

Reel 228A

Come All You Girls; 6 double vs. written by Larry German; amusing local song of man who couldn't get a wife; quite well sung. *good Tune*

In Canso Strait: 9 vs. local song, the most popular one from Nova Scotia; have better sung versions; words here are good.

My Sailor Boy: 8 vs. to nice tune; this is the one with vs. Father father build me a boat; girl follows lover to sea and learns that he has been drowned.

Josephine; French song which sounds interesting; this is a love song to quite a nice tune.

On the Banks of the Permanaw; visitor meets Indian maid who has been abandoned by pale-face, and vows to remain a maid. The place name is given in the singer's spelling which may be correct. Quite nice of its kind. 3 six line vs.

The Paisley Officer: 8 vs. tune similar to most versions, but words slightly different; good variant.

Singer of all songs: Mr. Edmund Doucette, Miminegash, Prince Edward Island.

Come All You Girls

Reel 228A1

Come all you girls both short and tall  
I pray don't be so shy,  
A man like me with property free  
How can you pass him by?  
I'm on the verge of thirty now  
And tired of a single life,  
It's time that I should make a vow  
That I should have a wife.

2

I got a house and ~~harran~~ barn, a stock and farm,  
And what more do they want?  
With fifty acres in one block  
With sixty chains in front,  
My house is built in the latest style,  
And well finished out and in,  
With a healthy(?) finishing around the eaves  
And a grand lookout in front.

3

My barn is built on the medium size  
With tiles of the best,  
And the tempest of that snow and rain  
From against my hay and grain,  
The doors are new and painted blue  
The small ones in two halves,  
That I may close to have below  
Against my pigs and calves.

4

I got horse and wagon, two bob sleighs,  
A harrow and a plow,  
A fattening pig and two runabouts  
With five calves and a cow,  
I have a bull, a famous beast,  
Your very eyes would charm,  
His search(?) was brought away down east  
I think from a well stocked farm.

5

I have stove pot pans, a strainer can,  
A bucket and a broom,  
Stove brush and towel, a looking glass,  
A rack and a fine-tooth comb,  
When I get on my sporting suit  
I'm quite a fancy chap,  
With my brand new dress cloth overcoat  
And my fine wedged sealskin cap.

6

When I go to a ball or a party  
There's one thing makes me mad,  
The girls won't keep my company,  
They say my breath smells bad,  
I try in vain their hearts to gain,  
But they won't believe my life,  
So I'll take a stroll for the good of my soul  
And see my neighbor's wife.

Sung by Mr. Edmund Doucette, Miminigash, P.E.I. and recorded by ~~Wax~~  
Helen Creighton, July 1962. Song composed by Larry Gorman about a man  
from the western end of the Island.

In Canso Strait  
Singer's Title: The Drunken Captain

Reel 228A2

In Canso Strait where our vessel lay,  
We had just arrived here from the Bay,  
With our anchor dropped and our sails unhoisted(?)  
Our drunken captain went on a spree.

2

At the break of day on board he came,  
With a bloodshot eye and a dizzy brain,  
He looked around and those words did say  
"Come and weigh your anchor and sail away."

3

We sailed away at his command,  
We had all sails set when we left the land,  
We crossed St. Paul's water beyond our lee,  
And went down the Bay with a heavy sea.

4

The wind increased and the black clouds rise,  
The lightning clashed and the thunder rose,  
Over her deck the seas did splash  
Over her bows spread the billows foam.

5

We struck a squall from the angry skies,  
Which took around she plunged and she would not rise,  
She went down almost half mast,  
And she lost her way and was sinking fast.

6

Our head sheet gave way and it gazed there then,  
She came head to sea and around again,  
With our new sheet bent and our sails apeak  
Our drunken captain still on the spree.

7

We asked him kindly to shorten sail  
But he cursed and swore and those words did say,  
"I am captain here and I will not fear  
I will show you now how my ship can sail,  
I am captain here and I will not fear,  
I will shoot the first man will swike(?) a sail.

8

Then up spoke one of our gallant men  
"Here we are twenty-two at hand,  
We'll close reef our sails and to sea we'll go,  
If he says a word we'll tie him below."

W

9

We close reefed our sails and steady steered,  
Those breaking land's capes we soon got clear,  
It's around Cape North we are sailing now  
How she throws the white foam all from her bow.

Sung by Mr. Edmund Doucette, Miminigash, P.E.I. and recorded by  
Helen Creighton. July 1962

This is all he knows of the song.

It was early early all in the spring  
 My Willie sailed out for to serve the king,  
 With stormy seas and the winds blew high,  
 I'm afraid I've lost my sailor boy.

2

"Oh father father give me a boat  
 It's on the ocean that I might may float,  
 To view those gang as they go by  
 That I may enquire of my sailor boy."

3

She had been sailing a day or so  
 When she spied a king ship and her gallant crew,  
 "Come jovial sailors, come tell me true,  
 Do my sweetheart Willie sail on board with you?"

4

" Oh now fair lady he is not here,  
 Your Willie's drowned we do greatly fear,  
 Last night, last night as the wind blew high  
 I'm afraid we lost your sailor boy."

5

She wrang her fingers and tore her hair,  
 Just like a maiden in deep despair,  
 "How happy happy is the girl," she cried,  
 That has her ~~own~~ own true love by her side. "

6

This fair maid sat down for to write a song,  
 She wrote it wide and she wrote it long,  
 Till every line she would shed a tear  
 And to every verse she'd call Willie dear.

7

In a short while after this fair maid died,  
 This letter was found down by her bedside,  
 And on this letter these words were wrote,  
 "It's for a sailor my heart was broke."

8

Come all you lassies that dress in white,  
 Come all you laddies that dress alike,  
 From the cabin floor to the maintop high  
 Come and mourn for me and my sailor boy.

Sung by Mr. Edmund Doucette, Miminigash, P.E.I. and recorded by  
 Helen Creighton, July 1962

As I rode out one evening about the last of June  
My road went out to Cappepah(?), a view to have around,  
'Twas there I spied an Indian maid a-sitting on the ground,  
I made an effort to herself as the tears were in her eyes  
Saying, "You surprise me very much although you are a squaw  
To see you here so lonely on the banks of Perminaw."

2

"Come set you down beside me and I will tell you of  
My sisters and my brothers died, likewise my pa and ma,  
They left me a poor orphan on the Banks of Perminaw.  
But that is not the worst of all, I had a true love of my own,  
He courted me and flattered me and said I was his squaw,  
He went away and left me on the banks of Permanaw."

3

"Arise arise my Indian maid and come along with me,  
I'll take you to a happier home in the pale-faced countree,  
No more you'll be so lonely on the banks of Permanaw."  
"Oh no, oh no kind sir," she said, "the likes could never be,  
Since the pale face has broke his oath and I am still a squaw,  
I've made a vow to live and die on the banks of Perminaw."

Sung by Mr. Edmund Doucette, Miminegash, P.E.I. and re-  
corded by Helen Creighton, July 1962

Paisley  
The Paisley Officer

Reel 228A6

On the bonny fair hills of Catlan where bluebells they do grow,  
There lived a shepherd's daughter down in the lowland brown,  
Her flock she herds the whole day long on the bonny banks of Clyde,  
Although her lot in life was low she is called the village pride.

2

An officer down from Paisley town a-hunting came that way,  
He hunted through the lonely glens where Mary's cottage lay,  
And many a long and roving round he cast upon her from far,  
And wondered how so fair a flower could bloom and flourish there.

3

Many a time young Henery came a-hunting down that way,  
Many a time young Henery came to view his flowers so gay,  
And praying that time would never come that he'd be called away.

4

One day he came to Mary, his heart was sadly low,  
"Oh Mary dearest Mary, far from you I must go,  
My regiment has got its route and to it I must ship,  
I must forsake those lonely glens for India's burning hills. "

5

"Oh Henery dearest Henery, those words do break my heart,  
I'd like to be your wedded wife this night before we part,  
For me to go along with you would be my heart's desire  
All for to be your servant boy arrayed in man's attire."

6

When they arrived in Paisley town the people all wondered there  
To see so fine a young recruit, so beautiful and fair,  
The ladies all admired him as he stood on parade,  
'Twas little they knew a soldier's coat concealed so fair a maid.

7

It's now across the ocean young Henery's got to go,  
It's little he knows the danger he's got to undergo,  
Young Henery fought right manfully and Mary done her best,  
And as she stood to dress his wound a ball passed through her breast

8

Now Henery lies in a foreign land with Mary by his side,  
From his colours he never flinched but where he stood he died,  
They being true lovers their whole life long and in death they've  
been the same,  
And as their life blood ebbed away it mingled in one stream.

Sung by Mr. Edmund Doucette, Miminogash, P.E.I. and recorded  
by Helen Creighton, July 1962