

Reel 54

FSG30
83.171.2
MF289.341

70-60. Rose Waltz. Fiddle tune. Played by Mr. David Slaunwhite,
Terrance Bay

60-38. Captain James. Interesting, sea murder. " "

38-30. My Barque of Life. Late. Sung by Mr. David & Ned Slaunwhite,
Terrance Bay

30-22. Over Hills and Lofty Mountains. Sung by Mrs. Lottie Grey,
Sambro Creek

22-20. There's Danger In the Deep. Sung by Mrs. Percy Smith,
Sambro Creek

20-12. The Wife Wrapped in Wether's Skin. Good. Sung by Mrs. Edward
Gallagher, Chebucto Head

12-10. The Farmer's Curst Wife. Good. Sung by Mrs. Lottie Grey,
Sambro Creek

10-end. Jack the Sailor " " " " "

Rose Waltz.

Reel 54. 70-60.No.1

Fiddle tune played by Mr. David Slawwhite, aged 75,
Terrance Bay, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1950

Come all ye noble and bold commanders
Which on the roaring ocean cross,
By my sad fate now take a warning,
See those bold seamen you don't abuse.

2

Now its Richard Perry he was my servant,
And a sparkling lad was he,
His mother did a prentice find him
For to cross the raging sea.

3

Now it was a voyage to South Car'lina,
As we were returning home,
So ~~cre~~-el-ly this boy I murdered,
Such a thing was never known.

4

It was a simple offence he gave me
Which did my savage heart enrage,
When straight up to the mast I tied him,
Here I kept him for many's the long day.

5

Now with his legs and arms extended,
Being no succor to him would give,
But swore if any man would relieve him
Not one moment should he live.

6

When three days I there had ^{kept} left him
Loud with hunger he did cry,
He said, "My dear and honourful captain
One kind favour do me crave.

7

"Now do not keep me here to suffer,
Kill me and send me to my grave,
Or one crust or crumb of mortar
Which your dog he do refuse."

8

Now when six long days I there had kept him
Straight up to him I did go,
No God send out one drop of water
From that high and lofty sky.

9

Of ⁱⁿttimes he cried, "Dear mother
If you knew the dreadful smart,
What your ~~dearest~~ dearest son now suffers
It would break your tender heart.

10

"Now its if you knew the pains I now endure
With grief your days would surely end,
But I must bear it patiently
Or until Christ relief to send."

11

Its of ^{en}ttimes my men upbraid me
And in anger cursed and swore,
They sad they'd have me hung for mutiny
As soon as we returned on shore.

12

It is then I thought my money would save me,
Knowing the boy's friends to be poor,
But oh the cries his mother gave me
Soon as we returned on shore.

First ten verses sung by Mr. David Slaunwhite, and last two
by Mr. Ned Slaunwhite, Terrance Bay, and recorded by Helen Creighton,
Sept. 1950.

There are other verses which the men can't remember.
The mother wants the captain hanged, and the song says,
"hung and gibbet shall be your fate."

My barque of life was sailing down
The trouble stream of tides
When first I saw your smiling face
When youth was in its prime.

2

But since those days long years have passed,
My sorrowed heart was free,
And ever since I've always found
You've been a friend to me.

3

I shall ne'er forget where're I roam,
No matter where I 'll be,
If ever I have had a friend
You've been a friend to me.

4

Misfortune nursed me as a child
And loved me fondly too,
I've might of had a broken heart
Had it not been for you.

5

Kind words were whispered softly sweet
But glad I could not be
Until I found that you have been
A faithful friend to me.

6

The light of hope from your bright eyes
Dispels the storm and strife
And shed a ray of sunshine o'er
My weary-hearted life.

7

I now look back upon the path,
Across the dark stor my sea,
And smile to think midst o'er life's sea
You've been a friend to me.

Sung by Mr. David Saauwhite and his son Ned, Terrance Bay.
The father took the bass. Recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept.
1950

Not a folk song.

Over hills and lofty mountains
Where fleet down fell the snow,
Where I beheld a female there
All in the drifting snow,
With an infant babe all in her arms
She knew not where to go.

2

Saying, "Hush my little baby,
I'll fold you to my breast,
For its little does your daddy know
This night we're in distress,
Else he would take us in his arms
From the cold frost and snow. "

3

Saying, "Cruel was my father
Who shut his doors on me,
And cruel was my mother
For she ought had pitied me,
And cruel was that false young man
Who sold his love for gold.

4

"I'll go down in yon green valley
And there kneel down and pray,
I'll pray to the Almighty God
To wash my sins away."
And kissed her baby's two clay lips
And lied it by her side,
And cast her eyes to heaven above
And then lied down and died.

5

Come all my pretty fair maids
A warning take by me,
Trust no young man, it is your lot,
Whoever he may be.

Sung by Mrs. Lottie Grey, Sambro Creek, and recorded by Helen
Creighton, Sept. 1950.

Mrs. Grey is sister of William Gilkie. Both are illiterate.

"O pilot this is an awful night,
There's danger on the deep,
I'll come and pace the deck with thee,
I can no longer sleep."
"Go down," the pilot said, "go down,
This is no place for thee,
Fear not, but trust in providence
Wherever thou mayst sleep."

2

"Oh such a night the fog engaged,
My father's life last formed,
Mo only brother's boat went down
In just so wild a storm,
And that perhaps would be your fate
But this I say to thee,
Fear not, but trust in providence
Wherever thou mayst be."

Sung by Mrs. Percy Smith, Sambro Creek, and recorded by
Helen Creighton, Sept, 1950.

The first two lines of the 2nd vs, may not be quite right,
but this is the nearest I could come to understanding the
singer.

Not a folk song.

The Wife Wrapped in Wether's Skin. Reel 54.20-12.No.6

For words see Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia,p.94.

Sung by Mrs. Edward Gallagher, Chebucto Head, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1950³

The Farmer's Curst Wife. Reel 54. 2B-10. No.7.

There was an old farmer lived up the hill
And if he ain't gone he lives there still,
Whack the lol diddle all dey.

2

The devil he came one Saturday night
Saying, "It's one of your family I must have,"
Whack the lol diddle all dey.

3

"It's none of your family I do want
But your scolding old wife I do want,"
Whack the lol diddle all dey.

4

"It's take her and welcome," the old man cries,
"I hope you and her will never part," Cho.

5

The devil he mounted her up on his back
And like a bold pedlar he carried his pack. Cho.

6

Three little devils peeped over the wall
Saying, "Take her back daddy or she'll kill us all." Cho.

7

With the heel of her slipper she knocked in their brains. Cho.

8

It shows you that women's far worse than men
Because they've been to hell and kicked out again. Cho.

Sung by Mrs Lottie Grey, Sambro Creek, and recorded by
Helen Creighton, Sept/50.

See Songs and Ballads From Nova Scotia p.18, and Traditional
Songs From Nova Scotia, p.95

Jack the Sailor. Reel 54. 3-end. No.8.

O come all my pretty fair maids
That walks London street,
Beware of those females that you chance to meet,
They'll come round you and coax you
And ask you to buy
Some of their good liquor
Called strong Bung Your Eye.

Cho.

And sing fol the diddle earo,
Sing whack fol the dey.

2

O Jack takes up his basket
And away he did go,
When he opened the basket
He heard a child cry,
Rolled up in a blanket
Called strong Bung Your Eye. Cho.

3

Now to get this child christened
Straightway Jack he went,
Saying, "What is his name?"
The person did say,
"Bung Your Eye," said the sailor,
"O that's a bold name,"
"Damn your eye," said the sailor,
"A bold way he came,
For instead of good liquor
I chanced for to spy
Rolled up in a blanket
Called young Bung Your Eye. "

Sung by Mrs. Lottie Grey, Sambro Creek, and recorded by Helen
Creighton, Sept/50.