

Reel 56

FSG 30  
23.173.2  
MF 289.345

- 70-38. Lord Bateman. Good. Sung by Mr. David Slaunwhite, Terrance Bay.
- 38-22. The Soldier's Return. Sung by Mr. Willis Jollimore, " "
- 22-10. The Ocean Queen. Local, wreck. Sung by Mr. Everett  
Jollimore, Terrance Bay
- 10-end. Come to the Woods. Nursery song. Good. Sung by Mrs.  
Edward Gallagher, Chebucto Head

It was 'fore manys a month was o'er  
 Before I'd reac hed my native shore,  
 My parents ne'er thought to see me more  
 And left for me as though was dead.  
 As I drew near my cottage, bleak  
 The evening fire was burning bright,  
 And through each window long I gazed  
 To view each friend with dear delight.

2

My father into his corner sat,  
 My mother to her useful trades,  
 My brother tried to make them tell,  
 My sister baked the household bread,  
 My Jessie she sat by the fire  
 And in her eye there stood a tear,  
 Her bosom swelled with manys the sigh  
 For she little knew that her Jimmie was nigh.

3

What would they do if I went in?  
 Surprised they'd feel, so tender heart,  
 Some story then I must invent  
 And act a poor lame soldier's part.  
 I drew a bandage o'er my eyes  
 And also crooked a poor lame knee,  
 And soon I found in that display  
 Not one dear friend to thought on me.

4

I ventured in, famed words to tell  
 And came unto my mother and,  
 "Come here," she cries, "what can you want?"  
 And with my famed story I began.  
 I changed my voice to that of fame,  
 A poor lame soldier's part I gained,  
 "Your very name your love's engaged,  
 A soldier boy's the best we've had."

5

My father says he had a son  
 And for a soldier he had gone,  
 "What is his name?" the self replied,  
 "For behind me I left many a one,  
 And many's the message I have brought  
 To families that I ne'er shall find,  
 Long for John Goodman's house I've sought  
 To tell him his son's not far behind.

(over)

"O does he live?" my father cried,  
 My mother had not dared to speak,  
 And all the while my Jessie sighed  
 As if although her heart would break.  
 "He lived indeed, the token seen,  
 A parting kiss dear Jessie gave,  
 He sent it far with love by me  
 To show he still escapes the grave."

My father danced around his son,  
 My mother shook my hand away,  
 My brother says his glass may run,  
 He cares not now how soon the day.  
 "A swordsman love," my father cried,  
 "The wedding ~~xxxxxxx~~ first we'll surely have,  
 Onehundred years I vow they'll live  
 Since Jimmie escaped the soldier's grave."

Sung by Mr. Willis Jollimore, Terrance Bay, and recorded by  
 Helen Creighton, Sept. 1950.

The last words of the lines in the second verse may not  
 be correct; the dialect is difficult to follow.



The Ocean Queen (or The Winter Season). Reel 56.22-10.  
No.3

O in the winterseason all through the frost and snow  
We left our noble harbour bound down to Geroges go,  
Where heavy winds do whistle, blow heavy on our sail,  
Whilst we go out a-spouting just like some frightened whale.

22

Our sails they are made stout and strong, made of the best of stuff,  
Our rigging is manilla and rove through patent blocks,  
Our schooner's built of white oak and finished with great haste,  
To ride out every norther and stand the winter's task.

3

It's now we are on Georges no tongue can e'er describe  
The roughness of the water and the swiftness of the tide,  
Where ice congeals like mountains and heavy winds do blow  
Whilst we poor souls of Neptune those hardships must go through.

4

Now 'tis hail, rain, and thunder and breakers on each side,  
Whilst our noble vessel majestic she do ride,  
Hark for one moment, listen, and what I say be true,  
The Ocean Queen is missing, she drowned all her crew.

5

Now nine they were in number, all in the prime of life,  
Commanded by ~~John Sprink~~ a captain who leaves a tender wife,  
They were just one fortnight married when from her he did part,  
And now she's left a widow with a sad and broken heart.

6

But she is not the only one those banks have left to weep,  
There are fathers, sons, and brothers lie buried in the deep,  
I hope that God will pardon them for I know the grief they feel,  
There is a balm o'gilead that every wound might heal.

Sung by Mr. Everett Jollimore, Terrance Bay, and recorded  
by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1950.

See also Reel 60, No. 6 by Amos Jollimore, Terrance Bay, and  
Reel 52, by William and Howard Gilkie Sambro.  
Also S.B.N.S. p.295.

Come To the Woods. Reel 56.10-end.No.4

Come to the woods, cried Richard to Robin,  
Come to the woods, cried Robin to Dobbin,  
Come to the woods, cried Jack in the lane,  
Come to the woods, cried every one.

2

What to do there? cried Robin to Dobbin,  
What to do there? cried Richard to Robin,  
What to do there? cried Jack in the lane,  
What to do there? cried every one.

3

Shoot the wild deer, cried Richard to Robin,  
Shoot the wild deer, cried Robin to Dobbin,  
Shoot the wild deer, cried Jack in the lane,  
Shoot the wild deer, cried every one.

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

The 2nd verse should probably have the same name sequence  
as the other two.



Lord Bateman was a noble lord,  
A noble lord of high degree,  
He shipped himself on board some ship,  
Some foreign countree for to go see.

2

He sailed east and he sailed west  
Until he came unto Turkey,  
There he was taken and put in prison  
Until his life it was almost gone.

3

The squire had one only daughter,  
An only daughter, a lady fair,  
She stole the keys of her father's prison  
And swore Lord Bateman she would let free.

4

She took him down in her father's cellar  
And treated him to the best of wine,  
And every health that she drank unto him,  
"I wish Lord Bateman that you were mine."

5

She took him down by the seaside,  
She gave to him a ship of fame,  
"Farewell, farewell oh," she cries, "Lord Bateman,  
I'm afraid I never shall see you again."

6

For seven years they made a vow,  
And seven more to keep it strong,  
"If you don't wed with no other fair maid,  
It's ill not wed with no other man."

7

When seven years it was passed and over,  
And seven more it was drawing nigh,  
She packed up all her gayest clothing  
And swore, "Lord Bateman I must go find."

8

She sailed 'long until she came to Lord Bateman's castle,  
So loudly she rang the bell,  
"Who's there, who's there?" cried this proud young porter,  
"Who's there, who's there, come and quickly tell."

9

She said, "Oh is this Lord Bateman's castle  
Or is Lord Bateman now within?"  
"Oh yes, oh yes," cried the proud young porter,  
He's just now taking his new bride in."

10

"Tell him to send me a slice of cake  
And a bottle of his best of wine,  
And to not forget oh this fair young lady  
That did release him of his close confine."

11

Away, away runs this proud young porter,  
Away, away, and away run he,  
And when he came to Lord Bateman's office  
Down on his two bended knees fell he.

12

"Now what's the matter, my proud young porter,  
What news, what news have you brought to me?"  
"Outside the door stands a fair a creature  
As ever at my two eyes did see."

(over)



"She has got rings onto every finger,  
 And on the middle one she has got three,  
 There's as much gay gold hanging round her middle  
 That would buy all of North Cumberlee.

14

"She says to send her a slice of cake  
 And a bottle of your best of wine,  
 And to not forget oh that fair young lady  
 Since Susie Pye she has crossed the sea."

15

Lord Bateman into a passion flew,  
 He split his sword into splinters three,  
 "No more I'll ramble this wide world over  
 Since Susie Pye she has crossed the sea."

16

O then up speaks the young bride's mother  
 Who never was knowing for to speak so free,  
 "It's don't forget oh my only daughter  
 Which out of prison has set you free."

17

"I never made your daughter my bride,  
 She's none the better or worse of me,  
 She came to me on a horse and saddle,  
 She may drive back on a coach and three."

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

It sounds as though the singer says Bakeman for Bateman. In vs. 8 he started to sing, she sailed east and she sailed west, then he got muddled and probably left a verse out altogether. In the 16th verse he has also made a mistake as it was not the new bride who had crossed the sea. The word none is pronounced known. For other variants of this ballad, see Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia, pp. 26-34.



O the day I left old Ireland  
 Not many years ago,  
 I left my home on Fago  
 Where the pigs and the murphys grow,  
 And since I left old Ireland  
 It always was my plan  
 For to show those yellow house ladies  
 I'm a true born Irishman.

Cho.

Hello there Michel Fagen,  
 You could hear those ladies cry,  
 Hello there Michael Fagen,  
 On you I got my eye,  
 You're a credit to old Ireland,  
 Deny it no man can,  
 You're a harum scarum bung shalorum,  
 A true born Irishman.

2

Down by the yellow house station  
 I struck a lucky job,  
 Carrying brick and mortar  
 And my pay was eighteen bob,  
 I never spent a penny  
 But I drew up like a man  
 For to show those yellow house ladies  
 I'm a true born Irishman. Cho.

3

Now any lady present  
 Would like to marry me,  
 I'd take them to my little home  
 So far across the sea,  
 I'd dress them in silk and satin,  
 I'll do the best I can  
 For to show those yellow house ladies  
 I'm a true born Irishman. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Edward Deal, Seabright, and recorded by Helen  
 Creighton, Sept. 1950.