

Reel 153B

- 1-3 The Blackbird: sung by Mrs. Ruth Metcalfe, Louisburg and Gabarus; 1 vs. only.
- 3-6 The Cruel Mother: sung by Mrs Metcalfe; 5 vs. & cho.; interesting version of Child 20
- 6-8 Tam O'Shanter's Lament; sung by Mrs. Metcalfe; 2 vs. interesting; song sung by Gaelic people; unusual.
- 8-9 Bonnie Wee Thing; sung by Mrs. Metcalfe; 1 vs. of Scotch lullaby
- 9-9½ Sally Munro; sung by Mrs. Metcalfe; 3 vs. lovers separated by father
- 9½-10 Young Munro: sung by Mrs. Matcalfe; song sometimes known as Charlie Yackam; 2 vs. & cho; young girl wants a man.
- 10- 12 There's A Curse On Gold; sung by Mrs. Metcalfe; lament of man whose girl has married for riches
- 12-13 The Dark-Eyed Sailor; sung by Mrs. Metcalfe; 1 vs. only for tune
- 13-14 The Day I Left The Old Plantation; 2 vs. of what Mrs. Metcalfe referred to as a darky song.
- 14-18 Hip Hip Mr. Carpenter; sung by Mr. John O'Neill, Ship Harbour; well sung; very nice song for children; 3 vs.
- 18-19 A Bonny Ga' Laddie For Me; sung by Mrs. Metcalfe; 2 vs. & cho. of pretty love song.
- 19-20 The Wedding at Kenowes; sung by Mrs. Isaac Doyle; West Jeddore; Nfld. wedding, amusing; for words see reel 113A
- 20-22 The Ghostly Sailors; sung by Mr. Doyle; 7 vs. good local song; for words see reel 99A
- 22-23 Way Down In Old Virginny; sung by Mr. Doyle; one vs. amusing and good as far as it goes.
- 23-end Ghost Story: told by Mr. Isaac Doyle; this is also written up in Bluenose Ghosts p.257.

Index cards done

The Blackbird

Reel 153B

1-3

If I were a blackbird, I'd whistle and sing
I'd follow the ship that my true love sails in
And on the top mast I'd build me a nest
I'd follow my true love o'er the ocean's grey breast.

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

The Cruel Mother

3-6

A lady stood in her Father's ~~hall~~ hall,
 Fair flowers of valley-O,
 She ~~stood~~^{sat} two maidens playing ball,
 In the green woods, so bonnie-O.

2

"Maids, Oh Maids, if thee were mine,
 Fair flowers of valley-O,
 I dress you up in silk so fine,
 Green woods so bonnie-O."

in the

3

"Mother, Oh Mother when we were nine,
 Fair flowers of valley-O,
 You did not dress us in silk so fine,
 In the green woods, so bonnie-O."

4

"You tied a scarf around our necks,
 Fair flowers of valley-O,
 You plunged the pen-knife in our breasts,
 Green woods, so bonnie-O.

5

" You buried us deep within the ground,
 Fair flowers of valley-O,
 And prayed to God that we'd never be found,
 In the green woods so boonie-O."

(It seems to me that the head and tail was cut off that story.)

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

Tam O' Shanters' Lament

~~o/hohattee, /ah/hohattee/~~ Ahone er-rie, ahone er-rie,
 My bonnie bairn has gone from me,
~~ah/hohattee, /ah/hohattee/~~ Ahone er-rie, ahone er-rie,
 My bonnie bairn has gone from me,

2

He who was as the eagle free,
 My bonnie bairn has gone from me,
 Ahone er-rie, ahone er-rie,
 My bonnie bairn has gone from me.

(This song was used in the motion picture, "Tam O' Shanter." and is
 the only time I've heard it outside of the song sung by the Gaelic
 people.)

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

Bonnie Wee Thing

Reel 153 B

8-9

Bonnie wee thing, darling wee thing,
Bonnie wee thing, thou art ~~xxing~~ mine,
I will hold you in my bosom
Lest my wee thing, I should tine. (Hurt)

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

I wrote my love a letter
And a letter I did send,
I sent it by a comrade
And I thought he was my friend,
But instead of being a friend to me
He proved to be a foe,
For he never gave my letter to
Young Sally Munro.

2

Instead he told her father
For to be aware of me,
That I had a wife in
My own countree,
Then said her old father,
"If what you say be so,
He shall never enjoy
My young Sally Munro."

singer says: evidently he met Sally later on and this is
the end of the song as far as I know:

"Sally, dearest Sally,
Sally love," said he,
Do you remember when once
You slighted me?
Once you slighted me my love
And treated me with scorn,
I'm sure you are sorry now
For what you have done."

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

Young Munro

Reel 153B9 $\frac{1}{2}$ -10

I don't want your silks and satins,
I don't want your house and land,
I don't want your gold and silver,
All I want is a handsome man.

Cho.

Young Munro, Charlie Akhem,
Handsome Charlie, young Munro.

2

Young Munro has gold and silver,
Young Munro has house and land,
Young Munro has silks and satins,
Young Munro is a handsome man. Cho.

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

There's a curse on gold and on silver too,
There's a curse on false maids that won't prove true,
First they'll promise and then they'll break,
And it's not for love but for rich's sake.

2

(there are more scraps, and one goes like this):

I wrote a letter unto my dear,
But one kind answer I'll never hear.

(and then later on in another verse her father evidently wrote
or told him):

She is married safe in the prime of life
And I pray young man seek another wife.

(it's then he says):

There's a curse on gold and on silver too,
There's a curse on false maids that won't prove true,
First they'll promise and then they'll break,
And it's not for love but for rich's sake.

(tune similar to that of the Dark-Eyed Sailor)

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

The Dark-Eyed Sailor

Reel 153B12-13

'Twas of a comely young maiden fair
As she walked out for to take the air,
She met a sailor along her way
And she paid attention, and she paid attention
To hear what he would say.

Sung by Mrs Ruth Metcalfe, Louisburg and Gabarus,
and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1955

The Day That I Left the Old Plantation

Reel 153B13-14

On the day that I left the old plantation
Massa he bet me with a hoe,
Just 'cause I stopped a few moments
Getting some cotton seed to sow.

2

The old man's days are nearly numbered,
Soon be on another shore,
I beg of you dear kind good massa,
Don't send me back to slavery any more.

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

"Hip hip Mr. Carpenter, how deep is this water?"

"Oh throw in a stone and it'll sink to the bottom,
Tol lol the rydoe, tol lol the rydoe,
Throw in a stone and it'll sink to the bottom,
Tol lol the rydoe.

2

"Hip hip Mr. Carpenter, how wide is this water?"

"Oh the ducks and the geese~~s~~ they swim right over,
Tol lol the rydoe, tol lol the rydoe,
The ducks and the geese they swim right over,
Tol lol the rydoe."

3

"Hip hip Mr. Carpenter, what time is it?"

"Oh here is my watch and you may view it,
Tol lol the rydoe, tol lol the rydoe,
Here is my watch and you may view it,
Tol lol the rydoe."

Sung by Mr. John O'Neill, Ship Harbour who had learned it from his grandfather, Mr. Neil Swann, Toronto. Mr. Swann used to sing it to all the children. His family came originally from England. They wonder if the word rydoe in the chorus could be from the Rideau river in Ottawa, or did the song come from England?; recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1956

A Bonny Ca' Laddie For Me

Reel 153B18-19

On a mossy bank Jenny was sitting,
She had on a gay gown sae new,
And busily she was a-knitting
A yarn of a bonny sky blue.

Cho.

Awack he came doon the river,
That i my ca' laddie may see,
He whistles, he dances sae clever,
A bonny ca' laddie for me.

2

Last night down among yon green duccan
He fed me with gingerbread sweet,
He called me his dear and his honey
And everything else that was neat. Cho.

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

Archives file

Way Down In Old Virginny

Big pig, little pig, a root a hog a dye O,
Chief cook and bottle-washer captain of the waiter,
While you stand upon your head, while you peel a bag o' taters,
Way down in old Virginny, dear let me lie,
O it's big pig, little pig, a root a hog a dye O.

Sung by Mr Isaac Doyle, West Jeddore, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, July 1956

Way down in the Labrador there was me and my brother and another man, we seen an old barque going ashore. Way down, so we took a cory and we went, we thought she was loaded with stuff, and we didn't make her before dark, but it was moonlight and we seen a factory, an old factory, ashore on a little island, so we went ashore there and put up for the night. So all right, we went in, me and the other ~~fellah~~ young fellah - we was both young - we sung songs and told yarns and lay down and there was - we had to go in through a dark alley. It was all piled up with cases - the windows was all shut in, you couldn't see nawthin', and we had to go upstairs to find this little room; there was a little room there, just held the three of us across, and we got a bag of cans apiece and put under our heads, and we laid down after we got tired, and we said we'd go to sleep. By and by we heard a boat rowin' - this boat rowin' and me brother he jumped up and looked out and he couldn't hear nawthin', but he laid down and by and by as soon as he laid down he started rowin' again. The other fellah he got up. He was layin' next to the big window; there was a big window in this little room and you could see right down to the water. He looked out, and soever he looked out ~~he~~ the boat stopped rowin' and he couldn't see nawthin'. Moon light as day, yeah, and he laid down, and soever he laid down the boat started to rown again ~~xxxxxxx~~ and he let him row till he got in right close, and I got up and I looked out, and I couldn't see nawthin'. This time the boat was ashore. You could see everything around the island. It was only a small island. So I laid down. After I laid down we heard him outside of the camp, outside of the building. By and by he got in the building. Well, all right. He plunked around there and worked around there. At last it was getting late, we was all laying there and he knocked off, and me brother fell to sleep, and this other fellah fell to sleep, and I was laying in the middle, and I was laying like that with me hand over me head and I was lookin' kinda towards the little door comin' in. First thing I see was this big man come in' in, and he was white as a sheet. You couldn't hear him walk nor anything. He had a big slouch hat on and a tossle tied around it, old fashioned ones, and he come to my brother and he stood and he looked right down at him and there for dear knows - two or three minutes - and then he come to me. The sweat was flowin' down off me cheeks. That's right. He only stopped for me - he didn't stop no time at all - He walked over to the other fellah and he looked at him about the same time as he did my brother and then he went to the window and looked out, and he done the same thing comin' back. He got to the door, and he had to stoop down to go out the door, he was a tall man, and when he went out the door I made the jump. There was a gun right across the

room, and I made the jump for the gun, and that woke me brother and it woke the other fellah. They knew there was something the matter. I told them. Well he went downstairs. We couldn't hear nawthin' till he got down there. Then he plunked around there for quite a spell and by and by he tired.

to We punched a hole through the roof and made on a fire in a big bowl that was there with laths. At last we got pretty thirsty, and all the water and the grub was down in the ~~box~~ dory, so I says, 'Let's go down and get it.' No, they wouldn't go. Well I says, "I'm going." "Oh no, you better not!" I says, "I am." Well I started down and I got out through - wait out and I sat down on the dory and I says, 'I'm outside anyhow' oh moonlight as day, and I got the water and I drunk and I eat and then I took the water and the grub and I started up. And when I got back - there was a big rock hung on the door inside, and when you went in it shut, and everything was dark. I went along till I got to the steps, and when I got to the steps I thought he was grabbing a hold of me to haul me back, but I got upstairs.

Well then we took watch about. One side would take watch and let the other one sleep. So I told them I'd take the first watch, so I took the first watch and then I called the other feller. He watched for a spell, and then he called me brother. So it was gettin' on towards daylight, and me brother said, "Oh I guess he's gone." He says, "Anyhow there's no more about it, and he fell to sleep and he told me that he knowed nawthin' until he was standin' up on his feet - like something grabbed him and stood him right up on his feet - and that's all of that one.

Question: Well Mr. Doyle, what made you so sure it wasn't a real person?

Answer: It wasn't a real person. No, no.

Question: It couldn't possibly have been.

Answer: No, you could see all round the whole thing.

Question: And even when you saw him?

Answer. I knowed it wasn't a real person, in away, and still you'd think at the time a young fellah. I made for the gun but he was gone out of sight.

Question: When you were coming back through the dark room you felt he was going to grab you?

Answer: Yes, I thought he was there.

Question: It must have been a frightening experience. Did anybody else tell you there was a ghost there?

Answer: No, but I 'lowed there was somethin' - I 'lowed it was the boss, that somethin' had happened to him and his mind was on this. That's what I 'lowed it was.

Question: This took place on the Labrador? How long ago?

Answer: I was only about eighteen, I guess, and now I'm goin' on eighty-three.

Question: Well that wouldn't be a very nice experience. Did anybody else ever have the same experience in the same place, or did you ask them?

Answer: No, well it was all a strange place to us .

Question: Is your brother still living?

Answer: No, he 's dead. The other fellah's dead too.

(Later Mr. Doyle said he had often wondered if the reason the man stood so long over his brother was because he would go first, although he lived for some years after the event).

Told by Mr. Isaac Doyle, West Jeddore; story written up in Bluenose Ghosts; recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1956