

Reel 204A

Henry

1. German words, song, and customs: Mrs. ~~xxxxx~~ Allen of Corkum's Island recalls German names for vegetables etc.; sings a little song in German and gives translation, and tells of customs at Easter and other festival seasons. Interesting.
2. Tally-Ho, sung by Mr. J.W.Byers, New Annan; hunting song with good tune and nice chorus; remembered only in part; well sung and words clear.
3. Jacket of Blue, or Bonnets of Blue: sung by Mr. Byers; love rejected by soldier who is true to first love; tune varies, best verses are 4, 9 & 10.

All items recorded in Nova Scotia by Helen Creighton

Question: What was your name before you were Mrs. Allen?

Answer: Eva Riser.

Question: And your grandparents spoke in German?

Answer: Yes.

Question: And you remember some of it do you?

Answer: Yes

Question: What was the little verse you said for me this morning?

Answer: Shall I say it in German?

Question: Now what does that mean in English?

Answer: Up here comes the sheep. Now wait.

~~Sp~~ Sleep baby sleep,
Up here comes the sheep,
Black ones and white ones,
Sleep baby sleep.

Question. Did you always recite it or did you sing it?

Answer: No, I don't know. I'm no singer. I don't know if I ever sang it or not.

Question: And you also said you know the names of vegetables?

Answer: Animals. Do you want me to say some?

~~ANSWER~~: Yes, will you please?

~~QUESTION~~: What shall I start with?

~~ANSWER~~: Anything you like.

Answer: (gives German names for cat, dog, cow, ox, sheep, hen, rooster.) Aw look, you go ? getting me to say this stuff. Continues: goose, gander, horse, snake, ,potato, red beet, turnip, cabbage, house, woods, water, tea kettle, bread, barley bread,

Question: You still make barley bread, don't you?

Answer: Yes. (Tries to remember cake but can't get it.)

Question: Did you know any of the Bible in German? Can you recite any of it?

Answer: The Lord, heaven, thunder, lightning. (She gives German for these words)

Question: Do you know any other little verses, Mrs. Allen?

Answer: Here is a sweetheart song, but I can't sing it. It was: (3 vs. in German.)

That was a verse. He was sick and his mother come and stood herself there beside him and he said she wasn't the one he was sick for. And his father came and stood there and he said he wasn't the one he was sick for. Then his sister came and he said she wasn't the one he was sick for and then the brother came, and then his sweetheart come and he said she was the one he was sick for.

Question: And did he die?

Answer: No, he didn't die. Not as I know about.

Question: That would be a song?

Answer: Yes, I heard quite a few people sing it.

Question: What did you say at the New Year? Did you fire the New Year in?

Answer: There was an old man here and he used to go around and he used to say (German words) That was house mother and house father, shall I shoot? Say yes or no. Then he would shoot. Oh that was always pretty big when they used to do that. Yah.

Question: Did you have any little verses you used to do with games when you were children? In German?

Answer: No

Question: What about Christmas when you were young, Mrs. Allen? How did you celebrate it?

Answer: Well we celebrated. It was nice, you know. Mother used to bake nice cookies and she'd get some candy, but it wouldn't be with gifts, and not like now. We made our own candy and trimmed the tree with little cookies and doughnuts and raisins and little things like that. It wasn't no ornaments like now.

Question. You didn't make your own ornaments?

Answer: No. Apples and things like that we'd decorate ~~with~~ our tree with and have our Christmas like that.

Question: And did you hang up your stockings?

Answer: Oh yes. We'd hang up our stockings. I lived in an old house. Our house was an old house. We chust had a real chimley(chimney) and we'g hang them all along the chimley in the kitchen. And in the chimley would be the bake oven; the old fashioned bake oven.

Question: And would Santa Claus fill the stockings?

Answer: Oh yes, Santa Claus would fill it right full of cookies and candies and apples and oranges and popcorn.

Question: Did you ever have a piece of coal in your stocking?

Answer: No, I didn't. But my father had a piece of wood in his.

Question: Did it have a meaning?

Answer: Yes, chust to fool him. That Santa Claus would just treat him with a piece of wood, and we were often mad about it, why it was done. For we believed that Santa Claus -

Question: Did you call him Santa Claus or Kris Kringle?

Answer: Santa Claus. Always.

Question: What about Christmas dinner? What did it consist of?

Answer: Well, there'd be some fowl. Never turkey, but there would be some fowl, or goose or perhaps roast beef or pork, whatever they would have.

Question: Did you have that ~~ix~~ in the middle of the day?

Answer: Yes. From twelve to one would be the hour to have it.

Question: And was there any particular celebration on Christmas? How would you spend the day?

Answer: Well, just going around to the neighbors, you know, singing.

Question: If you were singing, what kind of things would you sing?

Answer: They would be Jolly Old Saint Nicholas. They would be Christmas songs, you know, they would be singing. Yes, hymns. Come all ye faithful, all old-fashioned hymns they would be. It wouldn't be like now with the nice hymns they have now and the Christmas carols. More old-fashioned.

Question: And you don't remember any of them?

Answer: Well now. I know some and can't tell them to you.

Question: Just partly know them?

Answer: Um. Jingle Bells, that always went. That one ever since I could understand I know about that one.

Question: And what about Easter? Did you have eggs at Easter?

Answer: Oh yes. My mother used to colour the eggs and they'd take them out and put them in the barn and then we'd go and pick them up. But there wasn't any chocolate eggs and things like now.

Question: Did the men ever play the game of tipping eggs at Easter?

Answer: Yes, yes. And now and then there'd be a smart lad among them that would have a wooden one. (She laughs at the recollection). He didn't do it too often. He seen he was doing wrong. But npw and then he'd tip a few with a wooden one, just to have a joke on them. He'd never take eggs. No.

Question: You couldn't tip eggs at the price they are now?

Answer: No, believe me, you could not.

Question: That must have been quite a game.

Answer: It was a real nice game, you know. The children kept it a-going for a whole day.

Question: Did the children do it?

Answer; Oh yes, the children too. The children was in with this egg tipping.

Question: I thought it was just the men who did it.

Answer: No, the children used to be tipping eggs, and celebrated Easter as well, as the men.

Question: They would knock one egg against the other, wouldn't they?

Answer: Oh yes, and the one that broke it, why they'd have two eggs.

Question: One cracked one.

Answer: Yes.

Question: And what about christening? What church do people go to mostly here?

Answer: We are United. That would be Methodist?

Question: Were you Lutheran?

Answer: No. There was some family in the Island. There is two families on the Island were Lutherans and the rest were all United, about six or seven families. And there was an awful lot of people on this little Island one time. There was about a hundred young men and from eighteen to twenty captains in among them. They all sailed vessels and went fishing.

Question: There were many sudden deaths then.

Answer: Yes, there was quite a few drowned, young men.

Question: Did many people have forerunners of these sudden deaths? Forerunners of drowning?

Answer: Well, up here was Timon Beck and he was setting to the supper table eating supper and the clock played a tune and Ina, the daughter, got up and she shook the clock and she sat down and it started out again and the mother she laid her knife and fork down and she said there was something going to happen and her son drowned a few days after, coming from the West Indies.

Question: It didn't happen just at the time that he drowned then?

Answer: No, it was two or three days after that.

Question: That was Mrs. William Beck and her daughter Ina was the one who shook the clock. Did it play a tune?

Answer. Yes, it played a tune.

Question: Do you know the name of the tune?

Answer: But it was so solemn the tune, sad, and the clock made a tune. It was an old-fashioned clock.

Question: What did you used to say to your babies to put them to sleep?

Answer: Oh I'd just kind of hum a little something for them. And when they got old enough that they understood, I'd go on and kiss them and say a little prayer for them and put them to bed. Have the bed nice and clean and warm for them, and given them nice food, plenty of it.

Question: Do you remember what you used to sing to them when they were babies?

Answer: No I don't. It used to be mostly anything.

Question: When they had birthdays, did they have a birthday cake?

Answer: Oh yes, they used to have birthday cakes and little parties for them.

Q: And did you put anything on the cake?

A: Money, yes. I do yet.

Q: Did you put a five cent piece in?

A: Five, and we'd roll them all in a piece of waxed paper, sometimes a copper and sometimes ten cents, never no higher than that.

Q: Did you put anything else in the cake besides money?

A: Well the one girl, she had a shoe horse - she had a whole set of things she used to put in.

Q. Things she bought at the store. What would your mother have put in in your cake? Or did she put money in your cake?

A: Only a little money, nothing else that I know about, no.

Q: Some people used to put in a thimble.

A: Shirley did. I was going to say it, but not my mother, no. She'd have a thimble and a scissor and other little things for luck. (This was her daughter).

Q: What about weddings? When you were married for instance, did they ~~xxx~~ serenade you?

A: Yes, oh yes.

Q: Did they call it a serenade?

A: We went to the United Church parsonage in town and got married and we come home. It was the ninth of March - the twelfth of March it was and they had a nice table set for us, thirty or forty invited in and we spent the evening playing cards and playing games along like that.

Q: Would they serenade you with tin cans and make a lot of noise outside the house?

A: No. They shot with guns. They had their guns there.

Q: When you came home from the church?

A: Yes, they shot with guns.

Q: And did you go to your own house?

A: ~~xx~~ I went to my mother's home till the summer and then I moved to Garden Lots in Lunenburg. And in the spring I moved over to the States, over to Boston. I didn't stay there very long, no. There was trouble of some kind, I don't know what, and when I come back my father drowned and then my mother was alone so -

Q: Was there any warning of your father's drowning?

A: She said she heard something awful heavy fall. I didn't. When I got married they had the guns, about five or six of them and there's only two that's living any more out of them all.

Q: At Christmas you would do bel snickling, wouldn't you?

A: Yes we did. Oh yes. Not the young people didn't. Like young girls and young boys. It used to be older boys and older girls used to go, in their twenties, all dressed up. They'd have a few candies they'd treat you with, you know, like that.

Q: And you'd have to guess who they were?

A: I didn't do any guessing. I was afraid of them, but the older people knew who they were. They'd set the table and give them a nice supper. They'd have a mask on and big long tails made out of rope and they'd be braided and they'd be hanging down over their heads. The masks were made out of canvas or oilcloth, something like that and some of them had black faces, black like niggers and a cap on and red lips and old clothes.

Q: Did they do any singing?

A: Yes, oh yes. One fellah used to have the fiddle with him and they'd dance and they all had big boots, heavy boots and they'd dance with their boots on. And then the people in the house would join in with them. It was nice, pleasant.

Q: Do you remember what they sang?

A: No.

Q: I meant, were they songs suitable for Christmas?

A: Yes, oh yes, they was. Yes, they was.

Q: Like Jingle Bells?

A: Yes.

Q: Then at Hallowe'en would they do something the same?

A: Not so much on Hallowe'en, no. They'd play more tricks, you know. Some folks would have a nice cabbage supper cooked for them, like that.

Q: To keep them out of mischief?

A: Yes, oh yes. They used to play a lot of tricks. Take the wheels off the

wagon. Take the loads off- if you had any wood on they'd unload the wagon and they'd haul the wagon somewhere in the woods and all things like that.

Q: I guess people are pretty much the same all over the world, they like to play tricks.

A: That night especially.

Told by Mrs. Henry Allen, Corkum's Island, Lunenburg Co., and recorded for the National Museum by Helen Creighton.

It was in the month of March eighteen hundred and three
 We had a recreation in our own country,
 Our own true country sportsmen through hills, dales and rocks,
 And so jovially they hunted in search of a fox.

Cho.

Tally-ho, hark away, tally-ho hark away, tally-ho,
 Tally-ho, hark away my boys, away, come away.

2

The next time we chased Reynard we pressed the tally more,
 With our echo and hollo along the eastern shore,

Sung by Mr. J.W. Byers, New Annan, and recorded for the National
 Museum by Helen Creighton in 1960.

Question: Where did you learn that one, Mr. Byers?

Answer: Back home in New Annan, my father singing it to us on stormy
 winter nights.

Q: Did you learn most of your songs from your father?

A: All of this old group I learned from him, practically. One or two
 from some other people in the district.

Q: And he was Scotch, I suppose?

A: Scotch ancestry.

He picks up the song again.

first

The next time we chased Reynard with echo and with hollo
 Where none but the hounds and the footmen could follow,

(then there's a line or two just comes back)

In all the time I've mentioned I'm sure you'll find no blank
 For an order I will give you on the national bank. Cho.

King's town up in Oulidge, a ~~town~~ town in Northshire,
 There I rolled in great splendour all free from love's care,
 There I rolled in great splendour, had sweethearts not a few
 But was wounded by a bonnie lad and his bonnet was blue

2

There came a troop of soldiers as soon you shall hear,
 From Scotland to Oulidge abroad for to steer,
 And there was one among them I wish I never knew,
 He's a bonnie Scotch lad and his bonnet was blue.

3

I went to my bed but could find there no rest,
 The thoughts of my true love still ran in my breast,
 The thoughts of my true love still ran in my view,
 He's a bonnie Scotch lad and his bonnet is blue.

4

Early next morning I rose from my bed,
 I called on Sally, that's my waiting maid,
 To dress me as finely as her two hands could do
 And I'd go to see the bonnie lad with his bonnet so blue.

5

As quickly I was dressed and parade did attend,
 I waited impatient to hear my love's name,
 Charlie ~~Stewart~~ Stuart they do call him, my love did renew,
 Once a prince of that ~~name~~ name wore a bonnet so blue.

6

My love he passed by with a gun in his hand,
 I strove to speak to him but all was in vain,
 I strove to speak to him but from me he flew,
 He's a bonnie Scotch lad and his bonnet is blue.

7

"I say my dear lad I will buy your discharge,
 I will free you from a soldier and set you at large,
 I will free you from a soldier ~~and~~ if your heart it is true
 And you'll ne'er wear a stain on your bonnet so blue."

8

"You say my dear lady you will buy my discharge,
 You will free me from a soldier and set me at large,
 For all your kind offers I'm obliged to you
 But I'll never wear a stain on my bonnet so blue.

9

"I have a dear lass in my ain country
 And I ne'er shall forsake her for her poverty,
 To the girl I love dearly I will ever prove true
 And I'll ne'er wear a stain on my bonnet so blue."

10

I will send for a limmer from London to Hull
 And I'll have my love's picture drawn out to the full,
 Place it in my bedchamber, keep it close to my view,
 He's a bonnie Scotch lad and his heart it is true.

Reel 204B
XXXXXXXXXX

'Twas of a damsel both rich and handsome,
These lines are true as I've been told,
On the ~~laxk~~ banks of Shannon of soft emotion
Her father owned a great store of gold.

2

Her hair was black as a raven's feather,
Her form and features describe who can,
But as for folly it belongs to nature,
She fell in love with her serving man.

3

As Marianne and her love were walking
Her father heard them and nearer drew,
As those two lovers were fondly talking
In a rage of anger her father flew.

4

To build a dungeon was his ~~mx~~ intention,
To part the lovers he contrived a plan,
He swore an oath that's too vile to mention,
He'd part his daughter and her servant man.

5

He built a dungeon of brick and mortar,
A flight of stairs that led underground,
Her only food it was bread and water,
The only cheer that her father found.

6

Three times a day he did cruel beat her
Until to him she thus began,
"If I had ever transgressed my father
I would lie and die for my servant man."

7

When Eden found out her habitation
'Twas well surrounded by an iron door,
He swore an oath that's too vile to mention,
He'd free his loved one or he'd rest no more.

8

So at his leisure he toiled with pleasure
To find an entrance to Marianne,
He attained his object and found his treasure,
She cried, "My faithful young servant man!"

9

When her father saw him, how Eden entered
Then like a lion he did roar,
Crying, "Out of Ireland I'll have you banished
Or with my broadsword I'll have your gore."

(in an earlier singing he
says broadside, not broadsword.)

10

"Agreed," said Eden, "and at your leisure
Since her I've found do all you can,
Forgive your daughter, I'll die with pleasure,
The one in fault is your servant man."

(in an earlier singing he
says freed, not found.)

11

When her father saw him so tender-hearted
He fell right down on the dungeon floor,
Saying, "True lovers never shall be parted
Since love can enter an iron door."

Sung by Mr. J.W. Byers, New Annan and recorded by Helen
Creighton in 1960.

Reel 204B

- ~~Sims~~ Since Love Can Enter An Iron Door, sung by J.W.Byers, New Annan, 11 vs.; good variant; Mr. Byers's words are clear in all of his songs and his tunes are interesting; love conquers all.
- Jack Robinson, sung by Mr. Byers; 12 vs.; Jack returns from sea to find his sweetheart married; good song; see SBNS under Jack Robson.
- Hogs In the Cellar; sung by Mr. Byers; parson too fond of beer; humorous; 11 vs.
- The Croppy Boy, sung by Mr. Byers who calls it The Crupie Boy; in some vs. this is ~~is~~ like The Song of the Croppy Boy, SBNS p.183; must be same song; young man goes to war and is killed.
- The Flying Cloud, sung by Mr. Byers; 16 vs., song of slavery and piracy; singer's voice nearly ~~gave out~~ gave out, but he saw it through.
- General Wolfe, sung by Mr. Byers; 8 vs.; although this is about his death at Quebec it is different song from that in Mackenzie and Fowke; 6 line vs. to nice hymn-like tune.
- Peggy's Letter, sung by Mr. Byers; 4 vs.; dying soldier writes letter; tune sounds late; the least interesting song on this tape.

Recorded in Dartmouth for the National Museum by Helen Creighton in 1960.

Now the ~~danger~~ perils and the dangers of the voyage are past,
The ship into Portsmouth arrived at last,
The sails are all furled and the anchor is cast
And the happiest of the crew is Jack Robinson.

2

For his Poll he had trinkets of gold galore
Besides of prize money quite a store,
'Mong the rest of the crew he went ~~ashore~~ on shore
As coxswain to the boat, Jack Robinson.

3

He met a man and said, "I say
Perhaps you know pf one Polly Grey
Who lives somewhere hereabouts?" The man said, "Nay,
I do not indeed Jack Robinson."

4

"And now as I have left my ship
And all my messmates have given me the slip
Perhaps you'll partake of a good can of flip
As you're a civil fellow," said Jack Robinson.

5

In a public house they both sat down
And talked of admirals of high renown,
And drank as much grog as came to half a crown,
This here same man and Jack Robinson.

6 reckoning

When Jack called out the ~~reckoning~~ to pay
The landlady stepped in in fine array,
"My eyes and limbs, but here is Polly Grey,
Who thought to meet you here?" said Jack Robinson.

7

The ~~land~~ landlady stagg^{er}ed up against the ~~waxy~~ wall,
She said that first she didn't know him at all,
~~"Shiver me, but here's a pretty squall,"~~ "Shiver me," said Jack, "but here's a pretty squall,
Why Polly don't you know me? I'm Jack Robinson."

8

Said she to him, "I've changed my state,"
"Why you don't mean to say that you've got a mate,
For you know you promised me," but said she, "I couldn't wait
For no tiding's could I gain of you Jack Robinson.

9

"For one day someone came to me and said
That somebdy else had somewhere read
In some newspape^r as how you were dead,"
"I've npt been dead at all," said Jack Robinson.

10

"Don't you remember this handkerchief that you gave unto me
Just three years ago before I went to sea?
Every time I looked at it I thought of thee,
Upon my soul I did," said Jack Robinson.

11

He turned his cud and finished his glass,
He hitched up his trousers, "Alas, alas,
That ever I should live to be made such an ass,
And be baulked by a woman," said Jack Robinson.

(over)

But the breath and the stew is all in vain,
I'll take a ship and go to Holland, France or Spain,
No matter ~~where~~ where I'll ne'er come back again,
He was off before you could say Jack Robinson.

Sung by Mr. J.W. Byers, New Annan, and recorded by Helen
Creighton in 1960

A parson ⁶one had a remarkable foible
 Of loving his bottle ¹much more than his Bible,
 Was deemed by his neighbors to be less perplexed
 In handling a tankard much more than his text.

x2x Cho.

For the rol the rol ~~xxxxx~~ lollo! the ley,
 For the rol diddle diddle the lay.

2

This parson had gotten a cask of small beer
 By way of a present, no matter from where,
 He pierced it and found it was toothsome and good
 And he loved it as well as he did his own blood. Cho.

3

The parson one day in the pulpit he cried,
 "My dearly beloved, make patience your guide,
 Shouldn't you in the midst of your troubles and crosses
 Remember the patience pf Job and his losses?" Cho.

4

As he the church service in haste rambled o'er
 The hogs found the way through the old cellar door,
 And by the strong scent of the beer barrel led
 They knocked out the spigot, or tap, from its head. Cho.

5

The liquor was spreading abroad on the ground,
 The unbidden guests quaffed it merrily round,
 And scarce had the diversion and merriment ceased
 'Til every hog there lay as drunk as a beast. Cho.

6

As he brought the church service in haste to an end
 He brings along with him a neighboring friend'
 To help him partake of his Sunday's good cheer
 And to taste of his nappy October brwon beer. Cho.

7

When dinner was over and everything ~~xxx~~ snug
 He says to his wife, "Now go fetch us a mug,"
 "Of what?" But he hadn't got time for to tell her
 'Til, "Oh," she cries out, "here's the hogs in the cellar." Cho.

8

"To be sure they've got in when we were at prayer,
 To be sure you're a fool so get you down stair,
 Make haste and return for to tell what's the matter
 For I now myself hear a grunting and clatter." Cho.

9

The wife she came up with a pitiful face
 With suitable phrases relating the case,
 He ramped and he raged up and down in the room
 And he beat both his wife and the hogs with a broom. Cho.

10

"Oho," cries his wife, "what a row he makes here
 For one simple beggarly barrel of beer,
 Shouldn't you in the midst of your troubles and crosses
 Remember the ~~xxxxx~~ patience of Job and his losses?" Cho.

11

"A pox upon Job," cries the priest on a rage,
 "I dare say my cask is nigh ten years of age,
 And you a poor ignorant fool like my wife,
 For Job never had such a cask in his life." Cho.

The Croppy Boy

Reel 20484

It was early early all in the spring,
When little birds do sweetly sing,
And change their notes from tree to tree
As they sang the spngs of sweet liberty.

2

It was early early all in the spring,
When little birds do sweetly sing,
That my false cousin did me betray
And for one guinea sold my life away.

3

As I passed by my old father's door
He followed me with money and clothes
Five hundred guineas he would pay down
For to see me parading in sweet Wexford town.

4

As I passed by my old mother's door
I saw her standing on the floor,
My sister Mary was weeping sore
Saying, "Brother dear I'll ne'er see you more."

5

"Farewell my father and mother too,
My sister Mary, I've none but you,
And to fair France I do mean to go
To win the fortune for you Molly O."

6

As I went up that high high hill
I sat me down and I wept my fill,
I looked behind and I looked before
But my aged parents could ne'er see more.

7

Now in St. Allan's this young man dies,
And in St. Allan's his body lies,
You wandering crupies as you pass by
Bid a good rest to the crupie boy.

Sung by J.W.Byers, New Annan, and recorded by Helen Creighton for
the National Museum in 1960.

Is this part of the song known as The Croppy Boy, or a different song? The
singer calls it Crupie.

My name is Edward Roland I give you to understand,
I belong to the county of Waterford in Erin's happy land,
When I was young and innocent and beauty on me smiled
My parents doted on me, I was their only child.

2

My parents bound me to a trade in Waterford's sweet town,
They bound me to a cooper there whose name was William Brown,
I served my master faithfully for eighteen months or more,
Then I shipped on board the Ocean Queen bound for Bermuda's shore.

3

When I arrived on Bermuda's shore I met with Captain Moore
Commander of the Flying Cloud belonging to Trimore,
He kindly invited me with him on a slaving voyage to go
To the burning plains of Africa where the sugar cane does grow.

4

The very next day we sailed away bound for the African shore
Where thirteen hundred of those poor slaves from their native shore sailed o'er.
We marched them down upon our decks and stowed them down below,
'Twas eighteen inches to a man was all they had to go.

5

We sailed away from Africa with a cargo of those slaves,
It had been better for those poor souls had they been in their graves,
The plague and fever came on board, swept half of them away,
We dragged their bodies on the deck and strewed them in the sea.

6

We sailed away for many a day till we reached Bermuda's shore,
We sold those slaves to the planters there to be slaves forever more.
Their tea and coffee fields to hoe beneath the burning sun
And to lead a hard and a wretched life till their career was run.

7

And when our money was all spent we put to sea again
And Captain Moore came on the deck and said to all his men,
"Now men there's gold and plenty too, if with me you remain,
We'll hoist aloft a pirate flag and scour the raging main."

8

We all agreed except five young men who told us them to land,
There was two of them were Boston boys, two more from Newfoundland,
The other was an Irishman belonging to Trimore,
I've often wished I was one of them and with them gone ashore.

9

We robbed and plundered many a ship down on the ~~sea~~ Spanish main,
Caused many a widow and orphaned child in sorrow to remain,
Their crews we made to walk the plank, gave them a watery grave,
For the saying of our captain was that dead men tell no tales.

10

It's chased we were by many a ship, liners and frigates too,
But with our skysail spread aloft away from them we flew,
'Twas all in vain astern of us their cannons roared aloud,
'Twas all in vain to ever try to catch the Flying Cloud.

11

The Flying Cloud is a Spanish ship, five hundred tons or more,
She was fit to outsail most any ship e'er left the British shore,
I've often seen that gallant ship with the wind above her beam
And the royal skysail spread aloft run sixteen on the reel.

(over)

The Flying Cloud was the finest ship that ever swam the sea,
 Or ever spread a main topsail beneath a lively breeze,
 Her sails were as white as the driven snow, and on them not a stain,
 With eighteen brass nine pounder guns she ploughed the raging main.

13

But a man of war, our English ship, our Dungeon hove in view,
 She fired a shot across our deck, a signal to heave to,
 We gave no answer back my boys, but kept before the wind
 Till a chain shot cut our main mast off and we soon fell behind.

14

We cleared our decks for action as she ranged alongside,
 And soon upon our quarterdeck there ran a crimson tide,
 We fought till Captain Moore was slain and eighteen of our men,
 Till a burning shell set our ship on fire, we were forced to surrender then.

15

'Twas next to Newgate we were sent, bound down in heavy chains,
 For the robbing and plundering of many ships down on the Spanish main,
 'Twas drinking and bad company that made a wretch of me,
 So boys beware of my sad fate and a curse to the piracy.

16

So fare you well forever more to the girl that I adore,
 I never shall hear her sweet singing voice to cheer me any more,
 I never shall kiss her ruby lips or squeeze her lily white hand,
 But die a hard and a felon's death in a far distant land.

Sung by Mr. J.W. Byers, New Annan, and recorder for the National
 Museum by Helen Creighton in 1960.

On the fourteenth of January that we ~~xx~~ set sail
 From Gibaralter without fail,
 And landed on the enemy's shore,
 They stood ready for us, they stood ready for us
 And then commenced a bloody war.

2

We saw those Frenchmen on the mountains high,
 While we poor English in the ~~xx~~ valley lie,
 "Oh never mind," General Wolfe did cry,
 "Smoke and fire is our desire,
 And with that we'll darken the bright sky."

3

The very first volley that we gave to them
 We saw the Frenchmen fall on the plain,
 We saw them fall like ~~xxxxx~~ motes in the sun,
 "Fight on lads boldly, fight on lads boldly,
 A glorious victory is won."

4

The very next volley that they gave to us
 Wounded our general in his left breast,
 And now he lies and he cannot stand,
 "Fight on lads boldly, fight on lads boldly,
 While I have breath I'll give command."

5

"Now you my friends that around me stand
 Oh take me by my bleeding hand
 And turn me over on my left side
 That I may die, oh, that I may die, oh,
 That I may die more easily."

6

"Here's a hundred guineas all in bright gold,
 Take and divide it, my blood runs cold,
 Take and divide it equally
 Ye lads of honour, ye lads of honour,
 For lads of honour you've proved to be."

7

"Now roll me up in some flannel sweet
 And plunge me into the ocean ~~xxxxx~~ deep,
 And plunge me into the ocean deep
 That I may lie, oh, that I may lie, oh,
 And sleep that long and silent sleep."

8

"When you my friends to England do return
 Tell my relations I'm dead and gone,
 I'd have you tell my old mother dear
 I died in Quebec, I died in Quebec,
 And that my body's lying here."

Sung by Mr. J.W.Byers, New Annan, and recorded for the National Museum by
 Hele Creighton, 1960.

Peggy's Letter

Reel 204B7

Oh love read this letter, 'tis the last one I'll send
Our long correspondence is now at an end,
For I'm wounded in the body that no surgeon can cure,
For the wound I've received my dear 'tis too sure.

2

As I lay a-dying upon the cold ground
The blood from my side like a ~~fountain~~ fountain ran down,
With my napkin I stopped it for to gain as much time
As to write you this letter pretty Peggy of ~~mine~~ mine.

3

When you read this letter my dear do not frown,
For what is our portion, it must be penned down,
For this life's but a shadow, that I plainly see now,
But there's nothing that grieves me but the parting with you.

4

The last time we parted it was with great pain,
Still living in great hope of meeting again,
But that hope is all over and I'll ne'er see you more,
So adieu to you Peggy on the fair British shore.

Sung by Mr. J.W.Byers and recorded for the National Museum by Helen
Creighton in 1960.