

FS630
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Reel 173A

1. Dearest Love Can You Remember? sung by Mr. Benjamin Fudge, Louisburg, N.S. & Francois, Nfld.; learned in Nfld.; well sung, but not very old song; 4 vs. man had to go to war.
2. Accordion; A reel, or four, played by Mr. Esau Fudge, Louisburg & Francois; name unknown; well played
3. Sheffield Prentice; sung by Mr. Benjamin Fudge; 9 vs. well sung although words sometimes a little difficult to make out.
4. Accordion; Jig played by Mr. Esau Fudge; not an old tune, but learned in Nfld. He calls this a four.
5. French tune; Accordion; played by Mr. Esau Fudge, name unknown; this is an old tune learned in Nfld. and used for dancing.
6. Election Song; local song recited by Mr. Wylie Grant, Gabarous; composed around Scott Act; 12 vs. comic.

(Mrs. Ben Fudge after hearing her husband on tape for first time was quite overcome and said, crying with joy, 'That's my dearest husband's voice.')

Speaking of the old songs she said, "Maid I loves 'un.")

7. In Canso Strait: recited by Mr. Wylie Grant, Gabarous; 8 vs.; words not too clear; see 173B
8. Talk with Mr. Wylie Grant, Gabarous about his life at sea and fishing in home waters.

Dearest love can you remember when we last did meet,
How you promised that you'd love me, kneeling at my feet,
How proud you stood before me in your suit of blue,
How you vowed to me and country ever to be true.

²
I have been sad and lonely, hopes and fears are vain
Praying when the cruel war is over, praying that we'll meet again.

²
When the summer breeze are sighing mournfully and long,
When the autumn leaves are falling sadly breathes our song,
Often in danger I see thee lying on the battle plain,
Lonely, wounded, even dying, calling but in vain.
³ But amid the din of battle nobly you shall fall
Far away from those who love you, none to hear your call.
I would whisper words of comfort your pain,
Ah there's many cruel fancies ever in my brain.

⁴
But your country calls you darling and you'll share your way,
While your nation's sons are fighting we can only pray,
Nobly strive for God and country, little nations see
How we love the starry banner, emblems of the free.

Sung by Mr. Benjamin Fudge, Louisburg, N.S. and Francois
Nfld. and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1957

This song learned from his father in Newfoundland; some of the
words difficult to make out.

(I'll try but I may not mind it (remember it). I may not mind it all.)
His wife says she loves it.

1

I was brought up in Sheffield not ~~mak~~ of an high degree,
My parents doted on me, they had no child but me,
I roved in such pleasure just where my fancy led,
Till I was bound a prentice and all my joy were fled.

2

I did not like my master, he did not use me well,
I took a revolution along with him to dwell,
Unknown from my poor parents, from them I ran away,
I steered my course for London and cursed be that day.

3

I had not been in Holland passing a year two or three
Before that my young mistress grew very fond of me,
She said her gold and silver, her houses and her land,
If I consent for to marry her it would be at my command.

4

I says, "Fair honored lady I cannot wed you now,
For I have lately promised and made a solemn vow
To marry none but Polly, your pretty chamber maid,
So excuse me my dear mistress, she has my heart betrayed."

5

Then in an angry humour away from me she ran,
She being so revenged and that before too long,
She being so pervexed she could not be my wife
That she would seek a project to take away my life.

6

One day as we were walking al in the garden gay
The flowers they were springing most delightful and gay,
A gold ring from her finger in passing of me by
She slipped it in my pocket and for this I ~~xxxxxxx~~ shall die.

7

My mistress swore I'd robbed her and I was quickly tried,
Before a grey old justice to answer for my fault,
Long time I pleaded innocent but it was of no avail,
She swore so hard against me that I was put to jail.

8

Oh now the last assizes is drawing on a space
And presently the judge will on me my sentence pass,
From the place of my confinement they brought me to the tree,
O woe to my cruel mistress for she has ruined me.

9

You all that now stand round me my wretched fate to see,
Don't glory in my downfall, I pray you pity me,
Do believe me I'm quite innocent, I'll bid this world adieu,
So it's fare you well my pretty Polly, I will die for the love of you.

Sung by Mr. Benjamin Fudge, Louisburg, N.S. & Francois, Nfld.; recorded
by Helen Creighton, July 1957.

Short conversation on speaking the last word, in Nfld. He says
sometimes they do, the older men.

One night in October my wife being dumb
 I strolled down the town for to take in the fun,
 I intended just to take one drink and no more
 That's where I had left, I had a dozen and four.

2

I went into the barroom, the boys had come in,
 They shout for the house and they shell out the tin,
 Saying, "Election is nigh boys, the boodle is here,
 Let's all be merry, let's all have a beer."

3

We talked of election and how things would be,
 Some said, "Do you like to elect Stephen C.?"
 Others said the doctor would pop in between
 While Johnston is doomed it is plain to be seen.

4

After getting my nightcap I started for home,
 And feeling quite merry as I trotted along,
 I noticed a cop, I thought it was a chief,
 It was Percy and I said, "Hello skin and grief."

5

And in a few moments he stepped up to me,
 "I'll have you arrested for insulting me

Sure if that would insult you you're only a fool."

6

On Senator's corner the crowd gathered round,
 It took four of the cops to put me in the pound,
 I thought I'd be lonesome till I got on the scene,
 And the jailor had eighteen boarders and I made nineteen

7

There were Jimmy and Johnny and Paddy O'Toole,
 All huddled together in Kind Edward's hotel, (the jail)
 They treat me quite friendly, they showed me me bed,
 With hard hemlock boards and nothin' under me head.

8

A fine ventilation right under the cell
 I think it was intended to keep prisoners well.
 At two in the morning Pat ~~Antsyxcamexia~~ Percy came in
 I pleadd and asked for a wee drop of gin,

9

Just for old friendship he will give it to me,
 And I'll have a big head and no more of a spree,
 He says, "I'll give you all the gin that's a-comin' to you,
 And I'll show you some pointers in what I can do."

10

At nine in the morning it was sad to relate
 My whiskers were froze in a big iron gate,
 He brought me some warm water to thaw out my hair,
 Of course he was in no hurry to take me upstairs.

I went to the court room particularly at nine,
 The court pleaded guilty, the judge made me fine,
 That ended my drinkin', I turned a new leaf,
 Never more will I again insult Skin and Grief.

12

Now come boys, save your money, young man who's your name,
 Don't drink the boiled whisky or enemies gain,
 If you want to put Scott Act police and town laws on the bum
 You'll certainly do if you'll stop drinking rum.

Question: Who made that up?

Answer: I couldn't tell you, me girl. It's old. You know, it's
 the Scott Act. That was years and years ago. In the hotel, it's
 true alright. That was a fellow, a McNowlan they tried to put
 in jail and it took four of the cops. He was a big able man.
 It took four to put him in jail, and he said he thought he'd be
 lonesome but Angus the jailor had so many borders he made 19
 when he got there. Kind Edward's Hotel was the jail.

vs.5, line 3 cannot make out from tape. Singer has had a bad
 stroke which accounts for thickness of speech.

Recited

~~Sung~~ by Mr. Wylie Grant, Gabarous; if this was a song once he
 has forgotten the tune; recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1957

In Canso Strait we now do lie
 When a drunken capt'n gotten a spree,
 He came on board and to us did say
 Break your anchors boys, we'll fill away.

2

We filled away at his command,
 With all sails set we left the land,
 We left Sand Point down on our lee
 And we then steered out in a heavy sea.

3

We asked him kindly to shorten sail
 Or we'd be lost in this terrible gale,
 He cursed and he swore that the wind would blow,
 He'd show us what our boat would do.

4

Down came a squall from the angry sky,
 She pitched and she plunged but she would not rise,
 Her jib sheets parted, she came in the wind,
 We hauled her in and new ones bend.

5

We asked him again for to shorten sail
 Or we'd sure be lost in the heavy gale,
 He cursed and he swore and he tore his hair,
 Says, "I'm captain here and you need not fear,
 I'm capt'n here and I will not fail
 To shoot the first one that lowers a sail."

6

Then up spoke one of our brave crew,
 "There are twelve of us all ready now,
 We'll reef her down and to sea she'll go,
 If you interfere you'll be tied below."

7

We reefed her down and she bravely steered
 And the reeking regions we soon made clear,
 We're heading up for the Cape Shore now
 And she throws the white spray from her bow.

8

We're homeward bound with deep success
 Like a weary seagull a-seeking rest,
 When I get home I will never sail
 With a drunken captain in a heavy gale.

Recited ~~xxxx~~ by Mr. Willie Grant, Gabarus, and recorded by Helen
 Creighton, July 1957. The singer has had a stroke which affects
 his voice which is, as he says, as hoarse as a toad.

Question: Do you know the tunes of either of those songs? (the two he just recited)

Answer: No, I've got no music on me. I can't sing and I know a lot of stuff, and you know I knew some songs. I've heard fellows singing them. That's the way to pick 'em up. And I remember them you know.

Q: Did you go to sea?

A: Oh yes. Look at - see that discharge? I went to sea when I was seventeen with my father first. He used to be captain of coasting vessels. And I knocked off when I was 29. I came home here and I got married and that was me finish (laughs) at sea work I meant.

Q: Those were sailing ships/

A: Yes. I never was to the West Indies, but round New York and Boston. I was with one captain for a year, and another captain the same position too. I was five different times in one vessel. That's called the Unity. 240 tonner, a ~~xxxxxxx~~ three master. She belonged to Rexton, New Brunswick and the captain's name was Capt. John Weston. Well that captain he was a religious man, and if any man ever went to heaven I believe he must be there Sundays if you were in port you'd never sail. And another thing, grace at every meal, another thing, family prayers every Sunday morning. If she was outside or inside, in harbour it was all the same. Outside if there was a storm he would always say, "We'll have family prayers." And he'd call them down. I was Protestant of course, but we had Catholic fellows. The cook was a Catholic at that time and the cook would stay, but the other fellows they didn't bother comin' down. That's when they followed down in the cabin, you see. The captain was a Protestant.

Q: Were you ever wrecked?

A: No, I've been out in storms ~~xxxxxbatixwasxxxxwrecked~~ and got wrecked up some, but I was never on a wreck ~~xxxx~~ ashore. I was always lucky so I knocked off. Last year before I came home to stay I was on the Restigouche River working up in Dalhousie New Brunswick (old people often use m for n here) towin' logs down to Dalhousie. That November - I was there all summer - that November I came home and I just called it off. I was finished. But I had a very good time up there, nice people and I liked it fine. Then I stayed a-fishin' down home here at Gabarous, and I've been fishing ever since until a couple of years ago. Fishing for cod and lobsters.