

Reel 74

- 70-50. Banks of the Nile. Sung by Mr. Bernard Young,
East Petpeswick. Love song of war; well sung.
- 50-42. Rocks of Scilly. Sung by Mr. Bernard Young, East
Petpeswick. Shipwreck. Well sung.
- 42-34. Bonny Bunch of Roses O. Sung by Mr. Bernard Young,
East Petpeswick. 5 vs. song of Napoleon. Well sung.
- 34-26. The Brown Girl. Sung by Mr. Bernard Young, East
Petpeswick. 6 vs. love song, quite nice.
- 26-14. Rocks of Scilly. Sung by Mr. Grace Clergy, incomplete
but well sung as far as it goes.
- 14-12. I'm A Stranger In This Counteree. Sung by Mrs.
R.W.Duncan, Dartmouth, sea song, rather pleasant.
- 12-10. Jessie Munro, sung by Mrs. R.W.Duncan, Dartmouth,
pleasant light love song.
- 10-end. Banks of Dundee, sung by Mrs. R.W.Duncan, love
song with sailor warning not to do wrong by
young girl.

O hark I hear the trumpet,
My love I must away,
I hear the bugle sounding,
No longer can I stay,
For there's orders out from Portsmouth
For many a long mile
To fight those blacks and heathens
On the banks of the Nile.

2

O Willie, dearest Willie,
Don't leave me here to mourn,
You will make me curse and rue the day
That ever I was born,
For the parting of you, my own true love,
Is the parting of my life,
So stay at home dear Willie
And I will be your wife.

3

If I were to stay at home, my dear,
And another take my place,
Now wouldn't that be a shame for me,
Likewise a sad disgrace?
For the king is wanting men my dear,
And I for one must go,
And for my very life my dear
I do not dare say no.

4

O I'll cut off my yellow locks,
I'll go along with you,
I'll dress myself in velveteen,
I'll go to Egypt too,
I'll fight and be your banner
While kind fortune on us smiles
And we'll comfort one another
On the banks of the Nile.

5

Your waist it is too slender love,
Your features are too small,
I'm afraid you would not answer me
When I would on you call,
Your delicate constitution
Would not bear the unwholesome clime
Of the hot and sandy deserts
On the banks of the Nile.

6

My curses on those cruel wars
When first they did began,
They have taken from old England
Many a clever young man,
They have taken away our sweethearts,
Likewise our native soil
To fight those blacks and heathens
On the banks of the Nile.

7

And now the war is over
And we are homeward bound
To see our wives and sweethearts
So far we left behind,

We'll embrace them in our arms again
Until such length of time,
And we'll go no more to fighting
On the banks of the Nile.

Sung by Mr. Bernard Young, East Petpeswick, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1951. Learned from
his cousin, Maurice Young, Chezzetcook.

Come all ye jolly sailor lads
Who plough the raging main,
Come listen to my tragedy
While I relate the same,
I parted with my wedded wife
So well I did adore,
To the seas we were commanded
Where the raging billows roar.

2

To the East Indies we were bound,
Our course wethen did steer,
And all the while I do think of
My lovely Molly dear,
Sometimes aloft, sometimes on deck,
More times I'm down below,
But Molly still runs in my mind
For love commands it so.

3

'Twas when our cargo we received,
Then for old England bound,
We little thought it was our fate
On the rocks of Scilly drowned,
On the rocks of Scilly we were cast
Where the foaming billows roar,
And of our good ship's jolly crew
But four could reach the shore.

4

O we had not sailed more days than seven
When the storm it did arise,
The seas they ran like mountains high
And dismal was the skies,
"Aloft, aloft," our captain cries,
"My hardy seamen brave,
And reef your topsails fore and aft,
Our ship and lives to save."

5

Aloft then went our boatswain's mate
Unto the foretop high,
He looked around on every side
But no land could he spy,
Till at length a light ahead of us
Which did our courage cheer,
"Cheer up you hearty sons of oak,
Some harbour we are near."

6

And as we sailed before the wind
And thought all dangers past,
On the rocks of Scilly we poor souls
That fatal night were cast,
The very first blow our good ship struck
Our captain he did cry,
"May the Lord have mercy on our souls
For in the deep we die."

(over)

Out of eighteen jolly sailors bold
But four could reach the shore,
Our gallant ship to pieces went
And never was seen more,
When Molly heard the dreadful news
Her tender heart did break,
Like a faithful lover oh then she died
For her fond lover's sake.

Sung by Mr. Bernard Young, East Petpeswick, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1951.

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

2

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

3

He took five hundred thousand men
With kings likewise to bear his train,
He was so well provided for
That he could sweep this world alone,
But when he got to Moscow
He was overpowered by the driven snow,
When Moscow was a-blazing
So he lost his bonny bunch of roses O.

4

"Oh son don't speak so venturesome
For in England are the hearts of oak,
There was England, Scotland, and Ireland,
Their unity was never broke,
Oh son think on thy father
On the isle of St. Helena where his body lies low,
And you will soon follow after him,
So beware of the bonny bunch of roses O."

5

"Now believe me dearest mother,
Now I lie on my dying bed,
If I had lived I'd been clever,
But now I'll droop my youthful head,
But whilst our bodies lie mouldering,
And weeping willows o'er our bodies grow,
The deeds of the great Napoleon
Shall sting the bonny bunch of roses O."

Sung by Mr. Bernard Young, East Petpeswick, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1951/

When first to this country I came as a stranger
I placed my affection on a handsome young dame,
She being young and tender, her waist neat and slender,
She appeared like some goddess or some gypsy queen.

2

On the banks of our river where I first beheld her
She was neat, tall, and handsome, and comely also,
Her eyes shone like diamonds, her hair gently waving,
Her cheeks were like roses or blood upon snow.

3

It was her cruel father who caused a disturbance
Because she belonged to a higher degree,
But I am determined love all for to gain you
Although I belong to a low familiee.

4

She cries, "Charming Johnny, don't be melancholy
Although I belong to a higher degree,
There is no other creature shall e'er gain my favour,
On the banks of the Burlow I'll wander with thee."

5

"And since I have gained you my bride I will make you,
I'll put rings on your fingers, gold locks in your hair,
With diamonds and pearls I'll deck my brown girl,
In all sorts of grandeur I'll deck you my dear."

6

My name is Delaney, no blemish can shame me,
I might have had riches had I stayed at home,
But through gambling and sporting, night walking and courting
Was the cause of my ruin and absence from home.

Sung by Mr. Bernard Young, East Petpeswick, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1951

The same as Mr. Bernard Young's variant, No.2 with these changes:

1

this tragedy

Who well

lofty billows

2

More times I am

3

O when our load we had received

Out of eighty gallant sailors bold
Only four could reach the shore.

4

We had not sailed one day but seven
When a storm it did arise,
The lofty billows ran mountains high
And dismal looked the skies,
"Aloft, aloft," our captain cried,
"Each man to his post observe,
And reef your saails both fore and aft,
Our ship and lives to save."

5

And as we sailed before the gale
And thought all dangers past,
It was little did we think that night
On the rocks of Scilly cast,
The very first blow our good ship struck
Our captain he did cry,
"The Lord have mercy on our souls
For in the deep we'll lie."

6

(As in Mr. Young's vs.5)

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

I'm A Stranger In This Counteree. Reel 74.14-12.No.6

I'm a stranger in this counteree
From America I came,
Nobody here does know me
Nor can call me by name,
But I'll prove myself loyal
If you'll come along with me,
I'll take you to America
My true love to be,
Cho.

O some says I'm rakish,
And some says I'm wild,
Some says I'm false-hearted,
My neighbors to beguile,
But I'll prove myself loyal
If you'll come along with me,
I will take you to America
My true love to be.

2

The ships in the ocean
May sail without sails,
And the smallest of fishes
May grow to large whales,
In the middle of the ocean
There may grow a lofty tree
If ever I prove false
To the girl that loves me. Cho.

3

Then the ships in the ocean
May sail without sails,
And the smallest of fishes
May grow to large whales,
In the middle of the ocean
There may grow a lofty pine
If ever I prove false
To that little girl of mine.

Sung by Mrs. R.W.Duncan, Dartmouth, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1951.

As I went a-walking one fine summer's evening
 Down by Leicester market I chanced for to stray,
 I met a fair lassie most comely and handsome,
 I'll tell you about her as far as I know.

Cho.

O right fol the die, dey,
 Right fol the ~~mad~~ die daddy
 I'll tell you about her
 As far as I know.

2

"O I say my fair creature oh where are you going,
 And what is your father I fain wish to know?"
 "O my father is a blacksmith in the village of Leicester
 And I am his daughter young Jessie Munro."

Cho.

O right fol the die dey,
 Right fol the die daddy,
 And I am his daughter
 Young Jessie Munro.

3

"I say my fair creature, you have my heart stolen
 With those lovely eyes that are blacker than sloe,
 O into your arms my fair creature I'll fly,
 My darling and dandy young Jessie Munro."

Cho.

O right fol the die dey,
 Right fol the die daddy,
 My darling and dandy
 Young Jessie Munro.

4

"No deceitful young Johnny begone with such flattering,
 For into your buildings I never shall go,
 Your buildings are shattering so begone with such flattering,
 There's a handsomer laddie for Jessie Munro."

Cho.

O right fol the die dey,
 Right fol the die daddy,
 You're no more my darling,
 So now you may go.

Sung by Mrs. R.W. Duncan, Dartmouth, and recorded by
 Helen Creighton, Aug. 1951.

"Oh here I am a stranger who lately came from sea,
My ship she lies at anchor in the harbour of Dundee,
Your face it is the fairest that ever I did see,
And will you take a walk with me down by the meadow green?"

2

O with kind smiles upon her face she answered me and said,
"Oh I would take a walk with you but you know I am afraid,
For the road it's being slippery and the night it being dark,
It would not be a pleasant walk down by the meadow park."

3

O with kind smiles upon her face she answered me again,
"Oh I have got a mother and a darned old maid is she,
And when I would return home again she'd ask me where I'd been,
And wonder what kept me so long down by the meadow green."

4

As I lay on my hammock berth I was just about nine months gone,
I dreamt I was the father of a (?) fair young son,
And for its young mother I saw her in my dream,
And she was weeping bitterly for the night on the meadow green.

5

Come all you jolly sailor lads a warning take by me,
Never slight a young girl whoever she may be,
If you don't like that young girl just shun her company,
And never do as I have done on the banks of sweet Dundee.

Sung by Mrs. R.W. Duncan, Dartmouth, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1951.