

Reel 39

FSG30
23.156.2
MF 289.311

- 70-62. Pat Murphy. Irish. Sung by Mr. Sydney Boutilier, French Village
- 62-42. Since Love Can Enter An Iron Door. Good song. Sung by Mr. Simeon Johnston, Seabright
- 42-33. Sweet Florella. Sung by Mr. Simeon Johnston, Seabright.
- 33-28. Battle of Waterloo. " " " " "
- 28-26. Slavery Song. " " " " "
- 26-24. The Fox. lvs. of nursery song. " "
- 24-14. Jolly Ploughboy/nice song. Sung by Mr. Sydney Boutilier, French Village.
- 14-10. Charles G. Anderson. Local, murder at sea. Sung by Mr. Sydney Boutilier, French Village
- 10-5. She's A Sweet Little Dude/ Sung by Mr. Sydney Boutilier, French Village.
- 5-3. Boyne Water. 1 vs. Sung by Mr. John Obe Smith, Glen Haven.

I'm a man from old Ireland,
I always enjoy,
They call me Pat Murphy
Their great castle boy.
I was born in the summer
In the middle of June,
They took me to town
For to christen me soon.
"What shall we call him?"
Says Father Malloy,
"We will call him Pat Murphy
The great castle boy."
Cho.

Sure my name it is Pat
And I'm proud of that,
Old Ireland I'll never deny,
I'll fight for the sod
Where my forefathers trod,
And they call me Pat Murphy
The great castle boy.

2

When I land in New York
The very next morn
A farmer employed me
For reaping his corn,
For reaping, for mowing,
Hurrah boys, says I,
Never known to come up to
The great castle boy. Cho.

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

(The singer had no explanation for the meaning of the
term castle boy).

It's of a damsel neat, fair, and handsome,
Those words being true as I've been told,
On the banks of Shannon near a lofty mountain
Her father claimed there bright stores of gold.

2

Her hair was black as the raven's feathers,
Her comely features describe who can,
But as all nature belongs to folly
She fell in love with his servant man.

3

As this young couple were sitting talking
The old man heard them and near them drew,
As this young couple were out a-walking
The old man home in a rage he flew.

4

Saying, "I'll build a dungeon of brick and mortar,
Three flights of stairs to go underground,"
And the oath he swore was too vile to mention,
To part this damsel and her servant man.

5

He built a dungeon of brick and mortar,
Three flights of stairs to go underground,
And the food he gave her was bread and water,
And the only cheer for her was drowned.

6

Three times a day he would cruelly beat her
Until from her she bid him begone,
"If I've transgressed my own dearest father
I'll lie, I'll die for my servant man."

7

When Wille found out her habitation
Was well secured with an iron door,
He vowed he swore out of all the nations
That he'd gain her freedom or be no more.

8

And at his leisure he toiled with pleasure
To gain releasement for his Mary Ann,
He won the object and gained the treasure,
"Well done, well done my own servant man."

9

When the old man found that his daughter vanished
~~Says he, "From Scotland"~~ He like a lion began to roar,
Says he, "From Scotland I'll have you banished
Or with my broadsword I'll spill your gore."

10

"I'm but a stranger, I'm now in danger,
All my proceedings I will give o'er,
Here's my naked bosom, I'll die with pleasure,
And in this wide world I'll be no more."

11

When the old man found him so tender-hearted
He threw his sword on the dungeon floor,
Said he, "True lovers can ne'er be parted
Since love has entered an iron door.

Sung by Mr. Simeon Johnston, Seabright, and recorded by
Helen Creighton, July 1950.

See also Songs and Ballads From Nova Scotia, p.181.

Down by a drooping willow
Where violets gently bloom
There sleeps a young Florella
So silent in her tomb.

2

She died not broken-hearted,
No sickness her befell,
But in one moment parted
From those she loved so well.

3

One eve the moon shone brightly
As ever gently bloomed,
When to her dwelling lightly
He treacherous lover drew.

4

He says, "My dear let us wander
Down by a meadows gay,
And undistrubed we'll ponder
To appoint our wedding day.

5

"Those woods looks dark and dreary
And I'm afraid to stray,
Of wandering I am weary,
I must retrace my way."

6

"Retrace your way, no never,
Those woods no mo're you'll roam,
So bid adieu forever
To parents, friends, and home."

7

Down on her knees before him
She begged him spare her life,
And deep deep in her bosom
He planged that fatal knife.

8

"Dear Willie I'll forgive you,"
Was her last dying breath,
Her pulse has ceased their motion,
Her eyelids closed in death.

9

Never trust your hearts with young men
For they will sure betray,
Nor never with them ponder
To appoint a wedding day.

Sung by Mr. Simeon Johnston, Seabright, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, July 1950.

A lady was a-walking down by the banks of Clyde
The warm(?) t_ears was in her eyes as I passed by her side,
I saw her heaving bosom, those words seemed good and true,
Saying, "I fear, I fear my Willie's slain on bloody Waterloo."

2

"What colour was your Willie's clothes?" the soldier did reply,
"He wore a highland bonnet with the feather standing high,
And his broadsword down by his side and his dark dress so true,
Those are the clothes my Willie wore on bloody Waterloo."

3

"I was your Willie's comorade, I saw your Willie die,
Five bullet holes were in his breast before he downward lie,
He grasped me by the hand saying, "Some Frenchman's slain me true,"
Was I that closed your Willie's eyes on bloody Waterloo."

4

He grasped this maiden by the hand say ing, "Maiden do not frown,"
He wiped the tears from off her cheeks like dewdrops on the ground,
Saying, "Since we have met no more we'll part and I'll make you
my bride,
We'll join our hands in wedlock bands down by the banks of Clyde."

Sung by Mr. Simeon Johnston, Seabright, and recorded by
Helen Creighton, July 1950.

Come all ye darkies listen,
 Come listen to my song,
 It's all 'bout old massa
 That used me very wrong,
 Of a cold and frosty morning
 It am not very nice
 With water to the middle
 To hoe among the rice.

Cho.

No I never have forgotten
 O how well I hoed the cotton,
 How well I hoed the cotton
 On the old Virginia shore,
 No I never have forgotten
 O how well I hold the cotton,
 But I'll never hold the cotton anymore.

2

When I feel the dreadful hunger
 I think it am a vice
 How he give me for a dinner
 A little broken rice,
 A little broken rice
 And a very little of that,
 And he grumble like the devil
 If I eat too much of that. Cho.

3

O he took me from my Dinah,
 I thought my heart would burst,
 He made me have another
 When my heart was for the first,
 He sold my pickaninnies
 Because he got the price
 And he shot me in the marshfield
 To hoe among the rice. Cho.

4

And so a day am coming,
 A day I long to see
 When the darkies from this cold ground
 From slavery will be free,
 And wife and children with him
 He'll singin Paradise
 And how the blessed Savoir
 Had bought him with his price.

Cho.

Den the Lord have not forgotten
 O how well I hoed the cotton,
 How well I hoed the cotton
 On the old Virginia shore,
 Den the Lord have not forgotten etc.

Sung by Mr. Simeon
 Johnston, Seabright, and
 recorded by Helen
 Creighton, July 1950. M
 Johnston says he got t
 words from a book and r
 up the tune himself.

The Fox. Reel 39²26-24. No.6

A fox he went out one moonshiny night,
The stars in the sky were all shining bright,
Aha, says the fox, my game will go right
Till I get into Yontickle town O,
Town O, town O, ~~town O~~
Till I get into Yontickle town O.

Sung by Mr. Simeon Johnston, Seabright, and recorded by Helen
Creighton, July 1950.

Jolly Ploughboy. Reel 39.24-14.No.7

It's of a jolly ploughboy was ploughing of his land,
His horses grew ^{in shade} o'er the shade,
He whistled and he sang through the grove as he jogged along
It was there he spied a comlie maid.

2

Stepping up towards her and taking up her hand
Saying, "I think you're some lady of fame,
If you'll grant to me your love ad your parents will agree
It's I will be loyal unto thee."

3

O when her aged father the news came to hear,
The news that was flying around,
He hired a gang press for to press her love away
And he sent him to the wars to be slain.

4

She dressed herself in men's clothing, men's clothing of the best,
Her pockets she lined them with gold,
She whistled and she sang through the grove as she jogged along
Just looking like some jolly sailor bold.

5

She jumped into the longboat, she rowed herself on board,
To the captan she made herself known,
The captan smiled and said, "Come on board my comlie maid
For we're going to the wars to be slain."

6

She put her hands in her pockets, pulled out handfulls of gold,
Full twenty bright guineas or more,
She set them on the deck, caught her true love round the neck
And she kissed him and rowed him to the shore.

7

It's now we are on shore as we've often been before,
Our trials and troubles are o'er,
She set the bells a-ringing and her true love sweetly singing
And got married to the one that she adores.

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

See also Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia, p. 177.

(The singer's voice is weak, but there is much sweetness
in this song).

Come all ye human countrymen, with pity lend an ear,
When you hear my feeling story you can't but shed a tear,
I'm here in close confinement and bound by fetters strong
And surrounded by strong granite walls and sentenced to be hung.

2
O my dear and loving mother if I could but see your face,
To kiss the lips of tenderness and take my last embrace,
I would bathe her in my tears of grief before my final hour,
I'd then submit myself to God for His holy will and power.

3
O brothers and sisters all both near and dear to me,
So far beyond the ocean your face I ne'er shall see,
The happy days I spent with you and all my native store,
Farewell sweet Udavilla, I'll never see you more.

4
There's ^{no} books of consolation are here that I can read,
I profess the Church of England, by nation I'm a Swede
And those words that are addressed to me I cannot well understand
So it's I must die a heathen here in a foreign land.

5
O God I fear your vengeance, and judgement much I dread,
To stand before your judgement-seat, my hands imbued with blood,
I deserve Your indignation but Your pardon much I crave,
May the Lord have mercy on my soul beyond the gloomy grave.

6
We were led up to the jigger(?) and placed on that fateful stand
To view the briny ocean, likewise the pleasant land,
The rope adjusted through the ring which quickly stopped our breath,
And its ended our career in the silent jaws of death.

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

See also for fuller variant Songs and Ballads From Nova Scotia
p.235

She's a neat little sweet little

Walk up the street just to meet little dude,

She will give you the neat little countereee greet
That will toll

I went to see her on Sunday night

As lovers always do,

But she's left a note that told too plain

Says adieu.

She says I'm going too far away

And you must not think it rude,

And all the boys who ask of me.

Sorry, could not make out the words. Sung by Mr. Sydney
Boutilier, French Village, and recorded by Helen Creighton,
July 1950.

Boyne Water

Reel 39.5-3. No.10

Be not afraid me boys he said
For the losing of one commander,
For God will be our King to-day
And I'll be general under.

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

This is all of the song he remembered.