

Reel 153 A

- 1 - 3 The Legend of the Shubenacadie; sixteen verses, Indian legend of this river. One verse only sung by Rev. Kennedy Wainwright., Stewiacke.
- 3 - 5 Heave Away; Sea chanty, one verse and chorus. Nice as far as it goes. Mrs. Metcalfe, Louisburg and Gabarous.
- 5 - 8 The Old Patriot; nine verses; Irishman takes revenge on English lord who killed his wife and child; sung by Mrs. Ruth Metcalfe, Louisburg and Gabarous.
- 8 - 10 Talk on customs and songs, by Mrs. Ruth Metcalfe. With talk on mid-wifery and songs sung by seamen; interesting.
- 10-10½ Ruby Were Her Lips; fragment of what is probably a pleasant Irish love-song. Sung by Mrs. Ruth Metcalfe, Louisburg and Gabarous.
- 10½-11 Costly Were the Gems; fragment, also probably old Irish song, recited by Mrs. Ruth Metcalfe, Louisburg and Gabarous.
- 11- 15 Talk on Father's Singing; by Mrs. Metcalfe; this is interesting description of mulled rum and the way sailors sang the song, "She' Very Dark, I Know She Is."
- 15- 17 Enoch Arden's Farewell; another song favoured by sailors at Gabarous and sung by Mrs. Metcalfe, Louisburg and Gabarous.
- 17- 19 Fare thee well Jean; two long verses, sailor advising girl not to follow him to sea , sung by Mrs. Metcalfe, Louisburg, Gabarous.
- 19- 21 Green Duccan; one verse of either Irish or Scottish love-song; possibly variant of Green Bushes (S B N S) sung by Mrs. Metcalfe, Louisburg and Gabarous.
- 21-22 The Jolly Roving Tar; one long verse, probably sailor's love-song with pleasant tune; different from song of same title in TSNS. Sung by Mrs. Metcalfe, Louisburg and Gabarous.
- 22-24 The Derby Ram; five verses and chorus of song exaggerating qualities of animal; amusing. Sung by Mrs. Metcalfe, Louisburg and Gabarous.
- 24-26 Bung your Eye; five verses, amusing song of sailor who buys liquor in a basket and finds baby there instead. Sung by Mrs. Metcalfe, Louisburg and Gabarous.
- 26-end Talk on Lullabies and games told by Mrs. Metcalfe, from childhood memories of Gabarous; interesting.

Stranger, beneath this willow's shade
For many days a rose tree bloomed
Where Acadie the Indian lad
By Shuben, his love, was sadly tumbled.

2

Shuben was lovely as the moon
At evening coming from the sea,
And glorious as the summer's sun
E'er twilight comes, was Acadie.

3

When he was but a small papoose
And she was very very young
He brought the skins of rabbits white
And round her father's wigwam hung.

4

When he had seen a few more moons
He smiled on danger's sternest form,
And reft the fur from fierce grey lynx
To wrap his Shuben from the storm.

5

Stranger, he loved as Indians love,
And strangely wild and jealous grew,
And night and day he watched the grove
Where Shuben hunted caribou.

6

One twilight many moons ago
As he was hunting porcupine
He slew a deer as white as snow
And round him wrapped its ample skin.

7

As foxes frisk with wanton glee
And frolic in the copsewood dell,
So frisked and frolicked Acadie
Till evening shades around him fell.

8

He thought (alas his thought was vain)
To meet with Hooran in the dale,
Hooran was chief of Avon's plain
And milder than the summer's gale.

9

Shade darkened shade till many a star
Shot through the wood its tepid gleams,
When Shuben something eyed afar,
A vagrant deer to her it seems.

10

She steals along the mountain brow
And wanders softly through the wood
Until at last a form of snow
The lovely deer before her stood.

11

She brought the arrow to her eye,
A sudden trembling seized her frame,
She sighed, she wept, she knew not why,
Again she took the deadly aim.

12

The aim was sure, the string she drew,
(Alas too well she knew the art)
'Twas done, the fated arrow flew.
It struck, it pierced him to the heart.

13

Stranger, I cannot tell my woes,
But the Great Spirit knows the whole,
That Acadie was my papoose
And Shuben died of troubled soul.

14

Where yonder weeping willow grows
Was Acadie in sorrow laid,
And there the band of Indian braves
Their warlike homage to him paid.

15

Not distant far is Shuben's bed
Amid a baleful hemlock bower,
And when the summer mantles spread
Her tomb is graced with many a flower.

16

For them still flows in streams of tears
The troubled waters which you see,
Their memory still the river bears,
The river Shubenacadie.

Sung by a resident of Shubenacadie and Rev.
Kennedy Wainwright, and recorded by Helen Creighton,
Sept. 1954

This legend was first heard from squaws
eating in the kitchen at the home of Mr. Gass. The
Indians talked about it vaguely. It had appeared as
a poem in the Nova Scotian about 1870, and the piece
had been lost. Then people began to ask for it and
the singer put it together as best she could. It
was printed in the paper under the name of Mr. Gass
which made him very angry as he didn't think it written
well enough to bear his signature.

Chorus

Betsy had a baby
And she dressed it all in white,
Heave away Johnnie
All bound to go,
And the way she came to get it
Was going out at night
Heave away Johnnie
All bound to go.

Then all the men would join in the chorus

Sometimes we go to Liverpool,
Sometimes we go to Spain,
Heave away Johnnie
All bound to go,
And we'll leave the pretty fair maids
We'll never see again
Heave away Johnnie
All bound to go.

This chanty was sung by men who sailed from Louisburg

Sung by Mrs. Ruth Metcalfe of Louisburg and Gabarous, recorded by
Helen Creighton, 1955.

This is a song that an old patriot, an old English soldier who was a patient of mine in the Hospital for many months, used to sing. He called it the Old Patriot and it goes like this; He was an English army officer in his day.

One day as I was walking
On Africa's burning shore
A-listening to the tiger growl
Or an angry lion roar,
As I stood gazing on a scene
To me so lone and drear
Slow advancing from a wood
An old man did appear.

2

"Where are you from?"
The old man said
In a voice so weak and low
"I'm from that dear old Ireland
Where the lily and shamrocks grow."

xxxxxx

The tears coursed down his withered cheeks
As he feebly took my hand,
"You're welcome to our sunny clime,
I'm a native of your land."

3

"I lived down by the Shannon in the year of '98
Contented with my babe and wife
On an English lord's estate
And then the cursed rebellion came
And I was forced to go
To fight for home and country 'gainst
The dreaded Saxon foe."

4

"'Twas then this cursed English lord H
He thought to have my life
Instead he'd wrought his vengeance
On my defenseless babe and wife
He mangled their dear bodies
With his cruel Saxon sword
He said that rebel blood might live
To join the rebel hoard.

5

"At midnight in the forest
Their dear bodies were brought to me
I swore over their bodies
Avenged of them to be
And then to keep the oath I took
Avenged of them to be
I shipped on board a ship with him
To Coast Cape colony.

6

When we arrived in Cape Town
It was there I was chosen to be
By the Lieutenant of the army
His lone body guard to be

One day when we were hunting
Alone within a wood
I pulled my keen avenging steel
And before the coward stood.

7

I said, "Pull out your cursed swore
And defend you life
For the murder of my love ones
I the husband, take your life."
And to save his worthless life
He tried every skill and art
But I plunged my keen avenging steel
Right through the coward's heart.

8

Then I fled to the wild wood
To defend my life
But I want to die in old Ireland
And be buried with my wife
Here's a small gold locket
It's the only thing I bear
The shamrock green plain to be seen
And a lock of my true love's hair.

9

I said, "My old and trusty friend
Yon, rigged ship I command
And it will carry us both safe home
To our own, our native land. Now we are in old Ireland.
Now there there may be found
The remains of this old patriot
In consecrated ground.

Sung by Mrs. Ruth Metcalfe, Louisburg and Gabarous, recorded by Helen
Creighton, 1956.

Where I lived as a child, there were a number of Irish people, they weren't know what was known as shanty Irish, they were nice people. But always a wedding was a high time with them, they liked their rum a little different from the sailors liked it, the sailors liked it mulled with butter, the Irish people liked their rum straight. Sometimes perhaps they had a little gin and I've heard my Mother say that always before a baby was born they'd buy a square-face, well that meant a square-faced bottle of gin. Sometimes stories were told about the mid-wife after everything was over and the mother was fixed up, she would take the baby and the square-face and retire to another room and nothing would be heard of the mid-wife or the square-face until the square-face was empty. The baby would be comfortable, I never heard of anything happening to babies, I guess babies were tough. But anyway these are some of the choruses they would sing. After one drink of rum they would sing the love-songs such as "Willie Riley", "Coleen Bawn" oh, the high type of Irish songs (sorrowful songs). After two drinks of rum they would sing the liting song, the dancing song and perhaps a little later on they would sing something not quite so nice. I never ^{heard} those. These are two choruses they'd sing;

"I'm neither a rogue, a raving man
A Croppy boy or a Tory-O
McGeigan, MC Gyge let go o' my leg
And let me tell my story-O.

And this one was perhaps a dancing song. This was sung by an Irish woman and she'd pull her skirts up a little bit you know which was probably just a shade naughty in those days but however they had a good time and this is another. Now this is probably a dancing song.

Right leg over leg
Left leg farrard leg
Barbara Bell you're me darling,
Right leg over leg
Left leg farrard leg
Barbar Bell you're me darling.

I don't know any more of it than that but I've heard those choruses sung different times at weddings when I was just a little girl. I don't know where you'd get the remainder of them but they're probably traditional Irish jigs.

Sung by Mrs. Ruth Metcalfe, Louisburg and Gabareus, recorded by Helen Creighton, 1955.

Ruby Were Her Lips

Reel 153 A

10-10½

Ruby were her lips,
Silken was her hair,
Costly were those robes of gold
That my Irish girl did wear.

Sung by Mrs. Ruth Metcalfe, Louisburg and Gabarous, recorded by Helen
Creighton, 1955

Costly Were the Gems

Reel 153 A
10½ - 11

Costly were the gems she wore
And the bright gold wand in her hand she bore.

Melody unknown but recited by Mrs. Ruth Metcalfe, Louisburg and
Gabarous, recorded by Helen Creighton.

You know when in bygone days when I was a little girl when my father had given up the sea, he used to have some of the sailors come to see him, especially Sol Jacobs. See the Gloucester fishermen wouldn't come down bait-ladden, they would buy bait, spring herring at Louisburg and Gabarous-and always when Sol came down in the spring if he stayed in port overnight he made Father's house his rendezvous. He would bring us some raisins and a pail of plum jam and bring Father a bottle of over proof rum. Well, they'd have mulled rum and butter and some of the neighbours would come in especially some of the sea captains who happened to be home.

Mulled rum, they would clean the poker off, take a rag and clean off the poker and poke it between the bars of the grate into the hot coals and make it red hot and put it in the rum. The rum had to be in a cup, it couldn't be in a glass. They'd make that hot until it foamed and then they'd put butter in it. It seems to me a dreadful drink, but they liked it and they thrived on it. After one drink of rum they were like the Irish, they sang all the sea chanties. Such as; Blow the Man Down; The Low Lands Low and a few of these, and then Father had one that he'd like to sing, he and Sol Jacobs sang this together and it went something like this, and this was suppose to have been a dark sweetheart and went this way;

She's very dark, I know she is
But what of that? I love her all the better,
I'll marry her the way she is
She's dark but that won't matter

One man would say that as a monologue and then Father would join in this way;

"I'll build her a cot
By a cedar running stream
Where the nightingale sings
And the moon flowers gleam,
A cottage all covered with mosses and greens
Where wood-bine and roses climb up to the eaves

The Sol Jacobs would say, "But she's dark!"

I know she is but what of that
I love her all the better,
I'll marry her the way she is
She's dark but that don't matter,
And when I marry this dark coloured maid
I'll know that for me her complexion won't fade,
Forsaking all others to her I will keep
They say that all beauty is only skin deep."

But she's dark. Sol would say.

Father would join in,

"I know she is, but what of that?
I love her all the better
I'll marry her the way she is
She's dark but that don't matter."

And then they would sing love-songs Their two voices would often
join together and they both had splendid voices, Mr. Jacobs was
a beautiful singer, my Father had a good baritone voice and
sometimes all the men in the group, if they knew it would join in;
it was really worth listening to. Then they sang one, they called
it "Enoch Arden's Farewell" See next page.

Told by Mrs. Ruth Metcalfe, Louisburg and Gabarous and recorded
by Helen Creighton, 1955.

Godbye Annie Darling
Give over your sighing
It's sad that our parting must be,
I'll sail the seas over
I'll ~~cross~~ cross the dark ocean
I'll sail the seas over for thee.

(All the men would join in the chorus, perhaps there would be a bass singer and perhaps a good tenor singer and they'd join in the chorus and I often wished I could have a record of them, it would be lovely to have and this is what they would sing for the chorus.)

Chorus
I'll never forget you,
Oh never oh never,
I'll never forget you I know,
Your smile like a sun~~sh~~beam
Shall haunt me forever
And cheer me wherever I go.

(You imagine half^o dozen men's voices singing that and they'd know the song right through and it was really lovely.)

Q: Did they have any accompaniment?

A: No, none whatever.

Q: Did any of them play instruments?

A: No, not that I know of. In later years when we were growing up Mother could play any kind of instrument but the men never had had any accompiement.

"Fare thee~~x~~ well Jean, I'am going to leave you,
It's to~~p~~ the far Indies, my barque I must steer
But if you are true ,love, and if you are fair love,
And then I will return in the spring of the year
I'll cut off my hair and I'll dress in men's clothing
And with you my Jamie I mean for to go
I'll be by your side love on fair or foul weather,
Stay at home lovely, Jean, to the seas never go.

2

"Your delicate fingers our tackles can't handle
Your delicate feet up a mast cannot go
Your small slender form wintery winds can not weather,
Stay at home lovely Jea,n, to the seas never go."
So Jamie set sail and left Jean to bewail him,
The tears from eyes like a buntain did flow,
Saying, "Your gold and yellow locks are continually fading
Stay at home lovely Jean, to the seas never go."

(This was a popular one with the men and it had a real lilt to it). (When not thinking, the singer says, takele for tackle.)

Sung by Mrs. Ruth Metcalfe, Louisburg and Gabarous and recorded by Helen Creighton, 1956.

Green Duccan

Reel 153A

19-21

And yonder coming my true love I see
Down by yon Green Duccan where he thinks he'll meet me
(I think the word Duccan, is the name of a shrub that grows in both
Irish and Scottish Highlands"and that word alone would make it Celtic.
That's all I know but it has a pretty melody.)

Sung Mrs. Ruth Metcalf, Louisburg and Gabarous and recorded by Helen
Creighton, 1956.

The Jolly Roving Tar

Reel 153 A

21-22

Come down unto the riverside,
Come down unto the shore,
It's there you'll see my father's ships
And see them all secure,
As the little birds were singing
To the bright and lonely stars
She walked the beach lamenting
For her jolly roving tar.

Sung by Mrs. Ruth Metcalfe, Louisburg and Gabarous, and recorded by Helma Creighton, 1956.

The Derby Ram

Reel 153 A
22-24

There was a ram in Derby
I've heard the people say
He was the finest ram, sir
That was ever fed on hay.

Chorus

Carry me coo me heart's agoo
And Billie O'Rourke's the bye sir,

2

The horns upon this ram sir
Would reach unto the sky,
The eagles built their nests in them
I heard the young ones cry. Chorus.

3

The wool upon this ram sir
Was neither thick nor thin
It took 500 women/a thousand years to spin. Chorus.

4

The day we killed the ram sir
We had a hell of a flood
The man ~~xxx~~ that cut his throat sir
He was buried in the blood. Chorus.

5

The man that held the basin
He was buried in the gore,
The man who wrote the song sir,
Is a lying son of a -----.

Sung by Mrs. Ruth Metcalfe, Louisburg and Gabarous, recorded by Helen
Creighton. 1956.

(This is one of those half naughty songs that sometimes the sailors used to sing.)

As Jack was a-walking up Barrington Street
A pretty fair damsel chanced for-to meet,
He kissed and carressed her and then she did cry,
"I've plenty of liquor, it's called, 'Bung your eye.'"

2

To purchase this liquor young Jack he was bent,
To purchase this liquor was all Jack's intent,
Twenty bright shillings he had for to buy
A basket of liquor, 'twas called, 'Bung your Eye.

3

To open this basket Jack he was bent,
To open this basket 'twas all Jack's intent,
When he opened the basket he heard a babe cry,
Rolled up in a blanket was young Bung Your Eye.

4

To get this babe christened now Jack he was bent,
To get this babe christened was all Jack's intent
Then off a Parson, young Jack he did fly
To get this young bugger called young Bung Your Eye.

5

"'Bung Your Eye,'" said the parson, "why that's a queer name."
"Damn his eyes," said the sailor, "it's a queer way he came.
Instead of strong liquor I asked for-to buy,
Rolled up in a blanket was young Bung your Eye."

Recorded by Helen Creighton and sung by Mrs. Ruth Metcalfe, Louissburg
and Gabarous, 1956.

- Q; What about lullabys, Mrs. ^{Mc}etcalfe, did your mother sing you lullabys?
- A; Well, I don't know that she ever sang any lullabys but Father used to sing a Scottish lullaby, but it was sung in the Gaelic and I don't remember enough of the Gaelic to get it, and you'd have to have the Gaelic words to fit the melody. I don't remember.
- Q; Do~~x~~ you remember the tunes?
- A; No, no I don't. I don't remember any of them. Mother's lullabys were just the usual things, Rock A-Bye Baby and that, but I don't remember the Gaelic lullabys at all. If I had the Gaelic words I could probably, Father spoke Gaelic, but Mother didn't, and it wasn't spoken in the home, except when there was Scottish people, so we children couldn't speak. We could understand conversation, understand the songs, but that's been a long time ago and I have forgotten.
- Q; What about singing games?
- A; No, I don't remember any singing games, except for the one that I have given you, The Finger Doll, I don't remember any others except that.
- Q; You didn't have any that you formed a circle for?
- A; No, nothing but London Bridge and the usual things that most children did.
- Q; Well, how did you sing London Bridge?
- A; Oh London Bridge^s falling down, to the melody that is generally used.
- Q; What would you have for the prizes?
- A; Oh, jacks probably, it was our favourite game in those ^{days} games; you know jacks that you played with your hands; five stones, and perhaps we'd get very nice shiny ones from the beach, and they would be our prizes. We wouldn't have anything else.
- Q; I took it down ⁱⁿ to Pubnico the other day and the choice was a golden apple or golden banana.
- A; We didn't know anything about bananas in those days, and very little about golden apples. The ones that came from Annapolis Valley, they were like solid gold both for quality and quantity and the price. But we wouldn't know a thing in the world about bananas in those days. I can remember when I saw my first potato, I was a grown up girl. They were known in my childhood days at all. Our prizes would be those that we find around the beach. Pennies were as precious as flowers, and jacks was our favourite game. And then of course we played house with broken dishes, and things like that. But those are the only games.

Q; And how did you play the jacks?

A; You took the jacks - five jacks here- you threw them up and if you got five on the back of your hand you won that game. If one went down-you had to keep the stones in your hand and throw one up and grab - you had to have all five jacks in your hand together to win the game; if you didn't do that then you put two down and grab them, three down and grab them, four down and grab them, and then you put four down and threw your jack up, and if you got the whole five in your hand you won the game. If you didn't you were out, and the next girl got it. That was the popular game when I was a child.

We skipped some but skipping wasn't as popular then.

Q; Did you have any little songs that you sang when you skipped ?

A; No, I don't remember any.

Q; Or did you count?

A; Not as the children do today. You had a skipping rope and you skipped by yourself. I never remember skipping over a rope held by two children. We just skipped singly. And we didn't play ball. Ball wasn't considered nice for little girls in those days. We were not allowed to skip, we were not allowed to play ball. I never heard of little girls playing ball in my days.

Q; Did you have dolls?

A; Oh yes,

Q; Where did they come from?

A; Home ~~often~~ made variety very often Mother would make them. I don't think I ever had a bought doll. I remember once I had a little set of bought dishes when I was a child. Usually were the things that mother would make.

Told by Mrs. Ruth Metcalfe, Louisburg and Gabarous and recorded by Miss Helen Creighton, 1956.