

Reel 49

FSG 3  
23. 166  
MF 289. 331

70-48. Lord Bateman. Sung by Mr. Louis Boutilier, Upper Tantallon

48-38. Green Willow. good song. Sung by Mr. Wm. Gilkie, Sambro, and  
his mother

38-26. Dear Susan. Sea & love. " " " " " "

26-12. The Pirate's Serenade. Interesting. " " "

12-end. Franklin and His Ship's Crew. 4 vs. " " "

Lord Bateman. Reel 49.70-48.No.1.

For words and notes on this ballad see Reel 45, No.1.

Sung by Mr. Louis Boutilier, Tantallon, <sup>Aug.</sup> July, 1950

Green Willow. Reel 49.48-38.No.2

Words as in Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia, p.159 except for these changes:

vs.1. which proved.

vs.4. Sounds as though he sings inquest instead of request.

vs.6. those green willows; in last line, and then I'll

Sung by Mr. Wm. & Mrs. Sandy Filkie, Sambro, Sept.1950

First when I left dear Susan my heart was turned to woe  
 straight back to the seas I did go,  
 The deep swelling bosom and bitter tears did flow  
 As I parted from my lover and my friends.

2  
 "Good bye Tom," said she as she bid me adieu  
 While the tears ~~down~~ her cheeks soft did fall,  
 Then I did away, with my heart choked with woe  
 For to join in some jolly ship's crew.

3  
 A storm then arose and the sea run mountains high,  
 Blue lightning all round us did flush,  
 I thought on dear Susan and wished myself on shore  
 While the billows all round us did roar.

4  
 Our ship she sprang a leak and all hands on deck was called,  
 Each man had his own sweet life to save,  
 I swam to a plank and escaped from that wrack <sup>1</sup> ✓  
 While the rest met a watery grave.

5  
 O now since kind providence spared to me my life  
 Straight back to my Susan I'll go  
 I hope to get married, make her my loving wife,  
 But my joys they were soon turned to woe.

6  
 The news had reached the shore that our gallant barque was lost,  
 Her dear loving sailor was no more,  
 She died like a rose that was nipped by the frost  
 And she left me in sorrow to mourn.

Sung by Mr. William Gilkie, Sambro, and recorded by  
 Helen Creighton, Sept. 1950.

~~But~~ Do the last two lines belong to this song, or  
 are they borrowed from The Gay Spanish Maid? See Songs and  
 Ballads From Nova Scotia, p. 72.

The Pirate's Serenade. Reel 49.26-12. No.

My boat's by the tower,  
My barque's in the bay, (see below)  
And both must be gone  
Near the dawning of day,

Cho.

So wait lady wait, I am waiting for thee,  
This night or never my bride you shall be.

2

Then haste lady haste, a  
A cold breeze blow,  
In my ocean bird pauses her pinions of snow,  
For the guide thee afar  
On the deck of the Derrin  
Is a love lighted star. Cho.

3

O islands they are on the face of the deep  
Where the winds never change nor the skies never meet,  
Our should change  
When we changed from green fields our homes on the sea. Cho.

4

Excuse my rough mood, I'm not accustomed to suit,  
I wooed not perhaps as your land lovers would,  
My voice has been turned to the notes of the gun  
When the last sail is set and the last battle's won. Cho.

5

Then England's my mate, I'm the sea  
This night and forever my bride you shall be,  
So haste lady haste, I am waiting for thee,  
This night and forever my bride you shall be.

Sung by Mr. William Gilkie, Sambro, with his mother  
joining in occasionally; recorded by Helen Craighton, Sept.  
1950.

Later Mr. Gilkie gave this as the first verse:

The moon's in the shrouds for to guard us afar,  
On the deck of the Derrin its a love lighted star,  
And when we're under court letters, court silk and court wine  
Just fit for such feet and such fingers as thine.

(Mr. Gilkie is illiterate, and therefore his whole knowledge  
of songs comes from what he hears. That is why his words are  
often so mixed up.)

Franklin and His Ship's Crew. Reel 49.22 -end.

We're homeward bound  
Long in my hammock I fell asleep,  
I had a dream which I thought was true  
Concerning Franklin and his ship's crew.

2

As we drew near to old England's shore  
I overheard a fair maid comply,  
She wept out loud and seemed to say  
"O I have lost my Franklin who's far away."

2

"But yet they are but one ship of fame  
Which bore my Franklin across the main,  
Five hundred seamen with courage stout  
To find the Northwestern Passage out.

3

To find a passage by the North Pole  
Where lightning flashed and thunder rolled,  
Through mountains of ice both her ships were

Fragment sung by Mr. William Gilkie, Sambro. For fuller version  
see this song from Terrance Bay collected in 1949; this version  
recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1950.