

When I was a little girl I used to like to listen to Jimmy Carroll telling stories, especially this one:

Once upon a time, not in my time nor in your time, there lived a little man named Dicky Melbourne. Dicky was a good worker and did all he could for his pretty wife whom he loved dearly. One day when Dicky went home she was in bed crying.

"My dear, what's the matter?" cried Dicky. "Are you sick?"

"Oh yes my darling. Whatever will you do when I am gone. The doctor says only a bottle of water from fair Habsolem(?) will cure me. Oh dear oh dear, what shall we do?"

"Do not cry," says Dicky. "I shall go to fair Absolem and get the water and you will be better. I shall get the water or die in the attempt. I would not live without you."

Now in fair Absolem were all manner of wild beasts, and it was certain death to venture in the forest where the famous waters were, but next morning at daylight Dicky kissed his wife who begged him to stay home, and taking a large bottle, set out on his journey. He had not gone far when he met an old friend, Paddy the pedlar.

"Hi there," he called to Dicky, "where be ye goin' so early?" Dicky told him.

"My wife is sick, and only a bottle of water from fair Absolem will cure her. I'm going to fetch it."

"Now then," says Paddy, "get up and away. I shall put thee in the light of a few things. When you're at work the parson goes courtin' your wife. Yes she does. This is a plot to get rid of thee."

"Oh no," cried Dicky, "my sweet wife loves me. 'Deed she do"

"Now now," said Paddy, "you listen to me. You're my friend. We shall stay here. I'll drive the horse and wagon in the woods and we shall hide by the side of the road. If we see the parson comin' we shall know he is going towards your house. If he does, we shall make our plans and if I have told thee wrong, I shall go to fair Absolem for the water myself."

Sure enough, two hours later the parson went gayly by towards Dicky's house.

"Now then," said Paddy, "we shall wait until dark. Then I'll dip the old knapsack in the river and tie thee up in it, and I'll drive up to your place and we shall see what's goin' on. Yes we shall."

Dicky agreed, and when they got to Dicky's place Paddy got out and knocked on the door.

"I saw your light Mrs. Melbourne, and knowing how kind-hearted you are I thought you might let me dry my knapsack by your fire. I had the misfortune, I did, to get it wet in the river."

"Come rightin Paddy. Come rightin. We're jus thavin' a little celebration. We'll be glad to have ye have a glass of beer, now won't ye?"

Paddy put the knapsack down and sat beside it, and Dicky couldn't see, but he could hear what was going on.

"Now," says Mrs. Melbourne, "I shall sing a little song."
 "Little Dicky Melbourne" a long journey has gone,
 To fetch me some water from fair Absolem,
 God grant him long journey, may he never return,
 And it's aye for a drop of more ale,
 It's aye for a drop of more ale."

"Now parson you must sing something. "

"Well," he said, "preaching is really more to my fancy but I'll try to do my best." He cleared his throat. (She clears hers in imitation of the parson).

Little Dicky Melbourne, how little do you think
 I'm eatin' your vittals and I'm drinking your drink,
 And if God spares my love I shall marry your wife,
 And it's aye for a drop of more ale,
 It's aye for a drop of more ale. "

"Now Paddy, come on me lad," he said.

"No I can't," Paddy said. "I'll have to be on my way. He moved the knapsack in front of him as if he was ready to leave.

"Oh no," said Mrs. Melbourne, "here's another glass of beer. You can't go before you sing us something, for our good celebration. Just a little fun, you know. "

Paddy took the beer, and taking the knife out of his pocket and cutting the string on the old knapsack he sang:
 "Little Dicky Melbourne, since you are so near,
 Out of my knapsack I'll have you appear,
 And if anyone offends you I shall stand to your back,
 And it's aye for a drop of more ale,
 And it's aye for a drop of more ale. "

The parson ran one way and Mrs. Melbourne ran into the bedroom and Dicky said, "Don't be frightened. It's only little Dicky Melbourne himself. We shall have another drink around and I'll sing my little song.

"Now Mr. Parson I will have you to know
 It's out of my house I will have you to go,
 As for you Mrs. Melbourne, next market day
 I shall sell you for twopence and a bundle of hay,
 And it's aye for a drop of more ale."

Told by Mrs. Lillian Crewe Walsh, Glace Bay and Neil's Harbout, and recorded by Helen Creighton July 1957. The verses should be sung, but Mrs. Walsh doesn't remember it. She says the story must be 150 years old.

Question: Mrs. Walsh, will you tell me something about this piece of bead work?

Answer: Well I have only had it 62 years, and of course it was brought over from Scotland by the early settlers.

Q: Were they members of your family?

A: No. Oh no. I'm not Scotch at all. But an old lady gave it to my aunt and when she died they gave it to me. That's 62 years ago. The story behind it is that it was made by Mary Carmichael and Mary Seaton. They kept the Mary, queen of Scots, company before she lost her head. So that's the piece of bead work.

Q: And you don't know how it got in the family of the person who gave it to you, do you?

A: It was brought over by the early settlers, but I don't know just who did that, or their connection with the ones who made it.

Q: How did they know it was made by Mary Carmichael?

A: Well that was the story that came over with the piece of bead work I imagine because it was handed down from generation to generation. And the old lady that gave it to my aunt said that was who made it. It's a shelf cloth, like a little drapery onto a shelf, and that border around there is known now to us as the Greek key pattern. That it was the first design that was on the first postal stamps in France. The beads are grapes. I kind of like it.

Q: The background is green and silver and black and the bead work is white. It's beautiful. You're very fortunate to have it.

A: Yes, I'd like to keep it too if I could, but I'd like to see it. I would like for it to be in the Keltic Lodge, Victoria County, if it could be arranged at all. One of my mats, the Siege of Louisburg in on the wall of the public library there. Perhaps some day you may be able to go in and see that. And another mat is in mayor MacDonald's office. Mats that I hooked years ago.

Q: Mrs. Walsh, you have something else here. What is this?

A: That's a piece of horsehair clothesline. It's only 175 years old. It was brought over from Scotland by the settlers too.

Q: Your home was where?

A: At Neil's Harbour. I say that with pride.

Q: Were you born in Neil's Harbour?

A: Yes.

Q: Will we have the song now about Green Broom?

A: I have to get it for fair.

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

(I have a picture of Mrs. Walsh holding the scarf).

There was an old man lived into the east
 And his trade was a-selling of brooms,
 He had one naughty boy, Jack was his name
 And he would lie in the bed till 'twas noon,
 Haw, he would lie in the bed till 'twas noon.

2

The old man ~~xxxxxx~~ arose and upstairs he goes
 And he swore he'd set fire to Jack's room
 If Jack didn't rise and whet up his knives
 And away to the woods to cut broom,
 And away to the woods to cut broom.

3

Then Jack he arose and put on his clothes
 And away to the woods to cut broom,
 Through markets and fairs I vow and declare,
 "Won't you please buy a broom,
 Won't you please buy a broom?"

4

A lady looked out from her window so high
 And she saw it was Jack selling brooms,
 She called to her maid and unto her said,
 "Go fetch me the lad that sells brooms,
 Go and fetch me the lad that sells brooms."

5

Jack gave consent and they to the church went
 And he married the lady alone,
 Now there's none in the east nor yet in the west
 Can swear 'twas the lad that sold brooms,
 Can swear it was the lad that sold brooms.

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

Mrs. Walsh insisted on my first visit that she couldn't
 sing, being nervous because I was new and not alone. But the
 following day she had tunes for all her songs. For this one see
 174B No. 4

(This is a very old song indeed; one of Jimmy Carroll's
favourite)

O I'm a jolly sailor lad, I just returned from cruisin'
I'll go unto the girl I love, she's one of my own choosin',
Cho.

Sing fo! the rol, sing fo! the rol,
Sing fo! the aye dum laddie.

2

I went unto her father's house, I asked him for his jewel,
Her father he saluted me, his countenance was cruel, Cho.

3

"O I have been where bullets fly and cannons loudly roar sir,
Now to wed your daughter dear I'm on my native shore sir. Cho.

4

His father swore and tore his hair, "I'll send you over the water,
Yes sir, transported you shall be, you shall not wed my daughter."

5

My sweetheart stood beside the door, my pretty blue-eyed Susan,
She said, "I'll wed the man I love, the man of my own choosin.'" Cho.
Cho.

Recited by Mrs. Lillian Crewe Walsh, Glace Bay and Neil's
Harbour, and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1957, *Tune 174 B*

~~This is a song, but she did not, or could not, sing it.~~

Q: What is the treasure you have to show me Mrs. Walsh?

A: Oh I would not exactly call it a treasure. It's a very very old decanter. In the old days when they used to go from Rose Blanche down to St. Pierre for a bit of Christmas cheer - or a drop of Christmas cheer perhaps we should say -

Q: Where is Rose Blanche?

A: On the west coast of Newfoundland. So before Christmas a party of fishermen left Rose Blanche to go to St. Pierre, and they did not return, and in the spring on the beach they found the body of a man, and underneath his greatcoat, because that was the days before there were any oilskins at all, they found the decanter, the evidence that the men had gone to St. Pierre and nearly got home before they were drowned. ~~Amxxtkattsx~~

And that's the jar.

Q: It has a horseshoe in front, hasn't it?

A: It's in the shape of a horseshoe, and that is supposed to be good luck. It wasn't good luck for the poor man who had it.

Q. And the stopper makes the drinking cup, which is quite ornate.

Q. And what is this you have in your hand Mrs. Walsh?

A: Here's a little story attached to it. Sometime between the year 1804 and 1808 a Frenchman by the name of Francis McLean (*Lafayne*) went on board of a British man o' war to be married by the captain of the ship. Or the chaplain of the ship because that was in the days when ministers were few and far between. And as a souvenir of their wedding the captain gave to the bride a vegetable dish and of course that was at one time the knob on the cover. It is the British lion. Well time with careless fingers knocked a piece out of the dish here and there till all that remained was the knob on the cover and that was given to me about forty years ago by another branch of the family but related to the old couple that got married so many years ago. And my brother Frank made a paper weight out of it for me. Well, he gave the groom six bottles of wine, but I have no souvenir of that. (This would be the captan of the man o' war who gave the wine).

Q: Not even the bottle.

A: Not even a bottle, no.

Q: That's very nice; it's blue and white, isn't it?

A: That was a knob that was on a vegetable dish so many years ago. I don't know just what date it was, but it was in the month of June some year between 1804 and 1808.

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

The Bristol Boys

Reel 174A No.6

(This is an old song - perhaps you would be interested in it - that my father sang at Neil's Harbour when we were children.)

It was on the twelfth of March my boys from Bristol we set sail,
The wind was west nor'west my boys with a sweet and a pleasant gale,
We sailed all that livelong day and the night was coming on,
It was then we spied the bold pirate sailing two feet to our one.

2
They hailed us in English and asked us whence we came,
Our answer was for Bristol town and on our course was bound,
"Clew up your fore and maintop sails and let your ship lie to,
If you fire one shot at us this instant you I'll sink,
And every man you got on board this night shall walk a plank."

3
Up spake our noble captain, "Ye heard what he did say,
He has got forty-eight brass guns for to bear him company,
But we have got a British ship my Bristol sailors bold,
I value more your honour than the pirate does his gold."

4
Loudly boomed the Spaniards guns, our captain then did say,
"To yonder Spanish pirates we never shall give way,
Let every man stand to his post, stand firm my Bristol men,
And when the pirates gain our deck fight ye like Englishmen."

5
The bold pirate he boarded us with one hundred of his men,
With swords and guns and cutlasses we soon did slaughter them,
By a bullet from a pirate's gun our captain was laid low,
The blood upon our upper deck like water it did flow.

6
Then the bold pirate called to his aid the remainder of his crew
But the Bristol boys to their surprise the Spanish pirate slew,
They fired on our blue silk ensign our warlike ship to take,
The charges of our Bristol boys made their very hearts to ache.
Or: (The charges of our British boys made their very souls to quake).

7
Then the bold pirate he went from us and tried to run away,
A broadside from our British ship soon cause him for to stay,
We boarded the great Spanish ship and that immediatlie,
And there we found the pirate chief a-bleeding from the thigh.

8
In irons they were binded and taken down below,
We hauled down the pirate flag and up our own did go,
"My Bristol boys you have won the prize, for it ye fought bold,
Go down below and there you'll find five hundred chests of gold."

9
We took her in tow my boys, what a glorious sight to see,
We towed her into Bristol port by the side of the Bristol quay,
Each man had his fortune made and we got safe on shore,
We shall ask one another to dine together and go to the seas no more.

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

(Question: This is a song that you composed about Neil's Harbour?)

Answer: I have a lot about Neil's Harbour.

Q: Your heart is in Neil's Harbour.

A: Yes I expect it is. You never forget the place you were born, that is of course if you're grown up when you leave it.) ~~Этот песня~~
~~кхатх~~

The people that live on the shore can never know the strife,
The worries and the troubles of a fisherman's life,
The native-born of Newfoundland are men that know no fear,
And one of ~~tyem~~ ^{work} commanded the Old Volunteer.

2

It's up in the morning before the crack of dawn,
Get a bite of breakfast, then get ready to be gone,
Billy takes the scum box, the day is bright and clear,
They'll have a good day fishin' in the Old Volunteer.

3

Then to the beach ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ their oilskins they'll go,
They lanch off the dory, to the big boat they row,
They quickly step aboard and cast off her gear
And away from her mooring goes the Old Volunteer.

4

The red rock over Rachael's in the mark for the day,
The boats are goin' fishin', they're all under way,
There's Ambrose in the kitty, he's a sport so don't care
When Skipper Jim sails past them in the Old Volunteer.

5

Now the shadows lengthen, the daylight will soon wane,
Let's haul in our lines and start homewards again,
Billy take the tiller, for home we shall steer,
We did well to-day in the Old Volunteer.

6

Soon round the Point the water she churned,
There's anxious hearts waiting to see her return,
And loaded with fish she rounds up for the pier,
Good luck for the day had the Old Volunteer.

7

Soon in the splithouse with knives in their hand
To dress and weight their fish with their comrades they stand,
A fish for the day each boat has a share
But nothing has beaten the Old Volunteer.

8

When the snow lies on the ground and the winter winds doth roar
The old fishing boat lies asleep on the shore,
But she's wide awake and ready in the spring of the year
First to the moorings goes the Old Volunteer.

(That was my father's boat, the Old Volunteer.)

Recited and composed by Mrs. Lillian Crewe Walsh, Glace Bay and Neil's Harbour; it has a tune which she can't sing now; recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1957.

Asked about her dialect she says it is one of her own, probably a mixture of her parents Newfoundland speech and that of Neil's Harbour.

Good people pay attention to the story I relate,
Concerning the brig Harmony in eighteen sixty-eight,
A captain from the Jersey isle was ~~the captain~~ of the ship
commander

When she sailed away from Cadiz Bay on the last ill-fated trip.

2

How little did we sailors dream when we left our Jersey shore
That the Harmony would never return to the land we all adore,
When we got to Cadiz Bay our cargo was a hand
And with our load of salt below we sailed for Newfoundland.

3

It was the ninth of December and loud the winds did roar,
Our captain said, "It won't be long before we reach the shore,"
Then with the gale came blinding snow that dreadful winter night,
We struck the rocks of Newfoundland before the morning light.

4

The heavy seas swept fore and aft most terrible to behold,
It would make the hardest heart to ache, the warmest blood run cold,
The watch called out, "All hands on deck your precious lives to save,"
But out of nine you soon shall find eight sank beneath the wave.

5

Our noble captain gave command the lashings to cut way,
"Launch out the boats, she's going down," he to his men did say,
But only I had reached the boat, then came a crashing sound,
With eight good men from Jersey isle the Harmony went down.

6

The poor man in the jolly boat got washed up on the shore,
On a small and barren island while the winter winds did roar,
Two dreary days and lonely nights the sailor roamed alone
Thinking of his comrades and his wife and child at home.

7

"Dear Lord have mercy on me, oh must I perish here?
No mortal hand can save me for the weather is so severe,
Oh Lord have mercy on me, I pray thee hear my cry,
Why was I cast upon the land and here from hunger die?"

8

Chilled by the bitter winter breeze when hope from him had fled
He crawled along the barren isle and cried aloud for bread,
A man had climbed the hilltop and cried to his friend below
"I see a man on the high land lying down upon the snow."

9

They hurried to the village and the news soon spread around
And volunteers to the rescue of the man was quickly found,
Before the evening shadows fell across the story sea
They brought the lone survivor of the sunken Harmony.

10

"My name is Elias Arthur," the shipwrecked man did say,
"It is the first trip that the Harmony had ever made this way,
How can I send the dreadful news they're all beneath the wave,
And only I was cast ashore saved from a watery grave."

11

In sorrow for his captain's fate and his drowned comrades too
The stricken man in anguish cried, "My friends what can I do?
With gentle words they cheered the man and bidding him not to fear,
"While you are sick and helpless you are very welcome here."

Next day the fishermen went back to search the isle once more,
 They found two bodies on the beach that had been washed ashore,
 Peter Peck and the second mate were buried side by side,
 Was six brave men from Jersey isle were cradled neath the tide.

13

Throughout the lonely winter months the stranger was content,
 Then a stately ship came into port from the British government sent,
 And Elias Arthur said farewell to his friends in Newfoundland,
 And sailed away on the tenth of May to his own dear native land.

14

Oh many stories have been told, and many songs are sung
 To honour men of every land for deeds of valour done,
 This we to-day do tribute pay to the men who brave the sea,
 To save the lone survivor of the good ship Harmony.

This story was written by Sara Sweet in 1868. It was made
 into a song or ballad as you would call it and sung by the early
 settlers. And when they came to Neil's Harbour from Newfoundland
 they brought the old song with them.

Song recited by Mrs Lillian Crewe Walsh, Glace Bay and Neil's
 Harbour, and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1957. For tune
 see reel 174B.

(This is a Newfoundland version)

There was a fair maid in our town
The truth I am a-tellin',
And she was loved by d l around,
The lovely Barbara Allan.

2

Young William was a suitor bold,
The truth I am a-tellin',
And he had lands and he had gold,
He loved sweet Barbara Allan.

3

He sent his man into the town
To the place where she was lyin',
He said, "Fair maid please come with me,
My master is a-dyin'."

4

Slowly slowly she got up
And slowly she went nigh him
And when she got by his bedside
He said, "Dear love I'm dyin'."

5

"You're a dying man," "Yes I know I am,
One kiss from you would save me,"
"One kiss from me you shall never have
If your false heart were breaking."

6

"Not long ago within the town
Rude company you were seeking,
You drank a health to those around
You left your sweetheart weeping."

7

"When I was drinking in yonder town
The truth I am a-tellin',
I drank a health to those around,
My heart was Barbara Allan's."

8

Slowly slowly she got up
And slowly she went strolling,
She was ~~xxx~~ a mile from his bedside,
She heard the bell a-tolling.

9

"Mother make for me my bed,
Make it long and narrow,
My true love died for love to-day,
I'll die for grief to-morrow."

10

~~xxxxsxxxxxxxsxxxx~~ They laid them closely side by side
Till they could lie no higher,
And out of her grave grew a red rose bush
And out of his a brier/

11

They grew to the top of an old stone wall
Till they could grow no higher,
And they twined into a lover's knot,
All lovers to admire.

Sung by Mrs Ruth Metcalfe, Louisburg & Gabarus, and recorded by

Helen Creighton, July 1957