

Reel 169A

- 1-5 The Thistle Rose and Shamrock; sung by Mr. Ernest Sellick, Charlottetown, P.E.I. 3 vs. & cho.; good of its kind; late song of praise
- 5-8 The Highlandman's Toast; sung by Mr. Sellick; late song in praise of heroes; nice song well sung except pitched too high
- 8-10 My Old Boarding House; sung by "Duke" Neilsen who composed it; guitar accompaniment; all right of its kind
- 10-14 Marrow Bones; sung by "Duke" Neilsen with banjo accompaniment; good variant 10 vs. & cho.; jolly
- 14-16 The Frog and the Mouse; sung by "Duke" Neilsen; 15 vs. with banjo accompaniment; good variant.
- 16-20 The Boston Burglar; sung by Mr. J. Austin Trainor; 6 vs. well sung in deep dramatic voice followed by short talk.
- 20-24 The Decent Boy From Ireland; sung by Mr. Charlie Chamberlain; 4 vs. admonition to be kind to parents; singing better than song.
- 24-27 Whalen's Fate; sung by Mr. Chamberlain; 5 vs. New Brunswick lumbermen's song; guitar accompaniment; good local song, well sung.

All singers from Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Three brothers there are, England, Ireland, and Scotland,  
Whose hearts beat together like one,  
Wherever you go you always will find them  
The bravest men under the sun.  
In friendship together we fight neath one banner,  
And though we may roam o'er the earth,  
As brothers we fight in the cause of our country  
And cherish the land of our birth.

Cho.

Where is the Scotchman that likes not the thistle?  
Where is the Englishman that loves not the rose?  
And where is the true-hearted son of old Erin  
Who loves not the land where the shamrock grows.

2

Sure Scotland can boast of her sons brave and mighty,  
Who prove to be patriots true,  
Bruce, Campbell, and Wallace are names that are cherished,  
As brave as the world ever knew.  
Old England has sons who are noble and valiant  
And brothers true-hearted and kind,  
And whether at war on the land or the ocean  
No braver men ~~wik~~ e'er will you find.

3

And now for old Ireland a word I'll be saying  
In praise of the land of my birth,  
Sure haven't we proved she's as good, brave, and noble  
As any other nation on earth.  
Then let us combine neath the banner of friendship  
And sure let us never be false,  
Let every true man ever breath a success to  
The shamrock, the thistle and rose. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Ernest Sellick, Charlottetown, P.E.I. and  
recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1956

Scotland the land of the thistle and heather,  
 Scotland the land of a mountain and flood,  
 Scotland the birthplace of true-hearted heroes  
 Who paid for thy freedom their last drop o' blood.  
 Well may each Scotchman while life lasts remember  
 The brave ones who fell 'gainst the numberless hosts,  
 Who tried to enslave her, in slavery degrade her  
 And whose names shall forever be a highlandman's toast.

Cho.

Here's to the heath, the hill and the heather,  
 The bonnet, the plaidie, the kilt, and the feather,  
 Here's to the heroes that Scotland can boast,  
 May their names never die, that's the highlandman's toast.

2

Famed is the name of our own hero Wallace  
 Whose brave heart to Scotland was loyal and ~~xxxxxx~~ true,  
 Who lived for her glory, who died that dishonour  
 Might never descend on the bonnet so blue.  
 And the Bruce we still mourn who at famed Bannockburn  
 With brave little band the usurper defied,  
 Who fought like a lion the vast armies defying  
 Till the field wi' the blood o' her foeman was dyed.

3

Wave on stern thistle, wave on bonny heather,  
 Grow o'er the graves where our daring ones lie,  
 Bloom there to show them our friends and our foeman  
 How Scotchmen can fight and how Scotchmen can die.  
 Bid them remember we want no defender,  
 Our hearts are as true as the brave ones of yore,  
 Whose names we shall cherish till memory perish  
 So let the toast resound from the hill to the shore. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Ernest Sellick, Charlottetown, P.E.I. and  
 recorded by Helen Creighton Sept. 1956

My old boarding house so dear  
 I've been there for many a year,  
 They serve the hash up on the second floor,  
 There's a graveyard in the cellar,  
 Doctor's office in the parlour,  
 And the undertaker has his shop next door.

2

Touch-me-not was on the teacups,  
 Skull and crossbones on the plates,  
 Garlic in the turkey you could smell,  
 The biscuits they are named and I'm going to have them framed  
 In that all-go-hungry-hash-house where I dwell.

3

The doughnuts they are wooden  
 And they serve limburger puddin',  
 We kneel in prayer before we go to grub,  
 If you chance to get a breeze  
 Of that old roach cottage cheese  
 You'd swear somebody hit you with a club.

4

The sausages are marked,  
 If you touch them they will bark,  
 They are relics sent from Berlin on the Rhine,  
 All the boarders got the croup  
 Caused from eating goulash soup  
 In that all-go-hungry--hash-house where I dine.

5

Oh that hash-house where I stay  
 It is turning my hair grey  
 For the landlord is always full of beer,  
 Where the bedbugs live contented  
 And the air is sweetly scented  
 By an old-fashioned tanyard in the rear.

6

There's a woman called the duchess  
 Brings the coffee in on crutches  
 And the cake looks like a sponge that's been afire,  
 And the father old and grey  
 He was tackled by a jay,  
 Went right out and then committed suicide.

7

They have Indian rubber pickles  
 That bounce like motor cycles,  
 The dinner bell and gong ring in discord,  
 When they open up the gate we come skipping on roller skates  
 In that all-go-hungry-hash-house where I board.

8

The molasses is made of paint,  
 If you smell it you will faint,  
 It is yellow and dished up on a tray,  
 The eggs are made to match, if you touch them they will hatch  
 In that awful hungry hash-house where I stay.

Composed and sung by "Duke" Neilsen, Charlottetown, P.E.I. and  
 recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1956

There was an oldwoman in Ireland,  
 In Ireland she did dwell,  
 She dearly loved her husband  
 And another man twice as well.

Cho.

Sing fol laddie doo fol laddie  
 A laddie doodle ley  
 Fol laddie doo fol laddie,  
 A laddie doodle ley

2

She went unto a doctor  
 To see if she could find,  
 To see if she could find anything  
 To make the old man blind. Cho.

3

The doctor met the old man  
 And to him explained the scheme,  
 "Bejusus," said the old man,  
 "I'll act upon the same." Cho.

4

The doctor give her three marrow bones  
 For him to suck them all,  
 And after he had sucked them  
 He couldn't see none at all. Cho.

5

"O wife, dearest wife,  
 A man I cannot stay,  
 I'd gladly go and drown myself  
 If I only could find the way." Cho.

6

"O husband, dearest husband,  
 You shall not go astray,  
 For I will go along with you  
 And gladly show you the way." Cho.

7

They toddled on and on and on  
 Until they came to the brink,  
 "Oh wife, dearest wife,  
 You'll have to push me in." Cho.

8

The old lady got back a step or two  
 And suddenly made a spring,  
 The old man side stepped  
 And into the brink she went. Cho.

9

She swam around and round and round  
 And then in front of him,  
 The old man grabbed a long pole  
 And shoved her head within. Cho.

10

The old man grabbed a long pole  
 And shoved her head within,  
 "Now wasn't she the darn fool  
 To think that I would win." Cho.

Sung by Mr. "Duke" Neilsen, Charlottetown, and recorded by  
 Helen Creighton, Sept. 1956

Oh Uncle Rat went out to ride,  
 Rye oh ling oh laddie oh,  
 Sword and pistol by his side,  
 Rye oh ling oh lee.

2

The frog came up to Mousie's door,  
 He said, "Miss Mouse are you within?"

3

"Yes kind sir, will you come in?"  
 Rye oh ling oh laddie oh.

4

The frog took ~~Mixx~~ Mousie on his knee,  
 He said, "Miss Mouse won't you marry me?"

5

"Oh I can't do it, I'll tell you that,"  
 I'll have to see my Uncle Rat."

6

Oh Uncle Rat came back from town,  
 "Who's been here while I was gone?"

7

"There was to see me a gentleman  
 "And he says he'll have me if he can." Cho.

8

"What kind of a looking guy was he?"  
 "Long legs, crooked sides, little head and great big eyes,"  
 Rye oh ling oh laddie o,  
 Rye oh ling oh lee.

9

Oh Uncle Rat went back to town  
 To buy his niece a wedding gown.

10

"Now where is the wedding supper to be?"  
 "In a great big holler in a hemlock tree."

11

And what do you think they had for a fiddle?  
 An old tin pan with a hole in the middle.

12

What do you think they had for supper?  
 Red hot beans and bread and butter.

13

First came in was little Dick,  
 He ate so much it made him sick.

14

The next came in was doctor Fly,  
 He said little Dick would surely die.

15

The next come in was a little brown bug,  
 He danced a jig to a little brown jug.

I was born in Boston, a city you all know well,  
 Brought up by honest parents, the truth to you I'll tell,  
 Brought up by honest parents and raised most tenderly  
 Till I became a sporting blade at the age of twenty-three.

2

My character was taken and I was sent to jail,  
 My friends and my relations tried to get me out on bail,  
 The jury found me guilty and the clerk he wrote it down,  
 The judge announded my sentence, twenty-one years in Charlestown.

3

I saw my dear old father a-standing at the bar,  
 I saw my dear old mother laying out her old grey hair,  
 A-pulling out her old grey locks while the tears do dim her eye,  
 "My son, my son, what have you done that you're bound for Charlestown?"

4

They put me on an eastbound train one cold December day,  
 And every station we passed by you'd hear the people say,  
 "There goes the Boston burglar, in custody he's bound,"  
 While some cried louder than others, "He's bound for Charleston."

5

Come all ye rambling sailors, a warning take from me,  
 Give over all night walking, shun all bad company,  
 For if you're sturdy, do boys, ~~xxxxxx~~ you'll likely be like me  
 In serving all of twenty-one years in a penitentiary.

6

There is a girl in Boston, a girl I love so well,  
 If ever I gain my liberty with her I'm going to dwell,  
 If ever I gain my liberty that enemy I will shun,  
 Street-walking and bad company and likewise drinking rum.

Sung by Mr. J. Austin Trainor, Charlottetown, P.E.I. and  
 recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1956

Of the man he learned it from he said: "He was a  
 character that used to roam around the town I was born in; he  
 used to sing it in the market place; that was Charlottetown  
 and they used to call him Sugar-Eye. His last name I never knew.  
 I was just a little kid knockin' round the town and we used to  
 give him dimes and nickles and pennies for his singing. I  
 remember, I was only a kid, but I retained it all down the years,  
 so I've given it to you for what it's worth. Thank you."

Obviously Mr. Trainor was once on the entertainment stage.

I'm a decent boy from Ireland  
I've claimed it as my home,  
Right sorry for to tell you boys  
I was forced from it to roam,  
Brought up by honest parents  
Who loved their Paddy dear,  
And often by the fireside  
They have whispered in my ear.

2

Be kind to your old parents  
When their locks are turning grey,  
Remember boys in childhood  
They've nursed you many's the day,  
They have treated you with kindness,  
With many and many's the smile,  
You'll never know their value  
Till they lay beneath the soil.

3

At first I did not notice,  
I've led a desperate life,  
Then a couple of years after  
I got myself a wife,  
But fortune proved unknown,  
Death came to my cabin door,  
And stole away my bonnie bride,  
I was forced to roam once more.

4

Kind friends don't be offended,  
I would like to please you all,  
If ever I pass this dear old town  
I will make another call,  
We will sing the same songs over  
As we did in days of yore,  
Be kind to your old parents  
Although they're old and poor.

Sung with guitar accompaniment by Mr. Charlie Chamberlain,  
Charlottetown (of Don Messer group) and recorded by Helen Creighton,  
Sept. 1956



Come all ye true born raftsmen  
 And friends both far and near,  
 An accident most horrible  
 I mean to let you hear,  
 It was one of our young heroes,  
 George Whalen he was called,  
 He was drowned on McClary's jam  
 Below the Afra falls,

2

The river was in the raging force  
 And the waters they were high  
 When the foreman said to Whalen,  
 "This jam you've got to try.  
 You're young, you're strong, you're active,  
 Of dangers not to fear,  
 You're the man to help us now  
 To keep those waters clear."

3

Said noble-hearted Whalen  
 Unto his comrades bold,  
 "Come one, come all together boys  
 And we'll do as we are told,  
 We must obey our foreman  
 As nobles we should do,"  
 Just as he spoke the jam had broke  
 And let poor Whalen through.

4

There were four of them upon the jam  
 While three of them got saved,  
 To heaven he cried for mercy  
 "Oh God look down on me,"  
 The soul is free from an early care,  
 Gone to eternity.

5

So come all you true born raftsmen,  
 Come listen to Whalen's fate,  
 Beware of those adventures  
 Before it is too late,  
 For death is lurking around you all  
 It's seeking to destroy  
 The pride of many a father,  
 Likewise a mother's joy.

Sung with guitar accompaniment by Mr. Charlie Chamberlain,  
 Charlottetown, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1956.

The place names in vs. 1 may not be right. This is a  
 lumberman's song from New Brunswick.