

Glebe Centre Community Programs at Abbotsford House

Caregiver Program

Music Videos

Lyrics and Notes:

Video #1: **Sea Shanties**

Songs used to help with the work in
the age of sail

Video #2: **Sea Songs**

Songs about life on and around the sea

Video #3: **Songs on the Lighter Side**

Songs to bring amusement and joy

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Singers:

Maura Volante

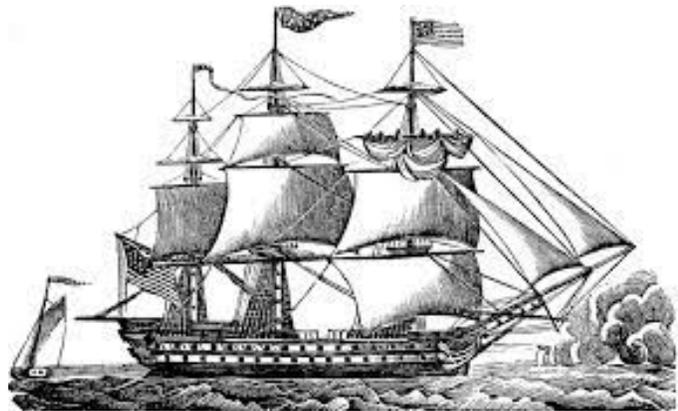
Fern Vale

Ranald Thurgood

Neville Miller

Dale Morland

Gail Anglin



Blow the Man Down

Blow the man down, bullies, blow the man down
To me way, hey, blow the man down
Blow him right over to Liverpool town
Give me some time to blow the man down!

As I was out walkin' down Paradise Street
Way, hey, blow the man down
A pretty young maiden I chanced for to meet
Give me some time to blow the man down!

She was round in the counter and bluff in the bow
Way, hey, blow the man down
So I took all in sail and cried, "Way enough now!"
Give me some time to blow the man down!

I hailed her in English, she answered me clear
Way, hey, blow the man down
"I'm from the Black Arrow, bound to the Shakespeare."
Give me some time to blow the man down!

Blow the man down, bullies, blow the man down
To me way, hey, blow the man down
Blow him right over to Liverpool town
Give me some time to blow the man down!

So I tailed her my flipper and took her in tow
Way, hey, blow the man down
And yardarm to yardarm away we did go.
Give me some time to blow the man down!

But as we were going, she said unto me
Way, hey, blow the man down
"There's a spankin' good rigger just ready for sea."
Give me some time to blow the man down!

That spankin' good rigger to New York was bound
Way, hey, blow the man down
She was very well mannered and very well found.
Give me some time to blow the man down!

This is a popular shanty, at least as old as the mid-19th Century, said to be used for hauling halyards and topsails. It is full of nautical imagery which could also be referring to women.

Blow the man down, bullies, blow the man down
To me way, hey, blow the man down
Blow him right over to Liverpool town
Give me some time to blow the man down!

But as soon as that packet was clear of the bar
Way, hey, blow the man down
The mate knocked me down with the end of a spar.
Give me some time to blow the man down!

As soon as that packet was out on the sea
Way, hey, blow the man down
'Twas devilish hard work in every degree.
Give me some time to blow the man down!

So I give you fair warning before we belay
Way, hey, blow the man down
Don't ever take heed of what pretty girls say.
Give me some time to blow the man down!

Blow the man down, bullies, blow the man down
To me way, hey, blow the man down
Blow him right over to Liverpool town
Give me some time to blow the man down!

Drunken Sailor (next page):

We know that this song goes back to at least the early 19th century, and was used for tasks in which the crew walked in a long line together, for example, hauling up an anchor. It has become one of the most popular shanties among the general public.

Drunken Sailor

What shall we do with a drunken sailor,
What shall we do with a drunken sailor,
What shall we do with a drunken sailor,
Early in the morning?

Way hey, and up she rises
Way hey, and up she rises
Way hey, and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Hang him from the yardarm 'til he's sober
Hang him from the yardarm 'til he's sober
Hang him from the yardarm 'til he's sober
Early in the morning.

Way hey, and up she rises
Way hey, and up she rises
Way hey, and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Put him in the longboat 'til he's sober
Put him in the longboat 'til he's sober
Put him in the longboat 'til he's sober
Early in the morning.

Way hey, and up she rises
Way hey, and up she rises
Way hey, and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Pull out the plug and wet him all over
Pull out the plug and wet him all over
Pull out the plug and wet him all over
Early in the morning.

Way hey, and up she rises
Way hey, and up she rises
Way hey, and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Shave his belly with a rusty razor
Shave his belly with a rusty razor
Shave his belly with a rusty razor
Early in the morning.

Way hey, and up she rises
Way hey, and up she rises
Way hey, and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Put him in the scuppers
with the hose-pipe on him,
Put him in the scuppers
with the hose-pipe on him,
Put him in the scuppers
with the hose-pipe on him,
Early in the morning

Way hey, and up she rises,
Way hey, and up she rises,
Way hey, and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Put him to bed with the Captain's daughter
Put him to bed with the Captain's daughter
Put him to bed with the Captain's daughter
Early in the morning.

Way hey, and up she rises,
Way hey, and up she rises,
Way hey, and up she rises
Early in the morning.

That's what we do with a drunken sailor
That's what we do with a drunken sailor
That's what we do with a drunken sailor
Early in the morning.

Way hey, and up she rises,
Way hey, and up she rises,
Way hey, and up she rises
Early in the morning.

The Bluenose Song

She's a Yankee ship
with a Newfoundland master
Blow, boys, blow
Blow me boys, just a little bit faster
Blow, me bully boys, blow

Blow today, blow tomorrow
Blow, boys, blow
For the more you blow,
the better goes the Bluenose
Blow, me bully boys, blow

Old Ben Pine was a mighty good skipper
Blow, boys, blow
But the Bluenose was always
just a little bit above her
Blow, me bully boys, blow

Blow today, blow tomorrow
Blow, boys, blow
For the more you blow,
the better goes the Bluenose
Blow, me bully boys, blow

And who do you think was skipper of her
Blow, boys, blow
Angus Walters and it was no other
Blow, me bully boys, blow

Blow today, blow tomorrow
Blow, boys, blow
For the more you blow,
the better goes the Bluenose
Blow, me bully boys, blow

And what do you think we had for dinner
Blow, boys, blow
Roast potatoes and a donkey's liver
Blow, me bully boys, blow

Blow today, blow tomorrow
Blow, boys, blow
For the more you blow,
the better goes the Bluenose
Blow, me bully boys, blow

One of the few shanties originating in Canada, this song is about the famous fishing and racing schooner from Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, that you can still see on our dime coins. The song puts us in the middle of the race for the Fisherman's Cup, between the Bluenose, skippered by Angus Walters, and a ship out of Gloucester, Massachusetts, skippered by a Newfoundlander, Ben Pine.

Rio Grande

Oh, say was you ever down Rio Grande

Way, Rio

It's there that the river runs down golden sand

And we're bound for the Rio Grande

Singing way Rio, way Rio

It's fare thee well, my pretty young girls

And we're bound for the Rio Grande

We'll man the good capstan and run her around

Way, Rio

We'll haul up the anchor to this jolly sound

And we're bound for the Rio Grande

Singing way Rio, way Rio

It's fare thee well, my pretty young girls

And we're bound for the Rio Grande

Well the anchor's away and the sails are all set

Way, Rio

And the girls that we're leaving, we'll never forget

And we're bound for the Rio Grande

Singing way Rio, way Rio

It's fare thee well, my pretty young girls

And we're bound for the Rio Grande

And it's goodbye to Sally and goodbye to Sue

Way, Rio

And them that is listening, it's goodbye to you

And we're bound for the Rio Grande

Singing way Rio, way Rio

It's fare thee well, my pretty young girls

And we're bound for the Rio Grande

This is a popular outward-bound shanty, used on a capstan or a windlass. The Rio Grande refers to a river in Brazil, rather than the one in Texas. Stan Hugill, an expert on the history of sea shanties, says that it was commonly sung on ships leaving the West Coast of England and Wales.

Leave Her, Johnny, Leave Her

I thought I heard the old man say
Leave her, Johnny, leave her
Just pump her out and draw your pay
And it's time for us to leave her.

Leave her, Johnny, leave her
Oh, leave her, Johnny, leave her
For the voyage is done
and the winds don't blow
And it's time for us to leave her.

The work wuz hard an' the voyage wuz long
Leave her, Johnny, leave her
The sea was high an' the gales wuz strong
And it's time for us to leave her.

Leave her, Johnny, leave her
Oh, leave her, Johnny, leave her
For the voyage is done
and the winds don't blow
And it's time for us to leave her.

The grub wuz bad an' the wages low
Leave her, Johnny, leave her
But now once more ashore we'll go.
And it's time for us to leave her.

Leave her, Johnny, leave her
Oh, leave her, Johnny, leave her
For the voyage is done
and the winds don't blow
And it's time for us to leave her.

The Old Man swears an' the mate
swears too
Leave her, Johnny, leave her
The crew all swear an' so would you.
And it's time for us to leave her.

Leave her, Johnny, leave her
Oh, leave her, Johnny, leave her
For the voyage is done
and the winds don't blow
And it's time for us to leave her.

We'll make her fast and stow our gear
Leave her, Johnny, leave her
The gals are a-waitin' on the pier.
And it's time for us to leave her.

Leave her, Johnny, leave her
Oh, leave her, Johnny, leave her
For the voyage is done
and the winds don't blow
And it's time for us to leave her.

Now I thought I heard the Old Man say
Leave her, Johnny, leave her
One more good heave an' then belay.
And it's time for us to leave her.

Leave her, Johnny, leave her
Oh, leave her, Johnny, leave her
For the voyage is done
and the winds don't blow
And it's time for us to leave her.

This is a homecoming shanty, generally sung just before the crew leaves the ship. All the complaints about the conditions and the bosses could thus be voiced without the fear of the reprisals there might have been when out at sea.

Farewell to Nova Scotia

The sun was setting in the west,
The birds were singing on every tree.
All nature seemed inclined to rest
But still there was no rest for me.

**Farewell to Nova Scotia,
the sea-bound coast,
Let your mountains dark and dreary be
For when I am far away
on the briny ocean tossed
Will you ever heave a sigh
and a wish for me?**

I grieve to leave my native land
I grieve to leave my comrades all
And my aging parents
who I've always held so dear
And the bonnie, bonnie lass that I do adore.

**Farewell to Nova Scotia,
the sea-bound coast,
Let your mountains dark and dreary be
For when I am far away
on the briny ocean tossed
Will you ever heave a sigh
and a wish for me?**

The drums do beat and the wars do alarm
The captain calls, I must obey
So farewell, farewell to Nova Scotia's charms
For it's early in the morning
and I'm far, far away.

**Farewell to Nova Scotia,
the sea-bound coast,
Let your mountains dark and dreary be
For when I am far away
on the briny ocean tossed
Will you ever heave a sigh
and a wish for me?**

I have three brothers and they are at rest,
Their arms are folded on their breast.
But a poor simple sailor the likes of me,
Must be tossed and driven
on the deep blue sea.

**Farewell to Nova Scotia
the sea-bound coast
Let your mountains dark and dreary be
For when I am far away
on the briny ocean tossed
Will you ever heave a sigh
and a wish for me?**

This is one of Canada's favourite traditional folk songs. In it, a young man heads out to sea on a warship, expressing longing for his homeland. He hopes he will return one day to his beloved Nova Scotia. It was collected by folklorist Helen Creighton.

I's The B'y

I's the b'y that builds the boat
And I's the b'y that sails her
I's the b'y that catches the fish^[1]
And brings them home to Liza.

Hip yer partner, Sally Tibbo
Hip yer partner, Sally Brown
Fogo, Twillingate, Moreton's Harbour
All around the circle!

Sods and rinds to cover your flake
Cake and tea for supper
Codfish in the spring o' the year
Fried in maggoty butter.

Hip yer partner, Sally Tibbo
Hip yer partner, Sally Brown
Fogo, Twillingate, Moreton's Harbour
All around the circle!

I don't want your maggoty fish
That's no good for winter
I could buy as good as that
Down in Bonavista.

Hip yer partner, Sally Tibbo
Hip yer partner, Sally Brown
Fogo, Twillingate, Moreton's Harbour
All around the circle!

I took Liza to a dance
Faith but she could travel
Every step that she did take
Was up to her knees in gravel.

Hip yer partner, Sally Tibbo
Hip yer partner, Sally Brown
Fogo, Twillingate, Moreton's Harbour
All around the circle!

Susan White, she's out of sight
Her petticoat needs a border
Old Sam Oliver in the dark
He kissed her in the corner.

Hip yer partner, Sally Tibbo
Hip yer partner, Sally Brown
Fogo, Twillingate, Moreton's Harbour
All around the circle!

Sally's got a brand new dress
Sally's got a fine one
Sally's got a brand new dress
Her mother made out of the old one.

Hip yer partner, Sally Tibbo
Hip yer partner, Sally Brown
Fogo, Twillingate, Moreton's Harbour
All around the circle!

Sailing to distant shores is not the only way in which people spend their time on boats. Newfoundland was settled by folks who were there for the fish, and the fishing life is the topic of many Newfoundland songs. This one is set to a lively dance tune, and typically accompanied by the accordion.

Banks of Newfoundland (next page) is another one that speaks of Newfoundland, but from the point of view of a sailor working on a merchant ship. The Virgin Rocks were dangerous undersea rocks off the coast of Newfoundland. The decks on ships were always in need of scrubbing to get rid of the slippery saltwater residue, and the sailors used blocks of sandstone for this task, called holy stones because the blocks were the size of bibles and required the sailors to kneel on deck to wield them.

The Banks of Newfoundland

Come all you rakes and rambling boys, I'd have you to beware
When you go on board of a merchant ship, blue dungaree jumpers wear
But have your monkey jackets, boys, keep them at your command
For there blows a cold nor'wester on the Banks of Newfoundland.

**We'll scrub her up, we'll scrub her down with holystone fine sand
And we'll bid adieu to the Virgin Rocks on the Banks of Newfoundland.**

Two Irish men we had on board, Mike Murphy and Pat Moore
In the year of eighteen forty-three, those sailors suffered sore
For they'd pawned their clothes in London and they sold their notes of hand
Never thinking of the cold nor'westers on the Banks of Newfoundland.

**We'll scrub her up, we'll scrub her down with holystone fine sand
And we'll bid adieu to the Virgin Rocks on the Banks of Newfoundland.**

One Irish girl we had on board, Cassie Higgins was her name
To her I'd promised marriage; on me she had a claim
She tore her flannel petticoats to make mittens for my hands
Before she'd see her true love freeze on the Banks of Newfoundland.

**We'll scrub her up, we'll scrub her down with holystone fine sand
And we'll bid adieu to the Virgin Rocks on the Banks of Newfoundland.**

I had a dream the other night, I dreamed I was at home
I dreamed that me and my true love were in old Marylebone
That we were on old England's shore with a jug of ale at hand
When I woke, my heart was broke on the Banks of Newfoundland.

**We'll scrub her up, we'll scrub her down with holystone fine sand
And we'll bid adieu to the Virgin Rocks on the Banks of Newfoundland.**

And now we're passing the Virgin Rocks where the stormy winds do blow
With a crowd of sailors on the deck a-shovelling off the snow
We'll scrub her down, we'll rub her down with holystone and sand
And we'll bid adieu to the Virgin Rocks on the Banks of Newfoundland.

**We'll scrub her up, we'll scrub her down with holystone fine sand
And we'll bid adieu to the Virgin Rocks on the Banks of Newfoundland.**

And now we're passing Sandy Hook where the wintery winds still blow
With a tug-boat right ahead of us, to New York we will go
We'll fill our brimming glasses with a jug of rum in hand
For while we're here, we can't be there on the Banks of Newfoundland.

**We'll scrub her up, we'll scrub her down with holystone fine sand
And we'll bid adieu to the Virgin Rocks on the Banks of Newfoundland.**

Willie Taylor

Willie Taylor, brisk young sailor
Full of fun and full of glee
Off to church they went together
Dressed in silks so rich and gay

Birds were singing, bells were ringing
Off to church they went with glee
In marched four and twenty sailors
Pressed young Willie off to sea

Farum darum fiddle aye arum
Fiddle aye arum right fol ray

Now she's shipped on board a vessel
In the name of Richard Farr
Her once white and delicate fingers
Now they're covered with pitch and tar

Now she's on the yardarm, reefing
Doing her duty like all the rest
When her waistcoat it blew open
And there she shows her lily white breast,

Farum darum fiddle aye arum
Fiddle aye arum right fol ray

When the captain came for to hear it
Saying, "Fair maid, what brings you here?"
"I'm in search of my true lover
Who was pressed from me, so dear."

"Well if you're in search of your true lover
Tell me what his name might be."
"His name it is young Willie Taylor
Seven long years he's been gone from me."

Farum darum fiddle aye arum
Fiddle aye arum right fol ray

"Well if you rise early tomorrow morning
Just before the break of day
It's there you'll see your Willie Taylor
Walking with a lady gay."

So she rose early the next morning
Just before the break of day
It's there she saw her Willie Taylor
Walking with a lady gay.

Now she's call-ed for a pistol
Which was given at her command
And she shot young Willie Taylor
Standing by his bride's right hand,

Farum darum fiddle aye arum
Fiddle aye arum right fol ray

When the captain came for to hear it
Saying, "Fair maid, what have you done?"
And he's made her his first lieutenant
On his ship of nine hundred ton.

Now she's on the quarterdeck walking
Sword and pistol in her hand
And every time that she gives orders
Sailors tremble at her command,

Farum darum fiddle aye arum
Fiddle aye arum right fol ray

Farum darum fiddle aye arum
Fiddle aye arum right fol ray

This song, one of many sea ballads about women dressing as men to work as sailors, originated in the British Isles. This version was collected in Ontario by Edith Fowke, and published in *Traditional Singers and Songs from Ontario*.

Leaving of Liverpool

Farewell to you Prince's landing stage
River Mersey, fare thee well
I am bound for California
A place I know right well

**So, fare thee well, my own true love
And when I return, united we will be
It's not the leaving of Liverpool
that grieves me
But, my darling, when I think of thee**

I am bound for California
By the way of the stormy Cape Horn
And I'll write to you a letter, love
When I am homeward bound.

**So, fare thee well, my own true love
And when I return, united we will be
It's not the leaving of Liverpool
that grieves me
But, my darling, when I think of thee**

I am shipped on a Yankee clipper ship
Davy Crockett is her name
And Burgess is the captain of her
And they say that she's a floating hell.

**So, fare thee well, my own true love
And when I return, united we will be
It's not the leaving of Liverpool
that grieves me
But, my darling, when I think of thee**

I have been with Burgess once before
And I think I know him well
If a man's a seaman, he will get along
But if not, then he's sure in hell

**So, fare thee well, my own true love
And when I return, united we will be
It's not the leaving of Liverpool
that grieves me
But, my darling, when I think of thee**

Farewell to Lower Frederick Street
And St. Terrace and Park Lane
For I think it will be a long, long time
Before I see you again.

**So, fare thee well, my own true love
And when I return, united we will be
It's not the leaving of Liverpool
that grieves me
But, my darling, when I think of thee**

Oh, the sun is on the harbour love
And I wish I could remain
For I know it will a long, long time
Before I see you again.

**So, fare thee well, my own true love
And when I return, united we will be
It's not the leaving of Liverpool
that grieves me
But, my darling, when I think of thee**

This song is a staple of Irish sessions everywhere (though it is clearly an English song), and has a great chorus. It is from the 19th century, and names a ship that existed in that time, the Davy Crockett, and its master, Burgess, who was a real person.

Poor Little Girls of Ontario

I'll sing you a song of that pesky pest
It goes by the name of the Great Northwest
I cannot have a beau at all,
They all skip out there in the fall.

**One by one, they all clear out,
Thinking to better themselves, no doubt,
Caring little how far they go
From the poor little girls of Ontario.**

First I got mashed on Charley Brown
The nicest fellow in all the town
But he tipped his hat and sailed away
And now he's settled in Manitobay.

**One by one, they all clear out,
Thinking to better themselves, no doubt,
Caring little how far they go
From the poor little girls of Ontario.**

Then Henry Maynard with his white cravat
His high stiff collar and his new plug hat
He said if he stayed, he'd have to beg
And now he's settled in Winnipeg.

**One by one, they all clear out,
Thinking to better themselves, no doubt,
Caring little how far they go
From the poor little girls of Ontario.**

Then my long-legged druggist with his specs
on his nose,
I really thought that he'd propose
But he sold his bottle-shop and now he's gone
Clear out to little Saskatchewan.

**One by one, they all clear out,
Thinking to better themselves, no doubt,
Caring little how far they go
From the poor little girls of Ontario.**

I'll pack my clothes in a carpet sack
I'll go out there and I'll never come back
I'll find me a husband, and a good one, too
If I have to go through to Cariboo.

**One by one, we'll all clear out
Thinking to better ourselves, no doubt,
Caring little how far we go
From the poor, old folks of Ontario.**

As the west opened up, many young men left established settlements in Ontario to seek their fortunes in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and beyond. This song is collected by Edith Fowke, sung by Mrs. Hartley Minifie in 1958 on an album: *Folk Songs of Ontario*.

Herring and Potatoes

When I went down to Boston
They served me fish with frosting
The money it was costing
Was not for the likes of me, give me

Herring and potatoes
Herring and potatoes
Herring and potatoes
That's good enough for me.

Back in Cape Breton, Nova
We're livin' in the clover
With herring and potatoes
And a good, strong cup of tea, give me

Herring and potatoes
Herring and potatoes
Herring and potatoes
That's good enough for me.

When I went up the Mira
That's where I met Elvira
And now she's Mrs. Ira
And we're happy as can be, eating

Herring and potatoes
Herring and potatoes
Herring and potatoes
That's good enough for me.

A girl came in from Brooklyn
Just as we were cookin'
You should have seen her lookin'
At what we had for tea, it was

Herring and potatoes
Herring and potatoes
Herring and potatoes
That's good enough for me.

She called my wife a joker
And hauled off for to poke her
When the bones began to choke her
And southward she did flee, from those

Herring and potatoes
Herring and potatoes
Herring and potatoes
That's good enough for me.

Now we're happy in Cape Breton
'Cause the rising costs we're beatin'
And I'll tell you what we're eatin'
'Cause it's good enough for me, it's those

Herring and potatoes
Herring and potatoes
Herring and potatoes
That's good enough for me.

In the 1920s, a Cape Breton Island radio station ran a songwriting contest and Winnifred Protherou won it with this cheerful song about a couple of staple foods of the area. The song moved into oral tradition and became very well known all over Cape Breton.

A Kangaroo Sat On an Oak

A kangaroo sat on an oak
To my inkum kiddy kum kimo
Watching a tailor mend his coat
To my inkum kiddy kum kimo.

Kimi neero kiddy kum keero
Kimi neero kimo
Ba ba ba ba billy illy inkum
Inkum kiddy kum kimo.

Go fetch my arrow and my bow
To my inkum kiddy kum kimo
'Til I go shoot that kangaroo
To my inkum kiddy kum kimo.

Kimi neero kiddy kum keero
Kimi neero kimo
Ba ba ba ba billy illy inkum
Inkum kiddy kum kimo.

The old man shot; he missed his mark
To my inkum kiddy kum kimo
He shot the old sow through the heart
To my inkum kiddy kum kimo,

Kimi neero kiddy kum keero
Kimi neero kimo
Ba ba ba ba billy illy inkum
Inkum kiddy kum kimo.

Go fetch me 'lasses in a spoon
To my inkum kiddy kum kimo
'Til I go heal the old sow's wound,
To my inkum kiddy kum kimo,

Kimi neero kiddy kum keero
Kimi neero kimo
Ba ba ba ba billy illy inkum
Inkum kiddy kum kimo.

The old sow died and now she's gone,
To my inkum kiddy kum kimo
Her little ones go waddling on,
To my inkum kiddy kum kimo

Kimi neero kiddy kum keero
Kimi neero kimo
Ba ba ba ba billy illy inkum
Inkum kiddy kum kimo.

This song was collected in Nova Scotia by Helen Creighton, though it originated in England. In the English version the creature in the tree is a carrion crow. This may have been misheard or misunderstood, or the substitution may have been made for comic effect.

Beware, Oh Take Care

They say young men are bold and free

Beware, oh take care

They'll tell you they love you but they're liars you see

Beware, oh take care.

Beware, young women, they're foolin' you

Trust them not, they're foolin' you

Beware, young women, they're foolin' you

Beware, oh take care.

Around their necks they wear a guard

Beware, oh take care

But in their pocket is a deck of cards.

Beware, oh take care.

Beware, young women, they're foolin' you

Trust them not, they're foolin' you

Beware, young women, they're foolin' you

Beware, oh take care.

They smoke, they chew, they wear fine shoes

Beware, oh take care

But in their pocket is a bottle of booze.

Beware, oh take care.

Beware, young women, they're foolin' you

Trust them not, they're foolin' you

Beware, young women, they're foolin' you

Beware, oh take care.

They hold their hands up to their hearts

They sigh, oh they sigh

They say they love no one but you

They lie, oh they lie.

Beware, young women, they're foolin' you

Trust them not, they're foolin' you

Beware, young women, they're foolin' you

Beware, oh take care.

This is an American song credited in the 1920s to Blind Alfred Reed, though it may have been a reworking of an earlier song.

Within the Well

Within a well, there was a flea, ay hm!
Within a well, there was a flea
She brought with her a dish of tea
And lachedy doodly doo
And lachedy daytly dum!

Within the well there was a tick, ay hm!
Within the well there was a tick
She drank so much it made her sick,
And lachedy doodly doo
And lachedy daytly dum!

Within the well there was a fly, ay hm!
Within the well there was a fly
She ate so much, it made her die,
And lachedy doodly doo
And lachedy daytly dum!

Within the well there was a snail, ay hm!
Within the well there was a snail
He had the bagpipes on his tail,
And lachedy doodly doo
And lachedy daytly dum!

Within the well there was a bee, ay hm!
Within the well there was a bee
She played the banjo on her knee,
And lachedy doodly doo
And lachedy daytly dum!

Within the well there came a girl, ay hm!
Within the well there came a girl
Her pretty head was all acurl,
And lachedy doodly doo
And lachedy daytly dum!

Within the well came her sweetheart, ay hm!
Within the well came her sweetheart
And from her arms he'd never part,
And lachedy doodly doo
And lachedy daytly dum!

Within the well there fell a bull, ay hm!
Within the well there fell a bull
He was so big the well was full,
And lachedy doodly doo
And lachedy daytly dum!

Within the well there fell, alack, ay hm!
Within the well there fell, alack
The straw that broke the camel's back,
And lachedy doodly doo
And lachedy daytly dum!

Within the well there fell a ram, ay hm!
Within the well there fell a ram
The occupants were in a jam,
And lachedy doodly doo
And lachedy daytly dum!

Within the well the waters rise, ay hm!
Within the well the waters rise
And all spill out with sputtering sighs,
And lachedy doodly doo
And lachedy daytly dum!

Within the well the water fell, ay hm!
Within the well the water fell
Good-night! There's nothing more to tell,
And lachedy doodly doo
And lachedy daytly dum!

This curious song was collected by Helen Creighton, and adapted by Marius Barbeau for a 1947 publication of the National Museum of Canada called *Come A Singing!: Canadian Folk Songs*.