

Reel 122A

FS630
23.271.2
MF289.540

- 1-5 The Knight and the Shepherd's Daughter, Child 110; sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River; 14 vs. of ancient and unusual ballad sung with spirit to good tune; recorded in car by using extension cord.
- 5-6 The Sea Captain, sung by Mr. Hatt; 3½ vs. to good tune; combined with reels 118 & 128 we have good singable song; this is the best tune.
- 6-7 Come All Ye Old Comrades, sung by Mr. Hatt; 2 vs. of little use; this is 5th variant; see SBNS & TSNS.
- 7-9 The Old Miser, sung by Mr. Hatt; 6 vs. not clearly sung; song not very interesting
- 9-13 Jamie Foyers, sung by Mr. Edward Deal, Seabright 10 vs. tune quite nice, but singer sounds breathless; sad song of young man slain in battle; see Jimmy Béliier, reel 127 by Mr. Dornan.
- 13-21 Story of N.L. Hubley, sung by Mr. Deal; local story of deacon who sold rum and has many shady business transactions; words quite good, and outspoken.
- 21-end The Twelve Apostles, sung by Mrs. W.J. Johns, Musquodoboit Harbour. Earlier she had sung on reel 75 her version to end of 7th verse; in this she sings complete song by using Mr. Tibbo's concluding verses; nicely sung; 12 vs. words with reel 75.

It's of a rich lord's daughter
Kept sheep upon the hill,
A noble lord came riding by
And he swore he'd have his will.

Cho.

~~With your rosies, with your rosies~~
With your rosies all in bloom,
Go no more a-roving
So late in the afternoon.

2

When he had the will of her
And everything was done,
She tucked up her apron,
To the horse's side she run. Cho.

3

When she came to the wide river
Lied on her breast and swum,
And when she came to the other side
Took to her heels and run. Cho.

5

"O it's king, oh it's king, oh it's noble king,
Oh it's noble king," said she,
You have a lord in your castle this day
Which who has robbed me." Cho.

4

When she came to the king's castle
She tingled upon the ring,
There was none so ready as the king himself
To rise and let her in. Cho.

6

"Did he rob you of your purple robe,
Did he rob you of your pall,
Did he rob you of your gay gold ring
Had on your finger small?" Cho.

7

"He neither robbed me of my purple robe,
Neither robbed me of my pall,
He robbed me of my virgin bloom
That flowered my whole body." Cho.

8

"O if he is a married man
All hanged he shall be,
And if he is a single man
His body belongs to thee." Cho.

9

"If I call down my merry men at
What would you know him by?"
"I'd know him by his curly locks
And the rolling of his eye." Cho.

10

Then he called down his merry men
By one, by two, by three,
King William was the foremost man,
The very same man was he. Cho.

11

"Why should I drink the water
When I can get the wine?
If you was a beggar's ~~breath~~ brat
Why did you be wanting mine?" Cho.

12

"And if I was a beggar's ~~breath~~ brat
As you make me out to be,
When I was a-roving
Why didn't you leave me be?" Cho.

13

Then she jumped on her own horse's back
And he on the iron grey,
He took out his pocket handkerchief
For to wipe the tears away. Cho.

14

"O God forbid, oh God forbid, ~~xxxxxx~~
Oh God forbid," said she,
"O little did I think the beggar's breath
Would have to make a wife for me." Cho.

(breath may not be the right word; it was difficult
to make out) ; later Mrs. Hatt established that it was brat.

Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1954.

There was a fair maiden who lived all alone,
She was so deep in despair O
There was none she could find for to comfort her mind
But to roam all alone on the shore, O
To roam all alone on the shore.

2

Her captain had rings, her captain had jewels,
Her captain had costly wear-ohs,
O she invited them down to the stern of the ship
And sing fare you well sorrow and care
And sing fare you well sorrow and care.

3

She sang so neat, so sweet and complete
That she sung all the seamen to sleep
That she sung all the seamen to sleep

4

She took off his jewels, she took off his rings,
She took all his costly wear-ohs,
She took his broadsword for to make her an oar
To paddle away to the shore,
To paddle away to the shore.

Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, June 1954.

See also reels 118 & 128

Away to old England my courses I'll steer,
O it's true I am ? by the riches above,
May she always be honoured by the mercies of God,
It's forever I do ramble by land or ~~at~~ sea
I will always remember her kindness to me.

2

Come sit down beside me, come sit on my knee,
Come sing in your voices in chorus with mine,
Come drink and be merry all sorrow to remain
For we may and may never all meet here again.

Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, June 1954.

For full variant see S.B.M.S.p.120 & TSNS p.222

Come all you fair maidens in the country or city
 I pray you take pity on a languishing maid
 Who was ? complexed by some bloody old husband,
 By a bloody old husband, how I wish he was dead.

2

He's lantic, he's crazy, he's cross and he's lazy,
 And all the nightlong he does cough and does bawl,
 Of if in his arms I had a chance for to roll
 And he'd beg me lay over away to the wall.

3

The night I got married I crawled in bed with him,
 I'll offer some pleasure my grandma told me,
 In the states sweet kisses for to count all my wishes,
 There was no nothing there but vexation to me.

4

In the state of three kisses to crown all my wishes
 I throw my leg over, I began for to bawl,
 He said, "My dear little honey you act very funny,
 I beg you lay over away to the wall."

5

This bloody old miser got three-minded nature,
 He's stingy and sharp as the edge of a knife,
 And his hand is as cold as the snow on the mountains,
 to be nursing a wife.

6

This bloody old miser
 And I am both proper and handsome and ~~xxx~~, tall,
 And may I be ruled by this bloody old miser,
 May the devil go bobbing his way over the wall.

Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River, and recorded
 by Helen Creighton, June 1954.

A few words impossible to make out.

Far distant, far distant, lies Scotia the brave
Where no tombstone memorial will hallow his grave,
His bones are now scattered on the rude soil of Spain
Where young Jamie Foyers in battle was slain.

2

From the Perthshire militia to serve in the line
The brave Forty-second we all sailed to join,
For Wellington's army we did volunteer
Along with young Foyers, the bold halberdier.

3

That night when we landed the bugle did sound
And the general gave orders to form on the ground,
We must storm Bruges Castle before break of day
With young Jamie Foyers to lead us the way.

4

But when mounting a ladder for scaling the wall
With a shot from a French gun young Foyers did fall,
He leaned his right arm on the wound in his breast
And young Jamie Foyers his comrades addressed.

5

"For you comrade Perry when ends this campaign,
If fortune would sent to auld Scotland again,
You may tell my old father, if life his heart warms,
That young Jamie Foyers expired in your arms.

6

"If but a few moments in Capsie I were,
My mother and sisters my sorrows would share,
But alas my poor mother, long long will she mourn,
For her son Jamie Foyers will never return.

7

"Had I now but a dréink of baker Brown's well
My thirst it would quench and my fever would quell,
For life's purple current is ebbing so fast
That young Jamie Foyers will soon breathe his last."

8

They took for a winding sheet his tartan plaid,
And in the cold grave soon his body was laid,
Wuth a heart full of sorrow they covered his clay
Then with, "Farewell brave Foyers," marched slowly away.

9

His father and mother and sisters did mourn
That Foyers, brave hero, would never return,
His friends and acquaintances lament for the brave,
For bold Jamie Foyers laid low in the grave.

(over)

The bugle may sound and the war drum may rattle,
No more will they rouse the young hero to battle,
He fell from the ladder, a soldier so brave,
And Foyers, true hero, is laid in the grave.

Sung by Mr. Edward Deal, Seabright, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, June, 1954

In the year of our Lord nineteen hundred
 On his shoe bench sat one day
 A man named N.L. Hubley
 Down in Seabright, St. Margaret's Bay.

2

"By the law," said he, "there's money
 In peddling, that I know,
 I think I'll buy an outfit
 And on the road I'll go."

3

So he called all his suckers around him
 And said he, "There's money galore
 For the boy who will work for his daddy
 while he peddles goods down the shore."

4

He purchased a steed from Jim Slauenwhite
 And the family declared it was pretty,
 But a few heavy loads on the Halifax roads
 And he ended his days in the city.

5

He then bought old Blackbird the stallion,
 Said N.L., "By the law he's a cure,"
 But a few razzle-dazzles to Dover
 And the Blackbird was heard of no more.

6

Now the band wagon cannot stand idle,
 Said N.L. to his downcast sons,
 "There is more than one way to make money,
 I think by the law I'll sell rum."

7

He purchased a steed called Old Rhyno,
 Another called Jim, so they said,
 But Rhyno was sold for ten dollars,
 And Jimmy rung in with the dead.

8

"By the law," said N.L., "they're deceivers,
 Those fellows have taken me in,
 But the dear Lord that owns all the horses
 Will see that I get one again."

9

He again called his family around him
 And said, "Boys if to me you will stick
 I will get us a trotter called Charlie,
 But you know I must get him on tick."

10

"Now boys if you'll help your old father
 To buy him a pony once more,
 The dear Lord in his great loving kindness
 Will still let me truck down the shore."

11

So they all started in with a vengeance,
 Like beavers they worked might and main,
 Then with a smile of relief, although it was brief,
 He headed for Dover again.

12

To the hens' roost he flew like a demon,
Said he, "On those birds I'll play nig,
For coin I must have, that's sure pop,
My losses you know they are big."

13

Now the hens in East Dover they did grumble,
And the ducks in the harbour did quack
When they saw the old bald-headed gezzle
Lugging half of them off on his back.

14

Near the graveyard he put up a building,
Overhead was the Oddfellows' Hall,
But most of his neighbors decided
That N.L. was the oddest of all,

15

For when he went into the Order
His friends for their life couldn't see
How he swore he was just forty-seven
When they knew he had turned fifty-three.

16

But N.L. had a good reputation
Although it was said here in town
He hired a boy named Dave Hubley
His uncle's new store to burn down.

17

But that cuts no ice with his business,
That's not how he got on the bum,
It was singing the praises of Jesus
And the sneak all the time selling rum.

18

For the great one who rules all creation
Looked down on this sleek mough(mug?) and said,
"Your brains are too thin for the business,
We'll hammer some sense in your head.

19

"We have watched your manoeuvres my laddie,
Saw all the bad tricks you have done,
But did not think you'd be such a devil
As to see a poor widows boy rum. "

20

To the courthouse they dragged him for trial,
The lawyers on him they did rail,
Says the "judge", "You're a bluff of a deacon,
Sixty dollars or three months in jail."

21

They say he was a star border
At a restaurant on Argyle Street,
Where he dragged all the bones from the kitchen
And declated they were sweeter than meat.

22

We're sure they're not used to make soft soap,
For of that he has lots and to spare,
He takes them to gnaw in his wagon,
His eight hours' trips for to cheer.

23

Now I don't wish no harm on this neighbor
Though each side of his head got a face,
But I know that he schemed all last summer
For the late William M. Hubley's place.

24

Just imagine the poor old chap's feeling
When a few weeks ago one day
From the west came the Japanese army
And his plans soon all vanished away.

25

Now this I will say in conclusion,
And for one thing I'll always pray,
That when the old mugmouth leaves Seabright
They ~~won't~~ won't let him sail my way.

26

For I know that the ^{cuss}curse will make trouble
For his friends on the bright golden shore,
So I hope when the bugger leaves Seabright
That we'll never hear from him no more.

Contributed by Mr. and Mrs. Edward Deal,
Seabright to Helen Creighton, March 1954.

Sung by Mr. Edward Deal and recorded by Helen
Creighton, June 1954

The song was sung to Mr. Hubley. He said, "That don't
suit me, and me a deacon in the church." He didn't like it
very much, but Mr. Deal says it was all true.