

Reel 108A

FSG30  
23.243.2  
MF289.484

- 1-3. Young Charlotte, sung by Mrs. Ruth Morse, Millville,  
2 vs.; a few more on 107B; sweet voice.
- 3-7. Erin's Green Shore, sung by Mrs. Morse; 5 vs.; voice  
true and musical, but weak.
- 7-9. The Jam at Gerry's Rocks, sung by Mrs. Morse; 2 vs.  
only.
- 9-15. Down By the Seaside, sung by Mrs. Morse; a broken  
ring song, but different story;  
6 vs. very nice but pitched a little high.
- 15-18 The Charming Grey Mare, sung by Mrs. Morse; 9 vs.  
horse race; amusing; nicely sung; quite nice.
- 18-21. Once I Was Loved With Fond Affection, sung by Mr.  
Freeman Young, East Petpeswick; 6 vs. &  
cho.; girl forsaken; late; fair.
- 21-22 The Dying Soldier, sung by Mrs. Morse; 8 vs. but only  
last portion tape; good tune.
- 22-end. The Quays of Belfast, sung by Mr. Freeman Young;  
9 vs. nicely sung, but voice weak; this  
is 7th recording of this song.

Restless was her watchful eye  
As the well-known voice she heard,  
Come bounding up to the cottage door,  
Young Charles he appeared.

2

In a village fifteen miles away  
There's a merry ball to-night,  
Although the air is fresh and cold  
Our hearts are warm and light,  
"Oh Charlotte dear," her mother cried,  
"This blanket around you fold,  
For it is a bitter night abroad  
And you'll take your death of cold."

x

See also reel 107B25-end for a few more verses  
sung by Mrs. Ruth Morse, Millville, and recorded by  
Helen Creighton, June 1953.



One evening so late as I rambled  
 On the banks of a clear flowing stream  
 I sat down on a bunch of primroses  
 And so gently fell into a dream,  
 I dreamed I beheld a fair damsel,  
 Her equal I ne'ersaw before  
 As she sighed for the woes of her country  
 As she strayed along Erin's green shore.

2

I quickly addressed this fair damsel,  
 "My jewel pray tell me your name,  
 For in this country I know you're a stranger  
 Or I would ndt have asked you the same. "  
 She resembled the goddess of liberty  
 And green was the mantle she wore  
 Bound round with the shamrocks and rosies  
 As she strayed along Erin's green shore.

3

"I know you're a true son of Erin,  
 And my secrets to you I'll unfold,  
 I'm here in the midst of all danger  
 Not knowing my friends from my foes,  
 I'm the daughter of Daniel O'Connors  
 And from England I lately came o'er,  
 I've come to awaken my brethren  
 That slumber on Erin's green shore."

4

Her eyes were like two sparkling diamonds  
 Or the stars of a cold frosty night,  
 Her cheeks were like two blooming rosies  
 And her teeth like the ivory white,  
 She resembled the goddess of liberty,  
 And green was the mantle she wore  
 Bound round with the shamrock and rosies  
 That grew all on Erin's green shore.

5

In a transport of joy I awakened,  
 And behold I had been in a dream  
 For this beautiful damsel had left me  
 And I long for to slumber again,  
 May the heavens above be her garden.  
 I know I'll not see her any more,  
 May the sunbeams of glory shine o'er her  
 As she strays along Erin's green shore.

Sung by Mrs Ruth Morse, Millville, and recorded  
 by Helen Creighton, June 1953.

1st verse sung at end; singer speaks several times  
 as she finds difficulty in remembering the whole  
 song. Always sings goddest for goddess.

Was on a Sunday morning as you will understand  
Our logs were piled like mountains high, we could not keep them  
clear,

Our foreman said, "Turn out brave boys with hearts so brave and true  
We drove the jam at Gerry's Rock and for Edmundstown we steered.

2

Now some of them were willing while others they hung back,  
To work on Sunday morning they did not think it right,  
Till six of our Canadian boys did volunteer to go  
To break the jam on Gerry's Rock with our foreman young Munroe.

x4

Fragment sung by Mrs. Ruth Morse, Millville, and  
recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1953.



Come all you rich noblemen, noblemen all  
Till I tell the praises of noble Skewball,  
That's lately came over as we understand,  
The great art of marvel in the pearl of our land.

2

His acc<sup>o</sup>rd and value we 've heard of before  
But now he is challenged by one share of gote  
To run with Miss Griswold the charming grey mare  
That's emptied their pockets on the plains of Kildare.  
( Or , for 4500 guineas on the plains of Kildare)

3

The day was appointed, those horses brought forth  
And many's the gentlemen from east, north and south,  
A-viewing those horses as they came there,  
They all bet their money on the charming grey mare.

4

Skewball in the stable to his master did say,  
"O come noble master, come don't be afraid,  
If you will bet millions upon me this day  
I'll shingle your castle with the silver so gay."

5

The money was bet and was laid off in count,  
The riders got orders that moment to mount,  
And for spectators and to clear the way  
The time is approaching, weno longer can stay.

6

At the word of command away they did fly,  
Skewball like an arrow the grey mare passed by,  
But if you'd been there to seen them go round  
You'd have sworn in your heart their feet ne'er teched the ground.

7

Skewball you have run, you've run in fine style,  
You've left the grey mare full an English half mile,  
Your cost of maintainence you never need fear,  
You ne'er shall be beat by the charming grey mare.

8

At the turn of the road she came on him so fast  
That both whip and spur was put to them at last  
And if you'd have been there to see how they run  
You'd a sworn in your heart they'd been shot from a gun.

9

But when they had come to their last winning post  
It was ladies and gentlemen drink a long toast,  
To the help of Miss Griswold, the charming grey mare  
That's emptied their pockets on the plains of Kildare.

Sung by Mrs. Ruth Morse, Millville, and  
recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1953.



Down By the Seaside.  
(Broken Ring Song)

Reel 108A9-15

Down by the seaside where the ships were sailing  
I spied a pretty maid, shewasweeping and wailing,  
Says I, "My pretty maid, what is it that grieves you?"  
But the answer that she gave, "there is no one can relieve me."

2

"It's been seven long years since my love and I parted,  
He left me on shore almost broken-hearted,  
And he said that he'd return if his life was but spared him,  
Like a dove now I'll mourn since death has deprived him."

3

"Your true love and I fought under one commander,  
We fought for our lives and for old England's honour,  
Until that unlucky spot where your love and I parted,  
But the best of it all was he died loyal-hearted."

4

"Here is a gold ring, 'twas his last parting token,  
'Take this to my love since the vows are all broken,  
Tell her to be true and to love well the bearer,  
Tell her to be true for I vow there's none fairer."

5

"Begone you false man and look out for your chances,  
I will bid all my love and all his advances,  
Since death has served me so I will ne'er wed a stranger,  
To the wild woods I'll go and become a woods ranger."

6

But when that he saw she was so loyal-hearted  
He flew into her arms saying, "No more we'll be parted,"  
They both sat down to sing, but she sang the clearest,  
Like a nightingale in spring saying, "You're welcome home dearest."

Sung by Mrs. Ruth Morse, Millville, and recorded by  
Helen Creighton, June 1953.



was

Once I loved with fond affection,  
All his thoughts they were on me  
Till a dark-eyed girl persuaded,  
Then he thought no more of me.

2

But now he's happy with another,  
One that has bright gold in store,  
'Twas he who caused my heart to ponder,  
I'm left alone because I'm poor.

Cho

Go and leave me if you wish it,  
Never let me cross your mind,  
And if you think me so unworthy,  
Go and leave me, never mind.

X3

Many's the night with him I rambled,  
Many's the hour with him I spent,  
I thought his heart was mine forever,  
But now I find 'twas only lent.

X4

My heart has failed and I only know it,  
The heart that fondly beats for thee,  
Hoever could I tell another  
The vows of love I told to thee.

Cho

So go and leave me if you wish it,  
Never let me cross your mind,  
And if you think me so unworthy,  
Go and leave me, nevermind.

X5

When you're on your soft down pillow,  
~~Sleeping~~ in sweet fresh repose,  
While I poor girl like broken hearted,  
Listening to the wind that blows.

X6

So farewell friends and kind relations,  
Farewell to you my false young man,  
You're the one that left me broken-hearted,  
Never to return again. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Freeman Young, East Petpeswick,  
and recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1953.

Taking



The sun was sinking in the west  
 And fell with lingering ray,  
 Through the branches of the forest  
 Where a wounded soldier lay,  
 'Neath the shades of Alconeder,  
 'Neath the sombre sunny skies  
 Far away from his New England home  
 They laid him down to die.

2

A group had gathered round him,  
 His comrades for to fight,  
 And a cheer rolled down each manly cheek  
 As he bade his friends good-night,  
 One loved friend and companion  
 Was kneeling by his side  
 Trying to stop his life's blood  
 But it was all in vain.

3

Then up spoke the dying soldier,  
 "I've something I would say,  
 I've a story I would tell you  
 E'er my spirit pass away,  
 Far down in dear New England  
 Beneath the pine tree shade  
 I have one for whom my coming  
 With a saddened heart doth wait."

fair 4

"A ~~fix~~ young girl, my sister,  
 My darling and my pride,  
 She has been my all from boyhood,  
 I have no one beside,  
 I've no mother - she's a-sleeping  
 Beneath the churchyard sod -  
 It's been many years since  
 Her spirit went to God.

5

"I've no father, he's a-sleeping  
 Beneath the cold blue sea,  
 I've no brother and no sister,  
 There is only Nell and me,  
 I have loved her as a brother should,  
 And with a father's care,  
 I have tried from grief and anguish  
 Her gentle heart to spare.

6

"When our country was in danger  
 And they called for volunteers  
 She threw her arms around my neck  
 And bursting into tears,  
 Saying, "Go dearest brother,  
 Drive the traitors from our shore,  
 My heart does need your presence  
 But your country needs you more. "

(over)



Then the soldier spoke together,  
 One voice it seemed to fall,  
 "I will be to her a brother,  
 I'll protect her one and all,"  
 A smile of radiant sweetness  
 O'er the soldier's face was spread,  
 One quick engulfed his shadow  
 And the soldier boy was dead.

On the banks of old Petamer  
 They laid him down to rest  
 With his knapsack for his pillow  
 And his musket on his breast,  
 'Neath the shades of Alconeder,  
 'Neath the southern sunny skies,  
 Far away from his New England home  
 They laid him down to die.

(last verse and  $\frac{1}{2}$  of 7th all that remain on record;  
 unfortunately recorded over the first  $6\frac{1}{2}$  vs.)

Sung by Mrs. Ruth Morse, Millville, and  
 recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1953.



Down by the salt seas so merrily I wandered,  
Last Saturday night, so calm was the air,  
I spied a fair maiden making sad lamentations,  
She was clinging to a baby in grief and despair.

2

In sorrowful anguish I heard her lamenting  
Crying, "Willie dearest Willie return unto me,"  
But at last she exclaimed, "No more will I see him  
For my own dearest Willie lies under the sea."

3

"At the quay of Belfast in a steam packet sailing  
Bound down to Liverpool last Wednesday we wet sail,  
The wind being fair and the land disappearing,  
Our hearts were all merry, delightful, and gay.

4

"Now night it came on, oh a dark one and dreary,  
The wind it arose to a terrible storm,  
Our captain cries out, "Boys look out for a lighthouse,  
For to-night I'm afraid we will all suffer harm.

5

"The sea rolled like mountains, no shelter to flee to,  
Our ship by the billows were dashed to and fro,  
Two of our seamen was washed in the ocean  
While women and children were weeping below.

6

"Some on bended knees heaven's mercy imploring,  
While others lay unconscious in grief and despair,  
While the sea it was racing and the sailors a-swearing,  
It seemed when they heard us they mocked at our prayers.

7

"Two life boats were lanced all in the briny ocean  
And in one they put Willie, my baby, and me,  
But before we reached the shore there was one boat overwhelmed  
And at least forty bodies lie under the sea.

8

"But Willie stood by me to guard and protect me  
Till he landed me safe on the Isle of Mann shore,  
But to save his old father his own life he ventured  
And now I am doomed to behold him no more."

9

"Now I am left a poor desolate widow  
Just one year in wedlock as plainly you can see,  
For to beg my bread among hard-hearted strangers,  
Kind heaven look down on my infant and me."

Sung by Mr. Freeman Young, East Petpeswick, and  
recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1953