

Reel 117B

- 1-2 New Annan Mountain, sung by Mr. Will McQueen, local;
1 vs. only
- 2-5 The Plains of Waterloo, sung by Mr. Arthur Tucker,
Tatamagouche; good song, but only 3 vs.;
different from other songs of this title.
- 5-6 Pat Malone, sung by Mr. Will McQueen, Tatamagouche;
2 vs. only; for another variant see reel 26
- 6-7 I'm Going To Be Married, sung by Mr. Will McQueen;
fragment only
- 7-9 Hogs in the Cellar sung by Mrs. Harry Patriquin, Millbrook;
10 vs. good; song of parson and his beer;
begins with piano accompaniment but is
repeated without.
- 9-10 Frog in the Well, sung by Mrs. Harry Patriquin; one
verse and chorus; good variant; tyhumping
noise made by mother keeping time with her
hand on baby's back as she sings
- 10-11 Robbie Tampson's Smitty, sung by Mr. Ernest Bell, West
New Annan, 4 vs. quite nicely sung
- 11-12 Sic A Wife As Willie Had, sung by Dr. Gass, Tatama-
gouche; 2 vs. & cho. nice as far as it
goes; words by Robert Burns
- 12-13 Our Goodman, sung by Dr. Gass; 2 vs. nicely sung
- 13-21 Stories of Tatamagouche, told by Dr. Gass and Dr.
Murray, Tatamagouche; mostly about strange
sayings of local characters; amusing.
- 21-23 The Nightingale, sung by Dr. Murray, Tatamagouche;
2 vs. has line, hark hark cried t he lady
hear the nightingales sing.
- 23-27 Alphabet Song, sung by Mrs. Mary Bailey; 7 vs. lumberman's
version, with chorus; nicely sung.
- 27-end Johnston Brown's Baby, sung by Mr. Will McQueen; 3 vs.;
comic; probably music hall; not too well sung.

Way up the New Annan Mountain
To the south side of the hill
There is a famous building
They call the Howards Mill,
It was Robert Gordon geared her,
He'd ne'er geared one before.

Then it goes on, it tells all about the crowd,
but I can't remember any more. It's an awful old
song. You know, that old water mill a hundred years
ago.

Sung by Mr. Will McQueen, Tatamagouche, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1953

Come all you brisk young lively lads,
Come listen unto me
Till I relate how I have fought
In the wars of Germany,
I fought through Spain and Portugal,
Through France and Flanders too,
'Twas little I thought I'd be reserved
For the plains of Waterloo.

2

'Twas on the fourth of June my boys
As you will now soon hear,
The drums and fifes I played so sweet,
We knew the French were near,
There was money with this gallant troops
His numbers being few,
He bravely went and pitched his tent
On the plains of Waterloo.

3

'Twould fill your hearts with grief my boys
For to see those Frenchmen's wives,
Likewise the little children,
The tears rolled from their eyes,
Saying, "Mother dearest mother,
We shall forever rue
The day we lost our dear fathers
On the plains of Waterloo.

All the singer can remember

Sung by Mr. Arthur Tucker, Tatamagouche, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1953

There was hard times in Irishtown,
Everything was going down,
And Pat Malone was pushed for ready cash,
Till his wife to him she said,
"Oh Pat if you were only dead,
There's insurance on your life that we could have. "

2

So Pat lay down to try and make a die
Till he smelt the whiskey at his wake,
Then the corpse got up and spake

Fragment sung by Mr. Will McQueen, Tatamagouche, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1953

Oh sixteen years old is too young to be married,
For when you get married your troubles begin,
So put off your wedding next Monday morning.

Fragment sung by Mr. Will McQueen, Tatamagouche,
and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1953

Frog in the Well

Reel 117 B9-10

There was a frog lived in the well
To me rig dum bob me kimo,
And he had corn and meal to sell
To me rig dum bob me kimo,
Kimo learo kearo kimo,
Kimo learo kimo,
Flim flam paradiddle anna bobba rig dum,
Rig dum bob de kimo.

Sung by Mrs. Harry Patriquin, Millbrook, Col. Co.,
and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1953

A parson was once a remarkable foible
 For loving his bottle much more than his Bible,
 Was deemed by his neighbors to be much perplexed
 For his handling a tankard much more than his text.

Cho.

Fal a la, la la la la la lay,
 La la la, la la la, la la ley.

2

This parson had got a fine cask of strong beer
 By way of a present no matter from where,
 He tapped it and found it was toothsome and good
 And he loved it as well as he did his own blood. Cho.

3

In preaching one day from his pulpit he cried,
 "My dearly beloved make patience your guide,
 Shouldn't you in the midst of your troubles and crosses
 Remember the patience of Job and his losses?" Cho.

4

As he the church service in haste rambled o'er
 The hogs found their way to the old cellar door,
 And by the strong scent of the beer and barrel lid
 They tapped at the spigot and knocked out its head. Cho.

5

Now service being over and prayers at an end
 He brings along with him a neighboring friend
 To be a partaker of Sunday good cheer
 And to taste of his nappy October brown beer. Cho.

6

Now dinner being over and everything snug
 He says to the wife, "Now go fetch us a mug,"
 And hardly before he had time for to tell her
 Till oh she cries out, "There's the hogs in the cellar." Cho.

7

"To be sure they got in while we were at prayers,
 To be sure you're a fool so go get you downstairs,
 And make haste to return and to tell what's the matter
 For I now myself hear a grunt and a clatter." Cho.

8

The mistress returned with a pitiful face,
 With suitable phrases related the case,
 He ranted and raged up and down in the room
 And he beat both the hogs and his wife with the broom. Cho.

9

"O dear," cries the wife, "what a row you raise here
 For one simple beggarly barrel of brown beer,
 Shouldn't you in the midst of your troubles and crosses
 Remember the patience of Job and his losses?" Cho.

10

"O hocks on your Job," cries the priest in a rage,
 "I daresay my cask was nigh ten years of age,
 And you a poor ignorant fool like his wife,
 For Job never had such a cask in his life." Cho.

Sung by Mrs. Harry Patriquin, Millbrook,
 Colchester Co., and recorded by Helen Creighton Aug. 1953.

Learned from her father.

Robbie Tamson's Smitty

Reel 117B10-11

My mither ment me auld breeks
And oh but they were duddy,
And sent me to get Molly shod
At Robbie Tamson's smitty.

2

The smitty stands beyont the burn
That wimples through the cloekin',
Yet every time I pass the door
And aye I fa' a-laughin'.

3

Auld Robin was a wealthy carl
And had a bonny daughter,
~~And~~ So all the lads from far and near
And all the country sought her.

4

But what think ye of my exploit
The time the mare was shoein'?
I slipped up beside the lass
And briskly fell a-wooing.

Sung by Mr. Ernest Bell, West New Annan, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1953.

Apparently there was a chorus sung by the
person from whom he learned it, but he has always
left it out.

Willie Wastle dwelt on Tweed,
The spot they ca'd it Linkum-doddie,
Willie was a wabster guid,
Could stown a clue wi' ony body,
He had a wife who was dumb and dim,
Auld Tinker Maggie was her midder,
Cho.

Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wouldna gie a button for her.

2

She had a hump upon her breast,
The twin o' that upon her shoulder,
Twa rusty teeth forbye a stump,
Her face would fyie the Logan water,
She was bow-houghed, she was hem-shinned,
A limpin' leg a handbreadth shorter, Cho.

3

Buit Willie's wife was nae sae

Sung by Dr. Gass, Tatamagouche, and recorded by
Helen Creighton, Aug. 1953.

The first vs. only sung; for rest of words see
Robert Burns.

Hame came my goodman at e'en and hame came he,
And there he saw a broadsword where na' a sword should be,
"And how came this sword here, and whose may it be,
And how came this sword here wi'out the leave of me?"

2

"Ye old bairn hanner carl an' blinner may ye be,
It's a silvery-handled parritch stack me mither sent to me,"
"Far hae I gone, muckle hae I seen,
But a silver-handled parritch stack the like I never ken."

Fragment sung by Dr. Gass, Tatamagouche, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1953.

Dr. Gass: The story that Dick Patterson mentions is the story of a man down in Brule, Mr. Langille, and mainly shows his ~~use~~ use of the king's English. Anyway he came in and borrowed a gun from a neighbor to go down and shoot a duck he said he saw on the shore, and when he returned the gun he had no duck, and the neighbor asked him what happened the duck, and his reply was,

"Oh I crup him but the bugger div."

Dr. Gass: There's another story of the same type; the story of Capt. Billy Langille who with his son ran a little two masted schooner, and they used to come on Saturday night and sail close in to the shore, and their home was just up over the bank on the shore. And this Saturday night they came home and it was late and dark and instead of going ashore and sleeping in their home they decided that they would sleep aboard and go ashore in the morning. So they threw the anchor overboard, but the anchor caught in the chains of the bowsprit some way or other so that the boat wasn't anchored,

They went below and went to bed, and during the night a breeze from off the land sprung up and blew them away out to sea. Well, in the morning the young fellow got up and poked his head above the companionway, and expected to gaze on the friendly shores of Brule, but he saw nothing but water all around him, and he called down to his father,

"Father, father, we isn't here," and the old man, he came rushing up and he looked all around ~~xxxxx~~ saw nothing but water, and he said,

"Neider we is here, but where de hell is we?"

Dr. ^{Gass} ~~Murray~~ Another old fellow, Mr. X we'll call him, he could neither read nor write, and yet he used to pretend that he could read and he used to come over every once in a while to the village and go into one of the stores and sit down on a case of eggs of something and pick up a newspaper and studiously read the morning's news. One morning he was sitting reading the paper in this store and somebody came in and said, "Well, Mr. X what's all the news in the paper this morning?" Mr. X looked up and said, "Oh nothing very much. There's a ship upot in Truro."

(He was looking at a picture of a ship and had the paper upside down and anybody who knows Truro knows it isn't a seaport and ships didn't come in there, but Truro was about as far away as the old man could think of going.)

Dr. Gass: Charlie Brown was another old character around these parts. He was a Dutchman, or a man from the low countries somewhere according to his speech, and he was known as "Tudder 'ellan." The way he got the

Dr. Murray: Peter was loading a load of deal and he had a gang of men doing the work and they got the car loaded.

"Boys", he says, "that car's loaded beyond its captivity; you'll have to defer some to another car.."

Dr. Murray: Many years ago a prize fight took place in Tatamagouche between the Kentucky Rosebud and the Belfast Spider. The contestants were sparring away quite a bit and suddenly one of them was knocked out and he appealed to the referee that he was hit below the belt.

"No," the other contestant said, "I didn't hit you below the belt because you were standing on your head when I hit you."

Stories told by Dr. Gass and Dr. Murray of
Tatamagouche, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug 1953

"Good mornin', good mornin', good mornin'," he said,
"Which way are you goin' my pretty fair maid?"
"I am goin' for to wander on the banks of the stream
For to see the water glidin', hear the nightingales sing. "

2

He tuned up his fiddle, drew higher the string,
He played us the tune o'er and over again,
He played us the tune what he used to afore,
Hark hark, cried the lady, hear the nightingales sing.

Sung by Dr. Murray, Tatamagouche, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1953

Sung exactly as he heard it from a local
resident.

A is the axes you very well know,
 And B is the boys who can use it just so,
 C is the camp that we live in
 And D is the drive that we go on in spring.

Cho.

So merry, so merry, so merry are we,
 No mortal on earth is so happy as we,
 Hi derry, ho derry, hi derry down,
 Give the shanty boys grog and there's nothing goes wrong.

2

E is the echo that rose through the woods,
 And F is the foreman the head of the crews,
 G is the grindstone so merrily turns round
 And H is the handle so smooth and so round. Ch o.

3

I is the iron that plays on the pine,
 And J is the jolly crews all in a line,
 Ke is the keen edge our ax always keeps
 And L is the lice that keeps us from sleep. Cho.

4

M is the moss we use in our camp
 And N is the needle that mends up our pants,
 O is the owl that hoots in the night
 And O is the pine that's always felled right. Cho.

5

Q is the quarrels that we don't allow,
 And R is the river we haul the logs to,
 S is the sled so stout and so strong
 And T is the team that hauls them along. Cho.

6

U is the use we put ourselves to,
 And V is the valley we haul the logs through,
 W is the woods we leave in the spring
 And now I have sung all I'm going to sing. Cho.

7

The next three letters I can't put in rhyme,
 If you can my darling just tell me in time,
 The train is now coming, the whistle has blown,
 So good-bye my darling, to the woods I must go. Cho.

Sung by Mrs. Mary Bailey, Tatamagouche, and
 recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1953

(Mrs. Bailey's husband worked in the lumber woods.)

Old Johnston Brown was a worn out clown
And a good old clown he'd been,
He had enough money for to buy himself a home
Way down in Trenton Green,
But he never forgot the way in which
He earned his daily bread,
And every time that the fit came on
He stood upon his head.

Cho.

Then all the people shouted out hello,
All the people shouted out oh my,
There was Brown upside down
With his heels sticking up in the air.

2

Next door to Brown was a widow Mrs. Birch,
He proposed and she answered yes and they toddled off to church,
Will you take this woman to be your wife the worthy parson said,
And turning to his great surprise was Brown upon his head. Cho.

3

In two years time a child was born
To the great delight of Brown,
And like his father in every respect
He was a regular little clown,
And at the age of three days old
He toddled out of bed,
And to the nurse's great surprise
He was standing on his head. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Will McQueen, Tatamagouche, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1953

Learned in the lumber woods.