

Reel 106B

- 1-2. The Ghost of the Peanut Stand, sung by Mr. Leander Macumber, Cheverie. 5 vs.; comic; good song of its kind; late.
- 2-10. The Flying Cloud, sung by Mr. Macumber; good full variant of 16 vs.
- 10-16. A Sailor Courtted A Farmer's Daughter, sung by Mr. Macumber; 5 vs.; tune interesting; compare S.B.N.S. p.99
- 16-18. The Boston Burglar, sung by Mr. Macumber; 6vs.; good of its kind. Compare S.B.N.S. p.206
- 18-end. The Silvery Tide, sung by Mr. Macumber; 10 vs; good; compare T.S.N.S. p. 206

These are all well sung, but haven't the quality of Mr. Macumber's gem, "Do You See That Bird?" on reel 106A

Kind friends pay attention,
A story I will tell,
It's all about a nice young girl
In Jersey City did dwell,
She fell in love with a nice young man,
He was wealthy, in his prime,
He was chief engineer of a shoemaker's shop
And his name was Charlie O'Brien.

2

O Bidy McGee was a nice young girl,
She was known both far and near,
She used to keep a peanut stand
To supply the railway inn,
But when her old mother she heard of this
She swore vengeance against Charlie's plan,
She swore if she'd keep his company
She'd burst up the peanut stand.

3

O Charlie O'Brien was a nice young man,
He was known both far and near,
He could beat a St. Patricks at seven forty-five
A-playing for lager beer,
At last he fell in with a Jersey crowd
Which led him around like a toy,
He went and he joined the sixty-nines
And went for a soldier boy.

4

When Bidy McGee she heard of this
She was taken to her bed,
The peanut stand went up the spout
And Bidy she died quite dead,
It all took effect on Charlie himself
For he never could march up to time,
And out of the ranks in a very short time
They drummed poor Charlie O'Brien.

5

They say the house is haunted now
Every night about twelve o'clock,
The old woman wakes up with a dreadful shock
By getting an awful fright,
She sees the form of Charlie and Bidy
Come marching in hand and hand,
And close behind comes marching along
The ghost of the peanut stand.

Sung by Mr. Leander Macumber, Cheverie, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1953.

William Holland is my name
As you shall understand,
I was brought up in the county of Waterford
In Paddy's happy land,
When I was young and in my prime
And fortunes on me smiled,
My parents reared me tenderly,
Me being their only child.

2

My father bound me to a trade
In Waterford's gay town,
He bound me to a cooper there
Whose name was William Brown,
I served my master faithfully
For eighteen months or more
When I shipped on board of the Ocean Queen
Bound down to Valparaiso.

3

When we arrived at Valparaiso
I met with Captain Moore,
He was commander of the Flying Cloud
Belonging to Trimore,
He asked me if I would agree
On a slaving voyage forth to go,
To the burning shores of Africa
Where the sugar cane doth grow.

4

O the Flying Cloud was a Spanish ship
Of five hundred tons or more,
She could outsail any other ship
Along the old Columbian shore,
Her sails were as white as the driven snow
And on them she bore no stains,
With her eighteen brass nine pounder gun
She carried abaft her main.

5

O the Flying Cloud was as fine a ship
That ever sailed the sea,
That ever slung a topgallant sail
Before a lively breeze,
I have oft times seen that good old ship
With the wind abaft her beam
With her royals and her skysails set
Running eighteen knots with ease.

6

We bore away before the wind
Till we reached the African shore,
Five hundred and fifty of those poor souls
From their native homes we tore,
We weighed our anchor and put to sea
With a good cargo of slaves,
It would have been better for those poor souls
Had they been in their graves.

We stowed them all along our sides
 And some we stand below,
 It was eighteen inches to a man,
 'Twas all that they would go,
 Till the fever and plague it came on board
 And swept them half away,
 Their bodies we drew out on deck
 And we hove them in the sea.

Then we bore away before the wind
 Till we reached the Cuban shore,
 We sold them to the planters there
 To be slaves forever more,
 Forever more in the cotton fields
 Beneath the scorching sun
 For to lead a lone and a dreary life
 Till their career was run.

Then when our money and rum it was all gone
~~Captain Moore came on board again,~~
~~And Captain Moore came out on deck~~
 And said he unto his men,
 "There's gold and silver to be had
 If you will stick by me,
 We will run aloft our pirate flag
 And we'll scour the raging sea."

We all agreed but five of them
 And those we had to land,
 Two of them was Boston men
 And two was from Newfoundland,
 The other ~~was~~ one was an Irishman
 Belonging to Trimore,
 O I wish to God I'd joined those men
 And went with them on shore.

We robbed and plundered many's a ship
 Down on the Spanish main,
 Left many a widow and orphan lass
 In sorrow to lament,
 We made their ship's crew walk a plank
 Which gave them a sailor's grave,
 For the saying of our captain was
 That dead men tell no tales.

We was chased by many's a man of war,
 Both line and frigate too,
 But of no avail astern of us
 Their burning shots they thres,
 But of no avail a astern of us
 Their cannons roared so loud,
 For it was all in vain for them to try
 For to catch the Flying Cloud.

(over)

13

Till an English ship, a man of war
Of danger hove in view,
He fired a shot acrost our bows
As a signal to heave to,
To her we gave no answer back
But kept before the wind,
When a chain shot cut our mizzen mast out
And then we fell astern.

14

"Now clear the decks," our captain cries
As she ranged up alongside,
And soon from off our quarter deck
There flowed a crimson tide,
We fought till Captain Moore was killed
And eighteen of his men,
When a bombshell set our ship on fire
We were forced to surrender then.

15

It's now to Newgate I am brought
Bound down with heavy chains
For robbing and plundering ships at sea
Down on the Spanish main,
It's drinking and bad company
That's made this wreck of me,
By my downfall pray warning take
And shun bad company.

ye 16

Fare you well ~~xxx~~ groups and pleasant vales,
Likewise the girl I do adore,
Your voices ~~xx~~ like the music sweet
Shall never cheer me more,
No more I'll kiss your ruby lips
Or squeeze your lily white hand,
For I must die a scornful death
Here in this foreign land.

Sung by Mr. Leander Macumber, Cheverie, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1953.

(Says it is too much on the wind for me - too long)

In the last verse he sang "an awful death" but said
later it should be "a scornful death."

A sailor courted a farmer's daughter
 That lived convenient to the Isle of Mann,
 Take heed good people what followed after,
 They long had courted but underhand.
 One night at courting after discussing
 Something concerning the ocean wild,
 He says, "My dearest at our next meeting
 If you'll consent I'll make you my bride."

2

~~She says~~, Said she, "For sailors we don't admire them
 Because they sail to so many ports,
 The more we love them the less they slight us
 And leave us after them with broken hearts."

"O never fear my dearest girl,
 I don't intend for to treat you so,
 But I have once more to cross the ocean
 You know my dear that I must go."

3

The news was carried unto his mother
 Before he put his foot on board,
 That he was courting a farmer's daughter,
 One penny portion could not afford.
 One penny portion going to the ocean
 Like one distracted his mother ran
 Saying, "If you don't forsake her, your bride not make her
 I will disown you to be my son."

4

"O mother dear you're in a passion
 And I am sorry for what you've said,
 Don't you remember at your ~~beginning~~ first beginning
 My father married you a servant maid?
 So don't dispraise her, I mean to raise her
 Just as my father with you has done,
 Therefore I'll take her, my bride I'll make her
 Let my scolding mother say what she will."

5

When this maid heard the pleasing story
 That she to sea with her love might go,
 "My penny portion they need not mind it,
 I may have money and no one know."
 "Money or not you have my heart love,
 You have my love and affection too,
 Therefore I'll take her, my bride I'll make her
 Let my scolding mother say what she will."

Sung by Mr. Leander Macumber, Cheverie, and
 recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1953. Compare
Songs and Ballads From Nova Scotia p. 99

I was born in Boston, a city you all know well,
Brought up by honest parents, the truth to you I'll tell,
Brought up by honest parents and reared most tenderly,
Till I became a roving lad at the age of twenty-three.

2

My character was taken, and I was sent to jail,
My friends they found it was in vain to get me out on bail,
The jurymen found me guilty and the clerk he wrote it down,
The judge he passed my sentence, I was sent to Charlestown.

3

I was put on board of an eastern train that cold December day,
And every station that I pass'd you'd hear the people say,
"There goes that Boston burglar, in strong chains he's bound down,
For some crime or another he is sent to Charlestown."

4

To see my aged mother a-standing at the bar,
Likewise my aged father a-tearing of his hair,
A-tearing of his old grey locks while the tears went rolling down,
"O son, what have you done that you're sent to Charlestown?"

5

There is a girl in Boston, a girl I love full well,
If ever I gain my liberty I mean with her to dwell,
If ever I gain my liberty bad company I'll shun
And bid adieu to night-walking and also drinking rum.

6

All you who have your liberty pray keep it if you can
And don't go round the streets at night to break the laws of men,
For if you do you're sure to rue, you'll find yourself like me,
A-serving out your twenty-one years in the penitentiary.

Sung by Mr. Leander Macumber, Cheverie, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1953.

There was a fair young damsel who lived by the seaside
 Whose lovely form and features she was called the village pride,
 And Henry a sea captain a-courting her he came,
 And true was she to Henry while on the silvery tide,

2

But it was all in Henry's absence a nobleman there came
 A-courting pretty Mary, but she refused him saying,
 "Begone," says she, "your vows is vain, there is one I love," she cries
 "Therefore begone, I love but one, he is on the silvery tide."

3

Then mad with desperation this nobleman did say,
 "I will cause their separation, I will take her life away,
 I will watch her late and early, while all alone," he cried,
 "I will send her body floating all in the silvery tide."

4

As this damsel went a-walking all for to take the air
 She met this artful villain down by the ocean strand,
 Up speaks this artful villain, "Consent and be my bride
 Or far from him you'll sink or swim all in the silvery tide."

5

With trembling lips cries Mary, "My vows I ne'er can break,
 For Henry I love dearly, I'll die for his sweet sake,"
 He bound her with his handkerchief and threw her o'er the side,
 While screaming floated Mary all in the silvery tide.

6

It happened shortly after Henry returned from sea
 Expecting to get married, he had fixed his wedding day,
 "Poor Mary she is murdered," her aged mother cried,
 "Or has proved her own destruction down by the silvery tide."

7

Young Henry on his pillow he ne'er could take no rest
 For the thoughts of his sweet Mary disturbed his youthful breast,
 He dreamt he saw his true love while all alone she cried,
 A-shrinking floated Mary all in the silvery tide.

8

He then arose, put on his clothes, in the midnight gloom went he
 To search those sandbanks over for his own Mary dear,
 At daybreak the next morning poor Mary's corpse he espied,
 A-shrinking floated Mary all in the silvery tide.

9

Quite well he knew his true love by the gold ring on her hand,
 He then unbound the handkerchief which cause him to a stand
 The name of her base murderer in full thereon he espied
 Who drowned pretty Mary all in the silvery tide.

10

The nobleman was taken, the gallows was his doom
 For ending the life of Mary so youthful in her bloom,
 Young Henry went distracted, he wandered till he died,
 And all his cries were for Mary who died on the silvery tide.

Sung by Mr. Leander Macumber, Cleverie, and
 recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1953.