

- 1 Bonny Barbara Allan, Child ballad sung by Finvola Redden, Middle Musquodoboit; 14 vs.; for better recording see Reel 151B
- 2 The Swan; sung first by Fred Redden and daughter Finvola but recording isn't good; is better sung next by Finvola alone; for words & tune see MFS p.75
- 3 As Jennie Sat Doon, sung by J.W. Byers, New Annan; love rejected as girl cannot find husband to suit her and realizes she will be left; nice song; all of Mr. Byers songs well sung and words clear. 7 vs.
- 5 Lucy's Flittin" sung by Mr. Byers; sad song, orphan loves above her station, goes away and dies
- 4 Why Left I My Hame? sung by Mr. Byers; 4 vs. longing for old home; singer says this is in book of Scotch songs but to a different tune.
- 6 The Plains of Waterloo, sung by Mr. Byers; words different from usual songs of this title; 5 vs., soldier's last campaign.
- 7 Talk on Stopping Blood and Being Born With Caul, with Ashtom Locke, Grand Manan; his brother who was born with caul could stop blood.

Recorded for National Museum by Helen Creighton in 1960

Scarlet

In ~~Scarlet~~ Town where I was born
 There was a fair maid dwellin',
 Made every youth cry well away,
 Her name was Barbara Allan.

All 2
 Was in the merry month of May
 When green buds they were swellin',
 Young Henry Grove on his deathbed lay,
 For love of Barbara Allan.

3
 And death is printed o'er his face,
 And o'er his heart is stealin',
 And she's away to comfort him,
 Oh lovely Barbara Allan.

4
 And slowly slowly she got up,
 And slowly she drew nigh him,
 And all she said when there she came,
 "Young man I ~~think~~ you're dying."
 feel 5

He turned his
 With deadly sorrow sighing,
 "Oh pretty maid come pity me,
 I'm on my deathbed lying."

6
 "If on your deathbed you do lie
 What means
 I cannot keep you from your death,
 Farewell," said Barbara Allan.

7
 He turned his face unto the wall,
 And death with him was stealin",
 "Adieu, adieu my kind friends all,
 Adieu to Barbara Allan."

8
 As she was walking o'er the fields
 She heard the death bell tolling,
 And every stroke it seemed to say,
 "Unworthy Barbara Allan."

9
 She turned her body round about
 the corpse a-
 "Lay down, lay down the corpse," she said,
 "That I may look upon him."

10
 With scornful she looked
 Her cheeks with laughter swellin',
 While
 Unworthy Barbara Allan

11
 When he was dead and in his grave
 Her heart was struck with sorrow,
 "Oh mother, mother make my bed,
 For I shall die to-morrow.

"Hard-hearted creature in whose life
 Who loved me so dearly,
 Oh that I'd been more kind to him
 When he was live and near me. "

✕✕✕ 13

She on her death bed as she lay
 Begged to be buried by him,
 And so repented of the day
 That she did e'er deny him. ✕✕

14

"Farewell," she said, "ye maidens all,
 And shun the fault I fell in,
 Henceforth take warning by the fault
 Of cruel Barbara Allan."

Sung by Finvola Redden, Middle Musquodoboit, and recorded for the
 National Museum by Helen Creighton in 1960.

Jennie

As ~~JENNIE~~ sat doon wi' her wheel by the fire
 And thought of the time that was fast fleein' by her,
 She said to herself with ~~heavy~~ a heavy "Ha-he,"
 Oh it's a' body's like to be married but me

2

My youthful companions are wed and awa',
 And though I mysel' had a lover or twa,
 Yet a lad to anes mind is a rare thing to see,
 So it's a' body's like to be married but me.

3

There's Lowrie the lawyer would hae me fu' fain,
 And he has a hoose and a yard o' his ain,
 But afore I would tak him I rather would dee,
 A wee stumpin' body, he'll never get me.

4

There's Dicky my cousin from Lunnon cam doon,
 Wi' his braw new buskins that dazzled the toon,
 But his trinkets I never let wit I could see,
 He may gang and catch donkeys, he'll never get me.

5

But I met a sweet lad by yon Sou'ie burn side
 That well might deserve any queen for his bride,
 An' if I'd my will o' it his ain I would be,
 Though a' body's like to be married but me.

6

I gaed him a blink as a kind lassie should,
 If my friends they had seen it, it sx would ~~ka~~ na be good,
 But though bonnie and good he's no worth a bawbee,
 So a' body's like to be married but me.

7

It's hard to find shelter beneath a lake dyke,
 It's harder to hae what the heart canna like,
 It's hard to be ax wae when ye fain would be gay
 But it's harder that a' should be married but me.

Sung by Mr. J.W.Byers, and recorded for the National Museum by
 Helen Creighton in 1960.

Why Left I My Hame?

Reel 215A

Why left I my hame, why did I cross the deep?
Oh why left I the land where my forefathers sleep?
I sigh for Scotia's shore and I gaze across the sea
But I canna get a blink of my ain country.

2

The palm tree waveth high and fair the myrtle springs,
And to the Indian maid the bul-bul sweetly sings,
But I canna see the broom wi' its tassels on the lea,
Nor hear the lintie's sang in my ain country.

na

3

I hear the Sabbath bells awake the Sabbath morn,
Or the song of reapers heard among the yellow corn,
But the tyrant's voice I hear and the wail of slavery,
But the sun of freedom shines in my ain country.

4

There's a hope for every woe and a balm for every pain
But the first joys of our youth can ne'er come back again,
There's a track upon the deep and a path across the sea
But the weary 'll ne'er return to their ain country.

Sung by Mr. J.W. Byers, New Annan and recorded for the National
Museum by Helen Creighton in 1960.

Mr. Byers says the words are in a book of Scotch songs but the
tune there is different.

'Twas when the wan leaf frae the birk tree was fa'in,
 And Martinmass dowy had woun' up the year.
 That Lucy row'd up her wee kist wi' her a' in it
 And left her auld master and nee'bors sae dear.

2

For Lucy had sar'd in the glen a' the sun simmer,
 She cam' there before the flower bloomed on the pea,
 An orphan was she and they had been kind til' her,
 Sure that was the thing brought the tear to her e'e.

3

She gae'd by the stable where Jamie was stan'in,
 Right sair was his hax kind heart the flittin' to see,
 Then, "Fare ye weel Lucy," quo' Jamie and ran in,
 The gatherin' tears trickled fast frae his e'e.

4

Although he said naething but "Fare ye weel Lucy,"
 It made me I neither could speak, hear, nor see,
 He couldna' say mair but "Fare ye weel Lucy,"
 But that I will mind till the day that I dee.

5

As doun' the glen she gaed slow wi' her flittin,
 And "Fare ye weel Lucy" was ilka bird's sang,
 She heard the crow sayin' it high on the tree sittin'
 And Robin was chirpin' it the broom leaves amang.

6

Oh what's it that puts my poor heart in a flutter,
 Or what gars the tear come sae oft to my e'e?
 If I wasna born for to be ony better
 Then why ony better need I wish to be?

7

The lamb likes the gowan wi' dew when it's droukit,
 The hare likes the brake abd the bird likes the lea,
 And Lucy likes Jamie, she turned and she look'it,
 She thought that dear lad she would never see main see.

8

And weel may young Jamie gang dowy and cheerless,
 And weel may he greet on the banks o' the burn,
 For bonnie sweet Lucy, sae gentle and peerless,
 Lies cauld in her grave and will never return.

Sung by Mr. J.W.Byers, New Annan, and recorded for the National
 Museum by Helen Creighton in 1960.

Come all you ~~lads~~ brisk and lively lads, come listen unto me
While I relate how I have fought in the wars of Germany,
I have fought in Spain and in Portugal, in France and Flanders too,
But little I thought I'd be reserved for the Plains of Waterloo.

2

'Twas on the fourth of June my boys as you will soon now hear,
Our drums and fifes they played so sweet we knew the French were near,
There was Boney with his gallant troops, his numbers being but few,
He boldly went and pitched his tent on the Plains of Waterloo.

3

'Twas Wellington our countryman who commanded us that day
While Blucher commanded the Prussian troops, he swore he would gain the fray,
The French they gained for the first two days, and would the third one too
But Blucher betrayed poor Bounaparte on the Plains of Waterloo.

4

It would fill your eyes with tears my boys for to see those Frenchmen's wives,
Likewise their little children, how the tears fell from their eyes,
Crying, "Mother, dearest mother, we shall forever rue
The day we lost our dear fathers on the Plains of Waterloo."

5

There's many's the river I've crossed through water and through mud,
And many the battles I have fought, my ankles deep in blood,
But Providence being kind to me in all that I've gone through,
'Twas there I fought my last campaign on the Plains of Waterloo.

Sung by Mr. J.W. Byers, New Annan, and recorded for the National Museum
by Helen Creighton in 1960.

Question: Mr. Locke you said that your brother could charm for stopping blood; how did he do that?

Answer: I don't know how he does it; he has a gift that a woman can give it to a man. A man can't give it to another man and a woman can't tell a woman, but he can stop blood, my brother Oscar Locke of North Head now.

Q: Does the person have to be near him? Can he stop it for somebody far away?

A: Well I don't know how far away he can do it, but he's got to know how the blood was started, see. If you cut yourself, or whatever happened to you, he's got to know that. But he can stop it; it's quite a gift too.

Q: Your mother had these gifts, didn't she?

A: My mother had a gift. I never knew her to stop blood, but she had a gift to tell anything before it ever happened.

Q: Where did your mother come from?

A: My mother was born right here on Grand Manan.

Q: What nationality would she be?

A: She'd be English. Her name was Julia Green.

Q: Did anybody else on the Island have this gift?

A: Yes, a man by the name of Lewis Bencraft lived down here at Castalia and had the gift to stop blood, and another man by the name of Jim Mahar could stop blood, and then I'll tell you another man could do it, and that was Judson Watt, used to live in Castalia and moved to North Head and died at North Head, and he's buried up there.

Q: Was there ever a seventh son of a seventh son here?

A: Well, I couldn't say for sure if there ever was or not. But my brother Oscar was born with a veil over his eyes.

Q: Did his mother keep it?

A: No, no. They didn't have doctors here then, and there was a woman was the doctor, see, and she burnt it.

Q: Was it supposed to be bad luck to burn it?

A: Well I don't think so. He could have been famous in telling things more - been more famous if they'd a' saved it, see. He could have been probably able to stop blood without anyone telling him. He could have worked quite a lot of miracles.

Q: Is it a belief if a person is born with a veil that they could work miracles?

A: I've heard my mother telling it.

Q: Anything else? What about being drowned?

A: Oh I don't think you've got to be drowned.

Q: They say if you're born with a caul that you'll never be drowned.

A: No, I never heard that. (Mrs. Locke says she's heard it.) My brother came pretty ~~close~~ nigh being drowned. He was sailing. He went to step off the boat and he fell between the boat and the wharf and another fellow from the Island here grabbed him and got him - hauled him aboard. He told me that not over two years ago.