

Reel 121A

F5630

23.269.2

MF289.536

- 1-3. My Love Is But a Lassie Yet, played on fiddle  
by Mr. Mingo & Seldon Swan, Middleton, Col. Co.
- 3-5 Wake Up Susan, played on fiddle by Mr. Mingo
- 5-6 Ellen the Fair, sung by Mr. Robbie Wilson, Middleton  
to pleasant tune; prett love song
- 6-7 Wreck of the Atlantic, sung by Mr. Robbie Wilson,  
a few verses for the tune.
- 7-8 The Lass of Mohee, sung by Mr. Robbie Wilson, 1 vs.  
for tune.
- 8-9 Ca' the Ewes Unto the Knowes, sung by Mr. Robbie  
Wilson, 1 vs. voice very weak.
- 9-10 Family History, forerunner, dream, and anecdote told  
by Robbie Wilson; this is very nice
- 18-20 Marabelle, sung by Mr. John David Wilson, brother of  
Robbie, Central New Annan; late song
- 20-21 Ca' the Ewes Unto the Knowes, sung by Mr. John  
David Wilson, 1 vs. & cho. better than 8-9
- 21-22 Nellie Ray, sung by Mr. John David Wilson; pretty  
love song, but late
- 22-23 Peter Amberley, sung by Mr. John David Wilson. 2 vs.  
for tune; local
- 23-25 The Crooked Bawbee, sung by Mrs. R.H. Byers,  
Tatamagouche with piano accompaniment; singer  
breaks down.
- 25-end Down the Burn, Davy Love, sung by Mrs. R.H. Byers with  
piano accompaniment; the piano is lovely, but  
tune pitched much too high.

Fair Ellen one morn from her cottage had strayed,  
 To the next market town tripped the beautiful maid,  
 She looked so charming, so goddess and fair,  
 The ladies all envied young Ellen the Fair.

2

"I've cowslips and jasmines and harebells so blue,  
 Wild roses and eglantines glistening with dew,  
 And the lily the queen of the valley so rare,  
 Come buy my sweet posies," cried Ellen the Fair.

3

Enraptured I gazed at this beautiful maid,  
 For a thousand sweet smiles on her countenance played,  
 And while I stood gazing, my heart I declare  
 A captive was taken by Ellen the Fair.

4

O could I but gain this fair nymph for my wife,  
 How gladly would I change my condition of life,  
 I'd forsake the gay follies of the town and repair  
 To dwell in a cottage with Ellen the Fair.

5

But what need I care for the lordly or great?  
 My parents are dead and I've a noble estate,  
 And no lady on earth, not a princess shall share  
 My hand or my fortune with Ellen the Fair.

6

In a little time after this nobleman's son  
 Did marry the maid his affections had won,  
 When presented at court how the monarch did stare  
 And the ladies all envied young Ellen the Fair.

Sung by Mr. Robbie Wilson, Middleton, Colchester  
 Co., and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1953.

Words for the most part read from Mackenzie p. 122  
 with a few minor changes. The first verse is as he  
 sang it from his own memory; it is like Mackenzie  
 on the tape.

vs. 6-10 inclusive as in Mackenzie p.230 the following  
is not in Mackenzie:

Sir Officer Brady, a brave man  
Swam over to the shore  
And quickly sent a life and boat  
To help the others o'er,  
Then the kind-hearted fishermen  
They gladly did receive,  
Done everything was possible  
Their suffering to relieve.

Sung by Mr. Robbie Wilson, Middleton, Colchester  
Co. and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept 1953

The Lass of Mohee

Reel 121A-7-8

O the Mohee was gentle, the Mohee was kind,  
She acted her part with a heavenly design,  
Saying, "When you get home to your own native land  
Remember the Mohee you left on the stand."

Fragment recorded for his tune.

Sung by Mr. Robbie Wilson, Middleton, Colchester  
Co. and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1953

Ca' the Ewes Unto the Knowes Reel 121A8-9

Ca' the ewes unto the knowes,  
Ca' them where the heather rose  
Tra la la la la la la,  
My bonnie dearie.

(3rd line forgotten)

Sung by Mr. Robbie Wilson, Middleton, Colchester  
Co., and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1953

Ca' the Ewes Unto the Knowes Reel 121A20-21

Hark the mavis' evening song  
Sounding Cloddin's woods amang,  
Then a-faulding let us gang,  
My bonnie dearie,

Cho.

Then ca' the ewes unto the knowes  
Ca' them where the heather grows,  
Ca' them where the burnie rows  
My bonnie dearie.

Sung by Mr. John David Wilson, Central New  
Annan, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1953

My people are from Scotland, and my great grandfather he was very broad. The Wilsons came from Paisley and my great grandmother and grandmother came from Kilmarnock. That's where they came from. My great grandfather he was the first medical doctor was ever in this part of the country, but he quit doctoring in the old country and he had a garden that they called the Kenderall(?) Gardens, and he was a great gardener and he had a beautiful place in New Annan where my brother lives, but it's all to pieces now. He was the doctor here in that part of the country for years and years and I think the first doctor that come after that was Doctor Dan (McDonald). I've heard them talking about Dr. Wilson going here and there confinements and that sort of thing, and anybody got hurt. He was a bonesetter, he died two years before I was born. My great grandfather, I was eight years old when my grandfather died. He died in March 1879, my grandfather. My great grandfather, the Rev. Daniel Cock was about 90, and my great grandfather, his name was Robert Cock, he lived to 102. My grandfather, his name was Robert Cock again, and he lived till he was 104, and my mother was 90. My great grandmother lived to 113. She was Dr. Harris' daughter from Pictou.

You've heard tell of the Rev. Daniel Cock, haven't you? He was the first Presbyterian minister that ever was located in Truro. He was my great great grandfather. They were professional men, I wasn't. He was a blacksmith and a farmer. I was in Boston on the ice for twelve years (delivering ice). I went on the Department of Highways in nineteen and nineteen. I'm off 2 years. That made 31 years. There was a while I wasn't steady. That was for 7 years when the Conservatives were in power, but I helped out just the same during that time. So I've been here now since 1950.

I worked as a blacksmith when I was a boy, young, and after I came here I blacksmithed for quite a while, for 15 years, and then I went on the road. There was any amount of work. In my day there were oxen when I was young, but there was none when I came back here. I remember having to shoe oxen years ago. We used to throw them in a sling and tie their feet up. Yes, I've helped to shoe oxen when I was young. Pretty near every family raised them. When I remember first there were a great many oxen. They done a lot of work with them. Horses wasn't as many as there were later.

Question: Did you ever hear that the oxen speak

or kneel at Christmas?

No, I never heard that superstition. You know, there used to be a lot of superstitions years ago. That's among the old Scotch people. They were very superstitious, about ghosts. A great many of them believed in ghosts. I never saw one and I never expect to. I don't think there is such a thing.

Question: Did you ever have a forerunner, or a token. What do they call them here?

A forerunner. No, I can't say as I ever had. I'll tell you a little story though. When I was a boy I was out in the evening and I was out at East New Annan, and coming home what we call Kennedy's Hill I thought I saw Kennedy's horse and his express wagon coming, and the next that come was Joe Langille's wagon and the next was Higginses. I told it to several people and they just laughed at me. I saw them one right after the other. Mrs. Kennedy died in a few days, and then Langille's child died and it was her father's horse (Joe Langille's) that took the remains to the graveyard, and Mrs. Higgins died. That's the nearest I ever seen. Well now, I told that, and they told me for pity sake not to see anything more like that and I told it before they died. All three died only a few days after. There wasn't a week between them all. That the only forerunner I had.

And there's another thing - a dream that bothered me. I was in the States driving an ice team. I dreamt one night that the neck yoke was going to break on Sumner Street Hill and I was going to be killed, and do you know if I'd got up in the morning and told anybody and they told me not to go out I wouldn't have went that day, it worried me that much. I had two men with me, strikers (helpers) and when we got to the steep part of Sumner Street Hill I stopped and I said, "You fellers get off," and I got off and I walked alongside till I got to the foot of the hill and the neck yoke didn't break then. But when I went home at night and loaded up again and backed into the yard the neck yoke broke just where I dreamt. I believe it would have broken sooner if I hadn't taken that precaution. The men that was with me didn't know why I ordered them off the team and I never told them. That's the only dream I ever had that worried me and I was worried that day.

They used to have a fashion in olden times a man would go to the kiln and drop a ball down and he'd stay up and he'd wind till it would stop and something would hold it down and they'd say, "Who holds?" Well, whoever gives the name, that

would be your husband or your wife.

There was a man lived right down here. His name was John Fraser and he went out one Hallowe'en (Hallowe'en) and he went through the performance and some of the boys was down there and he says, "Who holds?" and they said, "Bella Wilson," and he went right and married her and they lived right down there. The next house on the right. That's a true story. Question: Do you think he would have married her otherwise?

No, I don't think. I don't know whether he was acquainted with her or not.

(Listener says in an aside): I don't know who else would have wanted her.

Told by Mr. Robbie Wilson, Middleton, Colchester Co. and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1953



O I dearly love to dream of the summers long ago  
When we wandered by the brook down in the dell,  
And I told you of my love and your voice was soft and low  
And you whispered you'd be mine sweet Marabelle.

Cho.

Marabelle, Marabelle,  
O those early days that we never can recall,  
There were maidens faire than the morning roses are  
But to me you were the dearest of them all.

2

O I saw the golden morn when I gazed within your eyes  
And the sunbeams from your curls I scarce could tell,  
And your cheeks were like the tints of the glowing sunset skies  
When I won you for my bride sweet Marabelle. Cho.

3

But long years have come and gone since that happy happy time  
Yet I love you now as fondly and as well,  
As I did that lovely day when we listened to the charm  
Of the brook my own my darling Marabelle. Cho.

Sung by Mr. John David Wilson, Central New Anna,  
and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1953

I love a little country queen  
 A village beauty rare,  
 With rosy cheeks and pearly cheeks  
 And lovely nut brown hair,  
 Her form it is so slender  
 And her feet they are so small,  
 Of all the girls I ever loved  
 My Nellie beats them all.

Cho.

Nellie Ray, Nellie Ray,  
 Charming little Nell,  
 Nellie Ray, Nellie Ray,  
 You're my blue-eyed belle,  
 Nellie Ray like birds of May  
 Was singing all the day,  
 I never had a sweetheart like  
 My charming Nellie Ray.

2

Her father keeps a farmhouse  
 In a village down in Kent,  
 And being on my holidays  
 To spend them there I went,  
 And as I strolled along the road  
 Where often we had roamed,  
 Was there I met my Nellie as  
 She drove the cattle home. Cho.

3

And now we're wed and married  
 Contented we will be,  
 No thought of jealousy  
 Shall enter the heart of her or me,  
 But in our little cottage home  
 Contented we will be,  
 Our lives shall pass like sunbeams  
 For I have the brightest ray. Cho.

Sung by Mr. John David Wilson, Central New Annan,  
 and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1953

My name is Peter Amberley  
As you may understand,  
I belonged to Prince Edward Island  
Near to the ocean strand,  
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one  
When the flowers were brilliant to view  
I left my native countree  
My fortune to pursue.

2  
I landed in New Brunswick,  
That lumbering countree,  
I hired to work in the lumber woods  
Which proved my destiny,  
I hired to work in the lumber woods  
Or death lurks silent there,  
And I have fallen a victim  
Unto death's great monster snare.

2 vs. for tune.

Sung by Mr. John David Wilson, Central New  
Annan, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1953

Mr. Wilson said this used to be very popular  
when it first came out. He knew a man who had  
been in New Brunswick and had seen Peter Amberley's  
grave.

Oh where, oh where got ye that old crooked penny,  
Ca' yen no - bright gowd would ye -  
Right - - - silken  
in Bonny Glenshee.

2

It's oh can I - the dear lady that had it,  
Oh when you were banished you gave it to me,  
For a' the bright gowd in your silken -  
For I never would part with my crooked bawbee.

Sung by Mrs. R.H. Byers, Tatamagouche, accom-  
panying herself on piano, and recorded by Helen  
Creighton, Sept. 1953

Mrs. Byers is 83, and breaks down while  
singing, for she and her late husband used to  
sing this song together. I hadn't the heart at  
the time of recording to ask her to repeat the  
words, and I can't get them all from the tape.  
Her tune is, I think, quite lovely and her touch  
on the piano is very nice.

When trees did bud and leaves were green  
And broom bloomed fair to see,  
When Mary was complete fifteen  
And love laughed in her e'e.

Cho.

Bright Davy Blake her hart did move  
To speak her mind thus free,  
And down the burn Davy lad,  
Down the burn Davy lad,  
Down the burn Davy love  
And I will follow thee.

Pitched much too high.

Sung by Mrs. R.H. Byers, Tatamagouche, playing  
own piano accompaniment, and recorded by Helen  
Creighton, Sept. 1953. The opening notes on the piano  
are quite lovely.

2

Now Davy did all - surpass  
That dwelt on his burnside  
And Mary was the bonniest lass  
Just meet to be his bride. Cho.