

FSG30
23.157.2
MF289.313

Reel 40

70-62. The Quays of Belfast. Sung by Mr. John Obe Smith, Glen Haven

62-60. Molly Munro. 1 vs. " " " " " " " "

60-58. The Bold Princess Royal. 1 vs. Sung by Mr. Simeon Johnston,
Seabright

58-52. The Little Log Cabin. Sung by Mr. Simeon Johnston, Seabright

52-42. Saladin Mutiny. Local, murder. Sung by Mr. Gordon Connelly,
Glen Haven.

42-26. Iisle of Santa Cruz. Good sea song. " " " "

26-12. The Schooner Hesperus. The poem as a song " "

12-end. Watercress Song/Prob. music hall, comic. " "

One bitter cold night in the month of November
I heard a young widow in grief to deplore,
Saying, "There's many the other got cause to remember
A bitter cold night on the Galloway shore.

2

"From the quays of Belfast the steamship was sailing,
Was bound down to Liverpool, last Wednesday set sail,
The weather it being clear and the land disappearing,
Our hearts were all merry, delightful, and gay.

3

"The night it came on, almost dark one and dreary,
The wind it arose to a terrible storm,
Our captain cries out, 'Boys look out for a lighthouse,
I'm afraid for to-night we will all suffer harm.'

4

"Two boats were launched out all in the foaming ocean
And in one of them was my infant and me,
But before we reached the shore there was one overwhelmed,
Alas in the deep forty bodies must lie.

5

"Now I am left a poor desolate widow,
Just one year in wedlock as you plainly see,
To beg for my bread among hard-hearted strangers,
Kind heaven look down on my infant and me."

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

See also Reel 41 sung by Mr. Gordon Connelly.

Molly Munro. Reel 40.62-60.No.2

I wrote my love a letter,
A letter for to send,
I gave it to a comorade,
I took him for a friend,
Instead of being a friend
He proved to be a foe
And he never mailed the letter
To to young Molly Munro.

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

The Bold Princess Royal Reel 40.60-58. No.3

They chased us to windward
The whole of the day,
They chased us to windward
But gathered no way,
They fired a shot after us
But nothing could prevail
And the bold Princess Royal
Soon showed them her trail.

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

I am getting old and feeble now,
I cannot work no more
And I lay the rusty blade and how to rest,
Old massa and old miss am dead,
They're sleeping side by side,
And their spirits now are roaming with the blest.

Cho.

O I ain't got long around here
And what little time I have
I'll try to be contented to remain,
And till death shall call my boyband me
To find a better home
Than the little old log cabin down the lane.

2

O the fences are all going to decay,
And now the creek it is dried up
Where we used to go to mill,
O time has changed its course another way. Cho.

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

Not a folk song.

Come al you good people who wish to live long,
Give ear to my mournful and criminal song,
Be warned by my sad fate as I now lie in jail,
And the halter lies ready my doom to bewail.

2

I was reared by the hands of the tenderest affection,
My parents they studied to be my protection,
Till pride filled their bosom with the greatest of joy
As they gazed on the hopes of their well cherished boy.

3

I would not wish any man my right name to know
For fear it would cause my poor parents' death blow,
Some people do call me returned Hazleton
But they never shall know the sad fate of their son.

4

I would not ask for pardon, for me there's no hope,
But there is a just God with mercy's wide scope,
It extends to the vilest, he can pardon our soul,
Even Fielding, curse Fielding, he was my downfall.

5

O what would I give for the scenes of my youth,
Dwell home with my parents surrounded by truth,
O could I but see those fair hills and far dales
And to list the sweet songs of my own native vales.

6

What would I give for to see her once more,
The girl of my bosom, it was her I adore,
Who taught me to love her in a far foreign land
While I held with affection her lily white hand.

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

See Songs and Ballads From Nova Scotia, p.241.

It's off the isle of Santa Cruz
Abreast of Carlisle Bay
Our good and gallant ship the Pearl } bis
In blazing sunshine lay.

2

The breeze of morning softly blew
Spice laden from the land,
The waves danced bright in the morning light
Along the coral strand. etc.

3

"Lanch out our cutter and your boats,"
Spoke our brave commodore,
"And we'll make friends with those savage men
Whose dark forms line the shore. etc."

4

Away we rowed while from the beach
Came gliding their canoes,
And with our presents soon did reach
The isle of Santa Cruz. etc.

5

Our captain boldly stepped on shore
To give the gifts away,
Calm was the sky without a cloud
And calm the landlocked bay. etc.

6

With steady steps those savage men
Drew nearer to the shore,
Sudden and swift an arrow sped
And struck our commodore. etc.

7

Back to our ship we rowed in haste,
It was a coward's fight,
And e'er the sun set Santa Cruz
Had faded from our sight. etc.

8

But there was poison in that wound
And deadly was its power,
Our captain lay in heavy pain
~~And sickened hour by hour~~
And deadly was its power,
Our captain lay in heavy pain
And sickened hour by hour. etc.

9

One day he said in feeble voice,
"I wish before I go
To bid my crew a last farewell
For death is near I know." etc.

10

We bore him to the quarter deck
And sadly we drew near
To listen to his farewell words
And shed a parting tear. etc.

11

"If there are any round me now
I wish it's while I live
If I have done them any wrong
To pardon and forgive." etc.

12

And then we bore him to his berth
Where in sad pain he lay,
And e'er the next day's sun went down
His brave soul passed away. etc.

n

Sung by Mr. Gordon Connelly, Glen Haven who had learned
the song from Mr. John Smith of the same place; recorded by
Helen Creighton, July 1950

It was the schooner Hesperus
That sailed the wintry sea,
And the skipper had taken his little daughter
To bear him company.
Down came the storm and smote the main
The vessel in her train,
She shuddered and paused like a frightened steed
And leaved her cables laying.

2

"Come hither, come hither my little daughter
And do not tremble so,
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever winds did blow."

4

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the singing blast,
He cut a rope from a broken spar
And bound her to the mast.

5

"O father I hear the sound of guns,
O say what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress that cannot live
In such an angry sea."

6

"O father I hear the church bells ring,
O say what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog bell on a rockbound coast,"
And he steered for the open sea.

7

"O father I see a gleaming light,
O say what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word
For a frozen corpse was he.

8

And then through the midnight dark and rear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost the vessel swept
O'er the reef of Norman's Woe.

9

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
And the cruel rocks they gored her sides
Like the horns of an angry bull.

10

At daybreak on the bleak sea beach
A fisherman stood aghast
To see the form of a maiden far
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes,
And he saw her hair like the brown seaweed
On the billows fall and rise.

Learned as a recitation in school, but as a song from his mother; sung by Mr. Gordon Connelly, Glen Haven, and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1950.

The last two lines of every verse are repeated.

I am a jolly farmer,
 From New Hampshire I came
 To see some friends at Camberville,
 Pat Morgan is my name,
 I've a dairy farm at Barrington
 I live when I'm at home,
 And if I once get back again
 From there I'll never roam.

2

Give me your attention,
 I'll tell without delay,
 A pretty fair damsel
 My affections led astray,
 She promised for to marry me
 All in the month of May
 But she left me with
 A bunch of watercresses.

3

A neatly dressed young woman
 Came tripping down the way,
 "I wish to go to Camberville,
 Can you direct the way?"
 "Oh yes sir, oh yes sir,"
 She answered in reply,
 "Take your turning to the left
 And go down the other side."

4

Her voice it was the sweetest
 That ever I did hear,
 Her hands were like the lily o,
 They were so white and clear,
 With a bunch of early onions
 And a couple of pints of beer,
 Oh some pickles and a bunch of watercresses.

5

I smiled and I thanked her
 And walked by her side,
 A-thinking how she'd like to be
 A dairy farmer's bride,
 I made a resolution
 Half in earnest, half in joke,
 And I entered matrimony
 And these very words I spoke.

6

"I've a farm of fifty acres,
 I've horses, cows, and geese,
 Likewise I have a dairy filled
 With butter, milk, and cheese,
 If you'll marry me and mistress be
 Kind lady of all bliss,
 We'll spend our time in love
 And watercresses."

7

She answered in reply,
 "I'm an ? if you choose,
 You are so very generous
 I cannot well refuse,
 So give me your attention
 And that without delay,
 And prepare for matrimony,
 To love, honour, and obey."

8
"I've a wedding dress to buy
And some little bills to pay,"
I handed her four sovereigns,
Expenses to the fray (to defray?)
She promised for to marry me
All on the first of May
O she left me with a
Bunch of watercresses.

9
Next day I received a letter,
I read it with surprise,
"Young man for disappointing you
I must apologize,
Again when you're intended
Into partnership for life
Be sure to choose a maiden or a widow,
Not a wife.

10
"For I've a husband of my own
And his name is Jimmy Grey,
And when I can afford it o
Your money back I'll pay,
But thinking I would marry you
All on the first of May,
Why you must have been as green
As watercresses."

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

Probably a music hall, not a folk song. I recorded the same
song years ago from Mr. Ben Henneberry, and Miss Manly has
recorded it in New Brunswick.