

Reel 150 A

- 1 - 5 Run Running. This is the end of a conversation and not very important. Recorded Anonymously.
- 5 - 6 Lamkin, sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River, one verse only, see also 148 A.
- 6 -12 The Ox Pull on the Old Farmer's Ground, original song about ox pulling by Mrs. Joe Turner and Mrs. Basil Elliot to tune of the "Squid jiggig Grounds." Good local song.
- 12-15 The Blackbird, three verses and chorus, sung by Mr. Judson and Mr. Alex Armstrong, Sherwood, Lunenburg County.
- 15-16 Ox Pulling with Alfred Turner and James Collins, New Ross, good example of directions given when pulling.
- 18-19 The Blackbird sung by Mr. Fred Redden, Middle Musquodoboit, one verse only for tune. ~~Finvola, The Gem of the Roe, three verses, pretty Irish love song, sung by Mr. Fred Redden, Middle Musquodoboit.~~
- 19-21 Finvola, The Gem of the Roe, three verses, pretty Irish love song, sung by Mr. Fred Redden, Middle Musquodoboit.
- 21-22 The Swan, pretty love-song sung by Mr. Fred Redden, Middle Musquodoboit
- 22-25 The Country I'm leaving behind, three verses and chorus, late Irish love-song, sung by Mr. Fred Redden, Middle Musquodoboit.
- 25-27 The Flower of Sweet Strabane, Irish <sup>song</sup> love of unrequited love sung by Mr. Fred Redden, Middle Musquodoboit, four verses, quite nice.
- 27-end Erin-go-Bragh, song of the Irish in London, five verses amusing sung by Mr. Fred Redden, Middle Musquodoboit.







Lankin

Reel 150 A 5-6

Singer's title - Lankin

Q: What was the little bit that you did remember about that? What was the little bit that you did remember about Lankin?

A: Lankin

Lankin was as fine a mason  
As ever laid a stone  
He built a house for Douglas  
And payment he got none.

He says, "Something like that it went." Then he sings,

And Lankin was a-hanging  
On the gallows so high  
The same lights they were burning  
As the mourners passed by.

Fragment of Child 93 sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River  
and recorded by Helen Craighton, 1955.



O this is the place where the ~~fishermen~~ gather  
And women and children a-flyin' around,  
With cattle and horses and stone drags and loaders,  
They congregate here on the old farmer's ground.

2

Some are tendin' their cattle while others are yarnin',  
There's some standin' up and there's some settin' down,  
While all kinds of fun, jokes, and tricks are begun  
As they wait for the pull on the old farmer's ground.

3

There's men from Leville and there's men from The Forties,  
There's men from Lake Ramsay in grey, green, and brown,  
There's men from out Ceffernsville, men from New Russell,  
The Cross and The Mill Road and from out of town.

4

There's men of all ages and boys in the bargain  
From Harriston, Aldersville they have come down,  
There's liberals and Tories a-tellin' tall stories,  
They all pull together on the old farmer's ground.

5

Hugh Watken you know is the man on the gate,  
He's workin' like heck, he's not makin' a sound,  
If you want your ticket step up to the wicket  
And come right along to the old farmer's ground.

6

Now if you have a car and you want to park it  
Get a sticker from Hughie and drive it around,  
You'll meet Cyril Russell and he'll make you hustle  
But he'll park you car safe on the old farmer's ground.

7

Lil Hiltz and her helpers have mighty fine dinners,  
Eb Turner he's thin just from runnin' 'em round,  
George Meister's the guy that will take all your money  
So come spend your dough on the old farmer's ground.

8

The man with the papers is big Courtey Kedy,  
He's gettin' well up but he's still purty sound,  
While there's Jimmie Collins drives six yoke of oxen  
Whenever he comes to the old farmer's ground.

X 10

Holy smoke what a hustle, all hands are excited,  
It's a wonder to me how they all git around,  
What a bustle, confusion, a wonderful hustle,  
They're all startin' to pull on the old farmer's ground.

12 9

God bless my straw hat if there ain't Arthur Leopold,  
The best one at ox pullin' here I'll be bound,  
Hello what's the row? Why he's pullin' 'em now,  
The very first pull on the old farmer's ground.

11

Sez Freeman, "My oxen's ahead of the others,  
They go just as good when you keep your whips down,"  
When an overgrown steer kicked poor Freeman in the rear,  
Now he's cussin' like mad on the old farmer's ground.



12

Now there's Harold Reeves, he's a mighty fine puller,  
Clem Walker he's in there a-pushin' 'em round,  
If they had a few beers they'd pull more than their steers,  
Why they'd pull 'em right off of the old farmer's ground.

13

And now we have come to a man who loves hosses,  
I think you all know him, his name's Morley Brown,  
And there's Mrs. Lantz, though she mends Harry's pants  
She finds time to work on the old farmer's ground.

14

There's poor little Freddie, his shoes they are spattered  
From terbacker juice that's a flyin' around,  
Melbourne Lantz just went by and it hit his right eye  
But he kept right at work on the old farmer's ground.

15

Jack Kedy and Steward are busy as beavers,  
Hib and Grant ~~Max~~ Turner they do things up brown,  
Alfred Turner pulls oxen from here to the border  
But he always comes back to the old farmer's ground.

16

Try our new pavilion if you would go dancing,  
Grab your old honey, start plankin' 'er down,  
The old Greenwood band it sounds ever so grand,  
Start whoopin' 'er up on the old farmer's ground.

17

Bill Morley and Roly have mighty fine voices  
You can hear them yo-holdle for ten miles around,  
If you're feelin' low try a game of bingo,  
It's the very best sport on the old farmer's ground,

18

Now if you ever feel inclined to go pullin'  
Hide your beer in the bushes, there's mouties around,  
Mark the spot with your handky and  $\phi$  not git cranky  
Or you'd better steer clear of the old farmer's ground.

Composed and sung by Mrs. Joe Turner, New Ross accompanied  
on the accordion by Mrs. Basil Elliot and recorded by  
Helen Creighton, Aug. 25, 1955.



I once knew a maiden whose fortune was so,  
She courted a sailor, a young sailor boy,  
She courted him dearly by night and by day  
Until this young sailor he sailed miles away.

Chorus

Then if I was a blackbird, could whistle and sing,  
I would follow the ship that my true love sailed in,  
And on the top rigging I'd build there my nest  
Like an eagle I'd fly on his lily white breast.

2

My true love is handsome in every degree,  
My parents despise him because he loves me,  
But let them despise him or say that they will,  
While there's life in my bosom I'll love the lad still.      Cho.

3

If I was a scholar, could handle a pen,  
There is a trying letter to my love I would send,  
I would tell him my sorrows, my griefs, and my woes,  
If I could but find him I would crown him with gold.      Cho.

Sung by Allister and Judgon Armstrong, Sherwood, Lunenburg Co.,  
and recorded by Helen Creighton, June 23, 1949.

The Armstrong brothers are twins, about 65 years of age.  
When Judgon's throat gets tired from singing he asks for  
salt which he eats to clear it. This seems to have the  
desired effect.



Q; What is your name?

A; Alfred Turner.

Q; You go around to all the ox pulls don't you?

A; Oh, pretty near.

Q; What do you say to your oxen when you're pulling ?

A; Just get away and haul all you can.

Q; You talk to them do you? Do you ever tell them to get down on their knees and pray?

A; Oh, yes I get down on my knees and pray once and while.

Q; Do you say that to them? Are there any other things you say to them?

A; Get down together every morning.

Pulling starts. "Whoa, get over Lion, gee Spark, come over here where do you think you're at; Whoa, whoa, whoa; come in Spark, easy now; Ah-h-h-h, huit easy, oh, wake up there Lion and get your eyes open, Oh-h-h back Lion, back Lion; Whoa get in Spark, come in, put your feet in thar, whoa; Ah, go ahead, get on Spark; Ah-h-h whoa ; nice goin g ; Oh-h-h, back line, back line, get in their line, whoa, you think you own the place; whoa, get over the line, Haw, get down together; Oh-h-h, get over there Spark, get in your place, Whoa there Lion, back Spark, whoa, get your knees in there Lion, gee whoa ah-h-h-h-h- get over there Lion a little whoa, ( unintelligible calls) get down on your knees and say a prayer it's getting heavy, oh-h-h, ah-h-h-h.

Announcement:

The team that just pulled owned by Blake Eaton, driven by James Collins, (whose voice we've just heard) pulled 6700, weighed 3890 for a percentage of 1.69.

Q; What does the percentage mean?

A; The amount of load hauled to the actual weight of the animals, that is live animals. You divide the weight into the amount of load pulled to derive at your percentage ~~ix~~ figures .

Informants Alfred Turner and James Collins, who pulled, at the New Ross Fair, recorded by Helen Creighton, August 1955.



Oh

Oh if I were a blackbird, I'd whistle and sing,  
I'd follow the ship that my true love sails in  
And in the top rigging, I'd there build my nest  
And I'd pillow my head, on his lily white breast.

Sung by Mr. Fred Rodden, Middle Musquodoboit, recorded by Helen  
Creighton, September 1955.



In the land of O'Caahan where bleak mountains rise  
O'er whose proud ridgy tops now the dusky cloud flies,  
Deep sunk in a valley a wild flower did grow  
And her name was Finvola the gem of the Roe,  
And her name was Finvola the gem of the Roe.

2

From the island of Islay appeared to our view  
A youth clad in tartan, 'tis strange as 'tis true,  
With a star on his breast and unstrung was his bow  
And he sighed for Finvola the gem of the Roe,  
And he sighed for Finvola the gem of the Roe.

3

Now no more up this valley this maiden shall lie  
For wan the cold cheek and bedimmed the bright eye,  
O in silent affection our sorrow shall flow  
Since gone is Finvola the gem of the Roe,  
Since gone is Finvola the gem of the Roe.

Sung by Mr. Fred Redden, Middle Musquodoboit, and recorded by  
Helen Creighton, Sept. 1956



The Swan

Reel 150A21-22

As I was returning home from Wexford  
Viewing the plains where I used to roam  
I espied a daisel, a fair young maiden  
Who often grieved my poor heart full sore.

2

You're like the swan that floats o'er the ocean  
Making amotion with both your wings,  
Your lovely form it would be a portion  
For any lord or an Irish king.

3

You need not tease me or try to please me  
For I've been promised ten years or more  
To one young Riley in a foreign country  
Who ne'er will return to his native shore.

Sung by Mr. Fred Redden, Middle Musquodoboit, and recorded by  
Helen Creighton, Sept. 1956



My barque leaves the harbour to-morrow  
 Across the wide ocean to go,  
 And Katie, my burden of sorrow  
 Is more than I wish you to know.  
 There's a dark dreary clodd hanging o'er me  
 And a mighty big load on my mind  
 As I think of the prospects before me  
 And the country I'm leaving behind.

Cho.

Farewell to the green fields of Erin  
 And my darling so faithful and kind,  
 (where'er) I may be I'll be true unto thee *where'er*  
 And the country I'm leaving behind.

2

Though the land be abounding in treasure  
 And fair maids in every degree,  
 My eyes may behold them with pleasure  
 But my heart will be longing for thee,  
 The storm clouds gather above me  
 And friendships prove false and unkind,  
 I know there is one who still loves me  
 In the country I'm leaving behind. Cho.

3

Now *Katie* Kathleen give over your crying  
 And don't be uneasy for me,  
 'Tis my fortune I'll be after trying  
 On the sunny shores over the sea.  
 Each moment that passes shall find thee  
 Still reigning supreme in my mind,  
 But the image of Katie shall bind me  
 To the country I'm leaving behind. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Fred Redden, Middle Musquodoboit, and recorded  
 by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1956



The Flower of Sweet Strabane

Reel 150A25-27

If I were king of Ireland  
And had things stay will,  
I'd roam for recreation  
To find some comfort still,  
But the comforts I would seek the most  
As you may understand  
Is that lovely girl called Martha,  
The flower of sweet Strabane.

2

Her cheeks they are a rosy red  
And her hair a lovely brown  
Which o'er her milk white shoulder  
So carelessly hung down,  
She's one of the fairest creatures  
In this whole Milesian clan  
And this darling's name was Martha,  
The flower of sweet Strabane.

3

If I had you lovely Martha  
Way down in Inishowen  
Or in some lovely valley  
In the wild wood of Tyrone  
I'd do my best endeavour  
To work my newest plan  
For to win the heart of Martha  
The flower of sweet Strabane.

4

Now since I cannot win her love  
No joy there is for me  
So I will seek forgetfulness  
In a land beyond the sea,  
My boat is bound for Liverpool  
Right by the Isle of Mann,  
So farewell my lovely Martha,  
The flower of Strabane.

Sung by Mr. Fred Redden, Middle Musquodoboit, and recorded by  
Helen Creighton, Sept. 1956



In London/ one day as I walked on the street  
An impudent fellow I happened to meet  
He looked in me face and he gave me some jaw  
Saying what fetched you over from Erin -go - Bragh.

2

I can tell you're a paddy by the wnk of your eye  
You're trying misconduct has forced you to fly  
So I silenced his tongue with a clout on the jaw  
And showed ~~ix~~ him the game played in Erin-go-Bragh.

3

Well, they all gathered round like a flock of wild geese  
Saying this Irish paddy's disturbing the peace  
We'll lock him in prison for breaking the law  
That wild Irish ruffian from Erin-go-Bragh.

4

To the devil I'll pitch ye, ye pack of Keelons  
For here come me brother from Bally Nag/lons(?)  
And my mother's first cousin, Mike White from Bordlaw  
And big Paddy Kelly from Erin-go-Bragh.

5

Well the scrimmage we had was delighten to see  
Oh Lord, how we shook our Shillelaghs with glee  
We lathered them well and laughed at their law  
And we showed them the game played in Erin-go-Bragh.

X E X

Sung by Mr. Fred Redden, Middle Musquodoboit, recorded by  
Helen Creighton September 1955.