

Reel 110B

FS630  
23.248.2  
MF 289.494

- 1-3 Rock-a-bye, sung by Mrs. Chas. Mitchell, Oyster Pond; lullaby to usual tune; 2 vs. & cho.; very nice.
- 3-5 Three Little Kitties, sung by Mrs. Chas. Mitchell; lullaby; 3 vs. quite nicely sung, but not much tune.
- 5-7 The Old Cabin Home, sung by Mr. Sandy Stoddard, Lower Ship Harbour; darkie; 3 vs. & cho.; good of its kind.
- 7-9. In Dublin City, sung by Mr. Stoddard; story of robbery in days of broadswords; better sung than on his previous recording; for text see reel 100A1-3; 6 vs.
- 9-15 The Drowsy Sleeper, sung by Mr. Stoddard; 8 vs.; tragic love; see reel 5 sung by Evelyn Swim; good song.
- 15-17 All Around My Hat, sung by Mr. Neil O'Brien, Pictou; 4 vs. nicely sung; good variant; see 110A
- 17-21. My Willie's On the Dark Blue Sea, sung by Mr. O'Brien; 3 vs. & cho.; pleasant love song; late; nicely sung.
- 21-24 Peter Emery, sung by Mr. O'Brien; local song of death in N.B. lumber woods; 7 vs. well sung; have at least 7 variants.
- 24-25 Mary and John, sung by Mr. John J. Murray, Meadowville; pretty little love song in dialogue; 3 vs. & cho.; singer aged 87, but tune carried well.
- 25-26 Rory O'Moore, sung by Mr. John J. Murray; 2 vs. Irish love song; good as far as it goes.
- 26-end. Hush My Dear, sung by Mrs. Rod H. McKay, Meadowville; pretty little lullaby which would be suitable for Christmas; 5 vs. & cho. singer aged 89, voice true but not very strong.

Cho.

Rockabye, rockabye on the treetop,  
When the wind blows the cradle will rock,  
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall  
And down will come baby and cradle and all. (Repeat)

X 1

Grandma sits knitting close by the fireplace  
With her snowy white hair and a smile on her face,  
Years have gone on, it doesn't seem long  
Since she rocked baby's daddy to sleep with that song. Cho.

X 2

Rockabye, rockabye, nothing to fear,  
Rockabye, rockabye, mama is near,  
Angels of slumbers hovering near  
So rockabye, rockabye, mother is near. Cho.

Sung by Mrs. Chas. Mitchell, Oyster Pond, and  
recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1953.

Mr. Sandy Stoddard, Shop Harbour, says this  
is the way he has always heard it, and it is very  
familiar to him. In Dartmouth I have often heard  
the first verse, but not the others.

Sung as lullaby

Three little kitties one stormy night  
Began to quarrel and then to fight,  
One had a mouse and the other had none,  
That's the way the quarrel begun,  
"I'll have that mouse," said the little one,  
"You won't have the mouse," said the biggest one.

2

Then the old woman came out with the broom,  
Swept the two kitties right out of the room,  
Poor little kitties had nowhere to go,  
Only to lie outside of the door,  
Till the old woman had finished her floor.

3

Then they crept in as quiet as mice  
All wet with snow and cold as ice,  
Thinking 'twas better on such a cold night  
To lie and sleep than to quarrel and fight.

Sung by Mrs. Chas. Mitchell, Oyster Pond, and  
recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1953.

Mrs. Mitchell learned this from her own  
mother at Ostrea Lake, and sang it as a lullaby to  
her own nine children.

I am going far away,  
Far away to leave you now,  
To the Mississippi River I am going,  
I will take my old banjo  
And I'll sing this little song  
Away down in me old cabin home.

Cho.

This is my old cabin home,  
Here lies my sister and my brother,  
Here lies my wife, she's the joy of my wife  
And the child in the grave with it's mother.

2

I am going to leave this land  
With this our darkie band  
To travel this world all over,  
And when I get tired  
I will settle down and rest  
Away down in my old cabin home. Cho.

3

As old age comes on and my hair is turning grey  
I will hang the old banjo on the wall,  
I'll sit down by the fire and I'll pass the time away,  
Way down in my old cabin home. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Sandy Stoddard, Lr. Ship Harbour, and  
recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1953.

"Who's there? Who's there beneath my window,  
With bitter sighs and sobs and tears?"

"'Tis I, 'tis I, your own, your loved one,  
Arise, arise and pity me."

2

"O Mary dear; go ask your mother  
If you my wedded bride may be,  
If she says no then come and tell me  
I will no longer trouble thee."

3

"I dare not go and ask my mother,  
For I'm the only child she has,  
And it would break my mother's heart  
If from her and father I should part."

4

"Then Mary dear go ask your father  
If you my wedded bride may be,  
If he says no then come and tell me  
I will no longer trouble thee."

5

"I dare not go to ask my father,  
For on a bed of death he lays  
With a shining dagger by his pillow  
Ready to slay the one you love."

6

Then Willie drew a shining dagger,  
He pierced it through his brave young heart,  
Crying, "Fare well, fare you well my own, my loved one,  
Fare well, fare you well, for now we part."

7

As Willie lay, his life-blood ebbing,  
Young Mary kissed his pale cold lips,  
Crying, "Farewell, fare you well my own, my loved one,  
Farewell, fare you well, for now we part."

8

Then Mary drew that bloody dagger,  
She bared it through her snow-white breast,  
Crying, "Fare well, fare you well my cruel parents,  
Farewell, fare you well, for now we rest."

Sung by Mr. Sandy Stoddard, Lr. Ship Harbour, and  
recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1953.

Young men are false, oh they are so deceiving,  
Young men are false and they seldom prove true,  
For their ramble-ing and tanging, their minds is always changing,  
Always a-looking for some fairone that's new.

2

Seven long years th-at I have spent in courting,  
Seven long years th-at I have spent in vain,  
But since it is my fortune that I must marry an old man  
Never will I ramble so far, far again.

3

All around my hat I will wear a green laurel,  
All around my hat for six long years or more,  
And if anyone should ask me why I wear that laurel  
I'll tell them I am slighted by my true love John.

4

O if I only had my own heart to keep it,  
O if I only had my own heart again  
I would roll it in my bosom and keep it there forever,  
Never would I ramble so far far again.

Sung by Mr. Neil O'Brien, Pictou, and recorded by  
Helen Creighton, July 1953.

My Willie's On the Dark Blue Sea

Reel 110B17-21

My Willie's on the dark blue sea,  
He has gone far o'er the main,  
And many a lonesome hour I'll spend  
Till he returns again.

Cho.

O blow gentle winds on the dark blue sea,  
May the storm king stay thy hand  
And bring my Willie home to me,  
To his own dear native land.

2

I loved my Willie the best of all,  
He was ever true to me,  
And many a lonesome day I'll spend  
Till he returns from sea. Cho.

3

I see the vivid lightning flash,  
I hear the thunder roar,  
And Willie clasped her in his arms  
To roam the sea no more.

Sung by Mr. Neil O'Brien, Pictou, and recorded  
by Helen Creighton, July 1953.

My name is Peter Emery as you may understand,  
 I was born in Prince Edward's Island close by the ocean strand,  
 In eighteen hundred and eighty when the flowers were brilliant hue  
 I left my native countree my fortune to pursue.

2

I landed in New Brunswick in the lumbering countree,  
 I landed in New Brunswick which proved my destiny,  
 I hired to work in the lumber woods to cut the spruce logs down,  
 While loading two sleds from the yard I received my fatal wound.

3

There's danger on the ocean where the seas ~~will~~ mountains high,  
 There's danger in the battlefields where the angry bullets lie,  
 There's danger in the lumber woods and death lies solemn there  
 And I have fell a victim to its death and lonely snair.

4

Here's adieu unto my father, 'twas him who sent me here,  
 I thought him very cruel, his treatments were severe,  
 It is not right to press a boy ~~was~~ or try to keep him down,  
 You will deprive him of his home when he is far too young.

5

Here 's adieu unto a greater friend, I mean my mother dear  
 Who reared a son that fell as soon as he left her tender care,  
 'Twas little did my mother know when she sang her mullaby  
 What country I might travel or what death I might die.

6

Here's adieu to Prince Edward's Island, the garden in the sea,  
 No more I'll roam your flowery banks to pursue a summer breeze,  
 No more I'll see those gallant ships as they go sailing by  
 With colours flying in the air far above their canvas high.

7

There's one word more I'd like to say before I pass away,  
 And that is that some heavenly one will bless my peaceful clay,  
 Here in the midst of Boistown my mouldering bones will lay  
 To await the Savoir's calling on the resurrection day.

Sung by Mr. Neil O'Brien, Pictou, and recorded  
 by Helen Creighton, July 1953.



Mary and John dwelt in a distant village,  
 Fell deep in love and were engaged to be wed,  
 But one fine day up went the nose of sweet Mary  
 At what her John and some other girls had said.

2  
 Cho.

"I won't be your wife," said Mary,  
 "Thank goodness for that," said John,  
 "I hate such a brute," said Mary,  
 "But other girls don't," said John.  
 "I think I'll go back to the dairy,"  
 "It'll be just as well," said he,  
 "But I hope you'll attend to the wedding  
 Of Molly Malone and me."

3  
 John simply smiled, he was so fond of teasing,  
 And some old song softly began to sing,  
 Mary with rage every moment got warmer  
 Till at his feet she tossed the engagement ring. Cho. (1st ½)

4  
 Now Johnny got squeezing Mary and Mary was squeezing John,  
 He vowed she's the sweetest fairy that ever the sun shone on,  
 And now little Mary's laughing, she's leaning her head on his breast,  
 With this I'll conclude my story, I think you can guess the rest.

Sung by Mr. John J. Murray, Meadowville, and ~~xxxxxx~~  
 recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1953.

Young Rory O'Moore courted Kathleen bawn,  
He was bold as a hawk and she soft as the dawn,  
He tried in his heart pretty Kathleen to please  
And he thought the best way to do that was to tease.

2

"Now Rory behave, for you'll hug me no more,  
That's three times a day you have kissed me before,"  
"Then here, goes another," said he to be sure,  
"For there's luck in odd numbers," said Rory O'Moore.

Sung by Mr. John J. Murray, Meadowville, and  
recorded by Helen Creighton, July, 1953.

There is more to this song, but this is all he  
could remember.

Hush my dear, lie still and slumber,  
Holy angels guard thy bed,  
Heavenly blessings without number  
Gently falling on ~~thy head~~ thy head.

2

How much better thou'rt attended  
Than the Son of God could be,  
When from heaven he descended  
And became a child like thee.

3

Soft and easy is thy cradle,  
Coarse and hard the Saviour lay,  
For His birthplace was a stable  
And His softest bed was hay.

4

Hush my dear, thy food and raiment,  
House and home thy friends provide,  
For without the care of payment  
All thy wants are well supplied.

5

Hush my dear, lie still and slumber,  
Holy angels guard thy bed,  
Heavenly blessings without number  
Gently falling on ~~thy head~~ thy head.

Sung by Mrs. Rod H. McKay, Scotsburn, and recorded  
by Helen Creighton, July 1953