

Reel 48

FSG30
23.165.2
MF 289.329

- 70-50. The Flying Cloud. Good. Sung by Mr. Otis Hubley, Seabright
- 50-46. Peggy's Cove Song. Local " " " " " "
- 46-43. It's Let Go Your Bowline. Sea song. " " "
- 43-32. Captain Conrod. Local. Sung by Mr. George Hubley, Seabright
- 32-24. Loss of the Forest Belle. Local. " " "
- 24-22. Wreck of the John Harvey. 2 vs. " " "
- 22-20. I Am A Roving Irishman. " " "
- 20-12. We Are Coming Sister Mary. Sung by Miss Elsie McDougall,
West Gore
- 12-8. The Jam at Gerry's Rocks. Sung by Mr. John McDougall,
West Gore
- 8 end. Bury Me Not. Sung by Mr. John McDougall, West Gore.

My name is Patrick Coolighan
As you all may understand,
I was born and reared in Waterford
In Erin's happy land,
When I was young and in my prime
When fortune on me smiled,
My parents doted on me,
I being their only child.

2

My parents bound me to a trade
In Waterford's fair town,
They bound me to a cooper there
By the name of William Brown,
I served my master faithfully
For eighteen months or more,
When I shipped on board of the Ocean Queen
Bound to Bermuda shore.

3

Now when I struck Bermuda shore
I met with a Captain Moore,
He was master of the Flying Cloud
Sailing out of Baltimore,
He asked me for to sail with him
On a slavery voyage to go
To the burning shores of Africa
Where the sugar cane do grow.

4

Now in a few weeks later boys
We reached the African shore,
It was five hundred of those poor souls
From their native homes we bore,
We marched them on our quarter deck
And stowed them well below,
Eighteen inches to a man
And they were forced to go.

5

Now in a few days we set sail
With a cargo of slaves,
It would a had better for those poor souls
If they'd a been in their graves,
The plaguing fever came on board
And swept them half away,
We brought their bodies up on deck
And threw them in the sea.

6

Now in a few weeks later boys
We reached the Cuban shore,
We sold them to the planters there
For slaves forever more,
We sold them to the farmers there
Beneath the broiling sun,
The rice and cotton fields to hoe
Till their career was run.

7

Now when our money was all spent
We were off to sea again,
When Captain Moore came to us on deck
And said to us his men,
"There's gold and silver to be had
If you'll only come with me,
We'll hoist aloft the pirate flag
And scour the Spanish sea."

(over)

We were all agreed but five bold lads
 Who wished to go on shore,
 Two of them were Boston boys
 And two from Baltimore,
 And one of them an Irish lad
 From the county of Baloran,
 And I wish to God I'd joined those lads
 And with them gone on shore.

Now the Flying Cloud was a clipper ship,
 Five hundred tons or more,
 She could easily sail around anything
 Sailing out of Baltimore,
 Her sails were like the driven snow
 And on them not a speck,
 Twenty-four brass ninepound guns
 She had mounted on her deck.

Now we scoured and plundered the Spanish seas
 And scoured the Spanish main,
 Keft manys a widow and orphan there
 In sorrow to compain,
 We caused the men to walk the plank
 That hung out o'er our rail,
 For we oft times heard our skipper say
 A dead mant tells no tale.

Now we had not been out many days
 When a warship hove in view,
 They fired a shot across our bows
 As a warning to heave to,
 We heeded not their warning shot
 But flew before the wind
 When a chance shot hit our mizzen mast,
 Then we soon fell behind.

We cleared our decks for action
 As a large ship hove alongside,
 And soon upon our quarter deck
 Blood flowed a crimson tide,
 We fought till Captain Moore was killed
 And eighteen of his men,
 When a bombshell sot our ship on fire
 We were forced to surrender then.

Now back to Newgate I was brought
 Bound down in iron chains
 For the murdering and plundering of many ships
 Down on the Spanish Main,
 It was whiskey and bad ~~company~~ women lads
 That made the wreck of me,
 And beware young men of what I say
 And shun bad company.

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

Peggy's Cove Song. Reel 48. 56-46.No.2

Oh it's come lads and lassies a story I'll tell you,
It happened in my travels not a long time ago,
I left my kind friends which abode in the harbour
And I went to the place that they call Peggy's Cove.

2

Now when I got there which caused me to wonder
To see all misfortunes all hocked in a pile,
There were Swinnamers, Masseys, Crooks and Manuels,
The rest I would mention but their names I can't find.

3

I joined in the dance which gave me much pleasure
To see how she stared as I onward advanced,
But when I got there she got so excited
That I believe to my soul the poor girl lost her pants.

4

Now it's come pay attention, her name I will mention,
Elsie Innes they call her, she was lately a bride,
With a nose like a bunion, popped eyes like a lobster,
And to improve on her beauty she'd a great mouth for pie.

5

Now its come in collusion the days few illusions,
I will end my short story and go on my way,
The next time you see me don't think I'm a greeny,^v
And it's Peggy's Cove ladies don't think I eat hay.

1. greeny - unsophisticated; not to eat hay is not to be a greeny.

A man from further up the Bay went to a dance at
Peggy's Cove in his sea clothes and one of the girls refused
to dance with him; the song is his revenge.

Sung by Mr. Otis Hubble, Seabright, and recorded by
Helen Creighton, Aug. 1950

Ten days ~~unk~~ in and ten days out
We run our ship for the want of wood and coal,
We struck h~~e~~r to the Black Ledge Rock
And knocked in quite a hole.
We signalled to the driver
With his pot through and dirt,
And he came on board and he stogged a leak
With his heavy undershirt.

Cho.

And it's let go your bowline,
Stand by your sudden view,
Go bridge your cook, don't dodge your head,
You act just like a fool,
The early year is rising,
The gin is getting low,
And I hardly think we'll get a drink
Till we reach Buffalo.

2

O Sally is in the poorhouse
And all the rest in jail,
And I'm the only song of-a-gun
That's left to tell the tale.

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

Come all you young fellows who live by the sea,
Set as to an anchor and listen to me,
Three weeks aye and better being drunk on the shore
Like those frolicksome rats I have wasted my store,
Cho.

And sing fol the riddle arral
Fol the darrel I dey.

2

O early next morning right down I did wag
With a bottle of brandy snug stowed in my bag,
To the brig called Mary belonging to Starr
I came down blazing drunk like a jolly jack tar, Cho.

3

O early next morning we gave her all sail,
With the wind from the norard it blew afresh gale,
And me heart in the horrors did beat pitty pat,
I'd a tear in me eye like a ferry house rat, Cho.

4

Three days I been that way and nothing could eat
Nor devil the wink of sound sleep could I get,
When I opened my eyes them sights I would see,
When I closed them again they'd be whispering to me, Cho.

5

Said I I'd go down for just one weeze of grog,
Ahead we were running nine knots by the log,
But when I got there just as sure as you're born
There was none in the bottle, not one jazzley horn, Cho.

6

I had no suspicion, my mind being at ease,
For the place was locked up and the mate had the keys,
But the mate like myself being fond of the taste
And while I was on shore my brandy did feast. Cho.

7

O now I am better, the horrors is done,
We will talk it all over and laugh at the fun,
And since we're together and nothing to do
We will sing of our captain just one verse or two. Cho.

8

Our captán a Methodist preacher had been,
Was the damdest old scoundrel that ever you've seen,
Salt cod and religion he gave us to eat
And about once a week a small bit of meat. Cho.

9

When dinner'd be ready he'd come down to eat,
Like an old dying hen he would stretch out his feet,
And lifting his eyes to the blessing of God
With a plate of cold rice and a junk of salt cod, Cho.

10

When dinner was over he'd look at his book
He'd go up on deck and he'd curse at the cook,
He'd walk on the quarter a-smoking his pipe
With his face griddled up like an old piece of tripe. Cho.

11

Our voyage its near ended, we'll live in good hopes,
In Halifax Harbour we'll coil up our ropes,
We'll give her both anchors, we'll moor stem and stern,
With a plentiful dish we will then spin this yarn, Cho.

12

O now we are moored in Halifax bight, 1
With roast beef and mutton to clear out our kite,
Likewise we are clear of that rusty salt cod
So the hell with Starr's Mary and Captain Conrod.

1.?

Sung by Mr. George Hubley, Seabright who learned it from a
man down the eastern shore; recorded by Helen Creighton,
Aug. 1950.

Come all you hardy fishermen
That's winter fishing go,
To face the cold nor'westers, boys,
Through winters frost and snow,
Pause here awhile and listen now
Unto adreadful tale,
On a winter's night of a sad sad loss,
The schooner Forest Belle.

2

No nobler ship was ever launched
And o'er the wild seas flew,
No braver hearts were ever known
Than of her hardy crew,
Twelve hearty men in prime of life
Daring winters frost and snow
Leave tender wives and mothers dear
To wait for their return.

3

Was in the year of sixty-eight,
November the nineteenth day,
The Forest Belle with a nor'west wind
From Cape Ann bore away,
Bound way down on the Grand Banks boys
Where the white caps they do fly,
But little dreamed those seamen bold
How soon they had to die.

4

With fond caress and sad despair
They parted from their dear,
"Cheer up," said they, "We'll soon be back
If God our lives do spare."
Whilst mothers, wives, and sweethearts weep
For none may tell the tale
Of the Forest Belle's fate, we all supposed
She was foundered in the gale.

5

What those dear men did suffer
No one will ever know,
That night out in the terrible gale
Pounding ice and shovelling snow,
The cruel waves engulfed their craft,
No hand was there to save,
That little band of noble men
From a cold and watery grave.

6

God bless those dear ones that are gone
And comfort those that weep,
For fathers, sons, and brothers there
Lies buried in the deep,
They're gone to meet their Maker
Where there is a brighter shore
Where we will meet them all again
Where parting is no more.

Sung by Mr. George Hubley, Seabright, and recorded by
Helen Creighton, Aug. 1950.

Wreck of the John Harvey. Reel 48.24-22. No.6

Younpeople on the shore
How can you understand
The perils of the ocean
When you are safe on land?
For many a man from Newfoundland
For adventure sake have roamed
To follow the fortunes of the sea
Far from their native home.

2

A many a man from Newfoundland
Where the wintry winds do blow
Have been in coasting vessels
On that rough Cape Breton shore,
In January nineteen twelve,
Captain Curley did command
The schooner by name John Harvey
From Belloran, Newfoundland.

Part of song sung by Mr. George Hubley, Seabright, ad recorded
by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1950.

I'm a roving Irishman,
I've a daughter Mary Ann,
I tried to rise her in the finest style,
O I dressed her in silk and satin

?

She's so fair you bet your boots

She start to ?

Cho.

She's my darling, she's my daisy,
Ahe has all the fellows so crazy
With the boys standing ?
O everywhere she goes sure everybody knows
That she's Tom O'Donnell's daughter Mary Ann.

2

I went out the other night,
O the girl was not in sight,
She left word that she was
Going to a ball,
O when I got a chance
It was at the rowdy dance
That the blokes were giving
Down to Barry's hall. Cho.

3

O the p'liceman there rolled in
And it was an awful sin,
They arrested every woman
And every man,
O she jumped upon the table
And she got an awful sable,
With her woods boot
She danced the highland fling. Cho.

Some of the words I cannot make out even from the record.
Sung by Mr. George Hubley, Seabright, and recorded by Helen
Creighton, Aug. 1950.

We Are Coming Sister Mary. Reel 48.20-12.No.8

'Twas one stormy night in winter
When the wind blew cold and wet
That I heard some strains of music
That I never can forget,
I was sitting in my cabin
With my Mary fair and young
When a light shone in the window
And a band of singers sung.

Cho.

"We are coming sister Mary,
We are coming by and by,
Be you ready Sister Mary
For the time is drawing nigh."
Then I tried to call my Mary
But my voice would not obey
Till the song so sweet had ended
And the singers gone away .

2

Now I'm very sad and lonely
From the summer until spring,
But I could not catch the meaning
Of those words I heard them sing. Cho.

As recalled from the singing of an old lady at West Gore,
Hants County.

Sung by Miss Elsie McDougall, West Gore, and recorded by Helen
Creighton, Aug .1950.

It was on a Sunday morning in the springtime of the year,
Our logs were piled up mountains high, we could not keep them clear
Our foreman said, "Turn out my boys with hearts devoid of fear,
We'll break the jam on Gerry's Rocks and for Saginaw we'll steer.

2

While some of them were willing there were others that hung back,
For to work upon a Sunday they did not think it right,
But six of our brave Canadian boys did volunteer to go
To break the jam on Gerry's rocks with foreman young Munroe.

3

They had not rolled off many logs when they heard the foreman say,
"I would have you boys be on your guard, the jam will soon give way;"
Those words were scarcely broken when the jam did break and go
And carried off our six brave lads with foreman young Munroe.

4

When the rest of our brave shanty lads those tidings sad did hear
In search of their lost comrades for the river they did steer,
And looking for the lost ones there what was their grief and woe
All crushed and bleeding on the rocks was the corpse of young Munroe.

5

They took him from his watery grave, brushed back his raven hair,
There was one fair form among them there whose cries did pierce
the air,
There was one fair form among them there, a girl from Saginaw
Whose moans and cries did pierce the skies for her lover lying there.

6

Young Clara did not long survive to her poor mother's grief,
In just a few months afterwards death came to her relief,
In just a few months afterwards God called on her to go,
And her last request was granted her to be laid by young Munroe.

7

Come all you true born shanty lads who like to go to see,
On a little mound where its chopped all round there stands a
hemlock tree,
In that little mound where its chopped all round two lovers there
line up,
One is Miss Clara Dennis¹ and the other young Munroe.

1. Clara Vernon is the name usually given. The singer has confused it with the name of a Nova Scotia author.

Sung by Mr. John McDougall, West Gore, Hants Co., and
recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1950.

For words and tune see Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia,
p. 267.

Bury me not in the deep deep sea,
Those words came low and mournfully,
From the pallid lips of a youth who lay
In his cabin couch at the close of day.

2

He had pined and pined till o'er his brow
Death's shades had slowly crept and now
When his land and his fond loved home were nigh
They had gathered around to see him die.

3

O bury me not in the deep deep sea
Where the dark cold waves will swallow me,
Where no light shall break through the dark cold wave
And no sunbeam rest upon my grave.

4

O bury me ~~not~~ where a mother's prayer
And a sister's tears shall mingle there,
By the grave of my father where my grave shall be,
O bury me not in the deep deep sea.

5

O bury me, his voice failed there,
They gave no heed to his dying prayer,
They lowered him low o'er the vessel's side
And above him closed the dark cold tide.

6

O there is one whose tears will be shed
For him who is far on an ocean bed,
O'er ~~the~~ locks she has twined will the sea serpent hiss,
And the brow she had pressed will the cold waves kiss

Learned from his mother.

Sung by Mr. John McDougall, West Gore, Hants Co., and
recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1950