

Reel 92A

FSG30
03.211.2
MF 289.420

- 1-3 Jimmie and Nancy . Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River. Mostly conversation telling story of song of which he remembers little;ghost.
- 3-5 The Old Sea Chest. Sung by Mr. Norman Hatt, Middle River, son of Norman. Old song and nicely sung. 7 vs. tailor visiting captain's wife is caught
- 5-8 The Brave Volunteer. Sung by Mr. Norman Hatt, Middle River/ 8 vs. pretty love song.
- 8-12 The Three Leaf Shamrock. Sung by Mr. Norman Hatt, Middle River;late; Irish
- 12-15. Erin Far Away.Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River;dying soldier sends messages home; pleasant tune.
- 15-18 Song of A Soldier. Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River; For words see notes with 90B15-18; old song; good
- 18-20 Gently Waved the Weeping Willow .Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River; late; deploring mother's death pleasant tune.
- 20-25. The Nightingale .Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River. Jimmie lost at sea;ghost returns;good but imperfectly remembered
- 25-28 On A Cold and Stormy ~~Night~~ Winter Eve. Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River. girl deserted remorsefully dies with baby.

On the island of Barbadoes
When a ship sailed by

(Words forgotten, tells story)

He went to see a girl and her parents didn't like
him. So he went to sea that summer, and when he come
home in the fall they were going to get married, so
when the parents found out they wrote a letter to the
boatswain who was a friend of his.

A handsome reward unto you I will give
If you the life of young Jimmie do end.
For the pride of all mercies, for the sake of the money,
This cruel boatswain he committed the same.

As we sailed round the isle of Barbadoes

One evening as Young Jimmie on the deck was a-walking
He suddenly plunged him into the deep.

The boatswain rushed on him unawares and he was
drowned. His ghost came home and took her and drew
her into the waves and on till she disappeared.

Told by Nathan Hatt, Middle River, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, May 1952.

See Songs and Ballads From Nova Scotia, by p.81
for 13 vs. sung by Ben Henneberry. He too regretted
that he could not remember all of the song.

Near Boston town a sea captain did dwell,
 He had a loving wife and a tailor loved her well,
 When this sea captain would go away to sea
 This jolly little tailor would go to gargle for he.

Cho.

Reil o dey,
 Reil o reil o dey,
 Reil o dey.

2

It happened that one night when the tailor being there
 A rap came at the door loud and severe,
 "Now this is my husband, my husband I fear,
 He is bound away to sea and he wants his sea gear." Cho.

3

"There stands a sea chest behind the bedroom door,
 Go byndle into it and you'll be safe and secure,"
 She bundled him in just as snug as a pin
 With his coat, cap, and wig and the rest of his things. Cho.

4

Then she ran down the steps and she opened up the door,
 There stood the sea captain with half a dozen more,
 "I am bound away to sea with a sweet and pleasant gale
 And I want my sea chest for the ship is under sail!" Cho

5

They picked up the chest and they started out of town,
 They hadn't got very far 'fore they had to set it down,
 They hadn't got no more than half a mile from town
 When the heft of the chest caused the sweat to run down/Cho.

6

Then said one to the other, "The devil's in this chest,"
 But not one of the crew the chest would undo,
 Then up spoke the captain, "This chest I will undo,
 And up stepped the captain with the half of his crew. Cho.

7

They opened up the chest and they all peeked in,
 There laid a little tailor like a thief in the mill,
 He said, "My little fellow I will take you out to sea,
 Darned if I will leave you home to gargle for me!" Cho.

Sung by Mr. Norman Hatt, Middle River, and
 recorded by Helen Creighton, May 1952.

Norman is Mr. Nathan Hatt's son.

As I went out walking one morning in May
 I spied a fair couple a-jogging away,
 The one was a lady, a lady so fair,
 And the other was a soldier, a brave volunteer.

2

"O where are you going?" the soldier did say,
 "O where are you going this morning in May?"
 She said, "I'm a-going to the banks of ~~the~~ O'Flynn
 For to watch the waters gliding and hear the nightingales sing."

3

They travelled ~~together~~ ^{along} till they came to O'Flynn.
 They sat down together by the side of the stream,
 They sat down together by the side of the stream
 For to watch the waters gliding, hear the nightingales sing.

4

They being seated not more than one hour or two,
 When out of his satchel a violin he drew,
 He played it so sweetly caused the valley to ring,
 "Hark hark," cried the lady, "hear the nightingales sing!"

5

Now he tuned up his fiddle on a higher string still,
 And he played it so sweetly caused the valley to ring,
 "Hark hark," cried the lady, "hear the nightingales sing!"

6

"O now," says the soldier, "it's time to give o'er,"
 "O no," said the lady, "won't you play one tune more?
 I far better would hear just one tip from the string
 As to watch the waters gliding, hear the nightingales sing."

7

O then said the lady, "Won't you marry me?"
 "O no," said the soldier, "that never can be,
 I have a wife in Old Flynder and children twice three,
 And another in the army, that's plenty for me."

8

"I'll go back to Old Flynder and I'll stay ~~xxxx~~ for one year,
 Instead of drinking cold water I'll drink lager beer,
 And when I return it will be in the spring
 For to watch the waters gliding, hear the nightingales sing."

Sung by Mr. Norman Hatt, Middle River, and recorded
 by Helen Creighton, May 1952

The ship is in the harbour boys
With a life boat at her keel,
Our passengers are all on board
Bound down for Merry-go-geal(?)
With a bunch of shamrock in their hand
For the land you adore you know,
We're going to leave old Ireland
Where the three leaf shamrock grows,
Cho.

Hooray my boys the sails are set
And the wind is blowing fair,
Hooray for the Calais gardens
In a few days we'll be there,
O 'tis hard to part from those you love
And it breaks my heart you know,
To go and leave old Ireland
Where the three leaf shamrock grows.

2

I owed the landlord six months rent
And I wish I owed him more,
Dirty old witch he came and nailed
The bill right on my door,
It grieves my dear old mother
For it breaks her heart you know
To go and leave old Ireland
Where the three leaf shamrock grows. Cho.

3

O while I lived in Ireland
I was a man of health,
And sure as I come back again
I'll be a man of wealth,
And sure as I come back again
I will have you all to know
I will marry Kitty O'Connor
Where the three leaf shamrock grows. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Norman Hatt, Middle River, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, May 1952

The sun had gone down in the western skies
When the deadly fight was o'er,
And thousands lie on the damp cold ground
Their lives to claim no more,
The pale moon shine on the battlefield
Wherethe wounded soldier lie
So far from his friends that he loved so dear
Of Erin far away.

2

A comrade hearing his dying cry
And soon the sufferer found,
He gentlie raised his drooping head
Up from the damp cold ground,
Was words of his home and counteree
He whispered in his ear,
And he told him of the victory
That he had won so dear.

3

"Here's a lock of my hair I pray you bear
To my mother across the sea,
And when she do behold it
She'll kindly think of me,
But tell her at home no more I'll roam
As I did in boyhood days,
No mossy glades, no pleasant shades
Of Erin far away.

4

"Tell my mother long years have passed
Since I have seen her face,
Her grace and presence for my mind
Her features I will trace,
But tell her although in India's sand
My mouldering bones do lie,
So far from his friends he loved so well
Of Erin far away.

5

"It's tell my brother we manfully fought
As our father did and died
With bayonets drawn upon our foes
Our Savoie by our side,
We manfully fought to conquer our foes
When Sepoys for to slain,
When vision bright crept o'er our sight
Of Erin far away."

6

He spoke no more, his eyes grew dim
Before the set of sun,
His yellow locks and heart's blood too
A crimson they were dyed,

They dug his grave in India's sand
While the moon shined wondrous bright,
So far from his friends that he loved so dear
Of Erin far away.

Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, May 1952.

BOND
WYDEN
CHEV

Gently Waved the Weeping Willow

Reel 92A 18-20.No.7

In that grey old village churchyard
There I saw a grassy mound,
There my mother shé lies sleeping
Beneath the tuff cold covered ground.

Cho.

Gently waved the weeping willow,
Fair its songsters sing thér song,
My poor heart so sad and lonely
Sincemy mother's dead and gone.

2

O how well I do remember
That sad day when mother died,
I stood weeping, watching, waiting,
Till she called me to her side,
A-whispering "I'll not see the morning,
Angel voices bids me come,
Trust in God we'll meet in heaven "
Where sin and sorrow will be no more. Cho.

3

Ofttimes I've wandered through that churchyard,
Kindly I've nursed the flowers there,
There besidemy mother's grave
I'vepassed many many hours,
A-looking to the skies above me,
A-wondering if it will be long,
Till the angels come and take me
To thatplace where mother's gone.

Cho.

Gently beamed the flowers all round her,
Fair its songsters sing their song,
We'll trust in God we'll meet in heaven
Where sin and sorrow will be no more.

Sung by Mr Nathan Hatt, and recorded by
Helen Creighton, May 1952

Come all you maidens fair pray lend an ear,
It's of a fair young damsel in deep despair,
My flesh is weak, my spirit failed,
Since my love he's lost in the Nightingale.

2

We lived a long time in sweet unity,
I loved my Jimmie and my Jimmie loved me,
But I never thought that he should sail
And end his days in the Nightingale,
But I never thought that he should sail
And end his days in the Nightingale.

3

It was my cruel father had distracted so,
Till on the seas he being forced to go,
He sent a press gang which did not fail,
Pressed my love on board of the Nightingale.

4

The very same night that my love was lost
He repaired to me like some deathlie ghost,
Dressed in seaman's dress but very pale,
My love he's lost in the Nightingale.

5

"O Sally, dear Sally, don't be surprised,
For it's in the Bay of Biscay my fair body lies,
I became a prey to some shark or whale,"
Since my love he is lost in the Nightingale.

6

The wind did blow raging, ocean roar,
The wind bore us from fore and aft,
And my love being in that tremendous gale
To the bottom he went in the Nightingale.

7

The wind did blow, the raging ocean roar,
The wind blowed us from fore and aft
Till scarce a stick in our yards was left,
When our deck stowed in and our timbers failed
What a dismal wreck was that brig Nightingale.

Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River, and
reocrded by Helen Creighton, May 1952

There are a few more verses which the singer
could not remember.

On a cold and stormy winter eve
As first came down was snow,
It's over those lofty hills and dells
Where the stormy winds do blow,
I overheard a fair female
All in a drift of snow,
It's with her baby in her arms
She knew not where to go.

2

"O hush my little baby,
O hush my little dear,
It's little does your dada know
That we are lying here,
It's little does your papa know
What we must undergo,
He'd come and take you in his arms
From this cold winter snow.

3

"It's cruel was my father,
He shut the door on me,
And cruel was father dear,
He might a had pitied me,
And cruel was the cold winter winds
That pierced my heart with cold,
And cruel was the young man
That sold my love for gold.

4

"I'll go down to yonders garden
And there I will set down,
I'll pray to the Almighty
To have mercy on my soul,"
She kissed her baby's clay cold lips
Was laying by her side,
Then casting her eyes to heaven
And then laid down and died.

5

Come all you fair young ladies,
A warning take by me,
It's never believe a false young man
Or anything they say,
They will kiss you and they'll court you
Till your loving favour gain,
And then they'll go and leave you
In sorrow, grief, and shame.

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recorded by Helen Creighton, May 1952.