

Reel 102B

FS630

23.232.2

MF89.462

- 1-5. Once I Was Young. Sung by Mr. Freeman Young, East Petpeswick. Probably fairly late song of man who went to limbo; good of its kind and nicely sung; child makes noise in background in several of these reels. 7 vs. to this song.
- 5-8. Rinordine. Sung by Mr. Freeman Young, East Petpeswick. old song of love and magic, nicely sung; see below. 6 vs.
- 8-9. Dance Tune. Full Rigged Brig Polka, played by Mr. Freeman Young, East Petpeswick; pretty squeaky playing; tune used here.
- 9-10. Dance Tune. Durand's Hornpipe. Played by Freeman Young, East Petpeswick; often used here.
- 10-11. Waltz. Composed and played by Mr. Freeman Young, East Petpeswick; nice tune.
- 11-15. Rinordine. Sung by Mr. Berton Young, West Petpeswick. 7 vs. same song as above, but sung with more familiarity.
- 15-18. In Dublin Bay. Sung by Mr. Berton Young, East Petpeswick; pretty tune; songs tells of bride and groom lost at sea.
- 18-27. Sealing Song, composed and sung by Mr. Berton Young, West Petpeswick. To help him remember his own words, Helen Creighton sings it with him. 9 vs. Followed by conversation on sealing. Song repeated by same singers on Reel 103A; nice tune.
- 27-3rd. As I Wandered by A Brookside. Sung by Mr. Berton Young, West Petpeswick. Not quite finished. For complete song by same singer see Reel 77. love song, quite nice; late.

Once I was young, but now a little I've grown
 And once I had plenty of rhyno,
 I'm buried alive in a cluster of stones,
 Some say that's what I deserve oh,
 They say this and say that and I know it is true,
 They say I'm a wild and extravagant youth,
 Many thousands I've spent on Rachel and Ruth
 And now I'm confined into limbo.

2

O if I could rant and if I could fly
 I would strut like a crow in the gutter.
 And the people would say just as they pass by,
 "Here goes Mr. Flop in a flutter."
 My hat and my coat and my wig with two tails,
 And now I am ready to gnaw my own nails
 Confined to my chamberin limbo.

3

I had a rich uncle who lived in the west
 And he heard of my downfall disaster,
 He poor soul in his mind he could never be at rest
 But his troubles come thicker and faster,
 He come to the prison to view my sad case,
 And the moment I saw him I knew his sweet face,
 And I stood and gazed on him like one in amaze
 And I wished myself safe out of limbo.

4

"Now," he says, "if I put you once more on your legs
 And treat you with credit and fashion
 Do you think you will leave off your Bridget and Pegs,
 And how would you bridle your passion?"
 "Believe me dear uncle if ever they come
 To treat me of sin which already I've done,
 I'll labour their bones for the good of their souls
 And I'll teach them to leave me in limbo."

5

So he hauled out five hundred bright guineas or more
 And planked it all down on the table,
 As soon as the glittering money I saw
 I began with my Bridget and Peggy.
 I went into rags, they knew naught of my gold,
 They turned me all out in the wet and the cold,
 And you'd laugh for to hear how those devils did scold
 And they clacked at me being in limbo.

(over)

Then I drew out fivehundred bright guineas of gold
 And planked it all down on the table,
 As soon as the glittering money they saw
 They began for to gurgle and gurgle,
 One sat down by me and one on my lap,
 The other her hands on my cheek pitty pat,
 And I said to myself, "Oh I'll have none of that,
 Was that that first got me in limbo."

So come all you brave gallants wherever you be,
 Pray take a warning by me boys,
 What little you got don't spend it too free
 In case you be served as I was.
 For they'll kiss you and hug you and tell you fine tales,
 And then when they see that your money does fail
 They'll be the first ones who'll slap you in jail
 So beware boys and keep out of limbo.

Sung by Mr. Freeman Young, East Peppeswick, and
 recorded by Helen Creighton, August 1952.

As I rode out one May morning two miles below Primroy
 I met a farmer's daughter all on the mountain high,
 I says, "My pretty damsel your beauty shines most clear
 And on this lonely mountain I'm glad to meet you here."

2

She says, "Young man be civil, my company forsake,
 For through my real opinion I think you are a rake,
 And if my parents they would know my life they would destroy
 For the keeping of your company all on the mountain high."

3

"O no my dear I am no rake brought up in Venus' train
 A-looking for concealment all in the judge's name,
 Since beauty has enslaved me I cannot pass you by
 And with my gun I'll guard you all on the mountain high."/>

4

This ~~morning~~ pretty little thing then she fell into amaze,
 With eyes as bright as amber upon me she did gaze,
 With her roby lips and her ~~charmy~~ cheeks at last her form did
 chary ~~die,~~

And then she fell into my arms all on the mountain high.

5

I hadn't kissed her once or twice till she came to again,
~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~

She modestly then asked me, "Pray tell me what's your name?"

"Go down in yonder forest, my castle there you'll find,

It's wrote down in ancient history, my name is Rinordine."

6

Now come all you pretty fair maids a warning take by me,

And see you leave night walking and shun bad company,

For if you don't you'll surely rue until the day you die,

Beware of meeting Rinordine all on the mountain high.

Rinordine is supposed to be a magic feller, Mr.
 Young says.

Sung by Mr. Freeman Young, East Petpeswick, and
 recorded by Helen Creighton, August 1952.

See Mackenzie, p. 102.

See also this reel 11-15 for same song with another
 verse sung by Mr. Berton Young.

As I rode out one May morning two miles below Primroy
 I met a farmer's daughter all on the mountain high,
 I says, "My charming fair one your beauty shines so clear
 And on this lonely mountain I'm glad to meet you here."

2

She says, "Young man be civil, my company forsake,
 For it is my real opinion you're nothing but a rake,
 And if my parents they would know, my life they would destroy
~~My life they would destroy~~
 For the keeping of your company upon the mountain high."

3

"I am no rake but Caesar brought up in Venus' train,
 Seeking for concealment all in the judge's name,
 Your beauty shines so bright to me I cannot pass you by,
 So with my gun I'll guard you all on the mountain high."

4

This charming little fair maid she stood in grand amaze
 With eyes as bright as diamonds all on me she did gaze,
 Her cherry cheeks, her ruby lips forsook their former dye,
 And then she fell into my arms all on the mountain high.

5

I kissed her once, I kissed her twice, and she came to again,
 Smilingly she said to me, "Pray tell me what's your name,"
 "Go down in yonder forest, my castle there you'll find,
 It's wrote in ancient history, my name is Rinordine."

6

O I said, "My pretty fair one don't let your parents know
 For if you do they'll ruin me and prove my overthrow,
 If you should chance to look for me perhaps you'll not me find,
 I shall be in my castle, you call for Rinordine."

7

Now come all you pretty fair maids a warning take by me,
 Be sure and give up night walking and shun bad company,
 For if you don't you'll surely rue until the day you die,
 And beware of meeting Rinordine all on the mountains high.

Mr. Young says Rinordine must have been a dog out
 walking and met this young lady and put up all this stuff
 for a bluff. I guess she was something real anyhow. (He seems
 to have little idea of the real character of Rinordine, but
 sings the song with the enjoyment of familiarity).

Sung by Mr. Berton Young, West Petpeswick, and
 recorded by Helen Creighton, August 1952.

We sailed away in a gallant bark,
Roy Neal and his fair young bride,
To venture all in that bounding ark
To dance on the silvery tide,
Our hearts were light and spirits young
As we dashed the tears away,
We watched the shore recede from sight
As we left sweet Dublin Bay.

2

Three days we sailed when a storm arose,
The lightning ~~flashed~~ swept the deep
And the thunder broke with a loud report
Where the weary sea boys ~~sleep~~ sleep,
Roy Neal he clasped his weeping bride
And kissed the tears away,
"O love," he said, "'twas a fatal hour
When we left sweet Dublin Bay."

3

On the crowded deck of that gallant ship
Some stood in mute despair
While more others stood with their lips how calm,
Sought their God of storm in prayer.
"She struck on a rock," the sailors cried
In breathless wild dismay,
And the ship went down with the fair young bride
That sailed from Dublin Bay.

Sung by Mr. Berton Young, West Petpeswick,
and recorded by Helen Creighton, August 1952.

It was in the year of our Lord
 Eighteen and ninety-four,
 I shipped on board of the Director
 I had not been long on shore,
 Our captain's name it was Gilbert
 As you may understand,
 We were bound on a sealing voyage
 To the coast of Japan.

2

On the twentieth of December boys
 The day that we set sail,
 We were bound for Yokohama
 With a sweet and pleasant gale,
 The wind being fair our course we steered
 Our ship before the wind,
 And the good old port of Halifax
 We soon left far behind.

3

O three days after we set sail
 A storm it did arise,
 The seas were running wildly
 And dismal looked the skies,
 We stowed our sails and reefed her down,
 Squared her before the wind,
 And our hearts began to murmur for
 The girls we left behind.

4

When nearing Rio de Janeiro boys
 A sail it hove in sight,
 'Twas there we spoke the pilot boat
 And reported all things right,
 We asked them to report us,
 Gave them letters for to post,
 And the seals they were so scattering
 We could not lanch our boats.

5

When we arrived at Razor Rock
 Seven hundred we did take,
 We thought this was a record catch
 For any ship to make,
 Our captain says, "We won't stay here,
 We can't get any more,
 But I know another rookery
 On Staten Island shore."

(over)

(On this coast they always say lanch for launch;
 Staten is pronounced Statten; it was against the
 law to take seals from a rookery, but the ships
 did it nevertheless).

On our way to Staten Island boys
 We went to Titus Bay,
 Our captain he came on the deck
 And unto us did say,
 We're got to fill our water here,
 We can't get any more,
 For I know there is no water flows
 On Staten Island shore

When we reached Staten Island boys
 I'll have you all to know
 The only place upon God's earth
 Where nor' westers can blow,
 For eighteen days we were hove to,
 It blew from night to morn,
 And we give her the big mainsail
 And we shaped her for Cape Horn.

On the eighteenth day of March my boys
 Cape Horn being in sight,
 We were running with it quarterly
 And the wind was rather light,
 We sheeted home our topsail
 And our course then we did take,
 In something less than sixty days
 Cape Flattery we did make.

O now the jolly Director
 In Victoria she is moored,
 Of course we'll have as good a time
 As our pockets can afford,
 We will forget the danger now
 While ~~enjoying~~ o'er the main,
 When she refits for the Bering Sea
 We'll go in her again.

Written by Mr. Berton Young; sung by Mr.
 Young and Helen Creighton; recorded by Helen Creighton,
 August 1952, at Mr. Young's home at Petpeswick.

Mr. Young had difficulty in remembering the
 words, and when written down he could not see well
 enough to read them. That is why it is sung as a duet,
 so I could guide him and help him with the words
 which the scripter had not been able to recall
 mast.

which he could not have recalled alone. Mr. Young
 took this trip as a young man and sailed before the
 mast.

Mr. Young says:

"I just wonder now if there's anyone around who would hear that who was into her, like I was."

"How old are you Mr. Young?"

"Seventy-seven if I live to see the 24th of September. And I don't know now if there's anybody alive that was shipmates with me. I don't think there is. I can't recall. All them Gilberts boys is dead; there were three or four of them into her, and they were all dead, captain and all."

"What part did you play?"

"I was just a sailor before the mast. Boat steerer they used to call them."

"Was that your most exciting trip?"

"Oh yes."

"You really enjoyed it."

"Oh well, did I! I had to do me part. It was all adventure."

"Did you go on other sealing trips?"

"Yes, I went back on her again in the Bering Sea, and I come home. I forget how many we had. We had the same season. We arrived in Victoria on the 20th of May. About the first of June we set out for the Bering Sea and we could seal around up there till the fall."

"Did many Nova Scotia boys go away on sealing ships?"

"Oh yes, a lot of them went on sealing ships."

"Did you make a lot of money?"

"Oh no. We didn't get paid enough. The owners of the ship that we was working for got paid good for them. They made money on it all right. Us young fellers was only just getting a small bit of a pay. Take almost what they would give us, that's all."

"You were pretty young then, were you?"

"Oh yes. I was eighteen. As good a man as I ever expected to be, you know. Of course I didn't have the experience then, but I was perfectly strong and young and healthy, and I went for the adventure as much as anything. And when we come back from Bering Sea we unloaded our skins and they was all sold and we was in Victoria then around for a month or two, and she fitted out for Japan."

"Well now these rookeries you were speaking of. You say you were not supposed to hunt there."

"You weren't supposed to go nigh them. My gosh if you was caught nigh them you'd be taken away to shore. Well, I'll tell you what they did do there."

Most of the rookeries out there was defended by the Russians, you know. Any rookery around the distance that you had to stay away from was forty miles; you couldn't come within forty miles of that rookery, inside of that limit. If you was caught they would just take your vessel and land her ashore and set fire to her.

"But you were willing to take the risk, were you?"

"There were several times we crossed it." within "But the time you got the seven hundred you were inside the limit, weren't you?"

"Oh yes, we were inside the limit then, down off Razor Rock. We was taking them right off of their nest. We wasn't allowed to do that, you know. If that government ever would have caught us there, we'd never know what was the matter with us."

"You were lucky then."

"Yes, we was so."

Conversation held with Mr. Berton Young, after singing his sealing song, and recorded by Helen Creighton, August 1952.

As I wandered by the brookside,
I wandered by the mill,
I could now hear the brook flow
For the noisy mill was still,
No sounds of grasshopper could I hear
Nor the chirp of any bird,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

2

I sat beneath the elm tree,
I watched its long long shade,
And as it grew around me
I did not feel afraid,
The evening breeze blew past my cheeks
And the leaves about were stirred,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

3

He came not, no he came not
The moon shone out alone,
The twinkling stars now one by one
Shone round their golden thrones,
I waited for one footstep,
I waited for one word,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

4

As I sat there musing
A touch came from behind,
A hand was on my shoulder lain,
I knew the touch was kind,
It drew me more nearer,
I could not speak one word,
For the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Sung by Mr. Eberton Young, West Petteswick, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, August 1952. Last few lines
not recorded.