

Reel 203B

1. Lost Jimmy Whalen; sung by Mrs. Perley Hare, Newcastle, N.B.; beautiful tune; 9 vs. well sung; ghost rises from grave; for other versions see TSNS
- 2 Billy Grimes the Drover; sung by Mrs. Hare; 4 double vs. well sung, 2 line tune repeats; amusing; mother changes mind when she learns daughter's suitor has money
- 3 On the Banks of the Clyde; sung by Mr. Perley Hare; if sung by older generation might be very good, but song not improved by modern treatment; tear-jerker; 7 vs. man last in battle, mother and sweetheart mourn
- 4 The Little Low Plain; sung by Mrs. Hare; U.S. lumberman's song; compare 203A sung by Mr. Holland; 8½ double verses here

(These are Louise Manny's singers)

Lost Jimmy Whalen
~~xBixixx@rimrxxkkrxDrvr~~

Reel 203B

Slowly I strayed by the banks of a river
Watching the sunbeams as evening drew nigh,
As onward I rambled I espied a fair damsel,
She was weeping and wailing with many the sigh.

2

Weeping for one who now lies a-sleeping,
Weeping for one whom no mortal could save,
As the dark rolling water encircled around her
While onward she bore over young Jimmy's grave.

3

"Jimmy," she said, "won't you come to me darling,
And give me sweet kisses you oft times have done,
And to fold me again in your strong loving arrums,
For to see you once more love, oh come from your tomb."

4

Slowly there rose from the banks of the ocean
A vision of beauty as bright as the sun,
With roses of crimson encircled around him
For to speak to this fair one, and thus he begun.

5

"Dearest," he said, "you are asking a favour
Which is not in my power to grant unto thee,
For death is a dagger that pushes me under,
And deep is the gulf love between you and me.

6

"Why did you call me from my realms of glory
Back from this world where I soon have to leave?
And take you again in your strong 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 love before we must part,"
And cold was the arrums that did her encircle,
And cold was the bosom she pressed to her heart.

8

"Adieu then," he cried, and he vanished before her,
Back to the clouds why his form seemed to go,
And leaving this fair one forlorn and distracted,
Weeping and wailing with sorrow and woe.

9

She threw herself down on the ground and wept sorely,
With will words of horror this maiden did rage,
Saying, "Jimmy my darling, my lost Jimmy Whalen,
I sighed till I died by the side of your grave."

Sung by Mrs. Perley Hare, Newcastle, N.B. and recorded
by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1958

Billy Grimes the Drover

Reel 203B

To-morrow morn I'm sweet sixteen
And Billy Grimes the drover
Has popped the question to me ma
And wants to be my lover.

To-morrow morn he says mama,
To be up bright and early
And take a pleasant walk with him
Across the fields of barley".

2

"You must not go my daughter dear,
It's no use now a-talkin',
You must not go with Billy Grimes
Across the fields a-walkin'.
To think of his presumption too,
The dirty ugly drover,
I wonder where your pride has gone
To think of such a lover."

3

"Old Grimes is dead you know mama,
And Billy is the only
Surviving heir to all that's left,
One hundred thousand only."

"I did not hear my daughter dear
The last remark quite clearly,
But Billy is a clever boy
And he no doubt loves you dearly.

4

"Remember now to-morrow morn
And be off bright and early,
And take a pleasant walk with him
Across the fields of barley."

"To-morrow morn I will mama,
I'll be up bright and early,
And take a pleasant walk with him
Across the fields of barley."

Sung by Mrs. Perley Hare, Newcastle, N.B. and recorded by
Helen Creighton, Sept. 1958

On the banks of the Clyde lived a lad and his lassie,
 The lad's name was Geordie, the lassie was Jean,
 She threw her arms round him, she cried, "Do not leave,"
 But Geordie was going to fight for his queen.

2

She gave him a lock of her bright auburn tresses,
 She kissed him and pressed him once more to her heart,
 Till his eyes spoke the love that his lips could not utter,
 The last words were spoken, they kissed and they part.

3

Over the burning plains of Egypt, under the scorching sun,
 He thought of a story he'd have for to tell with love when the fight
 was won,
 He cherished with care that dear lock of hair, for his own darling
 Jenny he prayed,
 His prayers were in vain for she'll ne'er see again her lad in the
 Scots brigade.

4

Now the ocean divides a lad and his lassie,
 For Geordie was forced to go over the foam,
 His roof was the skies and his bed was the dessert,
 His heart for his Jenny was always at home.

5

One morning at dawn on that famed day of battle
 Found Geordie in doing a true hero's part,
 When an enemy's bullet brought with it its ballast,
 It buried the dear lock of hair in his heart.

6

On the banks of the Clyde lives a heart-broken mother,
 They told her of how the great victory was won,
 But the glory of England to her meant no comfort,
 For glory to her meant the loss of her son.

7

But Jenny is with her to love and to cherish,
 Together they weep and together they pray,
 For Jenny her daughter will be while she lives,
 For the sake of that laddie that died far away.

Sung by Mr. Perley Hare, Newcastle, N.B. and recorded by
 Helen Creighton, Sept. 1958

One evening last June as I wandered
 Over green fields and meadows around,
 The meadow larks warbled melodious
 While merrily the whippoorwill sang.
 The frogs in the pond were a-croaking,
 The tree toads were whistling forrain,
 While the partridge all round me were drumming
 On the banks of the little low plain.

2

The sun to the west are declining,
 Had shadowed the tree tops with red,
 My wandering feet led me onward
 Not caring wherever I strayed.
 It was then I espied a fair school ma'am,
 And these words to her I did say,
 "What makes you look so downhearted
 When nature makes everything gay?"

3

She mourns for the loss of her Jimmy,
 Whom never she'll see any more,
 He was out on that Wisconsin River
 A-pulling a fifteen foot oar.
 "If you tell me the name of your raftsman,
 And the colour of clothes he does wear,
 I've been out on that Wisconsin River
 And perhaps I have seen him somewhere."

4

"He was rather broad-shouldered and manly,
 His height it was six feet and one,
 His hair was inclined to be curly,
 And his whiskers as red as the sun.
 His pants they were made of two meal sacks
 With a patch a foot square on each knee,
 His coat and his vest they were dyed,
 From the bark of a butternut tree.

5

"He wore an open-faced ~~xiixkx xiikex~~ ticker,
 With a yard and a half of steel chain,
 And on it was stamped Jimmy Murphy
 From the banks of that little low plain."
 "If that was the name of your raftsman
 He was a man that I knew very well,
 But sad is the news I must tell you,
 Your Jimmy was drowned in the dell.

6

"They buried him 'neath the scrub Norway,
 And it's him you will ne'er see again,
 No stone marks the grave where he's lying
 And he's far from the little low plain."

When she heard the sad news then she fainted,
 She fell like one that was dead,
 I scooped up a hatful of water,
 And I dashed it all over her head.

7

She opened her eyes up widely,
 As though they were seeming to say,
 "May a curse be upon you Ross Campbell
 For 'twas you took my Jimmy away.
 May a curse be on you Ross Campbell,
 For taking my Jimmy away,
 May the eagle take hold of your body
 And sink it right down in the clay.

8

" May a curse be on Wisconsin River,
 May its rapids and tides cease to roar,
 And may every brook that runs in it
 Grow as dry as a long schoolhouse floor.
 And now I will give up my record,
 I will not teach school any more,
 I'll go to some far distant country
 Where I'll not hear the screech of an oar.

9

"I'll travel way over to England,
 I'll travel to France and to Spain,
 But I'll never forget Jimmy Murphy
 Or the banks of that little low plain."

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