

- 1-5 The Young Shepherd, sung by Mr. Matthew McKay, Little Harbour; 8 vs. beautiful tune; sung very slowly and much too low in key; father disapproves of young man and kills him.
- 5-7 Jack Timmins, local song sung by Mr. Matthew McKay; only 2 of 16 vs. recorded as singer didn't know it well; woodsman's song.
- 7-8 The West Side Gals, sung by Mr. Bernard Stevens, Little Harbour; 4 vs. local song; amusing
- 8-10 Time To Be Made A Wife, sung by Mr. Matthew McKay; 5 vs. not very well sung, but tune is good once he gets into song; see also reels 100 & 125
- 10-12 There's No Place Like Home, sung by Mr. Jas. Coolen, North West Cove; 2 vs. not folk, but amusing
- 12-15 Come All You Young Fellows That Ramble, sung by Mr. Ned McKay, Little Harbour; 8 vs. good old song with adequate tune but pitched much too high; sailor gets better of girl who tries to cheat him; good story.
- 15-18 My Birchen Canoe, sung by Mr. Everett Blexand, Clam Harbour; 8 vs. words better than tune; see reels 84; 13 & 134
- 18-20 Little Harbour Song, sung by Mr. Doug Keating, Little Harbour, 3 vs. little value except to show that the can and do make songs up.
- 20-24 Mary McGuire; am not sure who sang this; late sad song; not folk
- 24-25 Johnie Scot, sung by Mrs. H.H. Power, Canning, formerly of Little Harbour; Child ballad 99; 20 vs; interesting and most unusual variant.
- 25-28 I Went Unto My Master's House, sung by Mrs. H.H. Power; 9 vs. & duo. girl plays trick on man so cleverly that he marries her; nice song, but singer has not much of a voice.
- 28-end Johnny Riley, sung by Mrs. Power; 5 vs. only 3 recorded; sung much better on reels 18, 130, 192A&B.

There were a young shepherd kept sheep on a hill
 And a rich merchant's daughter he loved her quite well,
 And oft times to the meadow together would stray
 For to spend a few hours on a midsummer's day.

2

One day when the shepherd was minding his flock
 He had no thought about him his mind to be shot,
 When the old man he came and a pistol he drew ~~and he pierced~~
 And he pierced his fair body with a bullet right through.

3

He left him there bleeding all on the cold ground
 With no one to come near him to bind up his wound,
 As he lie a-bleeding his love to him came,

"Now tell me the reason love why you are slain."

4

"It was your old father that has done the deed,
 It was your old father caused my heart to bleed,
 For the loving of you dear my life he's destroyed,
 Now that separates us in this world which is wise."

5

"I'll send for a doctor to bind up your wounds,
 I'll not leave you bleeding all on the cold ground,"
 "O no," cried the shepherd, "my life you shan't save,
 Here's a chance of you'll see me when I'm lied in my grave."

6

"My sheep is but few dear, they feed on yan hill,
 They are twelve on number besides when they all,
 My dear they'll attend you wherever you do go,
 They will be your companions through hail, frost, and snow."

7

She put on his hat and she threw on his ~~skate~~ plan,
 And away o'er the meadow like a shepherd did go,
 When the sheep saw her coming up to her did ran,
 All a-bleeting and a-bawling their love to explain.

8

"I might had gone back to your father's grand home
 For to live there in splendour, but now I ne'er will,
 For the shepherd is no more and her father shall die
 For the loss of his daughter and the murder besides."

Sung by Mr. Matthew McKay, Little Harbour, and recorded
 by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1954.

There were a young shepherd kept sheep on a hill
And a rich merchant's daughter he loved her quite well,
And ofttimes to the meadow together would stray
For to spend a few hours on a midsummer's day.

2

One day when the shepherd was minding his flock
He had no thought about him his mind to be shot,
When the old man he came and a pistol he drew
And he pierced his fair body with a bullet right through.

3

He left him there bleeding all on the cold ground
With no one to come near him to bind up his wound,
As he lie a-bleeding his love to him came,
"Now tell me the reason love why you are slain."

4

"It was your old father that has done the deed,
It was your old father caused my heart to bleed,
For the loving of you dear my life he's destroyed,
Now that separates us in this world which is wise."

5

"I'll send for a doctor to bind up your wounds,
I'll not leave you bleeding all on the cold ground,"
"O no," cried the shepherd, "my life you shan't save,
Here's a chance of you'll see me when I'm lied in my grave."

6

"My sheep is but few dear, they feed on yan hill,
They are twelve in number besides when they ail,
My dear they'll attend you wherever you do go,
They will be your companions through hail, frost and snow."

7

She put on his hat and she threw on his plan, (plaid?)
And away o'er the meadow like a shepherd did go,
When the sheep saw her coming up to her did ran,
All a-bleating and a-bawling their love to explain.

8

"I might have gone back to your father's grand home
For to live there in splendour, but now I ne'er will,
For the shepherd is no more and her father shall die
For the loss of his daughter and the murder besides."

Sung by Mr. Matthew McKay, Little Harbour, August 1954

Archives file

My name is Jack Timmins, I'm a Cape Breton boy,
I left my aged parents with a tear in their eye,
Across the Atlantic my way for to hurl,
For to live and make money in this wide open world.

2

I first shipped with Arsenault on a trip to the isles
With my partner George Murphy so merrily and nice,
We shared seventy dollars and I thought we done well,
Now my trials and hardships I am now going to tell.

3

I thus joined a coaster, a Clarke's Harbour skunk,
The crew were not pleasant for they always were drunk,
And a drunken sea captain I never want to seemore,
For to save lives and rigging we ran her on shore.

4

The wind it blew that night from the south,
When the captain hove the wheel up to bring her about,
And on her quarter like a white glassy foam
Which disabled our vessel and broke our main boom.

5

When the cook his own friend waiting for the first -
With all from her to jump,
Then I like a the rigging did climb
And the cook called the captain ashore on a line.

6

And when all was landed safe on shore they did stand,
I sprung from the rigging ~~and~~ ashore on dry land,

7

I then went to Halifax on a ship by the run,
On an eastern grand vessel, for me it was fun,
He paid me five dollars and I thought that seemed odd
When I arrived in the city to look for a job.

8

As I walked out Water Street with an eye sharp and keen
I espied a large steamboat anchored out in the stream,
I soon made that steamboat, overside I did climb,
I steered my course forward the boatswain to find.

9

He spoke to me kindly, he seemed of good cheer,
And told me I better see the chief engineer,
The chief engineer engaged me both wages and work,
"If you have friends go and see them, we're bound for New York."

10

I fired on that steamboat till I thought it was best,
When advised by my brother for to go to the west,
The hills and the snowdrifts I sure did not mind,
But the sweetheart I had left in that city behind.

11

I worked there for two years in that forest of pine
Driving four horse teams, my job I liked fine,
When at last a sad accident has happened to me,
I'm not the same fellow I once used to be.

The West Side Gals

Reel 124B7-8

On a Saturday evening when we all get our pay
To the Beech Hill Inn we'll all make our way,
To look for some women is simple you know,
So we jump in the truck, to Ship Harbour we go.

2

We drive down the west side and we get off at Hals,
We go into the house to pick up our gals,
We ask them if they're coming, they just stand and stare,
Then we turn to the old man and ask him for beer.

3

He says, "Just a minute," and heads for the still,
And we pick up our gals that are back to Beech Hill,
We go into the dance hall to look for a seat,
Then we go to the canteen to get something to eat.

4

And after we're finished we jump up and pay,
And back to Ship Harbour we all make our way,
And when we get back there we're all feeling tight,
So we turn to the girls and kiss them good-night.

Sung by Bernard Stevens, Little Harbour, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1954.

As I rode out one evening all in the month of May
I heard a daughter talking, to her father she did say,
"I'm fifteen years of age and I'm tired of my life,
So father I think it's almost time that I had made a wife."

2

"Now hold your tongue dear daughter, you're entirely too young,
For young men are deceitful, they're got a flattering tongue,"
"I care not for their flattering tongue, for married I must be,
For when you married my mother she wasn't as old as me."

3

"Besides a good wife I would make, I'd neither ill nor frown,
I'd tip my shillings for to spend with any house in town,
I'd tip my shillings for to spend, I would never be afraid,
So I pray young man come and marry me now, don't let me die a maid."

4

"We'll send the bellman round the town to see what he can find,
A soldier or a sailor, to him I will prove kind,
To him I will prove kind, I will be generous, kind, and free,
I'll take him in my arrums and I'll use him tenderly."

5

"There is my sister Mary a girl you very well know,
Now there she has been married a many a month ago,
And now she's got a baby to dandle on her knee
So I think it's time that I had one, I'm near as old as she."

Sung by Mr. Matthew McKay, Little Harbour, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1954

12

I fell from my log, I slid to the ground,
There I was helpless, and helpless was found,
When a log from the top rolled down on to me
And broke my left arm and left leg at the knee.

13

The choppers and sawyers, the bosses and all
Bid me farewell as I left for St. Paul,
To see yourself carried in to die,
You would think of your Savoie way up in the sky.

14

To see yourself carried in a hospital van,
To lie on your back all through pain for to stand,
I have had my nurses, for to me they were kind,
But my father and mother kept coming in my mind.

15

Those westeran prairies, now boys they are grand,
Take a trip to the west boys if you're minded to roam,
But you'll find in the end boys there's no place like home.

16

So now I am landed on the Cape Breton shore,
Where friends and relations flock around me once more,
I feel kind of sad boys for not having those feet,
But I hope in the future in heaven to meet.

Sung by Mr. ~~Nathan McKay~~ Matthew McKay, Little Harbour,
and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1954.

(only 2 vs. recorded; tune not well known)

O when you get a little bit full
There's no place like home,
When you get to the bell and you pull like hell
There's no place like home,
There is one who will meet you in the gloom
And she'll bang you on the head all around the room,
Knock you out with the end of the broom,
There's no place like home.

2

When the baby cries till his lungs do crack
And you step on the point of a big sharp tack,
With your wife's cold feet in the middle of your back
There's no place like home.

Sung by Mr. James Coolen, North West Cove, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1954

Come all you young fellows that rambles
And steps in a Rockloff highway,
Now if ever you get in an alehouse,
Be careful how long you do stay.

2

They'll be rum and good gin to entice you,
They would set your mind almost arranged,
If you give them the price of one guinea
They will send you to hell for your change.

3

Now this nice little doll she came to me,
"Young man have you money to spend?
For one bottle of wine changes a guinea,
I will quickly reply at your side."

4

Now the bottle stood onto the table,
And glasses there for every one,
When I asked her for the change of my guinea
And she tipped me the verse of a song.

5

Now this young jade she flew in a passion
Clasping her both hands on her hips,
Saying, "Young man you don't know the fashion,
You think you're on board of your ship."

6

Now the bottle stood onto the table,
So nimbly at her I let fly,
And it's down on the floor she come tumbling
And loud for the watchman did call.

7

Now a gold watch hung under her mantle
For the change of my guinea I see,
And so quickly I jumped through the window
Saying, "Damn my old shoes but I'm free."

8

The night it being dark in my favour
To the water side nimbly I crept,
And I got in a boat bound for Bedford
And landed safe on to my ship.

Sung by Mr. Ned McKay, Little Harbout, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1954

The sun was just shedding its last golden rays
 At the close of a calm and serene summers day,
 When I strayed by a lake of fair beauty to view
 An Indian maid in her birchen canoe.
 So gently she dipped in the water so blue,
 Like a swan did she float in her birchen canoe.

2

O her features though dark were in different hue,
 Her form was the type of exquisite grace,
 With her glossy black locks she appeared to my view
 A model of taste in her birchen canoe.

3

The sun had gone down o'er the western hills
 But the Indian maid sat so thoughtful and still,
 Then she listened as if for some song that she knew,
 Then she struck up this song in her birchen canoe.

4

"O why does my lover make so much delay?
 Has he failed in the chase or mistaken his way?
 He tells me he loves me, I know he speaks true,
 And I'll meet him to-night in my birchen canoe.

5

"My hunter is brave and the chief of his race,
 So merry in camp and so swift on the chase,
 And when we do marry he says that we two
 Will be joined like the bark in my birchen canoe.

6

"And when the Great Spirit does call us away
 To the big hunting grounds where the good Indians stay,
 We shall sing such a song as ~~the~~ no brave ever knew
 And ever more paddle my birchen canoe."

7

The sound of a whistle, the blast of a horn
 That moment across the still water was born,
 Then swift as an eagle her course there she flew
 To the opposite shore in her birchen canoe.

8

And soon I could tell by her gay merry tone
 That the Indian maid was no longer alone,
 But the darkness of evening excludes from my view
 The Indian maid in her birchen canoe.

Sung by ~~Ernest~~ ^{Everett} Blexand, Clam Harbour, and
 recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1954.

In nineteen and forty it happened that year
When John McKay came home from town with some beer,
He went down to big Ned's like a flying machine
And he got in a row over red rose gasoline.

2

I happened to be sitting there onto the chair
When John he was finishing up his drink of beer,
When he looked at big Ned and he called him a fool,
For Ned wouldn't take it for he hadn't been to school.

3

Harry and I sitting there on the chair
When Ned hit John back of the left ear,
And over he rolled onto the floor
And John he got up and started to the door.

Sung by Mr. Doug Keating, Little Harbour and recorded
by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1954

She stood at the bar of justice,
A creature wan and wild,
In form too small for a woman,
In features too old for a child.

2

"Your name," said the judge as he eyed her,
With kindly looks she shed tears,
" 'Tis Mary McGuire if you please sir,
And my age it is turning fifteen."

3

"Well Mary," and then from a paper
He slowly but bravely read,
"You are charged here I'm sorry to say so
With stealing three loaves of bread."

4

"I will tell you how it was sir,
My father and mother are dead,
The little ones cold and hungry,
I took to feed to them."

5

Every man in the courtroom,
Grey beard and thoughtless youth,
Out from their eyes sprung tears,
Treasures hoarded for years.

Sung by ? , Little Harbour, and recorded by
Helen Creighton, Aug. 1954.

Lord Johnie Scot to the greenwood side
 A-hunting there a while,
 The fairest lady in that hall
 Lord Johnie has got beguiled.

2

"If this be true," the king he says,
 "That you have told to me,
 I'll have her put into prison fine
 Till I find the deed of his."

3

He wrote a letter to Lord Johnie Scot
 And sealed it by his knee,
 And sent in to Lord Johnie Scot,
 Come to him immediately.

4

The very first line that he looked on
 It caused him for to smile,
 The very next line that he looked on
 He hung his head and cried.

5

"Saying, "If this be true," Lord Johnie says,
 "Which he has told to me,
 Before to-morrow ten o'clock
 I will set my lady free."

6

Lord Johnie on a horseback sat,
 A groslame sight was he,
 The very first town that he rode through
 He caused the bells to ring,
 The very next town that he rode through
 The drums did beat all round.

7

O when I came to the king's castle
 He rid it round about,
 And who should he see by the window side
 But his lady a-looking out.

8

"Come down, come down," Lord Johnie says cried,
 "Come down, come down," said he,
 "O how can I come down stairs?
 King Henry has 'prisoned me.

9

The garters that I used to wear
 Of the best of the beating gold,
 But now it's of the coldest steel
 Round my legs do fold.

10

The breastplate that I used to wear
 Of the best of the beating gold,
 But now it's of the coldest steel
 On to my breast lies cold.

11

"Who's that? Who's that?" the king he cried,
 "Who rides my castle round?
 Is that the ~~ki~~ duke of Allmy
 Or is it Sir James our king,
 Or is it your Lord Johnie Scot
 His lady for to win?"

12

"It is not the duke of Allmy
Or yet Sir James our king,
But it is Lord Johnie Scot
His lady for to win."

13

"If this be true," the king he says,
"That you have told to me,
Before to-morrow at ten o'clock
You will die at the hands of me."

14

O when the Italian he came out
A grosieme sight was he,
Betwixt his eyes two measured spans
And a height of any man three,

15

"A sight, a sight," Lord Johnie cries,
A horrisome sight art thou,
"But if as big as the devil himself
I will have a bout with thee."

16

His lady and his maidens all
To the plains they did go,
His maidens and his servants
To the plain they did go,
His lady and his maidens
To see Lord Johnie slain.

17

O they fought on like champions bold
Of the swords of the tempered steel,
Till you would swear their very heart's blood
Came a-running to the field.

18

But when the king he found out
His conqueror could not be,
It's over the top of Lord Johnie's head
Like a sparrow he did fly.

19

Lord Johnie being a well-thought man,
And a well-thought squire was he,
And on the point of his broadsword
The king he had to die.

20

"A squire, a squire," the king he cries,
To sign his deed and ayes,"
"A priest, a priest," Lord Johnie cries,
"To marry my lady and I."

Sung by Mrs. H.H. Power, Little Harbour and Canning,
and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1954

(In the first singing she left out the Italian, but after
looking the ballad up in Child, I remembered she and her
husband had had some argument about him, so I went back
and she completed the song as best she could)

I went unto my master's house
 Just like a clever fellow,
 I told her that the pears was ~~xix~~ fine
 When they were ripe and mellow.

Cho.

Fol the dol dol)
 Sing right fol dey,)
 Fol the dol dol) repeat
 Sing right fol dey.)

2

My hand she squeezed, she seemed quite pleased,
 There's nothing of the matter,
 You must comply or else you'll die
 I have no time to flatter. Cho.

3

My hand she squeezed, she seemed quite pleased,
 "There's one thing that I fear sir,
 My father he is coming this way
 And he will catch us here sir. Cho.

4

"If you will please this tree to climb
 Till he gets out of the way sir,
 We'll go down to yon valley green
 And there we'll sport and play sir." cho.

5

He mounted up the lofty tree
 Without the least offended,
 She stood at the root of it
 To see how he had ended. Cho.

6

With every jerk he made such work,
 It stuck into his crop sir,
 He barked his shins and tore his shirt
 Till he got to the top sir. Cho.

7

"You ~~xxxx~~ appear to me just like an owl,
 Your company I'll shun sir,
 You may get down as you got up,
 You're welcome to your fun sir." Cho.

8

It's now she skips it o'er the green,
 She left him quite distracted,
 He cursed, he swore at Kitty Moore
 To see how she had acted. Cho.

9

But when he came to consider it
 It's her he recommended,
 He quicklie made his bride of her,
 So now his trouble is ended. Cho.

Sung by Mrs. H.H. Power, Canning, formerly of Little
 Harbour, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1954.

John Riley was a fisherman
 As you may understand,
 He hired with her father
 To plough and clear some land,
 "Now if you be fond of Riley
 Pray quit his company,
 Your father swears he'll have his life
 So shun his company."

2

"O mother dear don't be severe
 For Riley is my love,
 His very heart lies in my breast
 As constant as a dove,"
 "O daughter dear I ain't severe,
 Here is one thousand pounds,
 Send Riley to Americay
 To purchase there some ground. "

3

Soon as Ellen got the money
 To Riley she did run,
 "Here is one thousand pounds in gold
 My father charged his gun,
 Here is one thousand pounds in gold
 My mother sent to you,
 So you sail to Americay
 Till I do follow you."

4

Soon as Riley got the money
 Next day he sailed away,
 A-thinking to return again
 To take his love away.
 The ship was wrecked, all hands was lost,
 Her father grieved full sore,
 Found Ellen in her true love's arms
 Lie drowned on the shore.

5

When in her bosom a letter found
 And that was wrote with blood,
 Saying, "Cruel was my father,
 He tried to shoot my love,
 I hope this will be a warning
 To all young girls so gay,
 And never let the lad you love
 Sail to Americay."

Sung by Mrs. H.H. Power, Canning, formerly of Little
 Harbour, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1954