

Reel 51

FSG 30  
23.168.2  
MF 289.335

- 70-50. Plains of Waterloo. Good. Sung by Mr. Amos Jollimore,  
Terrance Bay. Haunting tune
- 50-40. Robin Hood and Little John. Sung by Mrs. Gilbert Flemming,  
Ketch Harbour
- 40-36. Riot of Newfoundland. 1 vs. Sung by Mr. William Gilkie, Sambro
- 36-28. Gallant Brigantine. Good. Sung by Mrs. Edward Gallagher,  
Chebucto Head.
- 28-22. Lakes of Ponchartrain. Sung by Mr. Wm. & Howard Gilkie, Sambro
- 22-12. John Ladiner. Local. Sung by Mr. Howard Gilkie, Sambro
- 12-8. The Brave Volunteer. Sung by Wm. & " " "
- 8-end. Bars of Sweet Dundee. Not usual song by this name. Sung by  
Mr. Howard Gilkie, Sambro.

As I rode out one evening to view the fields and meadows,  
Down by a flowery garden where I chanced for to stray,  
I overheard a maiden making sad recreation,  
I stood in silent ambush to hear what she might say.

2

The song that she sang caused the valleys for to ring  
And the sweet feathered songsters around my love did fly,  
Saying, "The wars are all over and peace it is proclaimed,  
And my love's not yet returned from the plains of Waterloo."

3

I boldly stepped up to her saying, "Alas my fair young creature,  
How could I make so bold as to ask your true love's name?  
For I have been in battle where cannons loud did rattle  
And it's by your love's description I might have known the same."

4

"Oh William Smith it is the name of my true lover,  
He 's gone and he's left me in sorrow that is true,  
And there's none I will enjoy but my own darling boy  
O until he do return from the plains of Waterloo."

5

"If William Smith it be the name of your true lover  
It's all alone together we stood many's a champagne, (campaign)  
Through Portugal and Prussia, through Italy and Russia,  
He was my loyal comrade through France and through Spain.

6

"Being on the sixth of March when we ended our great battle,  
Like bold British heroes we did them pursue,  
We fought them for three days till at last they were defeated  
Like the great Napoleon Boney on the plains of Waterloo.

7

"It being into France where we ended our great battle,  
Caused many's a bold hero to sigh and complain,  
The drums they did beat and the cannons loud did rattle,  
It was by a French soldier your true love he was slain.

8

"And as I passed by I saw your true love a-bleeding,  
I scarcely took time for to bid him adieu,  
With a soft and melting voice with those words I heard him mention,  
'Fare you well my lovely Sally that lies far from Waterloo.'"

9

Now when this fair maid heard this sad recreation <sup>2</sup>  
Her red rosy cheeks they grew pale white with pain,  
I was sorry for to see her in that sad recreation,  
I caught her in my arms crying, "Sally I'm the man.

10

"And here is the ring that between us was broken,  
In the midst of all dangers it reminded me of you,"  
Oh when she saw the ring that between them was broken,  
"You are welcome lovely Jimmie from the plains of Waterloo."

1. pronounced Ryssia by singer.
2. lamentation?
3. Willie?

Sung by Mr. Amos Goldmore, Terence Bay, 1850

When Robin Hood he was about twenty years old  
He happened to meet Little John,  
It was down by a brook his journey he took  
And a stranger he happened to spy,  
They happened to meet on a long narrow bridge  
When neither of them would give way,  
So bold Robin Hood he firmly stood (pro.firm-i-ly)  
Saying, "I'll show you now Nottingham play."

2  
"You speak like an ass," the stranger replies,  
"Well armed with your long bow you stand  
To point at my breast, therefore I'll protest,  
I'm here but a staff in my hand."  
"The name of a coward," says Robin, "I'll scorn,  
Therefore my long bow I'll lay by,  
It is for your sake a staff I will take,  
The truth of your manhood to try."

3  
Then away goes Robin Hood to the thickest of the trees,  
And he choosed out a staff of good oak,  
When this he had done, 'twas back he had come  
And this to the stranger he spoke,  
"Now here's my staff, it's both lusty and tough,  
And here on this bridge let us play,  
The first that falls in, the other will win,  
The battle and we will away."

4  
~~And it is there they did flourish about~~  
"Indeed," said the stranger, "my hearty brave soul,  
I will scorn the least to give out,"  
And without much to do 'twas there he fell to  
And it was there they did flourish about,  
With that he gave Robin a crack on the crown  
Which causing the blood to appear,  
Then Robin in range so fiercely engaged  
And followed his blows most severe.

5  
With that in a fury the stranger he grew,  
He gave him one terrible look,  
And with a stout blow he laid him down low  
And he tumbled him right in the brook.  
"Now where art thou now, my hearty brave soul?"  
When laughing the stranger replies,  
"Faith I'm in the brook," said bold Robin Hood,  
I'm floating away with the tide."

6  
Then away swam Robin to the thickest of trees  
And he hauls himself up by a thorn,  
And on it at last he blew a loud blast  
Straightway on his fine bugle horn.  
When the echo of it made the valleys to ring  
Soon then his fine bowmen appeared,  
Well clothed in green was plain to be seen  
Straight up to their master did steer.

7  
"Dear master, dear master," said Will Stubbly,  
"Dear master, you're wet to the skin,"  
"No matter," said he, "that lad that you see  
By fighting has tumbled me in."  
"To duck him likewise," "No," Robin replies,  
"But he is a fine bowman for me."

Sung by Mrs Gilbert Flemming, Ketch Harbour, and recorded by  
Helen Creighton, Sept 11 1950. Part of vs. 4 is not on the record; the  
singer recalled it later. Learned from her father in Newfoundland.

On the fourteenth day of lovely May  
This riot did take place,  
My true love he was passing by  
When a bayonet pierced his heart,  
When a bayonet pierced his tender heart  
Which leaves me in despair,  
And I'm left broken hearted,  
A lonely Belvedere.

Fragment sung by Wm. Gilkie, Sambro, and recorded by Helen  
Creighton, September, 1950

As I strayed ashore one evening from my gallant brigantine  
In the island of Jamaica where I have lately been,  
O I being tired of rambling I sat me down to rest  
And I sang a song of my native land, the land that I love best.

2

Now when my song was over I felt more at ease,  
I rose to pick some oranges that hung down from the trees,  
'Twas there I spied a fair maid who filled me with delight,  
She wore the garb of innocence, her dress was snowy white.

3

Her dress was snowy white my boys, her spender it was green,  
A silken scarf hung round her neck her shoulders for to screen,  
Her hair hung down in ringlets, and it as black as sloes,  
Her teeth were like the ivory white, and her cheek was like the rose.

4

So boldly I accosted her, "Good morning my pretty fair maid,"  
So kindly she answered me, "Good morning sir," she said,  
"I do think you are a sailor just lately come from sea,"  
"I belong to yonder ship lies anchored in the Bay."

5

Then we both sat down together and we chatted for a while,  
I told her many a curious tale which caused her for to smile,  
And as she rose to leave me these words to me addressed,  
"O come and see my husband, he will treat you to the best."

6

It was then she introduced me to a noble looking man,  
So kindly he saluted me and shook me by the hand,  
The wine being on the table and dinner served up soon,  
We all sat down together, spent a jolly afternoon.

7

Now there's one thing more I have to say before my tale is done,  
It's Henry Rysall is my name, I am a married man,  
Three weeks before I left the shore my troubles they'd begun,  
By the powers above the wife I love brought me a baby son.

Sung by Mrs. Edward Gallagher, Chebucto Head, and  
recorded by Helen Creighton, at Sambro, Sept. 1950.

It was early early in the spring  
When I bid Orleans adieu,  
And on my way to Jackson's wall  
Where I was forced to go,  
It being 'bout four in the afternoon  
Part of my way I came,  
It was there I met the creole girl  
On the lakes of Ponchartrain.

2

"Oh," I said, "my pretty creole girl  
My money's to you no good,  
If it was not for those snakes and alligators  
This night I would lie in the woods."  
"You're welcome home kind stranger,  
Your money I do not crave,  
For we always trust a stranger well  
On the lakes of Ponchartrain."

3

Oh all around the creole's neck  
Those wavy ringlets fell,  
For me for to paint her beauty,  
To me it would be in vain,  
For so handsome was the creole girl  
On the lakes of Ponchartrain.

4

I've been in foreign counterees,  
Strange faces I have seen,  
But the equals of this creole girl  
My eyes they ne'er have seen,  
And by her gentle kindness  
She eased my heart from pain,  
For so handsome was this creole girl  
On the lakes of Ponchartrain.

Sung by Wm. Gilkie and Howard Gilkie, Sambro, and recorded by  
Helen Creighton, Sept. 1950

Come soupy friends, I pray draw near,  
 Come listen to my song,  
 While I relate the cruel sad fate  
 Of a young man's dead and gone,  
 Who now lies silent in his grave  
 Without my thought or fear,  
 Prince Edwards Isle his native soil,  
 John Ladiner by name.

2

Was very young he left his home,  
 Relations far behind,  
 And started out unto St. Johns  
 Employment for to find.  
 He searched, he cruised, but was denied,  
 He searched but all in vain,  
 In deep despair he paid his fare  
 Unto the state of Maine.

3

Arriving in the state of Maine  
 A job was quickly found,  
 His willing way soon earned the praise  
 From strangers all around,  
 Contented heart no fault to find,  
 Successful every way,  
 With a willing hand he done his part  
 Until his dying day.

4

To the town of Morrisey  
 Young Ladiner did steer,  
 He laboured there for six long years  
 Mid winter frost and snow,  
 He worked, he slaved, his earnings saved,  
 Not a cent would foolish spend,  
 But little did his young life think  
 That death was drawing near.

5

Thanksgiving<sup>morning</sup> brought joy to some,  
 While others did brought woe,  
 When John arose, put on his clothes,  
 Unto his work did go,  
 To roll those logs piled up so high  
 With a steady hand and skill,  
 To land them in that narrow brook  
 That floats them to the mill.

6

He oft times stood in danger  
 And watched with ~~seem~~ful eye,  
 He done the same that very day  
 They say who saw him die,  
 One horrible crash, one fatal blow,  
 Those logs came tumbling down,  
 One fatal log,  
 Soon laid him low,  
 And him in death did lie.

7

His comrades rushed around him  
 And tore those logs away,  
 Looked down with pity on that face  
 As ever cold in clay,  
 Come all young men a warning take,  
 Shun danger if you can,  
 For unexpected death will come  
 To each and every one.

Sung by Howard Gilkie, Sambro, and recorded by Helen Creighton,  
 September, 1950.

The Brave Volunteer. Reel 51.12-8.No.7

It was early oh early in the fine month of May  
I saw a fine couple a-roving away,  
One was a lady, a lady so ~~fair~~ gay,  
And the other was a soldier, a brave volunteer.

2

"Where are you going?" I said in surprise,  
"Where are you going on such an hour as this?"  
"I'm going far back to the banks of old Flundy,  
For to see the waters gliding, hear the nightingales sing."

3

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

4

"O now," said the soldier, "it is time to give o'er,"  
"O no," said the lady, "play me one tune more,"  
He played it so sweetly made the valleys all ring,  
"Hark, hark," cried the lady, "hear the nightingales sing."

5

"O now," said the lady, "will you marry me?"  
"O no," said the soldier, "that never can be,  
I've a wife in old Flundy and children have three.  
Have another in the army, that's too many for me."

6

I'll go back to old Flundy, I'll stay there one year,  
Instwad of cold water I'll drink lager beer,  
And when I return it'll be in the spring  
To see the waters gliding, hear the nightingales sing.

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

See record 48B1, sung by Lorne Sweet in 1948.



Our ship she lies at anchor<sup>ho</sup>  
 In the harbour of Dundee,  
 I think you are the fairest one  
 That ever my eyes have seen,  
 I think you are the fairest one  
 That ever my eyes have seen,  
 And won't you take a walk with me  
 This night on Madeline.

2

"Oh it's I would take a walk with you  
 But what would mother say?  
 For I have got another  
 She is like some darned old clown,  
 For when I would returning home  
 She'd say, "Where have you been?  
 And what has kept you out so late  
 This night on Madeline?"

3

Oh with coaxing and persuading  
 She soon give me consent,  
 And happy were those two three hours  
 Along with her I spent,  
 At last strange thoughts came <sup>in</sup> to my mind,  
 That I may go to sea,  
 And leave the girl I ruined behind  
 On the banks of sweet Dundee.

4

One night as I lie in my berth,  
 Lie in my berth asleep,  
 I dreamt I was the father  
 Of a bouncing fine young son,  
 I dreamt I saw his mother,  
 She was scarcely seventeen,  
 And she was weeping bitterly  
 That night on Madeline.

5

Now come all my gay young sailor boys  
 A warning take by me,  
 Never betray the young women  
 Wherever you may be,  
 For if you don't intend to marry them  
 Just shun their company,  
 And never do as I have done  
 On the banks of sweet Dundee.

Sung by Howard Gilkie, Sambro, and recorded by Helen  
 Creighton, September 1950<sup>2</sup>