

Reel 113A

FSG 30  
23.253.2  
MF289.504

- 1-3 Mary Had A Little Lamb, sung by Mr. Bert Power, East Ship Harbour, to tune of Auld Land Syne; 5 vs.
- 3-8 Story; Tall Tale of the Sea, told by Mr. Bert Power; good story well told; interesting dialect too/
- 5-8. Polly Perkins, sung by Mr. S.A. Hopkins, Dartmouth; pretty little love song; 4 vs. & cho. well sung for old man.
- 8-15 Banks of Sweet Dundee, sung by Mr. Isaac Doyle, West Jeddore; 10 vs. the last ones recalled with difficulty; this is my 5th variant; see T.S.N.S.p.128
- 15-16 The Wedding at Renowes, sung by Mr. Doyle; for words see 99A by same singer; this may be better sung, as singer had good audience; local Nfld. song; comic; quite well sung.
- 16-18 Back Bay Hill, sung by Mr. Doyle; see reel 99A by same singer; this too may be better sung; good song.
- 18-20 The Hat Me Father Wore, sung by Mr. S.A. Hopkins, Dartmouth; 4 vs. Irish song, light and pleasant; well sung for old man.
- 20-21. Song of the Grand Banks, sung by Mrs. Byron Mitchell, Oyster Pond. 1 vs. only; song sung many years ago on Banks. Nfld.
- 21-22. Down By the Brook, sung by Mrs. Byron Mitchell, Oyster Pond; 3 vs. & cho. pretty little song for children.
- 22-end. Customs. Fox Hunting at Lakelands, England, told by Mrs. Jeannie Leslie, Sackville, N.B.; this includes the training of hounds and sheep dogs; very interesting.

Mary had a little lamb,  
It's fleece was white as snow,  
And everywhere that Mary went  
That lamb was sure to go.

2

It followed her to school one day,  
It was against the rule  
It made the children laugh and play  
To see a lamb at school.

3

The teacher therefore turned it out  
And still it lingered there,  
And on the grass it played about  
Till Mary did appear.

4

O then it ran to her and laid  
It's head upon her arm,  
As if to say 'I'm not afraid,  
You'll keep me from all harm.'

5

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"  
The little children cried,  
"O Mary loves the lamb you know,"  
The teacher she replied.

xx

See, that's because Mary loved the lamb, the lamb  
loved Mary. That's how that went, xx see.

Sung by Mr. Bert Power, East Ship Harbour, to  
the tune of Auld Lang Syne; recorded by Helen Creighton,  
July 1953.

As Mr. Power sang, his grandchildren were  
about him, and apparently follow him around happily  
most of the time.

You know there was a ship one time down in Florida. She was loaded with a heavy cargo such as harrows, automobiles, tractors, and everything put below, down under decks, see. Nothin' on deck but wheelbarrows and grindstones. And the captain was short of one man, and he was goin' to New York.

Two old brothers - two old bachelors, or something come dawn sauntering round the docks. Had no home, nothin' to eat; he hired one man, Dan. His name was Dan. Took him aboard of his vessel, just to make the number of crew. And half way over to New York the ship sprang a leak. Couldn't sail her. Pumps wouldn't free her. Couldn't get that heavy stuff up the hold. She had to go down, and he told the crew - the captain did - to cut and tear anything from the ship and jump overboard with it to help float him, because you may be picked up.

Well they done that. They all done that. All but poor old Dan, the Irishman. The captain had to be the last man aboard. The captain was standin' with his arms folded, and Dan was standin' in the middle of the ship, the water half was up his old leather boots. The captain said,

"Dan, grab somethin' and jump overboard." He says, "By God captain, you're right." and he stooped down and grabbed a grindstone and jumped overboard. He grabbed a grindstone and overboard he went.

Told by Mr. Bert Power, East Ship Harbour,  
and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1953.

I'm a broken-hearted milkman,  
 In grief I'm arrayed  
 For keeping the company  
 Of a young servant maid,  
 Who lived on a small salary  
 And keep the house clean  
 In a gentleman's family  
 On Paddington green.

Cho.

She was so beautiful as a butterfly,  
 So proud as a queen,  
 She was my pretty little Polly Perkins  
 From Paddington green.

2

When I rattled in the morning  
 And cried, "Milk below,"  
 At the sound of my milk cans  
 Her face she would show,  
 With a smile on her countenance  
 And a tear bright in her eye,  
 If I thought she didn't love me  
 I'd lay down and die. Cho.

3

Her eyes were as bright  
 As the peach or the pear,  
 No rose in the garden  
 With her cheeks could compare,  
 Her hair hung in ringlets  
 O'er her shoulders so long,  
 I thought that she loved me  
 But I found I was wrong. Cho.

4

When I asked her to marry me  
 She cried, "Oh what stuff,"  
 And she told me to stop if  
 For she'd had quite enough  
 Of my nonsense, but the same time  
 I'd been very kind,  
 But to marry a milkman  
 She felt not inclined. Cho.

Sung by Mr. S.A. Hopkins, Dartmouth, and recorded  
 by Helen Creighton at West Jeddore, July 1953.

It was of a lofty lady in London town did dwell,  
 Her parents died and left her ten thousand pounds in gold,  
 She lived all with her uncle, the cause of all her woes,  
 Soon you shall hear this lady fair she proved her overthrow.

2

Her uncle had a ploughboy who Mary loved so well,  
 Down in her uncle's garden some tales of love did tell,  
 Likewise a lofty squire came her oft times to see,  
 But it's Mary loved her ploughboy on the banks of sweet Dundee.

3

'Twas early one morning her uncle he arose,  
 And knocking to her bedroom door those words to her did say,  
 "Arise you handsome fair one, a lady for to be,  
 For the squire's waiting for you on the banks of sweet Dundee."

4

"Exclude me for your squires, your lords and dukes likewise,  
 For Willie he appears to me like diamonds in my eyes,"  
 "Begone you unruly female, unhappy for to be,  
 For it's I will banish Willie from the banks of sweet Dundee."

5

While Willie and her uncle walked out one afternoon,  
 He being in Willie's favour these words to him did say,  
 "This being his intention to drive you from the land  
 Or to send you on a press gang from the banks of sweet Dundee."

6

A press gang came on Willie, he being all alone,  
 The blood it flowed in torrents, "Pray tell me now," said he,  
 The blood it flowed in torrents, "Pray tell me now," said he,  
 "For I'd rather die for Mary on the banks of sweet Dundee."

7

Was early one morning Mary she arose,  
 Was there she spied the squire down in her uncle's grove,  
 He threw his arms around her all for to set her down,  
 When two pistols and a sword he spied beneath her morning gown.

8

Her pistols she used so manfully, her pistols she used full well,  
 And she shot the lovely squire down in her uncle's grove,  
 Her uncle hearing those shots oh he hastened to the ground,  
 "It's since you shot the squire I will give you your death wound."

9

"Stand back, stand back," cried Mary, "undaunted I'll not be,"  
 When a pistol she drew and her uncle she slew on the banks of sweet  
 Dundee.

"Stand back, stand back," cried Mary, "undaunted I'll not be,"  
 When a pistol she drew and her uncle slew on the banks of sweet  
 Dundee.

10

Two doctors they were sent for, and men of noble skill,  
 Likewise a lofty squire all for to write their will,  
 He willed his gold to Mary who fought so manfully  
 And he closed his eyes no more to rise on the banks of sweet Dundee.

Sung by Mr. Isaac Doyle, West Jeddore, and recorded  
 by Helen Creighton, July 1953.

(Last few verses remembered with difficulty.)

The Hat Me Father Wore

Reel 113A 18-20

I'm Paddy Miles an Irish boy just came across the sea,  
For singing and for dancing I hope that I'll please ye,  
I can sing and dance with any man as I did in days of yore,  
And on Patrick's day I love to wear the hat me father wore.

2

Sure it's old but it's beautiful the best ye ever see,  
It was worn for more than ninety years in that little isle so green,  
From my father's great ancestors it descended with galore,  
It's the relics of all decency, is the hat me father wore.

3

I bid you all good eve with me, good luck to you I say,  
And when I cross the ocean I hope for me you'll pray,  
I'm going to a happy land to a place called Ballimore  
To be welcomed back to Paddy's land with the hat me father wore.

4

And when I do return again the boys and girls to see,  
I hope that with old Erin's smile you'll kindly welcome me,  
With the songs dear old Ireland to cheer me o'er and o'er,  
And make me Irish heart feel glad with the hat me father wore.

Sung by Mr. S.A. Hopkins, Dartmouth, and recorded by  
Helen Creighton at West Jeddore, July 1953.

Song of the Grand Banks

Reel 113A20-21

O 'twas coming on the tenth of June  
The cook began to bawl,  
"Get up and get your breakfast  
And go overhaul your trawl,  
For provisions they are getting short,  
We can no longer stay,  
So we'll hoist up the big mainsail  
And we'll get her under way.

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

Mrs. Mitchell says this is part of a song that  
used to be sung on the Grand Banks years ago.

Down By the Brook

If I were a little bird happy would I be  
Sitting all alone under some shady tree  
Or down in the meadow setting up the dew,  
I'd have a gay time, say wouldn't you?

Cho.

Tra la la la la la, tra la la la la  
I'd have a gay time, say wouldn't you?

2

Not a single grammar lesson, not a word to spell,  
Funny old school house without any bell,  
A cherry for a lunch, a blossom for a book,  
Dining with the honey bees down by the brook.

Cho.

Tra la la la la la, tra la la la la,  
Dining with the honey bees down by the brook.

3

And when the green grass waves no more  
I'll seek again my native shore,  
Happy little bird again I'll be,  
Build my nest in the same old tree. Cho.

Sung by Mrs. Byron Mitchell, Oyster Pond.



If I were a little bird  
Happy would I be,  
Sitting all alone  
Under some shady tree,  
O down in the meadow  
Sipping up the dew,  
I'd have a gay time,  
Say, wouldn't you?

2

Not a single grammar lesson,  
Not a word to spell,  
Funny old school house  
Without any bell,  
A cherry for a lunch,  
A blossom for a book,  
Dinner with the honey bees  
Down by the brook.

3

And when the green grass  
Waves no more,  
I'll seek again  
My native shore,  
A happy little bird  
I then will be,  
Build my nest  
In an old oak tree.

Cho.

Tra la la la la la  
Tra la la la la,  
Build my nest in an old oak tree.

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

## Customs

Fox Hunting at Lakelands, England.

Reel 113A22-end

Well, I'll speak of the hounds. The well-known song, Do Ye Ken John Peel, meant John Peel who was a huntman up around Kirk Beck(?) in Cumberland, and those who have not lived in English Lake land are apt to think of the people going fox hunting on horseback and following the hounds as they do in the midlands of England. But not so in Lakeland, because with the hills and dells and fells no horses could keep their footing. True, the huntsmen do have their red coats, but they go out with the hounds, and accompanying the hounds are small dogs called Lakeland terriers. They're something like a fox terrier, but they're rough coated. Many of them are brown, and they're very alert and intelligent; intelligent little dogs. Then when the fox gets way down in his hole, - the hounds have chased him - these little Lakeland terriers go into the holes, and of course the fox will dig down and come out at another place not where they entered. The huntsmen, of course, are waiting for it. Now people still think this fox hunting cruel, but remember that Lakelands is a great sheep raising district, and the fox destroys hundreds of sheep and they just have to be kept down. They come to be looked on as vermin. The sheep are valuable both for its wool and its flesh, and it is really an income for the larger part of the Lakeland people. At Ridal(?) Mount, not far from what was Wordsworth's home, each year there are sheep dog, and hound, and puppy hound trials. I'll speak of the puppy hounds.

They are just starting out and it is that a man goes right up over the fells scattering anacid and then the puppies are let loose, and they follow the trail from sniffing the anacid. Of course to begin with they would only be taken over the trails about three or four miles. The man is not there then. He has been over the trail scattering the anacid and he doesn't keep in a direct line; he zig-zags, and it's really interesting to watch these puppies doing this for the first time. They would be then about a year old. Some might be a little more. After the puppy hound trials, then the hounds themselves, but of course they are given a long trail. It might be as much as ten miles, and they are times and, of course prizes given for the hounds coming in first. It's a very expensive business keeping hounds, and not as many people as formerly did can afford to now. But when they're out with the hounds it's a great time for the dales and Lakeland men, as they are called. And

And then we have the sheep dog trials. Those are the sheep that after the shearing season are let loose again upon the hills. Then comes the date for the sheep dog trials. The dog, you see, is not sent out after sheep that he has known; not his own flock. The

sheep are brought down to a certain part of the hill and then one by one the dogs are let loose, by their own shepherd, and the dog is given nine minutes, and he leaves the point where his shepherd is. The shepherd blows a whistle, and away goes the dog, and he rounds up three sheep. He has to bring them down through a gateway in a certain way, and if you've had anything to do with sheep you know how stubborn they can be. Bring them down to his shepherd, go round to the back of the shepherd, take them up a little way again and bring them through another gateway placed there for the purpose, and in the opposite direction from what he brought the first gateway, then through from there and in to the fold, and he has to do it all in nine minutes. After he once starts off for the gather as it is termed - that's gathering the sheep in - the shepherd is not allowed to give him any directions. It's really very interesting. Now you don't find that dog running. You never hear a sound. He doesn't bark. He doesn't snap at their heels. You'll find him sometimes close up to them, almost nosing them. Other times you'll find him creeping on his stomach to get them in, and you'll find two sheep going through the gate in the proper way, and you'll find one that just will not do it. And finally he'll get the three through, and then to put them in the fold. Right beside the fold his shepherd is standing, so that when he does get them into the fold the shepherd closes the gate so they cannot get out.

In this afternoon when I saw them there was only about five that managed to complete the whole arrangement in the nine minutes. When the nine minutes are up the referee blows a whistle and nothing more can be done. There's no extension of time given.

At these fairs there are no grandstand seats. You've paid your money to enter the field, and then you stand by the wire railing separating you from the lambs set aside for the trials, or you can climb hillsides, and of course the ubiquitous small boy, you can find him in the branches of a tree. But there you stand in the sunshine or in the rain, or the wind, whatever the weather happens to be. And it's the most democratic gathering that you could find anywhere. You'll find the large landowners; you'll find some of our old families represented, and the duke of this and the earl of that and then you'll find alongside of that the shopkeepers. And after it was over we had tea.

Told by Mrs. Jeannie Leslie, Sackville, N.B.,  
and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1953