

Reel 88

- 70-52. Banks of Sweet Dundee. (Dramatic love song with  
press gang separating lovers) Sung by Mr. Bernard  
Young, East Petpeswick.
- 52-42. Plain Set (Dance called without music). Called by  
Mr. Bernard Young, East Petpeswick.
- 42-32. Isle of St. Helena. (Song of Napoleon's exile)  
Sung by Mr. Bernard Young, East Petpeswick.
- 32-10. Gypsy's Warning. (Probably not folk, but sung  
for many years in this district) Sung by Mr.  
Bernard Young, East Petpeswick.
- 10-5. Lovely Molly. (Pretty love song with sea motif).  
Sung by Mr. Freeman Young, East Petpeswick.
- 5-end. Row Your Boat (Not the one usually associated  
with this title). Sung by Mr. ~~Bernard Young~~  
Freeman Young, East Petpeswick.

Banks of Sweet Dundee. Reel 88.70-52.No.1

For words see Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia,  
p.128

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

All turn to partners,  
Head couples advance right and left,  
Right and left back,  
Turn to partners,  
Ladies chain,  
Half promenade, half right and left to places.

Figure 2

1st lady and opposite gent advance,  
Sashay right and left,  
Cross over crossing right and left,  
Cross back and balance,  
2nd lady and opposite gent advance,  
Sashay right and left,  
Cross over crossing right and left,  
Cross back and balance.

Figure 3

1st lady and opposite gent over on the right  
Left hand returning once and a half in the centre,  
Catch your partners right hand,  
Advance forward to opposite places,  
Same two advance, retire, advance and address,  
Couples advance half right and left to places,  
2nd lady and opposite gent over on the right  
Left hand returning once and a half in the centre,  
Catch your partners right hand,  
~~Advance forward to~~ And forward to opposite places,  
Same two advance, retire, advance and address,  
Couples advance half right and left to places.

Figure 4

Head ladies chain,  
Turn to partners,  
1st couple swing up and pass the lady over,  
Advance forward three to one,  
Four hands around to opposite places,  
Couples advance half right and left to places,  
Head ladies chain,  
Balance the partners,  
2nd couples swing up, pass the lady over,  
Advance forward three to one,  
Four hands around to opposite places,  
Couples advance half right and left to places.

All join, Figure 5

Head couples promenade,  
Change partners in the centre and promenade,  
Swing the lady in her place,  
Gents retire to places,  
Ladies chain,  
Head couples promenade,  
Change partners in the centre and promenade,  
Swing the lady in her place,  
Gents retire to places,  
Ladies chain



All turn to partners,  
 All promenade around the room,  
 Ladies in the centre face out and address,  
 Gents the same,  
 Each gent outside the next lady and balance,  
 All promenade,  
 Ladies in the centre face out and address,  
 Gents the same,  
 Each gent outside the next lady and balance,  
 All promenade,  
 Ladies in the centre face out and address,  
 Gents the same,  
 Each gent outside the next lady and balance,  
 All promenade around the room,  
 All join,  
 Right hand to partners,  
 Grand chain,  
 Salute your partners all the way round,  
 Meet your partners and balance  
 And all promenade to seats.

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

Hop in sideways jump in promenade. (like a rabbit  
 one of the singers suggested).

As danced at Petpeswick, Musquodoboit Harbour,  
 Upper Lakeville, and Ship Harbour.

Oh Boney is gone from the wars of all fighting,  
 He is gone to that place that he never took delight in,  
 There he may sit and tell of the scenes that he has seen ah,  
 While folorn he does mourn on the Isle ~~of~~ St. Helena.

2

Oh Louisa does mourn for her husband departed,  
 She dreams when she sleeps and she wakes broken- hearted,  
 Not a friend to console her, even those that may been with her,  
 But she mourns when she thinks of the Isle ~~of~~ St. Helena.

3

So come all ye that have got wealth pray beware ofn ambition  
 For a decree that's in fate might change your condition,  
 Be ye steadfast in time for what is to come ye know not,  
 For fear ye may be chained like he on the Isle St. Helena.

4

O the rude rushing waves all around the shores are washing  
 And the great billows heave, on the wild rocks are dashing,  
 He may look to the moon from the grey mound Diana  
 With his eyes o'er the waves that surround St. Helena.

5

No more in St. Cclouds he'll be seen in such splendour,  
 Or go on with his wars with the great Alexander,  
 But the young king of Rome and prince of Guiana  
 Swear they'll have his father home from the Isle St. Helena.

6

Oh ye parliaments of England and your holy alliance,  
 To your prisoner of war you can now bid defiance,  
 For your base intrigues and your baser misdemeanours  
 You have caused him to die on the Isle of St. Helena.

Sung by Mr. Bernard Young, East Petpeswick, and  
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Trust him not oh gentle lady  
 Though his voice be low and sweet,  
 Heed him not who kneels before thee  
 Softly pleading at thy feet,  
 Now thy life is in its morning,  
 Cloud not this a happy lot,  
 Listen to a gypsy's warning, ) bis  
 Gentle lady heed him not. )

2

Lady once there lived a maiden  
 Young and pure and like thee fair,  
 Yet he wooed, he wooed and won her,  
 Filled her gentle heart with care,  
 Then he heeded not her weeping,  
 He cared not her life to save,  
 Soon she perished, now she's sleeping) bis  
 In a cold and silent grave. )

3

Do not turn so coldly from me,  
 I would only guard thy youth,  
 From his stern and withering power  
 I would only tell thee truth,  
 I would shield thee from all danger,  
 Save thee from the tempter's snare,  
 Lady shun that dark-eyed stranger, ) bis  
 I have warned thee, now beware. )

4

Keep thy gold, I do not wish it,  
 Lady I have prayed for this,  
 For the hour when I might foil him,  
 Rob him of expected bliss.  
 Gentle lady do not wonder  
 At my words so cold and wild,  
 Lady in the green grave yonder )bis  
 Lies the gypsy's only child. )

5

(Answer)

Lady do not heed her warning,  
 Trust me, thou shalt find me true,  
 Constant as the light of morning  
 Inwill ever be to you,  
 Lady I will not deceive you thee,  
 Fill thy guileless heart with woe,  
 Trust me lady and believe me ) bis  
 Sorrow thou shalt neverknow. )

6

Lady every joy would perish,  
 Pleasures all would wither fast  
 If no heart could love and cherish  
 In this world of storm and blast,  
 E'en the stars that gleam above thee  
 Shine the brightest in the night  
 So would he who fondly loved thee) bis  
 In the darkness be thy light. )



Down beside the flowing river  
 Where the dark green willow weaves,  
 Where the leafy branches quiver  
 There a gentle maiden sleeps,  
 In the morn a lonely stranger  
 Comes and lingers many hours,  
 Lady he's no heartless ranger ) bis  
 For he strews her grave with flowers.)

Lady heed thee not her warning,  
 Place thy soft sweet hand in mine  
 For I seek no fairer laurel  
 Than the constant love of thee,  
 When the silver moonlight brightens  
 Thou shalt slumber on my heart,  
 Tender words thy soul shall lighten,) bis  
 Lull they spirit into rest.)

(Lady's answer)

Gypsy you have wronged my lover  
 Or your aged eyes are dim,  
 You mistake him for some other,  
 Maid was ne'er betrayed by him,  
 For me now to heed your warning  
 And refuse to be his wife  
 All the glad light of life's morning) bis  
 Would forever leavemy life.)

Gypsy he is not a stranger  
 But the playmate of my youth,  
 From his hand can come no danger,  
 He is honour, love, and truth,  
 Gypsy cease your fearsome muttering,  
 What I say I know is true,  
 And the cruel words you're uttering) bis  
 Fade away like morning dew.)

Come my lover, let us leave her  
 For the wood grows cold and chill,  
 You have not wronged or deceived her,  
 Let us climb yon sunny hill,  
 Mortal bans can not us sever  
 And my given word I'll keep,  
 All my life is yours forever ) bis  
 Till in death we two shall sleep.)

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



Fare you well lovely Molly, I'm going to leave you  
And to the East Indies my course I will steer,  
Don't let my long absence be a bother to you dear  
For we will be married you need never fear.

2

Like some jolly little seaman I'll dress and go with you  
And in the midst of all danger I'll stand as your friend,  
Those cold wintry ~~hazy~~ winds love around you be blowing,  
And I will be there for to wait on you then.

3

Those pretty little hands love could not stand a rough tackling,  
Those pretty little feet to the top could not go,  
Those cold wintry winds you could not endure them  
So stay at home darling, to the seas do not go.

4

Those two lovers parted, they had kisses plenty,  
The tears from her eyes down in fountains did pour,  
Her lily white hands on the deck she kept wringing,  
Saying, "Fare you well darling, I'll never see you more."

5

As I was a-walking the streets of Philadelphia  
Strange thoughts of my darling came into my mind,  
I thought on the days love that we spent in courting,  
But the salt seas have parted us now for a time.

6

Don't let my long absence be a bother to you dear,  
Don't let my long journey cause you any pain,  
Although we are parted I will be true hearted  
And I will return in the springtime again.

Sung by Mr. Freeman Young, East Petpeswick, and

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Down by a river a log hut stands  
Where father and mother once dwelt,  
The old door latch that is worn by hand  
Where in prayer they oft times knelt,  
Years, years have passed since that happy time  
But the river goes rolling on,  
The birds and the bees and the blossoms on the trees  
Are singing that same old song.

Cho.

Row, row, row your boat  
Gently down the stream,  
All that's past is gone you know  
And the future's but a dream.

2

Now here stands the tree where we used to climb  
And the mill where the troling din(?)  
The old mail boat where it once did float  
Where the schoolboys used to swim,  
But green grows the grass o'er the master's grave,  
The river goes rolling on,  
It's gurgling sounds on its mossy banks  
Are singing the same old song. Cho.

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