

- 1 - 8 Little Masgrave and Lady Barnard, thirty verses, Child 81 sung by Mrs. H.H. Power, Little Harbour. Full and interesting version.
- 8 - 9 Last Saturday Night, bride reproached for marrying wrong man dies, six verses, interesting song, sung by Mrs. Power.
- 9 - 15 As I was Out Walking, nine verses, girl follows lover to sea and marries the captain, in this they cast lots to see who would die, sung by Mrs. Power.
- 15-17 ~~TWELVE VERSES, ORIGINAL SONG~~ John Holman Song two verses original song about prominent business man of the Eastern Shore, local interest, sung by Mrs. Power.
- 17 -19 John Rode Up, seven verses, original song composed and sung by Mrs. Power, on pattern of "Frog and Mouse" song. Local and quite interesting.
- 19-21 Poor Old Worn Out Sailor, father returns from sea and is cared for by daughter, late song, but nice of its kind, Mrs. Power.
- 21- 24 The Beginning of Easter, eight verses of unrequited love, interesting song and singable sung by Mrs. Power.
- 24-27 C'etait les fils de Babylone, eight verses, another song of casting lots when food gave out to see who would be killed. Compare with The Three Sailors of Bristol City, sung by Dr. Stanley Walker on L P record.
- 27 -and C'etait les fils de Babylone to different tune. In both cases it was sung by Mrs. Laura McNeil.

Singer's title: Little Mathy Grove

It was one day and a very fine day,
 The finest day in the year,
 Little Mathy Grove to church did go
 Some holy words to hear,
 Some holy words to hear.

2

O some came down in their robes of white,
 Some more came down in silk,
 But amongst them came Lord Arnold's wife
 With skin as white as milk,
 With skin as white as milk

3

She looked all round with a comelie grace
 And with a wish in her eye,
 Saying, "This night little Mathy Grove
 In bed with me you must lie,
 In bed with me you must lie."

4

"I cannot, I cannot," cried Mathy Grove,
 I dare not for my life,
 For by that ring on your forefinger
 You are Lord Arnold's wife,
 You are Lord Arnold's wife."

5

"O if I am Lord Arnold's wife
 O what is that to thee?
 Lord Arnold has gone to the king's castle
 King Henry for to see,
 King Henry for to see."

6

O little foot page was standing by
 And hearing of those words,
 And when those words was over
 He took to his heels and he run,
 He took to his heels and he run.

7

When he came to the riverside
 He fell on his breast and swum,
 And when he came to the other side
 He took to his heels and he run,
 He took to his heels and he run.

8

O when he came to the king's castle
 He clinkled at the ring,
 There was no one there so ready as Lord Arnold,
 As Lord Arnold to let him in,
 As Lord Arnold to let him in.

"What news, what news, what very fine news.
 What very fine news for me?
 Is there any of my bridges broke, any of my powers won,
 Or is my lady put to bed with a daughter or a son,
 With a daughter or a son?"

10

"O neither one," cried the little foot page,
 "O neither one," cries he,
 "But this very night little Mathy Grove
 Is in bed with your fair lady,
 Mathy Grove is in bed with your fair lady."

11

"If this be a lie, a lie, a lie
 Which I suppose it to be,
 I'll order a gallows to be built
 And hanged you must be,
 And hanged you must be."

12

"If this be alie a lie I tell,
 A lie I tell to thee,
 You need not order no gallows to be built
 But hang me to a tree,
 But hang me to a tree."

13

"If this be the truth, the truth, the truth,
 The truth you tell to me,
 I have one daughter in this world
 Your wedded wife will be,
 Your wedded wife will be."

14

He called his merry men all up,
 He stood them in a row,
 He ordered not a bugle to blow
 Or a horn for to be sound,
 Or a horn for to be sound.

15

Some of the men, some of the men
 Which owed the lady good will,
 He put the bugle to his mouth
 And he blew it loud and shrill,
 And he blew it loud and shrill.

16

He put the bugle to his mouth
 And this he made it to say,
 Whosever in bed with another man's wife
 It's time to be jogging away,
 It's time to be jogging away.

17

"What's that, what's that?" cried Mathy Grove,
 "What's that, what's that?" cried he,
 "Whosever in bed with another man's wife
 It's time to be jogging away,
 It's time to be jogging away."

18

"Lie still, lie still little Mathy Grove,
 And keep me from the cold,
 It's only my father's blind shepherd boys
 A-driving their sheep to the fold,
 A-driving their sheep to the fold."

It's long they kissed and long they hugged,
 They both fell fast asleep,
 And early next morning when they awoke
 Lord Arnold stood at their feet,
 Lord Arnold stood at their feet.

20

"O how do you like my bed?" he says,
 "O how do you like my sheets,
 O how do you like my fair lady
 That lies in your arms and sleeps,
 That lies in your arms and sleeps?"

21

"Rise up, rise up little Mathy Grove
 And put your raiments on,
 That after I'm dead it can't be said
 That I killed a naked man,
 That I killed a naked man."

22

"I cannot, I cannot," cried Mathy Grove,
 I dare not for my life,
 For you have got two good sharp swords
 And I've not as much as a knife,
 And I've not as much as a knife."

23

"O if I have two good sharp swords
 It caused me to my purse,
 But I will give you the very best one
 And I will take the worst,
 And I will take the worst."

24

"O you shall have the very first blow,
 And I shall take the other,
 And what more could a poor man do
 If you was his own born brother,
 If you was his own born brother."

25

The very first blow little Mathy Grove struck
 He wounded Lord Arnold's sword (Arnold sore?)
 But the very next blow Lord Arnold struck
 Mathy Grove could fight no more,
 Mathy Grove could fight no more.

26

He took his lady by the hand,
 He set her upon his knee,
 Saying, "Which of us do you like best,
 Little Mathy Grove of me,
 Little Mathy Grove or me?"

27

"Very well do I like little Mathy Grove,
 Much better do I like his chin,
 But the best of all is his fair body
 Or you or any of your kin,
 Or you or any of your kin."

He took his lady by the hand,
He led her out on the plain,
And with a sharp sword from his side
He cut her head in twain,
He cut her head in twain.

29

O sweetie sings the little woodcock,
Much better sings the sparrow,
Lord Arnold has killed his lady to-day
And he's going to be hung to-morrow,
And he's going to be hung to-morrow.

Sung by Mrs. H.H. Power, Little Harbour, and recorded by
Helen Creighton, Sept. 1956

Last Saturday night I was asked to a wedding,
To a wedding of late a young man did dwell,
When supper was over and all things was ready
Each man in the room had to sing a bride's song.

2

The first one that sang was the former true luvyer
And as he sang on these words he did say,
Saying, "How can you lie in the arms of another
And thinking of times love and when we were young?"

3

She listened to him, she could listen no longer,
When into the arms of her husband she fell,
Saying, "Husband, dear husband, there is one requestion,
There is one request, will you grant it to me please?"

4

"If I should die on this night will you comfort my old mother,
And all the rest of the days love I'll comfort with you

How early, how early next morning he awoken,
But when he awoken he found his bride dead.

Saying, "All weeping willows and lots of fine flowers,
I'll take them and wear them for one year or two,
Then after that I'll wear them no longer never.
Change not the old love for one that are new."

Sung by Mrs. H.H. Power, Little Harbour, and recorded by Helen
Creighton, Sept. 1958

As I was a-walking al l up New York street,
What ship brother sailor by chance there did meet,
What ship brother sailor if you want a hand,
For my passage over I'll do what I can.

2

O when this fair damsel when she came on board
The captain he asked her why she wore a sword,
"O where are you going I do now and process?"
"I'm in search of a young man that's lately been pressed."

3

All things was got ready for the setting of sail,
With the wind from the east blow a sweet pleasant gale,
As we were a-sailing with our hearts content
Our ship fell a-leaking and to bottom she went.

4

There was four and twenty of us got into a boat,
Was on the wide ocean was there for to float,
Provisions gave out and death drawing nigh
We all casted lots to see which one would die.

5

These lots was turned over and in a bag put,
And every sailor his own lot he took,
This poor innocent damsel a small lot she drew
That she was to be killed for to feed the whole crew.

6

O hold your hand butcher I'm an innocent maid,
I'm a rich butcher's daughter, from Dublin I be,
See what I have came to for the loving of thee.

7

With that a red colour came into his face
As his eyes full of tears as those words he expressed,
Saying, "Maid to preserve you then I will die first."

8

"Be quick in your motion, let the business be done,"
As the blow was to be struck when we all heard a gun
When up speaks our captain, those very words did say,
Some ship or some harbour I'm very sure we are nigh."

9

As we were a-sailing with a sweet pleasant tide
We came to a harbour down by the seaside
Where those couple got married as you have heard them say
Where the birds in the valley they did make go and sing,
Our girls they did dance and our sailors did sing.

Sung by Mrs. H.H.Power, Little Harbour, and recorded by
Helen Creighton, Sept.1956

John Holman went to Halifax
He went to a barber there
The barber he soon come along
And cut off Johnny's hair.
When Johnny had his hair cut off
A shave he wanted too
And when the barber had him shaved
He wanted a shampoo.

When Johnny Holman did come back
He was a different ~~guy~~
He walked into the factory
With a twinkle in his eye
He walked up to the sealing bench
He had some cans to seal
He had a little yarn to tell
About Jimmy at the wheel.

Q; What was the factory, Mrs. Power?

A; Lobster factory,

Q; He walked in the lobster factory, did he?

A; He was the boss of the factory.

Q; Did he mind having the song made up about him?

A; Mrs. Power laughs and says, "No, he didn't mind." He used to laugh over that."

The song was composed and sung by Mrs. H.H. Power, about prominent man on Eastern Shore, recorded by Helen Creighton, ~~REEL~~ 1956, September, at Little Harbour.

John Rode Up

Oh, John rode up to Walter's door
 Whack fol tor the ladda dee
 Oh, John rode up to Walter's door
 Whack fol the dey
 Oh, John rode up to Walter's door
 In the same old car he had before
 Whack fol tor the ladda dee
 Whack fol the dey.

He took no Laura on his knee
 Says my dear won't you marry me.

Oh no sir I cannot answer that
 Until my Daddy Walter comes back.

Oh Daddy Walter come riding home
~~XXXXXX~~
 Saying who been here since I been gone.

Oh Laura she give her consent
 Johnny wrote the publishment.

Oh where will we hold our wedding tea?
 Down in that big hollow tree.

Oh what will be have for our wedding tea?
 Two big bones and a cup of tea.

Q; Was Laura the person he married?

A; No he didn't marry her at all. She was a magistrates daughter and he was going with her but he didn't suit her at all.

At the beginning she says, "I made this one up myself. I didn't have no help for this one."

Composed and sung by Mrs. H.H. Power, Little Harbour, recorded by Helen Creighton, September 1956.

As I rode out one morning
 To hear the birds a-singing
 A poor old tar worn out with care
 Came to this town a-begging
 "I'm like some ship that's been at sea
 With no friends to commend her
 So I pray you 'stow your charity on me
 On a poor old worn out sailor."

"When the news came home that I was lost
 My wife died broking hearted
 My daughter is gone but I know not where
 I'm a poor old worn out sailor."
 Oh one of them stepped up to him
 On the one he thought was his daughter
 "You may come and live and die along with me
 Oh you poor old worn out sailor."

"And when you are drawing your last breath
 My duty I'll show on you
 I will lie you in your peaceful grave
 Oh you poor old worn out sailor."

(It was his daughter he was talking to all the time. And then she took him see and
 looked after him until he died. When this was played back on the machine Mrs. Power
 sang along with herself.)

Sung by Mrs. H.H. Power, Little Harbour and recorded by Helen Creighton, September
 1956.

The beginning of Easter, the weather being clear
 The moon it shines brightly and calm was the air
 I went to the forest, some flowers to pick there
 But the fields could afford me no roses.

2

I courted a pretty girl, manys the long day
 Which 'sprised all good people, like wise what they say
 But now she will reward me, for all my kind pay
 For she's going to be wed to some other.

3

The first time I saw my love all dressed in white
 With jewels of ribbon, she's drazzled my sight,
 I put on my hat and I bid her good night
 Saying adieu to all false-hearted luvyers.

4

The next time I saw my love to the church go
 With ~~xxx~~ the bride and the bridegroom did make a large show
 When I followed after with my heart full of woe
 To see how my true love was guided.

5

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

6

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

7

Oh Here is a handkerchief, silk and mohair
 It's the colour of orange and the plait of my hair
 Oh ~~xxxxxxx~~ take this and keep it, ~~xxx~~ where it for my sake
 Whilst I am a-sleeping and you are awake.

8

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

(The singer says that he died for love.) Sung by Mrs. H.H. Power, Little
 Harbour, recorded by Helen Creighton, September, 1956

C'était les fils de Babylone
 C'était les fils de Babylone
 Qui veulent apprendre à naviguer / bis
 Maluron, malurette
 2
 Ils ont été en longs voyages / bis
 Sur la mer Méditerranée / bis
 Maluron, malurette / bis
 3
 Au bout de la septième année / bis
 Les provisions viurent à manger / bis
 Maluron, malurette / bis
 4
 Ils ont tiré la courte paille / bis
 Pour savoir qui serait mougé / bis
 Maluron, malurette / bis
 5
 La plus courte des courtes puilles / bis
 Sur le petit Jean a tombé / bis
 Maluron, malurette / bis
 6
 Petit monta dans la mizaine / bis
 Il aperçut un géolier / bis
 Maluron, malurette / bis
 7
 Je vois la tour de Babylone / bis
 Les pigeons blancs à volitger / bis
 Maluron, malurette / bis
 8
 Je vois ma p'tite soeur Marguerite / bis
 Qui va leur porté à manger / bis
 Maluron, malurette / bis

Interpretation: The sons of Babylon and they went on the Mediterranean Sea and after they were gone seven years - at the end of seven years the food gave out and then they had to decide who would be killed so they could eat him. They drew lots and the fate fell on Little John and little John he climbed up the mast to sort of gain time or something and he said he saw a ship coming and then he said the tower or Babylon and he saw the pigeons around and then his little sister Margaret giving them food-something to eat. I can't remember anymore after that.

Sung by Mrs. Laura McNeil, West Pubnico, and recorded by Melan Creighton, September 1956.

Géolier (?)

C'était les fils de Babylone (bis)
Qui veulent apprendre à naviguer.
Maluron, malurette,
Qui veulent apprendre à naviguer.
Oh, Malure.

The rest of the words are the same as 24-27, the only difference is in the chorus and the tune. Sung Mrs. Laura McNeil, West Pubnico, recorded by Helen Creighton, September 1956.