

Reel 110A

FSG30  
23.247.2  
MF289.492

- 1-5. Lost Jimmy Whalen, sung by Mr. Bernard Young,  
East Petpeswick, 9 vs.; very good;  
this is my 5th variant.
- 5-15. The Paisley Officer, sung by Mr. Sandy Stoddard,  
Lr. Ship Harbour, 9 vs.; story of love and  
war; this is my 5th variant.
- 15-16. All Around My Hat, sung by Mr. Sandy Stoddard,  
see 11Q26-end.
- 16-18. The Young Deserter, sung by Mr. Stoddard; for  
text see reel 97B22-26; 6 vs.; sad story  
of man about to be executed.
- 18-21. Love o' God Razor, sung by Mr. Stoddard; also recorded  
previously on reel 97B18-22; Irish;  
comic; 7 vs. good; earlier singing probably  
better; voice sounds tired now.
- 21-23. Our Barque Was Far From the Land, sung by Mrs. Chas.  
Mitchell, Oyster Pond, 6 vs.; sad song of  
sailor's burial at sea.
- 23-26. The Nova Scotia Hills, sung by Mrs. Chas. Mitchell;  
local; 4 vs. & cho.; good local song,  
nicely sung.
- 26-end. All Around My Hat, sung by Mr. Sandy Stoddard; 2 vs.  
& cho; good song; pitched too high, but  
tune carried well; see also T.S.W.S. &  
reel 110B.

As slowly I roamed by the banks of the river  
 Watching the sunbeams as evening drew nigh,  
 As onward I rambled I spied a fair damsel  
 O weeping and wailing with many a sigh.

2

Crying for one who was now lying lowly,  
 Weeping for one that no mortal could save,  
 The dark morning waters flow swiftly around her,  
 And green grows the grass o'er her young lover's grave.

3

"O Jimmy" she cried, "won't you come to me darling?  
 Come to me here from your cold silent tomb,  
 You promised to meet me this evening my darling  
 E'er death's cruel angel had sealed your sad doom.

4

"You promised we'd meet by the banks of the river,  
 And you'd give me sweet kisses as oft times before,  
 And fold me again in your strong loving arrums,  
 O come to me Jimmy dear, come as of yore."

5

Then slowly he rose from the banks of the river  
 A vision of beauty more bright than the sun,  
 When bright rows of crimson around him a-flowing,  
 And unto this maiden to speak he begun.

6

"Dear why did you call me from realms of glory  
 Back to this world which again I must leave,  
 To hold you again in my fond loving arrums?  
 To see you once more love I've come from my grave.

7

"One more embrace love before I must leave you,  
 One more fond kiss before we must part,"  
 Cold were the arrums that did her encircle,  
 And cold was the bosom he pressed to her heart.

8

"Adieu," then he whispered, and vanished before her,  
 Back to the waters his form seemed to go,  
 A-leaving the maiden forlorn and distracted  
 A-weeping and wailing in sorrow and woe.

9

And-throwing herself on the ground she wept sorely,  
 With wild words of torment this maiden did rave,  
 Crying, "Jimmy my darling, my lost Jimmy Whalen  
 I sighed till I died by the side of your grave."

Sung by Mr. Bernard Young East Petpeswick, and  
 recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug, 1953.

Learned from the Family Herald & tune the  
 one usually found here.

Way down in bonny fair Scotland where bluebells they do grow  
 There lived a young and fair one down in a cottage low,  
 Was oftentimes she heard it said all on the banks of Clyde,  
 Although her cottage was low and poor she was called the village bride.

2  
 An officer from Paisley town now gunning went one day,  
 As he wandered by those lowland shades where Mary's cottage lay,  
 As he wandered by those lowland shades where Mary's cottage lay,  
 Never thinking that so fair a maid could steal his time away.

3  
 Was oftentimes he walked out to view Clyde's purling stream,  
 Was oftentimes he walked out to court this comelie maid,  
 And many's the loving eye he cast upon her form so fair,  
 Never thinking that so fair and flower could bloom and flourish there.

4  
 One day young Henery he came in his face all decked with woe,  
 Saying, "Mary, lovely Mary, it's from you I must go,  
 The regiment they have got their route and I've received command  
 I must forsake those lowlands shades for India's burning sands."

5  
~~I wish I were~~  
 "O Mary, lovely Mary, I love you from my heart,  
 I wish you were my wedded wife, and that before we part,"  
 "All for to go along with you it is my chief desire,  
 All for to be your waiting maid disguised in man's attire."

6  
 As they walked down through Paisley town 'twas much they wondered there  
 All for to view those young recruits, they looked so very fair,  
 The ladies all admired them as they marched on parade,  
 Never thinking that a soldier's coat concealed so fair a maid.

7  
 'Twas quickly they sailed o'er the main for India's burning sand,  
 No tongue can tell what Mary bore on India's trackless land,  
 And when she'd find her strength was gone her woes she'd strive to hide  
 And turning round with a pleasant smile see Henery by her side.

8  
 Just as the battle was raging wild a spear pierced in his side,  
 He never yielded from his post, but where he fell he died,  
 She raised him from his bloody spot and in her arms she pressed,  
 And as she stooped to ask of his wounds a ball pierced through her  
 breast.

9  
 "O Mary lovely Mary," young Henery he did say,  
 "I fear you're deeplie wounded, your face is like the clay,  
 But ever since I saw your face 'twas you I did adore,"  
 They closed their eyes no more to rise on India's burning shore.

Sung by Mr. Sandy Stoddard, lower Ship Harbour, and  
 recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1953

Mr. Stoddard says this song upsets him. He feels  
 sorry for them and it unnerves him.

Our barque was far far from the land  
When the gayest of our gallant band  
Grew deadly pale and pined away  
Like the shadow of an autumn day.

2

We watched him through long hours of pain,  
Our prayers were great, our hopes were vain,  
Death struck again, no coward alarm,  
But he smiled and died in his messmates arms.

3

We proudly decked his funeral vest,  
Laid the British flag upon his breast,  
We gave him that as a badge of the brave  
And he was fit for a sailor's grave.

4

We had no costly winding sheet,  
We placed two round shot at his feet,  
And he lay in his hammock as snug and as sound  
As a king in his long robes of marble bound.

5

Our voices choked, our hearts were weak,  
When tears were seen on the mourners' cheek,  
And the quiver played on the lips of pride  
As they lowered him over the ship's dark side.

6

A plunge, a splash, and all was o'er,  
The sea rolled on as it rolled before,  
But many was the long prayer hallowed the wave  
As he sank beneath in a sailor's grave.

Sung by Mrs. Charles Mitchell, Oyster Pond,  
and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1953.

O these Nova Scotia hills how majestic and how grand,  
With its summits bathed in glory like the Prince Emmanuel's land,  
Is it any wonder now that my heart with pleasure fills  
As I stand to-day with loved ones on these Nova Scotia Hills.

Cho.

O these hills, beautiful hills,  
How I love these Nova Scotia hills,  
if on land or sea I roam, still I think of happy home  
And my friends among the Nova Scotia hills.

2

On these Nova Scotia hills where my childhood days were passed,  
Where I often wandered lonely and my future tried to cast,  
Many places I have roamed but there's none like happy home  
And my friends among the Nova Scotia hills. Cho.

3

O these Nova Scotia hills, how unchanged they seem to stand  
With their summits pointing skyward to the great Almighty's land,  
Many changes I can see that my heart with pleasure fills,  
But no changes can I notice on these Nova Scotia hills. Cho.

4

O you Nova Scotia hills I must bid you now adieu,  
In my home beyond the ocean I will ever think of you,  
In the eventide of life if my heavenly father's will  
I will yet behold the vision of these Nova Scotia hills. Cho.

Sung by Mrs. Chas. Mitchell, Oyster Pond, and recorded  
by Helen Creighton, July 1953.

Cho.

All around my heart I will wear a green willow,  
 All around my heart for a twelvemonth and a day,  
 And if anyone would ask you why I wear this willow,  
 Tell them my own true love Johnny is gone far away.

&amp; 1

O if I had my own heart to keep it,  
 O if I had my own heart again,  
 I would fold it in my bosom, keep it ever keep it,  
 Never would it ramble so far far again. Cho.

2

Johnny dear Johnny, oh why did you leave me?  
 Why did you take my fond heart so far away?  
 If everyou come back you will find me still waiting,  
 Bring back my fond heart, and bring it back to stay. Cho.

(singer seemed confused whether to sing 2nd vs. as  
 above, or this way:)

Johnny my loved one, oh why did you leave me?  
 Why did you travel so far far away?  
 If ever you come back you will find me still waiting,  
 Bring back my broken heart, and bring it back home. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Sandy Stoddard, Lower Ship Harbour, and  
 recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1953.

In first singing, reel 110A15-16, Mr. Stoddard  
 give it, All round my hat, but he said later he had  
 never heard it that way; his father from whom he  
 learned the song 70 years ago always sang, All round  
 my heart. This is the only singer whos substitutes  
 heart for hat, so I have kept the more familiar title.

Added in 1954

Many were the long hours that I've spent in courting,  
 Many were the long hours that I've spent in vain,  
 But since it's my misfortune my Johnny's gone and left me  
 Never will I ramble so far, far again. Cho.

Oh Johnny, lovely Johnny, oh why did you leave me?  
 Why did you ramble so far, far away?  
 If ever you return you will find me still waiting,  
 But bring my own fond heart back home to me. Cho.

Young men are false and they are so deceiving,  
 Young men are false and they seldom prove true,  
 For their rambling and their ranging, their minds are always changing,  
 Always a-hunting for some fair girl that's new. Cho.