

- 70-54. The Old Blind Horse. Good. Sung by Mr. William Gilkie, Sambro
- 54-42. I Am A Brave Undaunted Youth. Interesting. " " "
- 42-30. The Ocean Queen/Local. Wreck. Sung by Wm. & Howard Gilkie, "
- 30-24. Kelly the Pirate. Interesting. Sung by Mr. David Slaunwhite,
Terrance Bay
- 24-20. The Dandy O. Interesting. " " " " "
- 20-12. When the Lilacs Are in Bloom. Late. Sung by Edward Slaunwhite,
Terrance Bay
- 12-End. Fare You Well Pretty Polly. Interesting. Sung by Mr. David
Slaunwhite, Terrance Bay

The Old Blind Horse. Reel 52. 70-54. No.1

Oh listen and I will sing you a song,
I will sing you part of a legacy,
And if you'll join chorus whilst I sing
This very night I'll make the old shanty ring.

Who.

And it's come, come along with me
For the moon is fast a-shining,
Young girls, young girls, can't you see
For the dew on the grass is shining.

2

O this old man he made his will,
And he willed it all to poor old Uncle Bill
And in his will was an old blind horse,
Two dollars and a quarter, that's what he cost. Cho.

3

O this old horse lay down one day,
You'd a thought dear soul that he was going to die,
He opened his mouth and he gave one roar,
Here's adieu to Billy and sweet Trombore. Cho.

4

We took his skin for to make some shoes,
And the rest of his carcass why we gave it to the crows,
And every crow as they flew by,
Cried, "Caw, caw, caw old horse you had to die." Cho.

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

In one chorus it sounds as though he sings, "for the moon
is fast declining."

Apparently there is another verse, but none of the
family could remember it.

I Am A Brave Undaunted Youth.

Reel 52. 54-42. No.2

I am a brave undaunted youth,
I sailed the seas o'er and o'er again,
I had not sailed but a voyage or two
When I fell in love with a young woman.

Cho.

Fol the dol die dey,
Fol the dol eye dey.

2

I went unto my boatswain bold
And all my secrets to him I told,
Saying, "I love this girl as I love my life,
All this world I'd give if she was my wife." Cho.

3

O what a foolish young boy am I
To think this lady can fancy I,
Her true love's a mate and he's on the sea,
It's she'll get married 'fore you get free. Cho.

4

But ne'er a mind¹ I'll go and try
Perhaps this lady will fancy I.
I brought her ribbons, I brought her gloves,
Conveyed them safely all to my love,
She accept them all and was no way shy
Although I was but a prentice boy. Cho.

5

But among ourselves we did agree
For to have a dance 'fore we went to sea. Cho.

6

But it's when I gave her the parting kiss
I stole her heart, what think you of this? Cho.

(On the record the song is mixed up, and the second verse is recited at the end.)

Sung by Mr. William Gilke with his mother's voice in the background, at Sambro, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1950.

1. never mind?

Was in the winter season, through heavy frost and snow,
We leave our noble harbour and down to Georges go,
Where heavy winds do rattle, breaks savage on our sail,
As we go off a-spouting just like some frightened whale.

2

Our sails they are of good and strong, made of the best of stuff,
Our riggings are manilla and rove through patent blocks,
Our vessel she's built of white oak and finished in great style
For to ride out every nor'wester and stand the winter's cold.

3

It's now we are on Georges, no mortal tongue can tel^d
The roughness of the ocean and swiftness of the tide,
Where ice congeals like mountains and savage winds do blow,
Whilst we poor sons of Neptune this hardships must go through.

4

It may rain, hail, or thunder with breakers on each side,
But yet our noble vessel majestically shall ride,
But~~z~~ stop one moment, list~~e~~, for what I say is true,
The Ocean Queen is missing, sunk and drowned all her crew.

5

It's nine there were in number, all in the prime of life
Commanded by young Spinney who leaves a tender wife,
They were for three weeks married when from her he did part,
And now she's left a widow with a sad and aching heart.

6

It's true she's not the on~~ly~~ one this bank has caused to weep,
For there's fathers, sons, and brothers in silence there do sleep,
But I hope the Lord will pardon them for I know what grief they bore
For there is a balm of Gilead for each and every one.

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

See S.B.N.S.p.295; also Reel 60 sung by Amos Jollimore,
Terrance Bay.

Beware of that shaft frigate
 Our ship of great fame
We Who fought the bold pirate,
 George Kelly's my name,
 Till a man from our foretop
 So loud he did cry,
 Saying, "Yonder there's a cutter,
 She seems to lay by."

2

hav Up aloft boys and outreefs
 And see everything clear,
 Then its up with our helms
 And after ~~him~~ steer,
 Now its all hands to quarters
 Our ship for to fight,
 In hope to come up with
 Bold Kelly this night.

3

We sailed along till
 We came within shot,
 But those saucy bold pirates
 They valled us not,
 We sailed ~~it~~ along
 Till we came within hail,
 Then we ~~clapped~~ a few Terrance Bay
 Quills in her tail.

4

ing Then its yardarm for yardarm
 So closely we ~~be~~ *lie*
 Till the watch from our great gun
 Through her rigging did fly,
 Surround ~~ed~~ great mettle
 We peppered her main
 And around in old Canso
 We played them this game.

5

Now the prize we have taken
 Is all for her name,
 She's the Leo of Britain
 From Duncast she came,
 Our merchants to plunder
 To rob and destroy,
 And its poor Captain Kelly
 Whom I do defy.

Sung by Mr. David Slauenwhite, Terrance Bay, and recorded
 by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1950.

l. valued.

O I often have been told
That the British seamen bold
She could whack the tars of France
So neat and handy O,
But they never found their match
Till the Yankees did them catch,
And the Yankee lads for fighting ~~xxx~~
Are the dandy O.

2

ing
Now the Currier frigate bold
On the foamy ocean rolled
Commanded by proud Decorus the grandy O,
With a choice of British crew
As her armour ever drew
He could whack the French
From three to one
So handy O.

3

When this frigate bore in view
Cried Decorus to his crew,
"Prepare my boys for action
And be handy O,
When the weather guage boys get her *men*
It will make our own fight better
And we'll give to them gunpowder
Mixed with brandy O."

4

Now the British balls so hot,
But the Yankees answered not
Until they got at distance
That was handy O,
"Now," says Hull unto his crew,
"Boys, see what we can do,
If we beat those boasting Britains
We're the dandy O." 5

Now the first broadside we let pour
Carried her mainmast by the bore
Which doused her royal ensign
Look quite handy O,
Old Decorus shook his head
And to his officer said,
"Lord, I didn't think the Yankees
Were so handy O."

6

the
Now her second told so well
That her fore mizzen fell
Which made this lofty frigate
Look quite handy O,
George
"By God we are undone,"
And they fired a lee gun
And their drummer struck up
Yankee doodle dandy O.

7

So it's Britons now be still
Since we hooked you by the gill,
Don't you boast upon your
Decorus the grandy O,
John Bull may toast his fill
Let the world say what it will
But the Yankee lads for fighting
Are the dandy O.

Sung by Mr. David Slauenwhite, Terrance Bay, and recorded by
Helen Creighton, Sept. 1950.

in blue
A lad and lass their parting stood
On board a man o'war,
The boys on-board were bidding friends good-bye,
"I'll go as duty calls," he said,
"As I have done before,"
"May you return safe," was the maid's reply.

2
"I'll soon be sailing home sweetheart
Across the bounding main
To take you dearest on our honeymoon,,
You know you promised we would wed
When I return again
In the springtime when the lilacs are in bloom.

3
"In the springtime when the lilacs are in bloom
And the air is scented with a sweet perfume,
Beneath the trees in lover's lane
Where you and I shall meet again
In the springtime when the lilacs are in bloom."

4
right
The sunrise of the morning skies
The battle has begun,
A sailor lad has fallen in the fray,
And as his shipmate kneels by him
He whispers, "There is one
Who is watching for my coming day by day.

5
"My little sweetheart waits for me
Far o'er across the foam,
She little knows that I have met my doom,
Just promise that you'll tell her Jack
I tried hard to get home
In the springtime when the lilacs are in bloom."

Sung by Edward ~~and David~~ Slauenwhite, Terrance Bay, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1950.

Fare you well Pretty Polly I'm a-going
Where you never shall see me no more,
There's more danger in crossing the ocean
Than staying at home on the shore,

2

Where the lofty high winds are blowing
And the tempests so loud they do rise,
Her mainsail and rigging were all torn (Torn) ^{o-}
And were tossed between billows and sky.

3

Now hard is the heart that deceived me
And banished me from my heart's delight,
Cold irons and strong chains I'm confined,
Cold stone is my pillow at night.

4

Here's once fare you well to my sweetheart,
Here's twice fare you well to my joy,
Three times fare you well to my Polly dear,
I'll see you no more, he did cry.

5

In yonder garden grove I was walking
And talking of my own true love,
In yonder garden grove I was walking
And a-thinking how constant may prove,

6

And I've oftentimes wished that the eagle
She would lend me her wings for to fly,
I would fly to the arms of my Polly dear
Once more on her bosom to lie.

Sung by Mr. David Slauenwhite, Terrance Bay, and recorded by
Helen Creighton, Sept. 1950