

Reel 60

FSG30
23.177.2
mf 289.353

- 70-55. Neat Irish Girl. Sung by Mr. William Gilkie, Sambro
- 55-46. Here's A Health Unto All True Lovers. Interesting. Sung by
Mr. Wm. and Mrs. Sandy Gilkie, Sambro
- 46-42. Crook and Plaid. 1 vs. Sung by Mr. Wm. Gilkie, Sambro
- 42-40. Doran's Ass. " " " " " "
- 40-30. Down By the Tanyard Side. Good. Sung by Mr. Amos Jollimore,
Terrance Bay
- 30-20. The Ocean Queen. " " " " "
- 20-10. Well Sold the Cow. " " " " "

Come all my good people beware,
A warning take by me,
It's never leave your home on your own dear native ^{shore} home
For to go to some foreign counterée.

2
For I myself was ~~lost~~
On the twentieth day of May,
When pressed I was by a press master,
Away to the wars I was sent.

3
On the 14th day of July ~~aft~~
When a captain ~~did spy~~
Full several sails of French man o'war,
~~And to catch them now they are gone~~

4
We came bearing down upon them with speed,
Our brave colors we did let fly,
Let ev-er-y man stand true to his guns
For the Lord knows who must die.

5
Our captain was wounded full sore,
And eighteen of our best men,
And own main standing rigging was so dreadfully tore
We were forced to surrender then.

6
If I had the wings of a linnet or a dove
I would fly to the arms of my love,
I would fly to the arrums of my ~~neat~~ neat Irish girl
For she is the one that I love.

7
She'd a tall and a slender form
And a dark and rolling eye,
If I'd a stayed on the shore with my neat Irish girl
Here on this cold deck I must die.

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

The 4th line of thr 3rd vs. may not be right, but that is
as close as I can come to it.

O here's a health unto all true lowers
And unto mine where're she be,
This very night love, I mean to be with you,
It's been a long time she is from me.

2
It's let this night be as dark as dungeons
And there no gay light al to appear,
My steps shall guide thee without a stumble
All in the arrums of you my dear.

3
It's when he came to his true love's window
He gently knelt down all on the stone,
And through the keyhole he whispered slowly
Saying, "My jewels are you alone?"

4
She rose her head from her soft white pillow
And almost naked was her lily white breast,
"Who's there, who's there tapping at my window,
Disturbing me from my long night's rest?"

5
"It i s your own true love, pray don't discover
But ope the door love and let me in,
For I am wet after my long night's journey,
Besides I'm wet love to the skin."

6
It's when this long night was passed and over
And then the cocks they began to crow,
We kissed, shook hands, and I in sorrow parted,
I took my leave and from her did go.

Sung by Mr. William Gilkie and his mother, Mrs. Sandy
Gilkie, Sambro, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1950.

Crook and Plaid. Reel 60.46-42. No.3

If lassies like their laddie,
They must like me confess,
For every lassies got her lad
She loves above the rest.
He's dear unto her bosom
Whatever be his trade,
And through life I love my laddie
That wears the crook and plaid.

2

He's ain true to his lover
And true to his lover ain true to me.

Fragment sung by Mr. William Gilkie, Sembro, and recorded by
Helen Creighton, Sept. 1950.

Pat comes home at railway speed
Saying, "Let me in my Biddy dear,
Let me in my Bi ddy dear
For I'm killed, I'm murdered all the way."

Cho.

Whack fol the dorrel lorrel lorrel,
Whack fol the dorrel lorrel ley.

2

But he never got back his old straw hat
As the jackass sat upon the way.

Cho.

Whack fol the dorrel lorrel lorrel,
Lots of fun at Finnigan's wake.

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

The singer has evidently forgotten the chorus in the last line
and mixed the song up with that of Finnigan's wake.

I am arambling hero and by love I am ensnared,
Near to the town of Bolingglass there dwells a comely maid,
She is fairer than Diana bright, she's free from earthly pride,
She's a lovely maid and her dwelling place lies near the tanyard side

2
I stood in meditation, I viewwed her o'er and o'er,
I thought she was Aurora bright descending down so low,
"O no kind sir, I'm a country girl," she modestly replied,
"And I'll labour daily for my bread down by the tanyard side."

3
Her golden hair in ringlets rare hangs o'er her snowy neck,
The killing glances of her eyes would save a ship from wreck,
Her two brown sparkling eyes and her teeth of the ivory white,
She would make a man become a slave down by the tanyard side.

4
For twelve long months we courted till at length we did agree
For to acquaint her parents, and married we would be,
Till at length her cruel old father to me he proved unkind
Which makes me sail across the sea and leave my girl behind.

5
Farewell my aged parents and to you I'll bid adieu,
I'm sailing o'er the ocean all for the sake of you,
But if ever I return again I will make you my bride
And I'll roll you in my arms again down by the tanyard side.

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

For a similar version see Songs and Ballads From Nova Scotia,
p.165.

Been in the winter season all through the frost and snow
We left our noble harbour, run down to Georges go,
Where heavy winds do whistle, blows heavy on our sail,
While we go out a-fishing just like some flighting whale.

2

Our sails they are made stout and strong, made of the best of stuff,
Our riggings are manilla and wove through patent blocks,
Our schooner's built of white oak and finished with great taste
For to ride out every norther and stand the winter's task.

3

Now 'tis on the banks of Georges no tongue can ever describe
The roughness of the water and the swiftness of the tide,
Where ice congeals like mountains and heavy winds do blow
While we poor souls of Neptune those hardships must go through.

4

Now 'tis hail, rain, and thunder and breakers on each side,
But our noble vessel majestic she do ride,
Hark for one moment listen, mark 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 bold Spinney who leaves a tender wife,
They were just a fortnight married and from her he did part,
So now she's left a widow with a sad and broken heart.

6

But she is not the only one those banks has left to weep,
There's fathers, sons, and brothers lies 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. Amos Wollimore, Terrance Bay, and recorded by
Halen Creighton, Sept. 1950.

See also S.B.N.S.p.297 under the caption The Ocean Queen, sung
by Mr. Ben Henneberg.

O come listen unto me and a story I will tell,
About an old farmer in Yorkshire he did dwell,
He had a little boy which he hired as his man
All for to do his business, his name it was John.
Cho.

With me fol de rol de rido,
Fol de rol de ray .

2

"O Johnny there's a cow, you can take her to the fair,
She's in the best of order and her I can spare,"
Johnny to the barn then immediately did run
And away to the fair he marched the cow along. Cho.

3

Now he had not gone far when he met with three men,
He sold them the cow for seven pound ten,
"Come into the barn my boys and let us have a drink
And I'll pay you your money right down upon a jink." Cho.

4

Now the robbers in the room sat drinking of their wine
When they said in their own minds, "this money shall be mine,"
And John when he got up to go home,
This robber he followed him out of the room. Cho.

5

"Now deliver up that money without word or strife
Or at this very moment I'll take away your life,
Deliver up that money without word or strife,
Or at this very moment I will take away your life." Cho.

6

From the lining of his coat Johnny haled the money out
And all among the green grass he strewed it all about,
From the lining of his coat Johnny hauled the money out
And it's all among the green grass he strewed it all about. Cho.

7

Now the robber he dismounted all down from his horse,
But little did he think it would be to his loss,
While looking for the money which he threw into the grass
Jack leaped into the stirrups, rode away with the robber's horse.
stirrups Cho.

8

But now when John he came near home
The old farmer to him then immediately did run
Crying, "God bless me soul John, did you make aswap
Or did my old cow turn out to be a horse?" Cho.

9

"O no sir, no sir, no sir I pray,
But I was robbed all on the highway,
I was robbed all on the highway
And to make you some inventions I brought you back his horse." Cho.

10

Now the saddle bags were unfolded which the farmer did unfold,
Five thousand bright guineas in silver and gold,
A brace of loaded pistols, the old farmer did avow,
Crying, "God bless my soul John go sell the other cow." Cho.

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

See also Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia p. 237 sung by Mrs
Gallagher.