

Reel 37

FSG30
 23.154.2
 MF289.307

- 70-50. Peter Emberley. Sung by Mr. Gordon Connelly, Glen Haven. Local.
- 50-40. City of Boston. (not the usual one) " " " ~~W~~
- 40-35. Outward Bound. Chanty " " " "
- 35-30. Moonlight To-Night Boys. chanty " " " "
- 30-28. Sally Around the Corner O chanty " " " "
- 28-12. Sally Ann. Prob. music hall. " " " "
- 12-10. Waterfall. complete version reel 58. Sung by Mr. Otis Hubley,
 Seabright
- 10-end. The Stately Southerner. Sung by Mr. Otis Hubley, Seabright

My name is Peter Emberley
I'll have you to understand,
I belong to Prince Edward's Island
Down by the coral strand,
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one
When the flowers were in brilliant bloom
I left my native country
My fortune to procure.

2

When I landed in New Brunswick
In that lumbering countree,
Way out in Synott's(?) ocean
To the south'ard of Mirimáchi,
I hired to work in the lumbering woods
Where they cut the tall spruce down,
By loading two sleds from a yard
I received my deadly wound.

3

There's danger in the ocean
When the seas roll mountains high,
There's danger in the battle field
Where the angry bullets fly,
There's danger in the lumbering woods
And death lurks sudden there,
And I have fallen a victim
In that great monstrous snare.

4

Here's adieu unto my greatest friend,
I mean my mother dear,
She reared a son that fell too soon
Since he left her tender care,
For little did my mother think
When she sang sweet lullabies
What country I should travel in
Or what death I should die.

5

Here's adieu unto Prince Edward's Island,
That garden in the sea,
No more I'll walk its flowery banks
Or enjoy its summer breeze,
No more I'll watch those gallant ships
As they go sailing by
With their streamers floating in the air
Far above their white sails high.

6

Here's adieu unto that island girl,
That island girl so true,
Long may she live to bless the isle
Where my first breath I drew,
May the years roll on just the same
As before I passed away,
What signifies a mortal man
Soon to slumber in the clay?

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

See Songs and Ballads From Nova Scotia p.301.

As I rode out one eve-ning
About the first of May
I overheard a female
Most bitterly did wail,
She says, "Kind ~~sir~~ my husband ~~days~~
I never shall see again,
For he's on the City of Boston
Tossed over the raging main.

2

"Now the steamship City of Boston
From New York she set sail
Bound across to Liverpool
With passengers and mail,
Six weeks she's overdue from here
And no tidings can we hear,
From the missing City of Boston
Nor will she soon be here.

3

"Some say she was dismayed
In the last destructive gale,
Some says she's on the ocean still
Depending on her sail,
But God knows best if she's afloat
Or will she ever get here
For to heal the grief and give relief
To those wives and children dear.

4

"There's a woman now in Liverpool
I hear the people say
With six pretty blue-eyed children
All around her knee do play,
Saying, 'Mother, dearest mother,
Is father yet alive,
Or will he ever return again
From over the ocean wide?'

5

"There are hundreds now in Liverpool
With aching hearts like me,
Lamenting for their loved ones
Who they never more will see,
While I am broken-hearted
Here in sorrow to remain,
Here's adieu to the City of Boston,
We'll ne'er see her again."

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

There is another song about a ship of the same name which
sailed from Halifax to Boston, and was lost. This one of Mr.
Connelly's I had never heard before.

We'll hoist our mainsail block and block,
Good-bye fare you well, hooray fare you well,
We'll hoist our mainsail block and block,
Hooray my boys we're outward bound.

2

We'll hoist our foresail block and block,
Good-bye fare you well, hooray fare you well,
We'll hoist our foresail block and block,
Hooray my boys we're outward bound.

3

Our anchor is weighed and on our bow,
Good-bye fare you well, hooray fare you well,
Our anchor is weighed and on our bow,
Hooray my boys we're outward bound.

4

We'll give her the jib and away we'll go,
Good-bye fare you well, hooray fare you well,
We'll give her the jib and away we'll go,
Hooray my boys we're outward bound.

5

A gallant captain and a hardy crew,
Good-bye fare you well, hooray fare you well,
A gallant captain and a hardy crew,
Hooray my boys we're outward bound.

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

Learned and sung on square riggers from Bear River sailing
to southern waters.

Moonlight to-night boys,
Starlight to-night,
Moonlight shines on the water.
When you are a-dreaming mother,
When you are a-dreaming mother,
When you are a-dreaming mother
Don't forget to dream of me.

Cho.

Moonlight, starlight,
Moonlight shines so bright,
Moonlight to-night boys,
Starlight to-night,
Moonlight shines on the water.

2

Moonlight to-night boys,
Starlight to-night,
Take your sweetheart out for a stroll,
Mind what you say boys,
Mind what you tell her,
Tell her how you'll court her
When the nights grows cold. Cho.

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

This was sung by sailors as the ship was getting under
way, and is therefore a sort of chanty.

Sally Around the Corner O

Reel 37. 30-28.No.5

Sally O, Sally O,
Sally around the corner O,
All day we'll heave away,
It's Sally around the corner O.

Sung by Mr. Gordon Connelly, Glen Haven, and recorded by
Helen Creighton July 1950. Mr. Connelly learned this chanty on
vessels sailing from LaHave or Lunenburg.

See also record 42B 3 sung by Joseph Hyson, Mahone Bay.

When I was young and boyish
My heart was full of glee,
I roamed about for pleasure
While every care was free,
I fell in love with a charming girl,
My trials then began,
I soon tipped over ears in love
With charming Sally Ann.

2

The first time that I saw her
At was at agay old spree,
Her eyes did shine like diamonds,
Ofttimes she winked at me,
I returned all her glances,
Her features I did scan,
I'm as crazy as a bedbug
On my charming Sally Ann.

3

The next time that I saw her
It was at her father's door,
I conversed with the old woman
About an hour or more,
The old woman talked quite sensible
Saying, "I'll do all I can
To make you hunky dory with
My daughter Sally Ann. "

4

When I grew more acquainted
I went there every night,
I bought her lots of jewelry
Which seemed my heart's delight,
Wasn't she an angel,
Wasn't I a smart young man
To get fooledlike Simple Simon
On my charming Sally Ann?

5

I went there one evening,
The old folks not being in,
I saw some strange performances
That almost made me grin,
Sally Ann was frying sausages
For Bob the butcher's man,
I asked an explanation
On my charming Sally Ann.

6

She flew into a passion,
Saying, " Boy what do you mean?
If I'm your charming Sally Ann
I'm not altogether green,"
Those words were scarcely spoken
When she grabbed a frying pan
And she knocked me topsy-turvy,
Did my charming Sally Ann.

7

When I asked her for my jewelry
Which I had gave to her
She looked at me quite angry,
Like a wildcat she did purr,
Saying, "You made me those presents
And you're in a trap young man,"
So leave the house," quite savage.
Cried my charming Sally Ann.

8

I stepped up to a p'liceman
And the story to him did tell,
I gave him a gold dollar piece
Which seemed to please him well,
Back to Sally Ann's we went
And over the house did roam,
But not a fragment could be found
Of charming Sally Ann.

9

The old folks then returning
The story to them did tell,
That Sally Ann had run away
With Bob the butcher's man,
The old man swore he'd have the life
Of Bob the butcher's man,
And the old woman she swore vengeance
On her daughter Sally Ann.

10

At railroad speed the old man rode
A lovely span of greys,
He cracked his whip and swore an oath
In the good old-fashioned way,
Right ahead he spied them
A-driving another span,
And soon he overtook
His daughter Sally Ann.

11

O the old man was in a fury,
Drove in the forward wheel,
And with a shout they all turned out
Head over heels,
The old man's feet flew in the air
And his head stuck in the sand
And three somersaults was taken
Till upon his feet did land.

12

He took them all prisoners
And we marched them back to town,
While I got back me fine gold watch
Which cost me forty pounds,
Likewise my rings and jewelry,
Wasn't I a lucky man?
And here's farewell without a sigh
To charming Sally Ann.

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

This is probably a music hall song. I have it with a
better tune sung by Wm. Faulkner, Devil's Island.

The Waterfall. Reel 37.12-10.No.7.

This version is incomplete. For the full text see Reel 58,
70-60. Both sung by Otis Hubley, Seabright.

The Stately Southerner
Or, Paul Jones

Reel 37.10-end.No.8

It's of a stately Southerner that flew the stripes and stars,
The whistling wind from west-nor'west blew through her pitch pine
spars,

We had our starboard tack on board which held us to the gale,
On an autumn night and we raised a light on the Old Head Kinsale.

2

The night was dark and stormy and the wind blew stiff and strong,
And gayly over the boundless deep our good ship moved along,
And right before her restless bow the fiery foam she spread,
And sending low her bosom in snow, she buried her lee cat head.

3

No talk at all of shortening sail by him who walks the poop,
And by the weight of the pondering jibs her boom bent like a hoop,
Her groaning chestry held the strain that bore up our stout main-
tack,

He only laughed as he gazed back aft at her bright and sparkling
track.

What hangs up on our weather bow, what rises on our lee?
It is true that we should haul the wind in breast of the salt sea,
A heavy mist hung o'er the land from Federate to King's Or,
We know our morning visitor to be a British man o' war.

Sung by Mr. Otis Hubley, Seabright, and recorded by
Helen Creighton, July 1950.

For fuller texts with tunes see Traditional Songs From Nova
Scotia, p.269.