

Reel 170B

- 1-5 The Moccasin Last; composed and sung by Mr. Edgar Fisher, Bass River; 10 vs. pokes fun and is good of its kind vessel looks like last of a moccasin.
- 5-7 The Baldwin Song; composed and sung by Mr. Fisher; 12 vs. made up for fun for local audience; good
- 7-10 Rutherford, One Of the Boys; composed and sung by Mr. Fisher about fishing trip of local man; 9 vs. good of its kind
- 10-15 The Pinkie Louise; composed and sung by Mr. Fisher; 8 vs. the best of these local songs
- 15-17 Bobby's Car; composed and sung by Mr. Fisher; about one of first cars in community and its misadventures; amusing.
- 17-20 The Tribulations of Leland; composed by Mr. Fisher and told in Biblical style; amusing; read by Helen Creighton. story of local people.
- 20-22 My Cape Breton Home; sung by Mr. Fred Redden, Middle Musquodoboit; 5 vs. & cho. nice local song well sung.
- 22-26 The Drum Major; sung by Mr. Redden; 5 vs. & cho. pretty love song of girl who enlists and finds her lover; well sung; usable for any purpose.
- 26-end Bold Jack Donahue; sung by Mr. Fred Redden and his daughter Finvola, Middle Musquodoboit; tape will not quite take it; is repeated in its entirety on reel 160A



I'm Corbett the drummer, a man of renown,  
I belong to the band that's in Bass River town,  
But I thought that I'd started for fortune at last  
When I shipped for a voyage on the Moccasin Last.

2

The Moccasin Last she was loaded with grain  
Aad hay and potatoes and butter and jam,  
And blankets and lanterns ad dishes and glass,  
Scott Fulton had chartered the Moccasin Last.

3

On the Moccasin Last to the eastward we flew  
With Elliot for captain and me for the crew,  
When off the big weir bold Elliot gasped,  
"All hands to the pumps on the Moccasin Last."

4

I stood at the pump till my back was most broke,  
Such horrible things I brought up at each stroke,  
For flounder and sturgeon and dogfish and bass  
I pumped through the cracks of the Moccasin Last.

the 5

Off Poverty Point we encountered a storm,  
It blew 'bout as much as you'd blow on a horn,  
But Elliot squealed as he clung to the mast,  
"All hands lay aloft on the Moccasin Last."

6

Then, "Jib, shipsails, halyards," he loudly did roar,  
"Then, let go your anchor, we're coming ashore,  
And feather your mainsails and make your sheets fast  
Or we'll all hands get wet on the Moccasin Last."

7

Oh the biscuits we had they were harder than stones,  
And Jess ate the codfish and I ate the bones,  
We ate from the table, for dishes alas  
Were a thing never seen on the Moccasin Last.

8

But roaches and bedbugs and spiders and fleas  
And ~~rats~~lice and mosquitoes, they done as they pleased,  
We lashed down our bedding for fear it would pass  
Itself through the cracks of the Moccasin Last.

9

I left her at Clifton and went on a tramp,  
I hired for a blacksmith at Scott Fulton's camp,  
My clothes and my wages I let go to grass  
For I wouldn't go home on the Moccasin Last.

10

'Twas, "Stand by your anchors and shake your sheets out,"  
And "Flatten the mainsail, we're coming about,"  
My days and my nights at the pumps they were passed,  
I sucked the Bay twice through the Moccasin Last.

Sung and composed by Mr. Edgar Fulton, Bass River, and  
recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1956

The craft looked so much like the last of a moccasin  
that it was given this nickname.



The Baldwin Song

Reel 170B5-7

Come all you bold factory men listen to me,  
A song I will sing that will fill you with glee,  
It's about Mr. Tuttle, a man you all know  
Who aboard the Jess Elliott lately did go

Cho.

Singing yo ho, row Baldwin row.

2

Now Jess Elliott's a captain who is very well known,  
The ships that he sails they are best sailed alone,  
They're rotten and leaky, lop-sided as well,  
The pumps wouldn't suck if you had them in -

Cho

And it's yo ho row Baldwin row.

3

This old wood boat the watchman was built second class,  
She was modelled I think off a moccasin last,  
She was rigged with haywire and caulked with birch bark,  
She's the ship Capt. Noah had lighter than the Ark, Cho.

4

Now Baldwin had no notion of going with Jess,  
He'd retired from business and was taking a rest,  
And he wouldn't have gone by a terrible sight  
Only Jim Cook shanghied him aboard in the night. Cho.

5

The anchor was weighed and the watchman touched sail  
When Jess woke up Baldwin and told him to bale,  
He stood at the pump till his back it was broke  
With the rotten old craft leaking five hundred stroke. Cho.

6

Poor old Baldwin got hungry and wanted his chuck,  
To pump empty bellied is mighty hard luck,  
And he dreamed of plum duff but it made him say damn  
When Jess Elliott sounded eight bells on a pan. Cho.

7

He went down below singing brown bread and beans,  
The sight that he saw put an end to his dreams,  
There was nothing but hard tack, boiled herring, and tea  
And he sat on the floor and he set off his knee. Cho.

8

Poor old Baldwin must eat it, what else could he do?  
He broke off his teeth when he tried for to chew,  
So he swallowed the herring both bones, guts, and tail  
Until Elliott shouted, "All hands shorten sail." Cho.

9

Aloft on the topsails poor Baldwin fell ill,  
His stomach was certainly going to spill,  
He yelled under below, "I'd let go me main brace,"  
But the dough struck the captain right fair in the face. Cho.

10

Now for once in his life little Jess couldn't swear,  
He had guts in his eyes, he had bones in his hair,  
He clawed like a dog getting rid of the fleas,  
Till a second broadside brought him flat on his knees. Cho.



Now Jess put him in irons to caulken the deck,  
 And slushin' the spars of the rotten old wreck,  
 And he swore that before on the Watchman h'd sail  
 He'd hobo his passage back home in the mail. Cho.

## 12

Now Baldwin escaped when they stopped at the Snag.  
 He never stopped once for his wages and bag,  
 And he beathis way home and got back in the shop  
 And as long as they'll have him I'm sure he will stop. Cho.

Sung and composed by Mr. Edgar Fisher, Bass River,  
 and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1956

Question: How did you happen to make that one up?

Answer: Well he had that old vessel laid up for the winter.  
 In the spring he was going to take her down to Parrsboro  
 and Baldwin wasn't working so he wanted Baldwin to go down  
 with him, and Baldwin went. 'Course I just made it up about  
 Jimmy shanghying him, but that's the way to get it started.



My name it is Rutherford, Thompson for sure,  
I'm not very rich and I'm not very poor,  
And my past it is gone but my future's secure,  
Chair-making my leisure employs.  
I've been in the war and I've been on the sea  
A shantyman's life is no new thing to me,  
I can weep at a funeral or dance at a spree  
For I'm Rutherford, one of the boys.

2

But it's boatin' to fishin' I always preferred,  
Some of my adventures no doubt you have heard,  
Though the way Fisher tells them it's rather absurd,  
He's a fool that the foolish enjoys.  
But fishin' for cod is my chiefest delight,  
I can sit in a shanty from mornin' till night  
And tell of the way that the skate used to bite  
For old Rutherford, one of the boys.

3

And I started this year on my annual cruise,  
I made a grand outfit of things for my use,  
Trawl rollers and buoys as big as a moose  
And all other kinds of decoys,  
But the day that I started my troubles begun,  
I shipped Allan Davison on to the run,  
And chartered a motorboat drove by a gun,  
Oh I'm Rutherford, one of the boys.

4

The day it was fine and the tackle was stored,  
The rudder was shipped and the hand come aboard,  
"Stand by on your anchor there, forward," I roared,  
"Get ready for making a noise."  
I stooped to the engine and gave it a whirl,  
The sail bellied out and I tugged and I swore,  
But the anchor astern held me fast to the shore,  
Oh I'm Rutherford, one of the boys.

5

Then I broke out my anchor and started once more,  
I headed sou-west for the Tenecape shore,  
While the engine continued to grunt and to snore,  
On the life that a sailor enjoys.  
I shifted a point, to the westward I stood,  
I lit up my pipe and I felt very good,  
So I shanted a shanty the best that I could,  
Oh I'm Rutherford, one of the boys.

6

Oh my pipe it was empty, my belt it felt slack,  
So I knocked out my ashes and humped up my back,  
"Now" sez I, "I'll be having a bit of a snack,  
Long fasting one's pleasure annoys."  
I reached for the grub, but oh where could it be?  
That double decked washtub nowhere could I see,  
"It ain't come aboard yet," sez Allan to me,  
Oh you're Rutherford, one of the boys.



Now my wife had been cookin' a fortnight before,  
 She backed all the flour there was in the store,  
 In pies, puddins and doughnuts a bushel or more,  
 Starvation one's pleasure alloys.  
 And now I'd forgot it, the bread and the roast,  
 If she couldn't send it me by parcel post,  
 Says I will be makin' a Moose Island ghost  
 Out of Rutherford, one of the boys.

Then I hung up my trawl where it wouldn't get wet,  
 I pickled some codfish I'd got on a bet,  
 Says I, "For a time I ain't goin' to fret,  
 Hard labour one's ~~times~~ leisure destroys."  
 I stayed there three weeks and I yarned and I smoked,  
 To buy my tobacco I nearly went broke,  
 I wish I was rich so I could keep up the joke  
 And play Rutherford, one of the boys.

Moose Island was haunted I knew well enough,  
 But when in the night I saw Anthony Ruff,  
 Says he ~~hexes~~, "You can drag for you're only a bluff,  
 Your presence my spirit annoys."  
 And now I am back in the factory to-day,  
 My trawls in the barn and my fish in the Bay,  
 And you're welcome to laugh at what Fisher may say  
 Of bold Rutherford, one of the boys.

He always went down codfishin' every spring and of course  
 he fished all right but I made out he didn't get any at all,  
 and made a mess of everything. He was a good fellah and a good  
 sport, one of my best old shop mates was Thompson Rutherford. He  
 did not mind me making up songs about him. He wanted to hear them  
 first thing he got home. The worse they were the better they  
 suited him. He'd been out west during the Riel rebellion and drove  
 a portage steamer or whatever you'd call it feedin' the soldiers  
 on the praries, and worked on the C.P.R. and lived in shanties and  
 that's where I got the boatin' and fightin' and shanties and all  
 that sort of thing. He really had a life behind him. He was older  
 than I was, a good deal.

Composed and sung by Mr. Edgar Fisher and recorded by  
 Helen Creighton, Sept. 1956



On Bass River Habbour on a fine summer's day  
Safe riding at anchor a motorboat lay,  
While gents and fine ladies reclined t their ease  
On the thwarts fore and aft on the Pinkie Louise.

2

Then spoke Mr. Collins, "It's to Maitland we'll go,  
For some mighty fine folk in that city I know,  
They're so jolly and clever I know they'll be pleased  
To see us come in on the Pinkie Louise."

3

Lave Corbett the captain was engineer too,  
Mate, boatswain, and cook and therest of the crew,  
He was husband and owner and all the big squeeze,  
In fact the whole push on the Pinkie Louise.

4

"Stand by on your ~~stern~~ line," the captain he roared,  
"Aye aye sir," he said, "stow the hawser on board,  
All hands on the windlass," he'd shout by degrees,  
"It's to Maitland we're bound on the Pinkie Louise."

5

He stooped to the engine and he gave it a whirl,  
"Move on there," he said, "what's the matter old girl?"  
He shifted his timer his battery to ease  
But the engine had baulked on the Pinkie Louise.

6

The boat on her bow line swung off in the Crick  
Where she plunged and she rolled till her company felt sick,  
And over the gunwale they hung by the knees  
While they fattened the fish round the Pinkie Louise.

7

'Twas nearly half tide when the Pinkie took ground  
And acres of mud they beheld all around,  
And the tallest among them was mud to her knees  
As she waded ashore from the Pinkie Louise.

8

Now your motorboat captains attend to this tale,  
Be sure you go fitted with oars and with sail,  
For an engine's uncertain and so is the breeze,  
Beware of the fate of the Pinkie Louise.

Composed and sung by Mr. Edgar Fisher, Bass River, and  
recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1956



(This is about a man who had a horse and buggy and sold it for a car. It is my old friend and brother Oddfellow Bob O'Brien. I always make up a song about Bob to sing at Lodge or any kind of a time we're having.

Now out brother Bob O'Brien had a hankering divine  
To go roamin' through the landscape near and far,  
He'd a horse but that was slow, 'twas hard work to make him go,  
So he looked around and got himself a car.  
Not a showy limousine, just a flivver painted green,  
The kind that makes you wonder when it goes,  
But how proud it made him feel when he sat behind the wheel  
Dressed in his best suit of clothes.

2

Bob he took his missus out in his brand new runabout  
Just to let the neighbors see how fine they were,  
"Oh now Lizzie dear," says he, "think how jealous they will be  
When they see us drivin' round in our car.  
We'll go up to Portapique and we'll do it mighty quick,"  
But he wasn't far from home as you'd suppose  
When in the mud and mire Bobby had to change a tire  
And he spiled all his best suit of clothes.

3

Going to church on Sabbath day someone got in Bob y's way  
And he had to blow the horn to clear the track,  
Oh it made the fellow hop, but the horn it wouldn't stop,  
Though Bobby swore till everything turned black.  
It blew and blew and blew all the livelong service through,  
Sure the deacons all at Bobby thumbed their nose,  
And he didn't quite know how but he got into a row  
And he spiled all his best suit of clothes.

4

Bobby started out one night and he drove with all his might  
For he had to gather school tax near and far,  
But the people run and hid, 'twas a dirty thing they did,  
Don't you see they knew the sound of Bobby's car.  
He knocked on every door and he hollered and he swore,  
Till at last with old Ed Harex came to blows,  
And Hare knocked Bobby down and upon him set the hound  
And he spiled all his best suit of clothes.

5

Bobby's put that car away in the henhouse so they say  
And he hain't a-going to drive it till the spring,  
Where the chickens roost at night now that car's an awful sight  
For you know what hens will do on everything.  
But Bobby says the taint is much better than the paint,  
It isn't so offensive to his nose,  
But I bet 'twill make him swear when he sits down in that car  
For he'll spile all his best suit of clothes.



"The Tribulations of Leland" Reel 170B17-20  
The 13th Chapter, reading from the 39th verse:

And after these things I rested not from my labour but spoke unto Harvey the carpenter and commanded that he should build a woodbox and after the pattern of the elevator which is within the factory, or a cage which goeth down in the coal mine should he build it. And it would descend into the bowels of the earth and even unto the bottom of the cellar and I would pile wood therein and heave it up even unto the kitchen, and Harvey did all things even as I had commanded.

And then did I take unto myself straps of leather, and pieces of rope, chain, and haywire also did I take, and I rigged the woodbox even as Jess Elliott used to rig his schooners, with windlass and counterweights and cams and levers and chocks and hooks and bunters and stoppers, even with a pawl and hasp did I rig it. And when I had made an end of xiggin the rigging I loaded wood therein and laid hold upon the windlass and hove it up even unto the floor of the kitchen. And my wife fell upon my neck and wept for joy and she took pride in me and she said, "Oh Leland, great and wonderful art thou and full of genius, and thy name shall stand with Hank Ford and Tom Edison and with Marconi, whatever his first name is."

Now it came to pass after certain days that the kitchen range devoured all the wood which was within the woodbox and my wife spoke unto me saying, "Show me I pray thee all the secrets and mysteries of this contraption that peradventure I may be able to manipulate it for myself." And I said unto her, "Yea verily that will I do, but first take the young child and shut him under the sink ~~xxkxhx~~ and give him the nutmeg grater and the hairbrush to play with that he fall not down the hole that the woodbox goeth down." Then did I take my wife and explain to her all the cams and levers and chocks and all the inventions that were ~~xxxx~~ upon the woodbox. And when I made an end of explaining I pushed upon the box that it might descent into the cellar, but it descended not, but remained steadfast, immovable, and we jointly and severally pushed against it and shoved on it but it remained even as before.

Then did my heart wax hot within me and I went forth and called in my neighbors, even Johnny Sharpe and Jotham and Wellington and Little Elmer and Lively, and all they that were around about, and we stood all within the woodbox and hollered, "Yo He," and shoved with our feet. And when my wife saw that it moved not she was wroth and she leped high in the air and came down with both feet on the edge of the box and the counterweights that held it up let go and we all fell into the bottom of the cellar, and great was the fall thereof, and my wife fell not, but sat upon the floor with her feet hanging over, but we which were within the box fell one upon the other.

(over)



Jotham was old and stricken with years so that he fell in the bottom, and the rest fell upon Jotham so that he grunted and cried with a loud voice, "Hut." And Wellington arose from the box and took off his hat and admonished me in very strong language so that I went over unto Jotham's and borrowed of him a barn door and covered up the hole in the floor of my kitchen and my wife let the young child out from under the sink and I carried my wood up from the cellar in a coal scuttle, even unto this day.

Composed by Mr. Edgar Fisher, Bass River, read and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1956

Published in "The Rhymes and Songs of A Chairmaker," compiled by the Bass River Home and School Association.



Round the home of my childhood memory doth cling  
 Though others make stories of many fine things,  
 They tell of the grandeur of Italy and Rome  
 But they say not a word of my Cape Breton home.

Cho.

Wherever I wander on land or on sea  
 The home of my childhood remembered shall be,  
 God's blessing rest on it wherever I roam,  
 I shall never forget it, my Cape Breton home.

2

I love every inch of its wild rugged shores,  
 And listen with joy to the old ocean roar,  
 Or gaze with delight on its bright sparkling foam  
 As it sweeps round the cliffs of my Cape Breton home.

3

In the small quiet village that stands by the sea  
 I played with my comrades light-hearted and free,  
 Some sleep in the churchyard and others have roamed  
 And left far behind them their Cape Breton home.

4

Thy lakes and ~~thax~~ thy rivers and pastures so green  
 And great wooded hillsides I see in my dreams,  
 And the friends of my childhood wherever I roam  
 I shall never forget them, my Cape Breton home.

5

Let others tell tales of the great golden west,  
 The home of my childhood's the land I love best,  
 Though there's many great countries 'neath heaven's bright dome  
 There's none to surpass thee my Cape Breton home. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Fred Redden, Middle Musquodoboit and  
 recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1956



Come all ye young fellows and bachelors too,  
A comical story I'll tell unto you,  
Concerning a fair maid who carried a drum  
Who in search of her true love to Holland has gone.

XXX

She enlisted voluntatily in a regiment of foot,  
And being our drum major great honour she got,  
She acted so manly in every degree  
That no one ne'er took her agirl for to be.

Cho.

Laddie tor an tye awe,  
Laddie tor an tye awe.

2

She went down to bathe in a river so clear,  
When a jolly young rifleman chanced to draw near,  
He cried as she parted the waves like a swan,  
"Though your clothes are a soldier's you are not a man."  
Then out of the water she quickly did run,  
And with her small fingers her clothes she pinned on,  
Saying, "It's not for your gold sir that I 'listed here,  
But in search of young Shelton the bold grenadier." Cho.

3

"Call on the sergeant and officers all,  
Call on this fair maid," they on her did call,  
"You are a woman this day we did hear,  
And the cause of your 'listing we fain now would hear."  
"These seven long years in your regiment I've been,  
Still hiding the face of a poor wounded dame,  
It's not for your gold sir that I'm 'listed here,  
But in search of young Shelton the bold grenadier." Cho.

4

"Call on the sergeant and officers all,  
Call on young Shelton," they on him did call,  
They say, "This is a letter from your true love this day,  
Then to your drum major the postage you'll pay."  
"Give me the letter," young Shelton did say,  
"Give me the letter, the postage I'll pay,"  
With a tear in her eye the drum major did stand  
Saying, "Read me all over for I'm just the one." Cho.

5

Then he clasped her in his arms and embraced for a while,  
Till at last this young damsel began for to smile,  
And now they are married, the truth for to tell,  
And our gallant drum major pleases young Shelton well. Cho.

Last verse repeated.

Sung by Mr. Fred Redden, Middle Musquodoboit, and recorded  
by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1956



Come all you true bred Irishmen  
Wherever you may be,  
Who scorn to wear a convict's chain  
Or live in slavery,  
Come pay attention to what I say,  
You'll value it if you do,  
While I relate the matchless fate  
Of bold Jack Donahue.

2

He was an undaunted highwayman  
As you will plainly see,  
Transported from old Ireland  
In pride of his liberty,  
"I'd rather roam this wide world  
Like a wolf or a kangaroo  
Before I'll submit to government,"  
Cried bold Jack Donahue.

3

It was scarcely twelve months afterwards  
He crossed Australia's shore,  
He took himself to the highway  
As he'd often done before,  
There was Mike Lermar and Underwood,  
There was Webster and Onslow too,  
These were the four associates  
Of bold Jack Donahue.

4

As Donahue and his companions  
Rode out one afternoon,  
They little thought the pangs of death  
Would reach their band so soon,  
To their surprise a horse police  
Rode quickly into view  
And shortly after they did capture  
Both bold Jack Donahue.

5

Says Donahue to his companions,  
"This day prove true to me,"  
"Oh no," says cowardly Onslow,  
"To that we will not agree,  
For if we stay to face the fray  
The battle we shall rue,"  
"Begone from me you cowardly dog,"  
Said bold Jack Donahue.

6

The sergeant and the corporal  
They did their men divide,  
Some fired at him from behind,  
Some fired from other side,  
The sergeant and the corporal  
In front kept firing too,  
Till a fatal ball did pierce the heart  
Of bold Jack Donahue.

(over)



It's nine men he had slain  
Before that fatal ball,  
Which pierced the heart of Donahue  
And caused him for to fall,  
Before he closed his dying eyes  
He bid this world adieu,  
"Good craftsmen all pray for the soul  
Of bold Jack Donahue."

Sung by Mr. Fred Redden and his daughter Finvola, and  
recorded by Helen Creighton at Middle Musquodoboit, Sept. 1956