

Acadian
home file?

FSG30
23. 451. 2
MF289. 864

227A

- ✓ Lin Was A Chinaman, sung by Mrs. Jack Wells, Alberton, P.E.I. Used as lullaby for children; 2 vs/& cho
- ✓ The Quangle Wangle " " " " " lullaby, nonsense song, 2 vs. nice for little children
- Baby Bunting of the Rocking Horse Brigade, Mrs. Wells, for children, perhaps not quite folk; 4 double vs.
- ✓ It Snow, It Blows, sung by Mrs. Wells, singing game, a form of Drop the handkerchief
- ✓ Over in the Meadow " " " " incomplete here, for longer version see 227B
- ✓ Rosalie the Prairie Flower, " " song for children, used to put them to sleep; sad 2 vs.&cho.
- Old Black Joe, " " game without music; Children are sheep, taken off one by one
- ✓ Bow Wow Wow " " lullaby about a dog wanting to go for a run; 2 vs., see 2nd singing
- ✓ Poor Babes in the Wood " " lullaby; 3 vs. as in Mother Goose
- ✓ Hi Nellie Ho Nellie, or Nelly Bly " song for children; vs. added as taken down in 1929.
- La Belle Rosa, sung by Mrs. Hector Richard; Acadian French song, words not transcribed; quite nice
- Fifty Years Ago, sung by Mr. Hector Richard; local song of boyhood days quite well sung; 12 vs., in English.
- Evangeline, sung by Mr. & Mrs. Richard; Acadian French song quite nicely sung; words not transcribed
- The North Star, sung by Mr. Richard; think this is about a ship; sung in French, words not transcribed

(background grunts in last two songs are from inebriated man who came to house and sat next to singer. All of Mrs. Wells' songs have been loved by children)

Tape 227B

- 2,458 An Acadian Errant, Acadian French song, sung by Mrs. Hector Richard,
Tignish, P.E.I. words not transcribed
- 59 St. Ann's Reel, fiddle tune played not too well by Mrs. Richard,
Tignish
- 60 Money Musk " " " " " " " " " " " "
- 61 The Miramichi Fire, Tignish
2 vs. sung for melody by Mr. Hector
Richard, Tignish
- 62 The New Breakwater..... amusing local song. 7 vs. sung to good
tune by Mr. Richard
- 63 Story of a Mule..... this sounds like a folk tale, probably
Acadian, amusing
- 64 Once I Had A Little Kitty..... 4 vs. nice little lullaby for small
children, sung by Mrs. Jack Wells,
Alberton, P.E.I.
- 65 Over in the Meadow 7 vs. nice song as lullaby or for
young children sung by Mrs. Wells.

rest of Tape blank

Lin was a Chinese laundry man
Crotchety, proud, and old,
Chinn was a dealer in teas I wéen,
Rich in his mine of gold.
Lin he had a daughter fair,
She was his hope and pride,
Chinn all wrinkled with age and care
Courtied her for his bride.

Cho.

Singing ring a ching ching a ching
Ching ching ching,
Ring a ching ching ching ching ching ching,
Ring a ching ching a ching ching ching ching,
Ring a ching ching ching ching a ching Jo.

2

The day of the marriage soon approached,
Soon all would have been o'er
When a barbarian Englishman
Quietly stepped on shore,
He was charmed with her tiny feet,
In love with her dark blue eyes,
And away to the British fleet
He carried her for his bride. Cho.

Sung by Mrs. Jack Wells, Alberton, P.E.I. and recorded
By Helen Creighton, August 1962

And the Quangle Wangle said
From his home in the crotchety tree,
Jam, jelly, and bread
Are the best of foods for me,
But the longer I live on the crumpety tree
The plainer than ever it seems to me
Life on the whole is far from gay
Said the Quangle Wangle quee.

2

Such a hat you did never see,
It had ribbons and bibbons and loops and lace
AAnd nobody ever could see the face
Of the Quangle Wangle quee.

Sung by Mrs. Jack Wells, Alberton, P.E.I., and recorded by
Helen Creighton, August 1962

Dear little baby bunting,
Mama's darling four years old,
Sits on his rocking horsie
Playing like a soldier bold.
Baby and mama's sweetheart,
Pretty little blue-eyed miss,
Here him say, "I'm off to battle,"
Mama said good-bye with tender kiss.

Fora captain baby bunting
Of the rocking horse brigade,
At home his mother's waiting
With a pretty little witty blue-eyed maid,
Little soldier when you're older
May your courage never ~~fade~~ fade,
Dear captain baby bunting
Of the rocking horse brigade.

Years are not long in passing,
Duty called, he marched away,
Gladly they read the message
Saying how he'd won the day,
Tramp tramp troops returning,
Eyes of loving hearts grow dim,
"Whose the horse without a rider,
Whose the missing hero left behind?

'Tis captain baby bunting
Of the rocking horse brigade,
At home his mother's waiting
With a pretty little witty blue-eyed maid,
The soldier when you're older
May your courage never fade,
Dear captain baby bunting
Of the rocking horse brigade.

Sung by Mrs. Jack Wells, Alberton, P.E.I. and recorded by
Helen Creighton, August 1962

It Snows, It Blows

Reel 227A4

(Drop the Handkerchief)

(This is a singing game. A group of children stood up in a row and one walked up and down and sang it. They had a handkerchief and dropped it.)

It snows and it blows and it's cold stormy weather,
I and my true love go marching together,
He goes as reefer, I go as binder,
I lost a pretty girl and where shall I find her?

'Tis you, or you, or you. (Then they drop the handkerchief and the other one has to run around and pick it up. You see they'd stand in a row and one would have the handkerchief and she'd walk back and forth and sing this and then she'd drop the handkerchief suddenly and the one she dropped it in front of had to pick it up quickly and run around to the empty place and fill it in before she got there.)

Sung by Mrs. Jack Wells, Alberton, P.E.I. and recorded by
Helen Creighton, August 1962

Rosalie the Prairie Flower

Reel 227A6

On the distant prairies where the heather wild
In its quiet beauty bloomed and smiled,
In a lonely cottage dwelt a lovely child,
Rosalie the prairie flower.

Cho.

Fair as a lily, joyous and free,
Light of that prairie home was she,
Every one that knew her felt the gentle power
Of Rosalie the prairie flower.

2

When the shades of evening gathered in the west
And the birds and flowers had gone to rest,
Came an angel stealing, caught her to his breast,
Took away our prairie flower. Cho.

Sung by Mrs. Jack Wells, Alberton, P.E.I., and recorded by
Helen Creighton, August 1962

Bow wow wow, bow wow wow,
Puppy dog what are you barking for now?
Bow wow wow, bow wow wow,
Puppy dog what are you barking for now?

^{we}
They chained me up here, such a long time, Oh dear,
Master has put on his hat,
Is my collar undone? let me go for a run,
Bow wow, I thank you for that.

Lullaby sung by Mrs. Jack Wells, Alberton, P.E.I. and recorded by
Helen Creighton, August 1962

This was sung over and over until the child went to sleep.

repeated

Poor Babes In the Wood

Reel 227A9

Lullaby

Oh my dears don't you know that a long time ago
Two dear little children whose names I don't know
They were stolen away on a fine summer day
And were left in the woods so I've heard people say.

2 oh

And when it was night how sad was their plight,
For the moon it went down and the stars gave no light,
And they sighed and they sighed and they bitterly cried,
Poor babes in the wood, they lay down and died.

3

And the robin so red sang sweet songs o'er their head,
Took strawberry leaves and over them spread,
And all the night long they sang that sad song,
Poor babes in the wood, poor babes in the wood.

Sung by Mrs. Hack Wells, Alberton, P.E.I. and recorded by
Helen Creighton, August 1962

sung to little children who loved it.

(These words are in Mother Goose; I remember it from my own
childhood.)

Hi Nellie, ho Nellie, listen unto me,
 I'll sing for you and play for you the sweetest melody,
 Pass me the pumpkins and mushes made of corn,
 There's corn and pumpkins plenty love lying in the barn.

Sung by Mrs. Jack Wells, Alberton, P.E.I. and recorded by
 Helen Creighton, August 1962.

(She thinks there may be other verses, but this is all she
 ever knew. She learned them from her husband's aunt, an old lady).

The following verses were taken down ~~an~~ from Mrs. Wm.
 McNab, Halifax circa 1929. They appear to be the same song, in
 southern negro dialect.

xNellie Bly

Nellie Bly

Nellie Bly shuts her eye when she goes to sleep,
 And when she wakens up again her eyes begin to peep,
 The way she walk she lift one foot an' then she puts it down,
 An' when she does dere's music dar in dat part ob the town.

Cho.

Hi Nellie, ho Nellie, listen lub to me,
 I'll sing for you, I'll play for you a dulcet melody.

2

Nellie Bly has a voice like a turtle dove,
 I hears it in de meadow and I hears it in the grove,
 Nellie Bly has a heart warm as a cup o' tea,
 An' big as any sweet potata down in Tennessee. Cho.

3

Nellie Bly, Nellie Bly, neber, neber sigh,
 And neber let a tear drop in de corner ob yer eye,
 For de pie is made o' pumpkin an' de mush am made ob corn,
 An' dere's coran and pumpkin plenty love lyin' in de barn. Cho.

I visited my native home after long I'd been away,
 And stood on the banks of the Tignish on a glorious summer^s day,
 I walked along the river bank and across the bridge did go,
 Where we used to go a-fishing some fifty years ago.

2

The woods that grew hard by the bridge where once we used to play,
 And the church that stood within the woods looks much the same to-day,
 I searched in vain for Blumphry's(?) grave here where the tide does
 We peopled it with ghosts and things some fifty years ago, flow,

3

The Injun and his birch bark camp that stood in days gone by
 Along the winding river bank no more of them greet the eye,
 The boys our happy playmates were with arrow and with bow,
 As hunters in the woods we played some fifty years ago.

4

The house and barn where Paul Richard, our neighbor kind and good,
 Has once residedd, has gone and left no trace of where it stood,
 Here lived and died the Wardie(?) man without much outward show,
 His death took place as I recall some fifty years ago.

5

Of Francis Hughes now I must speak, his family beside,
 At home no better people lived in all the whole world wide,
 I see from where I sit the cows as to the ~~xixxxx~~ they go,
 spring,
 To drink, and memories bring me back to fifty years ago.

6

The old log house where I was born has met the usual fate,
 Has been torn down and been replaced by one more up to date,
 'Twas there I spent my boyhood days along with Tom and Joe,
 While Mike had grown to man's estate some fifty years ago.

7

My mind goes back to happy days when friendship did abound,
 When friends and strangers in our home a welcome always found,
 And Christmas was the day of days in that blessed cottage low,
 For hospitality and good cheer some fifty years ago.

8

I wandered on still further along the river brink,
 And I knelt me down at Hughes's spring in order to get a drink,
 The ball looked much the same to me, the moss waved to and fro,
 The water tasted just as good as fifty years ago.

9

The angelus is ringing in the church upon the hill,
 I listen and it makes my mind with solemn feelings fill,
 My parents in the churchyard sleeps the sleep the good may know,
 They lived a blameless happy life some fifty years ago.

10

The sounding bell reminds me of the young priest straight and tall,
 Who used to guide our youthful steps from dangerous pitfalls,
 Good Father Dougald still looks young, he steps it's lively due(?)
 His step is not so lively as it was some fifty years ago.

11

I visited the swimming hole and stood awhile to muse,
 Where brother Tom and I used to go with Ned and Johnny Hughes
 And every evening after school a-swimming we would go,
 'Twas a designated on shore some fifty years ago.

Now all are scattered far and near, some cross the Great Divide,
And Tom now sleeps in Tennessee on a sunny green hillside,
And when our hearts do cease to beat as the years along do roll,
I hope our spirits can come back to the dear old swimming hole.

Composed by Mr. Chas. Dillon about 35 years ago

Sung by Mr. Hector Richard, Tignish, P.E.I. and recorded by Helen
Creighton, August 1962