

"Here are some old songs over one hundred years old which was sung to me when I was a boy," said Edward Charles Feltmate of New Glasgow.

THE COLD WINTERS NIGHT

It was on one cold cold winters night
As I lay down to sleep
I say a child about eight years old
On his mother's breast did weep.

Saying one I had a Father dear
Who did me kind embrace
And if he were here he'd dry those tears
Roles down dear mother's face.

It's well I do remember when
The presents he used to bring
There were fruit and candy and many's the thing
from some foreign country.

It was six long months he would be gone
And leave us all alone
But eer this cold winters evening
One year has passed and gone.

All other ships are coming in
Plowing the white sea foam
Why don't my father's ship come in
Oh why don't he return?

Your fathers ship my darling boy
Lies beneath the oceans waves
And many's the roaring cannon ship
Sails o'er your fathers grave.

He kissed her cheek, she held his hand,
She clasped him to her side.
They wrapt their arms in heavenly love
The sone and mother died.

THE STEAM PACKET SOVERIGN

For the keys of Belfast in the steam packet sovereign
Last Tuesday evening from Liverpool set sail
The wind it was fair and the land was disappearing
All hearts were mereilly all hapily and gay.

Night coming on, oh the breeze it was increasing
The billows of the ocean was tossed to and fro.
Two sailors were washed overboard into the foaming ocean
While men, women, and children were crying below.

Some on their knees for heavens mercy and glory
While others were frightened and much in Despair
With the loud billows a'roaring and sailors a'swearing
Soon as they heard us they mocked at our prayers.

Two boats were launched into the foaming ocean
Into one of them was my infant and I
And before we reached the shore, boys, one boat had ore its
dwelling, And forth poor souls in the ocean must lye.

My Willie he stood by to cheer and protect me
He landed me safe on the Island a shore
His life he did venture to save his poor old Father
Alas, I beheld my brave boy any more.

I am left all alone, a poor lonely widow
One year in those wedlocks so plain you can see
Now to beg for my bread amid hard-hearted strangers
May the heavens look down on my infant and me.

From:

Charles Feltmate
6 Dorset Ave.

New Glasgow N.S.

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THE GAY SPANISH MAID

T'was a gay Spanish maid at the age of sixteen
Through the meadows she strayed far and wide
She sat down on a rock by the shore for to rest
There stepped a gay handsome youth by her side.

"Our ship sails tonight, my darling Aunette
And with you I no longer may roam.
When all in the house has retired to sleep
Meet me down by the sea side alone."

When all in the house had retired to sleep
Aunette she stole through the hall door
With her hat in her hand she ran down those dry sands
And sat down on a rock by the shore.

Then stepped to her side her lover so true
With his head bowed in sorrow and grief
For to see his own love sitting there by his side
And bitter the tears she did weep.

"Our Bark sails tonight, my darling Aunette
And with you I no longer may stay.
May the heavens above protect you my love
And your parents while I am away.

She turned herself round to her own cottage door
And sure it seemed more like a dream
For the moon in the sky proudly sailing on high
Shed a bright brilliant light on the seen.

Our ship she set sail and the storm did arise
And our vessel was lost in the waves.
I jumped from the wreck, I escaped on a plank
But the rest they all met watery graves.

In the morning it found me away out at sea
Even found me a prey to despair,
When I thought of the maiden I left on the shore
And a thousand times wished myself there.

Oh, a ship I espied and a signal I waved
And for safety I prayed to my God,
My signal they spied and they sailed down to me
And they joyfully took me on board.

Let us turn our attention to the maid on the shore
When she thought of her boy in the storm,
How she died like a rose that was nipped in the bud
And she left him alone for to mourn.

THE FLYING CLOUD

My name is Edward Hallahan as you may understand
I was borne in the county of Waterford in Errin's happy land,
My father bound me to a trade in Waterford's own town,
He bound me to a cooper there by the name of William Brown,
I served my master faithfully for eighteen months or more,
When I shipped on board the Ocean Queen bound for Bermuda shore.

When we arrived at Bermuda shore, I met with Captain More
Commander of the Flying Cloud belonging to Trymore,
So kindly he invited me on a slaving voyage to go
To the burning shores of Africa where the sugar cane does grow,
We all agreed excepting five and those we had to land
Two of them being Boston men and two from Newfoundland.
The other was an Irishman belonging to Trymore
And I wished I had rejoined those men and returned with them on shore.

Now the Flying Cloud was a fine a ship as ever sailed the sea
Or ever hoisted a main top sail before a lively breeze.
Her sails were like the driving snow on them there was no strain
And eighteen large ninepounder guns she carried abaft her beam.

One day when More he came on board to us he said, "My men,
There is gold and silver to be got with me you will remain
And we'll hoist a loft a pirate's flag and scour the raging main."

We robbed and plundered many a ship down on the Spanish main
And many's the widow and orphan child in sorrow doth remain,
For we made their crews to walk the plank and we stored them down below
Taking eighteen inches for a man was all we could go.

At last to Newgate we were brought bound down in iron chains
For the robbing and plundering of merchand ships down on the Spanish main.
At last our captain he was hung and we allow to go
I straightway sailed for Errin's shore, to sail the seas no more.

SABLE ISLAND? THE GRAVE YARD OF THE ATLANTIC, WRITTEN BY AN ATTENDANT OF THE LIFE SAVING STATION.

Way out in the Atlantic Ocean about eighty miles from land
There stands a little island there composed of grass and sand
Where you sign the government papers to stay there for a year
To look after government property with government clothes to wear.

Instead of wearing government clothes you have to wear your own
You work all day on Sunday there or pack your clothes for home,
You're chasing crazy horses there out through the muddy slums
Or you're picking up wild cramberries there to feed the government bums.

You're making hay on Baker's Hill with the sand up to your neck,
You're making faces through the fog a'looking for a wreck,
The life boat she's hauled into the shed a mile and a half from shore
And there's gear enough upon her for to sink a man-of-war.

You sit down to the table and the same old thing is there
Some old horse died of hunger and hash made out of hair,
A bowl of rusty porridge, some cramberries stewed in glue,
Or a pudden made like amber that a tiger couldn't chew.

The do-nuts there big as ring bolts they will go down on your head
There's a bowl of rusty porridge there and a plate of dipsy lead,
There's more I'd like to tell you boys, but I must not say it here
You keep clear of Sable Island or you'll be crazy in a year.