet and the rose oh I did them overlook  
Because they did linger until June.

4

June brings the red blushing rose,  
And bytimes it is fairer than day,  
Till I wish that I was back in my saucy sailor's arms  
That first stole my pastime away.

Sung by Mr. Freeman Young, East Petpeswick, and  
recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1953.

I went into a restaurant as hungry as a bear,  
 And like a raving maniac I grabbed the bill of a fare,  
 "What will you have?" the waiter said, "Bring me a steak I pray,"  
 He took my order, bowed his head, and slowly went away.

Cho.

But he never come back, and he never come back,  
 And I waited an hour or more,  
 And that sassy young rake, if he don't bring that steak  
 When we meet on that beautiful shore.

2

There was an old Jew down on the farm came up to see the town,  
 He registered at Smith's Hotel by W.A.C. Brown,  
 He took the light and went upstairs, with whiskers green as grass,  
 Pulled off his boots and jumped in bed and then blew out the gas.

Cho.

But he never come back, and he never come back,  
 And when we broke open the door,  
 The last word he said before he was dead,  
 "Will we meet on that beautiful shore?"

3

There was an old maid in Halifax, she sadly fell in love  
 With a young man was quite sixteen, who called her turtle dove,  
 The wedding day it soon come fourth, the bells did sweetly ring,  
 He asked her for one hundred pounds to go and by the ring.

Cho.

But he never come back, and he never come back,  
 And I waited an hour or more,  
 And that sassy young thing if he don't bring that ring  
 When we meet on that beautiful shore.

4

I went into a Barnum show, I took my mother-in-law,  
 She laughed everything she saw, she nearly broke her jaw,  
 The big balloon outside the tent it proved to me a friend,  
 I put her in and cut the rope and up she did ascend.

Cho.

But she never come back, and she never come back,  
 And so high in the air she did soar,  
 And I'm happy to-night she's away out of sight  
 Till we meet on that beautiful shore.

Sung by Mr. Freeman Young, East Petpeswick,  
 and recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1953.

*laughed at*

Can this be New Year's Eve mother,  
 O mother can it be?  
 And oh to see what a sad change  
 One year has brought on me,  
 Last year there was no lighter heart,  
 There was no brighter eye,  
 There was no heart so light and gay,  
 Now mother, what am I?

2

I'm thamed for every idle guess,  
 I'm lower than a snail,  
 Where blighted name and broken heart  
 I'm very neary grave,  
 My time it is approaching  
 And my life is ebbing fast,  
 For the thought comes strong into my mind  
 This night will be my last.

3

It was last New Years mother  
 We had a merry day,  
 Of all the merry-hearted girls  
 O mother I was one,  
 For he was by my side mother,  
 The one I loved so long.

4

But now he does not speak to me,  
 He thinks I am too vile,  
 He will pass me with a scornful look  
 And with a meaning smile,  
 I think it hard, perhaps it's right,  
 But then I think I know,  
 For if I was in his place mother  
 I could not use him so.

5

It's of a group of merry lads  
 I just now caught a glance,  
 Some of my young companions  
 And they're hurrying to the dance,  
 O there they'll spend the night mother  
 In merriment and glee,  
 And perhaps among some of the wild revelaides  
 Someone might think of me.

6

Mother take my baby and rear her as your own  
 And may she prove a better girl than I have ever ~~manex~~ been,  
 If she be kind and gentle and easy to control,  
 It's of her mother's trouble I ne'er would have ~~her~~ told,  
 But if she's like that mother, so wayward and so wild,  
 Oh what a dreadful legacy to leave a nameless child..

Sung by Mr. Freeman Young, East Petpeswick,  
 with last verse sung by Mrs. Berton Young, West Petpeswick,  
 and recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1953.

I thought nothing in the world could part us,  
 Me and my chum Johnny Riley,  
 We boozed together and we flirted with the girls  
 And honoured each other highly,  
 When there was any rum to be got  
 Somebody called for a keg or a pot,  
 We took the measure and got the lot  
 And I handed it over to Riley.

Cho.

For Riley and I were chums  
 And we always shared,  
 Black eyes or sugar plums  
 And devil the fare we cared.  
 But when there was anything nice about  
 You could take my word,  
 That when I was done  
 We handed it over to Riley.

2

As we were walking down the street,  
 Me and my chum Johnny Riley,  
 I picked up a watch and chain,  
 I did so very slyly,  
 'Twas by a lamppost that we passed,  
 I could easily see by the lighted gas  
 That the watch was gold and the chain was brass,  
 And the chain went on to Riley. Cho.

3

Late in life I took a wife,  
 My first thought it was Riley,  
 I soon found married life no fun,  
 She chased me round the house with a gun,  
 I said, "Old woman with you I'm done,"  
 So I handed her over to Riley. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Berton Young, West Petpeswick, and  
 recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1953. Last verse  
 added by Mrs. Young and not recorded. She sings with  
 her husband in the first verse.

It's down in old Ireland is where I was born  
In the city of Limerick and vanished and gone,  
To some distant island bound down as a slave,  
It was my own country where I misbehaved.

2

Ofttimes my own mother would oft caution me  
To leave of night's walking, shun bad company,  
"My son you are young, they will lead you astray,  
You will think on my advice when I'm cold in the clay."

3

To all her advices I had lent no ear  
And still carried on with my wicked career,  
Robbing by night and a-plotting by day  
And never would listen to what she did say.

4

Then I married a fair one and to dress her up gay  
I then took to driving along the highway,  
I was seized and convicted for bold robbery,  
Was taken, transported to penal colony.

5

Seven years I was transported to penal colony,  
Seven years was transported across the blue sea,  
But if I'd a had oh my love along with me  
Bound down in strong irons I'd think myself free.

6

Now ofttimes I've wondered how women loves men,  
And moretimes I've wondered how men can love them,  
For robbing by night and a-planning by day  
Which caused me behind this prison walls for to lay.

7

For they are deceitful, you never can tell,  
I won't take no other till she loves me right well,  
But now I am over to my own native shore  
Which makes me think of my mother once more.

Sung by Mr. Freeman Young, East Petpeswick and  
recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1953

Arise, arise Britannia,  
 Come sound your loudsome lays,  
 Come join with me in chorus  
 For to sing Britain's praise,  
 Once more the hero of our isle  
 Would seek for to make Britain smile  
 With another victory on the file  
 Of brave Nelson.

2

October on the twenty-fourth  
 It was a glorious day,  
 The combined fleets of France and Spain  
 Lay off Cape Trafalgar,  
 Their ships in number thirty-three  
 When Britain challenged them to sea,  
 Says Nelson, "Twenty of them for me,"  
 O brave Nelson.

3

Now we formed a line of battle,  
 The cannons began to roar,  
 When twenty-seven ~~xxxxxxx~~ sailed off the line  
 We shook the Spanish shore,  
 When Nelson on the deck so high  
 Aloud unto his men did cry,  
 "We'll conquer them my boys or die,"  
 O brave Nelson.

4

Now the signal begin for fighting,  
 We struck the fatal blow,  
 And some we blew up in the air  
 And some we sank below,  
 When all the victory on our side  
 A fatal ball his life destroyed,  
 He in the middle of glory died,  
 O brave Nelson.

5

The battle being over,  
 It was a bloody fray,  
 Full twenty of the finest ships  
 From them we took away,  
 May Britain's trade in wealth increase,  
 May wars unto may never cease,  
 May they have an everlasting peace,  
 O brave Nelson.

(Probably ~~May~~ wars and tumults never cease)

Sung by Mr. Freeman Young, East Petpeswick, and  
 recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1953.

This wastought in the Petpeswick school. The  
 2nd verse is contributed by Mrs. W.J. Johns, Musquodoboit  
 Harbour.

I learned of a comical ditty  
From some of my friends in the city,  
The verses are short and I think that you ought  
To admit that the chorus is pretty.

Cho.

Fol the rol lol, fol the rol lol,  
Fol the rol lol the lol laddie,  
Fol the rol lol, fol the rol lol,  
Fol the lol rol the rol laddie.

2

There was a young lady down Gluetop,  
A lady was holding a boot on,  
She fell to the ground and the shopkeeper found  
That the girl had a bicycle suit on. Cho.

3

There was an old woman of Clewer  
Was riding a bike and it threw her,  
When the butcher come by he says, "Lady don't cry,"  
So he fastened her on with his skewer. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Freeman Young, East Petpeswick, and  
recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1953.



Don't think by my dress I came here for to beg  
 Though the sharp pangs of hunger I feel,  
 A cup of misfortune (liquor) I daily have drank  
 Though I'm poor and a shabby genteel.

2

O once when the nobs they would meet me they'd say,  
 "O Harry dear boy come and dine,"  
 But now when they meet me they do pass me by  
 And my company oh they don't incline,  
 But poverty daily looks in at my door,  
 I'm hungry, I'm footsore and ill,  
 I can look this whole world in the face and can say,  
 "If I'm poor I'm an honest man still."

3

Reserves (reverses) in my business brought me to a stand  
 For I knew very soon I would smash,  
 My friends all advised me to flee from the land  
 And to seize upon all my loose cash,  
 But my reputations (reputations) were dearer to me  
 Far above the bright gold in my till,  
 So I paid whom I owed and I proudly did say,  
 "If I'm poor I'm an honest man still."

4

It was only last week at the end of the town  
 While wandering sadly along  
 I picked up a purse which a lady had dropped,  
 Now temptations to keep it were strong,  
 Though my pockets was empty, but finally I said,  
 "She will have her own, come what it will,"  
 So she looked at my dress as I gave it and said,  
 "If you're poor you're an honest man still."

Sung by Mr. Freeman Young, East Petpewwick, and  
 recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1953.

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