

Reel 125A

- 1-3 Time To Be Made A Wife, sung by Mrs. Harvey Power, Little Harbour; 5 vs. words complete, but this is a poor singing voice; the song is good.
- 3-5 Gallows, sung by Mrs. Power; her tune has great similarity to Mr. Ben Henneberry's; interesting old song; have seen it successfully dramatized; this is my 5th variant.
- 5-8 I Courted A Pretty Girl, sung by Mrs. Power; nice song, regretting loss of girl to another; much the same tune as one for He's Yung But He's Daily A-Growing; 7 vs.
- 8-12 Down by the Shannon Side, sung by Mrs. Power; 9 vs. this has similarity to Rinordine who was somehow magic, see reel 102.
- 12-15 Love o' God Razor, sung by Mrs. Power; 8 vs. comic, Irish; this is my 3rd variant; not well sung
- 15-16 The Carrion Crow, sung by Mrs. Power; this, like so many N.S. versions, has the kangaroo instead of the crow; 5 vs., not much tune; this is my 7th version.
- 18-19 To Toss and Dry His Hay, sung by Mrs. Power; 6 vs. but only 1 recorded; love song; odd.
- 19-20 Lookie Loo, sung by Mrs. Power; singing game; 4 vs. & cho. acted and sung.
- 20-21 The Broken Ring, sung by Mrs. Power; 6 vs. only 1 recorded; any of 9 other variants better.
- 21-22 The Banks of Sweet Dundee, sung by Mrs. Power; words much better than tune, so only recorded 2 vs.; have 6 other variants
- 22-23 Quadrille, sung by Mr. Will McQueen, Tatamagouche; 1 vs. as song, giving directions of dance; too bad he didn't know more of it.
- 23-25 I'm Going Back to Cork, sung by Mr. McQueen; for words see reel 109B; here before singing he says, "Hold my teeth," but since nobody obliges, he uses them for keeping time which accounts for the thumping noise; singers often remove teeth before singing.
- 25-27 Don't Send My Boy to Prison, sung by Mr. McQueen; 6 vs. not folk.
- 27-end Strawberry Roan, sung by Mr. McQueen; for words see reel 109B by same singer; not much tune.

As I walked out one evening
 All in the month of May
 I heard a daughter talking,
 To her father she did say,
 "I'm sixteen years of age
 And I'm tired of my life,
 So father I think it's almost time
 That I may be a wife."

2

"O hold your tongue dear daughter,
 You're entirely too young,
 Young men they are deceitful,
 They has a flattering tongue,"
 "I care not for their flattering tongues
 For married I shall be,
 For when you married my mother
 She wasn't as old as me."

3

"O there's my sister Mary,
 A girl you all know well,
 She has not been married
 Not many a months ago,
 Likewise she has a baby
 To dandle on her knee,
 So father I think it's time I had one,
 I'm near as old as she."

4

"I'll send a bellman all around
 To see what I could find,
 A soldier or a sailor,
 To him I would prove kind,
 A soldier or a sailor
 That's generous, kind, or free,
 I'll roll him in my arms
 And use him tenderly."

5

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

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

I courted as fair and as fine a young man
 As ever yet the sun shone on,
 And how to gain him I did not know it,
 I heard his sentence was to be hung.

2

They marched him up on the street so dreary,
 They marched him up on the street so fine,
 He marched more like some commanding officer
 Than any young man that was going to die.

3

"Hang him, hang him," cries the bloody sheriff
 When the good old clergyman was standing by,
 Saying, "You shan't hang him bold executor
 Till his confession with me is done,
 Then you can hang him bold executor
 Just fifteen minutes from the setting sun.

4

When he was on the first step of the gallows
 His own dear sister by chance to spy,
 "Step up, step up my beloved sister,
 I have just one word to exchange with you."

5

He slipped a gold ring from off his finger,
 He wrapped it up in her silk so fine,
 "Take this, take this my beloved sister
 And keep your brother close in your mind."

6

When he was on the next step of the gallows
 His own dear brother by chance to spy,
 "Step up, step up my beloved brother,
 I have just one word to exchange with you.

7

"Where is my sweetheart, where is my jewel?
 Why don't she come for to visit me?
 Or do she think oh herself unworthy,
 Or do she think I'm not fit to die?"

8

When he was on the next step on the gallows,
 His own true luyver come riding by,
 With a coach and six bright linen gaylies
 Up through the crowd swiftly drove she.

9

"Come down, come down from that bloody gallows,
 I have your pardon from George our king,
 In spite of all I'll wed you my darling,
 I'll call your name in the blooming spring."

10

Fill up your glasses my lads and lassies
 And never leave oh your heart to fail,
 Fill up your glasses my lads and lasses
 And drink a health to brave Ann O'Neil.

Sung by Mrs. Harvey Power, Canning, formerly Little Harbour,
 and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1954.

I Courted a Pretty Girl

Reel 125A5-8

I courted a pretty girl many a long day
Which surprised all good people, likewise what they say,
But now she'll reward me for all my kind pay
For she's going to be wed to some other.

2

The first time I saw my love all dressed in white
With jewels of ribbons she dazzled my sight,
I put on my hat and I bid her good-night
Saying, "Adieu to all false-hearted luvyers."

3

The next time I saw my love in the church stand
With the ring on her finger and a glove in her hand,
And he that enjoys her has houses and land
And therefore I cannot gain her.

4

Says the parson in public, "All ye that's near by,
All ye that forbid this I'll have you draw nigh,"
I thought in my heart what occasion had I,
What occasion had I to forbid it?

5

They all set the table to make a large feast
While I sat beside my love nothing could taste,
I loved her sweet company much better than thou
Although she belonged to some other.

6

Now here is a handkerchief silk and mohair,
It's the colour of orange, and a plait of my hair,
O take this and keep it, wear it for my sake
Whilst I am a-sleeping and you are awake.

7

Come dig me a grave, dig it long, wide, and deep,
And spread it all over with violets so sweet,
Where I may lie down to take a long sleep,
And that's the best way to forget her.

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

One morning in April, one morning by the dawn
 When lips, close lips, pursued it, pursued upon the lawn,
 With flowery mantles flower which decks the hills with pride
 I spied a comely damsel down by the Shannon side.

2
 "Good morning," said I, "my pretty fair maid," ~~ixknewxuxiaxakaxaxatxangerx~~
~~Axstxanxvxxixixixixixixix~~ "Good morning sir," said she,
 "Where are you going so early, why are you going this way?"
 With cheeks like blooming roses this fair one she replied,
 "I'm going to seek my father's sheep down by the Shannon side."

3
 "If you have no objections whilst I may go with thee,
 If you have no objections to bear my company,"
 "O no kind sir," she answered, "my parents would divide
 If I was seen with any man down by the Shannon side."

4
 I threw my arms around her, her neat and slender waist,
 A feeling of her stays, oh they were so tightlie laced,
 The ground being very mossy where on her feet did stand,
 We both slipped down together down by the Shannon side.

5
 Three times I kissed her rosy lips whilst lying on the grass,
 While coming to herself again it's oh she cries, "Alas,
 It's now you've had your will of me make me your lawful bride,
 Don't leave me here to mourn and weep down by the Shannon side."

6
 We kissed, shook hands, and parted, and from her I did go,
 I did not come that way again for more than half a year,
 When passing through those flowery lawns my love I chanced to spy,
 She was hardly able for to walk down by the Shannon side.

7
 I took no notice of her but steered right on my way,
 My love she turned her head aside, those words I heard her say,
 "It's if you will not marry me pray tell to me your name
 So when my baby it is born I may call it the same."

8
 "My name is Captain Thunderbolt, the same I'll ne'er deny,
 And I have been to guide you fair on yonder mountain high.

9
 We kissed, shook hands and parted, and from her I did go,
 My love she turned her head aside, those words I heard her say,
 It's 50,000 in bright gold my parents will divide
 And sixty acres of good land down by the Shannon side.

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

Question; Is it 50,000 pounds or 500 pounds? Yesterday you
 said 500 pounds.

Answer; I doesn't matter.

Is this a variant of Rinordine who was in some way magic?

I stepped in a city not far from the spot
 Where the barberhe set up a snug little shop,
 He bought an old razor full of notches and rust
 To shave those poor devils that came here for trust.

2

One day as poor Paddy was walking this way,
 He had not a shave for this manys a day,
 Walked into the barber shop, laid down his hod,
 Said, "Give me a shave for the pure love of God."

3

"O no," says the barber, "we can't give no trust,
 "Bejabers," said Paddy, "for this time you must,
 For the devil a penny have I got to pay
 And I haven't a shave for this many a day. "

4

"Walk inside," said the barber, "sit down in the chair,
 I'll soon mow your greasy beard down to a hair,"
 Then he kicked up a lather all over Pat's chin,
 With his rusty gaff razor he quicklie begin.

5

"Hark, murder," says Paddy, "and what are you doing?
 Knock off your darn capers, my jaws you will ruin,
 Pat dries out, "Barber, and is it a saw?
 Or you'll have every tooth now clear out of my jaw."

6

"Hold still," says the barber, "don't make such a din
 Or else I'll be cutting you by the move of your chin,"
 "Not cutting," says Pat, "for the razor you got
 It wouldn't cut butter unless it was hot."

7

The barber kept shaving, not pitying Pat's case,
 When the tears like large peas they rolled down o'er Pat's face,
 "You may shave all your friends and relations till you're sick,
 But bejabers I'd rather be scraped with a brick."

8

"Begobs sakes," says Paddy, "and don't shave no more,"
 When away bolted Paddy right out of the door,
 Next day as poor Paddy was passing that way
 He heard a jackass give a terrible roar,
 "Help, murder," says Paddy, "ain't that a teaser? "
 Some poor devil's getting shaved with that love of God Razor.

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

A kangaroo sat on a stump
With me in cum kiddy cum a kimo,
Watching a tailor cutting out a coat
With me in cum dkiddy cum a kimo.

Cho.

Kimineero kiddy cum a neero,
Kimineero kimo,
To me bah bah bah bah bally willty wing wong,
In comes Kelly won't ye kime me o.

2

Wife go bring me a shooting gun
Until I shoot that kangaroo. Cho.

3

He fired at the kangaroo,
Missed his mark and shot the old sow into the heart. Cho.

4

Now the old sow's dead and gone,
Hear the young pigs waddling along. Cho.

5

Now my song is nearly done,
If I had time I would sing no more. Cho.

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

(Learned at Little Harbour)

As
 When I rode out one evening
 All in the month of May,
 Down by a charming meadow
 I carelessly did stray,
 Down by a charming meadow
 I carelessly did stray,
 I spied a maid quite leisurely
 As she was raking hay.

2

I viewed her through those hedge hocks,
 I scarcely could be seen,
 Her beauty bright far excite
 Young Cathering Jane the queen,
 And all around her lily white neck
 Those amberlocks did lay,
 Her eyes like diamonds glittering
 As she was raking hay.

3

"I boldlie saluted her,
 "What brought you here alone?"
 "My brothers they have left me
 And to the woods are gone
 To turn some turf in the meadow
 Whilst they have light of day,
 They left me here poor girl alone
 To toss and dry me hay."

4

I caught her round the middle
 And I gently laid her down,
 I stole a kiss from her ruby lips
 Which causes me to frown,
 She'd just been in her merry moon,
 Just with her knees did play,
 "When cry for shame," replied the dame,
 "Young man you spoiled my hay."

5

"You spoiled my hay young man," she says,
 "And something else besides,
 And at the point of honour
 You must make me your bride,
 You stole away my virgin bloom
 While helpless here I lie,
 So take me as your fortune
 And get leave to spoil my hay."

6

It's now this couple are married,
 In Amber chain are bound,
 It's now they do live happily
 At each other's command,
 Five thousand pounds it was laid down
 All on her wedding day,
 And now he's got sweet liberty
 To toss and dry his hay.

Sung by Mrs. Harvey Power, Canning, formerly of Little Harbour,
 and 1 verse recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1954.

Cha. Cho.

Here we go Lookie Loo,
Here we go Lookie Lie,
Here we go Lookie Loo
Upon a summer's day.

2

I put my right ear in,
I take my right ear out,
I give myself a shake shake shake
And I turn myself about.

2

I put my right hand in,
I take my right hand out etc.

3

I put my right foot in,
I take my right foot out etc.

4

I put my body in,
I take my body out, etc.

Stand in a row and act the song as it is sung; used to play it at school at Little Harbour.

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

A maid walked all in her garden,
A brisk young sailor by chance to spy,
Stepping up to her he thought he knew her,
Saying, "Young woman, won't you be my bride.

2

"I'll give ~~xxx~~ you gold love and silver plenty,
Pleasure a-floating on every side,
Men and maidservants to wait upon you,
Saying, "Young woman, won't you be my bride?"

3

"O what cares I for you gold and silver,
O what cares I for your ---
Or what cares I for your men, maidservants
If my sweet Willie would return to me?

4

"It's seven long years since he's crossed the ocean,
Seven long years since he's crossed the sea,
Seven long years longer I'll wait upon him,
When he returns he will marry me."

5

He put his hand all in his pocket,
His fingers being both neat and small,
Hauling out a ring that was broke between them,
And when she saw it she faint and fell.

6

He picked her up all in his arrums,
He gave her kisses one, two, ~~xxxx~~ and three,
Saying, "I am your true love and single sailor
Just now returned to marry thee."

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

In London lived a lady her parents loved full well,
 Her father died and left her five thousand pounds in gold,
 She lived with her uncle, the cause of all her woe,
 You soon shall hear this maiden fair soon proved his overthrow.

2

Her uncle had a ploughboy who Mary loved full well,
 Down in her uncle's garden the tales of love did tell,
 Her uncle came to Mary all on her bed of down,
 Saying, "Arise my pretty fair maid, a lady you will be,
 For the squire's waiting for you on the banks of sweet Dundee"

3

"I care not for you squires, your lords or dukes," said she,
 "For Willie's handsome features shines like diamonds in my eyes,"
 "Begone unruly maid," he says, "a lady you may be,
 For I mean to banish Willie from the banks of sweet Dundee."

4

The press gang came to Willie when he was all alone,
 He boldly fought for liberty and there was three to one,
 The blood did fly in torrents, "O kill me now," says he,
 "My life I'll lose for Mary on the banks of sweet Dundee."

5

As Mary was a-walking down by her uncle's grove,
 It's there she spied the squire all in his morning robe,
 He clasped her in his arrums, he tried to throw her down
 When a pistol and a sword she spied beneath his morning gown.

6

The pistol she took from him, the sword she used so free,
 And she did fire and shoot the squire on the banks of sweet Dundee.

7

Her uncle hearing the report he hasted unto the ground,
 Saying, "Since you killed the squire now I'll give you your death wound,"
 "Stand back, stand back," says Mary, undaunted I will be,
 When a pistol drew, her uncle slew on the banks of sweet Dundee.

8

"Arise my head dear Mary and lie it on your knee
 That I may die all in your arms on the banks of sweet Dundee."

9

A doctor he was sent for, a man of noble skill,
 Likewise a wealthy squire for to sign his death will,
 He willed his gold to Mary who fought so manfully,
 He closed his eyes no more to rise on the banks of sweet Dundee.

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

(She said; This was my grandfather's song; he used to learn us
 a verse at a time).

Quadrille

Reel 125A22-23

The first two ladies cross over
And by your opposites stand,
The next two ladies cross over
And do as I command,
Balance to your partners
And turn your corners all,
Turn your corner lady
And promenade the hall.

Sung by Mr. Will McQueen, Tatamagouche, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1954

This is sung as a song.

As I strolled in a courthouse not many miles from here
A boy stood in the prison dock, his mother she stood near,
The boy was quite a youngster but he had gone astray,
And from his master's cash box he had stole some money away.

2

The boy addressed His Honour while the tears ran down his cheeks,
Says he, "Kind sir will you allow my mother there to speak,"
The judge he then consented and the boy held down his head,
And turning to the jurymen these words his mother said.

3

"Don't send my boy to prison, for that would drive me mad,
Remember I'm a widow and I'm pleading for my lad,"
The lawyer for the persecution on the widow began to frown,
And politely asked His Honour to order her to sit down.
He said it was disgraceful and a gross insult indeed
For His Honour to sit on the bench and allow that woman to plead.

4

The widow's eyes flashed fire, her cheeks turned deathly pale,
Says she, "I'm here to try and save my offspring from the jail.
I know my boy is guilty, and I own his crime is bad,
But who is there more fit to plead than a mother for her lad."

5

The judge then addressed the prisoner, these words to him did say,
"I'm sorry to set on the bench and see you here to-day,
I will not blight your future, but on your crime I frown,
For I cannot forget that I have children of my own.

6

"I will therefore will discharge you," the court then gave a cheer,
"But remember that it's chiefly through your widowed mother there,
I hope you'll prove a comfort, and no more make her sad,
For she has proved there's no one cliggs like a mother to her lad."

Sung by Mr. Will McQueen, Tamagouche, and recorded by Helen
Creighton, Aug. 1954.