

- 1-4 The Farmer's Curst Wife, sung by Mrs. Eunice Gilbert, Upper Rawdon; 7 vs. singer is stone deaf.  
 4-5 Donnybrook Fair, sung by Mrs. Gilbert; 1 vs. only of Irish song  
 5-6 Back Again on Shore, sung by Mrs. Gilbert; fragment of old sailors' song; part of 1 vs. & cho.  
 6-7 Bonny Labouring Boy, sung by Mrs. Gilbert; 1 vs. only to quite nice tune  
 7-10 The Exile of Erin, sung by Mrs. Gilbert; 10 vs. Irish; late; says this is poem by Thoman Campbell  
 10-12 Irish Famine Song, sung by Estelle MacDougall, West Gore; 6 vs. sad and plaintive and quite nicely sung

Recorded from old dictaphone records

- 12-13 Louisiana Lowlands, sung by Dr. Archibald McMechan, Halifax; 1 vs. & cho. for words see SBNS p.278  
 13-15 Song of the Tangier Gold Mines, sung by Mr. Hiram Hilshie, Dartmouth; 1 vs. only  
 15-16 Frank Fidd, sung by Mr. Frank Faulkner, South East Passage; 3 vs. the last unintelligible.  
 16-17 Sit Down Beside Me, sung by Mr. Frank Faulkner, 2vs. almost unintelligible, but probably a good sea song  
 17½-18 The Lady and Her Prentice Boy, sung by Mr. Ben Henneberry, Devil's Island; very difficult to make out, but familiar; 1 vs. only; this song is known by a different title which I can't recall.  
 18-18½ One Night For Pleasure, sung by Mr. Ben Henneberry; 1 vs.; can only make out an occasional word.  
 18½-19 Captain <sup>Burke</sup> Burke, sung by Mr. Henneberry; 2 vs. words in S.B.N.S. p. 55. Alan Mills often sings this.  
 19-19½ A Sailor Courted, sung by Mr. Henneberry, 1 vs. for words see S.B.N.S. p. 48; also sung by Alan Mills  
 19½-20 The Bold Pedlar and Robin Hood, sung by Mr. Ben Henneberry; 1 vs.; for words see S.B.N.S. p. 6  
 20-20½ There Was - sung by Mr. Henneberry; rest of the words unintelligible except for valley, and at the end of verse the words twenty-one.  
 20½-21 The Cumberland's Crew, sung by Mr. Henneberry; 2 vs. for words see S.B.N.S. p. 244  
 From another dictaphone record, slightly more intelligible:  
 21-21½ The Suffolk Miracle, sung by Mrs. A.G. Hattie, Sherbrooke; 2 vs. for words see T.S.N.S. p.88  
 21½-22 The Miner's Alphabet, sung by Mrs. Hattie; 1 vs.  
 22-22½ The Rabbi's Daughter, sung by Mrs. Hattie; 1 vs.  
 22½-23 The Paisley Officer, sung by Mrs. Hattie; 1 vs. for words see T.S.N.S. p. 192  
 23- 23½ The Dying Girl's Message, sung by Mrs. Hattie; 1 vs.  
 23½-24 Peggy Gordon, sung by Mrs. Hattie; 1 vs.  
 24-24½ Get Up and Bar The Door, sung by Mrs. E.H. McKeen, Sherbrooke; for words see T.S.N.S. p.92  
 24½-25 I'll Hang My Harp, sung by Mrs. McKeen; 1 vs; war song, quite nice; sounds very old.  
 25-26 The Deserted Mill, sung by Mr. John McNeill, South River Lake; pleasant tune; late,

- 26-26½ The Fisherman and His Child, sung by Mr. John  
McNeill, South River Lake; late  
26½-27 The Ugly Valentine, sung by Mr. John McNeill;  
amusing; late.  
27-end Gaelic Song, sung by Mr. John McNeill; good song  
but difficult to make out.

There was an old woman lived under the hill  
Fol dol darril i dow,  
if the devil hasn't got her she's living there still  
To me fol dol the darrel i dow.

2

The devil he came to the old man one day  
Saying, "You owe me a debt and I must havemy pay.

3

"It is not your son or your daughter I crave,  
It's your old scolding wife and it's her I must have."

4

So the devil he mounted her onto his back  
And like an old pedlar went packing her back.

5

One little red devil was hanging in chains,  
She up with her foot and kicked out his brains.

6

One little red devil peeped over the wall  
Saying, "Call her off daddy, she'll murder us all."

7

The devil he mounted her onto his back  
And like an old pedlar went packing her back.

Sung by Mrs. Eunice Gilbert, Upper Rawdon, and  
recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1953

Was any of you ever to Donnybrook Fair?  
An Irishman all in his glory was there.  
His heart good humour will always be found,  
No envy or malice is there to be found,  
He courts and he marries, he drinks and he fights  
For love, all for love, for in love he delights  
With a sprigg of shillelagh and shamrocks so green.

Fragment sung by Mrs. Eunice Gilbert, Upper  
Rawdon, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept./53

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-----  
And worse than that we had no clothes  
Of money to buy them on shore,  
'Twas then we wished that we were dead  
Or back again on shore.

Cho.  
On shore, on shore, or,  
On shore, on shore, on shore,  
'Twas then we wished that we were dead  
Or back again on shore.

Fragment of old sailor's song sung by Mrs.  
Eunice Gilbert, Upper Rawdon, and recorded by  
Helen Creighton, Sept., 1953

Oh Willie was my true love's name  
As you will understand,  
He hired with my father  
His labouring boy ~~xxxxx~~ for to be,  
To plow and to sow, to reap and to mow  
And to till my father's land,  
And so I fell in love with him  
As you will understand.

Fragment with a nice tune, sung by Mrs.  
Eunice Gilbert, Upper Rawdon, and recorded by  
Helen Creighton, Sept. 1953

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,  
The dew on his green coat lay heavy and chill,  
He sighed for his country and twilight repairing  
To wander alone by the wind beaten hill.

2

The day star attracted his eyessad emotion  
For it rose o'er his own native isle in the ocean  
Where once in the fire of his youthful emotion  
He sang this bold anthem of Erin-go-bragh.

3

O Erin my country, though sad and forsaken  
In dreams I revisit thy suff-beaten shore,  
But alas in a far foreign land I awaken  
And sigh for the friends who can greet me no more.

4

Never again in its cool shady bowers  
Where my forefathers sleep will I spend the sweet hours,  
Or cover my heart with its wild woven flowers  
Or sing thy bold humbers sweet Erin-go-bragh.

5

"O sad is my fate," said the heart-broken stranger,  
"The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee,  
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,  
A home and a country remain not for me.

6

"O cruel fate wilt thou never replace me  
In a mansion of peace where no perils can chase me?  
Never again shall my brothers embrace me,  
They died to defend me or live to deplore.

7

"O where is the cabin door fast by the wildwood?  
Sisters and sire did you weep for its fall?  
And where is the mother who looked on my childhood,  
And where is the bosom friend dearer than all?

8

"O my sad heart lay abandoned by pleasure,  
Why did it dote on the fast fading treasure?  
For tears like the raindrops may fall without measure  
But beauty and rapture they ne'er can recall.

9

"And now all the fond recollections suppressing,  
There's one dying wish this lone bosom would draw,  
O Erin an exile bequeath thee her blessing,  
Sweet home of our forefathers Erin-go-bragh.

10

Even in death when my heart stills its motion  
Green be thy fields, fair style of the ocean,  
And heart-striking bards sing aloud their devotions  
In praise of my country, sweet Erin-go-bragh.

Sung by Mrs. Ethice Gilbert, Upper Rawdon, and recorded by  
Helen Creighton, Sept. 1953

Irish Famine Song

Reel 121B10-12

Give me three grains of corn mother,  
Give me three grains of corn,  
'Twill keep the little life I have  
Till the coming of the morn.

2

How could I look to you mother,  
How could I look to you  
For bread to give your starving boy  
When you were starving too?

3

It gnaws like a wolf at my heart mother,  
Like a wolf that is fierce and bold,  
And just across the channel there  
Are men who roll in gold.

4

Do the men of England care mother,  
The men of England old  
For the suffering sons of Erin's isle,  
Whether they live or die?

5

There's many a rich man there mother,  
There's many a rich man there,  
And the bread that they throw to their dogs to-night  
Would give life to you and me.

6

Give me three grains of corn mother,  
Give me three grains of corn,  
'Twill keep the little life I have  
Till the coming of the morn.

Sung by Miss Estelle MacDougall, West Gore,  
and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1953



A is for air drill that bores in the wall,  
And B is for Bell that bosses us all,  
C is for candle that shows a bright light,  
D is explosives we call dynamite.

2

E is for engine that's driven by steam,  
F is the fuse which the powder receives,  
G is for gold so yellow and rich,  
H is the hammer we never must miss.

3

I is for incline deep down in the mine,  
J is for jokes they pass all around,  
K is for kink knot we dare not miss,  
L is for Liscomb with lots of fine gold.

4

M is for miners who work in the mine,  
N is for night shifters ten hours long,  
O is for ore we truck to the mill,  
P is for Percy that found Liscomb mine.

Q is for quartz

Sung by Mrs. A.G. Hattie Sherbrooke and Mrs.  
W.R. Mason, Country Harbour, 1930 and recorded on  
dictaphone by Helen Creighton.

A rabbi sat one evening with a Bible on his knee,  
His daughter knelt beside him for she loved him tenderly,  
"Come tell me child," the rabbi said, "what makes you weep and sigh?  
Don't be afraid to trust me dear, tell me the reason why."  
She looked up in his dear kind face and said, "Can you forgive,  
I love a man with all my heart, without him I can't live,"  
The rabbi looked down at his child, "One question answer me,  
Is he of Jewish faith or not?" her head sank on her knee  
Cho.

"You are a rabbi's daughter and as such you must obey,  
Your father you must honour until his dying day,  
If you a Christian marry dear your old father's heart you'll break,  
You are a rabbi's daughter, you must leave him for my sake."  
2

The hour of midnight sounded, the world seemed all at rest,  
The maiden kissed a picture and held it to her breast,  
"They say I must not love you dear and can never see your face,  
They say you cannot marry me for I'm not of your faith,  
But I shall have no other love, and though my heart will break  
To you my love I'll faithful be if I should never wake,"  
Her words came true that very morn, for on her bed so light  
The rabbi found his only child had died for love that night. Cho.

Sung by Mrs. A.G. Hattie, Sherbrooke, and recorded  
on dictaphone by Helen Creighton, 1930

The Dying Girl's Message

Reel 121B23-23½

Raise the window mother darling,  
Air can never harm me now,  
Let the breeze blow in upon me,  
It will cool my aching brow,  
Death will soon relieve my sorrow,  
Soon will still my aching heart,  
But I have a dying message  
I would breathe before we part.

2

Mother there was one, you knew him,  
Now I cannot speak that name,  
You remember how I trusted,  
How in loving words he came,  
How he won my young affection  
 wooing in love's tender song,  
How he promised for to guide me,  
Was my heart but his alone.

3

Take this ring from off my finger  
Where he placed it long ago,  
Give it to him with my blessing  
For in dying I bestow,  
Do not chide him mother darling  
When you miss me from your side,  
I forgive him and I wish him  
Joy with her that's now his bride.

4

Now I tell you how he left me  
Coolly putting me aside,  
How he won then another  
Fairer girl to be his bride,  
My sorrows now are over  
And you see me weep no more,  
Do not sigh, but know I'm waiting  
For you on the other shore.

Sung by Mrs. A.G. Hattie Sherbrooke, and recorded  
on dictaphone by Helen Creighton, 1930

I'll Hang My Harp

Rec1121B24½-25

I'll hang my harp on a willow tree  
And I'll off to the wars again,  
My peaceful cot has no charms for me  
And the battlefield has no pain,  
For the lady I love will soon be a bride  
With a diadem on her brow,  
Oh why did she flatter my boyish pride  
When she's going to leave me now?

2

She took me away from my warlike lord  
And she gave me a siaken suit,  
And I thought no more of my master's sword  
When I played on my master's lute,  
She seemed to think me a boy above  
Her pages of low degree,  
Oh had I but loved with a boyish love  
It would have been better for me.

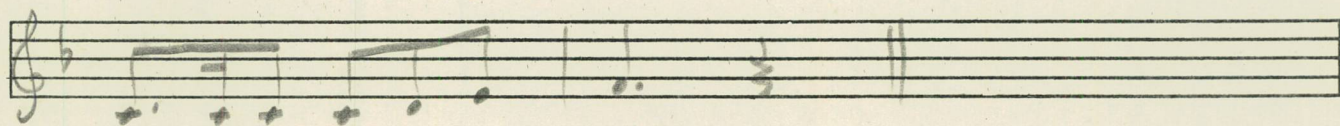
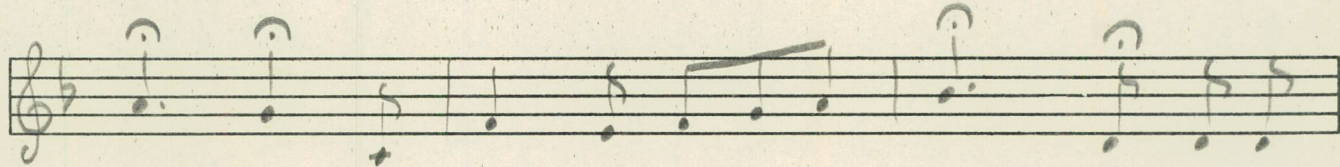
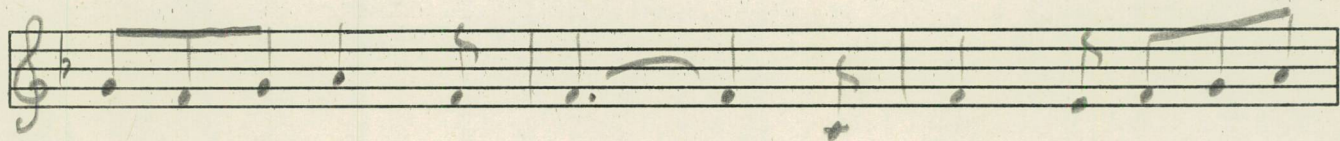
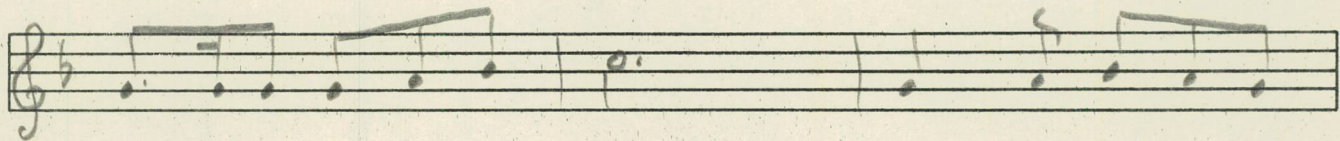
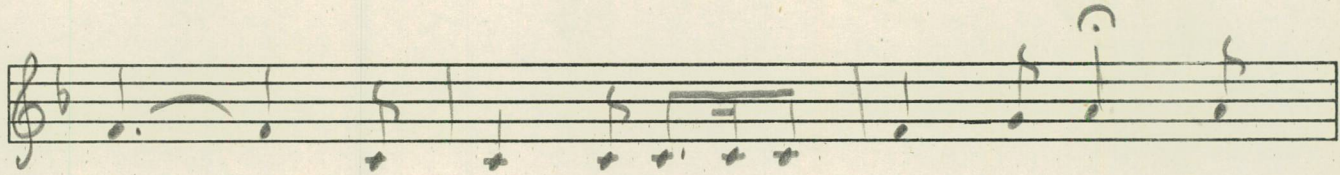
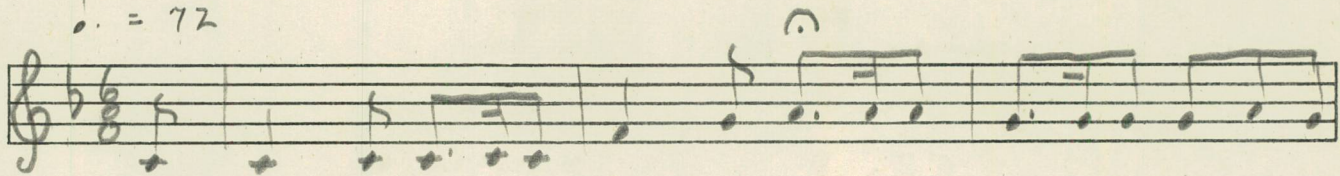
3

One tress of her golden hair I'll twine  
In my helmet's sable plume,  
And then in the fields of Palestine  
I'll seek an early tomb,  
And if by the Saracen's hand I fall  
Mid the noble and the brave,  
One tear from my lady love is all  
I ask for a warrior's grave.

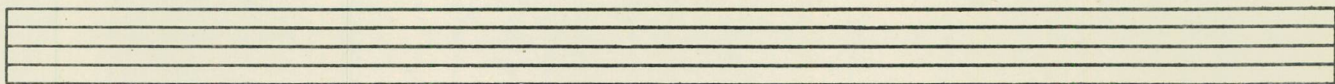
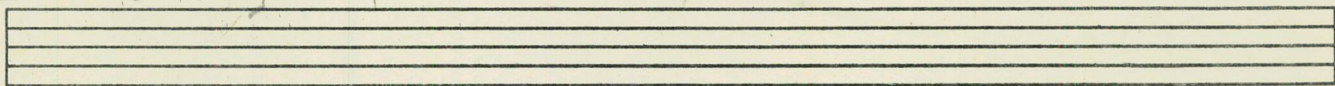
Sung by Mrs. E.H. McKeen, Sherbrooke, and recorded  
on dictaphone by Helen Creighton, 1930

# All Hang My Harp

♩ = 72



Note: The singer's pauses are very much extended



There's a path by the old deserted mill  
On the banks of the bridge unbroken still  
Where the weeping willows are bending low  
On the moss grown banks where the violets grow.

2

Where the spring birds warble their low sweet song  
In my dreams of the days that are past and gone,  
Where Laura so beautiful sat by me  
On the moss grown banks neath the old elm tree.

3

And there with the bright blue sky above  
She told me the tale of her heart's first love,  
And e'er the blossom of summer had died  
She gave me the promise to be my bride.

4

But now comes the trial of parting sore,  
'Twas little I thought we'd meet no more,  
But e'er I crossed the dark blue sea  
They dug her grave neath the old elm tree.

5

She died and they parted her golden hair  
O'er her pale white brow death had left so dear,  
And they buried where the summer's blossomed flowers  
Would wave o'er her grave in death's dark hour.

6

Oh Laura, sweet Laura, my heart's first love  
We'll meet in the angel's home above,  
No treasure on earth is so dear to me  
As the moss grown bank neath the old elm tree.

Sung by Mr. John McNeill, South River Lake,  
and recorded on dictaphone, by Helen Creighton, 1930

The fisherman and his child are drowned, came ringing through the town,  
The father and child lay under the tide and friends did mourn around,  
The poor wife and mother she cried aloud, "Oh God it cannot be,  
For in yonder mist I see them still, their milk white sails I see."

Chorus

'Twas the music of the Lord  
They heard as they sank in the deep,  
Come to me, I love thee, thy precious souls I'll keep,  
Come to me, I love thee, thy precious souls I'll keep.

2

When the fisherman saw his boat was lost he tried to save his child,  
He battled the waves with all human power but the wind was raging wild  
He called to his child but she answered him not, she raised her tiny  
head  
And he cried in despair, thy will be done, for the child he loved was  
dead. Cho.

3

When the storm ceased and the sea was calm brave men stood on the shore  
The tide had gone out, they searched about, from the sea two forms they  
bore,  
Their faces were calm, their hands upraised as if in silent prayer,  
The father in life had clasped his child, in death they found him there.  
Cho.

Sung by Mr. John McNeill, South River Lake, and recorded  
on dictaphone by Helen Creighton, 1930

The Ugly Valentine

Reel 26½-27

I left my native country intending for to roam  
But stopped quite unexpectedly not very far from ~~my~~ home,  
Two maids I left behind me, though I couldn't call them mine,  
I thought I'd send each one of them an ugly valentine.

2

On the fourteenth day of February, eighteen seventy-five  
These ladies went a-walking their spirits to revive,  
And passing the post office they stopped in for to see  
If there were any letters - they expected none from me.

3

The postmaster he handed them two letters with a smile,  
On opening the envelopes they ceased to breathe a while,  
The wind it ceased to whistle and the sun it ceased to shine  
While each in chorus shouted, "What an ugly valentine!"

4

I am jotted down as guilty for this criminal offence,  
I am condemned to die unless I prove my innocence,  
I will go and seek employment within some foreign clime  
Where no one will ever hear about my outrageous crime.

Sung by Mr. John McNeil, South River Lake, and  
recorded on dictaphone by Helen Creighton, 1930



Loganville

Dances  
Scotch

Sept/53

Lancers

1st Figure

Salute partners; corners;  
1st couple down centre, outside returning,  
Balance partners and turn corners;  
Repeat for all couples

2nd Figure

First two forward and back, forward and cross over,  
Chassez to right, chassez to left,  
Cross back to places;  
Repeat for every couple

3rd Figure

First two forward and back, forward and salute;  
Ladies in the centre and gents to the right;  
Repeat for all couples;  
Head couples lead to the right and salute to both  
couples at right and at the left;  
Back to places.

4th couple

First couple face out on the heads  
Chassez to right and left,  
Couples go down centre  
Gents to the left and ladies to the right and come back  
and form straight lines on the heads;  
Forward and back twice and turn your partner;  
Repeat for all couples.

5th couple

Head couples forward and sides separate;  
Grand chain;  
Sides forward and heads separate;  
Grand chain;  
Repeat for all.

Called by Mr. Vattis Harrington, fiddler for Helen  
Creighton (not recorded).

Music for lancers was fiddle and banjo, guitar  
and piano. Mr. Harrington used to play from 9 o'clock  
till four in the morning for 75¢ or \$1.00. He had  
15 minutes off for supper.

Music gone