

Reel 195B

1. Black Chimney Sweeper: sung by Capt. Cecil Jeffreys; Jeffrey's Corner, Kings Co., N.B.: amusing song of girl who would marry anybody and gets chimney sweeper; 7 vs. well sung
2. The Government Store: sung by Capt. Jeffreys; 5 vs. well sung; local song of Cape Breton government owned liquor store.
3. The Jealous Lover: sung by Mr. C.E. Inkpen, Poodiac, Kings Co., N.B.; 9 vs.; good version of man who poisons sweetheart because she dances with another; cockney accent sometimes difficult to make out.
4. In Camden Town: sung by Mr. Inkpen; 5 double verses; girl be-guiled takes her life and so does false-hearted lover; good of its kind
5. The Frog and the Mouse: sung by Mr. Inkpen; eleven vs.; good version but have better.
6. The Rusty Highwayman: sung by Mr. Inkpen: girl escapes from highwayman with money she had taken to market; 6 vs.; this version not recorded here before.
7. My Pretty Maid: sung by Mr. Inkpen; 6 vs. question and answer song
8. There Was A Youhg Lady At Clewer: sung by Mr. Inkpen ; 4vs. & cho.; comic song, possibly music hall
9. The Farmer's Boy: sung by Mr. Inkpen; 7 vs. rather staccato singing, but good variant.

Black Chimney Sweeper

Reel 195B

Come all ye pretty fair maids who wish for to marry,
From sixteen to eighteen, from eighteen to twenty,
From sixteen to eighteen, from eighteen to twenty,
For I'm twenty-five and I never hadn't any.

Cho.

Mush a whang torrel lorrel ~~xxxxi~~ lorrel,
Whang torrel laddie.

2

Now there's my sister Susie, she's younger than I am,
She's got sweethearts at twenty and is going to deny them,
But I'm twenty-five and I haven't gotten any,
Oh God knows in my heart I'd be thankful for any. Cho.

3

Now there's my sister Katie, she vowed and was taken,
At the age of sixteen a bride she was makin',
Now she is eighteen, got a son and a daughter
And I am twenty-five and I never had an offer. Cho.

4

I heard of a prophecy as spoken by my mother
That goin' to weddin' would bring on another,
If I heard of a weddin' I would go without a biddin'
For God knows in me heart I'd be fond of a weddin', Cho.

5

Come ink man, come pen man, come brewer, come baker,
Come fiddler, come fifer, come weaver, come tailor,
Come ragman, hangman, foolish man or whiddy,
Will you let me die a maid, won't you marry me for pity? Cho.

6

No ink man, no pen man, no brewer, no baker,
No fiddler, no fifer, no weaver, no tailor,
No ragman, hangman, foolish man or whiddy
But she's now in the arms of a black chimney sweeper. Cho.

7

Now he has got her and embraces her sweet charms,
Now he enfolds her in his black sooty arms,
Now he has got her and he swears he will keep her
For she's now in the arms of a black chimney sweeper. Cho.

Sung by Capt. Cecil Jeffreys, Jeffreys' Corner, Kings Co.,
N.B., as recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1958

Learned from a neighbor, Thomas Lisson who lived on the
adjoining farm

The Government Store

Reel 195B

Come all ye coal miners from New Aberdeen
Who boozers are now or who boozers have been,
And I'll make your hearts glad though they're now sad and sore
When I sing you a song of the government store.

2

In the old days gone by of course you all know
To the town of Glace Bay we all had to go,
Though the snow it fell fast and the rain it did pour
To purchase our booze at the government store.

3

But now by the crossing at New Aberdeen
A neat little building erected has been
Where all kinds of drink you can buy in galore
They call it in New Aberdeen government store.

4

Now when you're too aged, too weak and too blind,
To work for a living down in a coal mine,
A pension you'll get till life's journey is o'er
From the profits they make at the government store.

5

So here's to your beer and your whisky so fine,
Your rum and your gin and your ninety cent wine,
Drink as much as would fill the great lakes of Bras d'Or
Singing hip hip hurrah for the government store.

Sung by Capt. Cecil Jeffreys, Jeffreys' Corner, Kings Co.,
N.B. and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1958

This song is about the liquor store at New Aberdeen, Cape
Breton.

The Jealous Lover

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~
~~The Jealous Lover~~
~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

'Tis of a maid in Oxford city,
But now the truth to you I'll tell,
'Twas by a servant a young man courted,
He oft times told her that he loved her well.

2

She loved him too, but at a distance,
She did not seem to be very fond,
He said, "My dear you seem to slight me,
I think you love some other man."

3

"If not my dear why can't we marry
And this at once will end all strife,
I'll work for you both late and early
If you will be my sweet wedded wife."

4

She said, "We are too young to marry,
Too young to claim these marriage beds,
For when we're married we're bound forever
My dear and all our joys are fled."

5

It was soon after this lovely creature
Was invited to a dance you know,
This jealous young man he followed after
And then prepared for her overthrow.

6

Love's ~~The~~ jealousy fulfilled his mind
As she was dancing with another
And to destroy his own true lover
This jealous young man he was inclined.

7

And then some poison he prepared,
And he mixed it with a glass of wine,
He gave it to his own true lover
She drank it up without fear of mind.

8

It was soon after she had drank it,
"O take me home my dear," she said,
"That glass of wine you have just gave me
Has made me very ill indeed."

9

"I've drank the same as thee my jewel,
I soon shall die as well as thee,"
And in each other's arms they died,
Young men beware of false jealousy.

Sung by Mr. C.E. Inkpen, Poodiac, Kings Co., N.B. and recorded
by Helen Creighton, July 1958.

In Camden town there lived a maid
 So beautiful and fair,
 Till a young man he came courting her
 Which drew her in a snare.
 Till a young man he came courting her
 A foolish man to try,
 But still that makes no difference,
 Young men will swear alive.

2

"For fourteen weeks and over
 I've been beguiled by thee,
 For fourteen weeks and better
 I've proved with a child by thee.
 Be ye quick and see me righted
 Young man I pray," says she,
 "Be ye quick and see me righted
 Young man and marry me."

3

"O no my dearest Polly,
 That's a thing I never can do,
 For in talking of these few words
 Has caused me for to rue,
 Go home unto your parents
 And do the best you can
 And tell them that young William
 Has proved a false young man. "

4

"I'll not go home to my parents
 For to bring them to disgrace,
 But I will go and drown myself
 Down in some secret place,"
 In pulling off her fine clothes
 And her body to destroy,
 "Fare thee well false-hearted William,
 For your sweet sake I'll die."

5

And when he found she was dead and gone
 Like a statue he did stand,
 May the Lord have mercy 'pon my soul
 For proving a false young man.
 Don't tell my friends nor relations
 To come here to mourn for me,
 For on this dark and ~~cloudy~~ ~~banks~~ cloudy banks
 I'll die with my Polly.

Sung by Mr. C.E. Inkpen, Poodiac, Kings Co., N.B. and recorded
 by Helen Creighton, July 1958

The Frog and Mouse

Reel 195A B

A frog he went a-courting and he did ride, ha hum,
Frog he went a-courting and he did ride
With a sword and pistol at his side, ha hum.

2

Froggie walked up to Miss Mousie's den, ha hum,
Froggie walked up to Miss Mousie's den,
"If you please Miss Mousie are you in?" ha hum.

3

"Oh yes Mrs. Froggie I am in, ha hum,
Yes Mr. Froggie I am in,"
So he lift up the latch and he walked straight in, ha hum.

4

Froggie sat down by Miss Mousie's side, ha hum,
Froggie sat down by Miss Mousie's side,
"If you please Miss Mousie will you be my bride?" ha hum.

5

"O not without Uncle Rat's consent, ha hum,
O not without Uncle Rat's consent
For his niece to marry a perfect gent," ha hum.

6

Uncle Rat has give consent, ha hum,
Uncle Rat has give consent
For his niece to marry a perfect gent, ha hum.

7

"Who shall the wedding gusted be? ha hum,
Who shall the wedding gusted be? "
"A little brown mouse and a bumble bee," ha hum.

8

"O what should the wedding dinner be? ha hum,
O what should the wedding dinner be?"
"A four pound loaf and a cup of tea," ha hum.

9

"O where should the wedding dinner be? ha hum,
O where should the wedding dinner be?"
"Out in the meadow under a shady tree," ha hum.

10

They all went strolling down the lane, ha hum,
They all went strolling down the lane, ha hum,
They all got swallowed by a great big snail, ha hum.

11

This is the end of the one, two, three, ha hum,
This is the end of the one, two, three,
The rat and the mouse and the bumble bee, ha hum.

Sung by Mr. C.E. Inkpen, Poodiac, Kings Co., N.B. and recorded
by Helen Creighton, July 1958.

The Rusty Highwayman

Reel 195B

There was an old farmer in Cheshire,
His daughter to market did go,
She met with a rusty highwayman
Two pistols he clasped to her breast.
"Your money, your clothing deliver,
"Xxxx Or else you shall die in distress."

2

He stripped this young damsel stark naked
And the bridle he gave her to hold,
And as she stood shivering and shaking
"I'm starving to death with the cold."

3

She put her right leg in the stirrup
And mounted her horse like a man,
Over hedges and ditches she galloped
Saying, "Catch me you rogue if you can."

4

He ran and he ran and he ranner,
Which caused him to puff and to blow,
He found that he couldn't overtake her
Till she reached at her own father's door.

5

"Dear daughter, dear daughter what have you
Been to the market so long?"
"O father I've been in great danger,
But the rogue he has done me no harm."

6

She put her grey mane in the stable
And a white cloth she spread on the floor,
She counted her money by thousands,
By thousands, ten thousands and more.

Xx

(Question: Now where was the money Mr. Inkpen?
The money was ~~xxxx~~ hid underneath the bridle next to the horse's
head.
And was it her saddle or his saddle?
Her saddle. Her own saddle.
And she had managed to save it.
Yes she saved it all.)

Sung by Mr. C.E. Inkpen, and recorded by Helen Creighton,
July 1958

"Where are you going to my pretty maid,

Where are you a-going to my pretty maid?"

"I'm going a-milking sir," I said, sir I said, sir I said,

"I'm going a milking ~~skrx~~~~xxixsaxix~~ kind sir," I said.

2

"Can I come with you my pretty maid,
Can I come with you my pretty maid?"

"Just as you please kind sir," I said, sir I said, sir I said,

"Just as you please kind sir," I said.

3

"O what is your father my pretty maid,

O what is your father my pretty maid?"

My father's a farmer sir," I said, sir I said, sir I said,

My father's a farmer kind sir," I said.

4

"O what is your mother my pretty maid?

O what is your mother my pretty maid?"

"My mother is wife to my father sir, father sir, father sir,

My mother is wife to my father sir."

5

"O what is your fortune my pretty maid,

O what is your fortune my pretty maid?"

"My face is my fortune sir," I said, sir I said, sir I said,

"My face is my fortune kind sir," I said.

6

"Then I cannot marry you my pretty maid,

I cannot marry you my pretty maid," ^{sir}

"There's nobody had asked you," I said, sir I said, sir I said,

"There's nobody had asked you kind sir," I said.

Sung by Mr. C.E. Inkpen, Poodiac, Kings Co. N.B. and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1958

There was a young lady at Clewer

She was riding a bike in a sewer,
A butcher came by and said, "Missus don't cry,"
So he fastened her on with a skewer.

2x Cho.

Fol lol the rol, fol lol the rol,
Fol lol the rol my lady,
Fol lol the rol, fol lol the rol,
Fol lol the rol my lady.

2

There was a young girl of Kelkenny

She's worried by lovers so many,
A saucy young elf said to raffle herself
And the tickets are two for a penny. Cho.

3

There was a young girl a-waitin',
This figure had plenty o' meat on,
Saying, "Marry me Mac and you'll find that me back
Is a nice place to warm your cold feet on." Cho.

4

There was a young girl from Calcutta,
She rubbed herself over with butter,
She looked very well but they said that the smell
Was to utterly utter to utter. Cho.

Sung by Mr. C.E. Inkpen, Poodlac, Wings Co., N.B. and
recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1958

The sun went down beyond yon hill
 And across yon dreary moor
 Where he had lain and poor boy came
 Up to a farmer's door, up to a farmer's door.

2

"Pray can you tell me if any there'll be
 That will get me employ,
 For to plough and to sow, to reap and to mow
 And to be a farmer's boy, to be a farmer's boy.

3

"Though little I be I fear not work
 If thou wilt me employ,
 For to plough and to sow, to reap and to mow,
 To be a farmer's boy, to be a farmer's boy.

4

The father said, "Pray take the lad
 No farther let him see,"
 "Oh yes dear father," the daughter cried,
 While the tears rolled down her cheeks, while the tears rolled
 down her cheeks.

5

It's hard for those not where to work
 That wanders for employ,
 For to plough and to sow, to reap and to mow
 And to be a farmer's boy, to be a farmer's boy.

6

In course of time he grew a man
 And the good old farmer died,
 And he left the boy the farm he had
 And his daughter for his bride, and his daughter for his bride.

7

So the boy that was, the farmer is,
 And he lays and thinks with joy
 Of the lucky lucky day when he came that way
 To be a farmer's boy, to be a farmer's boy.

Sung by Mr. C.E. Inkpen, Poodiac, Kings Co., N.B. and
 recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1958