

- 70-43. Pirate Song, Good. Sung by Mr. Gordon Connelly, Glen Haven MF289.303
- 43-26. Sealing Song, Nfld. Good " " " " " "
- 26-20/Gooseberry Pie. Comic, late. " " " " "
- 20-10. Since Love Can Enter An Iron Door. Sung by Mr. Sydney Boutilier, French Village
- 10-5. Once I Had a Girl. Pretty love song. " " " " Boutilier, French Village.
- 5- 3 Handsome Cabin Boy. 2 vs. " " " " Boutilier, French Village
- 3-2. There's A Pretty Little Maiden. Interesting. " " Boutilier, French Village.

It was early in the morning boys just at the break of day,  
 We spied a large and lofty ship to leeward as she lay,  
 "All hands on deck," our captain cries, "make ready to set sail,  
 There's a homeward-bound East Indiaman, I know her by her sail."

2

We bore right down upon her and as we ranged up 'longside,  
 With a loud-speaking trumpet, "Where are you from?" we cried,  
 "Where are you from?" cries Manning, "I pray you tell me true,  
 For we have lost our longitude about three days ago."

3

Those poor and frightened mariners not knowing what to do,  
 They hauled their foreyards to the wind not knowing what to do,  
 We went aboard the merchant ship and we murdered every man,  
 Some we shot and some we stabbed, some more we cut their throats,  
 But the worst of all was nine poor men we drowned in a boat.

4

Then we searched the Fame all over and we roused out everything,  
 At length we found a lady into her own cabin,  
 She not knowing of the murder or anything was done  
 She played upon her golden harp, so merrily she sung.

5

O some they cursed and some they swore they'd have her for their wife  
 "O no, O no," says Manning, "such work would never do,"  
 They rushed right on this lady without any fear or dread,  
 They rushed right on this lady and cut right off her head.

6

We went back aboard of our pirate ship, it was in the evening,  
 With a good cask of brandy lashed to our capstan head,  
 Was about the third watch of the night we made the heavens ring,  
 Saying, "Pirates come join your notes together and let us sing."

7

It was early the next morning boys just at the break of day,  
 We spied another lofty ship to leeward as she lay,  
 "All hands on deck," our captain cried, "make ready to set sail,  
 There's another old East Indiaman, I know her by her sail."

8

We again bore down upon him and as we ranged up 'longside  
 With a loud-speaking trumpet, "Where are you from?" we cried,  
 "Where are you from?" cried Manning, "I pray you tell me true,  
 For I have lost my longitude about three days ago."

9

Bold Rodney on his quarter stood, a surly old man was he,  
 Not caring for to answer us, but still kept on his way,  
 Bold Manning like a man got mad, he cursed, he swore in vain,  
 Saying, "I mean to show you Rodney that I do rule the Main."

10

He again bore down upon us and ranged up 'longside so neat,  
 When Rodney pulled his painted port and showed three rows of teeth,  
 Then broadside to broadside so merrily we went along  
 Until those wicked pirates was afraid they would go down.

11

"Four quarters, oh four quarters," Bold Manning he did cry,  
 "No quarters, no quarters," bold Rodney made reply,  
 "Fight on, fight on my British boys with roundshot, grape and shell  
 And we'll sink those wicked pirates down in eternal hell."

12

Then the band of music on Rodney's deck so merrily it did play,  
 While Victoria wears the crown of old England's happy home,  
 Long may she live and reign.

Sung by Mr. Gordon Connelly, Glen Haven, and recorded by  
 Helen Creighton, July 1950. Mr. Connelly learned the song from a  
 Coolen of Hubbard's Cove who was his dory mate for three years  
 while fishing off the Grand Banks.

Come all ye lovers of Newfoundland  
And her sons who ploughs the sea,  
Mid summer sun and winter storm  
So bold and fearlessly,  
It's pay attention for a while  
And I will sing to you  
A song about the Greenland  
And her hardy sealing crew.

2

We've just arrived in Harbiur Grace  
From that southern white coat patch,  
Her hold with oily pelts is stowed  
Chalk up to every hatch,  
We were the first to strike them  
In fact and now you can,  
And not a ball was shot to us  
From our sister ship Travan.

3

The morning of the tenth of March,  
The offerings of Green's Pond,  
To get our links in motion  
It did not take us long,  
And Fred was so anxious  
To see that all was right,  
He went around like a paper man  
At twelve o'clock that night.

4

Our pumps were in good order,  
Our condensers they were clean,  
Her pistons worked like magic  
And was well supplied with steam,  
We were all in good condition for  
To face the northern jam,  
To keep our head position  
That she proved every man.

5

A family of hoods was first  
On us to make a call,  
And in the evening of the twelfth  
We heard a white coat bawl,  
So swift was every man with spear  
It's as you can,  
As soon as it was light enough  
The seals began to pan.

6

The slaughter there was dreadful boys,  
It's useless to describe,  
From east to west for miles around  
The ice was crimson dyed,  
Sharp knives and bats we deadly worked  
And when the day was done  
Twice seven thousand pelts was flagged  
Beneath the setting sun.

7

And Harry never swore that day  
Upon his noble crew,  
For he knew their sterling value  
And their duty they would do,  
And when our ship was loaded  
And we were homeward bound  
The calling of each rollage man  
Turned up both safe and sound.

(over)

And when we're near the harbour bar  
 We steamed slowly in  
 With our colours gayly flying  
 As deep as she could swim,  
 The people gathered on the dock  
 From every street and lane  
 To welcome back the sealers  
 From on the stormy main.

Our captain left our bridge that day  
 And on the dock did stand,  
 So many were the friends he met  
 That shook his greasy hand,  
 He is a hardy Newfoundlander,  
 Harry Daw it is his name,  
 And he is abold commander  
 While on the stormy main.

~~Our captain left the bridge that day  
 And on the dock did stand,xxxxxxx~~

Now here's three cheers for Captain Daw  
 And may he long command  
 A hardy crowd and a gallant ship  
 From dear old Newfoundland,  
 And I hope while on the northern seas  
 It's may he always find,  
 And may his big jib always draw  
 Filled with a moderate breeze.

So now we're home for Easter boys,  
 At the hop we'll swing the girls  
 With their neat worked form-improvers  
 And their Dolly Varden curls,  
 Some folks perhaps might laugh at us  
 But they don't understand  
 That the boys in the oily jumpers is  
 The pride of Newfoundland.

Learned in Newfoundland on the north side when on J.T.  
 Thompson's trading expeditions more than 40 years ago.

- vs.2. white coats - name given to breed of seals.
- vs.5. hoods - another breed of seal; these have a hood.
- vs.2. if a ship strikes the seals and there is another ship in the vicinity they fire a cannon to tell the other ships so they can come up and share in the catch.
- vs.3. Green's Pond was a village that provided, or offered, the crew - the source from which the crew was taken.
- vs.3. links - engine
- vs.3. Freddiev- the engineer
- vs.3. The season opened on the 10th of March.
- vs.5. pan - come out of the water on the ice where they kill them.
- vs.6. pile them up on the ice - mark them with flags as the ice cake may go two miles away.
- vs.7. rollage - roll call to be sure none ~~left~~ of crew left on ice.

Sung by Mr. Gordon Connelly, Glen Haven, July 1950, and recorded by Helen Creighton.

You may boast if you like of your bacon and greens,  
You may talk of roast turkey and game,  
You may sing loud your praises of Boston baked beans,  
Oh they may all be just what they claim.  
Roast beef and plum pudding may answer for some,  
And oysters in stew and in fry,  
I relish them all but my greatest delight  
Is a big piece of goose berry pie.

Cho.

For there's nothing like gooseberry pie, says I,  
O it's don't I like gooseberry pie,  
From the time of the flood there's been nothing so good,  
So luscious as gooseberry pie.

2

Was my favourite lunching while toddling around,  
A youngster of three years or more,  
How I'd sniffup the fragments that often arose  
From the cracks of the old oven ~~flank~~ door,  
And now I've grown older I love it still more,  
And I shall to the day that I die,  
The girl that I marry must first understand  
How to make a good gooseberry pie. Cho.

3

As my teeth gently pressed through its lovely brown crust,  
And moisture the holes is set free,  
It sends through my frame such a thrill of delight,  
It's luscious as luscious can be,  
There's a girl here that's taken a fancy to me,  
I can tell by the glance of her eye,  
But the one that will seek for my friendship must first  
Fill me chock full of blueberry pie. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Gordon Connelly, Glen Haven, and recorded by  
Helen Creighton, July 1950.

Sinve Love Can Enter An Iron Door. Reel 35.20-10.No.4

For words see Reel 39.62-42.No.2 with these changes:

1.  
It's of a damsel both  
Those lines being

large stores

2

But since

3

While this  
When the old man found them a-sitting talking  
He went right home and a rage

4

And the oaths  
He'd part

5

So he

And the only chair for her was ground.

6

Until she begged him to  
I'll live and die my own dear

7

He vowed in spite of all the nations  
He'd gain

8

So at  
To gain release of  
He had won the object and

9

Like a lion he  
Saying, "Out of Scotland I'll have him  
his gore.

10

here in danger

I'll live no more

11

Saying, "All true lovers  
an iron door.

Sung by Mr. Sydney Boutilier, French Village, and recorded by  
Helen Creighton, July 1950. The noise at the end is from the pump.

See also Songs and Ballads From Nova Scotia p.181

Once I had a girl, a bonny, bonny girl,  
Her name I would scorn for to tell,  
Although she's got another all for to be herlover  
And she's left me a singing fare you well, fare you well,  
And she's left me a-singing fare you well.

2

As I walked out the dawny brookside near by the pine trees dwell,  
Is this oh my girl, my bonny, bonny girl?  
She was clasped in another man's arms, arms, arms,  
She was clasped in another man's arms.

3

She reached out to me her lily white hand  
Just as if I was at her command,  
I soon passed her by, I ne'er cast an eye,  
I was scorned to be slighted by a girl, girl, girl,  
I was scorned to be slighted by a girl.

4

Although my love is good, and just as good as she,  
Although she has houses and lands,  
Of sweethearts I have plenty, I can count them out by twenty,  
I can turn, I can change like the wind, wind, wind,  
I can turn, I can change like the wind.

(The 1st line in vs.2 should be two lines to make it uniform with the rest of the song. The singer pronounces wind, wynd.)

Sung by Mr. Sydney Boutilier, French Village, and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1950.

This is a very pretty little love song, for words and music.

It's of a gallant lady  
As you may understand,  
She had a mind for roving  
Unto some foreign land,  
She attired in sailor's clothing,  
So gallantly appeared,  
She engaged with a captain  
To serve him for ~~an~~ a year.

2

She engaged with a captain  
As cabin boy to be,  
The wind was blowing in favour  
When he put out to sea,  
The captain's lady being on board  
Beseeming she enjoyed  
To think the ~~captan~~ had engaged  
A handsomecabin boy.

All the singer could recall. For rest of words see reel 44,  
40-36. No.7 sung by Mr. Otis Hubley.

Sung by Mr. Sydney Boutilier, French Village, and recorded  
by Helen Creighton, July 1950.



There's A Pretty Little Maiden. Reel 35.5- No.7

There's a pretty little maiden  
That I ever shall adore,  
In Italy that bright and pleasant land,  
My life would be a pleasure,  
I would ask for nothing more  
If she would only share her heart and hand.

2

Her father keeps a brigade  
On the lonely mountain pass,  
~~And with him on the mountain side dwells,~~  
She's as gentle as the daughter of an earl,  
Although she set me free  
My heart shall ever be  
With the dear Italian girl I love so well.

3

While strolling through the village  
'Neath bright and sunny skies,  
A band of brigades stout and strong,  
They did capture me and helpless  
And put bandage on my eyes,  
And a victim I was quickly led along.

4

Five hundred pounds of ransom  
They demanded I should pay,  
And that I was not rich enough to give,  
If it wasn't for the pleading  
Of that little mountain maid  
They would never have permitted me to live.

Sung by Mr. Sydney Boutilier, French Village, and recorded by  
Helen Creighton, July 1950.