

Reel 78

FSG30
23.195.2
MF 289.389

- 70-50. Lost Jimmy Whalen. Sung by Mr. Freeman Young, East Petpeswick. Good song of ghostly lover returning. Also in T.S.N.S. p. 186.
- 50-40. The Stormy Winds of Winter. Sung by Freeman Young, East Petpeswick. Popular love song here, also 3 other versions in T.S.N.S. p. 209
- 40-32. The Jolly Miner. Sung by Freeman Young, East Petpeswick. Only song of miner to date. Bad whistling sound in record.
- 32-30. John Anderson my Jo, John. Sung by Mr. Dennis Williams, Musquodoboit Harbour. One more verse than Burns.
- 30-20. The Queen of My Heart. Sung by Mr. Freeman Young, East Petpeswick. Not folk.
- 26-20. My Irish Girl. Sung by Mr. Freeman Young, East Petpeswick. Pretty love song.
- 20-10. Why Don't My Father's Ship Come In? Sung by Mr. Freeman Young, East Petpeswick. Song of father's loss at sea. Taught in schools here 80 years ago. Sad.

As slowly I strolled to the banks of the river
Watching the sunbeams as evening drew nigh,
As onward I rambled I spied a fair damsel
A-weeping and wailing with many a sigh.

2

Crying for one who is now lying lowly,
Weeping for one that no mortal could save,
With the dark mourning waters around her a-flowing
And green grows the grass on her young lover's grave.

3

"Jimmy," she cries, "won't you come to me darling,
Come here to me from your cold silent tomb,
You promised you'd meet me this evening my darling
E'er death's cruel angel had sealed your sad doom.

4

"You promised we'd meet by the banks of the river
And you'd give me sweet kisses as oft-time before,
And fold you again in your strong loving arrums,
Oh come to me Jimmy dear, come as of yore."

5

Slowly he rose from the banks of the river,
A vision of beauty more bright than the sun,
With bright robes of crimson around him a-flowing,
And unto this maiden to speak he begun.

6

"Dear why did you call me from my realms of glory
Back to this world which again I must leave?
To fold you once more in my fond loving arrums,
To see you once more love I come from my grave.

7

"One more embrace love before I must leave you,
One more fond kiss before we do part,"
Cold was the arrums that did her encircle,
And cold was the bosom she pressed to her heart.

8

"Adieu," then, he whispered, and vanished before her,
Back to the waters his form seemed to go,
Leaving the maiden folorn and distracted,
Weeping and wailing in sorrow and woe.

9

Then throwing herself on the ground she wept sorely,
With wild words of torment this maiden did weep,
Crying, "Jimmy my darling, my lost Jimmy Whalen,
I'll sigh and I'll die by the side of your grave."

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

See Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia, p.186.

The Stormy Winds of Winter. Reel 78.50-40.No.2

For words see Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia,
p. 209.

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

The Jolly Miner. Reel 78.40-32.No.3

For words see Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia,
xxxi@xx p. 176.

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

Whistling noise heard in this tape.

John Anderson, my Jo, John
When we were first aquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonny brow was brent,
But now your brow is bald John,
Your locks are like the snow,
Yet blessings on your frosty pow
John Anderson, my jo.

2

John Anderson my jo, John,
We climbed the hills together,
And many a nattie day John
We've had wi' one anither,
But now we must totter down John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And we'll sleep together at the foot
John Anderson, my jo.

3

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We've got a place to gie,
To the bonny home above, John,
Prepared for you and me,
Prepared for you and me John
A long long time ago,
And in that home we both will dwell
John Anderson, my jo.

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

Mr. Williams has added a verse which he says nobody
else knows. It is not in my copy of the song as written
by Robert Burns.

The Queen Of My Heart. Reel 78.30-26.No.5

I have a home down in Texas,
Down where the blue ribbons grow,
I had the kindest old mother,
How happy we were just us two
Till one day the angels had called her,
A debt which we all have to pay,
She called me close to her bedside,
Those words for to say.

2

"Son don't start drinking and gambling,
And promise you'll always go straight,"
Ten long years since that parting,
My promise I broke I'll relate,
One night I gambled for pastime,
And soon I was just like them all,
I lost all my clothes and my money
Not thinking that I'd ever fall.

3

The cards they were dealt on the table,
Each man took a card as a draw,
I drew the one that would beat them
I drew it and there's what I saw,
I saw my mother's picture
And somehow she seemed to say,
"Son you have broken your promise,"
So I tossed the card away.

4

My winnings I gave to a newsboy,
I knew I was wrong from the start,
But I'll never forget that promise
To my mother the queen of my heart.

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

Probably a music hall song.

As I rowed out one May morning
Down by a riverside,
A-looking all around me
And an Irish girl I spied,
Red and rosy were her cheeks
And coal black was her hair,
And costly were those robes of gold
That Irish girl did wear.

2

Her shoes were made of Spanish leather,
So neatly did they tie,
Her hair hung down her shoulders
And she began to cry,
"Oh Jimmie, dearest Jimmie,
Those marks of the gramarcree,
Oh are you going to leave me love
And forget your own Mollie?"

3

Now if I was a butterfly
I'd light on my love's breast,
And if I was a linnet
I would charm my love to rest,
And if I was a nightingale
I would sing till the morning clear,
I'd sit and sing for you Polly
For once I loved you dear.

4

I wish I was in Dublin city
A-sporting on the grass,
And in each hand a bottle of wine
And on each knee a lass,
I'd call for liquor merrily,
I would pay before I go,
And I'd roll them in my arms my boys
Let the winds blow high or low.

5

Now let the winds blow high or low,
Let the sea run mountains high,
It is a seaman's duty
At helm to stand by,
And two hands reef and steer my boys
Is the chief of all our care,
For when our mainsail is secure
No danger need we fear.

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

How well do I remember
When they laid me down to sleep,
I was a boy 'bout three years old,
In my mother's arms did weep,
Saying, "Once I had a father
Who did me kind embrace,
And if he ~~WEREXNEX~~ was here he'd wipe those tears
Roll down my mother's face.

2

"O mother dear come tell to me,
Come tell me the reason why,
Why don't my father's ship come in,
What makes you weep and cry?
All other ships are coming in
A-splitting the white, white foam,
Why don't my father's ship come in,
What makes him tarry long?"

3

"Your father's ship, my gentle boy,
You never shall see again,
For the hurricanes of the ocean
Swept his body in the main,
The fishes of the ocean
Swims over your father's breast,
As his body lies in motion
I hope his soul's at rest."

4

How well I do remember
When he took me on his knee,
"This is the banyan fruit I brought
From the far Indian tree,"
How well I do remember
When he wove his hat in hand,
And his very last words, "God bless you both,"
As he sailed from the land.

5

"The seas are deep, one fathom less
Than earth is from the sky,
There is a heaven above my child,
A home for you and I,
If you are all that's left to me
I'll fold you to my side,"
And they both lay down together
And the son and mother died.

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

This was a song taught in the Petpeswick schools about
80 years ago.