

Reel 118B

- 1-5 The Sea Captain, sung by Mrs. Greta Heighton, River John, 5 vs. nicely sung; good song; see Mackenzie p. 74
- 5-6 The Lady's Fan, sung by Mrs. Heighton, 11 vs. well sung, but not as well as Mrs. Everett's, under title The Lion's Den, reel 14; see Mackenzie p. 82
- 6-9 The Cedar Grove, sung by Mrs. Heighton; local; wreck; 9 vs.; nicely sung, but other tunes maybe better; Mackenzie p. 236
- 9-14 The Drowsy Sleeper, sung by Mrs. Heighton; repeated; 8 vs. for words see reel 118A19-22; see also reel 110B9-15 sung by Evelyn Swim.
- 14-15 The Frog and the Mouse sung by Mrs. Heighton, 5 vs. nicely sung; slightly different from usual.
- 15-16 Twenty Froggies, sung by Mrs. Heighton, 6 vs. very nice for children, and well sung
- 16-17 Peter Emberley, sung by Mrs. Heighton; 2 vs. only; this is my 8th variant
- 17-18 The Jam on Gerry's Rocks, sung by Mrs. Heighton; 3 vs. this is my 6th variant
- 18-19 Talk About A Song, by Mrs. Greta Heighton.
- 19-22 Sweet Florella, sung by Mr. Alvah McKinnon; 7 vs.; slow and solemn; this is my 7th variant
- 22-24 The Deserter, sung by Mr. McKinnon, 4 vs.; both words and tune mixed up.
- 24-25½ The Herbert Fuller sung by Mr. McKinnon; 1 vs. little use - see reel 93
- 25½-26 The Gay Spanish Maid, two lines recalled by Miss Margaret Patterson, Tatamagouche; says men sang it while working
- 26-26½ Gathering Up the Shells on the Sea Shore, 2 lines only, sung by Miss Patterson
- 26½-end Stories of Tatamagouche told by Miss Margaret Patterson and Mr. McKinnon; good; amusing.

The rewas a sea captain that followed the sea
Let the winds blow high or blow low boys,
"I will die, I will die," ~~xxxxx~~was the seaman's reply
"If I don't get that maid from the shore, shore,
If I don't get that maid from the shore. "

2

One night at the ocean he took her on board,
The captain he gave her a share O,
He gave her a big gun from the cabin below
And farewell all sorrow and care, care,
And farewell all sorrow and care.

3

The night being so still and the water so calm
She sat at the stern of the ship O,
Her voice was so sweet, so neat and complete,
She sang seamen and captain to sleep, sleep,
She sang seamen and captain to sleep.

4

She took off his jewsils, she took off his ring,
She took off his gosbear to wear O,
She took his broadsword for to make her an oar
And she paddled her way to the shore, shore,
And she paddled her way to the shore.

5

"O was your men mad, or was your men drunk,
Or was your men deep in despair O?
But to let me roam all alone by the shore,
I'm a maid most agin on the shore, shore,
I'm a maid most agin on the shore. "

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

Come and sit down and I'll sing you a dittie-is
 Concerning a pretty fair maid,
 She was fair, fair-aged beauty,
 Worth ten thousand pounds a year.

2

Many of her young men came for to see her,
 Many's a one she did adore,
 She had two lovers and they were brothers
 And one of them she did adore.

3

One of them was a great sea captain
 That sailed the largest ship that sailed,
 The other of them was a lef-uan-tenant (lieutenant)
 Of the Tiger man-of-war.

4

When they were seated by the dinner table
 A lady unto them made this reply,
 "Let us three take a walk out together,
 Content my heart to them must try."

5

As they were walking down by the river
 Where they was a lion's den,
 She threw her fan into the den
 And one like that she held right there.

6

"Anybody here for to do me a favour,
 Anybody here my heart to win,
 Anybody here for to do me a favour
 Will return my fan again."

7

Up speaks the faint-hearted captain
 And unto the lady made this reply,
 "In the den there lies great danger,
 Life and death I dare not try."

8

Up speaks the bold lieutenant
 And unto the lady made this reply,
 "In the den there lies great danger,
 I'll return your fan or die."

9

Into the den he quickly bolted
 Where the lions grew fierce and strong,
 For his sword for his protection
 He returned the fan again.

10

When she saw that her true lover was coming
 And no harm was done to him,
 She threw her head onto his bosom,
 "You're the one my heart did win."

11

Up speaks the faint-hearted captain
 And unto the lady made this reply,
 "Many a desert lands I've travelled,
 For your life I'll repent and die."

The Frog and the Mouse

Reel 118B14-15

Old bullfrog went a-courting, he did go um huh,
Old bullfrog went a-courting, he did go ~~uh huh~~,
With a sword and a pistol by his side um huh.

2

Old bullfrog went down to lady mouse um huh,
Old bullfrog went down to lady mouse
To see lady mouse on her wedding day um huh.

3

The cat and the kitten went down that way um huh
The cat and the kitten went down that way
To see lady mouse on her wedding day um huh.

4

The cat caught the rat and the kitten caught the mouse um huh,
The cat caught the rat and the kitten caught the mouse
And old bullfrog went home to his house um huh.

5

Old bullfrog was swimming down the lake um huh,
Old bullfrog was swimming down the lake
And he got swallowed by a great big snake um huh.

Sung by Mrs. Greta Heighton, River John, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1953.

Twenty Froggies

Reel 118B15-16

Twenty froggies went to school
Down beside a rushing pool,
Twenty little coats of green
Twenty vests all white and clean

2

"You must be in time," said they,
"Must not frolic, must not play,
For we must not break the rule
When we froggies go to school."

3

Mr. Bullfrog brave and stern
Called the classes in their turn,
Taught them how to reach and dive
Also how their shoes to tie.

4

From the seat upon the log
Taught them how to say carrogh,
Also how to dodge a blow
From the sticks that bad boys throw.

5

Mr. Froggies grew up fast,
Bullfrogs they became at last,
Not one dunce among the lot,
Not one lesson they forgot.

6

Polished to a high degree
As each froggie ought to be,
Now they sit on other logs
Teaching other little frogs.

Sung by Mrs. Greta Heighton, River John, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1953.

Learned from her mother who was French; thinks she
must have learned it in her school days.

My name is Peter Emberley
I'll give you to understand,
I was born in Prince Edward's Island,
In the island you all know well,
In eighteen hundred and eighty- one
When the flowers they were valiant to view
I left my native countereee
My fortune to pursue.

2

I landed in New Brunswick,
That lumbering countereee,
I hired to work in the lumbering woods
With the sons of Miramichi,
I hired to work in the lumbering woods
Where they cut the tall spruce down,
In loading two sleighs from the yard
I proved my deadly wound.

Sung by Mrs. Greta Heighton, River John, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1953.

(all the singer could remember)

Was on a Sunday morning
 As you may quicklie hear,
 The logs they piled up mountains high,
 We could not keep them clear,
 The boss did say, "Turn to brave boys,
 Without one dread of fear,
 And break the jam on Gerry's rocks
 And to Haggertown we'll steer."

2

Some of them were willing
 While others did hang back,
 For a sto work on Sunday
 They did not think it right,
 But six Canadian shanty boys
 Did volunteer to go
 To break the jam on Gerry's Rock
 With their foreman young Munroe.

3

They had not rolled off many logs
 When the boss to them did say,
 "Young boys you must be on your watch
 For the jam will soon give way,"
 These words were scarcelie spoken
 When the jam did break and go,
 Carrying six of those bravy shanty boys
 And their foreman young Munree.

4

Fragment sung by Mrs. Greta Heighton, River John, and
 recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1953.

Talk About A Song

Reel 118B18-19

I often wish I knew that song. It was about a
 young fellah was going to be hung, and they were
 taking him to the gallows and he walked around the
 grass, and he told them if he was guilty that the
 grass would grow, and if he wasn't guilty that it
 would be bare where he walked, and it was always
 bare. That's how the story ended. I often heard
 the song about it. Yes my father sang it and I've
 heard Paul Brown sing it, and Johnny. I don't know
 any of it because I was young and - I just didn't
 like that. You know, I just didn't take to it, but
 I often thought about it since.

Told by Mrs. Greta Heighton, River John, and recorded
 by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1953.

The man speaking is Dr. Roy W. Mackenzie.

Down by yon drooping willow
Where the flowers do gently bloom
There lived a sweet Bologna
All silence in the tomb.

2

She died not broken-hearted,
Nor sickness she befell,
But in one moment parted
From the friends she loved so well.

3

One eve as the moon was shining
On those costly hills so gay
Unto her lovely dwelling
A traitorous lover drew.

4

Saying, "Love come let us wander
Into those woods so gay,
And 'this there we'll set and wander
Upon our wedding day."

5

From wandering she grew weary
So she retraced her way,
"Retrace your way, no never,
In these woods no more you shall roam,
So farewell my sweet Bologna
To your parents, friends, and home."

6

She fell on her knees before him
A-pleading for her life,
When in her fair young bosom
He plunged a cruel knife.

7

Her pulse it ceased in motion,
Her eyes they closed in death,
"I will forgive you Willie,"
Was her last dying breath.

Sung by Mr. Alvah McKinnon, Tatamagouche, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1953

Come all you tender-hearted,
I pray you lend an ear,
And when you hear my story
You can't but shed a tear,
It's of an aged couple
Who had an only son,
He was shot as a deserter
When the battle it was done.

2

He was neat, tall, and handsome,
His complexion being fair,
His eyes were of the deepest blue
And dark brown was his hair.
One morning just at daybreak
As on the battlefield he stood
A message came within his hand
And deep black was it sealed.

3

He hastily tore it open
And the first that caught his eye
Was, "Come home, come home dear Willie
Oncemore before I die."
The next morning just at dawn
By her bedside I stood near,
And as she gazed upon me
She gave a heavy sigh,
"Behold I see you home again
Once more before I die."

4

But scarce had I time to press her lips
When an officer appeared
He says, "You cowardly rascal
From the battlefield you've run,
You shall be shot as a deserter
When the battle it is done."

Sung by Mr. Alvah McKinnon, Tatamagouche, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1953.

All the singer could remember; tune mixed with
other songs

The Herbert Fuller

Reel 118B24-25

We sailed away from Boston
On the ninth day of July,
Our brigantine was trim and neat
Her flags flew through the breeze,
We little thought of murder,
Brutal murder on the seas

Sung by Mr. Alvah McKinnon, Tatamagouche, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1953

The Gay Spanish Maid

Reel 118B25-26

With her hat in her hand she went down by the strand
And sat down on a rock by the shore.

Two lines recalled by Miss Margaret Patterson, Tatamagouche
who said: I used to hear the men sing it on the schooners.
There used to be schooners here. When we were youngsters
we used to hear them.

Mrs. Almon who used to live here used to mimic the
men singing, and that was one piece, and if she was here
she'd know it all. She was a great mimic. She was an old
lady who died here last year. I've heard her sing this
song like the men used to sing it on the wharf. When
they'd sing it they'd be working.

Mr. McKinnon: There was one about gathering up the
shells on the seashore, but I don't remember any of it.
Miss Patterson: Those were the happiest days of all, love,
Gathering up the shells on the sea shore.

(That was part of the song).

Recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1953

There was a spar maker, George, and he was a champion fighter. He licked everybody in the countryside. So he was taking this load of hay up to the Patterson's mills, to the Howard Mills, and when he got up there, there was a dog, a watch dog, and he sounded pretty fierce, and the old man was up on top of the load of hay, and he was scared to come down, 'cause he was scared of the dog, so he stood up on the load of hay and he shook his fist. He said,

"A-a-a-a-ah, if ye was just a man!!!"

Old Campbell

"I told old Campbell to go to hell."

"What did he say?"

"He never heard me."

The Spar Maker and His Son

His son got into a fight at an election, and they were beating his son and the spar maker says,

"Bob, step away and let your father at them." And I just lickedy bung, he says, and down come six.

Eph and His Potatoes
digging his

Eph was ~~knawking~~ digging potatoes, and a friend, Jim Langille came along, and he says,

"Well Eph, how are the potatoes? A pretty good crop?"

"Well I'll just tell ye Jimmie, there ain't none, but what is, is good."

Mr. Eph Tattrie is in Truro, and he come home in the train by Oxford Junction, and he got off of the train at Oxford Junction and he went up to a man with big brass buttons on, and he says,

"Mr. is this the train for Tatamagouche?" and he says "Yes."

"By the gorry Benny, wasn't that a nice man?"

(Complete story on 119A. This runs over the tape).

Stories told by Miss Margaret Patterson and Mr. Alvah McKinnon, Tatamagouche, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1953.