

Mount A re-recording No.3

FSG30
23.3.2
MF289.6

- 16 1. Lost Jimmy Whalen, sung by Mr. Walter Roast, East Chezzetcook; L.C.24A; sung slowly in rather dull ~~xxxxx~~ tone, but tune is good; T.S.N.S. p.186 & MFS p.114; 9 vs.
- 16 2. The Banks of the Nile, sung by Walter Roast; L.C.24B; tape is scratchy but tune is good; compare MFS p.147 by Bernard Young; song of love and war; 6 vs.
- 17 3. The Black Cook, sung by Walter Roast; L.C.25A; trick, comic; well sung but tape scratchy; Ken Peacock, p.856 Nfld. has this as The Black Devil; good tune; 7 vs.
- 18 4. The Fellow That Looks Like Me, sung by Walter Roast; L.C.25B; comic, probably music hall; well sung but tape scratchy; 6 vs. & cho.
- 19 5. Irish Sailor Bold, sung by Walter Roast; L.C.26B; nice song with pleasant tune not heard before or since; ship ~~wxxx~~ wrecked off Nfld.; words not always clear; 5 vs.
- 20 6. I Will Give My Love An Apple, sung by Mr. Dennis Smith, Chezzetcook; L.C. 30A; idyllic riddle song, quite beautiful; not quite as scratchy as others; TSNS p. 162; 6 vs.
- 21 7. You Rambling Boys of Pleasure, sung by Dennis Smith; L.C.31B; song of roving and love; pleasant tune; 5 vs.
- 22 8. Frank Fidd, sung by Mr. Dennis Williams, Musquodoboit Harbour; L.C.32A; not his best singing; sailor dies at sea, but must have been daring seaman; 7 vs.
- 23 9. Paddy, sung by Dennis Williams; L.C.32B; compare MFS p.126 as Three English Rovers; Irishman plays trick; good song, comical; 9 vs. & cho.

Recorded by Helen Creighton

Slowly I roamed by the banks of the river
Viewing the sunbeams as evening draw near,
I spied a fair damsel a-weeping and wailing,
She was weeping and wailing with many's a tear.

2

Crying for one who now lies so lowly,
Weeping for one that no mortal can save,
The dark rolling water so swiftly around her,
While the grass it grows green over young Willie's grave.

3

"Jimmy," she cries, "won't you come to me darling?
Come to me here from your cold silent tomb,
You promised you'd meet me this evening my darling,
But (what?) cruel angel has sealed your sad doom.

4

"You promised you'd meet me by the banks of the ~~river~~ river
And give me sweet kisses as ofttimes before,
And take me again in your strong loving arrums,
O come to me Jimmy, oh come as of yore."

5

Slowly he rose from the banks of the river
A vision of beauty more bright than the sun
With his wide robes of crimson around him a -flowing,
And up to this maiden to speak he begun.

6

"Why did you call me from my realms of glory
Back from this world where I soon have to leave?
And take me once more in your strong loving arrums,
To see you once more I have come from my grave.

7

"One more embrace before I must leave you,
One more fond kiss before we must part,"
So cold was the arrums that around her did circle
And cold was the bosom that she pressed to her heart.

8

"Adieu," then he cries and he vanished forever,
Back to the clouds his form seemed to go,
And leaving this maiden forlorn and distracted
And weeping and wailing with sorrow and woe.

9

She threw herself down on the ground and wept sorely,
With wild words of so horror this maiden did rave,
Saying, "Jimmy, my Jimmy, my lost Jimmy Whalen
I'll sigh till I die by the side of your grave.

Sung by Mr. Walter Roast, Lower East Chezzetcook, and recorded
by Helen Creighton for the Library of Congress in 1943.

vs. 8 it is usually back to the waters as in MFS p.114; compare also
TSNS p. 186. In vs. 9 some use the word sorrow, others horror; here we seem
to have mixed them into horror.

" O hark I hear the trumpet call, my love I must away,
I hear the ~~ix~~ bugle sounding, no longer can I stay,
There's orders out from Portsmouth for many's a long while
To fight those blacks and heathens on the banks of the Nile."

2

"O Willie, dearest Willie, don't leave me here to mourn,
You'll make me curse and rue the day that I was ever born,
This parting shall be of you my love the parting of my life,
So stay at home dear Willie and I will be your wife."

3

"O I'll cut off my yellow locks and go along with you,
I'll dress myself in velveteen, I'll go to Egypt too,
I'll fight and be your banner while kind fortunes on us smile
And we'll comfort one another on the banks of the Nile."

4

"Your waist it is too slender love, your ~~features~~ features are too small,
I'm afraid you would not answer me when on you I would call,
Your delicate constitution could not bear the unwholesome clime
Of those hot and sandy deserts on the banks of the Nile."

5

My curses on the cruel wars when first they did began,
They have taken from old England it is many's a clever young man,
They have taken away our sweethearts, likewise our native soil
To fight those blacks and heathens on the banks of the Nile.

6

O now the war is over and we're returning home
To see our wives and sweethearts we've left ~~so~~ so far behind,
I'll ~~embrace them~~ embrace them in our arms again until such a length ~~of~~ of time
And we'll go no more a-fighting on the banks of the Nile.

N.S.,

Sung by Mr. Walter Roast, Lr. East Chezzetcook, and recorded by Helen
Creighton for the Library of Congress in 1943.

Compare MFS p.147 where another vs. explains why he must go.

Come all you good people I hope you will listen,
 It's all of a doctor who lived in this town,
 Some jolly sea parties outwitted and voted
 And fifty bright shillings they had to pay down.
 Oh the jolby jack tars and x2x their shipmates were merry,
 Their money all spent, their credit far gone,
 From Smith King Street down to the quays they did ramble → Smithfield
 They had to secure their money or fun.

2

The cook on this vessel being one pf the party
 He being a stout blade, his colour was black,
 And by his contrivance he never was wanted,
 He always found means tp raise cash or a crack.
 "Now shipmates you see I have heard people saying
 That a corpse can be bought quite readily here,
 Take me alive, roll me up in my blanket
 And sell me tp raise the whisky or beer."

3

So they took up the hint and away they all started
 And down to the place where the doctor did dwell,
 And into the ear of a doctor did whisper,
 Saying, "Doctor, dear doctor, we've a corpse for to sell."
 "A corpse," said the dpxctor like one in amazement,
 "Come tell me where you got him I pray,
 Bring him to me, quite readily I'll buy him
 And fifty bright shillings to you I will pay."

4

So they wrapped the cook up with his blanket around him,
 He being a stout blade both sturdy and strong,
 And into his vest by the way of protection
 They slipped a knife a half a yard long.
 The doctor he paid the bold seamen the money,
 They told him their cook had died on the way,
 "And rather than have him buried at sea
 To sell him to you sir he'll be out of our way."

5

The sailors departed and straight to the grog shop,
 A place they appointed the black for to meet,
 I hope you will listen and pay great attention
 For the best px of my story I'll tell to you yet.
 The doctor went up with his knife to dissect him,
 Thinking the cook a very rich prize,
 With a voice loud as thunder the cook he seized him,
 Saying, "Damn your eyes doctor, I'll dissect you alive."

6

The doctor was forced for to leave in a hurry,
 And down to his wife with the news he did run,
 Saying, "Wife, oh wife, it's where can you hide me?
 For I'm afriad the old devil is in the back room."
 His wife she got up and she bolted the door,
 She bolted so tight he could not get in,
 "Oh husband, dear husband, give up that dissecting
 Or else the old devil will come back again."

The doctor was forced for to leave in a hurry,
And in his last bargain was left to lament,
The cook he went off with the rest of his companions
And the fifty bright shillings they merrily spent,

~~Verdine is the name of the street is probably wrong but that is how
it sounds on the tape.~~

Sung by Mr. Walter Roast, East Chezzetcook, N.S. and recorded by
Helen Creighton for the Library of Congress in 1943.

In sad despair I wander, my heart is filled with woe,
 For in my grief I ponder, what to do I do not know,
 For cruel fate has on me frowned, all trouble there seems to be,
 There's another person in this place who's just the image of me.

Cho.

Oh wouldn't I like to catch him whoever he might be,
 Wouldn't I pound his chuckle head, that fellow that looks like me.

2

The other night while walking through a narrow street up town
 I was seized by a man in a rage who says, "I've got you Mr. Brown,
 You know my daughter you have robbed," the gal I never did see,
 He beat me till I was black and blue for the fellow that looks like me. Cho.

3

With a lady fair I started for the central park to go,
 Was seized by a man in a rage who says, "You'll pay this bill you owe,"
 "Young man," I said, "I owe you none," but he would not let me free,
 Till the crowd gathered round and the bill I paid for the fellow that looks like
 me. Cho.

night

4

The other ~~day~~ while sparking a gal as dear as life
 A lady who had just dropped in says, "Brown how is your wife?"
 In vain I am a single man though married I'd like to be,
 They called me a swindler and kicked me out for the fellow that looks like me. Cho.

5

Unto a ball I went one night, was just enjoying the sport
 When a policeman grabbed me by the arm, says, "You're wanted down in court,
 You have escaped us here three times but I'll take ware you won't get free, "
 So I was arrested, lodged in jail for the fellow that looks like me. Cho.

tried

6

too

Next day I was ~~xxxx~~, found guilty, was going to be taken down,
 When another policeman then brought in the right man Criminal Brown,
 They set me free and locked up him, oh he was a sight to see,
 For the ugliest fellow that ever I saw was the fellow that looked like me.

Cho.

Oh now I have got him, how happy I will be,
 Oh now I'll pound his chuckle head, that fellow that looks like me.

Sung by ~~xx~~ Mr. Walter Roast, East Chezzetcook, N.S. and recorded by
 Helen Creighton for the Library of Congress in 1943.

The Irish Sailor Boy

L.C.26B(7124)
Mount A re-recording tape
No.3.

I was scarc-i-ly thirteen years of age when I shipped and went to sea,
My parents they shed tears for me to see me going away,
Our gallant ship with her lofty sails her colours they did fly ~~From Waterford Cape~~
From Waterford Cape we sailed away cried the Irish sailor boy.

2

We were scarc-i-ly three months sailing when we received a mortal shock,
Our gallant ship ~~to~~ lie motionless, she struck upon a rock,
We were tossed about on the raging rocks (winds) where the lands rose high
and steep,
We could find no place where we could land for the water it was too deep.

3

Some of our crew were smart young men, they landed safe on shore,
We ~~only~~ only saved but twelve of them out of the twenty-four,
Our captain he being one of them his precious life we saved,
We'll sound his praises forever and ever how manfully he behaved.

4

We walked around by the light of the moon on a little foot path green,
It was early the next morning St. Peterstown we see,
It was there we got both bread and food and a place where we could eat,
"We found ~~us~~ kind friends in Newfoundland," cried the Irish sailor boy.

5

Oh now I'm ~~aboard~~ onboard of a smart steamship and I'm bound for old Erin's
shore,

~~And if ever I get home again I'll find work on the shore,
And if ever I get home again I'll find work on the shore,
I'll sing their praise to Newfoundland and I'll go to sea no more.~~

s

And if ever I get home again I'll find work on the shore,
And if ever I get home again I'll find work on the shore,
I'll sing their praise to Newfoundland and I'll go to sea no more.

Sung by Mr. Walter Roast, Lr. East Chezzetcook, N.S. and recorded by
Helen Creighton for the Library of Congress in 1943.

This song has a pleasant tune, but tape is scratchy.

I'll Give My Love An Apple

L.C.30A(7176)

Mount A re-recording tape
No.3

As in TSNS p.162 with the following changes:

1
any core,
any door,
any key?

2
any core,
any door

3
any core,
any door,

My heart is a dwelling
My mind is a dwelling

4
chicken without any bones ,
cherry without any stones ,
'thout any crying.

5
chicken without any bones,
cherry without any stones,
'thout any crying?

6
When the chicken is hatching I'm sure there's no bones,
When the cherry's in blossom I'm sure there's no stones,
When the baby is getting there is no crying.

Sung by Mr. Dennis Smith, East Chezzetcook, N.S. and recorded
by Helen Creighton for the Library of Congress in 1943.

When asked to sing this he said, "You mean the whole of it?" and
in the background his wife said, "He can't sing that song." The hesitation
probably had something to do with the word getting in the last vs. which is
short for begetting, and which he wasn't sure he should sing.

He was surprised we liked this song and remarked, "That's only a
little one, about as big as my thumb."

He was not consistent with words or music, but when he got
started on a sequence he didn't vary from vs. to vs.

You ~~xys~~ Rambling Boys of Pleasure. L.C.31B (7129)

Mount A re-recording tape No.3.

You rambling boys of pleasure give ear unto those few lines I write,
It's true I am a rover, in roving I took great delight,
I placed my mind all on a maid and its oftentimes she did me slight,
The very first time I saw my love I really thought her heart was ~~mine~~ mine,
But just as the weather changes did my true love just change her mind,
She told me to take it easy just as the leaves grow from the tree,
But I being young and foolish with my own true love could not agree.

2

Oh I wish I was in Dublin City and my true love was along with me,
There we'd have money plenty to keep us in good company,
There we'd have sweethearts ~~plenty~~ plenty and a flowing bowl on every side,
A faint heart should never daunt me while I am young and the world is wide.

3

My mind is never easy until my darling's in my sight,
Her cheeks were red and rosy, her eyes like diamonds bright,
Her cheeks were red and rosy and her eyes they were black as sloe,
Until I left undaunted when from my love I had to go.

4

There's one thing more I have to say before that I go away,
In my ~~own~~ own country where I was born Cupid would not let me stay,
For the girl I left behind me what shall I do?
Must I become a rover and court some girl I never ~~know~~ know.

5

Now to conclude and finish oh I'm going to leave my friends behind,
I'm going to leave this countree, I'll bid you all adieu,
Costly gold is the root of evil although it shines with a glittering hue,
Causes many's the lads and lasses to part let their hearts and minds be ever
so true.

Sung by Mr. Dennis Smith, East Chezzetcook, N.S., and recorded by Helen
Creighton for the Library of Congress in 1943.

gilds
vs. 4. The missing words sound like, ~~six~~ the lily in the dark what shall
I do, but this doesn't make much sense. Cannot find the song in any other
collection .

Frank Fidd
~~Frank Fidd~~

L.C.32A (7130)
Mount A re-recording tape
No.3

Frank Fidd was as gallant a tar
As ever yet handled a sail,
And when the ship's gunwales rolled under
Frank Fidd he would laugh at the gale.

2

His grog he prepared against storms
While spitting the juice from his quid,
Aloft on the yard arm or on deck
It was all the same to Frank Fidd.

3

One night at the Cape of Good Hope
South winds and our ship lying to,
The bite of a rope caught Frank's heel
And cracked his poor skull on the clew.

4

Oh the doctor came sounding Frank's brain
Whilst the blood from the scuppers ran fast
Sounding Frank's cries, "'Tis in vain
For grim death has seized me at last.

5

"I'm ~~am~~ afraid I'll away while I wait,
Death capstan has hardened my heart,
Frank's anchor is now short apeak,
Shipmates have I acted my part?"

6

"Shipmates no longer delay
Since life's but a squall of the best,
And now the end of Frank's coil
Is roped through eternity's block.

7

"Safe moored in Felicity's Bay
I'll ride by the cage of the light,
And what ~~can~~ can more than one and all say,
Frank Fidd went aloft in the flight?"

Sung by Mr. Dennis Williams, Musquodoboit Harbour and recorded by
Helen Creighton for the Library of Congress in 1943.

Paddy
or, Three English Rovers.
As in MFS with the following changes:

L.C.32B(7130)
Mount A re-recording tape
No.3.

riding

They fell in with two gentleman a-riding thereby
And ~~xxx~~ on those young men they all cast an eye. ~~Chax~~
Cho.

2

a drop of sweet ale

3

Pat the whole reckoning

4

(this vs. omitted)

5

Come sit you down by me, I'll tell you a joke,
I will tell you a story ~~cn~~trary to law

6

It's down the cellar
He bored one hole

Clap your hand on that place

7

It's up on the counter

we got

"Here's two fpr the horses for oats and for hay
And here is three shots from those Eng-1-ish blades

8

horse, he was soon

The waitress came in to see that all things was right

~~ex~~ Her master

9

Oh waitress, dear waitress

in the hobble you see.
tricked me.

Sung by Mr. Dennis Williams, Musquodoboit Harbour and recorded by Helen ~~Creigh~~
Creighton for the Library of Congress in 1943.