

Reel 77

- 70-45. Black-Eyed Susan. Sung by Mr. Berton Young, West
Petpeswick. Sung sweetly with good voice
and pleasant tune, but singer needs prompting.
- 45-33. Michigan-i-o. Sung by Mr. Berton Young, West
Petpeswick. Lumber song. Singer changes
pitch half way through.
- 33-20. Morrissey and the Black. Sung by Mr. Berton Young,
West Petpeswick. ~~Wrestling~~ Song of
wrestling. 11 vs.
- 20-10. Banks of Newfoundland. Sung by Mr. Berton Young,
West Petpeswick, with interruptions.
- 10-8 As I Wandered By the Brookside. Sung by Mr. Berton
Young, West Petpeswick. Pretty little
love song.
- 8-end. Italian Girl. Sung by Mr. Berton Young, West Petpeswick,
Lovesong, probably late.

All in the downs the fleet lay moored,
 The streamers waving in the wind,
 When dark-eyed Susan came on board,
 "Oh where shall I my true love find?
 Tell me ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
 Does my sweet William, does my sweet William
 Sail among your crew?"

2

Oh William who high upon the yard
 Rocked by the billows to and fro,
 So soon her well known voice he hears,
 He sighed and cast his eyes below,
 The cord glides swiftly through his glowing hands
 And as quick as lightning, as quick as lightning
 On the deck he stands.

3

"Oh Susan, Susan, lovely dear
 My vows shall ever true remain,
 Let me kiss off that falling tear,
 We only part to meet again,
 Change as ye list she wins my heart shall be
 A faithful compass, a faithful compass
 That still points to thee.

4

"Oh Susan, Susan, lovely dear
 My vows shall ever true remain,
 Let me kiss off that falling tear,
 We only part to meet again,
 The noblest captain in the British fleet
 Might envy William, might envy William's lips
 Kiss Those kisses sweet.

5

"Oh believe not what the landsmen say
 Who tempt with doubts your constant mind,
 They'll tell thee sailors when away
 In every port a mistress find,
 Yes, do believe them when they tell you so,
 For thou art present, for thou art present
 Wheresoe'er I go.

6

"If to fair India's coast we sail
 Thine eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
 Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
 Thy skin as ivory so white,
 Thus every beauteous object that I view
 Wakes in my soul, wakes in my soul
 Some charms of lovely Sue. "

7

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
 Her sails their swelling bosoms spread,
 No longer can she stay on board,
 They kissed, she sighed, he hung his head,
 Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land,
 "Adieu", she cries, "adieu", she cries
 And waves her lily hand.

Sung by Mr. Berton Young, West Petpeswick, and recorded
 by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1951. Nicely sung, but singer needed
 prompting and repeated the whole of the 2nd stanza.

Come all you jolly shanty boys wherever you may be,
I'd have you pay attention and listen unto me,
It's of some bold shanty boys who did agree to go
To spend a winter in the woods of Michigan-i-o.

2

It was early in the season, in the fall of sixty-three,
A minister of the gospel one day he said to me,
He says, "My fine young fellow, how would you like to go
And spend the winter in the woods in Michigan-i-o?"

3

On giving him an answer I made him this reply,
About a-going to Michigan depends all on the pay,
If you'll pay me good wages my passage to and fro
Perhaps I'll go along with you to Michigan-i-o."

4

He says, "I'll pay good wages and likewise your passage out,
Providing you'll sign papers to stay the route all out,
But if you do get homesick and home you'll swear you'll go,
I never can pay your passage back from Michigan-i-o."

5

To this kind of flattering he 'listed quite a train,
Full twenty-five or thirty, all able-bodied men,
We had a pleasant voyage out the route we had to go
Till we arrived at Saginaw in Michigan-i-o.

6

Now our joys are over, our troubles they began,
To see the men like angels as they came flocking in,
They led us to a wilderness, the route we did not know,
'Twas on Tobacco River out in Michigan-i-o.

7

To tell you of our hardships is beyond the heart of man
But to give you a description I'll do the best I can,
Our food the dogs would laugh at it, and our bed was on the snow,
God grant there is no other hell than Michigan-i-o.

8

Our hearts being made of iron, our souls being cased with steel,
For the hardships of that winter it did not make us yield,
In paying men like agents they found their match I know
Among the boys that went from Maine to Michigan-i-o.

9

Now the winter is over and we are homeward bound
And in that cursed countree we'll never more be found,
We'll go home to our wives and sweethearts, tell others not to go
To that God-forsaken countree, that Michigan-i-o.

Sung by Mr. Berton Young, West Peppeswick, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1951. Well sung, except
that singer changes pitch in middle of song.

You true Irish heroes come listen to me,
I will sing you the praises of John Morrissey
Who has lately been challenged for ten thousand pounds)
For to fight Ned the Black of Mulberry town.) bis

2

At six in the morning the fight did begin,
Both stripped to the buff jumped into the ring,
"Now lay down your belt," now the black he did say,)
"For your life I will take in the ring here to-day.") bis

3

On the thirteenth of June the great fight did behold,
There were thousands assembled with silver and gold,
Twenty to one was the cry on Black Ned)
That Morrissey the Irishman would be killed dead.) bis

4

Morrissey roared in the ring like a bear,
Saying, "Here stands the bones of an Irishman here,
Who has never been conquered by black, white, or brown,)
Well known to that country he's Irish all round.") bis

5

The first round being over the Irishman cried,
"Three cheers for the country that reared you my boy,
Who never for bribery your country disown)
For you to-day in here mark all the worth on your bones.") bis

6

The third, fourth, and fifth rounds and up to the tenth,
When Morrissey received several blows on the belt,
And up to the fifteenth severely knocked down,)
He bled from his ears as he lay on the ground.) bis

7

Both fell to the ground at the twentieth round,
When Morrissey broke his right thumb on the ground,
And the blood from his ears it run down his back)
And the foreigners all thought he'd be killed by the black.) bis

8

Refreshed by John Heenan his second so prime,
Our hero he stepped in the ring like a lion,
And as they fought up to the twenty-fourth round)
Then ev-er-y blow the black came to the ground.) bis

9

The twenty-fifth round was fought in good style
When Morrissey he turned to the Irish and smiled,
Coming down on the black with a mighty full stroke)
He left him for dead with three of his ribs broke.) bis

10

Now the fight it is over and Morrissey winned,
Such shouting and cheering and leaving the ring,
Such shouting and cheering was never heard nor seen)
As it was on that day for Erin the green.) bis

11

Here's adieu to John Morrissey, he's a hero of fame,
He has conquered the bruisers from over the main,
He's a bold Irish hero, he never was put down,)
He belongsto Tipperary in Templemore town.) bis

Fir words, see Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia, p.227

with the addition of this stanza:

Oh now the ship's sailing down the long Irish shore
Where the pilot he boards us as he oft done before,
Fill away your main topsails, board your foretop also,
She's the Liverpool packet, brave boys let her go.

The words are very similar to the John Roast version,
except that Mr. Young sings, It's of a flash packet.
He also gives the captain the name of Samuels, in the
last verse.

Sung by Mr. Berton Young, West Petpeswick, and re-
corded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1951.

The singer keeps asking questions between verses as
he was not too familiar with the song. Also in trying to
recall the words he changes pitch several times.

As I Wandered By the Brookside. Reel 77.10-8.No.5

As I wandered by the brookside,
I wandered by the mill,
I could now hear the brook
For the noisy mill was still,
No sound of grasshopper could I hear
Nor the sound of any bird
For the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

2

He came not, no, he came not,
The moon shone out alone,
The twinkling stars now one by one
Shone round her golden foam,
I waited for one footstep
I waited for one word,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

3

Oh as I sat there musing
A touch came from behind,
A hand was on my shoulder laid,
I knew the touch was kind,
It drew me more nearer,
I could not speak one word
For the beating of our own two hearts
Was all the sound I heard.

Sung by Mr. Berton Young, West Petpeswick, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1951.

There's a charming little maiden
That I ever shall adore
In Italy, that bright and sunny land,
My life would be a pleasure,
I would ask for nothing more,
If she would only share my heart and hand.

2

Though her father is a brigand
On the lonely mountain pass
And with him on the mountain she does dwell,
There is no titled lady in all Europe can surpass
That dear Italian girl I love so well.

3

While roaming lovely valleys
Neath the blue and sunny skies
A band of sturdy brigands stout and strong
Did capture me and helpless
With a bandage o'er my eyes
A victim I was quickly led along.

4

They put me in a dungeon
While I thought that I would die,
And while that brigand chief with all his band
Was plundering poor travellers
This lovely girl came by
In gloomy night and by my side did stand.

5

She tore my bands asunder,
Bid me rise and quickly fly,
And from her father's coffers gave me gold,
And while the tears of love and pity
Glistened in her eyes,
The secret of our hearts was plainly told.

6

I bid her then fly with me
And be my loving bride
Though her love for me was plainly shown,
Her duty she declared was by
Her outlawed father's side,
And so to America I came alone.

7

I cannot live contented
In this free and happy land,
To Italy I'm going to return,
To seek with love and try to win
If only for a while
That girl for whom my heart does ever yearn.

Sung by Mr. Berton Young, West Petpeswick, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1951/