

Reel 86

- 70-62. Seven Long Years. Last verse only. See reel 85.
Sung by Mr. Barton Young, West Petpeswick.
- 62-48. Banks of Brandywine. Sung by Mr. Barton Young,
West Petpeswick; good, love song.
- 48-30. India's Fatal Shore. Sung by Mr. Philip Warner,
West Petpeswick. Dying Soldier song
- 30-26. Galway Bay. Sung by Russel & Lewis Warner, West
Petpeswick. Not folk.
- 26-20. Lass of Glenshee. Sung by Mr. Walter Roast, East
Chezzetcook. Good song, well sung, but spoiled by
whistling noise in machine.
- 20-end. The Dreadful Ghost. Sung by Mr. Philip Warner,
West Petpeswick. Blighted love, good version.

Seven Long Years

Last verse only. For complete song see Reel 85
10-end.

One morning very early in the pleasant month of May
As I walked out to take the air, all nature being gay.
The moon had not yet veiled her face but through the
trees did shine
As I wandered for amusement on the banks of Brandywine.

2
By many a rough and craggy rock, by bushes of small growth,
There's many lofty ancient trees their leaves are putting forth,
As I wandered out along those banks where whispering streams do join
And pleasant music met my ears on the banks of Brandywine.

3
At such an early hour I was surprised to see
A lovely maid with down cast eyes upon those banks so gay,
I modestly saluted her, she knew not my design,
And requested her sweet company on the Banks of Brandywine.

4
Oh leave me sir, pray leave me, my company forsake,
It is my real opinion you're nothing but a rake,
My love's a gallant sailor and he's out on the brine
While comfortless I wander on the banks of Brandywine.

5
My dear why do you thus give up to melancholy cries?
I pray leave off your weeping and dry those lovely eyes,
For sailors in each port my dear they do a mistress find
He will leave you still to wander on the banks of Brandywine.

6
Oh leave me sir, pray leave me, why do you me torment?
My Henry won't deceive me, therefore I am content,
Why do you thus torment me and cruelly combine
To fill my mind with horror on the banks of Brandywine?

7
I wish not to afflict your mind, but rather for to ease
Such dreadful apprehensions as soon your mind will seize,
Your love my dear in wedlock bands another one has joined,
She swooned into my arms on the banks of Brandywine.

8
The lofty hills and craggy rocks re-echo back her strains,
The pleasant groves and rural shades gave witness to her pains,
How often has he promised me in Hyman's chains to join,
Now I'm a maid forsaken on the banks of Brandywine.

9
Oh no my dear, that ne'er can be, behold your Henry now,
I'll clasp you to my bosom love, I've not forgot my vow,
It's now I know you're true my dear in Hyman's chains we'll join
And hail the happy morn we met on the Banks of Brandywine.

Sung by Mr. Berton Young, West Petteswick, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1951.

Singer has to be prompted a few times from his
own script.

Thes sun was fast declining on India's fatal shore,
There lay the dead and dying at the close of that sad war,
But the saddest thing that I have seen upon that field of gore
Was a young and handsome Irish lad that came from Erin's shore.

2

His cheeks were like the lily white, his hair like strands of gold,
I laid him down to slumber where India's waters roll,
He cried, "Oh give me water, and list to what I say,
For to-morrow you'll be marching back to Erin far away."

3

His brother raised him in his arms, tears down his cheeks did flow
Saying, "Brother, dearest brother, it's hard to see you go,
Have you no kindly message for the parents you love dear,
Or for that young and handsome girl in Erin't land so fair?"

4

"Tell my parents we fought nobly with our face towards the foe,
We never thought of turning, right on them we did go,
Till rebel soldiers struck me down and left me in my gore,
Then I longed to see old Ireland, its green and holy shore.

5

"Tell them I thought about them in the thickest of the fray,
When the balls fell thick around me I ne'er forgot to pray,
There's one thing yet my brother I'd have you to do more,
Will you mark my brave, my brother, on India's fatal shore?"

6

Tell my young and handsome promised bride my heart was ever true,
I long to see her come to me across the ocean blue,
Tell her to think about me and say for me a prayer
And never forsake my mother in old Erin's land so fair.

7

"There is one thing yet my brother, bring my love across the wave:
And bring with her a shamrock to plant upon my grave,
Tell her it was my last request as I lay down to die,
And kiss me now my brother once more and then good-bye."

8

His brother quietly laid him down saying your wishes shall be done
In one last moment closed his eyes, died at the set of sun,
They dug for him a narrow grave and marked it well with care
And then began their lonely march to Erin't land so fair.

Sung by Mr. Philip Warner, West Petpeswick, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1951.

If ever you cross the seas to Ireland
And maybe at the closing of your day
You will sit and watch the moon rise over Clauda(?)
And watch the sun go down on Galway Bay.

2

Just to hear again the ripple of the trout stream,
The women in the meadows making hay,
And to sit behind the fire in the cabin
And watch the barefoot orphans at their play.

3

Now the breeze is blowing o'er the seas to Ireland,
Are perfumed with the heather as they blow,
And the women in the uplands picking praties
Speak a language that the strangers do not know.

4

Now the strangers came and tried to teach us their way,
They scorned us for being what we are,
But they might as well go chasing after moonbeams
Or light a penny candle from a star.

5

Now if there's going to be a life hereafter,
And somehow I know there's going to be,
I will ask my God to let me make my heaven
In that dear land across the Irish sea.

Sung by Russel and Lewis Warner, West Petpeswick,
and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1951

(Not a folk song)

music
gone.

One fine summers evening as twilight was stealing
Fair Granison rose and strolled over the lea,
I spied a fair maiden while homeward returning,
She was tending her flocks onto the hills of Glenshee.

2

Her cheeks were like roses, and deep were her dimples,
And keen were the blink of her bonny brown eyes,
She was neat, tall, and handsome, so fair and enchanting,
That my heart skipped a beat for the lass of Glenshee.

3

I says, "My fair damsel, Caledonia's bright waters
They may change their course and flow back from the sea,
The sun may forget for to rise in the morning,
But my heart will prove true to the lass of Glenshee."

4

I stepped up beside her, I says, "My fair damsel
If you would but go to St. John's town with me
How happy your heart would abide in my castle,
I'll make you my lady, fair lass of Glenshee.

5

"I care not at all for your horses or coaches,
I care not at all for your bright grandeury,
I would rather stay home in my own homespun blaylay(%)
Attending my flocks on the hills of Glenshee."

6

"O come do not wander for fear I might blunder
And send all those gentry to go laughing at me,"
Like a true-hearted miner young and old they will wonder
How she smiled and consented, then I took her with me.

7

Six years has now vanished since we were united,
The weather has changed but there's no change in me,
My darling's as fair as the rose of the summer
That grows up and blooms onto the hills of Glenshee.

Sung by Mr. Walter Roast, East Chezzetcook, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1951

It's of a sailor of whom I write
Into the seas he took great delight,
Two maidens fair he did beguile
And those two maidens he had with child.

2

Oh one of them for public shame
All to some handsome grove she came
And there at length for to end all strife
She cut it there the thread of life.

3

Two men a-hunting chanced to see
Her body hanging to a tree,
Her flesh by small birds was beastly torn
Which grieved those young men's hearts full sore.

4

O with a knife they cut her down
And in her bosom a note was found,
And in the note with letters large,
"Don't bury me I do you charge.

5

But on the ground pray let me lie
And every one that does pass by,
And every one a warning take
And mark what follows when it is too late.

6

"Since he's proved false I will prove just,
While he's on earth he will have no rest,"
And while on land she plagued him so
To the seas at last he was forced to go.

7

One morning on the topmast high
A little boat he chanced to spy,
A little boat appeared to him,
In it a woman and two little men.

8

Down decks, down decks this young man goes,
Down to the captain in his morning clothes,
He says, "Captain, captain, stand my defence
For I see a spirit coming hence."

9

O up on deck the captain goes
And there he saw this mournful ghost,
She says, "Captain, captain, now just stand calm
Until I speak unto such a man."

10

"It was in St. Taliens this young man died,
And in St. Taliens his body lies,"
She says, "Captain, captain, don't tell me so
For he's alive in your ship below,

11

"And if you don't bring him up to me
A mighty storm you soon shall see
Which will cause both you and your men to weep
And leave you slumbering in the deep."

12

Down decks, down decks the captain goes
And he brings this young man up to his foes,
And when she fixed her grim eyes on him
She made him tremble in every limb.

13

"Don't you remember when I was a maid
You caused my poor trembling heart to bleed?
Now I'm a spirit have come for thou,
You baulked me once but I've got you now."

14

Down in her boat she forced him
Down in her boat he was forced to go,
And as she did we all did admire,
And the boat sank down in a flame of fire.

15

But as she sank she rose again,
And as she sang this mournful song,
"Sailors all who are left behind
Never prove false to young womankind,"
So this is the way she ended her life
Because she was not a sailor's wife.

Sung by Mr. Philip Warner, West Petpeswick,
and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1951.

See also Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia, p. 151