

Reel 173B

- 1 I Am A Boy From Africa; ~~sung by~~ recited by Mr. Wiley Grant, Gabarous; 3 long vs. story of boy who came from Africa to Nova Scotia and returned; is a song
- 2 In Canso Strait; sung by Mr. Wm. J. MacDonald, Gabarous; popular local folk song; 8 vs. quite well sung for old man.
- 3 I'm Not As Young As I Used to Be; sung by Mr. Wm. J. MacDonald; probably music hall song; amusing; 3 vs. & cho. quite well sung.
- 4 Bonny Barbara Allan; sung by Mr. MacDonald; 13 vs. words more interesting than tune; well sung for age 86
- 5 Three Crews; sung by Mr. MacDonald; 4 vs. of Billy McGee McEaw; crews very well.
- 6 Molly Lovely Molly; sung by Mrs. Ruth Metcalfe, Louisburg & Gabarous; 3 vs. pretty little love song, tuneful & amusing
- 7 I Am A Tinker; sung by Mrs. Metcalfe; 2 vs. & cho. pretty little love song; pleasant tune
- 8 A Tear From My Lady Love; sung by Mrs. Metcalfe; 2 vs. boy goes to war, possibly Crusades.
- 9 Jolly Roving Tar; sung by Mrs. Metcalfe; 1 vs.; see TSNS
- 11 ~~10~~ The Cuckoo's Nest; sung by Mrs. Metcalfe; 2 vs. as sung by fishermen, then 2 vs. as sung by boys
- 12 ~~11~~ Down By Yon Green Ducan (Bushes); sung by Mrs. Metcalfe; fragment; variant of Green Bushes; tune not particularly interesting
- 13 ~~12~~ Margaret and John; sung by Mrs. Metcalfe; 1 vs. tune not too interesting. See The Grey Cock, TSNS
- 14 ~~13~~ I'll Never Marry An Old Man; sung by Mrs. Metcalfe; 1 double vs. of what is probably good song; different from Dornan's song of same title.
- 15 ~~14~~ The Girls of Tasmania; sung by Mrs. Metcalfe; 1 vs; sailor's songs; seems to be different from The Girls of Australia, reel 196
- 16 ~~15~~ Tall Story of Selling Stove; told by Mr. Chas. Bagnall; amusing; draught brings trout out on kitchen floor.
- 17 ~~16~~ Story of Newfoundland Man Who Gave Up Smoking; told by Mrs. Metcalfe; amusing
- 10 An Old Man Came Courting Me; sung by Mrs. Metcalfe; 1 vs. of what must be good song.
- 18 I Married A Scolding Wife; recited by Mrs. Lillian Crewe Walsh, Glace Bay and Neil's Harbour; 3 vs. & cho.; for tune see reel 174B.

I am a boy from Africa,  
 I just arrived to-day,  
 I thought I'd come and see you for a while  
 So I came across the way,  
 They told me Nova Scotia was a fine place  
 Where all is given free,  
 By golly, said I, if that's the place,  
 There's the place for me.

2

Away I went in roving bent,  
 I paid my fare and made everything square,  
 My uncles and cousins were there by the dozens,  
 My sweetheart was there, she was tearing her hair,  
 And so was my own mother. She said,  
 "Sambo, kiss your mother once more,  
 You go across the sea, the codfishing place,  
 They'll eat off your face,  
 You'll come back quick, you'll be sure to be sick  
 On the ship that carries you over."

3

The next day we left and first came thunder,  
 Then came rain and I wish myself right home again,  
 And up came a wave as swift as the wind,  
 Caught me in its grip, threw me over the ship,  
 Over the nation alone on the ocean,  
 I thought of tales I'd read about whales,  
 One swallowed Jonah (the Bible has told us,  
 The storm got thicker and thicker and thicker,  
 And I got sicker and sicker and sicker,  
 All in despair saying a prayer,  
 And up came ~~another~~ another swifter than the other,  
 Throw me in on top of some men,  
 Says one Frenchman, "You're jumping, I'll give you a thumping"  
 He up with his stick and hit me such a lick  
 He laid me flat on the broad of me back,  
 What rumbling and tearing, what cursing and swearing,  
 I rolled on the floor and a big oath I swore,  
 If ever I get home no more I'll roam  
 On the ship that carried me over.

Recited by Mr. Wylie Grant, Gabarous, and recorded by Helen  
 Creighton, July 1957. Mr. Grant had suffered a stroke and could  
 not sing.

Singer's title: A Drunken Captain In A Heavy Gale

In the Straits of Canso we now do lie  
When our drunken captain got on a spree,  
He came aboard and to us did say,  
"Break your anchors out and fill away."

2

We filled away at his command  
With the wind southeast we left the land,  
We left Sand Point all on our lee  
And we steered her out in a heavy sea.

3

There came a squall from the angry skies,  
She pitched and she plunged but she would not rise,  
Her jibs she parted, she came into the wind,  
We hauled them down and new sheets bend.

4

We called the watch in a terrible fright  
For the cabin was filling through the deck skylight,  
We asked him kindly to shorten sail  
Or we'd all be lost in that heavy gale.

5

He cursed and he swore and he tore his hair,  
"I'm captain here, ~~and~~ you need not fear,  
I'm captain here and I will not fail  
For to shoot the first man that would start a sail."

6

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

7

We reefed her down, she bravely steered,  
The durry reepers they disappeared,  
We're heading up for the Cape Shore now  
And she knocks the white foam from her bow.

8

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

Sung by Mr. Wm. J. McDonald, Gabarous, and recorded by Helen Creighton,  
July 1957

Young folks come listen to my song  
I'm old and I won't detain you long,  
I'm eighty-four ~~xxx~~ I'd have you know  
And the young folks call me Uncle Joe.  
My hair once black has all turned grey,  
But what's the odds while I feel gay?  
I love to sing a song of glee  
For it makes me as young as I used to be.

Cho.

Tidy hydie whoop dee do,  
How I'd love to sing for you,  
How I could sing with joy and glee  
If I was as young as I used to be.

2

When I was young and in my prime  
I was chasing the girls a lot of me time,  
I would them out each day for a ride  
And I always had one by my side.  
I'd hug and kiss them just for fun  
And I ain't forgot the way it's done,  
So if any girl here gets in love with me  
She'll find me as young as I used to be. Cho.

3

When I was young I knew life's joys,  
But now I'm old yet I'm one of the boys,  
I can take a smile or sing a song  
With any good friend that comes along.  
I can tell a story, crack a joke,  
And always refuse to drink and smoke,  
I'm ~~xxxxgayxxx~~ a gay old sport you'll all agree  
And I feel as young as I used to be. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Wm. J. MacDohald, Gabarous, and recorded by Helen  
Creighton, July 1957

It was early early in the spring  
And all things were a-blooming,  
A young man on his death bed lie  
For the love of Barbara Allan.

2

She wrote her a letter to her home,  
Her place where she was dwelling,  
"Here's a letter my master sent to you  
Addressed to Barbara Allan."

3

Then slowly slowly she arose  
And slowly she went to him,  
And when she got by his bedside,  
Says she, "Young man you're dying."

4

"Dying yes, indeed I am,  
One kiss from you would save me,"  
"One kiss from me you never shall have  
If your false heart was breaking."

5

"Do you remember the other night  
While in the tavern drinking,  
You drank a health to all your friends  
And slighted Barbara Allan?"

6

"Then you look up by my bed head,  
You'll see a napkin hanging,  
There's my gold watch and my gold chain,  
Give that to Barbara Allan."

7

"And you look down by my bedside,  
You'll see a basin sitting,  
It's filled with tears that I have shed  
For the love of Barbara Allan."

8

He turned his pale face to the wall  
And then began a-sighing,  
And the only word he was heard to say,  
"May the Lord have mercy on him."

9

Then slowly slowly she arose,  
And slowly she went from him,  
She had not gone a mile from town  
When she heard his death bell tolling.

10

She looked to east and looked to west,  
She saw his coffin coming,  
And bade the ~~xxxx~~ bearers lay it down  
That she might gaze upon him.

11

(over)

"Father," she cried, "dig me a grave  
 And dig it long and narrow,  
 Since my true love died for me to-day  
 I'll die for him to-morrow."

12

They were buried together in the old ~~churchyard~~ churchyard,  
 'Twas there they lie together,  
 Out of her grave there grew a rose  
 And out of his a brier.

13

They grew together to the steeple top  
 Till they could grow no higher,  
 They entwined together in a true lover's knot  
 For all true lovers to admire.

Sung by Mr. Wm. J. MacDonald, Gabarous, and recorded by  
 Helen Creighton, July 1957.

There were three crows sat on a tree  
 O Billy McGee McGaw,  
 There were three crows sat on a tree  
 O Billy McGee McGaw,  
 There were three crows sat on a tree  
 And they were black as black could be  
 And they all flapped their wings and cried  
 Haw, haw, haw, Billy McGee McGaw,  
 And they all flapped their wings and cried  
 Haw, haw, haw, Billy McGee McGaw.

2

Said one old crow unto his mate,  
 To Billy McGee McGaw,  
 Said one old crow unto his mate,  
 To Billy McGee McGaw,  
 Where will we get some grub to eat?  
 And they all flapped their wings and cried  
 Haw, haw, haw, Billy McGee McGaw,  
 And they all flapped their wings and cried,  
 Haw haw haw, Billy McGee McGaw.

3

There was a ~~horse~~ ~~on~~ ~~yonder~~ horse on yonder plain  
 Oh Billy McGee McGaw,  
 There lies a horse on yonder plain  
 Oh Billy McGee McGaw,  
 There lies a horse on yonder plain  
 Who by some cruel butcher slain,  
 And they all flapped their wings and cried,  
 Haw haw haw, Billy McGee McGaw.

4

We'll perch ourselves on his backbone,  
 O Billy McGee McGaw,  
 We'll perch ourselves on his backbone,  
 O Billy McGee McGaw,  
 We'll perch ourselves on his backbone  
 And pick his eyes out one by one,  
 And they all flapped their wings and cried,  
 Haw haw haw, Billy McGee McGaw .

Sung by Mr. Wm. J. MacDonald, Gabarous, and recorded by  
 Helen Creighton, July 1957

I'm sitting by my cottage door spinning, spinning,  
A British soldier he went by, he was so winning,  
The soldier boy he said to me, "Molly, lovely Molly,  
We tax the tea but love is free, Molly, Molly."

2

I'm sitting here alone to-day spinning, spinning,  
The soldier boy has gone his way, he was so winning,  
Before he went he said to me, "Molly, lovely Molly,  
We still tax tea, still love is free, Molly, Molly."

3

And so my story ends you see ~~just where the end had ought to be~~,  
Just where the end had ought to be  
In folly, in folly.

Sung by Mrs. Ruth Metcalfe, Louisburg & Gabarous, and  
recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1957



I Am A Tinker

Reel 173BNo.7

I am a tinker, I tinker on metal,  
A lady cried out, "There's a hole in my kettle,"  
I work and I solder, I fix it up fine,  
I am paid with a kiss and it tastes like rare wine,  
Cho: Fol the daw daddy oh dey

2

I am a tinker, I travel all day,  
I sleep where I can and I eat where I may,  
I make love to the ladies, they pay me in coin,  
And though love may be folly a kiss is divine, Cho.

Sung by Mrs. Ruth Metcalfe, Gabarous and Louisburg, and recorded  
by Helen Creighton, July 1957

Singer says to her cousin Mr. Chas. Bagnall: This is Uncle  
Wesley's song; you've heard it a thousand times.

She seemed to think me a boy above  
Her page of low degree,  
Had I but loved with a boyish love  
It would have been better for me.  
Away I'll speed my charger steed  
And off to the war I'll fly  
And on the field of Palestine  
I'll win my spurs or die.

2

~~xxxxxx~~ And ~~if~~ by the Saracens hand I fall  
Mid the knightly and the brave,  
A tear from my lady love is all  
I'll ask for a warrior's grave.

Singer says: it must go back to the Crusades. It's very old. I heard my father sing it, and that's all I remember, and I know it's called A Tear From My Lady Love. That is the title he gave it.

Sung by Mrs. Ruth Metcalfe, Louisburg and Gabarous, and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1957

Jolly Roving Tar

Reel 173BNo.9

Come down unto the riverside,  
Come down unto the shore,  
It is there you'll see my father's ship  
And see them all secure,  
While the nightingales are singing  
To the bright and lonely stars  
She walked the beach lamenting  
For her jolly roving tar.

Sung by Mrs. Ruth Metcalfe, Louisburg and Gabarous, and  
recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1957.

An Old Man Came Courting Me

Reel 173BNo.10

An old man came courting me, courting me, courting me,  
An old man came courting me, I was so young,  
When he fell asleep out of his arms I did creep  
And into the arms of the bonny young man.

Sung by Mrs. Ruth Metcalfe, Louisburg & Gabarous, recorded  
by Helen Creighton, July 1957

The Cuckoo' Nest

Reel 173BNo.11

(Uncle Wesley lived here in Gabarous and he was one of the best singers of his time. This is one of his songs)

Hi the cuckoo ha the cuckoo ~~keyx~~  
Hey The cuckoo's nest  
Hi the cuckoo, ho the cuckoo  
Hey the cuckoo's nest.

2

I will give you ten shillings  
And a bottle of the best,  
If you will show me a feather  
Of the cuckoo's nest.

This was Uncle Wesley's version. The boys sang it this way:

Hi the cuckoo, ho the cuckoo,  
Hey the cuckoo's nest,  
Hi the cuckoo, ho the cuckoo,  
Hey the cuckoo's nest.

2

I will give any lass  
My very very best  
If she'll show me the road  
To the cuckoo's nest.

(This apparently was a naughty version which the boys were forbidden to sing, but did.)

Sung by Mrs. Ruth Metcalfe, Louisburg and Gabarous, and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1957

Down By Yon Green Ducan(Bushes)

Reel 173BNo.12

And yonder coming my true love I see  
Down by yon green buchan where he hopes to meet me.

Sung by Mrs. Ruth Metcalfe, Louisburg & Gabarous, and recorded  
by Helen Creighton, July 1957

Margaret and John

Reel 173BNo.13

(This is a sailor's chorus. I used to hear Sol Jacobs sing  
this when I was a little girl. It goes like this):

"Where are you going my handsome little Johnny,  
And when shall I see you again?"  
"When the salt seas run dry, little fishes they will fly  
And the hard rocks will melt with the sun."

Sung by Mrs. Ruth Metcalfe, Louisburg & Gabarous, and recorded  
by Helen Creighton, July 1957

I'll Never Marry An Old Man

Reel 173BNo.14

I'll never marry an old man,  
I'll tell you the reason why,  
The drop is ever from his nose,  
His chin is never dry,  
But I will marry a young man  
And make him a happy wife,  
I'll raise him bonny children  
And I'll love him all his life.

Sung by Mrs. Ruth Metcalfe, Louisburg & Gabarous, and recorded  
by Helen Creighton, July 1957

The Girls of Tasmania

Reel 173B No.15

The girls of Tasmania they dress very neat  
Gold rings on their fingers, kid boots on their feet,  
They will walk with a sailor just returning from sea  
Every one to his fancy, Tasmania for me.

Sung by Mrs. Ruth Metcalfe, Louisburg & Gabarous, and recorded  
by Helen Creighton, July 1957

I was in Upper Framboise selling stoves - ranges - and there was a secretary of schools, McLeod. I won't mention his first name. He was wanting to buy a stove, so I talked to him and had to give him a good sales talk, as good as I could. Oh he was very particular, he wanted to know a lot, how long it would last, would the sections fall apart with the heat, after a while, and all this kind of thing. At last he asked me, "Has that stove got a good draught?"

I says,

"Well, me brother in law had a stove like that, (it's the truth I told,) in his workshop, and he went one morning and made a fire in the stove and in a little while he looked on the floor of his workshop and there was three smelts. He picked them up and laid them up on the work bench. Down a little while again three more, and he laid them up on the work bench again. Then he thought that was mighty funny, and when he come to look there were three more, and then he found out that was the draught of the stove drawing them from the water of the harbour up.

That's a true story; I sold the stove. It was only a fourteen dollar sale but I sold the stove.

Told by Mr. Chas. Bagnall, aged 60, Louisburg & Gabarous, and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1957

Story of ~~Man~~ Newfoundland Man Who Gave Up Smoking.  
Reel 173BNo.17

Some years ago I had an elderly Newfoundland couple. I was nursing them. They hadn't been used to nurses, and the old man was very religious. He wouldn't say, "Nurse." Always he'd say, "Maid, I wais to tell you!" He had a middle-aged son, and every time the boy came to the house he'd have to leave his pipe or cigar outside, the old man was so death against tobacco. So one evening I asked him why. He said,

"Well maid I'll tell you. One time I went to a meating and I got convicted but I didn't get saved and I was a-fishin', and the next day I went out in the boat and I couldn't do a thing right, me maid. Not a thing could I do right. The Lord was after me; he tormented me all day long, and finally I said, 'All right Lord ye can have 'un,' and so I threw me pipe over one side of the boat. I threw me baccy over the other and I threw the matches over the bow, and I went home and I got down on my knees and I got saved."

The old lady was out in the next room and I heard her little piping voice, "Yes, Sammo, but he was a better man to live with when he was smokin'."

Told by Mrs. Ruth Metcalfe, Louisburg & Gabarous, and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1957

I Married A Scolding Wife

Reel 173B No 18

(This is one that an old friend of ours used to sing years ago at Neil's Harbour. Jimmy Carroll used to sing this song.)

I married a scolding wife oh some twenty years ago,  
And ever since I lived a life of misery and woe,  
My wife she is a terror, she knocks me on the chair,  
And whirls me to the devil with a drink or two of gin.  
Cho

Oh she worries me, she hurries me, it is her chief delight,  
To whirl me with the fire shovel around the ~~millisxofxightx~~  
house at night.

2

When I come home at noon time her fury I can't stop,  
She always got the tay pot drained and I must drink the slop  
And should I try to man straight she takes me by the hair  
And spins me round just like a top, "Now you take that me dear." Cho.

3

I call out bloody murder, the policeman busts the door,  
And there they found her baitin' me so neatly on the floor,  
The neighbors all come runnin' in, they grab me scoldin' wife  
'Pon me soul if it hadn't a been for them she'd ended my sweet life. Cho

Recited by Mrs. Lillian Crewe Walsh, Glace Bay and Neil's Harbour,  
and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1957.

(bad hum on tape)

Tune on reel 174B.