

Reel 146B

- 1-2 Hansel and Gretel, sung by Mrs. Ellis Roulston, Sackville, N.B.  
These are songs of Upper Austria, sung in the homes there.
- 2-3 Gut'n Morgen, Herr Spielmann! These are nicely sung.
- 3-5 Die Post; mail carriage song.
- 5-6 Winter, ade; winter good-bye.
- 6-7 Alles neu Macht der Mai; for more adult singing than the others
- 7-8 Die beiden Hasen; song of hunting rabbits
- 8-9 Ein Ratsel, riddle song, sung by Mrs. Ellis Roulston
- 9-10 Six Girls, amusing late song of man who courted too many girls,  
sung by Mr. Clarence Thompson, Springhill. Singer's  
memory requires many starts and stops as result of stroke.
- 10-15 Silvy, sung by Mr. Thompeen, song of female highwayman; quite  
a nice variant of well known English folk song
- 15-16 Barbara Allan, sung by Mr. Thompson, 2 vs. only
- 16-17 He's Young But He's Daily A-Growing, sung by Mr. Thompson; one  
verse only recorded for interesting tune, 3 others included.
- 17-20 The Handsome Cabin Boy, sung by Mrs. Thompson, interesting  
English folk song, but not too well sung.
- 20-21 The Apple Pie, recitation by Mr. Myron Gilbert, Springhill; alphabet  
verses, very good as far as it goes.
- 21-25 William Hill, sung by Mr. Thompson, good-night song, 10 vs. good  
of its kind.
- \* 25-~~22~~ 27 The Young Weaver, sung by Mr. Thompson, 3 vs. of what must  
be an interesting English folk song.
- 27-end Green Beds, sung by Mr. Thompson; not room for whole song, so  
it is completed on reel 147A. See reel 147 for words.  
This has a nice tune.

Mrs. Roulston was born in Vienna. The songs on this tape were sung in Lower and Upper Austria, and possibly in other parts. She heard them before she went to school, and then learned them at school. They might be heard at any time, and they are Austrian folk songs.

Mr. Thompson thought his singing days were over, having suffered a stroke, and it was only with great difficulty that he recalled the songs on this tape. He enjoyed a great reputation for singing in his day.

\*  
George Jones

Hansel und Gretel verließen sich im Wald;  
Es war schon so sinster und auch so bitter kalt.  
Sie kamen an ein Häuschen von Pseckerhuchen sein.  
Wer mag der Herr von diefem Häuschen wohl sein?

2

Hu, hu! Da schaut eine alte Hexe'raus,  
Sie lockt die Kinder ins Pseckerhuchen haus,  
Sie stellte sich gar sreundlich  
O Hansel welche Not.

3

Doch als die Hexe zum Ofen schaut hinein,  
Ward sie geschoben von Hans und Gretelein.  
Die Hexe makte braten die Kinder gehn nach Haus.  
Und ist das Märchen von Hans und Gretel aus.

Sung by Mrs. Roulston, Sackville, N.B., and recorded by Helen  
Creighton, July 1955.

Tra ra die Post ist da,  
Tra ra die Post ist da!

1

Bon weitem hört man schon den Ton, sein Liedlein blast der Postillion;  
Er bläst mit starker Rehle, er blast aus srober Seele. Cho.

2

O Postillion nun sag' unsschnell: Was bringst du heute uns zur Stell?  
Wer hat von unfern Lieben uns aus der Zern' ge geschrieben? Cho.

3

Geduld! Geduld! gleich pack' ich aus, dann kreicht es jeder in fein Haus  
Die Briefe und die Packchen, die Schachtein und die Säckchen. Cho.

Sung by Mrs. Roulston, Sackville, and recorded by Helen  
Creighton, July 1955.

Winter, ade, Scheiden tut weh.

Über dein Scheiden macht, dah jetzt mein H~~er~~ze lacht.  
Winter, ade! Scheiden tut weh.

Gerne vergeff ich dein, kannft immer ferne fein.  
Winter ade! Scheiden ~~wshx~~ tut weh.

Gehft du nicht bald nach Haus, lacht dich der Kukkuck aus.  
Winter ade! Scheiden tut weh.

Sung by Mrs. Roulston, Sachville, and recorded by  
Helen Creighton, July 1955.

Alles neu macht der Mai, macht die Seele frisch und frei,  
Lakt das Haus, kommt hinaus, windet einen Strauk!  
Rings erglänzet Sonnenschein duftend pranget Zlurund Hain;  
Bogelsang, Hörnerklang, tönt den Waldentlang.

2

Wirdurchzieh'n Saaten grün, Haine, die ergötzend blüh'n,  
Waldespracht, neu gemacht nach des Winters Nacht.  
Dort im Schatten an dem Quell, rieselnd munter Silberhell,  
Klein und grok ruht im Mows wie im weichen Schok.

3

Hier und dort, sort und sort, wo wir ziehen Ort für Ort,  
Alles sreut sich der Zeit, die verjungt erneut.  
Wieder schon die Schopsung blüht und erneut uns im Gemut.  
Alles neu, seisch und frei macht der holde Mai.

Sung by Mrs. Roulston, Sackville, N.B. and recorded by  
Helen Creighton, July 1955.

This is a song about May which makes everything fresh  
and free.

Zwischen Berg und tiefem, tiefem Tal saken einst zwei Hasen,  
Fraken ab das griine, griine Gras, frazen ab das griine griine Gras,  
Bis auf den Rasen.

2

Uls sie sich nun satt gesressen hatt'n, sezten sie sich nieder,  
Bis dak der Zäger Zäger, kam, bis dak der Zäger, Zäger kam  
Und schok sie nieder.

3

Uls sie sich nun aufgesammelt hatt'n und sich besannen,  
Dak sie noch am Leben, Leben war'n, dak sie noch am Leben, Leben war'n,  
Lufen sie von dannen.

Sung by Mrs. Roulston, Sackville, N.B. and recorded  
by Helen Creighton, July 1955.

This is about two rabbits which were followed and chased  
and shot by a hunter, but the rabbits discover that they are  
not dead after all, and they run away.

Ein Männlein steht im Walde ganz still und stumm;  
Es hat von lauter Purpur ein Mäntlein um.  
Sagt, wer mag das Männlein fein, das da steht im  
Wald allein mit dem purpurroten Mäntelein?

2

Das Männlein steht im Walde aus einem Bein  
Und hat auf seinem Haupte schwarz Käpplein klein.  
Sagt, wer mag das Männlein sein, das da steht im  
Wald allein mit dem kleinen schwarzen Kapplein?

Sung by Mrs. Roulston, Sackville, N.B. and recorded  
by Helen Creighton, July 1955.

(There may be some differences in her singing from the  
above).

A little man is standing in the forest silently and  
he has a red coat around him and a little black cap on his  
head. From the song we do not know the answer of the riddle,  
but of course we all know that the little man is a mushroom.

Once I was a lady's charmer, but I'm unhappy now,  
 For courting six girls all at once to serve me anyhow,  
 Ma said that it was wicked but I laughed at her advice,  
 I knew it was very naughty but also very nice.

2

First I fell in love with Mary Ann and then with Mary Jane,  
 And then with lovely Miss McKay and then with Kitty Pane,  
 And then with Betty Hopkins and then with Nellie Small,  
 And I can say I found a way to hug and kiss them all.

3

This lasted for a week or two, I thought it perfect bliss,  
 And every night I went to town I had fresh lips to kiss,  
 I thought it would last forever, I never would be sold,  
 I was so very clever, and the charmers that I told.

4

That oh dear me their names got mixed and at the garden gate  
 I said good-night to Nellie and I called her darling Kate,  
 I wrote a note to Mary Ann and called her Mary Jane,  
 And then to make a matter worse I addressed it to Kitty Pane.

5

I never shall forget the night I met those blessed six,  
 My darling says, "Now you must pay for all your naughty tricks,"  
 So Mary Ann she tore my hair and Mary Jane my coat,  
 And Miss McKay brought a young man who took me by the throat.

6

And as for Betty Hopkins, she smothered me with mud,  
 She banged my head till it was flat against the garden wall,  
 7. So Monday I left Mary Ann, on Tuesday Mary Jane,  
 And Wednesday lovely Miss McKay and Thursday Kitty Pane,  
 On Friday Betty Hopkins, on Saturday Nellie Small,  
 So that's the reason why I'm left without a girl at all.

Sung by Mr. Clarence Thompson, Springhill, and recorded by  
 Helen Creighton July 1955.

(This singer had had a stroke and could only sing a little  
 at a time which accounts for the machine going on and off all through  
 the song.)

*Reel 146B9-10*

O Silvy Silvy on one day  
She dressed herself in men's array,  
With a sword and pistol by her side  
To meet her true love away did ride.

2

She met her true love on the strand,  
She boldlie bade him for to stand,  
"Stand and deliver," this fair maid cried,  
"Or in one moment you shall die."

3

He delivered all that he had in store,  
Said she, "Kind sir there is one thing more,  
There's a diamond ring that I've saw you wear,  
Deliver that and your life I'll spare."

4

This diamond ring being a token gift,  
"Before you get that my life you'll have,"  
She being tender-hearted just like a dove  
She rode away from her own true love.

5

A few days later those couple were seen  
A-walking in the garden green,  
He saw his watch hanging from her clothes  
And made him blush like a blooming rose.

6

"Why do you blush at such foolish things?  
I might have had your diamond ring,  
It was I who robbed you all on the plain  
So take your watch and your gold again.

7

"I did it all all for to try,  
To see if you would your love deny,  
But now I'm of a contented mind,  
My heart and hand with you I'll bind."

Sung by Mr. Clarence Thompson, Springhill, and recorded by  
Helen Creighton, July 1955.

Barbara Allan

Reel 146B15-16

O mother mother make my bed,  
O make it long and narrow,  
My true love died for me to-day  
And I'll die for him to-morrow.

2

They both were buried in one churchyard,  
Lie side by side together,  
And out of his breast grew a red red rose  
And out of hers a briar.

Sung by Mr. Clarence Thompson, Springhill, and recorded  
by Helen Creighton, July 1955

The trees they gro tall andthe leaves they grow green,  
There's better days a-coming than I have ever seen,  
It's lying all alone of a cold winter's night,  
He's young though he's dai ly a-growing.

2

" O father, dear father, you've done me much harm,  
You've married me unto a righ lord's son,"  
"And if you'll wat upon him he'll prove a larger king,  
He's young but he's daily a-growing."

3

"O father dear father you've done me a wrong,  
You've married me to a boy that's too young,  
For I am twice twelve and he's scarcely thirteen,  
He's young though he's daily a-growing."

4

"O daughter, dear daughter, I've done you no wrong,  
I've married you to a righ lord's son,  
And if you'll wait upon him he'll prove a larger king,  
He's young though he's daily a-growing. "

Sung by Mr. Clarence Thompson, Springhill, and recorded  
by Helen Creighton, July 1955

(only first two verses recorded)

It's of a pretty female as you may understand,  
She had a mind for roving to some far off land,  
She attired in sailor's clothing, this fair maid did appear,  
She engaged with a captain to serve him for a year.

2

She engaged with a captain his cabin boy to be,  
The wind it, being favourable they soon set out to sea,  
The captain's lady being on board she seemed to enjoy  
The favourable appearance of the handsome cabin boy.

3

So nimble was the cabin boy and done his duty well,  
But mark what followed after, the thing itself will tell,  
The captain's lady to him said, "My dear I wish you joy,  
For it's either you or I's betrayed the handsome cabin boy."

4

His cheeks were like the roses and with his sidelocks curled  
The sailors often smiled and said he looked just like a girl,  
By eating the captain's biscuits his color soon destroyed  
And the waist it grew larger of the handsome cabin boy.

5

It was through the Bay of Biscay the gallant ship did plow,  
One night among the sailors they heard a pretty row,  
They rose up from their hammocks and their sleep it did destroy  
And they swore about the groaning of the handsome cabin boy.

6

So they all took a bumper and drank success to trade,  
Likewise unto the cabin boy, he was neither man nor maid,  
For if those waves should rise again our sailors to destroy  
We will ship some jolly sailors like our handsome cabin boy.

Sung by Mrs. Clarence Thompson, Springhill, and  
recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1955.

The Apple Pie

Reel 146B20-21

A was an apple pie ever so nice,  
Seasoned with plenty of sugar and spice,  
B was the baker who rolled the crust in  
And also the butter he had to put in.

2

C was for Charlie who went to the shelf  
And cut out a very large piece for himself,  
D sat around it for nearly an hour  
And then he sat down the whole pie to devour.

3

E was for Ellen who sat at the table  
And tried to eat more than she really was able,  
F had a fight with his sisters and brothers  
And declared he would not divide with the others.

4

G got a book who told all about it  
And gave him the taste to the pie, who could doubt it?  
H is for Harry who hid it away  
And had it to nibble for many a day

All he could recall. Recited by Mr. Myron Gilbert, Springhill,  
and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1955.

Come lend an ear good people of low and high degree,  
 May all young men from far and near a warning take by me,  
 Beware of drinking rum I pray and shun bad company,  
 For this has brought me to this place, the same has ruined me.

2

I left my parents and my home to undergoid in care,  
 But little thought that I so soon be led into a snare,  
 My Uncle Zack I there did meet, with him I did agree  
 To go and work all on his farm and he has ruined me.

3

There was a man lived in this place whose name was William Hill  
 My uncle owned a piece of land which this poor man did till,  
 He went and tore his buildings down and did abuse his wife,  
 And ordered her to quit the land or he would have her life.

4

This poor man had no other place and would not quit the land,  
 But went to work all on the same as you may understand,  
 My uncle he being much enraged and could not get his will  
 But quickalike revised a plan to murder William Hill.

5

He told me if I'd murder Hill he would reward me well,  
 But I refused to do the deed, the truth to you I'll tell  
 He gave me liquor for to drink which I drank against my will,  
 Saying, "Here drink this and courage take for you must murder Hill."

6

The fatal ball he gave me which done the cruel deed,  
 The same ball pierced the poor man through and caused his veins  
 to bleed,  
 Straightway into the woods I went, there I found William Hill,  
 A murderer's gun I there did raise his precious blood to spill.

7

The fatal trigger which I pulled it brought him to the ground,  
 His crimson gore it freely poured all from this awful wound,  
 That same night I was taken and committed to the jail,  
 Not many days before my death I tell this awful tale.

8

To Reverend Mr. Coleman and likewise Mr. Todd,  
 They offered prayer in my behalf to the Almighty God,  
 The judge he has my sentence passed and I'm condemned to die,  
 On the eighth day of September next all on the gallows high.

9

Farewell my brothers and sisters I can no longer stay,  
 Beware of false and cruel friends and don't be led astray,  
 Remember well what ruined me and brought me to this place  
 All for to die a criminal here my parents to disgrace.

10

Farewell my friends and kindred, I'll never see you more,  
 Nor the scenes my childhood cherished on my own dear native shore,  
 Farewell to all which life holds dear, I bid you all good-bye,  
 The day, the hour, the moment's come when I am doomed to die.

Sung by Mr. Clarence Thompson, Springhill; last vs. added  
 by Mr. Myron Gilbert, Springhill; recorded by Helen Creighton,  
 July 1955.

The Young Weaver

Reel 146B25-27

There was a young weaver of honour and fame,  
He lived in London, I knew not his name,  
He had but one daughter and her beauty shone fair  
And a persons of honour did court her a year.

2

But nevertheless she refused them all,  
She fancied a weaver straight, proper, and tall,  
She wrote him a letter her mind to reveal  
For she was scarce able her love to conceal.

3

He received this letter with great joy and mirth  
And unto her parents the secret did rest,  
And when her old father found this being by  
That on this young weaver she fixed her eye.

All he could recall.

Sung by Mr. Clarence Thompson, Springhill, and  
recorded by Helen Ereighton, July 1955.