

FSG30
23.250.2
MF249.498

Reel 111B

1. Further talk on Farm and Lumbering: Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River
2. Talk About Life at Beach Hill, Customs, etc.; Mrs. Nathan Hatt
3. The Punkin' Man, dance tune; sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt
- 4/. Green Bushes, repeated; " " " " "
5. There Was No Loved One; sung by Mr. Hatt (nephew of Nathan)
6. A Girl Was A-Sweeping: " " " " "
7. The Farmer's Boy; " " " " "
8. In A Little Village: " " " " "
9. Me Father Was A Hedger and A Ditcher; "
 (variant of Cobbler's Song)
10. Just One Year: " "

(Songs sing by nephew have little or no value) except the Shoemaker's or Cobbler's Song)

Recorded by Helen Creighton at Middle River, N.S.

1. Further talk about life on farm and lumbering, Mr. Nathan Hatt
- 2 Talk about life at Beach Hill, customs, farm work, picking blueberries etc. told by Mrs. Nathan Hatt,
- 3 Pumpkin Man, chorus only, sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt (See 111A); he is very old here and forgetful.
- 5 ~~4~~. A Girl Was A-Sweeping (what has she beneath her apron?) sung by Mr Arch Hatt, nephew of Mr. Nathan Hatt.
- 6 ~~5~~. The Farmer's Boy, sung by Mr. Arch Hatt
- 7 ~~6~~. In A Little Village, or The Black Sheep, sung by Mr. Arch Hatt/
- 8 ~~7~~. The Shoemaker's Song, Me father was a hedger and a ditcher, variant of Cobbler's Song (My father was hung for sheep-stealing). Good, sung by Mr. Arch Hatt.
- 9 ~~8~~. The Broken Vow, late song sung by Mr. Arch Hatt. Just one year since you told me you loved me.

All items from the Hatt family of Middle River, Lunenburg County.

4 There Was No Loved Ones, sung by Mr. Arch Hatt; late song

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CR-B-111.2550

Coll: Creighton

Reel 111B. See 111B

The Punkin

CENTRE CANADIEN D'ETUDES SUR LA CULTURE TRADITIONNELLE
CANADIAN CENTRE FOR FOLK CULTURE STUDIES

I have a punkin so have you
Why don't you wear it
why I do
I will wear it when I can
Just for to please the punkin man

Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River; recorded by Helen Creighton, 1953.

tr. Martin Lovelace

Green Bushes

CENTRE CANADIEN D'ÉTUDES SUR LA CULTURE TRADITIONNELLE
CANADIAN CENTRE FOR FOLK CULTURE STUDIES

As I went a-walking one evening in spring
 For to hear the birds whistle the nightingales sing
 I spied a fair damsel and sweetly sang she
 All amongst those green bushes where she vowed to meet me

"Oh where are you going my pretty fair maid?"
 "I'm waiting for my true love oh kind sir," she said
 "I will be your true love if you do agree,
 I will leave my fine Jimmy I will go along with you."

"Come let us be going kind sir if you please
 Come leave and be going from under those trees
 Down in yonder a-coming my true love I see ^{boy}
 All whistling all singing great joys to meet me."

But when he got there oh he found she was gone
 He looked like some lambkin well crying out forlorn
 "She's gone with some other she's forsaken me
 She has left those green bushes forever," said he.

Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River; recorded by Helen Creighton, 1953.

tr. Martin Lovelace
 7 Feb. 1979

There Was No Loved Ones

CENTRE CANADIEN D'ETUDES SUR LA CULTURE TRADITIONNELLE
CANADIAN CENTRE FOR FOLK CULTURE STUDIES

There was no loved ones to weep over her
Not one tear did I see shed
The lady they took from that muddy old river
No one ever came to claim their dead

She lay on a cold marble slab at the morn
Thousands viewed her but none knew her name
They laid her to rest in Potter's Field this morn
She'll sleep there unloved and unclaimed

Inside the purse that she clutched in her hand
There was written "Blame no one but me"
As I gazed in her face I couldn't help but say
"What a cruel wicked place this world can be."

The muddy river had taken her life
And the cold earth will hold her remains
I pray when she reaches that pearly golden gate
She won't be unloved and unclaimed

Sung by Mr. Arch Hatt, Middle River; recorded by Helen Creighton, 1953.

tr. Martin Lovelace
7 Feb. 1979

A Girl Was A-Sweeping

CENTRE CANADIEN D'ETUDES SUR LA CULTURE TRADITIONNELLE
CANADIAN CENTRE FOR FOLK CULTURE STUDIES

A girl was a-sweeping, sweeping the other day
 She loosened up her apron string to give the baby sway
 Her mother gazed upon her and unto her did say:
 "Oh what is that you've got beneath your apron?"

"It's nothing mother, it's nothing, it's nothing," said she
 "It's only my new muslin gown I bought the other day
 For fear that I might soil it, soil it," said she,
 "So I snugly tucked it underneath my apron."

Six months being over the baby it was born
 Born without a father born without a home
 Her mother gazed upon her and unto her did day:
 "Oh that is what you had beneath your apron."

"Oh was it from a tinker, or was it from a clown?
 Or was it from a soldier who fights for England crown?"
 "It wasn't from a tinker, it wasn't from a clown
 It wasn't from a soldier that fights for England crown
 It was from a sailor that ploughs the ocean strand
 And he snugly tucked it underneath my apron."

"Oh was it in the kitchen, or was it in the hall?
 Or was it in the garden where the grass is growing tall?"
 "'Twas down into the cellar popped up against the wall
 And he snugly tucked it underneath my apron."

Sung by Mr. Arch Hatt, Middle River; recorded by Helen Creighton, 1953.

tr. Martin Lovelace
 7 Feb. 1979

The Farmer's Boy

CENTRE CANADIEN D'ETUDES SUR LA CULTURE TRADITIONNELLE
CANADIAN CENTRE FOR FOLK CULTURE STUDIES

My father is dead my mother is left with four poor children small
And what is hardest for mother still I'm the oldest of them all
Though I'm little I'd work as hard as I can if I can seek employ
For to plough to sow to reap and to mow and to be a farmer's boy

So the old woman says "Try the lad, let him no further seek"
And the daughter said "Yes do, Papa, " while tears ran down his cheeks
'Tis hard to want for those that'll work elsewhere to seek employ
For to plough to sow to reap and to mow and to be a farmer's boy

Now the boy grew up to be a man and the good old farmer died
He left the boy with all he owned and his daughter for his bride
Now he smiled with joy when he thinks to himself of the time he seeked employ
At the close of day when he came this way for to be a farmer's boy

Sung by Mr. Arch Hatt, Middle River; recorded by Helen Creighton, 1953.

tr. Martin Lovelace
7 Feb. 1979

In A Little Village

CENTRE CANADIEN D'ETUDES SUR LA CULTURE TRADITIONNELLE
CANADIAN CENTRE FOR FOLK CULTURE STUDIES

In a little village not so very far away
There lived an old and aged man whose locks was few and grey
He had three sons the only one was Jack and Tom was sly
Young Tad was honest as could be and would not tell a lie

One night the old man said "Begone, you heedless to the poor"
Those was the words the black sheep said as he stood beside the door
"Don't be angry with me Dad, don't turn me from your door
I know that I am wayward I won't be any more
Just give to me another chance, just put me to the test
You'll find the black sheep loves his Dad far better than the rest."

Years and years rolled swiftly by the old man growing old
He called to him both Jack and Tad and gave to them his gold
Saying "All I want is a little place just by your fireside,"
And Jack returning home that night brought home with him a bride.

The wife began to hate the father more and more each day
One night he heard the three reply "This old fool is in the way,"
So they agreed to send him to the poorhouse that was near
And like a flash the black sheep's words came ringing in his ears
"Don't be angry with me Dad, don't turn me from your door
I know that I am wayward I won't be any more
Just give to me another chance just put me to the test
You'll find the black sheep loves his Dad far better than the rest."

A waggon drives up to the door, it is the poorhouse man
The brothers point towards their Dad and said "Right here's your man,"
Just then a stranger from afar came pushing through the crowd
"Go away you fools" the stranger cried, "This will not be allowed."

"You took the old man's property and all that he possessed
You even took the little aught maintaining his wife's (crest)
I am your son but not your kind from now till judgement day
You'll find the black sheep loves his Dad far better than the rest."

Sung by Mr. Arch Hatt, Middle River; recorded by Helen Creighton, 1953.

tr. Martin Lovelace

7 Feb. 1979

Me Father Was a Hedger and a Ditcher

Me father was a hedger and a ditcher
 Me mother done nothing but spin
 My sister was a bonny housekeeper
 Oh didn't the money roll in.
 Sing twink twink twink tooral-a-laddy
 Sing twink twink twink tooral-i-day
 He rol me a lory ri todody
 To me high whacks folly diddlerol-i-day

CENTRE CANADIEN D'ETUDES SUR LA CULTURE TRADITIONNELLE
 .. CANADIAN CENTRE FOR FOLK CULTURE STUDIES

} Chorus.

As I travelled through fair London city
 The butcher was standing right by
 I rushed up to him in a passion
 So quickly I bunged up his eye.
 Cho.

My father was hung for sheep-stealing
 My mother was burned for a witch
 My sister she died in the bughouse
 Left me a ()
 Cho.

Sung by Mr. Arch Hatt, Middle River; recorded by Helen Creighton, 1953.

tr. Martin Lovelace
 7 Feb. 1979

Just One Year

Just one year since you told me you loved me
And it's strange you have broken your vow
For my heart it lies loaded with sorrow
And it's true you have broken it now

Then take back every kind word you've spoken
And we'll be as though we'd never met
And I will return every token
I'll forgive and I'll try to forget

Oh why did you try to deceive me
When you knew that my fond heart was true
It is true you have tried to deceive me
Now forever it's parted from you

I'll return every gift that you gave me
First the ring then a lock of your hair
And a card with your picture upon it
With your face just as false as it's fair

Now take back every kind word you've spoken
And we'll be as though we never met
And I will return every token
I'll forgive and I'll try to forget

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