

Reel 158 A

- 1 - 3 McGinty. Three verses and chorus of an Irish song. Sung by Mr. Edward Deal, Seabright. Late of no particular value.
- 3 - 8 The Oddfellows Song. Eight verses and chorus composed by the singer Mr. Edward Deal, Seaforth. Locally composed. Interesting effort from man who has never composed before.
- 8 - 15 Song locally composed, somewhat improper, of no particular value.
- 15 - 21 Prince Edward Island Song. Five/ verses of a local lumbermen's song, sung by Joseph Hyson, Mahone Bay. Second singing much better than first. Good of its kind.
- 21 - 23 Hunting Story. A rather mixed up tall story. Told by Joseph Hyson, Mahone Bay.
- 23 - 24 A Ghost ~~Story~~ Song. Amusing song of one verse, meant to frighten listener. Sung by Mrs. Burpee Bishop, Greenwich. Dramatic climax in oral tradition.
- 24-26 Grandma's Advice. Four verses and chorus sung by Mrs. Burpee Bishop, Greenwich. Amusing courting song. Fairly late, but nice.
- 26 - end. Instrumental music. Silver Bells, played on fiddle by Mr. Hilaire Pothier and accompanied on piano by his sister, Mrs. Laura McNeil, West Pubnico. Very nice.
- Dance tune, name unknown, played on fiddle by Mr. Hilaire Pothier and accompanied on piano by his sister, Mrs. Laura McNeil, West Pubnico. Very nice.

McGinty

1-3

Oh, my name is McGinty
 With my influence plenty
 With the gang I'm away up in G
 Sometimes they treats me
 And sometimes they meets me
 And we often goes out on a spree.

Chorus

Out in the street, the girls they do treat,
 They give me a grip of their hand
 And when I'm passing by
 The girls they all cry,
 There goes a smart little bit of a man, McGinty.

2

When my days work is done
 To my home I will run
 With my kit and my old dinner can
 And when I'm passing by
 You can hear them all cry
 There goes a smart little bit of a man, \forall Chorus

3

Just the other night while out for a stroll
 Down by Light Spring Hall
 When a deuced big slob
 By the name of MacNab
 Tried to give me a fall.
 But by gingers I'll try
 And by gingers I'll die
 Let him catch what he can catch can,
 And he fell to the floor
 And the girls they all roar,
 There goes a smart little bit of a man, Chorus.

Sung by Mr. Edward Deal, Seabright, recorded by Helen Creighton, August, 1955.

The Oddfellows Song

3-8

Many years ago I joined the Oddfellows
 And an Oddfellow is what I'll always be
 It is a friendly society ~~of~~ of Oddfellows
 Known as the Manchester Unity.

Chorus

There's a three linked banner waving somewhere
 In golden letters of friendship, love and truth
 There's a three linked banner waving somewhere
 And I love it until the day that I die.

2

The cornerstone of Oddfellowship was laid by Adam
 And if you'll carefully follow out the plan
 And obey the rules and obligations
 You'll become a noble, honest, upright man. Chorus.

3^{h.d}

We will always ^{h.d} the widows and the orphans
 You will know us by our kind and noble deeds
 We would never let the widow or orphan suffer
 We will help them out in all of their needs. Chorus.

4

If you'll be an Oddfellow, we'll nourish you and cherish you
 And if in want we'll lend a helping hand
 We will all join and march in full regalia
~~XXXXX~~ We will follow you unto the brink of the grave. Chorus.

5

Never fear, the Lord is right beside you,
 He will lead in that straight and narrow path
 He will always guide and protect you,
 If you are an Oddfellow you never can go wrong. Chorus.

6

I saw the Grand Master, Noble Grand and Vice-Grand,
 I saw Officers and Brothers and Sisters too
 They were all there to join that heavenly round-up
 For to meet their friend upon the golden shore. Chorus.

7

And when we get into that grand procession
 And the good angel Gabriel starts in to blow
 When we knock and give our heavenly password
 Waiting for the pearly gates to unfold. Chorus.

8

And when our work on earth is ended
 And waiting for to hear the Master's call
 Well, done my good and faithful servants
 There's a reward for the Oddfellows all. Chorus.

Words compsed and sung by Mr. Edward Deal, Seabright, to the tune of The
 Star Spangled Banner Waving Somewhere and recorded by Miss Helen Creighton,
 August, 1955.

Prince Edward Island Song

15-21

You sporting young blades of Pince Edward Island
 Come listen to me and the truth I will tell,
 A lumbermen's life is of short duration
 All mingled with pleasure, hard work and bad rum,
 And in the hereafter, according to scripture
 The worst of our trouble is yet for to come.

2

The boys of the island in the homes are not happy
 Saying boys let's be going we're doing no good,
 Their minds are not easy, continually crazy,
 'Til they get off to Bangor to work in the woods,
 A new suit of clothes is prepared for the journey
 A new pair of boots made by Sherlock Aclock,
 Along Kenny Baker, all filled with new homespun xcome
 And then the young islanders, he will embark.

3

Arriving at Bangor he'll stand on the station
 The lumbermen views him all with a keen eye
 They see by the clothes that the youngster is wearing
 And quickily knows that he is a P.E.,

~~4~~

4

The boys of the Island in the woods are contented
 Where God, Man, the devil, to them all the same
 It's cursing, and swearing, blaspheming and tearing
 And all other joys in the down river gang.
 At Bangor they poison a chap with bad whiskey
 To the devil will fire the brandy and ale
 And When on the corners, the boys they get tipsy
 They send for Tim Leary to sack them to jail.

5

You talk about laws, by the mother of Moses
 There is better laws for the heathen Chinese
 Where a man can get drunk, in the morning get sober
 Beneath the green shade of an old Elm tree.

Sung by Mr. Joseph Hyson, Mahone Bay, and recorded by Helen Creighton,
 1955.

Hunting Story

Reel 158 A
21-23

Me and my brother Jake one day went hunting for a woodchuck. You know Jake and I were twins but we were two or three years bigger than one another. But he took the axe and I took the gun and off to the woods we goes. Pretty soon we come to an old log with a hole in it. Hans said, "How do we get ~~him~~ out?" I says, "Stick my foot in the hole and you cut another hole and get him out." Well I stuck my foot in the hole and Hans cut and by and by he cut my toes off. oh Ach Himmel! "Hans you smite mine toes off wid de axe." Well, he took my shirt off and he tied my foot up mit it and he carried me home and you know after a long while, mine foot healed up but no more toes growed out. And you know we got out in the barn and we danced and we danced and we danced and then we went in the house and that was all of it, poor Jake he got alright.

Told by Mr. Joseph Hyson, Mahone Bay, and recorded by Helen Creighton, 1955.
Learned from old bbok.

A Ghost Story

There was a woman skin and bones
She walked out one night alone
She walked to the church yard door
And stood to rest a little more.
She walked up the churchyard aisle
And stood to rest a little while
The lights burned blue, the lights burned dim,
The worms crawled out the worms crawled in.
The woman to the ghost then said,
"Will I look thus when I am dead?"
The ghost said, "Ah-h-h-."

Song ends in scream.

Sung by Mrs. Barpee Bishop, Greenwich, and recorded by Helen Creighton, 1955.
August.

Grandma's Advice

Oh my Grandma lives on yonder little green,
 As fine an old lady as ever was seen
 She has oft times cautioned me with care
 Of all false youngmen to beware.

Chorus.

Timmy eye, timmy um tum, timmy um pa ta
 Of all false young men to beware.

2

Oh these false young men, they'll flatter and deceive
 And so my love, you must not believe,
 They will flatter and they will coax 'til you are in a snair
 And away goes poor old Grandma's care.

Chorus.

Timmy eye, timmy um tum, timmy um pa ta
 And away goes poor old Grandma's care.

3

The first that came a-courting was little Johnny Green
 As fine a young man as ever was seen
 But the words of my Grandma rang through my head
 So I could not hear one word he said.

Chorus.

Timmy eye, timmy um tum, timmy um pa ta
 So I could not hear one word he said.

4

Thinks I to myself, there must be some mistake,
 What a fuss these old folks make
 For if the boys and girls had all been so afraid
 Grandma herself would have died an old maid.

Chorus.

Timmy eye, timmy um tum, timmy um pa ta
 Grandma herself would have died an old maid.

Sung by Mrs. Burpee Bishop, Greenwich, and recorded by Helen Creighton,
 August 1955.