

Reel 147A

- 1-6 Green Beds; sung by Mr. Clarence Thompson; sailor who pretends to be poor is refused hospitality; when he produces gold he refuses to remain; 8 vs. good variant of old song.
- 6-7 The Sweet Sunny South; sung by Mr. Clarence Thompson; 3 vs. recalled with difficulty; singer had suffered stroke; lives at Springhill.
- 7-9 Captain Conrod; local sea song; amusing; for longer version of words see SBNS; 2 vs. & cho. here sung by Mr. Clarence Thompson, Springhill
- 9-10 When the Band Begins to Play; it leads me all astray; tune played on organ by Mrs. Minnie Patton, Northport.
- 10-11 Bridget McCue; tune played on organ by Mrs. McCue; words of 1 vs. & cho. recited but not recorded.
- 11-12 Irish Washerwoman; tune played on organ by Mrs. Patton, Northport
- 12-15 The Cuckoo's Nest ; played on organ by Mrs. Patton from fiddle tune learned from her father
- 15-16 The Swallow; tune of song composed locally, played on organ in treble only; this is very nice; words taken down separately ; the schooner must have been owned at one time by the vanEmber family of Northport; in vs. 6 the trip was only 20 miles.
- 16-18 Give My Love to Nell; sung by Mr. Talmage Thompson; 3 long vs. not folk.
- 18-19 The Miramichi Fire; 2 vs. sung by Mrs. Harold Campbell, Athol; for fuller version of words see notes from New Brunswick; reel 117
- 19-20; Peter Emberley; 2 vs. sung by Mrs. Harold Campbell, Athol; for fuller version of words see SBNS
- 20-21 The Stowaway; sung by Mrs. Harold Campbell, Athol; 2 vs., late song
- 21-25 The Keys of Canterbury; sung by Mrs. Edgar Hewson, Amherst; some unusual verses here, 10 in all and quite nicely sung; good variant learned from Dame Clara Butt
- 25-end Quaker's Courtship; sung by Mrs. Edgar Hewson; 10 vs. good variant of amusing courting song in dialect.

A story, a story, a story I'll tell you of one,  
 Concerning a poor sailor whose name it was John,  
 Concerning a poor sailor who lately came from sea  
 With a ragged appearance like one that was poor.

2

He went into a mail house he used to lodge in  
 To see what the old folks had to say to him,  
 "You're welcome home dear Johnny, you're welcome home from sea  
 For last night my daughter Molly was dreaming of thee."

3

"Bad news, bad news," said Johnny, "bad news I bring to thee,  
 Our vessel sprang a leaking, they all went down but me,  
 Our vessel sprang a leaking, they all went down but me  
 And the last of my money lies buried in the sea.

4

"But go call your daughter Molly, go call her down to me,  
 We'll drink and drown our sorrows and married we shall be,"  
 "My daughter Molly's busy John and can't come down to thee  
 And I cannot trust you Johnny to one glass, two, or three."

5

Oh it's Johnny being sleepy he hung down his head,  
 He asked her for a candle to light his way to bed,  
 "My green beds are all full John and have been all the week  
 And it's for some other ~~xxx~~ you'll have to go and seek.  
 lodging

6

"So it's pay me what you owe me John without any more delay,"  
 "It's tell me what I owe you and that I'll quickly pay,"  
 "It's thirty shillings Johnny and something on the old,"  
 And Johnny pulled out two handfuls of gold.

7

"I'll go call my daughter Molly, I'll go call her down to thee,  
 We'll drink and drown our sorrows and married you shall be,  
 My green beds are all empty John and have been all the week  
 And it's for no other lodgings you need not go and seek."

8

"I wouldn't lie in your green beds, I'd rather lie in the street,  
 For when I had no money my lodgings were to seek,  
 But now that I've got plenty I'll make the taverns roar  
 With quart mugs and brown jugs and tumblers more than four."

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

In the sweet sunny south there is peace and content,  
All the days of my boyhood I carelessly spent,  
From a broad spreading plain to a clear purling stream  
Ever fresh unto my memory, ever dear unto my dream.

2

"O father, dear father for me do not weep,  
For it's your kind advices I'm going for to keep,  
For You've taught me to be brave from a boy up to a man  
As I started in defence of my own native land .  
started

3

"O time comes this day love, how soon will it be  
When from Union unto Yankee our country will be free?  
When this cruel war is over and the rebels they do flee  
I will hasten home to my true love that's waiting there for me."

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

Come al l you bold fellows that follows the sea,  
Put yourself to an anchor and listen to me,  
Nearly six months or more I lay drunk on the shore  
Like a frolicksome youth I have wasted my score.

Cho.

And si ng fol the diddle earo  
Diddle earo I dey.

2

Our captain a Methodist preacher has been,  
The meanest old beggar that ever you seen,  
Salt cod and religion he gave us to eat  
And about onct a week a great junk of horse meat. Cho.

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

Bridget McCue

Reel 147A10-11

Bridget Mitchell Carney O  
Full of blarney O,  
Bridget McCue an Irish rose,  
Met one morning O,  
Day was dawning O,  
This is the way the story goes.  
Cho.

Top of the morning, Bridget McCue,  
My heart's a breaking dreaming of you,  
When I gaze upon your charms  
I could roll you in my arms,  
Sure as you're born, top of the morn  
Bridget McCue.

Tune played on organ by Mrs. Minnie Patton, Northport; words and  
recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1955; words recited but not recorded.

U.S. 1 forgotten

2

On the 8th of September this clipper I joined,  
 We were bound for the northeast for toface the north wind,  
 We were bound to the northard old Eskiminac to round *Escuminac*  
 And the Swallow she cleared it in one flying bound.

3

It's on up the river in great style we tore  
 Past schooners and tugboats and ships by the score,  
 With our booms again the backstays and our kites all aloft  
 You would think that the river had all turned to froth.

4

It's on up we went to Newcastle town  
 Our topsails clewed up and our jibs we hauled down,  
 We rounded her to at the head of Coll's wharf,  
 Like a bird of her name she flew into her berth.

5

It's early one morning we got under way,  
 We swayed up our sails just as it broke day,  
 "Cast her off," said the skipper, "cast her off, pass the word,"  
 And he rolled off her helm she flew away like a bird.

6

Then around old *Escuminac* Eskininac, the wind being ahead,  
 We hauled home our sheets as o'er the water she sped,  
 Through a roaring head sea she did plunge like a seal  
 And the spray from the bow wet the man at the wheel.

7

And off of Buctouchea a squall on us bore,  
 We clewed up our light sails while the winds they did roar,  
 Our flying jib hauled down stowed away in short time  
 And the captain laid the course for bold Tormentine

8

Was off of Liff's Island, the wind blowing a gale,  
 The captain said, "Boys we must now shorten sail,"  
 Our mainsail lowered down and double reefs we turned in,  
 And away from the breakwater she merrily did spin.

9

Now we are lying in the government flock,  
 And the boys and the girls on the piers they do flock,  
 And they ask for our skipper, he's gone home by steam  
 To see his little angel that flies without wings.

Now my boys for Georgetown we are bound.  
 We'll wait for a nor'wester and have a run down,  
 As the weather is bad and our voyage is not o'er,  
 If the Swallow returns I'll sing you some more.

Composed by Mr. Willard vanEmber, Northport, tune p~~aa~~ayed  
 on organ by Mrs. Patton, Northport, words contributed by Mr.  
 George vanEmber and Mr. Ken Baxter, Pugwash.

The Swallow was built in Wallace and was owned by Chas.  
 Trenholme in Port Elgin. She was a good vessel, "a nice little  
 sailer." She carried freight - coal, lumber, cedar shingles,  
 etc. The reference to the angel that flies without wings means  
 the girl who was not his wife that the skipper was keeping  
 company with. His wife had a fiery temper and would fly at her  
 husband. In vs. 6 bold Tormentine really refers to the men of that  
 place who were bold.

*Archives file*

It's of a fine vessel, the Swallow by name,  
 She was owned by Capt. Trenholme, a man of great fame,  
 She was the fastest vessel that ploughed the salt main.

2

On the 8th of September this clipper I joined,  
 We were bound for the northeast for to face the north wind,  
 We were bound to the northward old Eskiminac to round Escuminac  
 And the Swallow she cleared it in one flying bound.

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It's on up the river in great style we tore  
 Past schooners and tugboats and shops by the score,  
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song was composed by Mr. Willard vanEaber, Northport; the tune which is very nice was played on the organ by Mrs. Minnie Patton, Northport and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1955; words contributed by Mr. Geo. vanEaber and Mr. Ken Baxter, Pugwash.

The reference to the angel that flies without wings means the girl who was not his wife that the skipper was keeping company with. ~~xxxxxxx~~ His wife had a fiery temper and would fly at her husband. In vs. 7 bole Tormentine really refers to the men of that place who were bold.

One year ago when Jack and Joe  
 Set sail across the foam  
 To find a fortune each to save  
 Before returning home,  
 In just one year Jack gained his wealth  
 And sailed for home next day,  
 And as the pals shook hands to part  
 Poor Joe could only say.

Cho.

Give my love to Nellie Jack,  
 Kiss her once for me,  
 The fairest girl in all the world  
 I know you'll say is she,  
 Treat her kindly Jack old pal,  
 Tell her I am well,  
 The parting words were, "Don't forget,  
 Just give my love to Nell."

2

One year had passed when Joe at last  
 Gained wealth enough for life,  
 He sailed for home across the foam  
 To make sweet Nell his wife,  
 But soon he learned that Jack and Nell  
 One year ago had wed,  
 He oft regret and sighed and fret  
 That ever he had said. Cho.

3

He chanced to meet them on the street,  
 Said Joe, "You selfish elf,  
 The next girl that I learn to love  
 I'll kiss her for myself.  
 Since all is well in love," he said,  
 And since you've gone and wed,  
 I won't be angry with you Jack  
 And once again he said. Cho.

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

The Miramichi Fire

Reel 147A18-19

It is the truth I'm going to tell you,  
All for which my eyes did see,  
How the people fell by fire  
On the banks of Miramichi.

2

It drove a woman into the water,  
There she stood in the wet and cold,  
Notwithstanding her late illness  
She had a babe scarce three days old.

x3x

Sung by Mrs Harold Campbell, Athol, and recorded by Helen  
Creighton, July 1955

Peter Emberley

Reel 147A19-20

My name is Peter Emberley  
I'll give you to understand,  
I was born in Prince Edward Island  
Down by the ocean strand,  
In eighteen hundred and forty-two  
When the flowers were in full bloom,  
I left my native counteree  
My fortune to pursue.

<sup>2</sup>  
I landed in New Brunswick  
In that lumbering counteree,  
I hired to work in the lumbering woods  
Which proved my destiny,  
I hired to work in the lumbering woods  
To cut the tall trees down,  
While loading two sleds from the yard  
I received my fatal wound.

Sung by Mrs. Harold Campbell, Athol, and recorded by Helen  
Creighton, July 1955

The Stowaway

Reel 147A20-21

From Liverpool across the Atlantic  
Our good ship she sailed o'er the deep,  
With the sun brightly beaming above us  
And the waters beneath us asleep.

2

Not a bad-tempered sailor among us,  
A jollier crew never sailed,  
Except for the mate a bit savage  
A better seaman there never had sailed.

3

Sung by Mrs. Harold Campbell, Athol, and recorded by Helen  
Creighton, July 1955

"I will give you the keys of heaven,  
I will give you the keys of heaven,  
Madame will you walk, madame will you talk,  
Madame will you walk and talk with me?"

2

2 Though you give me the keys of heaven,  
Though you give me the ky ys of heaven,  
Now I will not walk, no I will not talk,  
No I will not walk and talk with you."

3

"I will give you a silken gown,  
To make you fine when you go to town,  
Madame will you walk, madame will you talk,  
Madame will you walk and talk with me?"

4

Though you give me a silken gown  
To make me fine when I go to town,  
No I will not walk, no I will not talk,  
No I will not walk and talk with you."

5

"I will give you a silver box  
With six golden keys and six golden locks etc."

6

"Though you give me a silver box  
With six golden keys and six golden locks etc."

7

"I will give you a coach and six  
With six black horses black as pitch etc."

8

"Though you give me a coach and six  
With six black horses black as pitch etc."

9

"I will give you the keys of my heart  
And we will wed no more to part etc."

10

"If you give me the keys of your heart  
And we will wed no more to part,  
Yes I will walk, yes I will talk,  
Yes I will walk and talk with you."

Sung by Mrs Hewson, Amherst as learned many years ago from  
Dame Clara Butt; recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1956

Quaker's Courtship

Reel 147A25-27

Madame I have come a-courting,  
High O, High O, higho hum,  
I'm for business, not for sporting,  
High O, higho, higho hum.

2

You may sit and court the fire,  
Hi diddle ding dum ding dum dy,  
If that's all that you desire,  
High diddle ding dum ding dum dy.

3

Madame I have gold and silver,  
High O, higho, higho hum,  
You may use it if you're willing,  
High O, higho, higho hum.

4

Don't want any of your money,  
Hi diddle ding dum ding dum dy,  
Want some one to call me honey,  
High diddle ding dum ding dum dy.

5

Madame you are tall and slender,  
I know your heart is large and tender.

6

Don't want any of your blarney,  
Never could like a Quaker.

7

Must I give up my religion?  
Must I marry a Presbyterian?

8

Cheer up, cheer up lively fellow,  
Can't catch one fish catch another.

9

Must I go away heart-broken?  
Must I go without one token?

10

Go straight home and tell your daddy  
That you could not make me willing.

Sung by Mrs. Hewson, Amherst, and recorded by Helen  
Creighton Aug. 1956

In the last verse she records the word mammy, but says it  
should be daddy.