

## Reel 100B

- 1-5. She Dressed Herself in Men's Array. Sung by Mr. Bobby Lowe, Moser's River. Interesting song, sounds old; some missing; 4 vs. sings like gramophone running down.
- 5-12. The Girl I Left Behind. Sung by Mr. Bobby Lowe, Moser's River. Sung only fairly well; 7 vs.
- 12-14. Lady Leroy. Sung by Mr. Bobby Lowe, Moser's River. good song, but only part remembered; 6 vs.
- 14-18. Mary's A Fairy. Sung by Mr. Bobby Lowe, Moser's River. pretty little love song, light; 2 vs. & cho.
- 18-24. Lady Isabel and the Elf Knight. Sung by Mrs. Jas. Fleet, Ecum Secum; long song as regular as machine, but interesting tune; 12 vs. voice disappointing.
- 24-end. The Gay Spanish Maid. Sung by Mr. and Mrs. Norman Smith, Necum Teugh. Interesting variant, nicely sung; 8 vs.

She dressed herself in duke's array  
With a star in her left breast  
Resolved to kill the captain  
If he would her molest,  
The officer stood with hat in hand  
This noble duke to see,  
Thinking that he had come on board  
A commander for to be.

(Her lover didn't know that she was coming aboard. She dressed herself in duke's array. He told her ~~What~~, his men had never robbed a duke in all his days)  
I never robbed a duke alone  
My God in all my days.

3

She took him by the shoulders,  
She led him to a shade,  
And there she kindly asked him  
If he knew of such a maid,  
His eyes began to fill with tears  
For the hearing of her name,  
She says, "My dear don't bother me  
For sure I am the same."

4

With every kind embracement  
They flew in each other's arms,  
With every kind embracement  
They kissed each other's charms,  
"My dear how could you venture  
Your sweet and precious life?"  
Took her to church and married her  
And made her his sweet wife.

Sung by Mr. Bobby Lowe, Moser's River, and  
recorded by Helen Creighton, August 1952.

There is more to this song but the singer  
could not recall it.

My parents reared me tenderly, they had no child but me,  
 My mind being bent on rambling with them could not agree,  
 Till I became a rover too that grieved my heart full sore,  
 I left my aged parents they for to see no more,

2

It's of a wealthy gentleman resided in that part,  
 He had one only daughter dear and I had won her heart,  
 This maid was noble minded too, tall, beautiful, and fair,  
 With Columbia's fairest daughters she surely did compare.

3

I told her my intention was soon to cross the main  
 And if she would prove true to me I would return again,  
 Big drops of tears down on her neck, her bosom gave a sigh,  
 "Fear not for me fair youth," said she, "this love can never die."

4

According to agreement I went on board a ship  
 And to the town of Glasgow I spent a pleasant trip  
 Where gold I found in plenty and the girls were free and kind,  
 My love began to cool, a bit for the girl I left behind.

5

To Dumphry Bay we next set sail, that hospitable land,  
 Where handsome Jannet Ferguson first took me by the hand,  
 Saying, "Gold I have, it shall be yours, love with you I find,  
 Your parents if you marry me you must never more bear in mind."

6

To her request I gave consent, I own it to my shame,  
 What man can be happy when he knows he is to blame?  
 It's gold I have in plenty and my wife is very kind  
 But my pillow oft is haunted by the girl I left behind.

7

My father in his winding sheet, my mother too appears,  
 My own true love which once I have loved was wiping back their  
 tears,  
 With broken hearts they all have died and now too late I find  
 That God has seen my cruelty to the girl I left behind.

Sung by Mr. Bobby Lowe, Moser's River, and recorded  
 by Helen Creighton, August 1952.

He says, "My dear Sara if you won't deny  
This night we will sail in fair Lady Leroy."

2

Young Sara being grieved she hung down her head,  
At length she took courage and unto him said,  
She says, "I'll go with you my only heart's joy,  
And this night we will sail in fair Lady Leroy."

3

Then a suit of men's clothing this damsel put on,  
Then unto her father so quickly did run,  
She purchased a vessel, paid down the demand,  
Was little he thought it was by his own daughter's hand.

xx\*xx

(Her father sent a crowd of fighters after them  
and they fought it out and she beat him.)

5

Then they sailed into Bengal that city of fame  
With two noble vessels, I'll mention their name,  
The one was the Isaacs, the other Leroy,  
Let's drink a health to lovely Sara and her Irish boy.

6

Back to my father and this let him know  
That you can't be parted by friend or by foe,  
I wish you more happiness and may you enjoy  
The last words of kindness from his daughter Leroy.

Sung by Mr. Bobby Lowe, Moser's River, and  
recorded by Helen Creighton, August 1952.

The last verse was added, but not recorded, later.

My Mary lives in a little cot  
At the foot of a wooded hill,  
Where flowers' breath perfumes the air  
And feathered songsters strill,  
I wait each eve down by the gate  
After my farm's work's done,  
I count the hours long all day  
For the setting of the sun,  
And when we stroll through slender dells  
My arm around sweet Mary,  
I'm happy only when with her  
My charming little fairy.

Cho.

My Mary's a fairy, light-hearted and airy,  
Her eyes sparkles brightly, her laugh sings with glee,  
She's spicy and witty, bewitchingly pretty,  
And dresses as neatly as you wish to see,  
That she loves truly, I know, yes surely,  
And some day quite soon we married shall be.

2

Last year I bought a little farm  
Not for myself alone,  
And if we're blessed with children dear  
I know they'll be like Mary,  
Laughing, talking little spouses,  
Each one a little fairy. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Bobby Lowe, Moser's River, and  
recorded by Helen Creighton, August 1952.

Lady Isabel and the Elf Knight Reel 100B18-24No.5

As in Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia, with the following exceptions:

vs. 2 & 3 Scotland's

vs. 6 maidens I have drowned there

vs. 8 that willow tree

vs. 11. Young Henry lies

Sung by Mrs. James Fleet, Jr., Ecum Secum, and recorded by Helen Creighton, August 1952.

The is published in T.S.N.S. without the tune.

A gay Spanish maid at the age of sixteen  
As she roamed o'er the hills far and wide,  
Then beneath the green trees she sat down for to rest  
With her gay gallant youth by her side.

2

"My ship sails to-morrow my darling," he cried,  
"And with you I may ne'er roam no more,  
Will you meet me to-night when your parents are at rest,  
Will you meet me to-night on the shore?"

3

When all in the cottage had gone to their rest  
Janet softly crept o'er the hall floor,  
With her hat in her hand she walked down to the strand  
And sat down on a rock by the shore.

4

One hand fondly pressed to her loyal trembling breast,  
And her sorrow there's no one can tell,  
He kissed her again as he stood by her side  
And he bade her affectionate farewell.

5

Her footsteps she turned to her own cottage door,  
And to her it seemed like a dream,  
The moon in the sky it had risen on high,  
Shone a pale lustre light o'er the main.

6

Attention we'll turn to the ship on the sea  
While the wind through the ~~wind~~ rigging did mourn,  
There was no one to cheer the sad hearts of the crew  
For the ship she was lost in the storm.

7

And there as she on to the wild troubled sea  
Madly tossing from wave after wave,  
I swam to a plank that was washed from the wreck  
While the rest met a watery grave.

8

Attention we'll turn to the maid on the shore  
When she heard that the vessel was lost,  
She died like a rose that was nipped by the frost  
And in sorrow she left me to mourn.

Sung by Mr. and Mrs. Norman Smith, Necum Tough, and  
recorded by Helen Creighton, August 1952.