

Reel 118A

- 1-5 The Crockery Ware, sung by Mr. Will McQueen, Taramagouche; comic; 8 vs, well sing; good bright tune; probably music hall; this is my 4th variant
- 5-6 Old Maid of Fifty-Three, sung by Mr. Will McQueen; much better song than title suggests, and may be quite old; 8 vs.
- 6-7 Common Bill, sung by Mrs. Mary Bailey, Tatamagouche; 4 vs.; amusing, love song; late, but quite nice.
- 7-10 McCarthy's Song, sung by Mr. Neil O'Brien, Pictou; local; 14 vs. quite nicely sung; see S.B.N.S.p.288 for another variant; this is my 3rd.
- 10-15 Nancy's Courtship, sung by Mr. Neil O'Brien; nice little love song; 6 vs.; dialogue between man and girl.
- 15-16 Broken Ring Song, sung by Mr. O'Brien; 2 vs. only but nice tune and well sung
- 16-17 It's Nice To Be A Father, sung by Mr. O'Brien; 6 vs. & cho; pleasant little song; father rejoices in having son.
- 17-19 John Martin Duffy, sung by Mr. O'Brien; 5 double verses; good tune; words same as reel 1103; amusing
- 19-22 The Drowsy Sleeper, sung by Mrs. Greta Heighton, River John; 6 vs.; nicely sung, but reel 5 better; this is my 4th variant
- 22-26 The Chippewa Stream, sung by Mrs. Heighton; 6 vs. nicely sung to good tune; my 2nd variant; love song.
- 26-end The Broken Ring, sung by Mrs. Heighton, 7 vs. well sung, but above tune and others better; this is my 8th variant.

Crockery Ware

118AH-5  
Reel 118B

Oh in Bristol town a man did dwell,  
He courted a girl and he loved her well,  
And it was all his heart don't crave  
To stay with him and she gave him leave.

Cho.

To me rhy whack fol the diddle lidy eh,  
Rhy whack fol the diddle lidy oh.

2

Oh when this little girl in bed did lay  
Thinking of a trick to play,  
So in the way she set a chair  
And on it put the crockery ware. Cho.

3

O when this young man came here in the night  
Seeking for his heart's delight,  
When he tripped his toe agin' the chair  
And fell headlong in the crockery ware. Cho.

4

Up jumped the old woman in a terrible fright  
Calling for a candle light,  
Saying, "Who is here, and who is there,  
Or who is in my crockery ware?" Cho.

5

O it's, "Old woman, old woman, don't get cross,  
I missed my way and I came to loss,  
I tripped my toe agin' the ~~chair~~ chair  
And fell headlong in the crockery ware." Cho.

6

She took him by the ears and nose  
And gave him three most thundering blows,  
Saying, "Clear out of here or I'll pull your hair  
If you break any more of my crockery ware." Cho.

7

The watch was called without delay  
And sure enough I had to pay,  
Five shillings for the broken chair  
And one pound ten for the crockery ware. Cho.

8

Come all you jolly courting smacks,  
To go a-courting in the night,  
Never trip your toe agin' the chair  
If you do you'll pay for the crockery ware. Cho.

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



When I was a maiden of eighteen years  
 I was scornful as scornful could be,  
 I was taught to expect wit, wisdom, and gold,  
 So nothing else would do for me,  
 So nothing else would do for me.

2

The first was a farmer, a fine looking man,  
 Just the age of twenty-three,  
 But I couldn't bear the thought of having to raise hay,  
 So he wouldn't do for me,  
 So he wouldn't do for me.

3

The next was a Yankee just landed six weeks  
 Reduced to poverty,  
 For in getting through the ground he had run through his land  
 So he wouldn't do for me,  
 So he wouldn't do for me.

4

The next was a duke with the garnet of gold  
 With his garter below his knee,  
 But his face like his form looked so wonderfully old,  
 So he wouldn't do for me,  
 So he wouldn't do for me.

5

The next was a parson so burly and big  
 Expecting a very large fee,  
 But I couldn't bear the thought of his old bushy wig  
 So he wouldn't do for me,  
 So he wouldn't do for me.

6

That was the last, I was then forty-two,  
 I am now just fifty-three,  
 But any of the men I rejected to then  
 Would now do very well for me,  
 Would now do very well for me

7

*Seldom*  
 My ringlets I borrow, my roses I buy,  
 I still don't go out to tea,  
 And if ever I venture a ~~near~~ wish or a sigh,  
 Why no one returns them to me,  
 Why no one returns them to me.

8

Come all you pretty fair maids a warning take by me  
 Who are scornful as scornful can be,  
 Lest you in your silly dreams may awake  
 Old maidens at fifty-three.

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



I will tell you of a fellow, of a fellow I have seen  
Who is neither black nor yellow but is altogether green,  
And his name is nothing charming, it is only common Bill,  
And he begs me to accept him but I hardly think I will.

2

Oh he told me of a cottage, of a cottage 'mong the trees,  
And don't you think the fellow fell right down upon his knees,  
And the tears that creature wasted were enough to turn a mill  
And he begs me to accept him but I hardly think I will.

3

He told me of devotion, of devotion pure and deep  
And he talked so very silly that I almost fell asleep,  
And he thinks it will be pleasant as we journey down the hill  
To go hand in hand together, but I hardly think it will.

4

O you know I wouldn't have him but that I am fairly in it,  
For he says if I refuse him that he cannot live a minute,  
And you know that the commandment plainly says we must not kill  
So I thought the matter over and I rather think I will.

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



One day last September long shall I remember  
 My coat lined with silver and heart full of glee,  
 Being bent on a frolic I swore I would travel  
 Intending great Halifax city to see.

2

I crossed Taylor's Bay harbour in very good order,  
 From that to Pope's Harbour both up hill and down  
 When I took in me noddle to get a full bottle  
 I called at Brian's tavern that holy renown.

3

'Twas there when I had at the hotel arrived  
 I was invited in the parlour as you may suppose,  
 Brian full of soft sodder with Warren in the corner  
 Received me politely with a how-do-you-do.

4

I called for a flagon and got a full bottle,  
 All hands I then treated and paid the cash down.  
 Says, Brian, "Me good fellow you're heartily welcome  
 You've plenty of money, I pray you sit down."

5

Being easily persuaded myself then I seated,  
 All hands again treated with full bumpers round,  
 Being fond of the creather my head got delirious,  
 They made me a bed on the floor to lie down.

6

'Twas there I lay moaning in the horrors a-groaning,  
 No one to come near me or hear to my call,  
 They battered and bruised me and thoroughly abused me  
 For surely they hurt both my liver and gall.

7

Then they shifted me bob(?) up to very cold quarters  
 To a chamber more colder than the north frozen pole,  
 No one to come near me, no fire to cheer me,  
 But a bucket of water to nourish my soul.

8

'Twas early next morning the landlord gave orders  
 To pay for my quarters and what I had called,  
 When plain to be seen I had paid the last farthing  
 He swore black and blue I paid nothing at all.

9

When the good guardian angel calls free from all danger  
 He told to me soon it was time to be gone,  
 Like Lot quitting Sodom and wicked Gommorah  
 'Twas home then I started quite feeble alone.

10

Each step as I walked I staggered and halted,  
 My heart's blood being gushing through ears, mouth and nose,  
 Till Hilsh~~ty~~ and Glawson like the good old Samaritans  
 Conducted me safe unto old Mrs. Haws.

11

By her I was cured and kindly treated  
 My wounds that were bleeding she poured oil and wine,  
 With motherly feeling she nursed and relieved me  
 With words full of softness that seemed so divine.

(over)



12

My health being regaining I offered her payment,  
But she freely forgive both her labour and time,  
May the great God reward her both here and hereafter  
In glory eternal I hope she may shine.

13

Now me frolic is over no more I'll be a rover,  
Here's adieu to Pope's Harbour and Halifax town,  
I'll go in the Vasia with Henry and Sarah  
That bonnie Scotch lady ~~who~~ wears not a frown.

14

For Brian's rum and water I'll not taste hereafter,  
But at home keep a bottle my sorrow to drown,  
For me Irish blood scorns the name of an informant  
To call on excisemen and put his house down.

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

Compare S.B.N.S. p. 288

As I walked out one evening down by a riverside  
I heard two lovers talking, this fair maid she replied,  
"You're the most unconstant young man that ever I did know,  
You promised for to marry me, why did you not do so?"

2

"If I promised for to marry you I scorn to break my vow,  
But the truth to you pretty Polly I never told till now,  
If I'd all the gold and silver that ever I did see  
With pleasure I would spend it in your sweet company."

3

"O begone you falsehearted young man you're the flower of all disdain  
You came both late and early my favour for to gain,  
It's now I disregard you, this world can plainly see,  
From you and all men breathing thank God this night I'm free."

4

"You went and courted Nancy, that girl with the rolling eye,  
She was all your joy and fancy, how can you this deny?  
"Who told you those stories and told them to be true,  
That Nancy and I were courting and had forgotten you?"

5

"It was only to bring the variance between you love and I,  
I hate such silly arguments, with you I'll live and die,  
You see those little small birds that fly from tree to tree,  
They are kinder to each other than you have been to me."

6

Those words she spoke with tenderness, they grieved poor Willie's  
heart,  
He tried to go and leave her but from her would not part,  
The day being fine and sunny down by the church they passed,  
They joined their hands in wedlock bands, long luck has come at last.

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



As Lady Jane walked in her garden  
A gentleman came a-riding by,  
And as he viewed her he stepped up to her  
And says, "Fair maid, won't you fancy I?"

2

"O no," she says, "I'm but a servant,  
And you're some man of high degree,  
Some other rich lady will be your companion,  
For I'm scarce fit your servant to be."

3

Fragment sung by Mr. Neil O'Brien, Pictou, and  
recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1953.



O set your bells ~~and~~ ringing  
An~~d~~ fire off your guns,  
Blow your trumpets inside out  
And bang your biggest drums.

2

If anyone should ask you  
What's the cause of all the joy,  
Just tell them I'm the father  
Of a bouncing baby boy.

Chō.

O it's nice to be a father,  
It's nice to be a father,  
It's ~~fine~~ to be a parent  
But don't you wish me joy?

3

Of course we're going to celebrate  
This very great event,  
We're going to have a christening  
And invite all the gents.

4

And on the night of the christening  
We'll startle all the town,  
We're going to call him Tony Marcus  
Julius Caesar Brown. Cho.

5

O the little flopsy wopsy,  
And the chookabiddy chum,  
We'll give him plenty candy  
And lots of sugar plum.

6

He ride in his coachy woatsy,  
With his litle cousins too,  
All round the parky warky  
With a cockle doodle doo. Cho.

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



John Martin Duffy was judge of a court  
 In a small little town in the west,  
 He didn't know much about points of the law  
 But a judge he was one of the best.  
 One day a young negro was brought to the court  
 For stealing a new pair of pants,  
 The people all knew he was guilty of course  
 But those words from the judge made him dance.

2

"Young man I'll discharge you, now run away home,  
 I'll let you go this time, you're free now to roam,  
 For the evidence shows me right here at a glance  
 That you can't make a suit out of one pair of pants."

3

Now John Martin Duffy had a pair of blind mules,  
 For hauling him round through the town,  
 One night a bold burglar stole one of those mules  
 And made his escape from the ground.  
 But Duffy a man believing in faith  
 He prayed in the night and he prayed in the day,  
 That the good Lord might send that bold burglar his way  
 But he came in the night time, for he was no fool  
 And while Duffy slept stole his other blind mule.

4

One day in the winter a murder occurred,  
 A blacksmith was charged with the crime,  
 They caught him red-handed, though he had three trials,  
 And the verdict was guilty each time/  
 But he was the only blacksmith in the town,  
 And they wanted to save his dear life,  
 So Duffy rose up on the bench like a lord,  
 In a few words he ended the strife.

5

"Young man I'll discharge you,  
 We need you in town,"  
 Those words Duffy spoke ~~which~~  
 Which gained his renown,  
 "We have two Chinese laundryman  
 Everyone knows,  
 We'll save the poor blacksmith  
 And hang one of those."

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



The Drowsy Sleeper

Reel 118A19-22  
" 118B9-14

"Who is at my bedroom window  
Disturbing of my night's rest?"

"It is, it is your own true lover,  
The very one that you love best."

x2 4

"Go Maggie dear, go ask your mother  
See if you my bride may be,  
If she says no thou come and tell me  
And I'll no longer trouble ~~thaxx~~ be."

3 5

"It is no use of asking mother,  
For she is on to set us free,  
You better go and court some other  
For you can never marry me."

x4 6

"I can climb the highest mountain,  
I can rob the eagle's nest,  
I can go and court another,  
But you're the one that I love best."

x5 7

She drew the dagger from his pocket  
And she buried it deep, deep in her breast,  
Saying adieu for her cruel parents,  
"I'll die with one that I love best."

x6 8

He drew the dagger from her bosom  
And he buried it deep, deep in his breast,  
Saying adieu for her cruel parents,  
And they died with the one that they loved best.

Sung by Mrs. Greta Heighton, Dr. Roy W. Mackenzie's  
singer, River John, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1953.  
Dr. Mackenzie's voice heard in conversation at end.

2

"Go Maggie dear go ask your father  
See if you my bride may be,  
If he says no love come and tell me  
And I'll no longer trouble be."

3

"It is no use of asking father  
For he is on his bed of rest  
And by his side a silver dagger  
To stab the one that I love best."

Sung over when less nervous, with all the verses.  
Complete on 118B



As I went a-walking one evening in June  
A viewing the roses - they were in full bloom -  
I met a pretty fair maid as I passed her by,  
She was washing some linens by the Chippewa Stream.

2

I went up beside her and I made a low bow,  
And what I said to her I'll tell to you now,  
"It's been twelve months or better my mind's been on thee,  
And it's now we'll get married if you will agree."

3

"To marry, to marry, kind sir I'm too young,  
And Besides all you young men have a false flattering tongue,  
How cross would my mother and father would be  
If I was to wed with a rover like thee."

4

He turned around quickly knowing well what to say,  
"I wish you a good man, a good man I pray,  
The sky it looks heavy, I think we'll have rain,"  
So they shook hands and parted on the Chippewa Stream.

5

"O come back love, come back love, you've quite won my heart,  
It is now we'll get married and never more part,  
'Tis now we'll get married and happy we'll be  
And live happy together till the day that we die. "

6

"The last words you spoke love was far out of tune,  
The last words you spoke love I've quite changed my mind,  
I think it's far better for single to remain  
Than to court some pretty fair maid on the Chippewa Stream."

Sung by Mrs. Greta Heighton, Dr. Roy W. Mackenzie's  
informant, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1953



A maid was walking in her garden,  
A single sailor came gliding by,  
He stepped up towards her, he thought he knew her,  
And said, "Fair maid, do you fancy I?"

2

"You seem to me like a man of honour,  
A noble lord you appear to be,  
How could you ask a single maiden  
Fit enough your servant to be?"

3

"A girl like you I would like to marry,  
A girl like you to be my wife,  
I'll marry you, make you my lady,  
Have maid-servants to wait upon you."

4

"Seven long years he's been to ocean,  
Seven long years he's been to sea,  
Seven long years I'll wait upon him,  
And if he's alive he'll return to me.

5

"And if he's dead, why, heaven bless him,  
We'll meet upon that other shore,  
It was for his sake I'd never marry  
Treasures blooming on every side."

6

He put his hand right in his pocket,  
His fingers were both long and slim,  
He brought out the ring they'd ~~xxx~~ broken between them  
And when she saw it down did fall.

7

He picked her up into his arrums,  
Gave her kisses one by one,  
"You are my own true lonely sailor,"  
"I just came back to marry you."

Sung by Mrs. Greta Heighton, River John, Dr. Rpy  
W. Mackenzie's informant, and recorded by Helen  
Creighton, Sept. 1953.