

Reel 46

FS630  
23.163.2  
MF289.325

The Dying Nun's Request.

Reel 46

70-50. The Dying Nun's Request. Sung by Mr. Oliver Hubley, Seabright

50-30. As The Ship Sailed Away From Old England. Sung by Mr.  
Gordon Connelly, Glen Haven

30-22. A Brave Volunteer. Sung by Mr. Gordon Connelly, Glen Haven

22-12. The Paisley Officer " " " " " "

12-6. Daniel Sullivan " " " " " "

6-end. In Canso Strait. Local. " " " " " "

One day by the docks I sat watching some ships  
And one in particular there,  
I noticed she was just going to leave the old island,  
I had a few moments to spare,  
For ~~me~~ to hear the good-byes and to watch lovers part  
As the vessel went out on the tide,  
And I wondered how many on board would return  
To sit by their own fireside.

2

I watched a fond mother shake hands with her boy,  
Tears streamed down her cheeks now quite pale,  
I'll picture to you all the sights that I saw  
As the big ship was just going to sail.  
Friends were saying good-bye, good-bye,  
Tears could be seen in every eye,  
Fond mother cry, true lovers sigh  
As the ship sailed away from old England.

3

I saw a young fellow, an Irishman through  
And a young girl stood close by his side,  
He says, "Norah darling, if I make a home  
Will you come and be Dennis' bride?  
For I love the old land and the old folks at home,  
But think of the trials and strife  
That runs through old Ireland, so Norah my own  
Down here I could ne'er call you wife.

4

"But in the strange land I will work with a will,  
Out west and your Dennis won't fail,"  
One fond kiss they parted, who knows, p'raps for life  
As the big ship was just going to sail.

5

The next scene was touching when an old couple there  
Stood bidding a youngster farewell,  
He had done something wrong in his mad boyish pranks  
And he dreaded the cold prison cell.  
The old father was sending him far o'er the sea,  
And just as they bid him good-bye  
A sergeant in escort appeared on the dock  
And tears dimmed the old couple's eye.

6

The youngster was charged with desertion, poor lad,  
He trembled and turned deadly pale,  
It killed his old mother, she died on the dock  
As the big ship was just going to sail.

7

When the last line was loosened that held the big ship  
I listened, I heard a shrill scream,  
And overboard echoed all over the ship  
I soon spied a boy in midstream,  
But as quick as the lightning then one gallant youth  
Dived into the water and there  
He reached the poor fellow and kept him afloat  
Till a boat came and rescued the pair.

8

"God bless you my hero," he feverntly said,  
"Great writers shall mention this tale,  
How a bit of a boy saved a strong man's life  
As the big ship was just going to sail,"  
Friends were saying good-bye, good-bye,  
Tears could be seen now on every eye,  
Fond mothers cry, true lovers sigh  
As the ship sailed away from old England.

Sung by Mr. Gordon Connolly, Glen Haven who heard this  
played by the band as the first contingent was sailing from England  
to the Boer War; recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 7, 1950



A Brave Volunteer. Reel 46.30-22. No.3

One morning, one morning, one morning in May  
I spied a fair couple a-marching away,  
The one was a lady, a lady so fair  
And the other was a soldier, a brave volunteer.

2

They marched on together till they came to bold Flynn  
And there they sit down by the side of the stream,  
They sat down together where the primroses spring,  
"Hark hark," cries the lady, "hear the nightingales sing."

3

They had not been there but an hour or two  
When out of his knapsack a violin he drew,  
He played it so sweetly caused the valleys to ring,  
"Hark hark," cried the lady, "hear the nightingales sing."

4

"Oh now," says the soldier, "it's time to give o'er,  
"Oh no," says the lady, "play me one tune more,  
I'd rather, far rather hear one tip of your string  
Than to see the waters gliding, hear the nightingales sing."

5

He tuned up his fiddle in still higher strain  
And he played the one tune over and over again,  
He played it so sweetly caused the valleys to ring,  
"Hark hark," cried the lady, "hear the nightingales sing."

6

"O now," says the lady, "won't you marry me?"  
"O no," says the soldier, "that never could be,  
I've a wife in old Flanders, and children I've three,  
I've another in the army, that's plenty for me."

7

"I'll go back to old Flanders and I'll stay there a year,  
Instead of cold water I'll drink lager beer,  
And if I return I'll return in the spring  
For to see the waters gliding, hear the nightingales sing."

Sung by Mrs. Gordon Connolly, Glen Haven, and recorded by  
Helen Creighton, Aug. 1950.

See also Reel 51 sung by William and Howard Gilkie, Sambro,  
and ~~xxxx~~ record 48B1 sung by Lorne Sweet.



In bright and bonny Scotland where all bluebells do grow  
There lived a lovely and comely maid down on those lowlands low,  
And every day she would appear all on each hill and dell,  
Young Mary's cottage lies far away, she's called the village belle.

2

At length a hunter from Paisley town came hunting there one day,  
He hunted all round those lowland shades and in the meadow so gay,  
And when young Mary he chanced to meet his heart was grieved full ~~xx~~

A-wondering how so fair a flower could bloom and flourish there. <sup>sore</sup>

3

One evening young Henry came over, his fair face white with woe,  
"I wish you were my bride," he said, "this night before I go,  
Our regiment in on the route and I have received command,  
We must forsake those lowland shades for India's burning sand."

4

And when the battle was raging a ball passed through his side,  
He never yeilded from his post but where he stood he died,  
Young Mary clasped him in her arms and to her heart did press,  
While kneeling to heal his bleeding wound a ball passed through  
her breast.

5

"O Mary, dearest Mary," young Henry he did say,  
"I'm afraid you're deeply wounded love, your lips they are like the  
clay,  
The very first time that I saw you was you I did adore,"  
They both closed their eyes never more to rise on India's burning  
shore.

Sung by Mr. Gordon Connolly, Glen Haven who says this was  
one of his mother's songs; recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1950.

See Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia, p.192.

Verses are missing here where Mary followed her lover to  
battle.

My name is Daniel Sullivan,  
I am a slight built man,  
I'll write this as a warning,  
Pray take no knife in hand,  
I'll write this as a warning  
That all young men may read,  
And when you're in a passion  
O then remember me.

2

When I received my sentence  
And in my cell was put,  
I called for pen and pencil  
That I might sit and write,  
I wrote all day with a tearful eye  
Until my letter was full,  
And sent it to my sister  
Who lived in Liverpool.

3

I have a loving mother,  
To me proved always kind,  
And when the news goes to her  
She'll go out of her mind,  
I have a loving sweetheart,  
'Tis now that we must part,  
For death makes alteration  
And love is soon forgot.

4

When I stepped on the gallows beam  
I'm rising twenty-four,  
I'm dying for a fine young man  
Who suffered in his gore,  
I have no friends nor relations here,  
I can't hold up my head,  
While hundreds will stand round me  
While I am hanging dead.

Sung by Mr. Gordon Connolly, Glen Haven, and recorded by  
Helen Creighton, Aug. 1950. Mr. Connolly does not know the full  
story behind this song, or anything more about it than these  
words and the tune.



In Canso Strait where our vessel lay,  
When our drunken captain got on a spree  
He came on board and to us did say,  
"Get your anchor boys and get under way."

2

We soon filled away under his command  
And with all sails set we soon left the land,  
We left Sand Point down on our lee  
As we stood out on a heavy sea.

3

We asked him kindly to shorten sail,  
Or we'd all be lost in the heavy gale,  
He then cursed and swore and he tore his hair,  
Saying, "I'm captain here and you need not fear,  
I'm captain here and I will not fail  
To shoot the first man that touches the sail."

4

Then up spoke one of our noble men,  
Saying, "There's twelve of us on this deck to stand,  
We'll reef her down and to sea we'll go,  
If he interferes he'll be tied below."

5

We then reefed her down to a steady steer,  
From the breaking ledges we soon did clear,  
We're heading up for the Cape shore now,  
She's knocking the white foam all from her bow.

6

Our vessels are built stout and strong  
And to Gloucester city she do belong,  
If we get back no more will we sail  
With a drunken captain in a heavy gale.

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

See also Songs and Ballads From Nova Scotia, p.230.

It's one year ago to-night mother,  
How sorrowful were we  
When sister Nell was taken  
Upon her wedding day.

2

It's one year ago to-night mother  
I went down to a ball,  
I danced with my dear Harry  
Until the day was done.

3

There was no other maiden  
With more gayer heart than I,  
But to-night I am a-dying,  
A mother but no wife.

4

There is a dance to-night mother  
And crowded it will be,  
I know that he's among them  
And he will think on me.

5

Here's a ring from off my finger  
Where he placed it long ago,  
Give it to him with my blessing,  
Joy be with him, let him go.

6

But tell him that I'll forgive him  
Of all the sin and shame,  
Rise the curtains higher mother  
For my eyes are growing dim.

7

Oh here is my babe dear mother,  
Take and rear it up for me,  
And give it food and plenty  
As you always did for me.

8

I wish my babe dear mother  
Was going to die with me,  
We both would lie together  
In the churchyard by the sea.

9

Hark I hear his footsteps coming,  
It is but the wrestling leaves,  
Child what means that burst of laughter?  
'Tis the Saviour's voice I ~~hear~~ own.

10

Rise the window higher mother,  
Air can never harm me now,  
Let the breeze blow in upon me,  
It will cool my fevered brow.

11

Soon death's struggles will be over  
Soon be still this aching heart,  
But I have a dying message  
I would give before we part.

12

I wish my babe dear mother  
Was going to die with me,  
We both would lie together  
In the churchyard by the sea.

13

So good-bye dearest mother,  
And to you my baby boy,  
And to you my false young lover  
I will bid you a fond good-bye.

Sung by Mr. Oliver Hubley, Seabright, and recorded by Helen Creighton, July, 1950. The name of the song seems unsuitable, but this is how Mr. Hubley has always heard it.