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Reel 157A

- The Battle of Inkerman; sung by Mr. Edward Sellick, Charlotte-town, P.E.I.; 1 vs. of battle which was probably in Crimea in 1854
- Talk on Customs and Ghosts; by Mr. Hartford Boynton, elderly resident of Grand Manan; well spoken and interesting; a fine old man. For words see Folklore of Grand Manan in manuscript.
- The Old Ark: song on theme of Noah's Ark in spiritual form; 4 vs.; well sung by Mr. Bruce Hutchins, North Head, Grand Manan; professional singer; song has a chorus.
- The Golden Vanity; sung by Mrs. Bruce Hutchins who accompanies this and previous song on piano; 7 vs. well sung; Child ballad No. 286.

From P.E.I. and N.B.

The Boynton talk interesting not for word and story only, but also for dialect.

The Battle of Inkerman

Reel 157A

Just then the French came on our right,
It was to us a glorious sight,
And soon we let them feel our might
Though they were ten to one,
And for their early rise that day
We did the Russians well repay,
For thirty thousand of them lay
On the plains of Inkerman.

Edward

Sung by Mr. ~~Barxxx~~ Sellick, Charlottetown, P.E.I. and

recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1962

Who built the ark? Noah, Noah,
Who built the ark? Noah, Noah,
Noah built the ark both deep and wide
To carry all the sinners 'cross the ocean tide.

Cho.

The old ark's a-movin' and a-movin' and a-movin',
The old ark's a-movin' and a-movin' right a ong.

2

Up jumped the whale with his slippæ ry tail,
"Haul in your foresail and reef your mainsail." Cho.

3

Up jumped the shark with his nine rows of teeth,
"You take the pork and I'll eat the beef." Cho.

4

The captain stood down on the deck,
"You want to go to heaven toss in your cheque." Cho.

Sung by Mr. Bruce Hutchins, North Head, Grand Manan, who
had learned it when a boy in Liverpool, Nova Scotia.

There was a ship came from the north country,
And the name of the ship was the Golden Vanity,
And they feared she might be taken by the Turkish enemy
That sails upon the lowland, lowland, lowland,
That sails upon the lowland sea.

2

Then up there came a little cabin boy,
And he said to the skipper, "What will you give to me
If I swim alongside of the Turkish enemy
And sink her in the lowland, lowland, lowland,
And sink her in the lowland sea?"

3

"Oh I will give you silver and I will give you gold,
And my only daughter your bride to be
If you'll swim alongside of the Turkish enemy
And sink her in the lowland, lowland, lowland,
And sink her in the lowland sea."

4

Then the boy made him ready and overboard sprang he
And he swam alongside of the Turkish enemy,
And with his auger sharp in her side he bored holes three
And he sank her in the lowland, lowland, lowland,
And he sank her in the lowland sea.

5

Then the boy turned round and back again swam he,
And he cried out to the skipper of the Golden Vanity,
But the skipper did not need for his promise he would need,
And he left him in the lowland, lowland, lowland,
~~And~~ He left him in the lowland sea.

6

Then the boy ~~sw~~ swam round and came to the port side
And he looked up to his messmates and bitterly he cried,
"Oh messmates take me up for I'm drifting with the tide
And I'm sinking in the lowland, lowland, lowland,
I'm sinking in the lowland sea."

7

Then his messmates took him up but on the deck he died
And they sewed him in his hammock that was so large and wide,
And they lowered him o'erboard but he drifted with the tide
And he sank beneath the lowland, lowland, lowland,
And he sank beneath the lowland sea.

Sung by Mrs. Bruce Hutchins, North Head, Grand Manan,
who had learned it from her father in Hampton, New Brunswick.

Reel 157B

The Bluenose, Her Grandest Race of All; composed by Mr. Leland Wilcox, Seal Harbour, Grand Manan, about the famous Nova Scotia fishing vessel Bluenose; this is a race against death; sung by Mr. Bruce Hutchins (trained singer) & accompanied on piano by Mrs. Hutchins, to tune of The Ocean Queen, SBNS p.297. Good local song, well sung.

Her Grandest Race of All

'Twas the famous schooner Bluenose that once sailed the ocean seas,
 And out-sailed a thousand vessels driven by the rising breeze,
 She raced all the Yankee clippers and outsailed them one by one
 For she was the finest vessel underneath the shining sun.

2

She won many handsome trophies, cups of gold and prizes grand,
 Bore them o'er the rolling waters safely to our native land,
 Then again her Captain Walters answered to the fishing call,
 It was then our famous vessel won her grandest race of all.

3

Near the banks of Sable Island on a smiling August day
 For the ground-fish they were fishing and her crew were light and gay,
 But the darkness brought them sorrow when a fearful easterly breeze
 Broke upon them in its fury followed by the raging seas.

4

Twenty miles to beat to windward from the Sable Island shore
 Or to perish in the darkness 'neath the wave forever more,
 It was then her famous captain showed his courage made of steel
 When he beat that ship to windward standing by her steering wheel.

5

"Stand to port," we hear him calling, "we are near the fearful shoal,
 Raging billows all around us hear my seamen brave and bold,
 Every man must do his duty, for our vessel we must save
 Or be lost upon the sand banks of the North Atlantic grave."

6

Hear again her captain calling, "Starboard tack all standing by,
 We must reach the deeper waters or we all on board must die,
 Crashing comes a fearful billow, torn away our starboard rail,
 Heaven save us lest we perish in this wild and angry gale.

7

"My brave men," the captain shouted, "hasten now without delay,
 Mend the hole made in our vessel where the rail is torn away,"
 Then these brave and hardy seamen in the darkness of the night
 Covered o'er her side with canvas from the storm to make it tight.

8

Once again our gallant vessel like a frightened steed raced on
 Through that awful night of darkness in the fury of the storm,
 Till they reached the deeper waters far beyond the breaker's roar,
 Heaven spared our famous vessel and her crew were safe once more.

9

Fare ye well the schooner Bluenose, may she live in memory,
 For our ship has gone forever, the proud champion of the sea,
 She outsailed a thousand vessels new and old, both great and small,
 But the race off Sable Island was her grandest race of all.

Composed by Mr. Leland Wilcox, Seal Cove, Grand Manan, N.B.,

and sung by Mr. Bruce Hutchins to tune of The Ocean Queen, SBNS p. 297;

recorded by Helen Creighton, August 1960.