

Reel 193A

- 1 The Ghostly Sailors; sung by Mr. Scott Stuart, St. Andrews, N.B.; local song of crew of rammed vessel taking over ship that rammed her; 10 vs. well sung to good tune
- 2 The Cottage On the Hill; sung by Mr. Stuart; 4 vs. & cho. sailors' sentimental song of home
- 3 Stormy Weather; sung by Mr. Stuart; 4 vs. & cho; nice version of Stormy Weather Boys; for others see TSNS
- 4 Cold Water Song; sung by Mr. Stuart; odd lullaby used by singer's mother; also have it as lullaby from Port LaTour, N.S.; 3 vs. to good tune
- 5 The Three Crows; Child ballad, The Three Ravens sung by Mr. Stuart; 4 vs. well sung, with fol lol chorus
- 6 Adam, Mudder Eve; sung by Mr. Stuart; darkie song; 2 vs. & cho. Adam had no mother because he was born a man.
- 7 Rockaby Baby; sung by Mr. Stuart; 3 vs., nice version of cold lullaby

good tape; singers voice is musical and words clear

You can smile if you're a mind to, perhaps you'll lend an ear  
 I boy and man together, and on for fifty years,  
 I sailed upon the waters in summer's pleasant days,  
 I sailed in snowy winters when its howling storm would ~~xxxxx~~ rage.

2

I've tossed about on Georges, been fishing in the Bay,  
 Down south in early summer and most anywhere 'twould pay,  
 I've sailed in different seasons from western banks and grand,  
 And I've been in herring vessels bound down for Newfoundland.

3

When I've seen storms I tell you, and things looked mighty blue,  
 But somehow being lucky I'd ways got through,  
 I'm not a brag however, I don't say much, but then,  
 I'm not much easier frightened than the most of other men.

4

But this time I was sailing, we was off shore a ways,  
 I never shall forget it in all my mortal days,  
 For in my dim dark watching comes on that chilling dread  
 As though I heard one spirit a-calling from the dead.

5

And this time I could tell you, I never thought before  
 If you could see the sight I saw there a little ways off shore  
 The trip before, our schooner, she was on Georges then,  
 Rammed down another vessel and she sank her and her men.

6

Right o'er our rail they clambered, all silent one by one,  
 A dozen dripping sailors, just wait till I am done,  
 It was our dream I tell you, for all our vessel's crew  
 Saw that same sight I saw there just as I'm telling you.

7

Right o'er our rail they clambered, and not a voice was heard,  
 They moved about before us but never spoke a word,  
 Their faces pale and sea wet shone ghostly through the night,  
 Each took his place as fairly as if he had a right.

8

And then they steered our vessel till land was just in sight,  
 Or rather I should say so the lighthouse tower's light,  
 And then these dripping sailors moved to the rail again  
 And vanished like a mistop's(?) hand before our sight and then

9

We reined up in the harbour, and every mother's son  
 Would tell you this same story the same as I have done,  
 I don't know any reason of course why they should come  
 And navigate our vessel till just in sight of home.

10

But if 'twas them poor fellows, I think God raise their souls,  
 That our old craft ran under that night on Georgia's shoals,  
 And there you have my story, and it is just as I say,  
 For I believe in spirits since that time any way.

Sung by Mr. Scott Stuart, St. Andrews, N.B.; and recorded by  
 Helen Creighton, June 1958.

In the window there's a picture that the candle shows to me,  
A picture of another young and fair,  
And the song that she is singing to the babe upon her knee  
Seems to float the tiny dreamer's sunny hair.

2

I can see a gentle glimmer from my boat down in the Bay,  
While all around the waves seem white with foam,  
When slowly o'er the water comes a sunny little breeze,  
A token and a message sent from home.

Cho.

When the stars are brightly gleaming and the sighing winds are still  
And twilight shadows hover on the lea,  
There's a tiny candle gleaming from that cottage on the hill,  
And I know that little beacon shines for me.

4

None so dear as that old farmhouse and that cottage thatched and old,  
Where roses bud and blossom round the door,  
And a woman dwells within it with a heart as pure as gold  
And her love is all my own forever more.

4

When the twilight shades are falling on that soft and winsome face  
And the blushing roses quickly come and go,  
Oh her face is all of beauty and her form is as serene  
As she rocks that tiny dreamer to and fro. Cho.

xxx6xxx

Sung by Mr. Scott Stuart, St. Andrews, N.B. and recorded by  
Helen Creighton, June 1958

Oh up comes the herring, the king of the sea,  
Jumps onto the quarterdeck, helm to lee,  
Cho.

For it's stormy weather, it's very thick weather,  
And when the wind blows it brings all hands together,  
So boys we'll heave her to.

2

Then up comes the shark with his three rows of teeth,  
And he says to the cook, "I'll take care of your beef." Cho.

3

Then up comes the salmon as bright as the sun,  
Jumps onto the quarterdeck, fires the lee gun. Cho

4

Then up comes the cod with his large chuckle head,  
Jumps into the chains, takes a cast with the lead, Cho.

x5xxx

Sung by Mr. Scott Stuart, St. Andrews, N.B. and recorded  
by Helen Creighton, June 1958

I asked a sweet robin one evening in May  
 That sang in the apple trees over the way,  
 What he was a-singing so sweetly about,  
 I tried a long time but I could not find out.  
 "Don't you know," she replied, "that you cannot guess wrong,  
 I am only a-singing the cold water song."

2

"Teetotal's the very first word of my lay,  
 So then can't you see how I rattled away the way,  
 "I've just been a dip with my beak in the spring,  
 And brushing the face of the lake with my wing,  
 Cold water, cold water, and this is my song,  
 So I love to keep singing it all the day long."

3

"So now dearest maid can't you give me a crown,  
 For my dear little nestlings remaining at home,  
 And never forget since my story you've heard,  
 I pray you remember the lay of the bird,  
 And never forget when you list to my song  
 All the birds to the cold water army belong."

Sung by Mr. Scott Stewart, St. Andrews, N.B. and  
 recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1958

Learned from his mother who used it as a lullaby to  
 sing him to sleep. "When we was nasty, you know, and contentious  
 and she wanted to get clear of a lot of us - a good lot of  
 us you know to look after - she'd grab us up. She never was  
 rough or hard with us, but she'd say, 'Come and I'll sing you a  
 song,' so she'd grab us up in turn and sing a different one  
 to every one of us. I liked that one and she always sang it  
 to me."

Question: Where did you live?

Answer: Deer Island, in what's commonly known as Stuart's  
 Cove, in by the public wharf, just below where the ferry runs  
 back and forth.

The Three Crows

Reel 193A No. 5

Two old crows sat on a tree,  
Fol dol the daddie oh,  
And they were black as crows could be,  
Fol dol the daddie oh.

2

Said one old crow unto his mate,  
Fol dol the daddie oh,  
"What will we do for food to ate?"  
Fol dol the daddie oh.

3

"There's an old dead horse on yonder lane,"  
Fol dol the daddie oh,  
"And it's just three days since he was slain,"  
Fol dol the daddie oh.

4

"We'll place ourselves on his backbone,"  
Fol dol the daddie oh,  
"And pick his eyes out one by one,"  
Fol dol the daddie oh.

Sung by Mr. Scott Stuart, St. Andrews, N.B., and recorded  
by Helen Creighton, June 1958

Mr. Scott says if he had known I wanted the songs he  
"might have conjured up some of those lost strains and stories.  
I might have bound them up and turned them out one way or  
another. Put to the test I can remember quite a lot if I have  
to, but when I have no use for it, you see, I never give it a  
thought."

I heard the old folks t'd king in a house the other night,  
 About Adam in the kitchen long ago,  
 The lady folks al l 'bused him, said they knew he wasn't right,  
 But of course the men folks say I know he 's true.  
 I felt sorry for Mr. Adam and I felt like putting in  
 That I knew more than Adam knew as what made Adam sin.

Cho.

But Adam never had no mummy just to take him on her knee,  
 To teach him right from wrong and show him things he ought to see,  
 I know down in my heart that he would haxwz left that apple be  
 For Adam never had no dear old mummy Eve.

2

Adam never had no childhood days around his cabin door,  
 He never had no pickaninny life,  
 He started in a great big ruin of man and what he wore  
 Cause he never had a lifetime al l the while,  
 But just suppose that he'd had amummy,  
~~x\*ixx~~ When the temptin' did begin then she'd have come,  
 And told him, "son, don't eat that, 'tis a sin," Cho.

Sung by Mr. Scott Stuart, St. Andrews, N.B., and recorded  
 by Helen Creighton, June 1958.

Rockaby Baby

Reel 193A No. 7

Rockaby baby so sweet and so fair,  
While mother sets by in her old oaken chair,  
With her foot on the rocker the cradle she swings,  
And though baby slumbers he hears what she sings.

2  
Rockaby baby on a treetop,  
When the wind blows the cradle will rock,  
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,  
Down will come baby and cradle and all.

3  
Rockaby, rockaby, nothing to fear,  
Rockaby, rockaby, mother is near  
With her foot on the rocker the cradle she swings,  
And though baby slumbers he hears what she sings.

Sung by Mr. Scott Stuart, St. Andrews, N.B., and recorded  
by Helen Creighton, June 1959

lullaby

doesn't care for modern songs, nor did men he sang for: they  
liked songs with a story.



Reel 193B

The Stately Southerner; sung by Mr. Scott Stuart, St. Andrews, N.B.;  
8 vs. of privateer Paul Jones; well sung in clear  
G voice.

Pat and the Hauger; sung by Mr. Scott Stuart, Irish song in cante  
fable style in which Irishman outwits the law; song  
ends with story of Pat taking pig through town;  
amusing.

Joe Bowers; sung by Mr. Scott Stuart; 8 vs. amusing song of blighted  
love; good tune; well sung.

It was the stately Southerner that wore the stripes and stars,  
 The howling wind from east north east blew through her pitch pine spars,  
 Our starboard tack we had on board hung heavy on the gale,  
 'Twas an autumn night we rose the light on the head of the old King's Ale.

2

It was a bright and cloudless night, the wind was fresh and strong,  
 And gayly o'er the bounding deep our good ship plies along,  
 The foamy billows around her bow like fiery darts she spread,  
 Descending low to her waist in snow she buries her lee cat head.

3

The sun had set on Sable Isle, eight bells had tolled the hour,  
 The beacon light that looked so bright shone out from the old oak tower,  
 Our starboard tack we had on board hung heavy on the gale,  
 'Twas an autumn night we rose the light on the head of the old King's Ale.

4

We hear no talk of shortening sail from him who trod the poop,  
 And by the weight of her ponderous jib her booms bent like a hoop,  
 Her groaning crosstrees bore the strain that held her stoutening tack,  
 But he only smiled as he glanced behind on her bright and sparkling track.

5

"Oh what's that rising on our bow that hangs upon the gale?  
 It's time our good ship hauled her wind abreast of the Salatees (Saltees)  
 For by the spread of canvas upon her tapering spar  
 We knew our morning visitor was a British man of war."

6

Out booms on board of the Southerner, out booms and give her sheet,  
 'Tis the fastest keel that cuts the foam among the British fleet,  
 Come bearing down upon us with the white foam at her bow,  
 Out booms on board the Southerner, spare not your canvas now.

7

Away away went a shower of shots, went through our sails and mast,  
 The fastest sail outlives the gale that on that frigate fast,  
 The British give three rousing cheers from the deck of their covered ark,  
 We answered back with a scornful laugh from the deck of the Patriarch

8

(patriot bark?)  
 The night clouds had not cleared away, they still obscured the shore,  
 The mist lay heavy on the land from Scarras to King Hoar,  
 With light sails set and booms rigged out and studding sails pulling away,  
 Down the northern channel Paul Jones did get before the break of day.

(He was running the gauntlet in the English Channel) Sung by Mr. Scott  
 Stuart, St. Andrews, N.B. and recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1958

anything that he forgot or didn't quite understand he made his own  
 words for.

In a town that's not far from the sea  
 Where Paddy in midsummer came,  
 And prudence between you and me  
 Prevents me from telling his name.  
 A gauger he soon did espy,  
 The keg on his napper he bore,  
 Six gallons of whisky or nigh,  
 Now where is the knock and Dymore.

Cho.

Rum the diddle earol die orral  
 Die rum the diddle earol die aye,  
 Rum the diddle earol die orral die  
 Paddy was met by the gauger.

2

Said the gauger, "Let's see your permit,"  
 Says Pat, "It's inconvenient to show it,"  
 Says the gauger, "I'm not to be bit,  
 You smuggled this whisky, I know it.  
 To the Custom House it must be brought,  
 Go forward 'tis there you'll realize  
 To be punished you rascal you ought,  
 So I'll seize this keg as a prize."

Spoken: Now Mr. Gauger you wouldn't seize my little keg, for what in the devil would Biddy say if I arrived home and I hadn't a drop for her and the wee gaffer." But Paddy, not caring very much how it went, 'cause he knew how it would go in the long run, so he brace'd back and stares the gauger full in the face and sings on:

Cho.

"Now since your Honour my puncheon will seize,  
 Six miles I've borne it without help,  
 Six miles I have borne it if you please,  
 It's your turn to lug it yourself."  
 Six miles he had borne it or no,  
 He scarcely had on the dry rag,  
 But the gauger his liberty grudged,  
 So he cheerfully sweated the keg.

Spoken: As Pat was walking along the road he heard the gauger, he calls to mind, "Mr. Gauger, says he, "hurry along with your load. I have a bottle in my pocket. I'll take a drink and I'll give you one. It'll help you to carry the keg and help me to sing:

Cho.

Now the gauger was fat as a jackass,  
 The sweat down his body did run,  
 He looked like the big bellied beggar,  
 The beggar that carried the ton.  
 The custom house in the next town  
 'Twas some three furlongs off or more,  
 Says Patrick, "And lay your load down,  
 Now this is my own cabin door."  
 Says the gauger, "I see what you're at,  
 But your whisky won't give me the slip, "  
 "Well then by the poky," says Pat,  
 "I'll just get you to read this permit."

Spoken: So he reaches in the left cuff of his coat and he produces this permit which reads as follows:

Pat's whisky's strong water to go as far as  
Cho.

"Now your permit, why not shown it before?"

"Because it's just entered me nob,

You waited for me on the shore

Your honour was wanting a job."

This caused the gauger to stamp and swear murder,

For the load caused his bones for to crack,

Says Pat, "I'll not trouble you more,

But I wish you a pleasant walk back.

Spoken: Good-day now Mr. Gauger, and when you get home don't forget to tell old Mrs. Gauger and all your wee gaugers that you sweated a keg for six miles on a hot summer's day, and all the time you was sweated it bold Pat walks ahead and sings:

Cho.

Question: Where did you learn that one?

Answer: Uncle Sergeant Stuart, the one I was telling you about was in the navy so long. He learnt me all those old ones and my older brother Frank, he knew as many as Uncle Sergeant did. I used to know alot of them. Bus he says that that was really a fact, and he told another's tory. That you couldn't carry a pig through this village or city where the gauger lived; Pat said he could carry one through. So he had a little dog, and the dog wouldn't follow him, and he knew the dog wouldn't follow him, so he put the dog in the sack, and when he went by the gauger he made pretense to dodge, so the gauger spotted him and said, "Here, get back; you got a pig in that sack."

"No, I got no pig." He says, "Dump it out." Pat dumped it out and sure enough it was the dog, and the dog jumped out and ran home," and he says, "Now I told you it was me dog," so he says, "Pat I'm sorry, so Pat goes back and put the pig in the sack next time, and when he got abreast of the gauger's house, the gauger says, "Well Pat, I see you caught him pretty quick." He says, "Oh he never strays very far from home." He says, "I got him. He was pretty tired and he didn't give me much trouble." He says, "Thanks Mr. Gauger; it was a bit of a trouble you put me to; we'll put it off, it don't amount to anything. Be seeing you again." "All right Pat, I won't bother you any more. Keep on a-going." So Pat takes the pig through right by him. Pretty smart. It was a by-law that you couldn't carry a pig through the village.

Sung by Mr. Scott Stuart, St. Andrews, N.B. and recorded by  
Helen Creighton, June 1958

My name it is Joe Bowers, I have a brother Ike,  
 I came from old Missouri all the way from Pyke,  
 I'll tell you why I left there and why I came to roam,  
 And leave my dear old mummy so far away from home.

2

I used to court a girl there, her name was Sally Black,  
 I asked her if she'd marry me, she said it was awhack,  
 But she skeed(?) to me, "Joe Bowers, before you're pitched for life  
 You ought to get a little home to keep your little wife."

3

"O Sally dear, Oh Sally, oh Sally for your sake,  
 I will go to Californy and try to raise the stakes,  
 Said she to me, "Joe Bowers, you are the man to win,"  
 With a kiss to bind the bargain and she threw a dozen in.

4

Now when I got in that country I hadn't nary the red,  
 I had such woeful feelings I wished that I were dead,  
 But the thoughts of my dear Sally soon made them feelings get,  
 And whispered hopes to Bowers, oh I wish I had them yet.

5

At length I went a-mining, put in my biggest licks,  
 I came down upon the boulders just like a thousand of bricks,  
 I worked both late and early, in rain and sun and snow,  
 I was working for my Sally, it was all the same to Joe.

6

At length I got a letter from my dear brother Ike,  
 It came from old Missouri, all the way from Pyke,  
 It brought to me the dangdest news that ever you did hear,  
 My heart is almost bursting, so please excuse the tear.

7

It said that Sal was false to me, she'd got married so it said,  
 She'd got married to the butcher and the butcher's hair was red,  
 And more than that the letter said, 'Twas enough to make me swear,  
 For Sally had a baby and the baby had red hair.

8

And now I've told you all about this little sad affair,  
 Of Sally and her baby and the baby with red hair,  
 But whether it was a boy or girl the letter never said,  
 That letter only said that it was destined to be red.

Sung by Mr. Scott Stuart, St. Andrews, N.B. and recorded by Helen  
 Creighton, June 1958.

Learned from sea captain at Campobello.