

Reel 41

FSG 30
23.158.2
MF289.315

- 70-50. The Quays of Belfast. Sung by Mr. Gordon Connelly, Glen Haven
- 50-34. The Drunkard, not folk " " " " "
- 34-28. The Dark-Eyed Sailor. ~~xxx~~. " " " "
- 28-20. Sailors' Alphabet Song/ " " " "
- 20-10. The Bold Princess Royal. Good sea song. Sung by Mr. Otis
Hubley, Seabright
- 10-end. In Canso Strait. Local. Sung by Mr. Otis Hubley, Seabright

Down by the seaside so careless I wandered
 Last Saturdays evening as calm was the air,
 I espied a maid making sad lamentation,
 She clung to a rock, she had grieved to despair.

2

From the quay of Belfast in a steamship was sailing,
 Bound down to old Liverpool last when they set sail,
 The weather being clear and the land disappearing,
 Our hearts were all merry, delightful, and gay.

3

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

4

The seas rose like mountains, no shelter to flee to,
 Our ship in the billows was tossed to and fro,
 The angry billows raging and the sailors all swearing,
 And women and children all crying below.

5

Some were on their bended knees for heaven's mercy imploring
 While others insensate(?) grieved to despair,
 The angry billows raging and the sailors all swearing,
 Whenever they heard us they mocked at our prayers.

6

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

7

Young Willie stood by me to cheer and protect me
 Till he landed me safe on the Isle of Mann shore,
 For to save his dear father his own life he ventured,
 Alas I am left to behold him no more.

8

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

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

I saw him at the dawn of day
Standing by a barroom door,
His eyes they were sunken and
And his lips they were parched
As I viewed him o'er and o'er,
As I viewed him o'er and o'er,
His eyes they were sunken
And his lips they were parched
As I viewed him o'er and o'er.

2

A little child stood by his side
And to him gently she said,
"O father, mother is sick at home
And sister cries for bread," etc.

3

He staggered back a step or two
As he oft had done before,
And to the landlord flatering he said,
"Won't you give me one glass more?" etc.

4

The landlord says, "You have drank enough,
You have drank from the poison bowl,
You have drank while your wife and your children you've starved,
And you've ruined your own poor soul," etc.

5

I saw the funerals pass this way
Of his wife and children two,
They have all but him gone to a better land
For to join the good and the true, etc.

6

A while ago I passed that way
And I saw a crowd standing by,
When I asked the cause of the crowd standing by,
"Why," she said, "the drunkard's no more," etc.

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

Not a folk song

The Dark-Eyed Sailor. Reel 41.34-28.No.3

For words see Traditional Songs From Nova ScotiaA, except
that instead of verses 6 & 7 Mr. Connelly sings:
But a tarry sailor I will ne'er disdain
But always I will treat the same,
To drink his health here's a piece of coin
But the dark-eyed sailor, but the dark-eyed sailor
Still claims this heart of mine.

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

Alphabet Song, Sailors'. Reel 41.28-20.No.4

A is the anchor you very well know,
B is the bowsprit that steps in the bow,
C is the capstan the sailors walk round
And D is ~~the~~ derrick so solid and sound.

Cho.

So merry, so merry, so merry are we,
No mortals on earth are like sailors at sea,
I derry derry oh derry down,
Give sailorstheir grog and there's nothing goes wrong.

2

E is the end of our anchor clew,
F is the forecassle built for the crew,
G is the gibblock(?) all on our yardarm,
And H is the hawser to moor stem and stern. Cho.

3

I is the iron on her stunsail boom,
J is the jolly boat hung to our stern,
K is the kilson way down below
And L is the lanyard to reef stem and stern. Cho.

4

M is the marlin spike hung on a nail
AnndN is the needle to stitch up our sail,
O is the oars of our jolly boat
And P is the pumps for to keep her afloat. Cho.

5

Q is the quarter deck solid and sound,
R is the rudder to steer her around,
S is the sails for to drive her ahead,
And it's T, U, V, W, X, Y and Z. Cho.

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

Singer's title:

On the fourteenth day of January
We sailed from the land
On board of the Prince Royal
Bound down for Newfoundland,
Eighteen brave seamen
Was our ship's company
As we sailed from the east,
To the west bound were we.

2

We had not been sailing
For two days or three
When a man behind the mizzenmast
A sail he did see,
So gently down on us
She did bear,
And right below her mizzen peak
Black colors she did wear.

3

"O Lord," cries our captain,
"What shall we do now?
Here comes a pirate
To rob us right now,"
"O no," says our chief mate,
"It never can be so,
We will shake out our close reefs
And from her we will go."

4

At the hour of twelve
Longside of us they came
With a loud speaking trumpet
Saying, "Where are you from?"
Our captain wawas aft and answered them just so,
"We are bound to fair London
And from Call-i-o."

5

"Then it's lay back your topsail
And heave your ship to,
I have a few letters
I will send along with you,"
"When I back my fore topsail
And lay my ship to,
Will be in a harbour,
Not 'longside of you."

6

They chased us to windward ~~thexwh~~
The whole of the day,
They chased us to windward
But gathered no way,
Fired a shot after us
But nothing did prevail
And the bold Prince of Royal
Just showed them her tail.

7

It's go down below boys,
Go down every man,
Drink and be merry
And never fear to stand,
Drink and be merry boys
And never fear to stand
While the brave Prince of Royal
Lies under our command.

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

See The Bold Princess Royal, Songs and Ballads From Nova
Scotia, p.107.

In Canso Strait where our vessel lie,
 She was built of oak both great and strong
 And to Glou-ches-ter where she did belong.

2

We wered homeward bound and ready for sea
 When our drunken captan got on aspre,
 He came on board and to us did say,
 "Get your anchor lads and fill her away."

3

O we filled her away at his command,
 With all sails sot we left the land.
 Leaving Sand Point all on our lee
 As we steered out into a heavy sea.

4

We askedhim kindly for to shorten in sail
 Or we'd all be lost in the heavy gale,
 He cursed and swore and tore his hair
 Saying, "I'm captain here and I need not fear."

5

"I am captain here and I will not fail
 For to shoot the first man that will touch a sail,"
 Then up speaks one of our bravest men
 Saying, "There's nine of us right here at hand."

6

"We'll reef her down and to sea we'll go,
 If he interferences lash him down below,
 We'll reef her down to a steady steer
 From those breaking billows as she disappears.Q

7

We're heading up the Cape shore now
 As she knocks the white foam from her bow,
 Our jib she parted, in the wind it flew,
 We hauled it down and bent our new (jib).

8

We were homeward bound with great success
 Like some lonely seagull seeking rest,
 When I get home no more I'll sail
 With a drunken captain in a heavy gale.

Sung by Mr. Otis Hibley, Seabright who learned this song
 at home from his brothers. Recorded at Seabright by Helen
 Creighton, July, 1950.

See also reel 46.No.6. and Songs and Ballads From Nova Scotia,
 p.230.