

- 1-5 A Frog In the Well, sung by Mr. Luther ~~Rxxxxxx~~ Fulton, Pembroke; 13 vs. Kitty alone and 1 variant; words good, but singer's voice rather weak; good tune.
- 5-6 Earltown Fair, sung by Mr. Fulton; 6 vs. locally composed; rather nice little love song.
- 6-7 The Man Behind the Plow, sung by Mr. Fulton, 3vs.; late; would fit into list of farming songs in praise of plowman.
- 7-8 The Kangaroo, sung by Mr. Fulton; good variant, almost the same as that in T.S.N.S. p. 244
- 8-9 Lily of the West, sung by Mr. Fulton; 5 vs. with local words made up to older song; fair
- 9-10 Sleighing Song, sung by Mr. Fulton, 2 vs., probably the complete song; farmer prefers to ride than float; pleasant, with preference shown for land over sea.
- 10-11 ~~Rxxxxxx~~ The Cow, sung by Mr. Fulton, 1½ vs. only; cow ate everything in sight; probably a fairly good song if more of it.
- 11-14 It's Nive To Be A Father, sung by Mr. Fulton; 2 vs. & cho. nice little song; father rejoices in having a son; better variant on reel 118A
- 14-18 Turkish Rover, sung by Mr. Fulton; ~~xxxxxxx~~ 10 vs.; good variant; see also S.B.N.S.p.26 & T.S.N.S. p.123; all have good tunes; much the same story as Lord Bateman
- 18-20 The Birchen Canoe, sung by Mr. Samuel Cox, Eastville; 2 vs. only; song in Indians being displaced; for full text see reel 84
- 20-21 Captain James, sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River; 1 vs. only; for full text see reel 54; song of cruelty and murder at sea; old.
- 21-22. There Was An Old Man In Dover; 4 long vs. sung with spirit; sailor tames flighty wife; for text see reel 95A where he had sung it before; this is a nice amusing song.
- 22-24 Talk on Oxen, by Mr. and Mrs. B.G. Oxner, Lunenburg, more interesting for dialect than for information as they are not too sure of their facts.

When We Return from Sea.

There was a frog lived in the well,
 Kitty along, Kitty along,
 There was a frog lived in the well
 And Mistress Mouse she kept the mill,
 Kitty along, Kitty along and I.

2

The frog he would a-wooing go,
 Kitty along, Kitty along,
 The frog he would a-wooing go
 Whether his mother would let him or no,
 Kitty along, Kitty along and I.

3

When he came to the mouse's hall,
 Kitty along, Kitty along,
 When he came to the mouse's hall
 It's there he did both knock and call,
 Kitty along, Kitty along and I.

4

He took his lady on his knee,
 Kitty along, Kitty along,
 He took his lady on his knee
 Saying, "Mistress Mouse will you have me?"
 Kitty along, Kitty along and I.

5

"I'll have nothing to say to that,
 Kitty along, Kitty along,
 I'll have nothing to say to that
 Till I do ask my Uncle Rat,
 Kitty along, Kitty along and I."

6

Uncle Rat when he came home,
 Kitty along, Kitty along,
 Uncle Rat when he came home
 Says, "Who's been here while I was gone?"
 Kitty along, Kitty along I.

7

"There was a very fine gentleman,
 Kitty along, Kitty along,
 There was a very fine gentleman,
 He said he'd have me if he can,"
 Kitty along, Kitty along and I.

8

Uncle Rat gave his consent,
 Kitty along, Kitty along,
 Uncle Rat gave his consent
 And away to the church straight too they went,
 Kitty along, Kitty along and I.

9

Who should set next to the bride?
 Kitty along, Kitty along,
 Who should set next to the bride?
 It's Mistress Frog with all her pride,
 Kitty along, Kitty along and I.

What shall we now have for supper?
 Kitty along, Kitty along,
 What shall we now have for supper?
 Green peas, greens and butter,
 Kitty along, Kitty along and I.

11

When they got the supper set
 Kitty along, Kitty along,
 When they got the supper set
 In came the kitten and the cat,
 Kitty along, Kitty along and I.

12

The cat got hold of the rat's crown,
 Kitty along, Kitty along,
 The cat got hold of the rat's crown,
 The kitten pulled the mouse down,
 Kitty along, Kitty along and I.

13

The frog he got his leg broke,
 Kitty along, Kitty along,
 The frog he got his leg broke,
 And ever since he hops and croaks,
 Kitty along, Kitty along and I.

Sung by Mr. Luther Fulton, Pembroke, and recorded
 by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1954.

As I walked out one evening
 All for to take the air,
 And to meet with old companions
 Coming home from the Earltown Fair,
 It was there I spied a female form
 That filled me with delight,
 For she wore the robes of velvet
 And her cheek was snowy white.

2

Her cheek was snowy white likewise
 Her form was tall and slim,
 And around her neck hung a little gold chain
 That caused her for to grin,
 I thought shee was the fairest maid
 My eyes had ever seen,
 For she wore the robes of velvet
 And the colour it was light green.

3

I gently saluted her,
 "Good evening my dear,"
 "And for your kind attention sir
 I'm glad that you are here,"
 Her hair hung down in a long braid
 As yellow as the gold,
 Her rolling eyes attracted me
 Because they looked so bold.

4

'Twas in the year of eighty-three,
 October was the month,
 We all assembled together
 With a jolly dance,
 And strong drinks being plenty
 And the maidens few but kind,
 We all went in together
 For to have a jolly time.

5

We danced all night till two o'clock
 And homeward boys we went,
 It was Rosy and the other man
 Arm in arm they went,
 It was then I thought of rambling
 A voyage for to take,
 For the maiden's in love with another man
 And me she did forsake.

6

It's now my song it is ended
 And I am at my ease,
 I would sing you more but I haven't got time
 And I don't feel very well pleased,
 This world is wide and lonely
 And I am left alone,
 For to wander round from town to town
 For the girl I had before.

Sung by Mr. Luther Fulton, Pembroke, and recorded by
 Helen Creighton, Sept. 1954

Whoever made up this song must have been familiar
 with The Gallant Brigantine, The Mantle of Green and the
 Stormy Scenes of Winter.

I'm not so much at singing
As those high falutin' chaps,
My voice is rather husky
And a little loud perhaps,
For I have been a-plowing
With a lazy team you see,
They kept me very busy with my
"Get up, whoa, haw, gee."

2

But if you'll give attention
I have just one word to say,
About the great mistake you make,
And make it every day,
In giving ~~out~~ your praises
And I'm going to tell you now,
Too often you forget the man
That walks behind the plow.

3

You talk about your learned men,
Their wit and wisdom rare,
Your painters and your poets,
They get praises everywhere,
They're well enough to make a show,
But will you tell me how
This world would ever do without
The man behind the plow?

x*xx

Sung by Mr. Luther Fulton, Pembroke, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1954

The Kangaroo

Reel 134A7-8

A kangaroo sat on an oak
To me immy kummy kimmy kummy kimo
Watching a tailor cutting out a coat
To me immy kummy kimmy kummy kimo.

Cho.

I'm a nearo, killum a kearo,
Kiminearo kimo,
To me ubb bub bub billy timmy dey,
To me immy kummy kimmy kummy kimo.

2

I took my aim and missed my mark,
And shot the old sow through the heart. Cho.

3

It's now the old sow's dead and gone,
And the little pigs go waddling on. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Luther Fulton, Pembroke, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1954.

This is practically the same as sung by Walter
Roast of Chezzetcook; both learned the song on the
eastern shore, Mr. Fulton from a Mr. Dollingworth
of Musquodoboit.

The chorus is sometimes I'm a nearo, and again
kiminearo.

Come all ye Nova Scotians, come listen unto me,
I've been a rover all my life, but now I've quit the sea,
I've sailed the stormy ocean but the places I love best
Is sunny California, the lily of the west.

2

When I was young and foolish I took unto the stage,
My name being on for drummer, Philadelphia I engaged,
I led a wild and reckless life and you can guess the rest,
I'm bound for California, the lily of the west.

3

I don't despise the English, or yet the Turks or Jews,
But I do despise the aristocrats that bore the dual use,
I've seen so much of their cruelty, all tenants are oppressed,
I'm bound for California, the lily of the west.

4

The snow-clad hills of Pictou are too severe for me,
The burning sands of India I never wish to see,
Give me the girl that loves me, no more will I request,
But I'll go to California, the lily of the west.

5

Good-bye my friends in River John, I can no longer stay,
But I'll not forget your kindness when I am far away,
The train is at the station and I must do my best,
I'm bound for California, the lily of the west.

Sung by Mr. Luther Fulton, Pembroke, and recorded by
Helen Creighton, Sept. 1954.

Local words are, I think, added to older song
by man from River John.

Sleighbing Song

Reel 134A9-10

A sailor he may choose the sea
And sing of his bonny boat,
He may take a ship but I the whip,
I would rather ride than float,
Then haste away, bring out the sleigh,
And harness the impatient steed,
As away we go o'er the sparkling snow
And vie with the wind in speed.

2

With horses gayly prancing,
And the snow light's glitter dancing,
With our friends beside, with our friends beside,
Our merry songs shall mingle
With the sleighbells cheerful jingle,
As away we go, as away we go.

Sung by Mr. Esther Fulton, Pembroke, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1954.

She was ill-used, abused,
She was often in the pound,
She was a picture of Satan
Wherever she was found,
She had the picture of Satan
Printed in her face,
And she seemed to carry vengeance
On all the Roman race.

2

She'd a stack of hay
From a man that they called Collane,
And she ate a stack of oats
From Barney Macalean,

She ate everything in the blacksmith's place, Barney
McCummin's anvil and all within his land.

There's forgotten

Sung by Mr. Luther Fulton, and recorded by Helen
Creighton, Sept. 1954.

Then set your bells a ring boys
And fire off your guns,
And blow your trumpets inside out
And bang the biggest drum,
If anyone should ask you
The cause for all this joy,
You may tell them I'm the father
Of a bounding baby boy.

Cho.

It's nice to be a father,
It's nice to be a father,
It's fine to be a happy one,
And don't you wish me joy?

2

Oh the little popsy wopsy's
The chickabiddy's chum,
And he shall have some icy pycy
And lots of sugar plums,
And he shall ridey pidey
In the coachy coachy too,
All around the parky warky
With the cock a doodley doo.Cho.

Sung by Mr. Luther Fulton, Pembroke, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1954

As we were sailing o'er the sea
 By a Turkish rover took were we,
 And all of us made slaves to be,
 By a Turkish rover took were we,
 And all of us made slaves to be

2

They bound us down in iron strong,
 They whipped and lashed us all around,
 No tongue can tell I'm certain and sure
 What we poor seamen did endure,
 No tongue can tell I'm certain and sure
 What we poor seamen did endure.

3

Come set you down and listen awhile
 To see how fortune did on him smile,
 It was his fortune for to be
 A slave unto a rich lady,
 It was his fortune for to be
 A slave unto a rich lady.

4

She dressed herself up in rich array
 And went to see her slaves one day,
 Hearing the moan this young man made,
 She went to him and thus she said,

5

"Of what country, young man are you?"
 "I'm an Englishman madame that's true,"
 "I wish you had been some Turk," said she,
 "I would ease you of all your slavery,"

6

"I would ease you of all your slavery work
 If you'll consent and turn a Turk,
 And I myself will be your wife,
 For I do love you as I love my life,
 And I myself will be your wife,
 For I do love you as I love my life."

7

"O no, O no madame," said he,
 "Your constant slave I would rather be,
 I would rather be burned at a stake
 Before that I would my God forsake,
 I would rather be burned at a stake
 Before that I would my God forsake."

8

This lady to her chamber went,
 And spent the night in sad discontent,
 Little Cupid with his piercing dart
 Had fiercely wounded this fair maid's heart,
 Little Cupid with his piercing dart
 Had deeply wounded this fair maid's heart.

She dressed herself in more rich array
And with this young man she sailed away,
She sailed till he came to his native shore,
With jewels, diamonds, and gold great store,
She sailed till she came to his native shore
With jewels, diamonds, and gold great store.

Parents and friends she bid adieu,
By this you see what love can do,
And now she has turned a Christian brave
And married unto her own slave,
Who ~~was~~ was in chains and bondage too,
By this you see what love can do.

Sung by Mr. Luther Fulton, Pembroke, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1954.

Learned from his father.

The Indian sits in his little canoe
He paddles along o'er the water so blue,
He thinks of the time when the land was his own
Before those pale faces amongst us were known,
Amongst us were known, amongst us were known,
Before those pale faces amongst us were known.

2

They built their farm houses all over our land,
On our rich meadows their farm houses stand,
Their farm houses stand, their farm houses stand,
On our rich meadows their farm houses stand.

Sung by Mr. Samuel Cox, Eastville, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1954

Captain James

Reel 134A2021

if I had only but one morsel
Like a dog I would just hide,
I would pray to God send me down some water
From the high and lofty skies.

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

There Was An Old Man In Dover

Reel 134A2122

There was an old man lived down in Dover,

For rest of words see reel 95A where Mr. Hatt sang
it before.

"For the ox calls, what did they say Mr. Oxner?"

"Well, I don't know just what they all mean when they're working their oxen, but they say, "Haw Lion," "Huet," and "Gee Spark," and all words like that you know. I don't know really what they all mean."

"The oxen have names, Lion and Spark usually/ Haw means going a certain way. Haw means right and Huet means left. Gee, haw, huet, or haw Lion, or gee Lion, I don't know which is which."

Question; When they're having an ox pull do you know what they're saying?

"If one is not pulling as hard as the other one they'll tap him and go haw, gee, and tell each ox, whichever ox is haw or huet, whatever they mean. I don't know what is what."

Mrs. Oxner says explains that haw and huet are directions like port and starboard on a ship.

Talk with Mr. and Mrs. Oxner, Lunenburg, on directions given to oxen, especially at ox pulling contests. They give huet as a direction to go left, but in my Folklore of Lunenburg County it is given as the direction to go back, which is more likely. The Oxners were not too familiar with the meaning of the words.

Recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1954.