

FSG30
03.142.2
MF289.283

Reel 25

Recorded by Helen Creighton.

70-43. Franklin and His Bold Crew. Sung by Sung by Edward and Everett Little, with Ward Little at the organ. Terrance Bay, Halifax Co.

43-22. Lord Bateman. Sung by Edward Little, Terrance Bay.

22-end. Rose of Dunmore. Sung by Leo and Edward Little, Terrance Bay.

(Note the curious diction of these people from Terrance Bay, especially their treatment of the letter O. There were a few words missing in the texts of these songs taken down the day of recording, and it was only with great difficulty that I was able finally to get them from the record)

Will you please let me know if all 25 reels have arrived safely?

A seaman bold that has withstood,
While seas may roll on the briny flood,
That in those lines that I may gain(?)
Will put you in mind of a sailor's dream.

2

Homeward bound one night on the deep,
Swang in my hammock I fell asleep,
I dreamt a dream which I thought was true
Concerning Franklin and his bold crew.

3

As we drew near to old England's shore
I heard a lady that did implore,
She wept as loud and she seemed to say,
"Alas my Franklin is long away.

4

"Now since that time on ship of fame
It bears my husband across the Main,
One hundred seamen that I may name
To find that north-western passage through.

5

"To find a passage to the North Pole
Where swas do rage and the loud thunder roars,
'Tis more than any a man can do
With hearts undaunted and courage too.

6

"A sad foreboding, they gave me pain
Since my long lost Franklin has crossed the Main,
One hundred pounds I would freely give
To say on earth does my husband live."

7

Now since that time seven long years have passed,
Through many's the keen and a bitter blast
Threw over the graves where poor seamen fell,
Their dreadful sufferings no tongue can tell.

8

There's Captain Osborne of Scobrun town,
There's Crumswell Perry² of fiery renown,
There's Captain Osborne and as many's the more
That's long been searching the Artic shore.

9

Now they sailed east and they sailed west
Through Greenland's coast to where they knew best,
Through hardships and dangers they vain did strive,
And on mountains of Fife where their ships were drove.

10

In Baffin's Bay where the whale fish blow
The fate of Franklin nobody knows,
Theres's many's the wife that is left to mourn
In grief and sorrow till they return.

Sung by Edward and Everett Little with Ward Little at the organ. The squeaking sound is from the organ pedal. The mother's voice can be heard in the background at the beginning of each verse prompting from memory. Most of the words were taken down at the time of singing, but a few gaps had to be filled in from the record which are still a little doubtful as in the 3rd line of vs. 1. Recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 25, 1949.

1. Hobson?

2. Penny?

Lord Bateman was a noble lord,
A noble lord of a high degree,
He shipped himself on board of a ship
And swore foreign countries he would go see.

2nd
He sailed east, he sailed west
Until he came to proud Turkey,
Where he was taken and put in prison
Until his life it was almost weary.

3
Now in that prison there grew a tree,
And there it grew both stout and strong,
Where he was chained around the middle
Until his life it was almost gone.

4
This Turk he had but one only daughter,
A daughter of a high degree,
She stole the keys of her father's prison
And swore Lord Bateman she would go see.

5
"Have you got houses, have you got land,
Or do Northumbly belong to thee,
What would you give to the fair young lady
That out of prison would set you free?"

6
"I have got houses, I have got land
And half Northumbly belongs to me,
I will give it all to the fair young lady
That out of prison will set me free."

7
She took him down to her father's cellar
And gave to him the very best of wine,
And every health that she drank unto him
"I wish Lord Bateman that you were mine."

8
"Now seven years I will make a vow,
And seven more for to keep it strong,
If you'll not wed with no other woman,
Then I'll not wed with no other man."

9
She took him down to her father's shipyard
And gave to him a ship of fame,
"Farewell, farewell," cried the fair young lady,
"I'm afeared Lord Bateman I'll see you no more."

10
When seven years had ^{been} passed and gone
And fourteen days well known to thee,
She packed up all of her gay clothing
And swore Lord Bateman she would go see.

11
Now when she came to Lord Bateman's castle
So no-bil-y she rung the bell,
"Who's there? Who's there?" cried the proud young porter,
"Who's there? Who's there?" pray tell unto me.

12
"O say is this Lord Bateman's castle
And is ~~Lord Bateman~~ his lordship here within?"
"Oh yes, oh yes," cried the fair young porter,
"He's just up taking his new bride in."

13
"Tell him to send me a slice of cake
And a bottle of the very best of wine,
And not forgetting the fair young lady
That did relieve him of his close confine."

added at end

14

"Now away away went the proud young porter,
Away away and away went he,
Until he came to Lord Bateman's towers,
Down on his two bended knees he fell."

15

"What news, what news my proud young porter?
What news have thou brought unto me?"
"There stands the fairest of all young creatures
As ever my two eyes did see."

16

"She has got rings onto every finger
And on her middle one she has got three,
There's as much gay gold hanging round her middle
As would buy all of Northumbly."

17

"She said to send her a slice of cake
And a bottle of the very best of wine,
And not forgetting the fair young lady
That did relieve you of your close confine."

18

Lord Bateman then in a passion flew
And broke his sword into splinters two,
Saying, "I'll give all of my father's riches
If that Sophia has crossed the sea."

19

So then up speaks the young bride's mother,
"You never were known for to speak so free,
You're not forgetting my only daughter
Even if Sophia has crossed the sea."

20

"I own I made a bride of your daughter,
She's none the better or the worse for me,
She came to me on her horse and saddle,
She may go back in a coach and three."

21

Lord Bateman then prepared another marriage
With both their hearts both light and free,
No more I'll travel for foreign countries
Since that Sophia has crossed the sea.

Sung by Edward Little, Terrance Bay, and recorded by Helen Creighton
Sept. 25, 1949.

As I roved out oh one ev-en-ing,
 Kind Phoebius so softly did shine,
 The nightingales whistled melodious,
 From the listening that fell by the side.

2

Down by a shady grove where I strayed
 A while to condole in the shade,
 My distance alone for to wander
 It was there I beheld a fair maid.

3

I stepped all forth for to view her,
 And this unto her I did say,
 Said I, "Those green meadows looks charming,
 How far through this grove do you stray?"

4

She answered, "Kind sir I will tell you,
 The truth unto you I'll explain,
 That the battle has lately befell me,
 My dwelling it lies near Dunmore.

5

"Now once I did love a bold hero
 Until his fond heart I did gain,
 No other I ever loved dearer,
 But now he is crossing the Main.

6

"He's been under brave Nelson for battle,
 Our brave English navy so brave,
 Where cannon and balls loud do prattle
 All by those proud French on the Main."

7

He said, "Now my dear you are constant,
 Perhaps if your true love is slain,
 For many's a man falls a victim
 All by those proud French on the Main.

8

"It might of had happened your true love
 As it has happened many before,
 So come along with me unto Rossland
 And bid a farewell to Dunmore."

9

"Now how could I be so unconstant
 To promise so much to prove true,
 To go and to leave my own sweetheart
 And to venture all fortunes with you?"

10

"My friends they would call me hard-hearted,
 Likewise unto him I am sworn,
 From my true love I never shall be parted,
 I will wait for that youth of Dunmore."

11

Her cheeks like two roses a-blooming,
 Fine summer's now nearly o'er,
 October's cold winds are a-blowing,
 Will soon blast the rose of Dunmore.

12

When I found her fond heart it was failing
 As it has happened many before,
 I hoisted my sails bound for Rossland,
 And I gained that sweet Rose of Dunmore.

Sung by Leo and Edward Little, Terrance Bay, Halifax County,
 and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 25, 1949.

(The 4th line of the 1st vs. makes little sense, but that is
 what it sounded like from the record).