

Reel 36

FSG 30

23.153.2

MF 289.305

70-50.	My Song Is Of A Soldier.	Sung by Mr. Gordon Connelly,	Glen Haven.
50-30.	Silvery Tide	" " " " " "	" "
30-end.	The Flemmings of Tor Bay	" " " " " "	" "

My song is of a soldier
Who lately came from war,
He courted a lady
Most beautiful and fair,
Her riches was so great
That they scarcely could be told O,
It's true she loved a soldier boy
Because they are so bold.

2

She says, "My noble soldier
I fain would be your wife
But my cruel father
Would quickly end my life,"
So he took his sword and pistol
And hung it by his side,
And he swore that he would marry her
If she would be his bride.

3

They went to yonder church
And as they were coming home
They met her cruel father
With seven armed men,
"Now since you've been so mean
As to be a soldier's wife
O down in this lonesome valley
I will quickly end your life."

4

"Aye aye," says the soldier,
"I do not like your prattle,
For I am a bridegroom
And unprepared for battle,"
But he took his sword and pistol
And caused them all to rattle
While the lady held his horse
Till the soldier fought the battle.

5

The first one he came to
He run him to the main,
The second one he came to
He served him the same,
"Stay your hand," cries the old man,
"You make my blood run cold,
O it's you shall have my daughter
And five thousand pounds in gold."

6

"Fight on," cries the lady,
"My fortune is too small,
Fight on," cries the lady,
"My fortune is too small,,
"Fight on," cries the lady,
"My fortune is too small,"
"Stay your hand," cries the old man,
"And you shall have it all."

7

O he took them by the hand
And he led them both at home,
And never from his side
Would he let the soldier roam,
For there never was a soldier
That ever handled a gun
That would flinch but one inch
Till the battle it was won.

(over)

O never despise a soldier,
Although they may be poor,
They'd rather be on the battlefield
Than on some palace floor,
For they are the boys
That will make the traitors run
And they'll fight for the pretty girls,
Their rights and property.

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

See Songs and Ballads From Nova Scotia, p. 26⁵

Silvery Tide. Reel 36. 50-30. No.2

It's of a farmer's daughter who lived by the seaside,
She was comely, fair, and beautiful, she was called the village bride,
At length a bold sea captain who Mary's heart did gain,
And it's true she proved to Henry while on the stormy main.

2

All in young Henry's absence a nobleman there came
A-courting lovely Mary though she refused the same,
One morning as this nobleman walked out to take the air
Down by the rolling ocean he espied this lady fair.

3

"Now," says this wretched villain, "consent to be my bride
Or I'll send your body a-floating out on the silvery tide,"
"My vows are vain while on the main where Henry is," she cried,
"So you be gone, I love but one, he's on the silvery tide."

4

With a handkerchief he bound her hands and he plunged her o'er the
side,
And so slowly she went floating out on the silvery tide,
Was about a fortnight after when young Henry returned from sea
Expecting to be married and to set the wedding day.

5

"I'm afraid your true love is murdered," his anxious parents cried,
"She has proved her own destruction down on the silvery tide"
Young Henry on his pillow lay though he could take no rest,
For the murdering of his true love disturbed his aching breast.

6

He rose before it was midnight and to the beach did go
For to search the sandbanks over where the stormy winds did blow,
At day break in the morning his true love's corpse he ~~found~~ espied
As so slowly it went floating out on the silvery tide.

7

He knew it was his sweetheart by the gold ring on her hand,
He unbound the new silk handkerchief which put him to a stand,
The name of her cruel murderer in the end of it he espied
As so slowly she went floating down on the silvery tide.

8

This nobleman was arrested and the gallows proved his doom
For murdering lovely Mary who was scarce in her bloom,
Young Henry went rejected until the day he died,
And his last words was for Mary down on the silver tide.

1. dejected?

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

See Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia p.206

The thrilling tale we heard last week is in our memories yet,
Two fishermen from Newfoundland snatched from the jaws of death,
Two fine young men born in Torbay, they went adrift at sea
On the eighteenth day of April from the schooner Jubilee.

2

They left to prosecute their voyage near the Grand Banks stormy shore
Where many the hardy fisherman was never heard of more,
For six long days in storms at sea those hardy fellows stood,
Fatigued, footsore, and hungry, no water or no food.

3

Tossed on the seas all those long days while bitter was each night,
No friend to speak a kindly word, no sail to heave in sight,
At last a vessel hove in sight and saw the floating speck,
The Jessie Maurife was her name, coal laden from Quebec.

4

Our wheelsman well trained he espied clear through the misty haze
Those poor exhausted fishermen adrift so many days,
Our captain a kind-hearted man had just came on the deck,
They orders gave to hard a port and shaped her for the wreck.

5

Two hours or more while the winds did roar the Jessie sailed around,
To see if any tidings of the dory could be found,
The crew was stationed on the bow all anxious her to hail
When the captain spied her in the fog just aft the water rail.

6

Our brave commander right away the order gave to launch
The jolly boat that hung astern of good old oak so staunch,
Two brave old seamen manned the oars and at the word to go,
The captain standing in the bow to take the boat in tow.

7

The captain gripped the painter for to bring her to the barque,
While those on board were still as death, their features cold and dark,
A sling was then made fast below in which those men to place
While tender-hearted mariners they worked with nobly faith.

8

No sign of life was in those men as they were placed in bed,
But still our captain held out hope the vital spark not fled,
He watched for days and sleepless nights to bring those men around,
And on the second days discerned but just a feeble sound.

9

The first to speak was Peter, the eldest of the two,
He told the captain who they were, a part of the Jubilee's crew,
And how in April on the Banks they chanced to drift astray
And lay exposed in an open boat for six long stormy days.

10

Our captain then our stuns 'l set and shaped her for Quebec,
He took on board the dory and all left of the wreck,
He watched those men with another's care while in their berth they
lay,
And saved the lives of two poor boys once more to see Torbay.

11

The news was soon dispatched to home, to wives and children dear
To say the Jessie picked them up and banished every care,
Although they lay in hospital from dear friends far away,
Thank God they'll soon return all right and gladden sad Torbay.

12

God bless the Jessie's gallant crew, likewise their captain bold,
Their name should be recorded into letters of bright gold,
And send them peace and happiness in every port they lay,
The plucky boys that saved the life of the Flemmings of Torbay.

Sung by Mr. Gordon Connelly, Glen Haven, and recorded by
Helen Creighton, July 1950. See Songs and Ballads From Nova Scotia
p.248. Of vs.2 Mr. Connelly says, "one of the first things to go
back on you is your feet, so you get footsore in a boat." Learned
while fishing off Grand Banks from Newfoundlanders with whom it is a
favourite song.