

Reel 120A

- 1-3. Stories of Tatamagouche told by Miss Margaret Patterson of that town.
- 3-5 Fiddle tune, Soldier's Joy, played by Mr. Washington Tattrie, French River. These tunes not very well played
- 5-6. Lancers tune, name not known, said to be very old.
- 6-7. Fiddle & guitar, My Love Is But a Lassie Yet, played by Mr. Washington Tattrie on fiddle and his grandson Mr. Irving Tattrie on Hawaiiin guitar.
- 7-8. Nellie Gray played by same two as above
- 8-10. Lannigan's Ball played by same two as above
- 10-15. Dixie's Isle, sung by Mrs. Washington Tattrie, ~~regdod.~~
- 15-16. Barbara Allan, sung by Mrs. Tattrie, 1 vs. only; not very interesting tune.
- 16-27. Fiddle tunes played by Mr. John Murray, Earltown accompanied by Mrs. Dolly Bailey on organ; not very well played. Tunes are A Hundred Pipers; My Love She's But a Lassie Yet; Year of Jubilo; Cap't. Jenls; Lord McDonald's Reel; Mr. Murray.
- 27-end. I Rock All My Babies to Sleep, sung by Mr. Will McQueen, Tatamagouche. Music Hall.

People used to be very strict about what should be done on Sunday. My father told a story about when he was a little boy. He came out from Pictou to spend a week-end in Tatamagouche, and he and his sister went up through the field to go to church, and the strawberries were thick in the field, so he stopped. He was a little boy, and he picked some strawberries and ate them when he was going to church. He got into church and the minister was the Reverend Mr. Blackwood, a Scotchman and he was preaching on remembering the Sabbath day to keep it holy, and after enumerating certain things that people did on the Sabbath day, which they should not do, he said,

"And some would even pick the strawberries on the Sabbath day." So my father thought that he meant him, for he had stopped and eaten strawberries on the way to church. Father used to tell that story and laugh and laugh about it, how frightened he was. It wasn't till he got older that he knew it wasn't meant for him. He said the pulpits weren't as they were then. They were more like a box, and he was sitting in the corner.

Told by Miss Margaret Patterson, Tatamagouche

They went up to call on Sunday night, and the lady was in talking to Mrs. Sedgewick, and he was out talking to Dr. Sedgewick, and Dr. Sedgewick stooped down to pick a weed, and Mrs. Sedgewick saw him through the window. So she rapped on the window and said,

"Tom, Tom, don't you know this is the Sabbath day?" Just picking the weed was a sin.

Told by Miss Margaret Patterson, Tatamagouche

3-5 Soldier's Joy, played on fiddle by Mr. Washington Tattrie, French River.

5-6

Lancers Tune, played on fiddle by Mr. Washington Tattrie, French River. He does not remember where he learned it. Has always heard it here, played by many fiddlers here and around Londonderry (N.S.) He used to know the name of it, but can't remember it now.

6-7

My Love Is But a Lassie Yet, played on fiddle by Washington Tattrie, French River and his grandson Irving Tattrie on Hawaiian guitar. Has been a popular tune here as long as he can remember.

7-8

Nellie Grey, by above players

Larrigan's Ball by above players, learned from hearing other people whistle it, not dances.

Oh it's hark the drums are beating
 And no longer I can stay,
 The trumpets now are sounding
 That calls me far away,
 We are ordered down to New Orleans
 Which from here is many a mile
 To fight the southeren soldiers
 Away down on Dixie's Isle.

2

Oh Johnnie, lovelly Johnny
 Don't go and leave me so,
 For I will curse the day love
 That ever I was born,
 For the parting with you Johnny's dear
 I think it will be for a while,
 For they say you're going a-fighting
 Away down on Dixie's Isla.

3

I'll cut off my coal black hair
 And I'll go along with you,
 I'll cut off my curly hair
 And go down to New Orleans too,
 And we'll be loyal companions
 As the heavens upon us smile,
 And we'll comfort one another
 Away down on Dixie's Isle.

4

Oh Anna, lovelly Anna,
 Such things there never could be,
 Oh Anna, lovelly Anna,
 You'd better not go to sea,
 Your waist it is much too slender love,
 Your fingers are not of the style,
 I'm afraid you would not stand it love
 Away down on Dixie's Isle.

5

Oh may my curse attend them
 Since first the wars began,
 For they've robbed manys a mother
 Of her own darling son,
 't's may the curse attend them
 In any other style,
 May the blood stain the grass that grows
 Away down on Dixie's Isle.

6

Oh now the war is over
 And homeward we are bound,
 To meet our wives and loved ones
 And those we have left behind,
 We'll comfort and caress them
 As the heaves upon us smile,
 And we'll go no more a-fighting
 Away down on Dixie's Isle.

Sung by Mrs. Washington Tattie, French River.
 who learned it in Shubenacadie when a child. Tempo
 quickened from lack of breath.

Recorded by Helen

Creighton, Sept/53

Barbara Allan

Reel 120A15-16

'Twas early early in the spring
When the green buds they were blooming,
A young man on his death bed lie
For the love of Barbara Allan.

Sung by Mrs. Washington Tattie, French River,
and recorded for tune by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1953

I Rock All ^{Our} ~~My~~ Babies to Sleep

Reel 120A27-end

I am now thirty-five and my dear little wife
Is just ten years younger than me,
She's full of enjoyment and plenty of fun
And sometimes goes out on a spree,
And then she will roam away from her home
While I rock all our babies to sleep.

2

One night when I'd rocked all our babies to sleep
I took a short walk down the street,
And to my surprise I saw with my eyes
My wife with a man of six feet.
She says, "There's no harm, don't raise no alarm,
Don't you make any fuss on the street,"
So she tickled my chin and she says, "You go in
And rock all our babies to sleep."

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