

Reel 69.

- 70-62. The Farmer's Son and the Shanty Boy. Sung by Mr. Edward Deal, Seabright. Nice little love song but incomplete.
- 62-50. Harry Dunn. Sung by Mr. Otis Hubley, Seabright. Lumbering song of tragedy in woods of Michigan. Considered bad luck song.
- 50-42½. Flat River Girl. Sung by Mr. Otis Hubley, Seabright. Love song; good, but incomplete.
- ~~42-32~~ ~~32-30~~ ~~30-22~~ ~~22-10~~ ~~10-3rd~~ ~~Willie~~ ~~Royal~~
- 42½-32. In Canso Strait. Sung by Mr. Wentworth Boutilier, Indian Point. Local song, good variant.
- 32-30. Bold Princess Royal. Sung by Mr. Wentworth Boutilier, Indian Point; good variant quietly sung.
- 30-22. Bold Princess Royal. Sung by Mr. Grace Clergy, East Petpeswick. Beautiful tune, well sung, perhaps borrowed from some other song.
- 22-10. On The Banks of Brandywine. Sung by Mr. Grace Clergy, East Petpeswick. Singer needed prompting.
- 10-3rd. Willie. Sung by Mr. Bernard Young. Good dramatic love song; well sung.

The Farmer's Son and the Shanty Boy. Reel 69.70-60, No.1

As I strolled out one evening
Just as the sun went down,
It's carelessly I rambled
Till I came to Franklin town,
I heard two maids conversing,
And I listened there with joy,
For the one she loved a farmer's son
And the other a shanty boy.

2
Now the maid who loved the farmer's son
To the other girl did say,
"The reason that I love him,
At home with me he'll stay,
At home with me in the winter,
'Long to the woods he will not go,
And when the springtime it comes on
His fields he'll plow and sow."

3
Now the one that loved the shanty boy
To the other girl did say,
"The shanty boys are healthy
And they can stand the squall,
The shanty boys are healthy,
They comes down in the spring,
And their money free they'll spend on me
While mossy jaws' got none."

Sung by Mr. Edward Deal, Seabright, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, July/51

All the singer could remember of this song.

Hello you wild Canadian boys
Who leave their native home,
And longing for excitement
To Michigan do roam,
I once did know a nice young man
Whose name was Harry Dunn,
His father was a farmer
And Harry his only son.
But he only wished to have one try
In the woods of Michigan.

2

Now the morning that Harry was going away
His mother to him did say,
"Oh Harry dear, don't go away
But stay upon the farm,
You leave your dear old father,
Your mother and sister are three,
And something seems to tell me
Your face I shall no more see."

3

He hardly had started on his way
For Buffalo the next day,
He hired with a lumbering king,
To Michigan did roam,
He worked along for three long months
And oft times would write home,
Saying winter will soon be over
And then I will come home."

4

One morning as Harry rose from his berth
No smiles were on his brow,
He called his chum aside of the door
Whose name was Charlie Boyle,
Saying, "Charlie dear I had a dream
Which fills my heart with woe,
I fear there's something wrong at home
And there I better go."

5

His comrades only laughed at him
Which stood him for a while,
"Oh Harry dear, 'tis time to go,
'Tis time to fall the pine,"
They worked away till three o'clock,
All on that fatal day,
When a hanging limb fell down upon him
And smashed him to the clay.

6

His comrades gathered around him
And took the limb away,
"Oh Charlie dear, my time is here,
My time has come at last,

It's take me up and carry me down
And send my body home,
And ask my dear old mother
Why I did leave the farm."

7

O the train had started early next morn
With all on board containing
Was poor young Harry Dunn,
And when his mother saw him
She fell down like a stone,
Her heart was broke, God knows it was,
When she saw her only son.

Sung by Mr. Otis Hubkey, Seabright, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, July/51.

(In Walter Roast's version his father dies of grief 3
months later)

I'm a hard working river boy,
From old England I came,
I've been courting a fair maid
Who my heart stole away,
She's a blacksmith's own daughter
From the Flat River side,
And I always intended
To make her my bride.

2

O I dressed her in muslin,
The finest and best,
I gave her my wages
All for a keepsake,
I deprived her of nothing
That I had on this earth.

3.

One day on Flat River
A letter I received,
In the breaking of your promise
I will have you relieved,
Gone back with another,
Gone back on my name,
Oh it was Jane her mother
Who I left for to blame.

Sung by Mr. Otis Hubley, Seabright, and recorded by
Helen Creighton, July/51/

(There is probably more to this song which the singer
can't remember).

In Canso Strait our vessel lay,
We were homeward bound and ready for sea,
She was built of oak both stout and strong
And in Gloucester where she did belong.

2

With all sails set and ready for sea
When our drunken captain got on a spree,
He came on board and to us did say,
"Get your anchor lads and fill away."

3

We filled away at his command
With all sails set we left the land,
Leaving Sand Point all on our lee
We steered out into a heavy sea.

4

We kindly asked him to shorten sail
Or we'd be lost in the heavy gale,
But he cursed and swore if the winds would blow
He'd show us how his brave ship could go.

5

There came a squall from the angry skies,
She pitched and plunged but she would not rise,
Which put the wheelman in a fright
As the cabin was filling through the dead skylight.

6

We asked him again for to shorten sail
Or we'd all be lost in the heavy gale,
But he cursed and swore and tore his hair
Saying, "I'm captain here and you need not fear.

7

"I'm captain here and I will not fail
To shoot the first man that will touch a sail,"
Then up speaks one of our bravest men
Saying, "There's nine of us right here at hand.

8

"We'll reef her down and to sea we'll go,
If he interferes, lash him down below,"
We reefed her down and steadily steered,
From those breaking ledges we disappeared.

9

We're heading up the Cape Shore now,
She knocks the white foam from her bow,
Our jib she parted, to the wind she flew,
We hauled it down and bent on new.

10

We're homeward bound with great success
Like some lonely seagull seeking rest,
When I get home no more I'll sail
With a drunken captain in a heavy gale.

Sung by Mr. Wentworth Boutilier, Indian Point,
and recorded by Helen Creighton, Julh/51

On the fourteenth day of January
We sailed from the land
On board the Princess Royal
Bound to Newfoundland,
Fourteen brave seamen
Was our ship's company
As we sailed from the east,
To the west bound were we.

2

We had not been sailing
More than two days or three
When the man from the masthead
A sail he did see,
The man from the masthead
A sail did report,
And onto her mizzenmast
Black colours she bore.

3

"Oh Lord," cried our captain,
"What shall we do now,
For yonder is a pirate
To rob us I know?"
"Oh no," cried our chief mate,
"That never can be so,
For we'll shake out our reefs boys
And from her we will go."

4

At the hour of twelve
Alongside us she came
With her loudspeaking trumpet
Saying, "Where are you from?"
Our captain being asked
Answered him just so,
I am bound to fair London
And from Callao."

5

"Then it's back your foretopsail
And lay your ship to
For I got a few letters
To send along with you,"
"If I back my foretopsail
And lay my ship to
It will be in some harbour
Not alongside of you."

6

They chased us to windward
All that livelong day,
They chased us to windward
But gathered no headway,
They fired a shot after us
But nothing could prevail
And the bold Princess Royal
Soon showed them her tail.

7
Go down to your grog boys,
Go down every man,
Drink and be merry,
And never fear to stand,
Drink and be merry
And never fear to stand
While the bold Princess Royal
Is under our cammand.

Sung by Mr. Wentworth Boutilier, Indian Point,
and recorded by Helen Creighton, July/51

On the eighteenth of August we sailed from the strand
On the bold Princess Royal bound to Deeman's Land,
With the wind on the eastward to the westward steered we,
And forty bold seamen was our ship's company.

2

We hadnot been sailing for days only three
When we spied a large frigate to windward did lay,
She came bearing down on us and so quickly we did spy,
While under her mizzen peak the black colours did fly.

3

Early next morning there came alongside
A loud-speaking trumpet, "Where bound you?" he cried,
The mate on our quarter and said him also,
"We're a troop ship from London bound down to Bordeaux."

4

"If you're a troop ship from London and bound to Bordeaux
Come back your maintopsail and heave your ship to."
"I'll back my maintopsail, I will heave my ship to,
It will be in some harbour not alonside of you."

5

The first thing we mustered was our small arms so true
And the next thing we mustered was our ship's crew,
We hoisted our signals, a blue, white, and the red,
With the Union Jack flying from the royal masthead.

6

*Come down to your grog my boys and drink while you're dry,
Let the full casks of brandy like salt water fly,
Come down to your grog boys and drink while you're dry,
Let the full casks of brandy like salt water fly.

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

One morning very early in the pleasant month of May
 As I went out to take the air all nature seemed in gay,
 The moon had not yet veiled her face but through the trees did shine
 As I wandered for amusement on the banks of Brandywine.

2

By many a rock and craggy cliff and bushes of small growth,
 By many a lofty ancient tree their leaves were putting forth,
 As I wandered up along the banks where murmuring streams do join,
 While pleasant music caught my ear on the banks of Brandywine.

3

At such an early hour I was surprised to see
 A comely maid with downcast eye upon these banks so gay,
 I modestly saluted her, she knew not my design,
 I requested her sweet company on the banks of Brandywine.

4

"O leave me sir, do leave me, why do you thus torment?
 My Henry won't believe me, therefore I am content,
 Why do you thus torment me and cruelly thus combine
 To fill my heart with horror on the Banks of Brandywine?"

5

"I mean not to afflict your mind, but rather for to ease
 Such dreadful apprehensions that soon your mind will seize,
 Your Henry in wedlock banns another one has joined,
 She swooned into my arms on the banks of Brandywine."

6

By lofty hills and craggy rocks and bushes of small growth,
 By many a lofty ancient tree its leaves were putting forth,
 It's now I know you're true my dear, in Hyman's chains we'll join
 And blessthe happy morn we met on the banks of Brandywine/

7

"Oh no my dear that never shall be, behold your Henry now,
 I'll fold you to my bosom love, I've not forgot my vow,
 It's now I know you're true my dear, In Hyman's chains we'll join
 And blessthe happy morn we met on the banks of Brandywine."

(There appear to be some verses missing; Henry must have revealed himself in some way. The singer had forgotten much of this song and had to be prompted, so it is not too well sung. See Reel 86, sung by Mr. Berton Young).

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

It's of a rich merchant in London I am told,
 He had a lovely daughter most delicate to behold,
 Forty thousand bright guineas was her fortune in gold,
 When she fell in love with a young sailor bold.

2

Now when her old father these tidings did hear
 Upon this young sailor with vengeance did swear,
 He says, "Your true love will no more plough the sea
 For before to-morrow morning his butcher I'll be."

3

Now when this young damsel those tidings did hear
 She went wringing her hands then in grief and despair,
 She cried and she says, "If I could see my dear
 How quick would I warn him of the danger that's near."

4

In a suit of bold sailor's apparel so neat
 She dressed herself up from the head to the feet,
 With pumps on her feet and a cane in her hand
 She met her love Willie as she marched down the strand.

5

"Oh Willie, dear Willie, you must instantly flee
 For my father he swears that your butcher he'll be,
 Straightway to Dover I would have you to steer
 And in forty-eight hours I will meet you there."

6

She kissed his pale lips that were cold as the clay,
 Saying, "Willie, dear Willie, now make no delay,"
 And straightway she gave him a handful of gold
 And she marched up the strand like a young sailor bold.

7

She met her old father as she marched up the strand,
 He took her for William saying, "You are the man,"
 His sword from its scabbard he instantly drew,
 Her beautiful body he pierced through and through.

8

When he saw what he had done he sank down in despair,
 A-wringing his hands and a-tearing his hair,
 He cries, "Wretched monster, now what have ~~xxxxxx~~ you done?
 You have murdered the flower of fair London town."

9

Now when the young sailor the tidings did hear
 He died broken hearted, all grief and despair,
 So father and daughter and the young sailor bold
 Met an untimely death for the love of cursed gold.

(Mr. Young has apparently forgotten the verse in which
 the father takes his own life in his remorse. See
Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia p.219.)

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