

Reel 57

FSG30

23.174.2

ME289.347

- 70-52. The Wounded Hussar. Sung by Mr. David Slaunwhite, Terrance Bay
- 52-40. Dictionary Song. " " " " " "
- 40-40. Willie. 1 vs. Sung by Mr. Ned Slaunwhite, Terrance Bay *See Reel 94*
- 40-32. Star of Logy Bay. Sung by Mrs. H.R. Bridger, Camperdown
- 32-28. The Squid Jiggin' Ground. " " "
- 28-22. Concerning One Summer I Spent in Bonay " "
- 22-20. Molly Bawn. " "
- 20-12. We'll Rant and We'll Roar. " "
- 12-end. Michael Fagen. Sung by Mr. Edward Deal, Seabright

All alone to the banks of a dark rolling denity
Where fair Adlie hid till the battle was o'er,
And "Herod," she cries, "hast thou wounded my ~~xxxxx~~ true love,
Or where hast thou wounded him or bled on the shore?"

2

"What voice do I hear? It's my Henry that sighs,"
All mournful she hastened and wounded she cries,
Whilst a-bleeding lies pale on the heath she did strive him,
By the light of the moon her poor wounded hussar.

3

"Thou shalt live," she replies, "heaven's mercies revealing,"
His anguish and love oh still wakes me afar,
O no the last pain in my bosom are healing,
No light of the moon shall to Henry return.

4

You charmer of love ever tender and true,
Now the babes of your love they still wake me afar,
When his faltering tongue could scarce murmur adieu
And he sank in her arms, her poor wounded hussar.

5

"Thou shall live," she replies, "heavens mercies revealing,"
His anguish and love they still wake me afar,
O no the last pain in my bosom are healing,
No light of the moon shall to Henry return.

6

You charmer of love ever tender and true,
The babes of your love they still wake me afar,
When his faltering tongue could scarce murmur adieu
And he sank in her arms, her poor wounded hussar.

Sung by Mr. David Slaunwhite, Terrance Bay, and recorded by
Helen Creighton, Sept. 1950. The words of this song are all
mixed up, and I am sure the singer has little idea what many
of them mean, including the word hussar, which must be what
he means. The tune is interesting; note how the last word of
the first and third lines picks up the first word of the second
and fourth lines.

Dictionary Song. Reel 57. 52-40. No.2

As I rode out one fine summer's morning
A speculating most curiously,
And to my surprise oh there I espied
A lovely fair one approaching me.

2

I stood a while in deep meditation
A contemplating what shall I do,
Till at length recruiting on my sensation
I disrecoursted my collenrue.

3

Are you that Aurora or goddess Flora,
Or Incompeach or Venus bright,
Or that Hieland fair one beyond compare one
Which Farish rose from the Grecian sight?

4

O you fairest creature you have enslained me,
I am executed by Cupid's cue,
With your golden obstance and your obsolation
Your range it is your own collenrue.

5

Now I am surprised and dissatisfied
At your tantalizing or elequence,
No I'm not so stupid nor enslained by Cupid
As to come a doubt to your essolence.

6

Therefore to part from my sad lamentation
Now I am engaged I declare it's true,
To a lad I love above earthly treasures,
He'll soon enjoy his own collenrue.

7

Now I've roved through Asia and through Arabia,
Through Pennsylvania seeking for you,
To the burning mountains where scenes are fairest
To one embrace of my collenrue.

8

Now I am surprised and dissatisfied
At your tantalizing or eloquence,
I'm not so stupid or enslained by Cupid
As to come a doubt to your essolence.

9

Now are you that Erious that did avarious
To decorating on Eisor's hill,
Are you that Hector or noble lector
That stood awhile o h in Grecian skill?

10

My fairest creature

Sung by David Slaun white, Terrance Bay, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1950. The singer says, "the words are so funny you can't understand them, and that's why it's called the Dictionary Song. I went over the words carefully with him after recording the song to get the words as nearly as possible as he sang them, while his family marvelled that he could recite so many long words.

1. thus accosted?

2. excellence?

Willie O. Reel 57. 40-40. No.3

As Mary lies sleeping Willie came creeping
Up to her chamber door so loud,
Saying, "Mary dearest, sweetheart, darling,
Weep no more for your Willie O."

The only verse he could remember. Sung by Mr. Ned Slaunwhite,
Terrance Bay, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1950.

See Reel 24B 15-21 sung by Walter Galt

Star of Logy Bay.

Reel 58.40-32. No.4

For words, see Old Time Songs and Poetry of Newfoundland, p. published by Gerald S. Doyle, which I presume you have. If not, please let me know and I will type the words off.

The only changes are the following:

- vs.1. beautiful charmer.
golden locks.
it is down.
- vs.3 as gentle as adove
- vs.6 between St. John's and Outer Cove
shower down its love.

Sung by Mrs. H.R. Bridger, Camperdown, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1950. Mrs. Bridger is a native of Trepassey, Newfoundland.

The Squid -jiggin' Ground

Reel 57.32-28. No.5

For words see 'Old Time Songs and Poetry of Newfoundland,
p.25, published by Gerald S. Doyle.

Sung by Mrs. H.R. Bridger, Camperdown, formerly of
Trepassey, Newfoundland; recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept.
1950

Concerning One Summer in Bonay I Spent Reel 57.28-22.No.6

For words see, Old Time Songs and Poetry of Newfoundland
p.33 published by Gerald S.Doyle. Our singer has omitted the
2nd last verse.

Sung by Mrs. H.R.Bridger, Camperdown, but formerly of
Trepassey, Newfoundland; recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept.
1950.

Here I am sad and lonely,
 Here in the distant west,
 And those pleasant dreams of bygone days
 At night disturb my rest,
 But in this faithful heart of mine
 Forgotten never shall be
 The days I spent with Molly Bawn
 Of Ol' Beyond Loch Lee.

Cho.

For she was young and slender,
 As gentle as a ~~fawn~~, ^{dove}
 Her eyes they shone like diamonds bright
 O'er the stars of early dawn,
 Her smile she had for every one
 But her kisses were all for me,
 Entranced I gaze at Molly Bawn
 Of Ol' Beyond ~~Loch~~ Loch Lee.

2

And when I claimed her for my bride
 How happy then was I,
 How pleasant were those hours of love
 And how quickly they went by,
 A pleasant light shone in her eyes,
 She was too good for me,
 When an angel claimed her for his own
 And took her far from me. Cho.

3

Oh I have travelled, a weary way
 My hair is silvery hue,
 A plain wee voice rings in my ear,
 It's tones I can't subdue,
 Her lovely form it haunts me still,
 And a pleasant face I can see,
 It is the face of Molly Bawn
 Of Ol' Beyond Loch Lee. Cho

~~XXXXXXX~~

Sung by Mrs. H.R. Bridges, Camperdown, Halifax Co., and
 recorded for Helen Creighton, Sept. 1950.

The singer says enhanced in the chorus, but it is
 probably meant to be enhanced.

For words see The Ryans and the Pittmans, Old Time Songs and Poetry from Newfoundland p.53, published by Gerald S. Doyle.

Our singer makes these changes:

vs.4. There's Myrtle from Bruley and young Mary Foley.

vs.5 I'm bound to the westward to marry my Polly,
And if I don't do so I'm afraid of her da.

vs.6 omitted.

vs.8 omitted.

Sung by Mrs H.R.Bridger, Camperdown, formerly of Trepassey, Newfoundland, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept.1950.