

- 1-5. The Dreadful Ghost. Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River. Not good variant. See his preamble on 104A18-end.
- 5-7. Captain Glen. Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River. Incomplete.
- 7-8. Home Dearest Home. Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River. 1 vs. only. For full song see reel 90A
- 8-10. A Maid I Am In Love. Sung by Mrs. Stan Marshall, Truro. Beautiful love song of sea, and nicely sung.
- 10-12. Galway Shore. Sung by Mrs. Stan Marshall, Truro. Late. Irish.
- 12-15. Boney. Sung by Joseph H. Bobbitt, Harrington, Labrador; local; quite good. 9 vs.
- 15-16. The Jealous Lover. Sung by Rev. Mrs. Rosalie West, Halifax, learned at Harrington; man gives girl poison. 6 vs.
- 16-18. Lovely Mary Ann; sung by Rev. Mrs. Rosalie West, Halifax, learned at Harrington, Labrador; pretty love song. 7 vs; see
- 18-19. Conversation with Mr. Bobbitt about Labrador.
- 19-20. Wreck of the Florizelle; sung by J.H. Bobbitt, Harrington, Labrador; 1 vs. only.
- 20-24. Madame I'm A Soldier; sung by Rev. Mrs. Rosalie West, Halifax, learned at Harrington, Labrador; message from dying soldier; 13 vs.; whole song would have 32 vs.
- 24-end. Halifax Explosion; sung by Mr. J.H. Bobbitt, Harrington, Labrador; 2 vs. good tune; have rest of song from another singer.

When this young man was on the topmast high  
Out in the ocean a boat he spied  
And in this boat sat a maid so grim  
Which made him tremble in every limb.

2

Then this young man on the deck did go  
Down into the ship below,  
When this fair maid on the deck she came,  
"O captain you help me to such a man."

3

"O no fair maiden, he is not here,  
O he is drowned great I fear,"  
"O captain captain how can you say so  
When he is in your ship below.

4

"Now captain if you stand in his defence  
A mighty storm I will send hence,  
It will cause you and your whole crew to weep  
And leave you sleeping in the deep."

5

Then this fair maid in a little boat she did go,  
The captain forced him to his foe,  
O the boat did it sink in a flash of fire  
Which made those sailors all admire.

Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River, and  
recorded by Helen Creighton, August 1952.

See preamble by Mr. Hatt 104A18-end.

For a better variant see Traditional  
Songs From Nova Scotia p. p.151.

A ship, a ship, a ship of fame  
 Lunched off the stocks bound to the main,  
 With a hundred and fifty bold seamen on board  
 Was picked and choosen every man.

2

It's William Glen was our captain's name,  
 He was a tall and a brisk young man,  
 Just as fine a captain as ever crossed the sea  
 As we was bound for Barbaree.

-----  
 It did soon enrage the whole ship's crew  
 And overboard the wicked captain they threw,  
 Right ----- therewere a calm.

The wind did cease, the raging ocean too  
 As we were bound for Barbaree  
 With a hundred and fifty bold seamen on board  
 Was picked and choosen every man.

One hundred and fifty bold seamen on board  
 And not of our number was but seventy-three.

Come all young men wherever you be  
 A warning now you take by me,  
 As you love your lives you must be aware  
 And never sail with a murderer.

It's never any more do I intend  
 But I'll live at home in my own countere  
 And there I'll end my tragedy.

The first two verses are sung, the rest recited  
 with difficulty. For a fuller text see Songs and Ballads  
From Nova Scotia, p.111.

(The captain had committed murder and was being  
 destroyed by a storm. He had confessed to his boatswain  
 who told the crew. Once the captain was disposed of the  
 storm abated.)

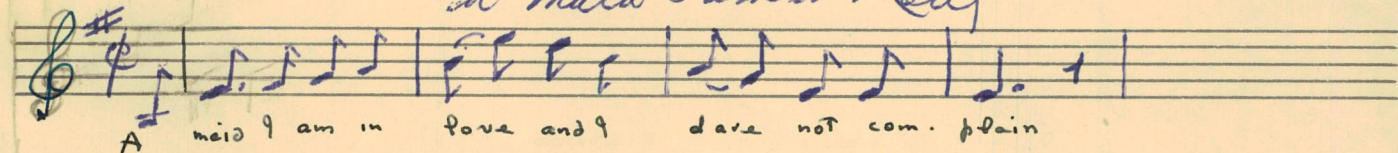
Home Dearest Home.

Reel 104A7-8.No.3

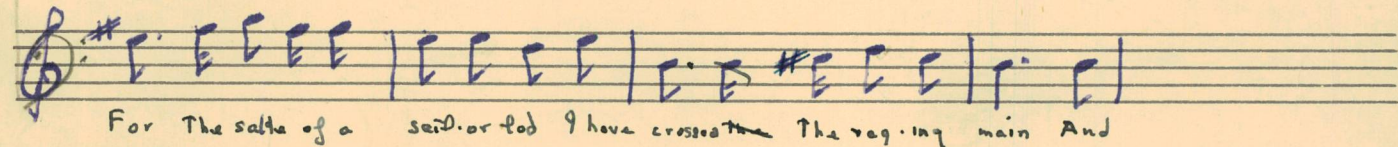
For complete song see Reel 90A. This is just one verse after which Mr. Hatt says, "I can't remember nawthin'. That's the reason I can't sing nawthin'." He had just finished singing over eighty songs. "But how were they sung?" he asks.

Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River, and recorded by Helen Creighton, August 1952.

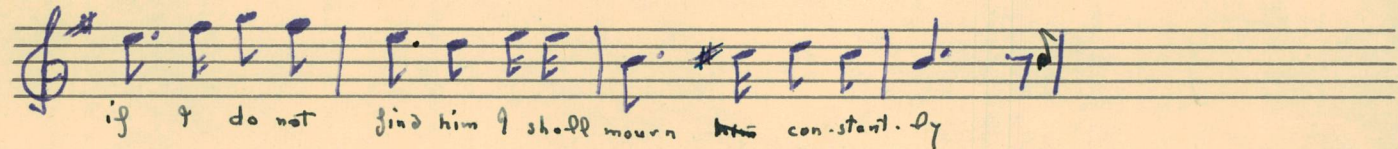
# A maid I am in Love



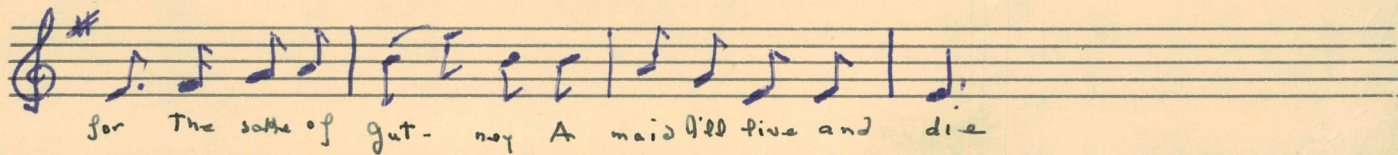
A maid I am in love and I dare not com. plain



For the sake of a sailor lad I have crossed the raging main And



if I do not find him I shall mourn thro' constant. ly



for the sake of gut-ney A maid I'll live and die

A maid I am in love  
 And I dare not complain,  
 For the sake of a sailor lad  
 I have crossed the raging main,  
 And if I do not find him  
 I shall mourn him constantly,  
 And for the sake of *Jutney Jimmy*  
 A maid I'll live and die.

2

Blue jacket and white trousers  
 This fair maid she put on,  
 And like a jolly sailor lad  
 She boldly marched along, *bold line*  
 She bargained with the captain  
 His mate all for to be,  
 For To be his own companion  
 Across the briny sea.

3

One night as they were talking  
 And just a-going to bed,  
 He smiled and said unto her,  
 That "I wish you were a maid,  
 Your ruby lips and rosy cheeks  
 They so entice me,  
 That I do wish with all my heart  
 You were a maid for me."

4

"Oh no, oh no dear captain,  
 Your talk is all in vain,  
 And if the lads should hear of this  
 Of you they'd make great game,  
 But when our barque does reach the shore  
 Some pretty girls we'll find,  
 We'll dance and sport among them,  
 We are both well inclined."

5

'Twas about a fortnight later  
 Their barque did reach the shore,  
 "Fare thee well dear captain  
 For I ne'er shall see you more,  
 A sailor as I was on board,  
 A maid I am on shore,  
 Fare thee well dear captain  
 For I ne'er shall see you more."

6

"Come back, come back my pretty fair maid  
 And stay along with me,  
 I have a handsome fortune  
 Which I will give to thee,  
 Five hundred pounds all in bright gold  
 Guarantee on you I'll bind  
 If you'll come back my pretty fair maid  
 And say that you'll be mine."

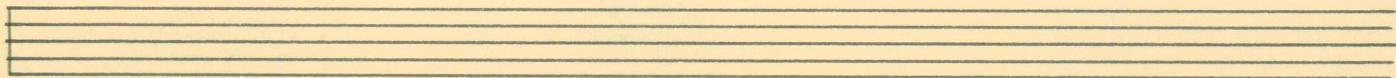
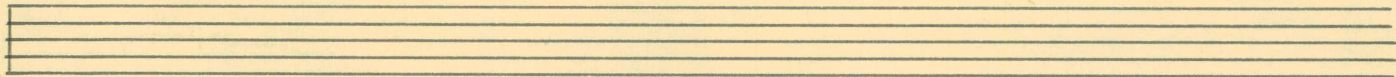
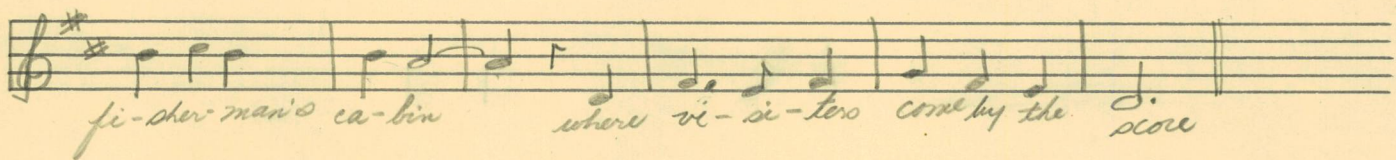
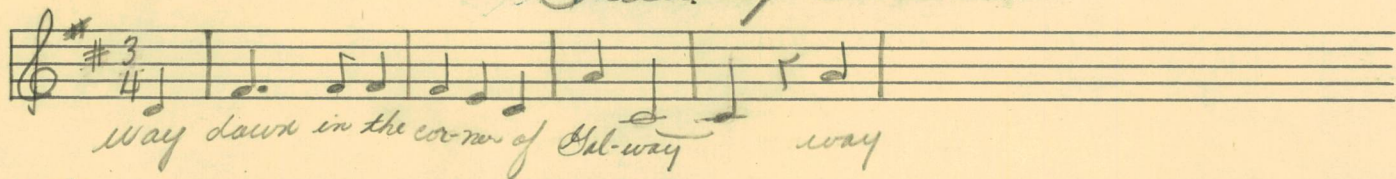
thousand that

"Oh no, oh no dear captain  
Your talk is all in vain,  
For I'm in search of a sailor lad  
Who's crossed the raging main,  
And if I do not find him  
I shall mourn him constantly,  
And for the love of Jutney Jimmy  
A maid I'll live and die."

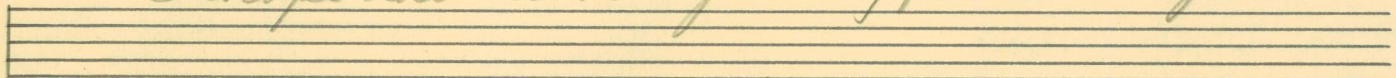
Sung by Mrs. Stan Marshall, Truro, and recorded  
by Helen Creighton Sept. 3, 1952

Corrections from Mrs. Marshall's father's singing

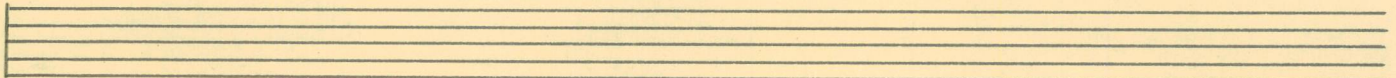
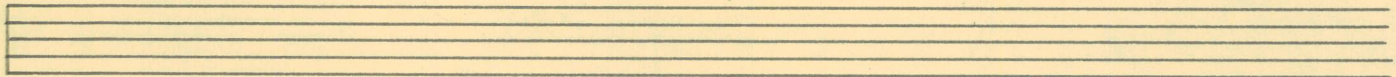
# Always Shore



I hope this is satisfactory, Miss Brighton.



Reva Grace Marshall





Way down in the corner of Galway  
Way out on the old Irish shore  
There stands a fisherman's cabin  
Where visitors come by the score  
To see my daughter, my Nora,  
The pride of the western so wild,  
With the roses of seventeen summers  
And as innocent as a child.

2

Till a cloud came over my cabin  
Which blighted the rose on her cheek,  
There came a daring young tempter  
And oh what a change in one week.  
He courted and flattered my Nora,  
The creature she thought him sincere,  
He took her away to the city  
And left her inside of a year.

3

Where oh where is my Nora?  
Where oh where can she be,  
Out in this wide world among strangers,  
Will she ever return home to me?  
Her beauty was only her downfall,  
Her lover was only a sham,  
Where oh where is my Nora?  
The wolf has stolen the lamb.

4

The children are crying for Nora,  
The light in the windows still burns,  
Some say she has gone to the mountains,  
And some day perhaps she'll return.  
And then there's her brother, poor fellow,  
The light it burns bright in his eye,  
His boat and his nets they are idle  
And he never goes out with the boys.

5

Poor old Eric our wolfhound  
For hours he roams all alone,  
Looking for his young mistress,  
O why did he take her from home?  
I will search this wide world all over,  
I will follow my Nora ashore,  
I will throw my loving arms round her  
And love her ten thousand times more.

6

But oh to the traitor that stole her  
I will follow by night and by day,  
I will know his fair face among thousands,  
Like an eagle I'll light on my prey.

Sung by Mrs. Stan Marshall, Truro, and recorded  
by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1952.

Come all ye young men and listen to me,  
 A simple short ditty I'll sing unto thee,  
 A simple short story I will now explain  
 Concerning one summer in Boney I spent.

2

It was late up in May when the spring it advanced,  
 No railroads had opened to give us a chance,  
 The government upsot, no employment at all,  
 So we shipped down to Boney, our wages was small.

3

We arriv'd down in Boney the twentieth of May,  
 We went in the river the very next day,  
 To the Bainbelly Rapid wherewe were consigned  
 With one boat for wood and the other for rind(s).

4

When that job was over the fishing began,  
 We had two fine boats and a fine crew of men,  
 To earn our wages we were well employed  
 With two traps and cod seines, our hooks and our lines.

5

The girls on this island have nothing to say,  
 We have them from Cat's Cove and all round the Bay,  
 We have them from Cat's Cove, St. John's, Salmonaire,  
 And I wonder to heavens what brought them down there.

6

We had Freda from Briggas with her cotton frock,  
 Young Bertha from Topsail, the pride of the Rock,  
 Jessie Boolgan from Pooch Cove, remaining there still,  
 And there's big Jessie Allen belongs to Flower Hill.

7

The boys on this island will have me excused,  
 They wear paper collars, likewise polished shoes,  
 You'd think they were born of some noble race  
 When they go out on Sundays their damsels to face.

8

I will tell you their names, it will cause you to smile,  
 There's Ham and there's Jack that belong to Belle Isle,  
 There's Dick White from Cat's Cove, he's one of the flock  
 And he's courting young Bertha, the pride of the Rock.

9

I'll say nothing more till the voyage is o'er,  
 We'll go to St. John's and we'll have it in print,  
 We'll have it in print and lately composed  
 That the girls on this island can't mend their own clothes.

Sung by Mr. J.H. Bobbitt, Harrington, Labrador, and  
 recorded by Helen Creighton in Halifax, Feb. 24, .953.

The Jealous Lover

Reel 104B15-6.No.7

On Orchards town there lived a lady,  
She was beautiful and fair,  
Courtied she was all by a sailor  
And he loved her as his dear

2

To a ball they both went together  
To a ball all nice and fine,  
-----  
-----

3

He saw her dancing all with another,  
Jealous thoughts came in his mind,  
How to destroy his own true luvyer  
In his heart he could not find.

4

Poison he had all in his pocket,  
Poison he had all nice and fine,  
Handed it along to his own true luvyer,  
Handed it to her in a glass of wine.

5

Soon she drank it, soon she altered,  
"Take me home my dear," said she,  
"For that glass of wine which thou hast given me  
Made me ill as ill can be.

6

"For that glass of wine which thou hast given me,  
Here take the same my dear," said she,  
In each other's arms they both died together,  
All young men beware of jealousy.

Sung by Rev. Mrs. Rosalie West, Halifax and  
recorded by Helen Creighton, Feb. 24, 1953. The song was  
learned at Harrington, Labrador.

As I went to a dance one night myself for to enjoy,  
 And as I were a-dancing like any other boy,  
 Where some danced sets and some danced trills amongst them I could  
 That among them all there was none at all like lovely Mary Ann.

2  
 And as we were a-dancing she said she would be mine,  
 And after the dance were over we embraced each other fine,  
 And as we were a-parting, "When shall we meet again?"  
 "Oh it shall be on Sunday next," said lovely Mary Ann.

3  
 The week rolled on and Sunday came, and I thought 'twould soon be time  
 For me to get ready to go and see that blooming girl of mine,  
 I washed my face, likewise my hands, my clothes I did put on,  
 And down the street I went to meet my lovely Mary Ann.

4  
 As I was walking down the street singing so merrily,  
 And looking all around me, but no one could I see,  
 Until I came to her father's house and at the door did stand,  
 And to my surprise before my eyes stood lovely Mary Ann.

5  
 She asked me into her father's house, I had not long been there  
 Till he asked me many questions which I did like to hear,  
 "I am a brisk young sailor and I'll give you to understand  
 That I've come to see if you'll give to me your daughter Mary Ann."

6  
 Then up speaks the old man and these words to me did say,  
 "Well since you love each other I suppose it will have to be,  
 I'll give you a little money, a house and a farm of land  
 If you'll stay on shore and roam no more for my daughter Mary Ann."

7  
 I thanked him for his money boys, his house and farm of land,  
 And jumped into the arms of my lovely Mary Ann,  
 Instead of plowing the ocean I'll stop and plow the land,  
 God bless the day I came that way to my lovely Mary Ann.

Sung by Rev. Mrs. Rosalie West, Halifax, and recorded  
 by Helen Creighton, Feb. 1953. This song was brought from  
 Harrington, Labrador.

A youth of twenty years or more stood on the Florizelle  
His mother there a-standing by upon his broad chest fell,  
"My darling boy," she cried aloud, "it grieve my heart full sore  
To think that I may never in this world see you no more."

Sung by Mrs. Rosalie West, Halifax, and recorded by  
Helen Creighton, Feb. 24, 1953. Learned in Harrington,  
Labrador. All she could remember of what she had been  
told was a wonderful song.

Dear madame I'm a soldier, my speech is rough and plain,  
I'm not much used to writing but I hoped to ease your pain,  
For I promised him that I would write, and I thought it might be so  
Since it comes from one who loved him, perhaps 'twould ease the  
blow.

2

In reading this you may not see the grief I strive to hide,  
If you will pardon a soldier's words I'll tell you how he died,  
I have been ten years soldiering, and he seemed to take to me,  
More than any of the younger lads he enjoyed my company.

3

The night before the battle, 'twas in a crowded tent,  
More than one bravelad was sobbing and many a knee was bent,  
For we knew not on the morrow when the bloody work was done  
How many of those assembled there would see the setting sun.

4

So we went out together, your soldier boy and me  
And we stood softly speaking beneath the clear blue sky,  
He spoke of home he loved so well, and the friends he loved so dear  
While I had none to speak about but always liked to hear.

5

He told me of the morning when first he went away  
How sadly you did mourn for him but did not bid him stay,  
He named his sisters one by one and then the deep blush came  
As he told me of another one, but but not speak her name.

6

And so he said, "Dear comrade, if 't should be that I should fall  
Will you write home and tell them how I thought and spoke of all?  
I promised but I did not think the time would come so soon,  
The battle was three days ago, he died to-day at noon.

7

The morning of the battle, fast came the shot and shell,  
I was standing close beside him and I saw him when he fell,  
I gently raised him in my arms and laid him on the grass,  
It was going against the orders, but I guess they let it pass.

8

It was a dreadful munny(?) ball that struck him in the side,  
And I did not think it fatal till the night before he died,  
But when he saw that he must go he called me to his bed  
And said, "Comrade, you'll not forget to write when I am dead?"

9

"Here underneath my pillow is a lock of golden hair,  
The name is on the paper, send it in my mother's care,  
Last night I wanted so to live, I seemed so young to go,  
Last week I passed my birthday, I was eighteen years you know."

And so he thought of all at home and bade them all good-bye,  
 And then he prayed to God for grace and all his fears went by,  
 I saw that he was dying and I gently raised his head,  
 He said, "Good-bye dear comrade," and your soldier boy was dead.

11

I wrapped him in his soldier's coat and carried him out at night  
 And buried him under a shady tree where the moon was shining  
 bright,

I carved him out a headstone as skillful as I could  
 And if you wish to find it I will show you where it stood.

12

I send you back his Bible and the cap he used to wear,  
 With a lock I cut the night before from his dark curly hair,  
 -----  
 -----

13

I'll keep the belt he used to wear, he told me so to do,  
 It has a hole in the left side just where the ball went through,  
 I think I've done his bidding now, there's nothing more to do,  
 But while I live I'll always mourn for your boy who wore the blue.

Sung by Rev. Mrs. Rosalie West, Halifax, and recorded  
 by Helen Creighton, Feb. 24, 1953. Brought from Harrington,  
 Labrador. The song should have 32 verses.

It was on the sixth of December, nineteen hundred and seventeen,  
That Halifax suffered disaster, the worst she'd ever seen,  
It was five minutes after nine, those still alive can tell  
That the beautiful city of Halifax was just given a taste of hell.

2

Children were gone to their lessons, their mothers were busy at home,  
While fathers worked on at the factories little dreaming they'd soon  
be alone,  
When there comes creeping up the harbour a ship loaded down to the rail  
it With the most horrible death dealing cargo that was ever allowed to sail.

Sung by Mr. J.H. Bobbitt, Harrington, Labrador, and  
recorded by Helen Creighton in Halifax, Feb. 1953.

(I have words of the rest of this song from another singer)