

Reel 175A

- 1 Jolly Fisherman; sung by Mr. Benjamin Fudge, Louisburg, formerly Francois, Nfld.; English sailor's love song well sung, but not particularly jolly; 3½ double vs.
- 2 The Bonny Sweet Window; sung by Mr. Esau Fudge of Louisburg & Francois; lover kissing girl good-night gets head stuck in window; 7 vs. to pleasant tune,
- 3 My dear Old Wife and I; sung by Mr. Esau Fudge; pleasant song in tribute to wife; for words see reel 172
- 4 A Soldier's Homeless Boy; not quite folk; type of sentimental song often enjoyed by sailors and soldiers; 4 vs. with happy ending
- 5 I Really Can't Keep Still; sung by Mr. Esau Fudge; music hall type; 6 vs. & cho. amusing and quite well sung.
- 6 The Dog and Gun; sung by Mr. Esau Fudge; pleasant English love song; lady scorns squire for farmer; 9 vs.; the songs in Newfoundland dialect sometimes difficult to make out.
- 7 Milling Party; held at St. Joseph du Moine, Inverness Co; words of song not taken down; French; contrast conviviality of this spontaneous gathering with singing of same people in film Songs of Nova Scotia.

The Jolly Fisherman

Reel 175A1-5
Reel 177A9-15

There's adieu to lovely Nancy,
Ten thousand times adieu,
For I am going to leave you
For to seek for something new.
Come and change your ring with me my love,
Come and change your ring with me,
For it will be a token
While I am on the sea.

2

While I am on the sea my love
And you know not where I am,
Kind letters I will write to you
From every foreign land.
Kind letters I will write to you
With the best of my good will,
And if your body be where it is
My heart is with you still.

3

Don't you see the storm arising
And how thick it's gathering round?
While we poor jolly fishermen
Are ploughing the ocean ground.
There is tinkers and there's tailors
Lies snoring in their sleep
While we poor jolly fishermen
Are a-ploughing the ocean deep.

4

We will call for liquor merrily
And we'll spend our money free,
And when our gold it is all gone
We will boldly go to sea.

Sung by Mr. Ben Fudge, Louisburg, and recorded by Helen
Creighton, Aug. 1957

In a neat little cottage there lived a maid Nell
 In a neat little cot where her grandma did dwell,
 Where the house it was wee and the windows were fast,
 Where one there was broken and one wanted glass,
 Cho.

'Twas the bonny sweet window
 Nice little window,
 Oh as bonny sweet window
 As ever you saw.

2

One evening in June before going to bed
 Young Johnny the sweetest young lad that Nell had
 Came over the hills his true love to see
 He right under this window there planted got he. Cho.

3

They had not very many words said, ~~if grandma says Nelly~~
 'Fore grandma says Nelly "Come straight to your bed,
 Oh come to bed Nelly," her grandma did say,
 "So fare you well Johnny, come back the next day, through Cho.

4

Oh then replied Nelly there's something amiss,
 "Before going to leave me give me a big kiss,"
 "A big kiss," says John as he popped his head through
 "For what wouldn't love make a fond lover do? "Cho.

5

Grandma hearing the noise leaped out on the floor
 And seizing the poker made fast for the door,
 One thump on John's head with the poker let down,
 Another like that would soon smash in his crown, with his head through
 Cho.

6

Oh kisses got Johnny and sweet was the smacks,
 For al his own might could he get his head back,
 He hugged and he tugged and he bowed and he cursed,
 While Nell's sides a-laughing was ready to burst, with his head through
 Cho.

7

Oh he shivered with grief, he shuddered with pain,
 He hugged and he tugged there with might and with main,
 The jamb it gave way and the window did break
 And one of the lashes stuck fast to his neck. Cho.

Esau

Sung by Mr. ~~Benjamin~~ Benjamin Fudge, Louisberg, formerly Nfld., and
 recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1957

The snowflakes fast were falling and loud the winds did roar
A little boy all frozen came to a lady's door,
He saw her at her window which filled his heart with joy,
"Have pity on me lady, I'm a soldier's homeless boy."

2

My mother died last summer, my father's in the war,
He's fought in many a battle all covered in wounds and scars,
With my likeness in his knapsack, he carries it with joy,
Have pity on me lady, I'm a soldier's homeless boy."

3

"The snowflakes fast are falling, I'll perish e'er the morn,
Do shelter me dear lady from this inclement storm,
Do shelter me dear lady 'twill rob you of all joy
To find me in the morning a lifeless little boy."

4

The lady left her window and opened wide the door,
"Step in you little stranger and never wander more,
Since my own dear boy has fallen, my only hope and joy,
My heart goes out in pity for a soldier's homeless boy."

Sung by Mr. Esau Fudge, Louisburg, formerly Francois, Nfld.,
and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1957

Once I was a little boy, I heard me mother say,
 Nothing at all would keep me still by night or yet by day
 I grew a man, 'twas all the same, to do whatever I will,
 It's a fact that whether I sit or stand I really can't keep still.

Cho.

I really can't keep still,
 I really can't keep still,
 It's a fact that whether I sit or stand
 I really can't keep still.

2

We went to school, was all the same, me feet went pat pat pat,
 Jane up in the corner went jig jig jig, we often got the strap,
 We went to church, it was all the same, and set her down in the pew,
 And before the prayers was over I could dance a step or two. Cho.

3

Once I kept a little shop where customers came in,
 I danced about, it was waltz for you, while they stood all a-grin,
 The landlord came and then at last the ?
 Gave a leap and then began to dance as if it was some grand ball. Cho.

4

I courted a girl with a lot of cash and said my love one day,
 But I'm blest if I kept still at all for what we had to say,
 She says, "My love you'll marry me," and I says, "Yes I will,"
 "But I hope you won't jig away like that," says I, "I can't keep still."
 Cho.

5

When the parson read the solemn part he said, "You two are one,"
 I took out the jane(?) on the parson's cloak and jigged away like
 fun. Cho.

6

We have children now and I'm bound to say they are a handsome lot,
 They can't keep still my wife tells me, it's my complaint they've got,
 My wife have got it as well as me, and so when we goes out
 Why the people thinks we are all mad to see us dance about. Cho

Sung by Mr. Esau Fudge, Louisburg, formerly of Francois,
 Nfld. and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1957

'Twas if a rich merchant in London did dwell,
 He had one only daughter and her he loved well,
 And for to get married was their full intent
 Until her cruel parents gave the squire consent.

2

The day was appointed the wedding to be,
 It fell on the farmer to give her away,
 But when that the lady the farmer did spy
 "Oh my heart, oh my heart, oh my heart," it is she did cry.

3

The lady she took sick and went home to her bed,
 The thoughts of the farmer unstrung into her head,
 The thoughts of the farmer unstrung into her mind,
 And the way for to gain him she quickly did find.

4

'Twas waistcoat and trousers the lady she put on,
 And away she went a-hunting with her dog and her gun,
 Where oft times did she fire oh but nothing did she kill
 When the jolly young farmer came a-whistling through the hill.

5

"I thought you were to the wedding," this lady she replied,
 "To wait on the squire for to make her his bride,
 "Oh no," replied the farmer, "I ain't been there to-day
 For I loved her to well for to give her away."

6

And this pleased the lady to hear him talk so bold,
 She threw down her glove, it was flowered with gold,
 "Oh the man that can find this and bring it unto me
 Oh forever and forever his sweet bride I will be."

7

The farmer he went hunting with his dog and his gun,
 He picked up the glove, it was only but one,
 And straight to the lady saying, "I have found your glove,
 And I hope you'll be so kindly for to grant me your love."

8

"It's already granted," the lady she replied,
 "I love the sweet breath of a farmer," she cried,
 "I'll go mentioning of you daily, I'll go milking of your cow,
 When the jolly young farmer comes a-whistling through the dell."

9

So now they are married I'll you this song
 How the lady she went hunting with her dog and her gun,
 So now I have got you so snug into my snare
 Oh forever and forever I'll enjoy you my dear.

Sung by Mr. Esau Fudge, Louisburg & Francois, Nfld., and
 recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1957