

Reel 72

FSG 30
23.189.2
MF 289.377

- 70-60. Little Matha Grove. Sung by Mr. Stanley Williams,
Ostrea Lake. 8 vs. sung twice. Complete song
with melody in Traditional Songs From Nova
Scotia p.43.
- 60-42. Balaclava. Sung by Mr. Dennis Williams, Musquodoboit
Harbour. Death of comrades in war.
- 42-38. Belvedere. Sung by Mr. Dennis Williams, Musquodoboit
Harbour. Fragment of song about riot in
Newfoundland. Lament for lover killed.
- 38-32. Cape Breton Murder. Sung by Mr. Dennis Williams,
Musquodoboit Harbour. Fragment about death
in fight.
- 32-24. The Quays of Belfast. Sung by Mr. Grace Cleggy,
East Petpeswick. Husband lost in wreck at
sea. Widow's lament. Well sung.
- 24-12. In Cupid's Court. Sung by Mr. Grace Clergy,
East Petpeswick. Pleasant love song, but
pitched a little too high.
- 12-end. Peggy Gordon. Sung by Mr. Grace Clergy, East
Petpeswick. For a variant with less
prompting, and more complete, see reel 73.

Little Matha Grove. Reel 72. 70-60. No. 1&2

8 verses only. For words see Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia, p.43.

These verses are sung twice, first with the book from which he read, and then from memory. But the evening was very hot, and the singer felt he couldn't sing more than these few verses. Too many friends listening didn't help.

Sung by Mr. Stanley Williams, Ostrea Lake, and recorded by Helen Creighton, July, 1951.

It was just before that last great fight
Two soldiers drew their rein,
With a touch of their hand as a parting word
That they never might meet again.

2

One had blue eyes and clustering curls,
Eighteen but a month ago,
Down on his chin, red o'er his cheek,
He was only a boy you know.

3

While the other was dark and stirring proud
While fate in his eyes seemed dim,
They only trusted the more to them,
That was all of the world to him.

4

They had rode together on many's a raid,
And marched for many's the mile,
Never till then had they met their foe
With a calm and a cheerful smile.

5

But now they had looked in each other's face
With a dark and a sadly gloom,
The tall dark man was the first to speak
Saying, "Charlie, my hour has come.

6

"We'll ride till we come to the top of the hill,
But you must come back alone,
Will you promise a little trouble you'll take
For me when I am gone?

7

"You'll find a face upon my breast,
I'll wear it into the fight,
With soft blue eyes and sunny curls
And smiles like the morning light.

8

"Like the morning light was her smiles to me
For she gladdened my lonely life,
But little thought I on the frowns of fate
When she promised to be my wife.

9

"You'll write to her Charlie when I am gone,
Send back that fair fond face,
O tell her tenderly where I died
And where was my resting place."

10

Tears dimmed the eye of the blue-eyed boy
And his voice came low with pain,
"I'll do your bidding, comrade mine,
If I should come back again.

11

(over)

"But if you should come back when I am gone
You'll do the same by me,
For my mother at home she will hear the news
So write to her tenderly.

12

One after another of those loved, she
Has buried both husband and son,
And I was the last when my country called,
She kissed me and sent me on.

13

"She has prayed at home like a dying saint
With her pale face white with woe,
Her heart will be broken when I am gone,
I'll seaher soon I know."

14

Just then the order came to charge,
In an instant hand touched hand,
Then answered they as on they rode,
A brave and devoted band.

15

They rode till they came to the top of the hill
When riddled by shot and shell
Fell wreaths of death all through their ranks
And robbed us as we fell.

16

Now among the dead that lay in the field
Was the boy with the curly hair,
And the tall dark man that rode by his side
Lay dead beside him there.

17

Now there's no one to write to that blue-eyed girl
The words that her lover had said,
And the mother at home she will wait for her son,
She can only hear he's dead.

18

She never can hear those few soft words
He spoke so bold and plain
Until she reaches the river of death
And stands by his side again.

Sung by Mr. Dennis Williams, Musquodoboit Harbour,
and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1951.

Belvedere

Reel 72.42-38.No.4

My love he was a fine young man,
His eyes were hazel blue,
He had a pleasant countenance
Possessed with beauty too,
I fancy that I see him now,
The lad I loved so dear
Although he lies within his grave
In lonely Belvedere.

"My curse upon you Major Grant,"
In anger she did say,
"My curse upon you Bennett"
Is my prayer both night and day,
My true love's blood in heaven above
Cries vengeance on you there,
Was you that caused my sorrow
In lonely Belvedere."

The young man was killed in a riot in Newfoundland
between the Orangemen and Roman Catholics. He was buried
in the Belvedere cemetery, the singer thinks. He learned
the song many years ago when going to sea, and this is
all he recalls of it.

Sung by Mr. Dennis Williams, Musquodoboit Harbour,
and recorded by Helen Creighton, July, 1951.

It was in Cape Breton on the eighth of December
In the year eighteen hundred and seventy-four
This young man was led like a sheep to the slaughter,
Most wilfully murdered and laid in his gore.

2

You will pity his old father, his heart full of sorrow,
He was wilfully murdered, I see it right plain,
But I hope and I trust on that great day of judgement
His soul will rise up from all anguish and pain.

A riot commenced in Cow Bay, near Sydney, Cape
Breton, and a young man was shot in the fight that
~~took place~~ took place. This fragment is all the
singer could remember.

Sung by Mr. Dennis Williams, Musquodoboit Harbour,
and recorded by Helen Creighton, July, 1951.

"right plain," as used in vs. 2 is quite common in
some parts of Nova Scotia.

Down by the seashore so carelessly I rambled
One calm summer's evening when clear was the air,
I spied a fair maid making sad lamentation,
She was clinging to a rock in grief and despair.

2

In sorrowful anguish I heard her complaining,
Saying, "Willie, dearest Willie, return unto me,"
At last she exclaimed, "Nevermore will I see him,
For my own tender Willie lies under the sea.

3

"From the quays of Belfast in a steamship was sailing
Bound down to Liverpool on Wednesday we set sail,
The weather being fair and the land disappearing
Our hearts were all merry, delightful, and gay.

4

"The night it came on, a most dark, ~~was~~, and dreary,
The winds they arose to a terrible storm,
When our captain he cries, 'Boys look out for a lighthouse,
I'm afraid on this night we will all suffer hard.'

5

"The night it came on and no shelter to flee to,
Our ship by the billows was tossed to and fro,
Two seamen were swept overboard in the ocean
While women and children were screaming below.

6

"Some were on their bended knees for heaven's mercy imploring
While others were insensible with grief and despair,
With the raging billows roaring and the sailors all swearing,
Whenever they heard us they mocked at our prayers.

7

"Poor Willie stood by me to cheer and protect me
Till he landed me safe on the Isle of Man's shore,
And to save his own father his own life he ventured
And now I am doomed to behold him no more.

8

"Now I am left a poor desolate widow,
Just one year in wedlock as you plainly see,
To beg for my bread among hard-hearted strangers,
Kind heaven look down on my infant and me."

Sung by Mr. Grace Clergy, East Petpeswick, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, July, 1951.

As I rode out one morning
Down by a riverside
To catch some trout and salmon
Where the streams they gently glide,
Down by a brook my way I took
And there I chanced to spy
A comely maid both tall and fair
Just as she passed me by.

2

The praises of this comely maid
I mean for to unfold,
Her hair was black as any jet,
Blew carelessly and bold,
Her pretty fingers long and slim
Just like the amber whale,
Her skin was fair as any swan
Swam on you purling stream.

3

"Are you a stranger in this part?"
She unto me did say,
"Was you brought up in Cupid's court,
Or what brought you this way?
Are you an angler, kind sir," says she,
"Down by yon river clear,
Or was it Cupid sent you here
Young virgins to ensnare?"

4

"It was Cupid sent me here
My fortune for to win,
And if I could but gain you
Would I be free from sin?
The very first view I had of you
My heart was in a flame,
Publish the bann, give me your hand
And pity me, fair maid."

5

"My hand and heart I give to you,
That's if you love me true,
But I'm afraid it's policy,
Your love it is so new,
Young men they are deceiving
And varying in their minds,
"Publish the bann, give me your hand
And forever I'll prove ~~xxxxxx~~ kind."

6

Hand in hand to church they went
And joined they ~~world~~ ^{wife} for life,
Instead of catching salmon
He caught a prudent wife,
Hand in hand to church they went
And joined they ~~worl~~ ^{wife} for life,
Instead of catching salmon
He caught a prudent wife.

Sung by Mr. Grace Clergy, East Petpeswick, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1951. Mr. Clergy said
that his father and older brother were the only ones he
had ever heard sing this song. Mr. Clergy has pitched it
just a little too high.