

Reel 99B

FSG30

- 1-5. Eastern Light. Sung by Mr. Isaac Doyle, West Jeddore.
Local. Sea trip. Quitewell sung.
- 5-8. Down in Cuba's Garden/ Sung by Mr. Sandy Stoddard,
Lower Ship Harbour. Pretty love song with
nice tune. Quite usable.
- 8-10. The Young Shepherdess. Sung by Mr. Sandy Stoddard,
Lower Ship Harbour. Pretty love song. Also usable
- 10-12. Jolly Lumbermen. Sung by Mr. Sandy Stoddard, Lower
Ship Harbour. Bright rhythmic lumbermen's
song brought back from Wisconsin.
- 12-17. Brandy O. Sung by Mr. Sandy Stoddard, Lower Ship Harbour,
Sea chanty. Good. Unusual.
- 17-21. Roving Rangers. Sung by Mr. Sandy Stoddard, Lower Ship
Harbour. Good of its kind.
- 21-24. Be Kinder To My Mother When I'm Gone. Sung by Mrs. Chas.
Mitchell, Oyster Pond. Not folk
- 24-27. Sweet Florella. Sung by Mrs. Chas. Mitchell, Oyster
Pond. Nicely sung.
- 27-end. Welcome to Friends. Sung by Mrs. Chas. Mitchell, Oyster
Pond. School song 60 yrs. a go.

23. 226. 2

MF 289. 450

Talk on
woods shanty
singing.

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

2

Our captain's name it was Mackeod,
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 sailor's life
I might of stayed on shore.

3

And on our passage down my boys
We were busily employed
A-rigging up our fishing gear
The halibut to decoy,
And when it was my watch my boys
We had to be on deck,
Or if there were anything missing I
Would find it in my cheque.

4

At four o'clock every morning
Our cook would loudly bawl,
"Get up and get your breakfast boys
And it's go and haul your trawl,"
You scarce had time to light your pipes
When over your dories go,
For he swore he'd make two sets a day
Let the wind blow high or low.

5

We cruised around the foggy banks
For the space of eighty days,
We boarded several Frenchmen
But no ~~makingxxxxxxx~~ brandy could we raise,
Our provisions they were getting short
And we could no longer stay,
"We'll give her our big mainsail boys
And to Gloucester steer straightway."

O now the anchor's on the bow
And we are homeward bound,
And when we get in Gloucester town
We'll pass the glasses round,
We'll go down to Johnny-the-logger's boys
And we'll all get starin' tight,
And we'll drink a health to the Gloucester girls
And to hell with the Eastern Light.

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

Last verse cut off by next song.

It was down in Cuba's gardens
For pleasure I did go
To view the fairest flower
That in the garden grew,
That in the garden grew.

2

I had not walked in that garden
Not passing half an hour
When I espied two pretty fairmaids
Sitting under a shady bower,
The one was lovely Nancy
So beautiful and fair,
The other was a virgin
And she the laurel wore,
And she the laurel wore.

3

Now I boldly stepped up to her
And this to her did say,
"Are you engaged to any young man,
Come tell to me I pray?"
"I'm not engaged to any young man,"
She solemnly declared,
"I mean to live a virgin
And still the laurel wear,
And still the laurel wear."

4

Now hand in hand together
This loving couple went,
Resolved it was the sailor
For to know her full intent,
To know if she would slight him
Whilst he to the seas would go,
Her answer was, "Not I my love,
For I love a sailor bold,
For I love a sailor bold."

5

Now down in Plymouth Harbour
Our gallant ship lies there,
A-waiting for fine weather my boys
Till the wind it do blow fair.
If ever I do return again
To my own dear native shore,
I'll marry lovely Nancy
And I'll go to the seas no more,
I'll go to the seas no more."

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

It's of a young shepherdess a-herding her flocks
Fell asleep close down by the seaside,
When a brisk young sailor gay who by chance had came that way
And he vain would have made her his bride.

2

He's kissed her sweet lips as she lied fast asleep,
Saying, "You've stole my heart away,"
She opened her eyes and she looked with surprise
On the sailor who was standing by.

3

"Now sailor dear," said she, "how come you here by me?"
And with this she began for to cry,
"I came here," said he, "from that ship which you see,
On those rocks I was landed ~~alone~~ all alone,
And beside my dearest dear, I hope to find some comfort here,
And if not I'm forever undone."

4

They went to the church, they were married next day,
Now the sailor his wife to adore,
Take the sailor for your life and he'll make you his wife
And your fortune shall be made forever.

Sung by Mr. Sandy Stoddard, Lower Ship Harbour, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, August 1962.

Come all you jolly lumbermen
Of this Wisconsin state,
Come listen to those few lines
Which I have penned of late,
On the banks of the Wolfe river
Where the lingering waters flow
We drive our logs to market
And once more a-lumnering go.

Cho.

And Once more a-lumnering go,
And Once more a-lumbering go,
We will drive our logs to market
And once more a-lumbering go.

2

Talk about your ~~parent~~ pretty girls,
Your parties and your plays,
Never think on us poor shanty boys
A-working here like slaves,
We enjoy no better pasttime
Than to hunt the buck and doe,
And we drive our logs to market
And once more a-lumbering go. Cho.

3

Now we are getting old
And our pockets getting worn,
Each man will take his family
And settle on a farm,
Now it's enough to eat and drink and wear
Content through life we'll go,
We'll drive our logs to market
And no more a-lumbering go.

Cho.

And no more a-lumbering go,
And no more a-lumbering go,
We'll drive our logs to market
And no more a-lumbering go.

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

Brandy good for sailor man,
Brandy O,
When early in the morning,
Brandy O.

Early in the morning
Gin us a drop of brandy,
Brandy good for sailor man,
Brandy O.

Early in the morning
Brandy O,
Gin us a drop of brandy,
Brandy good for sailor man,
Brandy O.

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

Mr. Stoddard learned this at Turk's Island where
his ship was loading salt. Women used to carry salt on
their heads in baskets and dump it in the vessel. They
would sing this chanty all day.

When logging in Nova Scotia most of the loggers
were seamen, and they would sing to any chanties, but
mostly those used at sea. Windlass and capstan had the
same operation. They used the capstan wherever they had
a boom. Fifteen men would sing. It was heavy heaving,
and music was needed to liven it up.

Come all you roving rangers
 Wherever that you be,
 I'll have you pay attention
 And listen unto me,
 My name is nothing extra
 That I will not tell,
 Here's to the roving rangers,
 I have always wished them well.

2

When I was scarcely sixteen
 I joined a jolly band,
 I marched from Saretago
 Down to the Rio Grande,
 Our captain he informed us,
 Perhaps he thought it right,
 Before you reach the station
 My boys you'll have to fight.

3

We saw the Indians coming,
 We heard them give a yell,
 My feelings at that moment
 No mortal tongue can tell,
 I saw their glittering lances,
 And arrows round my head,
 My heart it sank within me
 And my courage almost fled.

4

We saw the smoke arising,
 It almost reached the sky,
 My feelings at that moment
 Now is the time to die,
 Our captain he gave orders
 Obeyed at his command,
 To arms, to arms he shouted,
 And by your horses stand.

5

We fought for four long hours
 Until the fight was o'er,
 Such sights of dead and wounded
 I never saw before,
 Two hundred noble rangers
 As ever saw the west
 Lie buried by their comrades
 So be their peaceful rest.

6

Perhaps you have a mother,
 Likewise a sister too,
 Perhaps you have a sweetheart
 To weep and mourn for you,

If this be your condition
Although you would rather roam,
I can tell you by experience
You had better stay at home.

7

I am a roving ranger
As you all may plainly see,
I have no wife or sweetheart
To weep and mourn for me,
I am a roving ranger
As he often said before,
And my father and my mother
Is on this earth no more.

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

Come closer to me father e'er I close my eyes in death
Bend low I would not have the angels hear,
There's one thing I will ask you e'er I close my eyes in death,
Will you be kinder to my mother when I'm gone.

Cho.

Father dear I'm dying, bid your Willie dear good-bye,
Mother for your loved one do not mourn,
For soon I'll beat rest with the angels of the blest
But be kinder to my mother when I'm gone.

2

You used to kiss my mother when you left our cottage door,
There was no wrinkles then upon her brow,
But now she sits and watches with sad feelings in her heart,
I never see you kiss my mother now.

3

You used to come home early e'er the birds had sunk to nest
And the little stars had twinkled in the sky,
I often heard you tell her that you loved her more and more
And now her heart is filled with sorry day and night.

4

I often hear her weeping when she thought me fast asleep,
I wondered what it was that made her mourn,
Now father I will ask you e'er I close my eyes in death
Will you be kinder to my mother when I'm gone. Cho.

Sung by Mrs. Chas. Mitchell, Oyster Pond, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1952.

music
gone.

Down by yon drooping willow
 Where violets gently bloom
 There sleeps a fair Florella
 Lies silent in her tomb.

2

She died not broken-hearted,
 Nor sickness she befell,
 But in one moment parted
 By one she loves so well.

3

"Come love and we will ramble
 Down by the meadow gay,
 Come love and we will ramble
 And 'point our wedding day."

4

"This road seems sad and dreary
 And I'm afraid to stray,
 Of wandering I am weary,
 I would retrace my way."

5

"Retrace your way you'll never,
 No more these wild woods roam,
 So bid good-bye forever
 To parents, friends, and home.

6

"It's in these woods I have you,
 No friend or foe is nigh,
 It's in these woods I have you
 And surely you must die."

7

Down on her knees before him
 She begged him spare her life,
 Then he into her bosom
 He plunged the fatal knife.

8

"O Willie I will forgive you,"
 Was her last dying cry,
 Her pulse they ceased their motion,
 Her eyelids closed in death.

9

O early the next morning
 Her father chanced to stray,
 He found in death forever
 Florella pale and still.

10

Trust not your hearts to young men
 For they will sure betray,
 And never with them wander
 Down by the meadows gay.

Sung by Mrs. Chas. Mitchell, Oyster Pond, and
 recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1952

Welcome to friends who have gathered to-day,
Welcome as flowers to the beautiful May,
Welcome as spring in the desert afar,
Welcome to us as the night's early star.

Cho.

Glad be our voices like birds of the spring,
Light be our hearts while our welcome we sing,
Loved ones and dear ones have come here to-day,
Flowers of affection they've strewn on their way.
Welcome, welcome, welcome, all.

2

Welcome our parents so loving and true,
Welcome to-day we fondly renew,
Welcome and wishes of kindness to all,
Welcome of love from our lips weekly fall. Cho.

Sung by Mrs. Chas. Mitchell, Oyster Pond, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1952.

This was a school song at Ostrea Lake sixty hears
ago.