

Reel 96A

FSG30
23.219.2
MF 289.436

- 1-3. The Little Schooner Merrimac. Sung by Mr. Arthur White, Noel Road. 2 vs. good as far as it goes. sea song
- 3-6. Pity the Life of a Tramp. Sung by Mr. Arthur White, Noel Road; late song, not folk.
- 6-15. Guy Reed. Sung by Mr. Jack Turple, Upper Kennetcook; 15 vs. lumberjack song.
- 15-18. Plains of Waterloo. Sung by Mr. Arthur White, Noel Road; good song of lover returning in disguise. 6 vs.
- 18-21. Roving Ranger. Sung by Mr. Jack Turple, Upper Kennetcook; fair.
- 21-26. Sweet Florella. Sung by Mr. Arthur White, Noel Road; fair.
- 26-end. Nora. Sung by Mr. Arthur White, Noel Road. 2 vs/ late song; fair.

The little schooner Merrimac
That sailed from Liverpool,
The wind being fair, the sky being clear,
The breeze being fresh and cool,
And many an eye was wet with tears
For to see us sail away,
She's left the shore to return no more,
Bound for Americay.

2

A young girl stood upon the dock
For to bid her love good-bye,
There goes the lad I do adore
Bound for Americay,
I own I loved him dearly,
He treated me with scorn,
If you plant a thistle for a rose
You must put up with a thorn.

Sung by Mr. Arthur White, Noel Road, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1952.

All the singer could recall; he had learned it
from his wife's uncle.

Pity the Life of a Tramp. Reel 96A3-6, No. 2

I'm a broken down sport without money,
My clothes are all tattered and torn,
Not a friend knows I'm in this wide world to-night,
What a pity I ever was born.
Exposed to the cold and privation,
Out on the ground cold and damp,
And stared in the face by privation,
I pity the fate of a tramp.

Cho.

Then they tell me to go work for my living
And not through this wide world to tramp,
But whenever I ask for employment they say
Oh, you're only a tramp.

2

It was only last night on the railroad,
Tired, hungry, and footsore,
Saw an empty box car standing still on the track,
I jumped in and pulled to the door.
I hadn't gone far in that empty box car
When a brakeman come round with his lamp,
I was thrown from the freight and was killed by the mail,
I pity the life of a tramp. Cho.

3

There's many a rich man by his fireside to-night
With plenty of food laid in store
Who would turn you away with a sniff of contempt
While asking a bite at his door,
But the day it will come when the rich man will see
That every poor man ain't a tramp,
For there's many a true heart beating to-night
Beneath the old coat of a tramp. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Arthur White, Noel Road, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, July 1952.

How well I do remember one dark and stormy night,
 The rain it fell in torrents and lightning flashed so bright,
 The stars and moon above us did not a light reveal,
 For dark and loomy-clouded their welcome light concealed.

2

A postman brought me a letter, I hastened to peruse,
 'Twas written by a friend of mine that bore me startling news,
 For one I knew, a fine young man as you'll agree to see,
 Within one moment he was hurled into eternity.

3

He and his companions where the waters loud does roar,
~~Was~~ breaking in a landing on Anderscoggin shore,
 They picked a place among them from bottom to the top,
 Full thirty feet a landing had a perpendicular drop.

4

To work his way much longer 'twould be a foolish part,
 The jar light you see it might this lofty landing start,
 There were a few among them did volunteer to go
 To roll a log from off that top to start that jam below.

5

The jam it quickly started, the landing cracked below,
 And on it sped into the verge but would no further go,
 This young man now advanced the verge of lofty high,
 While all the crew with trembling limbs and pallid lips stood by.

6

Up went a shout of warning to warn him of his fate,
 And just a moment he did pause, he seemed to hesitate,
 He rolled the log 'bout half way o'er, the landing broke like glass
 As quick as thought it disappeared into the rolling mass.

7

The log rolled off so carefully, off of his mangled form,
 The birds were sweetly singing, the sun shone bright and warm,
 Strong men knelt down beside him, could not command their grief,
 Unbidden tears fell from their eyes and sank down in the sand.

8

Carefully they bore him, gently laid him on the green,
 Beneath a tall and spreading tree beside a sparkling stream,
 The bubbling sparkling waters stealing o'er their sandy beds
 Seemed to murmur softly, gently, a farewell unto the dead.

9

Now his remains was buried by the order of K.P.,
 Such a funeral more attended you scarcely ever see,
 The church and yard was crowded with them both young and old,
 To see the face once young and fair in death now pale and cold.

10

His casket was decorated with flowers fair and rare,
 His pillow too from every view of flowers rare and fair,
 His brothers of the Order, as they marched two by two,
 On his casket a spray let fall, a token of adieu.

11

His mother died quite early when he was but a child,
They laid her down to slumber by a forest rare and wild,
His brother and his sister both laying by her side,
In a quiet country churchyard by the river's dancing tide.

12

This young man's name was Guy Reed, his age was twenty-three,
On September the eighth was killed in the town known as Riley,
In the little town of Barron there lie beneath the earth,
He sleeps beside his kindred near the spot that gave him birth.

13

The robin and the swallow, the sunshine and the rain,
The cuckoo and the sparrow in spring will come again,
The blackbird and the thrasher in a foreign land may soar,
But loved ones who in death does sleep will come again no more.

14

His poor old aged father now stricken down with grief,
The joys of earthly pleasure can gain him no relief,
For untold gold and silver, position, wealth in store,
Sunny skies and music sweet can not the dead restore.

15

Kind friend and loving kindred of whom the dead and gone
To a better land in heaven far away beyond the sun,
For them you love so dearly you'll never see no more
Till you cross through death's dark valley on that
bright filesting shore.

Sung by Mr. Jack Turple, Upper Kennetcook, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1952.

A lady gay went a-walking down on the banks of Clyde,
 The rolling tears was in her eyes as she passed by my side,
 I saw her bosom heaving, these words she did renew,
 "I fear, I fear my Willie's slain on the plains of Waterloo."

2

"What kind of clothes did your Willie wear?" the soldier made reply,
 "He wore a highland bonnet with feathers standing high,
 His broadsword it hung by his side, his jacket was of blue,
 These were the clothes my Willie wore on the plains of Waterloo."

3

"If these were the clothes your Willie wore I saw your Willie die,
 Six bullet holes were in his breast before he down would lie,
 Your Willie took me by the hand saying, "The French have
 pierced me through,"
 Was I who closed your Willie's eyes on the plains of Waterloo."

4

"O Willie dearest Willie," and she could say no more,
 She fell into the soldier's arms those dreadful tidings bore,
 "May the jaws of death now open wide and swallow me up too
 Since Willie lies a mangled corpse on the plains of Waterloo."

5

The soldier took her by the hand saying, "Lady do not frown,"
 He then took off his overcoat and laid it on the ground,
 He unbuttoned his short bosom and showed his wounds so true,
 Saying, "I am your dearest Willie returned from Waterloo."

6

The soldier took her by the hand saying, "Lady do not chide,
 For since we've met we'll never part, I will make you my bride,
 We'll join our hands in wedlock bands down on the banks of Clyde!"

Sung by Mr. Arthur White, Noel Road, and recorded
 by Helen Creighton, July 1952.

I am a roving ranger, I want you all to know,
 My name is nothing extra as you may plainly see,
 My name is nothing extra and that I will not tell,
 I being a roving ranger, I'm sure you wish him well.

2

At the age of sixteen I joined that gallant band,
 And marched from Manitoba down to the Rio Grande,
 Our captain he informed us, I suppose he thought was right,
 "Before ~~xxx~~ we reach the station, my boy you'll have to fight."

3

Our captain he informed us, a general gave command,
 "To arms, to arms" he shouted, "and by your horses stand"
 I saw the Indians coming, I heard them give a yell,
 My feeling at that moment no human tongue can tell,
 I saw their silver axes like arrows round me fly,
 My heart it sank within me, my courage almost died.

4

We fought them four long hours till the bloody fight was o'er,
 Such sights of dead and wounded I never saw before,
 Two hundred of brave a Rangers that ever beheld the west
 Lay dead beside their comrades, peace to their bed of rest.

5

I tried this life of roving, I know its hardships well,
 I crossed the Rocky Mountains where many the brave man fell,
 I seen those barren countries with Indians prowling wild
 But I'll never forget the home I left where parents kindly smiled.

6

I thought of ~~xxxx~~ my dear mother, those words she said to me,
 To you they will be strangers, with me you better stay,
 I thought her old and childish and the truth she did not know,
 My mind being bent on roving and roving I must go.

7

Perhaps you have a brother, likewise a sister too,
 And maybe had a sweetheart who sadly mourns for you,
 If this be your condition I advise you not to roam
 But I advise you by experience you had better stay at home.

Sung by Mr. Jack Turple, Upper Kennetcook, and recorded
 by Helen Creighton, July 1952.

Down by yon drooping willow
 Where the violets gently bloom
 There lies my own Florella
 All silent in the tomb,
 She died not broken-hearted,
 Nor sickness her befell,
 But in one moment parted
 From those she loved so well.

2

The moon was shining brightly
 Far over hill and dale
 When to her lonely dwelling
 Her teasing lover came,
 He said, "Love let us wander
 Down by yon meadow gay,
 And undisturbed we'll ponder
 Upon our wedding day."

3

The road was dark and dreary,
 He led this girl astray,
 She oft times said, "I'm weary,
 I would retrace my way."
 "Retrace your way, no never,
 No more those fields you'll roam,
 So bid adieu Florella
 To parents, friends, and home."

4

"Down in those woods I've got you
 Nor from me can you fly,
 No human hand is near me
 So surely you must die."
 Down on her knees before him
 She begged him spare her life,
 When deep into her bosom
 He plunged that fatal knife.

5

"O Willie I'll forgive you,
 Was her last dying breath,
 Her lips they ceased to motion
 And her eyes they closed in death.
 It's never trust to young men
 For they will you betray,
 And never with them wander
 Down by yon meadows gay.

Sung by Mr. Arthur White, Noel Road, and recorded
 by Helen Creighton, July 1952.

Nora

Reel 96A26-endNo.7

Oh where oh where is my Nora,
Oh where oh where can she be?
She's lost in the world among strangers
Will she ever return unto me?

Oh her beautiful face was her downfall,
Her lover was only a sham,
Then oh where oh where is my Nora?
The wolf has stolen the lamb.

Sung by Mr. Arthur White, Noel Road, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1952.