

Reel 97B

- 1-2. A Lovely Charmer Fair. Sung by Mr. Alex Romkey, Mober's River. Nfld. song, but only 2 vs. recorded; good tune and good voice.
- 2-8. Eastern Light. Sung by Mr. Isaac Doyle, West Jeddore; song in full on reel 99B1-5. 6 vs. local.
- 8-12. In Canso Straits. Sung by Mr. Isaac Doyle, West Jeddore. Difficult to recall, and 2 vs. from middle of song added at end; local; 9 vs. good song. See reel 69.
- 12-16. Erin Far Away. Sung by Capt. John Faulkner, aged 90; ^{or Dying Soldier} West Jeddore; 6 vs. needed prompting; see reel 92A
- 16-18. We Left Ball Rock. Sung by Capt. John Faulkner, West Jeddore; local; probably a good song but only 2 vs. remembered, and only tune for chorus.
- 18-22. Love o' God Razor. Sung by Mr. Sandy Stoddard, Lower Ship Harbour; Irish; comic; 7 vs; good.
- 22-26. The Young Deserter. Sung by Mr. Sandy Stoddard, Lower Ship Harbour; young man about to be executed for desertion tells his story; 6 vs. sad.
- 26-end. Paddy Flynn. Sung by Mr. Sandy Stoddard, Lower Ship Harbour; Irish, with some words spoken; good but remembers only 3 vs.

A Lovely Charmer Fair

Reel 97B1-2.No.1

Yeunladies and yeu gentlemen
I pray ye lend an ear
While I locate the residence
Of a lovely charmer fair.

2

She was born upon her father's ship
As shewas lying to,
Four and five and thirty miles
South-east of Backaloo(?).

Sung by Mr. Alex Romkey, Moser's River, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1952.

All Mr. Romkey could remember, but he has the
wordswritten down. When I went to his house to get them,
he had loaned them to somebody else. I still hope to get
them.

Mr. Romkey says that Backaloo, spelled as it sounds,
lies at the north-east tip of Newfoundland close to
Labrador, but I can't find it on the map.

Bad luck to my misfortune ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~
In the year of seventy-three
When I shipped on board of the Eastern Light
Just off a drunken spree,
When I shipped on board of the Eastern Light
As you may understand,
We were bound on a fishing trip
To the banks of Newfoundland.

2

Our captain's name it was McLeod,
The truth I will make known,
We had ten other souls on board
Besides myself I own,
Bad luck to rum and whiskey,
It's folly I will deplore,
If I had a led a sober life
I might a stayed on shore.

3

At four o'clock ever morning
Our cook would loudly bawl,
"Get out and get your breakfast boys
And go and hawl your trawls,"
You scarce had time to light your pipes
When over your dories go,
For we had to make two sets a day
Let the wind blow high or low.

4

We knocked around those foggy banks
For the scarce of eighty days,
We boarded several Frenchmen
But no brandy could we raise,
The halibut being terrible scarce
We run our codfish gear.

All the singer could remember. See reel 99B1-5
for full text with 6 vs, by same singer.

Sung by Mr. Isaac Doyle, West Jeddore, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1952.

In Canso Straits our schooner lie,
 We'd just arrived here from the Bay,
 Her timbers they are both stout and strong
 And to Gloucester she does belong.

2

We are homeward bound, all ready for sea,
 When a drunken captain got on a spree,
 He came on boards, unto us did say,
 "Get your anchor boys and fall away."

3

We filled away at his command,
 With all sails set we left the land,
 We left Sand Point all on our lee
 As we stood out in a heavy sea.

4

She plunged and she dipped but she would not rise,
 The seas were rolling mountains high,
 Our jib she sprung, she come head to the wind,
 We took in our jibs and new sheets span.

5

Up spoke one of our gallant ~~xxxy~~ band,
 "There's twelve of us now here at hand,
 We'll reef her down and to sea we'll go,
 If you interfere you'll be tied below.

6

We called the watch in a terrible fright,
 The cabin was filling through the dark skylight,
 We asked him again to shorten sail
 Or we'd all be lost in the heavy gale,

7

He cursed and he swore and he tore his hair,
 "I'm captain here but you need not fear
 I am captain here and I'll never fail
 To shoot the first man that touches sail."

8

We reefed her down and easterly did steer,
 From the breaking ledges we soon fetched clear,
 We are heading up for Cape Shore now
 Where she knocks the white foam from her bow.

9

We are homeward bound in deep success
 Like a lonely seagull finding rest,
 When I get home no more I'll sail
 With a drunken captain in a heavy gale.

Sung by Mr. Isaac Doyle, West Jeddore, and recorded
 by Helen Creighton, July 1952.

(prompted by his daughter).

The sun sank low in the aged sky
 When the dis-a-mal fight was o'er,
 And thousands lay on the battlefield
 Their lives to claim no more,
 When a pale moon shone on the damp cold ground
 Where a dying soldier lay,
 And he spoke upon the victory
 That he nobly won so dear.

2

When a passing soldier heard the mourns
 And soon the sufferer found,
 He gently rose his aching head
 From off the damp cold ground,
 He talked of home and thoughts of hope
 When he whispered in his ear,
 And he told him of the victory
 That he nobly won so dear.

3

"Go tell my mother I nobly fought,
 For our forefathers died
 With a bayonet rushing near my forehead,
 A dagger by my side,
 That day I was bent for conquering
 All on that doomy day,
 When a vision bright crept o'er my sight
 In old Erian far away.

4

"Go tell my sister long years have passed
 Since last I've seen her face,
 Her memory pressed into my mind,
 It's her features I can trace,
 Go tell her no more with her I'll roam
 Where in childhood we used for to play,
 In the grassy grove where we used to roam
 In old Erian far away.

5

"Here's a lock of my hair I pray you bear
 To my lover far o'er the sea,
 And when she gazes onto that
 She will fondly think of me,
 Go tell her no more with her I'll roam
 Where we strolled on the meadows green,
 For no more I'll roam in my childhood home
 In old Erian far away."

6

He spoke no more but his eyes grew dim
 Just as the sun had fled,
 The soldier lie on the battlefield,
 The soldier he was dead,
 The grave it was made and in it was laid,
 Here's adieu warriors so brave,

And no more will he roam in his childhood's home
In old Erian far away.

Sung by Capt. John Faulkner, West Jeddore, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1952.

We Left Ball Rock

16-16
Reel 97B18-22No.5

We left Ball Rock at nine o'clock
And run it out of sight,
And the first land that we did make
Was Egg Island light,
We shaped our course for Cape Sable
And made that course all right,
And crossed the Bay of Fundy
And it was coming on night.

Cho.

Blow ye winds in the morning,
Blow ye winds on high,
So clear away your morning dew
But blow boys blow.

2

We sailed across the Bay of Fundy
And made Thatcher's light,
And when we sailed up in the Bay
We seen a pretty sight,
We saw the Yankee girls
A-running in their shimmy tails.

(All the singer could remember)

Sung by Capt. John Faulkner, West Jeddore, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1952.

Was into the city not far from this spot
 Where a barber he opened his snug little shop,
 He was silent and sad and his smiles was so sweet,
 He used to coax people in off of the street

Cho.

With your lather and shave
 And teddy go way.

2

One day an old Irishman passing that way,
 He hadn't a shave for it's manys the day,
 Stepped into the barbers, he laid down his hod
 Saying, "Give me a shave for the pure love of God." Cho.

3

"O no," said the barber, "we never give trust,"
 "Bejabers," says Paddy, "for it's this time you must,
 For divil a penny have I got to pay,
 Nor I hadn't a shave for it's many's the day." Cho.

4

"Come in," said the barber, "set down on this chair,
 I'll soon mow your grizzley beard down to a hair,"
 He got the lather down o'er Paddy's chin,
 And with a gaff razor he quick did begin. Cho.

5

"Help murder," cried Paddy, "and what are you doing?
 Knock off your dang capers, my jaws you will ruin,"
 When crying out "Barber, what is it to saw?
 You'll tear every tooth clean out of me jaws." Cho.

6

The barber shaved on not pitying his case
 While tears like large peas rolled down Paddy's ~~knarke~~ face,
 "You can shave all your friends and relations till you're sick
 But by jabers I'd rather get shaved with a brick." Cho.

7

One day as poor Paddy was passing the door
 He heard a Jack Tar give a terrible roar,
 "Be jabers," says Pat, "but ain't he a tazor? (teaser)
 He's giving some otherpoor devil a shave with that love of God
 razor. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Sandy Stoddard, Lower Ship Harbour, and
 recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1952.

Come all you young and tender hearts
I pray you lend an ear,
And listen unto my sad fate
And drop forme a tear,
I'm lying here in irons bound
A-waiting my sad fate,
I'm here alone far from my home
In North Carolina state.

2

When I was young and foolish
I left my happy home,
To seek for sport and pleasure
So far away did roam,
I enlisted in the northeran wars
To fight for gold so bright,
They used me so severely
That I left them in the night.

3

I soon was overtaken,
They bade me for to stand,
They bound my feet in irons,
They handcuffed my hands,
They locked me in the dismal cell
To wait my coming doom,
Sentenced me all for to die
On the twenty-first of June.

4

Farewell unto my father
When he do read those lines,
Likewise my aged mother,
Where will she comfort find?
I'm sentenced here at ten o'clock
All by my comorades hand,
I'm here alone far from my home
All in a foreign land.

5

Farewell unto my brothers
I nevermore shall see,
Likewise my tender sister
Who was so kind to me,
Then fare you well my comorade boys
That you may give a sigh,
And when I think on my fond home
It's hard for me to die.

(over)

There's one more favour I would ask
To carry my body home
And bury it with my sister
Beneath a marble stone,
And place upon my youthful grave
A weeping willow tree,
There's many a young and tender heart
Will shed a tear for me.

Sung by Mr. Sandy Stoddard, Lower Ship Harbour,
and recorded by Helen Creightn, July 1952.

I occupy a compartment down in Casey's tenement,
I'm a man with very little for to say,
But whenever I'm insulted I'm a boy can take me part,
I'm like a decent man, I pay my way.

2

Ever since Paddy Flynn and his family moved in
There's been ructions in this house both day and night,
Last night was a brickbat, now he killed my Maltese cat
And I challenged him to-morrow for to fight.

3

Will you all be with me when I tackle Paddy Flynn?
We will yah (Yah is spoken)
Will you all be with me when the scrap begins?
Yah(spoken)
Will you all be there when the fight is on the square?
And I'll make a mop of him to-morrow morning.

(All the singer can remember)

Sung by Mr. Sandy Stoddard, Lower Ship Harbour, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1952.