

Reel 32

FSG30
23.149.2
MF289.297

- 70-60. The Forest Belle. Sung by Mr. John Obe Smith, Glen Haven.
- 60-40. The Flying Cloud. 17 vs. " " " " " "
- 40-38. I Have Ninepence. Sea chanty (good). " " " "
- 38-30. Whisky For My Johnny " " " "
- 30-28. The Sailor's Grave " " " "
- 28-22. Harbour Grace. Local Nfld. (good) " " " "
- 22-12. The Dreadnaught " " " "
- 12-10. Tell The Old Man. Sung by Mrs. Steadman Young, Seabright

Come all you hardy fishermen
That winter fishing go,
Who face those cold nor'westard winds,
Fierce storms of hail and snow,
Pause here awhile and listen
What a dreadful tale I'll tell
Of the winter gale and the sad sad loss
Of the schooner Forest Belle.

2

A finer vessel ne'er was launched
Nor over the wild waves flew,
And braver hearts were never known
Than those of her hardy crew,
Twelve sturdy men in the prime of life
Daring winter gale and snow,
Left tender wives and sweethearts dear
To watch for their return.

3

It was in the fall of '68,
November the nineteenth day,
Those fearless men with a nor'west gale
From Cape Ann bore away,
Bound away unto the Grand Banks
O'er the white capped waves did fly,
But little did those seamen think
That they so soon should die.

4

With tender words and fond carresses
They parted from those so dear,
"Cheer up," said they, "we'll soon be home
If God our lives will spare,
With aching hearts wives and mothers wept
No one can tell the tale,
But all suppose she found
it was the gale.

5

What those daring men did suffer
No one will ever know
Upon the wide and wintry sea
Where howling storms did blow,
The raging waves engulfed their barque,
No hand was there to save
That little band of gallant men
From a cold and watery grave.

6

God bless the mourning friends they left
And comfort those that weep,
For husbands, sons, and true loves dear
Now buried in the deep,
We hope to meet them once again
Upon a brighter shore
Where we may meet them once again
And parting be no more.

The Forest Belle was a brand new schooner that sailed
off and never came back. She was wrecked off Gloucester. Mr.
Smith got verses 4&5 mixed in singing, and added other words
later on. In taking them down I missed the last line of vs.4

Sung by Mr. John Obe Smith, Glen Haven, and recorded by
Helen Creighton, June, 1950

Come all you rambling sailor lads,
Come listen unto me,
I am heavy bound in iron strong
To die for piracy.
With eighteen more I am condemned
In sorrow to complain,
For plundering and burning ships
Down on the Spanish Main.

2

My name is Edward Anderson
As you might understand,
I belong to the town of Waterford
In Erin's happy land,
My parents reared me tenderly
To the fear of God likewise,
But little they thought I'd die in scorn
'Neath Cuba's sunny skies.

3

My father bound me to a trader
In Waterford fair town,
He bound me to a cooper
By the name of William Brown,
I served my master faithfully
For eighteen months or more,
When I shipped on board of the Ocean Queen
Bound to Valparaiso shore.

4

I happened in Valparaiso
To fall in with Captain Moore,
He commanded the slipper Flying Cloud
Sailing out of Baltimore,
I hired for to sail with him
On a slaving voyage to go
To the burning sands of Africa
Where sugar canes do grow.

5

The Flying Cloud is a clipper ship
Five hundred tons or more,
She could easily sail around anything
Sailing out of Baltimore,
I oftentimes saw that goodly ship
With the wind be after beam,
With her royals and her stunsails set
Taking sixteen from the reel.

6

Her sails were as white as the driven snow
And on them was no speck,
She had seventeen brass mounted guns
She mounted on her deck,
With iron chests and magazines
All safely stowed below,
She had a Long Tom between her spars,
On a swivel it did go.

7

We soon tossed o'er the raging Main
And landed safe on shore,
And five hundred of those poor slaves
From their native home we tore,
We drug their bodies to our deck
And stowed them down below,
It was eighteen inches to a man
Was all we had to show.

8

We then weighed anchor, put to sea
~~FilixwxcamxtatxthexArabianxshox,~~
Our cargo being black slaves,
It would have been better for those men
Had they gone to their graves,

For a raging fever came on board,
Swept half of them away,
We drug their bodies to our deck
And threwed them to the sea.

9

About a fortnight after
We came to the Arabian shore,
We sold them to a planter there
To be slaves forever more,
For to work in the rice and the sugar fields
Beneath the burning sun,
And run away their wretched lives
Till their career was done.

10

But when our money was all spent
We went on board again,
When Captain Moore called us on deck
And said to us his men,
"There's gold in plenty to be had
I'll tell you how to gain,
We'll run aloft the pirate flag
And scour the Spanish Main."

11

We all agreed by five brave youths
Who told us them to land,
Two of them were Boston chaps
And two from Newfoundland,
The other was an Irish chap
Belonging to Trimore,
I wish to God I had joined those men
And with them went on shore.

12

We burnt and plundered many's the ship
Down on the Spanish Main,
Left many's a widow and orphan child
In sorrow to complain,
We caused the crew to walk the plank
Which hung out o'er our rail,
For the sayings of our captain was
The dead men tell no tales.

13

We were oft times chased by man of wars
And oft by frigates too,
But to overhaul our goodly ship
That's a thing they never could do,
Till all in vain astern of us
Their cannons roared aloud,
They never could by any means
O'ertake the Flying Cloud.

14

Till at length a Spanish man o'war
The Dungeon hove in view,
She fired a shot across our bow
As a signal to heave to,
We made to him no answer
But stood before the wind
Till a chain shot took our mizzenmast
And we soon fell behind.

15

We cleared our decks for action
As she ranged up alongside,
And soon upon our quarterdeck
There flowed a crimson tide,
We fought till Captain Moore was killed
And eighty of his men,
When a bombshell shot our ship afire
There was cause to surrender then.

(over)

We were taken prisoners
 And into prison cast,
 Was tried and found guilty
 And to be hung at last,,
 You see what I have come to
 By my unlucky hand,
 For it's on the gallows I must die
 By the laws of the Spanish land.

17

So it's fare you well sweet Waterford
 And the girl I love so dear,
 Her voice like music soft and sweet
 I never more shall hear,
 I shall never kiss her rosy lips
 Or press her lily-white hand,
 For on the gallows I must die
 By the laws of the Spanish land.

This, and the version in Songs and Ballads From Nova Scotia, p..26, are the most complete ~~vers~~ I have ever taken down.

Sung by Mr. John Obe Smith, Glen Haven, and recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1950.

Learned from a ballad sheet in Halifax.

I have a ninepence,
I love me ninepence
As I love me life,
I'll spend a penny of it
And I'll keep another of it,
And I'll carry eightpence home to me wife.

Cho.

Not a pint nor a glass shall grieve me
Nor there's no French girl shall deceive me,
Happy is the girl that'll keep me
When I come rolling home.

2

I have eightpence,
I love me eightpence
As I love me life,
I'll spend a penny of it
And I'll keep another of it,
And I'll carry sevenpence home to me wife. Cho.

And so on to end.

Sea chanty, sung by Mr. John Obe Smith, Glen Haven, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1950.

Whisky For My Johnny. Reel 32.38-30.No.4

Whisky killed my brother Sam,
Whisky Johnny,
Whisky killed my brother Sam,
Whisky for my Johnny.

2

Whisky makes me feel so glad, etc.

3

Whisky is the life of man, etc.

4

I thought I heard the old man say, etc

5

Whisky killed my poor old man, etc.
It's whisky here and whisky there, etc.

7

It's whisky makes me wear old clothes, etc.

Sea chanty sung by Mr. John Obe Smith, Glen Haven, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1950.

(At first Mr. Smith was reading from the Mackenzie collection, but he began afresh in his own way saying, "it should be sung as loud as you can holler.")

The Sailor's Grave. Reel 32.30-28.No/5

Our barque was far far from the land
When the bravest of our gallant band
Grew deathly pale and passed away
Like the twilight on a summer's day.

2

We watched him through long hours of pain,
Great was our care, our hopes in vain,
Death's stroke he gave, no cause alarm,
But smiled and died in his messmate's arms.

3

We had no costly winding sheet,
We placed two roundshot at his feet,
In his hammock he lie so snug and sound
Like a king in his costly marble mound.

4

Proudly we lowered him down to rest
With the British flag thrown o'er his breast,
We gave him this as a badge of the brave
As we lowered him down to the sailor's grave.

5

Our prayers broke out, our hearts grew weak,
Many tears were seen on his shipmates' cheek,
And a quiver played on the lip of pride
As we lowered him down our ship's dark side.

6

A splunge and a splash and all was o'er
And the waves rolled on as they roll'd before,
Many the deep sigh have rolled away
As we lowered him down to the sailor's grave.

Sung by Mr. John Obe Smith, and recorded by Helen
Creighton at Glen Haven, June 1950.

A sailor is always buried from the dark side of the
ship, Mr. Smith says; that is the port side.

O Harbour Grace is a very nice place
And so is the Bay of Islands,
So we give three cheers for Carboneer
When the boys comes home from swilin'.

2

Georgie he could build a boat
And he's the boy could drive her,
He's the boy could catch the fish,
Take him home to Liza.

3

I love to set by the big hot stove
And watch the kittle bilin'
Daddy will buy the baby a frock
When the boys comes home from swilin'.

4

O Uncle George he went to town
To buy I aye some cotton,
If he don't bring the flowery stuff
He needn't bring I nottin'.

5

Now we're bound for Carboneer
With our bright colors flyin',
The girls will wear new sealskin pants
When the boys comes home from swilin'.

6

Billy was our captain bold
And Georgie was our commander,
But a great big sea washed over he
And drowned the Newfoundlander.

7

We'll all go down for Mackety Bay
And dere we'll stay for de winter,
We'll all set down to a very good feed
With mussels in the corner.

Sung by Mr. John Obe Smith, Glen Haven, and recorded by
Helen Creighton, June 1950.

Swiling is fishing for baby seals.

(This is the song Mr. Smith is singing when the picture was
taken that appeared in the Christian Science Monitor, Jan. 8/51

The Dreadnaught, Reel 32.24-12. No.7

O the Dreadnaught she's a packet, she's a packet of fame,
She was built in New York and the Dreadnaught's her name,
She was built in New York where the tide ebbs and flows,
She's a Liverpool packet, to the westward she goes.

Cho

Bound away on the Dreadnaught
Where the stormy winds blow,
Outward bound on the Dreadnaught
To the westward we'll go.

2

O the Dreadnaught she's a lying in the Memrymoor dock
Where the boys and the girls on the pier head do flock,
For to give us three cheers as the winds down do blow,
Outward bound on the Dreadnaught to the westward we'll go. Cho.

3

O the Dreadnaught she's lying in the Mersey so wide
Waiting for the steamboat Constitution to tow her outside,
For to tow her outside where the winds down do blow,
Outward bound on the Dreadnaught to the westward we'll go. Cho.

4

O the Dreadnaught is away down the Banks of Newfoundland
Where the waters are deep and the bottom is sand,,
Where the fish of the ocean they swim to and fro,
Bound away in the Dreadnaught to the westward we'll go. Cho.

5

O the Dreadnaught she's a-howling down Long Island shore
Where the pilots do board us as they oft did before,
Furl away your maintopsail and your foretacks alsom
For the Dreadnaught she's a-howling, Lord boys let her go. Cho.

6

O come all ye old fellows take warning one and all,
Never sail in those packets that flies the Black Ball,
For that was the occasion of my first downfall,
Be aware of false packets that flies the Black Ball.

(She was a Black Ball liner; they were hard ships to go on -
hard on their crew.)

Sung by Mr. John Obe Smith, Glen Haven, and recorded by
Helen Creighton, June 1950.

See Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia p.227 under the caption,
The Banks of Newfoundland.

Tell The Old Man.

Reel 32.12-10.No.8

Tell the old man when his work is done
Tim a lim a link tim a loo my nee,
Come to me and I'll make him a shirt,
Tree da la, tree da la,
Tedda medda too de la,
Tim a lim a link tim a loo my nee.

Sung by Mrs. Steadman Young, Seabright, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, June 1950.

Song recalled from childhood.