

FSG30
23,422.2
MF289.815

Reel 206B

The Miller and His Three Sons; 10 vs., good variant; sung by Mr. Edward Collicott, Canaan, Lunenburg Co.; compare SBNS p.203; humorous

Riddles; three told by Mr. Edward Collicott, Canaan

I Had A Little Hen; this began as a recitation but ended up with a tune; sung by Mr. Collicott; we used to sing this when I was growing up.

Frogs at Lower Ship Harbour; these were heard in May and were so lively that they were recorded at 9.30p.m., 10.30 and midnight.

French Songs to guitar accompaniment; lovely voice which sounds like Edith Butler. recorded for own enjoyment and not for Museum collection.

All items from Nova Scotia, recorded by Helen Creighton in 1960

There lived an old miller at Devonshire,
 He had three sons as you may hear,
 But when he was about for to make his will
 To the one of them he'd will his mill.

Cho.

Sing folly diddle dol call fol derol,
 Therol dol dey.

2

Oh he calleth up his oldest son
 Claims, "Son dear son, my glass is run,
 And unto you my mill I'll make,
 Pray tell to me what toll you'll take." Cho.

3

"Oh father you know my name is Dick,
 For every bushel I'll take a peck,
 Out of every bushel I do grind
 I'm sure a good living I would find." Cho.

4

"You're not the son," the old man cried,
 "You haven't learned your father's trade,
 Then by such toll no man can live
 To you my mill I'll never give." Cho.

5

Oh he calleth up his second son,
 Saying, "Son dear son, my glass is run,
 And unto you my mill I'll make
 Pray tell me now what toll you'll take." Cho.

6

"Oh father you know my name is Ralph,
 Out of every bushel I'll take it half,
 Out of every bushel I will grind
 I'm sure a good living I will find." Cho.

7

"You're not the son," the old man cried,
 You have not learned your father's trade,
 Then by such toll no man can live
 And it's you my mill I'll never give." Cho.

8

Oh he calleth up his youngest son,
 "Kind son, dear son, my glass is run,
 And unto you my mill I'll make
 Pray tell me now what toll you'll take." Cho.

9

"Oh father you know I'm a bonny boy,
 And stealing corn is all my joy,
 And for good living I would make
 I'd take the whole and swear to the sack." Cho.

10

Oh now this old miller is dead and gone,
 The globe(?) worms carry his body along,
 But where he's gone no one can tell,
 But it's always supposed he's gone to hell. Cho.

(Singer remarks, "I always thought a lot of that song; he has forgotten, or never knew the verse in which the father commends his youngest son)."

Sung by Mr. Edward Collicott, Canaan, Lunenburg Co., and recorded by Helen Creighton.

Down in a low holler (hollow) I heard a loud call,
It's head was red and his mouth was horn,
Such a man was never born.

"Now what was that? " "You tell me; what was it?"

A rooster.

.....
As I went over London bridge
I met my sister Sx Ann,
I cut her throat and sucked her blood
And left her body stand.

A whisky bottle.

.....
Black was out and red was in,
Cock your leg and shove it in.

A boot with a red lining inside

.....
I had a little hen, she had a wooden leg,
The best little hen on the farm,
For she laid more eggs than any other hen
Then any other hen on the ~~farm~~ farm.

Another little drink, another little drink,
Another little drink wouldn't do us any harm,
Haw haw haw.

Told by Mr. Edward Collicott, Canaan, Lunenburg Co., and recorded by
Helen Creighton, 1960