

Reel 83.

- 70-42. The Flying Cloud.. Sung by Mr. Bernard Young, East Petpeswick. 19vs., full variant and well sung. It's a matter of great pride among seamen to be able to sing this song.
- 42-30. Since Love Can Enter An Iron Door. Sung by Mr. Bernard Young, East Petpeswick. Good love story.
- 30-28. The Bell Doth Toll. Sung by 3 generations, Mrs. W.J. Johns, Mrs. W.O. Coates, and Margaret Coates, Musquodoboit Harbour. Interesting
- 28-22. The Bogey Man. Sung by Mrs. W.J. Johns, Musquodoboit Harbour. Lullaby. Interesting tune.
- 22-18. The Bold Fisherman. 2 vs. Sung by Mrs. W.J. Johns, Musquodoboit Harbour. Recorded for tune
- 18-16. O Come With Me. Sung by Mrs. W.J. Johns, Musquodoboit Harbour. School song, unfortunately erased from tape.
- 16-12. The Farmer's Boy. Sung by Mrs. W.J. Johns, Musquodoboit Harbour. Incomplete. Not the song usually connected with this title.
- 12-10. Bonny Bunch of Roses. 2 vs. Sung by Mrs. W.J. Johns, Musquodoboit Harbour. Recorded for tune.
- 10-8. Poor Tom Halliard. Sung by Mrs. W.J. Johns, Musquodoboit Harbour. Sailor's death.
- 8-6. Bluebird, bluebird Through my Window. Singing game sung sweetly by Margaret Coates, aged 10½, Musquodoboit Harbour.
- 6-4. Here Come Three Kings A-Riding. Sung by Margaret Coates, Musquodoboit Harbour. Also well sung.

46

You rambling youths and sailor boys come listen to my song,  
I'm handcuffed here in prison, bound down in irons strong,  
With eighteen more I am condemned in sorrow to remain  
For the plundering and of burning ships down on the Spanish Main.

2

When I was young and in my prime my heart it knew no guile,  
At home I lived contented, my parents and my smiles,  
But drinking and bad company has made a wreck of me,  
So take heed all by my downfall and beware of pitacy.

3

My name is Edward Anderson as you may understand,  
I belong to the town of Waterford in Erin's lovely land,  
My parents reared me tenderly, in the fear of God likewise,  
But little they thought I'd die in scorn'neath Cuba's sunny skies.

4

My father bound me to a trader in Waterford fair town,  
He bound me to a cooper there whose name was William Brown,  
I served my master faithfully for eighteen months or more,  
When I shipped on board of the Ocean Queen bound to Valparaiso shore

5

When I reached Valparaiso I fell in with Captain Moore  
Commanding the clipper Flying Cloud sailing out of Baltimore,  
I soon agreed to sail with him on a slavery voyage to go  
To the burning shores of Africa where the sugar cane does grow.

6

O the Flying Cloud was a clipper ship, five hundred tons or more,  
She could easily sail around any ship sailing out of Baltimore,  
I've often seen that good old ship with the wind abaft her beam,  
With the royals and topsails set abaft taking sixteen from the reel

7

Her sails were white as the driven snow, on them she kept no specks,  
She had seventy-five brass mounted guns she carried on her decks,  
Her iron chest and magazine were safely stowed below  
And one big gun between her spars on a swivel it did go.

8

It was 'bout six weeks later when we reached the African shore,  
Five hundred then of those poor souls from their country home we  
bore,  
We carried them across our decks and stowed them down below,  
Eighteen inches to a man was all we had to stow.

9

We then weighed anchor, put to sea, our cargo all of slaves,  
It would have been better for those poor souls had they gone to  
their graves,  
For the plague and fever came on board, swept half of them away,  
We bore their bodies to the rail and tossed them in the sea.

10

The rest of them we landed safe all on the Arabian shore,  
We sold them to a planter there to be slaves for evermore,  
To toil in the rice and sugar cane beneath the burning sun  
And to drag their wretched lives away till their career was run.

(over)

And when our money was all gone we came on board again,  
 When Captain Moore called us to him and said to us his men,  
 "There's gold and silver to be had far over on the Main,  
 And if you'll agree my bully boys I'll show you how it's gained.

12

"We have as fast a sailing ship as ever skimmed the sea,  
 That ever set a maintop sail before a lively breeze,  
 And if you'll agree my bully boys and with me you'll remain,  
 We'll run aloft our pirate flag and scour the raging Main."

13

They all agreed but five bold youths who told us them to land,  
 Two of them were Boston boys and two from Newfoundland,  
 The other was an Irish chap belonging to Trimore,  
 I wish I had of joined those men and landed safe on shore.

14

We robbed and plundered many a ship down on the Spanish Main,  
 Caused many the widow and orphan in sorrow to complain,  
 Caused many a man to walk the plank that hung out o'er our rails,  
 For the saying of our captain was that dead men tell no tales.

15

Now we were chased by men of war and oft by frigates too,  
 But to overtake our good old ship was a thing they could not do,  
 But all in vain ahead of us their cannons roared aloud,  
 But they could not by any means overtake the Flying Cloud.

16

At length the Spanish man of war, the Dungeon hove in view,  
 She fired a shot across our bows, a signal to heave to,  
 We paid no answer to her shots but kept before the wind  
 Till a chain shot struck our mizzen mast and we soon fell behind.

17

We cleared our decks for action as she ranged up alongside,  
 And soon across our quarter deck there ranged a crimson tide,  
 We fought till Captain Moore was killed and eighty of our men,  
 When a bombshell set our ship on fire we were forced to  
 surrender then.

18

Now we were taken prisoners and into prison cast,  
 Tried and soon found guilty, and had to be hung at last,  
 So you see what I have come to by my unlucky hand,  
 Now on the gallows I must die by the laws of the Spanish land.

19

So here's adieu fair Waterford and the girl I love so dear,  
 Her voice like music soft and sweet I never more shall hear,  
 No more I'll kiss her ruby lips or press her lily white hand,  
 For on the gallows I must die by the laws of the Spanish land.

Sung by Mr. Bernard Young, East Petpeswick, and recorded  
 by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1950.

It's of a maiden most fair and handsome,  
May those words be true now that I've been told,  
On the banks of Shannon in a lofty mountain  
Her father claimed there great stores of gold.

2

Her hair was dark as the raven's feathers,  
Her comely features describe who can,  
Telling this folly belongs to nature,  
She fell in love with her servant man.

3

While Edmund and his true love was walking  
The old man saw them and near them drew,  
While Edmund and his true love was talking  
The old man in a wild passion flew.

4

To build a dungeon was his intention,  
To part true lovers was his only plan,  
And the oath he swore was too wild to mention,  
He would part his daughter and servant man.

5

To build a dungeon of brick and mortar,  
Two flights of stairs to run underground,  
Three times a day fed on bread and water,  
Three times a day fed on bread alone.

6

Three times a day he would cruelly beat her  
Till she cries, "Dear father, I am undone,  
I will disgrace you my own dear father,  
I'll live and die for my servant man."

7

When Edmund found out her habitation  
Was well secured by strong iron doors,  
He stamped, he swore above all the nations  
He would gain her freedom or be no more.

8

So at his leisure he'd toil in pleasure  
To gain relief to his Mary Ann,  
He saw his object, he gained the treasure,  
She cries, "My faithful young servant man."

9

When the old man came with his bread and water  
Loud for his daughter he then did call,  
Young Edmund cries, "I released your daughter,  
Let all the blame now upon me fall.

10

"I am a stranger, I stand in danger,  
All my proceedings I will quire o'er,  
Here's my naked bosom, I'll die in pleasure,  
And in the wide world I'll be no more."

11

When the old man found him so tender-hearted  
He threw his sword on the dungeon floor,  
Saying, "Those two lovers should ne'er be parted  
Since love can enter an iron door.

Now they live together, they have golden treasure,  
They live contented, and the old man  
Has long consented and lives contented  
With his daughter and her young servant man.

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

See also Songs and Ballads From Nova Scotia p.181.

The Bell Doth Toll

Reel 83.30-28.No.3

The bell doth toll,  
It's echoes roll  
I know its sound full well,  
I love its ringing  
For it calls to singing  
With its merry merry  
Bim bom bell.

Sung by Mrs. W.J. Johns, Mrs. W.O. Coates, and Margaret  
Coates, Musquodoboit Harbour, three generations in one  
family, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1951.

This is a round.

Now gather round my little ones,  
So full of fun and glee,  
Your father's going to be a fool  
To please the familiee,  
So jump upon the table,  
Upset the dish and pan,  
I love to hear your mother say,  
"Whist whist the bogey man."

Cho.

Whist, whist, whist,  
Here comes the bogey man,  
Go to sleep you baby,  
You Tommy, Neil and Dan,  
Whist, whist, whist,  
Here comes the bogey man,  
(Run round from the bogey land.  
(Come

2

When I go home to dinner  
It's seldom I have pie,  
If I should spank it's once a week  
And then the children cry,  
And then with their boo-hooing  
They upset the dish and pan,  
I love to hear your mother say,  
"Whist, whist, the bogey man." Cho.

Sung by Mrs. W.J. Johns, Musquodoboit Harbour, and  
recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1951

Lullaby

The Bold Fisherman

Reel 83.22-18. No.5

As I walked out one May morning  
Down by the riverside,  
'Twas there I spied a young fisherman  
A-rowing on the tide,  
A-rowing on the tide,  
'Twas there I spied a young fisherman  
A-rowing on the tide.

"Good morning, young fisherman,  
What brought you here so soon?"  
"I came for you sweet lady gay  
Down by the riverside,  
Down by the riverside,  
I came for you sweet lady gay  
Down by the riverside."

Sung by Mrs. W.J. Johns, Musquodoboit Harbour,  
and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1951.

Compare tune with Traditional Songs From Nova  
Scotia p. 112



O Come With Me. Reel 83. 18-16. No. 76

O come with me in my little canoe  
Where the sea is calm and the sky is blue,  
O come with me for I love to roam  
To those isles where the mango apples grow.  
O come with me and be my love  
For through the jungle depths I'll roam,  
I'll gather the love comb bright as gold  
And I'll chase the elk to its secret hold.  
Cho.

I'll chase the antelope over the plain  
And the tiger's cub I'll bind with a chain,  
And the wild gazelle with the silvery feet  
I'll give thee for a playmate sweet.

(Last of it is:-)  
For should we linger another day  
Storms may arise and love decay.

Sung by Mrs. W.J. Johns, Musquodoboit Harbour, who  
used to sing this in school when a child; recorded  
by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1951.

Unfortunately the song has been erased from the  
tape.

music  
gone

One sultry day a farmer's boy  
Was hoeing in a field of corn,  
And anxiously had waited long  
To hear the welcome dinner horn,  
The welcome horn was heard at last  
And down he quickly dropped his hoe,  
The farmer shouted in his ear,  
"Hoe out your row, hoe out your row."

2

Although a hard one was the row  
And farmers paid but meagre hire  
The lad had worked from early morn  
And now beginning well to tire,  
"I can," said he, and manfully  
He seized upon the fallen hoe,  
The good man pleased now smiled to see  
The farmer's boy hoe out his row.

(song ends with these lines)

In life's great field of hardy toil  
Hoe out your row, hoe out your row.

Sung by Mrs. W.J. Johns, Musquodoboit Harbour, and  
recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1951.

~~For some reason the song has been erased from  
the tape.~~

Oh up jumped young Napoleon  
And took his mother by the hand,  
Saying, "Mother, dearest mother,  
Have patience till I'm able to command,  
Then I'll raise a terrible army  
And through the winter's frost and snow  
I'll try and conquer England  
And gain the bonny bunch of ~~xxxxxxxx~~ roses oh. "

Sung by Mrs. W.J. Johns, Musquodboit Harbour, and  
recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1951.

xSee Songs and Ballads From Nova Scotia and  
Tradix

From the mainmast to the quarter,  
 Pierced with bullets, wet with blood,  
 Poor Tom Halliard, pale and wounded  
 Crawled where his brave captain stood.  
 "Captain, captain, tell me truly,  
 For my life is ebbing fast,  
 Have I done a seaman's duty? )  
 Is there aught my memory blast?" bis

2

"Yes poor Tom," replied the captain,  
 "Thou has a seaman's work has done,  
 I review thy wounds with sorrow,  
 Wounds by which a victory's won."  
 Then my kind and noble captain,  
 When I'm numbered with the dead  
 Bid some kind and trusty seaman  
 Cut a lock from this forehead.  
 Bid them to my Catherine give it,  
 Tell her hers alone I die,  
 Kate will keep that mournful present )  
 And embalm it with a sigh." bis

3

Tom in his white hammock shrouded  
 By the kind and pensive crew,  
 As they threw him in the ocean )  
 All cried out, "Poor Tom adieu." bis.

Sung by Mrs. W. J. Johns, Musquodoboit Harbour, and  
 recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept.

BlueBird, Bluebird Through My Window, Reel 838-6, No. 10

Bluebird, bluebird through my window,  
Bluebird, bluebird through my window,  
Bluebird, bluebird through my window,  
Oh Johnny I am tired.

Take a little girl and tap her on the shoulders,  
Take a little girl and tap her on the shoulders,  
Take a little girl and tap her on the shoulders,  
Oh Johnny I am tired.

Sung by Margaret Coates, Musquodoboit Harbour,  
and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1951.

Singing game.

Margaret, aged 10½, sings with a very sweet voice.

Here come three kings a-riding, a-riding, a-riding,

Here come three kings a-riding

So fancy, tansy, tiddle i oh.

2

What are you riding here for? etc.

3

We're riding here to get married. etc.

4

Who are you going to marry? etc.

5

Edith is going to marry. etc.

6

Who will we have to give her away? etc.

7

We'll have Marjorie to give her away. etc.

At the end there is a tug of war as the kings try to get the bride on their side. The most on one side win the game. Compare this as played to-day with the game played by Margaret's mother, reel 34.

Sung by Margaret Coates, aged 10½, Musquodoboit Harbour, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1951.

Voice sweet and true.