

- 1-9 Meagher's Children, sung by Mr. Frank Horne, Moose River; local song, 18 vs. sung fairly well; have 5 other variants. See SBNS p. 292. Story of children lost in wood very popular in N.S.
- 9-15 Sweet Jenny of the Moor, sung by Mr. Horne; 7 vs.; not too well sung but tune is lovely and story good; broken ring theme.
- 15-15½ I Wrote My Love a Letter; whistled by Mr. Fred Redden, Middle Musquodoboit
- 15-½-16 Bonny Green Tree; whistled by Mr. Redden.
- 16-16½ Lady Gowrie; whistled by Mr. Redden
- 16½-16¾ ~~xxxxx~~ Molly Bawn; whistled by Mr. Redden. These are all good tunes.
- 16¾-17 Bagpipe tune, The Marchioness of Tullibardine sung by Mr. Redden who also explains how tunes learned.
- 17-18 I Wrote My Love A Letter, sung by Mr. Redden and Finvola; 4 vs. & cho. nicely sung to pretty tune; see SBNS, & reel 20
- 18-20 Jamie's On the Stormy Sea, sung by Mr. Fred Redden, 2 vs. may not be folk, but is very pretty little love song; 2 vs. well sung.
- 20-24 & 24-26 Bonny Green Tree, sung by Mr. Fred Redden; love song 7 vs. this is Mr. Redden's favourite, and he repeated it because of slight mistake in first singing; girl is left
- 26-27 Bonny Barbara Allan, sung by Finvola Redden; 3 vs. nice tune nicely sung, but nothing unusual about it; this is my 16th variant.
- 27-28 Lemonade, game played by children and described by Finvola Redden
- 28-end Counting Out Rhyme, One Potato, Two Potato, described by Finvola Redden.

Good people read those verses that I have written here
 And when you have perused them you can't but shed a tear,
 In eighteen hundred and forty-two, Apryl the eleventh day,
 Two little girls from Preston Road into the woods did stray.

2

Their father and their mother both sick in bed did lay
 While those two little children about the door did play,
 Hand in hand together they saw them leave the door,
 The eldest was but six years old, the youngest only four.

3

Jane Elizabeth and Margaret Meagher were their two pretty names,
 Two fair a creature never did Dame Nature ever frame,
 They walked abroad together and cheerfully they did play,
 But mark what followed after, how soon they lost their way.

4

So in the lonely wilderness they spent a dismal day,
 When night came on ~~then~~ they thought of home, their streaming eyes gave
 way,
 The frosty gale blew very hard, not a star to yield them light,
 The beasts of prey they feared all day and screeching owls at night.

5

They might have been discovered but for that simple race,
 You Preston niggers wash your hands and wipe off your disgrace,
 You cruel Brown that heard them cry and would not take them in,
 May God reward or punish you according to your sin.

6

So early next morning went out a hundred men,
 There they saw poor Meagher and wife searching that lonely glen,
 First casting their eyes to heaven and then upon the grove,
 Their moans, their sighs, their mournful cries distressed as they
 did rove.

7

For the rest of the week they hunted but alas 'twas all in vain,
 So in the lonely wilderness those infants did remain,
 So oft they stopped to listen, they ne'er could hear a sound,
 At twelve o'clock on a Tuesday a bloody leg was found.

8

Think gentle readers, what a sight if we could them behold,
 Dying in the wilderness with hunger, fright, and cold,
 No mother by to close an eye, no friend to shed a tear,
 The hardest heart would surely melt their dying cries to hear.

9

On the fourteenth day of Apryl went out a valiant crew
 To search the woods and dreary plains as hunters used to do,
 From Halifax and Dartmouth, Preston and Porter's Lake
 Twelve hundred men assembled a final search to make.

10

It was Peter Curry found them at twelve o'clock that day
 On Melancholy Mountain but lumps of breathless clay,
 Their hair was dragged out of their heads, their clothes in pieces
 torn!

Their tender flesh from head to foot the prickling thorns
had gored.

11

The frost that stole upon their hearts their blood began to chill,
Their feebleness could not obey with all their act and skill,
Headlong they fell as souls to God, all willing took their way,
And left their tender bodies on a dismal rock to lay.

12

No longer did they leave them for birds or beasts to tear,
On decent bars they laid them and grazed it with a tear,
To their father's house they carried them their mother to behold,
She kissed them both a thousand times though they were dead
and cold.

13

Their father quite distracted and overcome with grief,
His neighbors tried to comfort him but could yield him no relief,
The cries of their poor mother was dismal to be heard
To think that death had bereaved her of those she'd loved so dear.

14

On the nineteenth day of Apryl they in one coffin laid,
Between Elmsvale and Allan's farm their little graves was made,
Where thousands there assembled their last/farewell to take,
Both rich and poor lamented sore for the poor children's sake.

15

The rain was fast a-falling, most dismal was the day,
While gazing on Elizabeth I think I hear her say,
"Farewell my loving neighbors, return, dry up your tears,
Let us to lay in this cold clay till Christ Himself appears."

16

Five pounds reward was offered to the man who did them find,
But Curry he refused it as a Christian just and kind,
May God forever bless him and grant him length of days,
For your humble poet D.G.B. will ever sing his praise.

17

Ye gentle folks of Halifax who did turn out so kind,
I hope in heaven hereafter a full reward you'll find,
And not forgetting Dartmouth that turned out rich and poor,
And likewise those of Preston and along the eastern shore.

18

Now to conclude and make an end of this my mournful song,
I beg you will excuse me for writing it so long,
I hope another one like this I may never have to pen,
This is the first, I hope the last, God grant it so, amen.

Sung by Mr. Frank Horne, Moose River, and recorded by
Helen Creighton, Sept/55. Compare SBNS p.292ff. Mr. Horne
says the author was Mr. Daniel George Blois, a man known
by his father.

One morn for recreation I roamed down by the shore,
 It was there I spied a pretty fair maid as I roamed along the shore,
 It was there I spied a pretty fair maid as I roamed down by the sea,
 She had roses in her bosom and was Jenny of the moor.

2

I said, "My pretty fair maiden, why roam you here alone?"
 She answered me, "Kind sir," said she, "I have pleasures of my own,
 For I love to roam this beach alone where loud the breakers roar,
 It wakes the bosom of the deep," said Jenny of the moor.

3

We both sat down together on yon green mossy stone,
 I said, "My love with your consent I will make you my own,
 For I have money at my command brought from a far off shore,
 And with you I would share it, sweet Jenny of the moor!"

4

"I have a true love of my own, long years he's been from me,
 But with patience I'll wait on him till he returns from sea,
 With patience I'll wait on him till he returns on shore,
 In laurels I'll entwine him," cried Jenny of the moor.

5

"If you have a true love of your own pray tell to me his name,"
 "His name is Kenneth Ryan, from New York town he came,
 With patience I'll wait on him till he returns on shore,
 In wedlock bands we will join our hands," cried Jenny of the moor.

6

"If his name was Kenneth Ryan, my dear I knew him well,
 It was in the battle of Waterloo by an angry bullet fell!"
 She saw the token of their love upon his finger bore
 And fell a-fainting in his arms, sweet Jenny of the moor.

7

When he saw that she was true to him, "Oh hold, my dear," he cried,
 "For this is your Kenneth Ryan now standing by your side,
 Come let us go and get married and I'll remain on shore,"
 "In wedlock bands we will join our hands," said Jenny of the moor.

Sung by Mr. Frank Horne, Moose River, and recorded by
 Helen Creighton, Sept/55

I Wrote My Love A Letter

Reel 151B17-18

I onoce had a sweetheart but now I have none,
She's gone and she's left me to weep and to mourn,
But since she's gone and left me contented I'll be
For she loves another far better than me.

Cho.

Green grows the laurel all sparking with dew,
Sad hearted I've been since parting with you,
But by our next meeting I hope you'll prove true
And change the green laurel to the red, white, and blue.

2

I pass my love's window both early and late,
The look that she gives me would make your heart ache,
The look that she gives me then thousand would kill
For she loves another but I love her still. Cho.

xxxxxx

xx

3

I wrote my love letters in red rosy line,
She wrote me an answer all twisted in twine,
Saying, "Keep your love letters and I will keep mine,
You write to your love and I'll write to mine." Cho.

4

Ofttimes I've wondered how women love men,
Moreoften I've wondered how men can love them,
But by my experience I now ought to know
Young maids are deceivers wherever you go. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Fred Redden and his daughter Finvola, aged
14, Middle Musquodoboit, and recorded by Helen Creighton,
Sept/55

E'er the twilight bat was flitting
 In the sun sat at her knitting
 Sang a lonely maiden sitting
 Underneath her threshold tree.
 And e'er daylight died before us
 And the vesper star shone o'er us,
 Fitful rose her tender chorus,
 "Jamie's on the stormy sea."

2

Warmly shone the sunset glowing,
 Sweetly breathed the young flowers blowing,
 Earth with beauty overflowing,
 Seemed the home of love to be,
 As those angel tones ascending
 With the scene and seasons blending,
 Ever had the same low ending,
 Jamie's on the stormy sea,

Sung by Mr. Fred Redden, Middle Musquodocuit, and
 recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept/55

The Bonny Green Tree

Reel 151B 24-26

also 20-24, but with slight mis-
take

As I was a-walking one fine summer's morning,
In Erin's green land it happened to be,
I espied a fair lass, she appeared like an angel,
In under the shade of a bonny green tree.

2

I quickly stepped up and so gently saluted,
Says I, "My fair lassie if you will agree,
I'll make you a lady of high rank and honour
If you'll share me a seat neath your bonny green tree."

3

"Oh I am no lady of high rank and honour,
I am a poor lassie of lower degree,
Your friends and your parents they would frown upon me
If you were to marry a poor girl like me."

4

"Oh what do I care for my friends or my parents?
My friends and my parents mean nothing to me,
For I am a laddie and you are a lassie,
If I marry to-morrow my bride you will be."

5

The laddie sat down and I sit down beside him,
He swore he'd return and married we'd be,
But when he returned his mind it had altered,
And he says, "If I marry my bride you won't be."

6

Now I must go, I must go broken-hearted,
I'll bode the day that I sat on his knee,
For my first and my last was a false-hearted lover
In under the shade of a bonny green tree.

7

Come all you fair lassies pray now take a warning,
Never court a young man above your degree,
For love is a blossom that quickly will wither
And fade like the leaves on the bonny green tree.

Bx

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

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Ex

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

Bonny Barbara Allan

Reel 151B24-27

In Scarlet town where I was born
There was a fair maid dwellin',
Made every youth cry welladay,
Her name was Barbara Allan.

2

'Twas in the merry month of May
When green things were a-swellin',
Young Jamie on his death-bed lay
For love of Barbara Allan.

3

He sent his servants all in haste
To the place where she was dwellin',
Saying, "My master on his death-beds lay
For love of Barbara Allan."

Sung by Finvola Redden, aged 14, Middle Musquodoboit,
and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept./55

5 or 6 children play, and one child goes up to the front and then all the other children go down and say, "Think up something to do," and they have to act it out, and the one up front that doesn't know what it is, and then they come and they do it in front of the other one up front, and she has to try to guess it. What the thing that they're doing is.

When you come up to the girl in front she says, "Where are you from?"

We say, "Musquodoboit."

She says, "What's your trade?"

We say, "Lemonade."

She says, "Show us some." Then we have to begin to do the game, and maybe it's pouring cement, or picking apples from a tree or something like that. And when she guesses the game we all have to run and the one that she catches has to go up front next time. And if she doesn't catch anybody she has to go up herself, and then we have to think up a new thing to do.

Told by Finvola Redden, aged 14, Middle Musquodoboit, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept/55

Counting Out

Reel 151B28-end

One Potato, Two Potato

How did you count out who would be It in games?

Did you have little verses?

Yes, for One Potato we'd have to put our hands up like this (fists closed) and we'd say,

One potato, two potato, three potato, four,

Five potato, six potato, seven potato, or.

(when you came to the one who said or, that one would put one hand behind her back and you'd start again)

One potato etc.

and the next one who got or would put her hand behind her back, and when the last one still had a hand out, that one was It.

Told by Finvola Redden, aged 14, Middle Musquodoboit,
and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept/55