

Reel 67

- 70-44. Peter Emberley. Sung by Mr. Norman Kennedy, Boutilier's Point. Local, lumbering woods tragedy; good variant and quite well sung.
- 44-30. Erin's Lovely Home. Sung by Mr. Grace Clergy, East Petpeswick. 10 long verses; song of lovers parted by father and united later; good.
- 30-20. In Rogersville City. Sung by Mr. Bernard Young, East Petpeswick. 10 vs. song takes a lot of singing; love and press gang; quite nice.
- 20-10. Old Erin Far Away. Sung by Mr. Bernard Young, East Petpeswick. Boy dies on battiefield; good of its kind.
- 10-end. Mountains of Mourne. Sung by Mr. Bernard Young, East Petpes wick. Comic Irish and good of its kind.

My name is Peter Emberley
 I'll give you to understand,
 I belong to Prince Edward Island
 Down by the ocean strand,
 In eighteen hundred and eighty-one
 When flowers were brilliant to view
 I left my native countree
 My fortune to pursue.

2

I landed in New Brunswick
 In that lumbering countree,
 I hired to work in the lumbering woods
 Which proved my destiny,
 I hired to work in the lumbering woods
 Where they cut the tall spruce down,
 It was loading two slats from the earth
 I received my deathly wound.

3

There's danger on the ocean
 Where the waves roll mountains high,
 There's danger on the battlefield
 Where the angry bullets fly,
 There's danger in the lumbering woods
 For death lurks silent there,
 I fell a victim unto death
 In that great monstrous snare.

4

Here's adieu unto my father,
 Was him who drove me here,
 I thought him very cruel,
 In his treatment too severe,
 It is not right to force a boy
 Nor try to keep him down,
 It will repulse him from his home
 When he is far too young.

5

Here's adieu unto my dearest friend,
 I mean my mother dear,
 She's reared a son that's fallen
 Soon as he left her care,
 xaxthexcityxafxRayistan
 Wixkxxmxxmndixkixxbaxxixathxix
 WixkingxaxxSaxkaxkxaxkix
 Iaxthaxgaxatxjndgexantxday.x
 It was little did my mother know
 When she sang sweet lullabies
 What country I should travel to
 Or what death I should die.

6

Here's adieu to Prince Edward Island,
 That garden on the sea,
 No more I'll view its sunny banks
 Nor enjoy a summer breeze,

No more I'll see those gallant ships
As they go sailing by,
With streamers floating in the air
Far from their canvas high,

7

Here's adieu unto my younger friend,
That highland girl so true,
Long may she live and bless the isle
Where my first breath I drew,
Its years may roll on just ~~thaxsam~~ as fast
As before I passed away,
What signifies a mortal man
Whose name is generous clay?

8

I know my lot seems very hard
Since fortune proved severe,
But death, grim death, the worst to come,
I have no more to fear,
It will relieve those deathly pains
And liberate me soon,
I'll sleep the long and silent sleep
All slumbering in the tomb.

9

There's one request I'll have to ask
And that I have to crave,
That some kind-hearted father
Would bless my sleeping grave,
It's in the city of Boylston
Where my mouldering bones will lie,
Waiting the Saviour's calling
On that great judgement day.

Sung by Mr. Norman Kennedy, Boutilier's Point,
and recorded by Helen Creighton, July/51.

See Songs and Ballads From Nova Scotia, p.301

All who are at liberty I hope you will draw near
 To a sad and mournful story I mean to let you hear,
 I'm here in close confinement and anguish for to mourh,
 Far from my friends and parents in Erin's lovely home.

2

When I was young and in my prime, my age just twaaty-one
 I acted as a servant unto a gentleman,
 I served him true and honest and very well it's known,
 But in cruelty he banished me from Wrin's lovely home.

3

The reason why he banished me I mean to let you hear,
 I owned I loved his daughter, and she loved me as dear,
 She had a large fortune, and riches I had none,
 We'll bid adieu to all our friends in Erin's lovely home.

4

Was in her father's garden in the lovely month of June
 We were viewing those flowers all in their youthful bloom,
 She says, "My dearest William, if with me you will roam
 We'll bid adieu to all our friends in Erin's lovely home."

5

I gave consent that very night away with her to roam
 From her father's dwelling which caused my overthrow
 The night was bright by moonlight, we both set out alone
 Thinking to get safe away from Erin's lovely home.

6

When we came to Belfast was by the break of day,
 My love she then got ready our passage for to pay,
 Five thousand pounds she counted down saying, "This shall be your own
 But do not mourn for those you left in Erin's lovely home."

7

It's of our sad misfortune I mean to let you hear,
 'Twas in a few hours after her father he appeared,
 He marched me back to Homer(?) jail in the county of Tyrone,
 And there I was transported from Erin's lovely home.

8

As I lay under sentence before I sailed away,
 My love she came into the jail and thus to me did say,
 "Cheer up your heart, don't be dismayed, for I'll not you disown,
 Until you do return again to Erin's lovely home."

9

While I lay under sentence it grieved my heart full sore,
 But the parting from my own true love it grieved me ten times more,
 I had seven links upon my chain, for every link a year,
 Before I could return again to the arrums of my dear.

10

When seven years was over and he came back again
 He called upon this pretty girl and she loved him the same,
 This couple now are married and they no more shall roam,
 In sweet content their lives are spent in Erin's lovely home.

(The singer forgot vs. 6 and added it at end, but in quite a different key)

Sung by Mr. Grace Clergy, East Petpeswick, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug/51/

In Rogersville city there lived a fair damsel,
 For wit ad for beauty her none could excel,
 Admired she was by many a suitor,
 While William(?) of all he loved her right well.

2

This charming young fair one she loved a young sailor,
 Long time it had been since he'd crossed the wide main,
 When the Americans insulted our British flag royal,
 When the Americans insulted our British flag royal
 We were summons to go, we were summons to go,
 We were summons to go put and fight them again.

3

This jolly young sailor of late been reported
 Had been but a very short time on the shore,
 As he and his true love together were walking
 He by a large press gang all from her was tore,

4

We see and percieve that you are a young sailor,
 All fit for to fight for your country and king,
 And as we want sailors you must plough the ocean,
 And as we want sailors you must plough the ocean,
 No excuses we'll have, no excuses we'll have,
 You must go out and fight those bold rebels again.

5

Qearly next morning as the day was a-dawning
 A letter this beautiful damsel received,
 It was to inform her our ship she weighed anchor,
 With grief and vexation this fair one did grieve.

6

She cries, "These wars to me they prove cruel,
 They rob me of him whom I love so dear,
 My mind is tormented with grief and vexation,
 With grief and vexation my mind is tormented,"
 While from her bright eyes, while from her bright eyes,
 While from her bright eyes there fell many a tear.

7

In reading these few lines don't be disappointed,
 Once more I'm compelled to cross the wild sea,
 Nevertheless my dear girl don't you be daunted,
 And it's you and you only it's constant I'll be.

8

It's many a fair one I'll see, there's no doubt of,
 While I am in port and in anchor delay,
 Not one will induce me to think of another,
 Not one will induce me to think of another,
 While I am away, while I am away,
 And I hope in return love you'll do so by me.

9

So farewell lovely Sally, the next time I see you
 Our ship's bound to India all with a fair gale,
 Right early to-morrow the day is appointed,
 All hands must prepare to go and not fail.

(over)

May the heavens protect you till the next time I see you,
I hope in a short time those wars will be o'er,
And then my dear Sally we will be united,
And then my dear Sally we will be united
In sweet harmony, in sweet harmony,
And we'll live our lives happy and safe on the shore.

Sung by Mr. Bernard Young, East Petpeswick, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug/51

The sun had gone down over the Erin skies
And the deadly fight was o'er,
And thousands lay on the battlefields
And life could claim no more.
The pale moon shone on the cold damp ground
Where a dying soldier lay,
Far away from the ones that he loved so dear
In old Erin far away.

2

A passing comrade heard his moan
And soon the soldier found,
And gently raised his aching head
From off the cold damp ground,
He says softly and gently, "My comrade dead
I'm not long in this world to stay,
For a vision bright bore o'er my sight
In old Erin far away.

3

"Here's a lock of my hair I pray you bear
To my mother that's o'er the sea,
And every time she looks at it
I know she will think of me,
Tell her at home I'll no more roam
As in childhood we used to play,
Where the green grass blade in the evergreen shades
In old Erin far away.

4

"Tell my brother that we bravely fought
As our forefathers did,
With bayonets charging through the air
And green laurels on our heads,
'Twas in my heart to conquer,
And hundreds more to slay,
While a vision bright broke o'er my sight
In old Erin far away.

5

"Tell my sister it's been long long years
Since last I saw her face,
But her form stands pleasant in my mind
And her features I can trace,
Tell her at home I'll no more roam
As in childhood we used to play,
Where the green grass blades in the evergreen shades
In old Erin far away.

6

The dying soldier breathed a sigh
As he turned his aching head,
His spirit left this wide wide world,
The soldier boy was dead,
The grave was made and in there laid
The bones of a soldier gay,
And he'll no more roam to his childhood home
In old Erin far away.

(over)

His comrades gathered round his grave
For to take their last farewell
Of as true and as gallant a hero
As ever in battle fell,
As they lowed him down in the cold damp ground
His bright vision seemed to say,
"My parents will miss me when I'm gone
In old Erin far away."

Sung by Mr. Bernard Young, East Petpeswick, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug./51

The singer always sings the place name as though it
were Eryian, but I think he must mean Erin.

Mr. Young hadn't sung this for some time, and he
thinks he had some of the verses mixed up.

Dear Mary this London is a wonderful sight
Where the people are working the day and the night,
They don't sow potatoes nor barley nor wheat,
Oh there's gangs of them digging for gold in the street,
At least when I asked them that's what I was told,
So I just took a hand in this digging for gold,
But for all that I got shure I might as well be
Where the mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea.

2

You remember when writing a wish you expressed
As to how the fine ladies of London do dress,
Now if you'll believe me when asked to a ball
Sure they don't wear no top to their dresses at all,
I seen them myself sure and could not in troth
Say if they were bound for a ball or a boss,
Don't be starting this fashion now Mary Macree
Where the mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea.

3

You remember young Dennis, old Lachlan of course,
Now here he is now at the head of the force,
I methim one day I was crossing the strand
And he stopped the whole street with a wave of his hand,
And there we stood talking till daylight had gone
While the whole population of London looked on,
But for all his great powers he's wishful to be
Where the mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea.

4

After mass on last Sunday I went for a walk
Just to see the fine ladies ride out in the park,
You'd think would be fine to be driving around
In a carriage that cost maybe twenty-four pounds,
But for all the diversion that I did perceive
Sure I seen just as good at the side of a grave,
For a fashionable wedding is a far better spree
Where the mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea.

5

O I seen England's king from the top of a bus,
Sure he didn't know me though he's meant to know us,
And though by the Saxon we were once oppressed
I cheered, God forgive me, I cheered with the rest,
But now that he's visited old Erin's green shore
We'll be much better friends than we've been heretofore,
When we get all we want we're as quiet as can be
Where the mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea.

Sung by Mr. Bernard Young, East Patpeswick, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug/51/

(Mr. and Mrs. Fowke from Toronto were with me at the
time, and the singer finishes with a flourish and all
the volume he can muster).