

FSG30
23. 188. 2
MF 289. 375

Reel 71

- 70-52. Plains of Waterloo. Sung by Mrs. Edward Gallagher,
Chebucto Head. Good song, sung sympathetically.
- 52-50. Bonny Bunch of Roses O. Sung by Mrs. nEdward Gallagher,
Chebucto Head. 2 vs. only. Good tune. *in other recs. 6 vs.*
- 50-42. Good Old State of Maine. 50-42. Sung by Mr. John Roast,
East Chezzetcook. Lumberman's song; fair.
- 42-38. Shantyman's Life. Sung by Mr. John Roast, East
Chezzetcook. Lumberman's Song.
- ✓ 38-33. Down By the Fair River. Sung by Mr. John Roast, East
Chezzetcook. 1 vs. for tune.
- 33-30. The Stormy Seas of Winter. Sung by Mr. John Roast, East
Chezzetcook. Popular song here.
- 30-28. Chezzetcook Song. Sung by Mr. John Roast, East *Grace Clergy*
Chezzetcook. Good local song.
- 28-26. The Honest Working Man. Sung by Mr. Grace Clergy, East
Petpeswick. Good local song.
- 26-12. The Silvery Tide. Sung by Mr. Grace Clergy, East
Petpeswick. Good local song.
- ✓ 12-10. Early Early In the Spring. Sung by Mr. Grace Clergy,
East Petpeswick. 1 vs. for tune
- 10-end. The Nova Scotia Hills/ Sung by Mr. Charles Young East
Petpeswick. Not folk; old school song.

As I strayed ashore one evening
In deep meditation
Last Saturday night
And calm was the air,
There I spied a fair maid
Makes ad lamentation,
Reclining on the rock
She was grieved to despair.

2

In heart-broken accents
I heard her complaining,
Saying, "Willie, dearest Willie
Return again to me,"
And again she exclaimed, "Ah,
No more will I see him,
My tender-hearted Willie
Lies under the sea."

3

'Twas just to interview her
I stepped up to her,
Saying, "May I be so bold
As to ask your true love's name?
For I have been in battle
Where cannon do rattle,
Perhaps in my wanderings
I may have met the same."

4

"Willie Smith is his name,
He's a man of great fame,
And he has gone and left me
In sorrow it is true,
But until he returns to me
No other I'll consider,
A maid I'll remain till he
Returns from Waterloo."

5

"If Willie Smith is the name
Of your true lover,
It's long by his side
I stood many a sad campaign,
Through Portugal and Prussia,
Through Italy and Russia,
He was my dearest comrade
Through France and through Spain.

6

Till at length
By a ball he was smitten,
Scarce had I turned
For to bid him adieu,
And as he was dying
These words I heard him sighing,
'Fare you well dearest Sally
Who is far from Waterloo!'"

When she heard
 That sad declaration,
 Her red rosy cheeks
 They grew cold, pale, and wan,
 I could no longer stand
 Her sad situation,
 I threw my arms around her saying,
 "Sally I'm the man."

"Here is the ring that
 Was broken between us,
 In the midst of great danger
 It reminded me of you,"
 And when she saw the token
 Between them was broken
 She said, "Welcome home dear Willie
 From the plains of Waterloo,"

Sung by Mrs. Edward Gallagher, Chebucto Head, and
 recorded by Helen Creighton, July/51

See also reel 51.70-50 sung by Amos Jollimore, Terrance Bay.

On the borders of the ocean
One morning in the month of June
For to hear those warlike songsters
Their cheerful notes so sweetly tune,
I overheard a female
Who seemed to be in grief and woe
Conversing with young Buonaparte
Concerning the bonny bunch of roses O.

2

Then up stepped young Napoleon
And takes his mother by the hand,
Saying, "Mother dear have patience
Until I'm able to command,
Then I will take an army,
Through tremendous dangers I will go,
In spite of all the universe
I'll conquer the bonny bunch of roses O.

Sung by Mrs. Edward Gallagher who does not
recall the whole song, and recorded by Helen Creighton,
July/51.

See also reel 74.42-34.No.3 for full text sung by Bernard
Young, Petpeswick; and Songs and Ballads From Nova Scotia,
p. 140, sung by Alexander Henneberry.

You bushmen all give ear I pray of what I now relate
Of working in the lumber woods all in the grand old state,
With the snow-clad hills and winding sleets and mountains steep incline,
A place like this you seldom see in the good old state of Maine.

2

It's down in Zeeland valley where you'll find seven feet of snow,
To work by their thermometer 'tis thirty-five below,
It averages there three storms a week of snow or sleet or rain,
A place like this you'll seldom see in the good old state of Maine.

3

Oh now the grub I'll give her up for as much as I can tell,
The cook he is so lazy he'd allow his men to starve,
It's pork and beans and beans and pork and pork and beans again,
Such grub as this you seldom see in the good old state of Maine.

4

The fish and meat is poorly cooked, the doughnuts sour and hard,
The ginger cakes is musty and the sour bread likewise,
Who would undertake to chew them, it would give their jaws great pain,
Of grub you sometimes get a change in the good old state of Maine.

Sung by Mr. John Roast who learned it from a cousin many
years ago; recorded by Helen Creighton, at Lower East Chezz-
etook, July/51.

Shantyman's Life

Reel 71.42-38.No.4

For text see Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia, p.274.

Somewhere in the song these lines should come:

The wolves and the owls
With their terrifying growls
Disturb our nightly dreams.

Sung by Mr. John Roast, Lr. East Chezzetcock,
and recorded by Helen Creighton, July/51

Down By the Fair River.

Reel 71.38-33.No.5

Now come all men and maidens take warning by me,
Never build your nest on a green hollow tree,
O the green leaves they will wither
And the roots they'll run dry,
I lost my own darling by courting too shy.

For rest of text see Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia,
p. 150. This verse was recorded for the tune.

Sung by Mr. John Roast, Lower East Chezzetcook, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, July/51.

The Stormy Seas of Winter. Reel 71.33-30.No.6

For text see Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia, p.210.
with these changes in vs.3:

I want to tell you plainly you'll lead a single life,
I never thought it suiting for me to be your wife,
So take this for an answer and for you self provide,
I love another more suiting, and you are laid aside.

vs.5&6.Floria

Sung by Mr. John Roast, Lower East Chezzetcook, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, July/51

Chezzetcook Song.

Reel 71.30-28.No.7

My name is Billy Fontaine, Fontaine, Fontaine,
I am a little Frenchman, foom Chizzencook I came,
'Twas in the month of June when the gallyt was in bloom,
They would sing this little tune, do you want to buy the clam?

Cho.

Do you want to buy the mitt, the sock, the frock,
The juniper post, the forty foot ladder, the muscle and the clam,
The foxberry, the gooseberry, the hucklenberry, the cranberry,
The smelt, the pelt, the forty four ladder,
The thousands of brick in the sand.

2

There was Billy Gabriel too comprised the crew,
The divil a man was he when he got on a spree,
He would spend all his money and he'd gamble it all away,
He would smell the little demi-john and get drunk as
Billy-be-darned. Cho.

(Many of the Chezzetcook people are French; they used
to come to the open market in Halifax and sell their
wares. They had a great variety, so somebody made up
this song about them).

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

'Twas on one Monday morning as the daylight was a-dawning
Green mossy banks and meadows they overlooked the way,
Something gave me the notion to put my pen in motion,
To write a line or two about the government railway.

2

Seated quite contented in a room I lately ~~rented~~ rented,
Each line it did amuse me by the puff of my cigar,
O give me your attention to those few lines I mention,
For the facts that daily happen on the well known I.C.R.

3

Bluenoses strong and valiant, they pass away in talent,
We have no room for foreigners who come from near or far,
O no we want no others but our countrymen and brothers
For to help us do our duty on the well known I.C.R.

Full text is on Library of Congress recording No7131,
and I have several variants.

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

Silvery Tide. Reel 71/26-12.No.9

It's of a lovely maiden who dwelt by the seaside,
Her beautym form, and feature, she was called the viilage, pride,
There was a brave sea captain who Mary's heart did wear,
And oh how true he was to her while on the raging main.

2

All in young Henry's absence a nobleman there came
A-courting pretty Mary, while she refused the same,
"My vows not vain, but o'er the main there's one I love," she cried,
"So far from me is my true love out on the silvery tide."

3

This nobleman he took a walk one morning for fresh air,
His true love he spied weeping down by the river clear,
Up speaks this artful villian, "You ne'er shall be his bride,
You'll sink or swim far far from him down on the silvery tide."

4

Wit trembling thoughts cried Mary, "My vows I'll never break,
'Tis Henry I love dearly, I'll die for his sweet sake,"
With his handkerchief he bound her arms and cast her o'er the side,
A-screaming she went floating down on the silvery tide.

5

About three weeks or later Henry coming home from sea
Expecting to see Mary and appint a wedding day,
"I fear your true love's drowned, Henry," his parents cried,
"She's proved her own destruction down on the silvery tide."

6

Henry on his bed of down no rest could he there find,
The thoughtsof pretty Mary aroused his youthful mind,
He dreamt that he was walking down by the river clear,
This lovely fair one's body he did find floating there.

7

The way he knew was Mary, by one ring on her hand,
When he unrolled the handkerchief that brought him to a stand,
The name of him who murdered her he found wrapped up inside,
Which proved him to his Mary who died on the silvery tide.

8

At midnight it aroused him, he to the ~~xxxxxxx~~ sand beach went,
And walked the sand beach over till near the break of day,
At twilight in the morning poor Mary's corpse he spied
A-thinking she went floating down on the silvery tide.

9

This hobleman was taken out, the gallows for his doom,
For murdering pretty Mary who scarce had reached her bloom,
And Henery distracted ran and wandered till he died,
His last words was Mary who died on the silvery tide.

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

See also Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia p.207,
variants A&B. & Reel 36, sung by Gordon Connelly.

vs.7 & 8 are in the wrong order.

Early Early In the Spring. Reel 71.12-10.No.10

It was early early all in the spring
The small birds whistle and sweet did sing,
Changing their notes from tree to tree
And the song they sang was old Ireland free.

Rest of song not known.

Sung by Mr. Grace Clergy, East Ehtpeswick, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, July/51

Nova Scotia Hills. Reel 71.10-end.No.11

Oh ye Nova Scotia hills,
How majestic and how grand
With your pinions pointing skyward
To that bright and better land,
Is it any wonder then
That my heart with rapture fills
When I stand once more with loved ones
On those Nova Scotia hills.

Cho.

Oh those hills, beautiful hills,
How I love those Nova Scotia hills,
If on land or sea I roam I still dream of happy home
And my friends among those Nova Scotia hills.

2

Oh ye Nova Scotia hills
With my childhood days I passed,
Where I often sat and wondered
And the future tried to cast,
Many were the visions bright
That the future ne'er fulfilled,
But how sunny were my daydreams
On those Nova Scotia hills.

3

Oh ye Nova Scotia hills
I must bid you now adieu,
In my home across the ocean
I will always think of you,
In the eventide of life
If it is my Father's will
I may still behold the vision
Of those Nova Scotia hills. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Charles Young, East Petpeswick, with
Mr. Stanley Williams of Ostrea Lake joining in the
chorus; recorded by Helen Creighton, July/51/

(I believe this used to be sung in the schools
on the eastern shore)