

THE FROZEN GIRL

Young Charlotte lived by the mountainside in a quiet lonely spot.
No dwelling was near for three long miles except her father's cot.
On many a cold winter's night gay friends would gather there,
For her parents they were social folks and she was very fair.

Her father loved to see her dressed as gay as a city belle,
For she was all the child he had and he loved his daughter well.
'Twas New Year's Eve when the sun went down, she sat with a restless eye
A-gazing through the frozen panes as the merry sleighs passed by.

In a village just fifteen miles from home there's a merry ball tonight,
Although the air was piercing cold, their hearts are warm and light.
And beaming from her anxious look as she flighted here and there,
A-going to the cottage door, young Charles in his sleigh appeared.

Her mother said O Daughter dear, these blankets around you fold,
For it is a piercing night abroad, you will catch your death of cold.
O no, young Charlotte gently said, as she smiled like a gypsy queen
For to ride in blankets muffled I never can be seen.

My silken cape is quite enough, you know it's lined throughout,
Likewise I have a silken scarf to wind my neck about.
Her gloves were on and her bonnet too as she jumped into the sleigh
As they rode along by the mountainside far over the hills away.

There is life in the sound of the merry bells as over the hills we go,
What a crackling noise the runners made as they squeaked the frozen snow.
Such a night as this I never knew for keen the winds do blow,
And the stars above are shining bright all o'er the frozen snow.

Such a night said Charles I never did see, my reins I scarce can hold,
Young Charlotte gently murmuring said I am almost dying cold.
He cracked his whip, his steed flew on much faster than before
And those five other lonely miles in silence they drove o'er.

How fast, said Charles the chilling frost is gathering on my brow
Young Charlotte gently murmuring said I am growing warmer now.
He cracked his whip, his steed flew on beneath the starry night
And within a few more lonely miles the ball room came in sight.

When they got there young Charles jumped out and offered her his hand.
Why set you there like a monument who hath no power to stand ?
He called her once, he called her twice and then she never spoke,
And then he said Give me your hand and still she never spoke.

It was then he took her by the hand, but O it was icy cold,
'Twas then he hurried to the house and called for a light,
'Twas then he bore her in his arms, down by the fire side.
Young Charlotte was a lifeless corpse, she had froze by the mountainside.

'Twas then he set down by her side while the bitter tears did flow.
He said My own dear loving bride you never more can be.
He twined his arms about her neck and kissed her marble brow
And his mind ran back to the time she said I am growing warmer now.

"Young Charlotte"
This ballad is usually known as Young Charlotte

'Twas then they bore her to the sleigh, and Charles he drove her home,
And when they came to the cottage door, her parents they did mourn.
They mourned for the loss of their daughter dear; while Charles then he mourned too.
They mourned till at length their hearts were broke and a-slumbering they went too.

ON THE BANKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND

Ye landsmen all on you I call, and jolly seamen too,
While I relate the hard ships fate that we have late gone through.
O you little know of the hardships that we was forced to stand,
For fourteen days and fourteen nights on the Banks of Newfoundland.

O, our vessel never crossed before that stormy western sea.
She was well rigged and fitted out before she sailed away.
She was built of green and seasoned oak, but could not well withstand
The hurricane that met her on the Banks of Newfoundland.

Our bodies was benumbed with cold from the day we left Quebec.
Our boots unless we kep walking would freeze fast to the deck.
We were stout hardy Irishmen that this brave vessel manned
Our captain doubled each man's grog, on the Banks of Newfoundland.

The wind did blow from sunset till the cold wintry morning dawned.
We drifted off to leward, too of our masts were gone.
We lashed ourselves to the misen shrouds and there in vain did plan
To hoist a signal of distress, on the Banks of Newfoundland.

O, it was three days we fasted, our provisions being run out,
And on the morning of the fourth we did cast lots about.
The lot fell on the captain's son, who thought relief near hand.
We spared him for another day, on the Banks of Newfoundland.

It was on the morning of the fifth, this lad we did prepare;
We gave him one more hour, to offer up a prayer.
But bountiful providence from blood spared every man,
When an english vessel hove in sight on the Banks of Newfoundland.

O, when they took us from the wreck we were more like ghosts than men.
They clothed us and fed us and took us home again.
There was but few of our number that ere reached english land.
Our captain lost his limbs by frost on the Banks of Newfoundland.

Besides the captain and the mate we had ten of a crew,
Ten passengers returning home which made up twenty-two,
For to bring their families over, all from their native land,
Expecting soon to cross again the Banks of Newfoundland.

Now all that is remaining or belonging to our crew,
There is but four to tell the tale, of passengers but two.
Their friends may shed salt tears for them, all on their native land,
While the mountain waves roll over their graves on the Banks of Newfoundland.

OLD SAILORS'
BALLADS

COLLECTED BY THE LATE
CAPT. FENWICK HART
OF LIVERPOOL, N.S

THE WORN-OUT SAILOR

One evening of late when our labours was o'er and the little birds were singing,
 When a poor old tar worn out with care through a village street came begging.
 I pitied his sad and mournful song, for at pity I am no railer.
 I pray you bestow your charity on me, I am a poor old worn out sailor.
 Despise this hull I pray you not, although I have shaby rigging
 I would rather work if I had my limbs than to be seen a-begging.
 I am like a ship distressed at sea with no-one nigh to hail her.
 Then I pray you bestow your charity on me, I am a poor old worn out sailor.
 False news came home that I was dead ; my wife died broken-hearted,
 And my daughter wandered I know not where, and forever we are parted.
 I am robbed of all this world calls dear, Poor girl I would like to hail her,
 If only I could find her what a comfort she would be to a poor old worn out sailor.
 Just as he finished his mournful song, a female gazed upon him,
 She wrung her hands in transports wild and fell upon his bosom.
 O Father she cried, for she was his child, and her duty ne'er had failed her,
 Come you home and live and die along with me, you are a poor old worn out sailor.
 I have a home and a husband too, right glad he'll be to see you,
 Although you are poor and clothed in rags, right gladly he will keep you.
 And when you close your dying eyes, my duty ne'er shall fail me,
 I will lay you in your grave to rest, you poor old worn out sailor.

THE ROSE OF BRITONS ISLE

Both high and low attention give, and you shall quickly hear,
 It's of a maiden fair and gay who lived in Lincolnshire;
 Her cheeks like blooming roses red, on her face appeared a smile,
 This fair one's name was Lovely Jane, the rose of Britons Isle

She was a farmer's daughter, his pride and only joy,
 And when eighteen she fell in love with her father's apprentice boy.
 Young Edmond lived contented , Jane did his heart beguile;
 By all above he cried I love the rose of Britons Isle.

Oh when her father came to know this couple courting were,
 He in an angry passion flew, how dreadful did he swear,
 Saying if you bring disgrace on me I'll send you many a mile
 With great disdain you'll cross the main from the rose of Britons Isle.

Young Edmond on board a ship was sent to sail across the main,
 While Jane at home did weep and mourn, her bosom swelled with pain.
 She dressed herself in seamen's clothes and in a little while
 On the board the ship with Edmond went the rose of Britons Isle.
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They had not been many days at sea when a storm it did arise,
 And when young Edmond went aloft Jane wept with tearful eyes;
 'Twas little did young Edmond know that Jane did on him smile,
 Or by his side did stand his bride, the rose of Britons Isle.

It was when they came near the coast of Spain, the enemy gave the alarm,
 And by a ball young Jane did fall, which shattered her left arm.
 The seamen ran to lend their aid while Jane in agony smiled.
 The surgeon said Behold some maid, 'Twas the rose of Britons Isle.

Young Edmond he was sore surprised and troubled with much pain,
And when young Jane recovered they were both sent home again.
The people were with wonder struck and the villagers did smile,
Saying You're welcome back Young Edmond and the rose of Britons Isle.

Her father he being dead and gone, most joyful to relate,
And all his gold he willed to Jane, likewise a large estate.
And they were married while the bells did ring and the villagers did smile,
Long and happy may young Edmond reign with the rose of Britons Isle.

THE BANKS OF ~~THE~~ BRANDYWINE

One morning very early in the pleasant month of May,
As I rode out to take the air, all nature being gay;
The moon had not yet veiled her face but through the trees did shine,
As I wandered for amusement on the Banks of ~~the~~ Brandywine.

By many a rough and craggy rock and bushes of small growth,
By many a lofty ancient tree, their leaves were putting forth.
As I wandered up along those banks where murmuring streams do join,
And where pleasant music caught my ear on the Banks of ~~the~~ Brandywine.

At such an early hour I was surprised to see,
A lovely maid with downcast eyes all on those banks so gay.
I modestly saluted her, she knew not my design;
I requested her sweet company on the Banks of ~~the~~ Brandywine.

O leave me sir, do leave me, my company forsake,
For its in my real opinion I fear you are a rake;
My love is a valliant sailor, he is now gone to the main,
While comfortless I wander on the Banks of ~~the~~ Brandywine.

O why do you give up my dear to melancholy cries,
I pray leave off your weeping and dry those lovely eyes;
For sailors in each port my dear, they will a mistress find,
And he'll leave you still to wander on the Banks of ~~the~~ Brandywine.

O leave me sir, do leave me, why do you me torment,
My Henry won't deceive me, therefore I am content.
It's why do you torment me so and cruelly combine,
For to fill my mind with horror on the Banks of ~~the~~ Brandywine.

I do not wish to afflict your mind, but rather for to ease,
Such dreadful apprehensions, they soon your mind will sieze,
Your love, my dear, another one in wedded bands have joined.
And she swooned into my arms on the Banks of ~~the~~ Brandywine.

Those many rough and craggy rocks was witness to her pain;
Those pleasant groves and rural shades re-echoed back her strain:
How often has he promised me in Hymen's chains to join,
Now I am a maid forsaken on the Banks of ~~the~~ Brandywine.

~~O my dear, that never shall be, behold your Henry now,~~

O no, my dear, that never shall be, behold your Henry now,
I'll clasp you to my bosom love I've not forgot my vow;
It's now I know you're true my dear, in Hymen's chains we'll join,
And it's Hail the happy morn we met on the Banks of Brandy Wine.

THE PRIDE OF GLENCO

As I went walking one evening of late
Where Flora's gay mantle the fields decorate
I carelessly wandered where I do not know
By the side of a fountain that lies near Glenco,
That lies near Glenco,
That lies near Glenco
By the side of a fountain that lies near Glenco.

Like she who the pride of the mountains had won
There approached me a lassie as fair as the sun
While ribbons and laces all round her did flow
As she sighed for MacDonald the pride of Glenco
The pride of Glenco
The pride of Glenco
As she sighed for MacDonald the pride of Glenco.

I said My dear Lassie your charms and your smile
And your comely young features my poor heart beguile
And if your kind affections on me you'll bestow
You will bless the happy hour we met at Glenco
We met at Glenco
We met at Glenco
You will, the happy hour we met at Glenco.

~~You~~ man she made answer ~~Your~~ suit I disdain
For I once had a true love MacDonald by name
He has gone to the war about three years ago
And a maid I'll remain till he returns to Glenco
He returns to Glenco
He returns to Glenco
A maid I'll remain till he returns to Glenco.

The pride of the Spaniards is hard to pull down
Which causes many a bold hero to die with a frown
Perhaps with MacDonald it may have been so
That the lad you love dearly perhaps is laid low
Perhaps is laid low
Perhaps is laid low
That the lad you love dearly perhaps is laid low.

MacDonald, true valliant, is known in the field
Like a dying ancestor h~~is~~ vows he'll not yield
The pride of the Spaniards he'll soon overthrow
And in splendour return to my arms at Glenco
My arms at Glenco
My arms at Glenco
And in splendour return to my arms at Glenco.

Perhaps young MacDonald regards not your name
And has placed his affections on some other dame
Perhaps he's forgotten for aught that you know
The lovely young lassie he left at Glenco
He left at Glenco
He left at Glenco
The lovely young lassie he left at Glenco.

From the vows of MacDonald I never will part
For love truth and honour I've found in his heart
And if he is dead a maid single I'll go
And mourn for MacDonald the pride of Glenco
The pride of Glenco
The pride of Glenco
And mourn for MacDonald the pride of Glenco.

He finding her constant he pulled out a glove
A token she gave him at the parting of love
She leaned on his breast while the tears down did flow
Saying You're my MacDonald the pride of Glenco
The Pride of Glenco
The Pride of Glenco
Saying You're my MacDonald the Pride of Glenco.

Cheer up, lovely lassie, the war is all o'er,
And while life remains we will never part more,
For the trumpet of war at a distance may blow
But in splendour I'll stay in your arms at Glenco
In your arms at Glenco
In your arms at Glenco
But in splendour I'll stay in your arms at Glenco.

~~###~~ ~~####~~ SWEET JINNY ON THE MOOR

One morn for recreation as I strayed by the seaside
The sun was brightly shining bedecked by all her pride
'Twas there I saw a fair maid setting by her cottage door
Like roses blooming was her cheeks, 'twas sweet Jinny on the moor.

I said My pretty fair maid why so early do you rise
I love to take the morning air while the lark sings in the sky
I often love to wander when I hear the breakers roar
Which wakes the bosom of the deep cried sweet Jinny on the moor.

We both set down together down by the river side
I said My dear by your consent I will make you my bride
I have plenty at my own command brought from a foreign shore
I'll wait for his return again cried sweet Jinny on the moor.

It's seven years since he has gone and left me here alone
And seven more I'll wait to see if he will come
His words was truly spoken when he left me at the door
And proud is the man that gains the hand of sweet Jinny of the moor.

If your true love's a sailor I pray you tell his name
His name is Dennis Ryan from New Britain he came
If his name be Dennis Ryan I know him very well
While fighting in the Alma by a cruel ball he fell.

And when he was a-dying these words to me did say
Here is my true love's token Take it to her again
And this is your true love's token that on his hand he wore
Who fell a-fainting in my arms 'twas sweet Jinny on the moor.

When he found her so loyal hearted, Stand up my dear he cried
This is your Dennis Ryan that's standing by your side
We'll join our hands in wedlock's bands, live happy on the shore
The bells shall ring so merry and I'll go to sea no more.

(No title)

It was April on the fourteenth day
I pray attend to what I say
A gun was heard in solemn sound
Like thunder roaring through the ground
The People hastened to the spot
Where they heard the mournful shot
And yonder stood a man and gun
He who the cursed action done
I just went out in careless fun
On purpose for to snap my gun
When this young lad with courage bold
Run up the hill and met the load
I didn't know that lad was in
Until I saw him drop his chin
A dreadful sight and sad to tell
He turned from me and down he fell
Now take young Daniel from his gore
And place him on the courtroom floor
And send for justice very soon
And let the jury fill the room
Now take young Daniel from my sight
Up with his friends to spend one night
With wringing hands and bitter cries
They wlak the floor with streaming eyes
The Parents of this murdered boy
Now giving up all hopes of joy
To think their son a man not grown
Should die while in his youthful bloom
There is one thing I'd have you do
Load this same gun and shoot me too
I wish to God that I was dead
Where shall I hide my shameful head
Come all young men that's brisk and gay
I pray attend to what I say
Think on the fate of MacClearn's son
Mind how you trifle with a gun.

(No title)

Come all you policemen of Halifax you watchmen by night
I pray you give attention unto this dreadful sight
'Tis of a bold young officer whose name I dare not tell
He was murdered aboard the Shooting Star I suppose you know him well.

It was on the deck of the Shooting Star this officer did stand,
He boldly did insult the crew with a summons in his hand
Inquiring for the captain, the truth to you I'll tell
You won't find anyone here tonight replied Bold Burdel

Fraser being forward he stepped up in the rear
This young man followed after without the least of fear
Inquiring for the captain, he was down below,
When with a bowie knife he was smote a fatal blow.

'Twas on the deck of the Shooting Star this officer he fell
Just as the cook went forward to ring the supper bell
When Fraser ran across the deck and loudly he did cry
Go quick and fetch the doctor or else this man shall die.

By the time the news got spread abroad it was near the close of day
Our captain cried out Hoist the jib, the crew made no delay
Our vessel having a fair wind now scudding fast away
While on the deck of the Shooting Star this dying man did lay.

They caught Burdel at Boston and give him fourteen years
He said I will make my escape of that I have no fears
It was not I that killed the man, And that was all he said,
But now he serves his fourteen years out into Rockhead.

THE BLIND SAILOR

Come all ye jolly seamen bold I hope you will attend
And listen unto these few lines that I so late have penned
I was once as braw and hardy a tar as ever unfurled a sail
Until by lightning lost my sight in that tremendous gale.

When I was young and in my prime, my age scarce twenty-two
I fell in love with a handsome girl, the truth I will tell you
I courted her for three long years until her father came to know
He said he'd send me to plow the sea where the stormy winds do blow.

Her father being a noble man in the town where I was born
He said his gold and riches I never should adorn
He sent a press gang for my love and I was forced to go
Conveyed me to a ship where the stormy winds do blow.

'Twas the first day of October from Cork harbour we set sail
We was bound to Gibberaltar with a sweet and pleasant gale
The wind blew fair our course to steer our ship before the wind
My love seemed to be warmer for the girl I left behind.

When we reached our distant port a short time we laid there
For the news right home to England went and the winds they still blew fair

Note: The affair of the "Shooting Star" took place in Halifax, November 1861. Policeman's name was Gardner. Went to serve a copias on Capt. Lane of "Shooting Star", was stabbed by Edgar Burdell one of Lane's seamen. Fraser was a constable. He was an American vessel. He did not get to sea but ran ashore below George's Island & Burdell was arrested. A Port delivery vessel, "Celebrity" Louis Foster, master, lay at the same wharf. "Shooting Star" anchored in Halifax, N.S.

We put to sea the very next day with a forward press of sail
The wind come on and eclipsed the sun and blew a horrid gale.

O early the next morning it was dismal for to view
Our mate he was washed overboard with four more of our crew
The thunder pealed tremendous and the lightning wild did flash
The swelling waves rolled over and against our sides did dash.

The wind it still kept rising into a horrid gale
Our captain says We must try my boys to reef our main top-sail
His words were scarcely spoken when up aloft we laid
Like hardy tars through wind and storm his orders to obey.

When we reached our mainmast head a heavier flash came on
My God I well remember my last glimpse of the sun
Our main topmast in pieces split, all by a pelting light
And me and four more seamen bold by lightning lost our sight.

Now if Providence proves kind to me and I get safe on shore
It is back to Cork Harbour to the girl that I adore
She appears to be good natured, both loving kind and free
And together we will live though her I cannot see.

THE SHIP LADY SHERBROOKE

One evening in August as daylight was closing
As I chanced for to stray on the banks of the Foyle
I overheard a maid on those green banks bewailing
Alas I soon found it was poor Mary Doyle.

Her cries in the wild wood did sound through the valley
While tears from her eyes in large drops they did fall
As she mourned for her true love who left her in sorrow
A poor lonely damsel to languish in woe.

In the ship Lady Sherbrooke we left Londonderry
Bound for the town of Quebec in America
On the fourteenth of June from the Foyle we weighed anchor
We had a light breeze and our hearts light and gay.

With three hundred and eighty four passengers
That day bid adieu to their friends on the shore
They left their own country at last little thinking
They would meet with their graves where the wild billows roar.

Our ship she was good and our seamen all worthy
Henry Gambols I'm told that was our captain's name
A good navigator a kind hearted seaman
Was both free and merry, from Bristol he came.

If any a passenger ran short of provision
With more he'd supply them and that without fee
He won the affections of all who sailed with him
For he well, knew the dangers of crossing the sea.

With music and dancing we kept up our spirits
For there was no storms for to make our hearts sad
We sang and rejoiced little thought of disaster
Each heart it felt gay and each bosom felt glad.

On the fourth of July it being at midnight
Not dreaming of disaster we slumbered in bed
When a most dreadful cry from our dreams did awake us
A man at the bow crying Breakers Ahead

No sooner those words from his lips had proceeded
When she struck on a rock with a most dreadful crash
Our cries would have melted the heart of a savage
When down all our hatches the billows did dash.

'Twould make your heart bleed for to see those poor infants
O'erwhelmed in the billow before their mothers' eyes
While their fathers stood wringing their hands and despairing
Almost drove to distraction by their ~~\$\$\$~~ drowning cries.

All night we were tossed to and fro on the billows
No help from the island could reach us 'tis true
Few living to see the next morning's sun rising
Out of 38⁴ there remained forty-two.

Now come all ye that venture to cross the wide ocean
And leave your kind friends and relations so dear
Reflect on the loss of the ship Lady Sherbrooke
Who left many widows and poor orphans here

THE CABIN BOY

O Willie dear Willie says she
Will you tarry on the shore along with me
I will go to your captain and ask for liberty
If you'll tarry on the shore along with me.

Right off to the captain she went
For to tarry on the shore along with me.

O no, my fair maid, the captain replied,
For to bear with this sweet company

Right off to her Willie then she went
And so must you and I

Right off to her father's house she went
He lamented on the dead that he found

The funeral was prepared for next day
For to carry her sweet body to the tomb

THE BRAES OF BALQUHIDDER

Will ye go lassie go to the braes o' Balquhiddier
Where the high mountains run and the bonny bloomin' heather
Where the ram and the deer they go bounding together
Spend a long summer day by the bra'es o' Balquhiddier.

O no sir no she said I am too young to be your lover
For my age is scarce sixteen and I dare not, for my mother
And besides being too young I am afraid you're some deceiver
That has come to charm me here by the brass o' Balquhiddier.

Fair ye well my pretty maiden, your beauty soon shall alter
I will deprive ye of this chance and live happy wi' some other
I will roam this wide world over till I find some maid of honour
That will go along with me to the braes o' Balquhiddier.

O come back, O come back, for I think you're no deceiver
O come back, O come back, I will never love no other
I will leave all my friends, father, mother, sister, brother,
And I'll go along with you to the braes o' Balquhiddier.

O now they have gone to that bonny highland mountain
For to view the green fields and likewise the silver fountain
It's there they are united and joined in love together
For a long summer day by the braes o' Balquhiddier.

THE RAMBLIN' IRISHMAN

I drew a resolution, I thought it a good plan
To sail over to America, a ramblin' Irishman.
I went down to Belfast, to Belfast straight away,
I bargained with a captain my passage for to pay
The wind it being favourable, all sail was set with glee
In a ship was called the Union bound over to Americy.
When we landed in Philadelfy the girls all danced with joy
Says one unto the other What a handsome Irish boy
One asked me for to dance with her while her sister held my hand
And says unto the other I shall have that Irishman.
I had not been in that city more than two weeks or three
When a row between those ladies was caused by jealousy.
With my bundle on my shoulder my shillaly in my hand
I will march through Pennsylvania like a ramblin' Irishman.
I went right down to Germantown where people are all Dutch
It's the truth to you I'm telling, those people don't know much
I gave them signs and tokens I gave them to understand
There's good nature and good humour in a ramblin' Irishman.
I went into a boarding house all for to sup one night,
The landlord had two daughters that with me took great delight.
O my daughters, dearest daughters, what are you going to do
Are you going to throw yourself away with a man you never knew.
O hold your tongue dear mother and do the best you can
For I'll ramble o'er the wide world with my ramblin' Irishman.

O now I'll leave off ramblin' and take to me a wife
I'll settle and live happy the remainder of my life
I'll hug her and I'll kiss her and do the best I can
And she'll never rue the hour she met a ramblin' Irishman.

THE DESOLATE WIDOW

Down by the seaside so careless I wandered
Last Saturday evening with calm in the air
I spied a fair maid making sad lamentation
Inclined to a rock, she had grief to despair.

In sorrowful anguish I heard her complaining
Crying Dear Willie return to me
And at last she explained No more shall I see him
My own tender Willie lies under the sea.

From the quays of Belfast in a steamship was sailing
Bound to Liverpool last Wednesday set sail
The weather being clear and the land disappearing
Our hearts were all merry delightful and gay.

The night it came on a most dark one and dreary
The winds they arose to a terrible storm
When our captain cried out Boys look out for a lighthouse
This night I'm afraid we shall all suffer harm.

Some on their bended knees heaven's mercy imploring
While insensible and quite in despair
With the raging billows rolling and sailors all swearing
Whenever they heard us they mocked at our prayer.

The seas rolled like mountains, no shelter to flee to
Our ship by the billows was tossed to and fro
With the billows a-roaring and sailors all swearing
And women and children all crying below.

Two boats were launched out in the foaming ocean
In one of them was my infant and I
When the seamen was swept overboard in the ocean
Alas in the deep forty bodies must lie.

O Willie stood by me to cheer and protect me
Till he landed me safe on the island's main shore
Then to save his old father his own life he ventured
Alas I am doomed to behold him no more.

Now here I am left a poor desolate widow
Just three years in wedlock as you plainly see
Forced to beg for my bread among hard hearted strangers
Kind Heaven look down on my infant and me.

← Mrs. Carrie Groves of Gorham,
Maine, a Nova Scotian by birth,
remembers this song as
"Isle of Man shore"; probably
this is correct.

THE BOUNTY JUMPER

Come all you nice young fellows I am going to sing a song
I pray you give attention, I won't detain you long
It's of a nice young fellow, and Danny was his name
He was tried in Alexander for the doing of the same.

Chorus

So come join my humble ditty as from town to town I steer
Like every real good fellow I am always on my beer,
Like every real good fellow I like my whiskey clear
I'm a rambling rake of poverty and a son of a gamboleer.

O he jumped in Philadelfy and he jumped into New York
He jumped in the city of Boston, it was all the peoples' talk
O he jumped and he jumped all along the Yankee shore
And the last place he jumped was in the town of Baltimore.

Chorus.

As poor Danny on his coffin knelt the judge to him did say
Tell us Danny where's your money, and that without delay
My money it is safe in store, it's not in your command
And if that doesn't suit you you can shoot me and be damned.

Chorus.

A s poor Danny on his coffin knelt, these last few words did say,
Soldiers do your duty and do that without delay
O soldiers do your duty and aim straight at my heart
For I'm going to leave you now and it's a long time to part.

Chorus.

O now we'll dig poor Danny's grave, we'll dig it wide and deep
We'll bury him in the valley where the bounty-jumpers sleep
We'll put him in his coffin and we'll carry him along
And we'll all join the chorus of the bounty-jumpers' song.

Chorus.

OUR FIFER BOY

While the battle hot was raging and the shot and shell did fly
And the smoke curled round our rigging, then I heard a piercing cry
Close beside me lay our fifer, from his bosom spouted blood
There he lay pierced by a bullet, dying in a crimson flood.
Shipmates, said he, tell my father, tell him I died like a man
Died in battle for my country while the blood in torrents ran
Tell my gentle mother, tell her lest the news should break her heart
Tell her that her son will meet her where we never more shall part.
O how sad I am to leave her, how she'll mourn about my loss
Her Charlie never more will greet her, never more the ocean cross.
Tell my sister, Heaven bless her, that her brother is no more
Hand in hand will no more ramble on old Hudson's pleasant shore.

*"The Bounty Jumpers" refers to the American Civil War
& the practice of paying large cash bonuses to army
volunteers in the north. It was the favorite trick of
some sharp fellows to enlist in one state, collect that
state's bounty, then desert and enlist in another state
for another bounty, & so on. These men were
known as bounty-jumpers.*

*This is from a Civil War
song, commemorating the boy
fifer of the U.S.S. Cumberland,
sent in action by the
Confederate vessel "Mormac"*

Tell my brother in the army on Potomac's sunny shore
That our navy is victorious and will be so evermore
Here he paused, he ceased from talking, gently yielded up his breath
A heavenly smile lit up his face and his eyes were closed in death.

THE GHOSTLY SAILORS

Man and boy together well on for fifty year
I have sailed upon the ocean, I hope you'll lend an ear.
I have sailed upon the ocean in pleasant summer days
And through the stormy winters when the stormy winds do rage.

I have tossed about on Georges, been a-fishing in the Bay,
Flown south in early seasons most anywhere it would pay
I have been in different seasons to the Western Banks and Grand,
And been in herring vessels that went down to Newfoundland.

There I saw some storms I tell you, when things looked very blue,
But some way I've been lucky and most always got through.
I ain't a brag however, I won't say much, but then
I ain't no easier frightened than the most of other men.

'Twas one night as we were sailing, we were off the shore a ways
I never shall forget it in all my mortal days
'Twas in the grim dark watches I felt a chilling dread
Come over me as if I'd heard a calling from the dead.

And right over the rail they climbed, all silent one by one
A dozen dripping sailors -- just wait till I am done --
Their faces pale and sea-wet shone ghastly in the night
Each fellow took his station just as if he had the right.

They moved around among us till land was just in sight
Or rather I should say until the light-house showed its light
And then those ghostly sailors moved to the rail again
And vanished like the mist itself before the break of dawn.

We sailed right into harbour and every mother's son
Will tell you the same story, the same as I have done.
The trip before this other, we were on Georges then,
Ran down another vessel and sunk her and her men.

Those were the same poor fellows, I pray God rest their souls,
That our old craft ran under, that time on Georges Shoals
So now you've heard my story, it was just as I say,
For I believe in spirits -- since that time anyway.

W. H. Smith told me (April 1940) he well remembered "The Ghostly Sailors" being sung aboard Nova Scotia vessels in which he sailed. He could not remember the schooner's name, but she was a Gloucester vessel. She ran down another vessel on George's Bank and sank her with all hands. The story was that as she was returning from George's Bank on her next trip she was boarded in the night by the ghosts of the drowned men, who left her as Thatcher's Island light came in sight. The crew left the schooner as soon as she got home and the owners could never get anybody to go fishing in her; ultimately she was sold as a coaster.

THE CUMBERLAND

O shipmates come gather and join in my ditty,
Of a terrible battle that happened of late
Let each good union tar shed a sad tear of pity
When he thinks of the once gallant Cumberland's fate.

The eighth day of March told the terrible story
Many a brave tar to this world bid adieu
Yet our flag it was wrapped in the mantle of glory
By the heroic deeds of the Cumberland's crew.

On that ill-fated day about ten in the morning
The sky it was clear and bright shone the sun
The drums of the Cumberland sounded a warning
That told every seaman to stand by his gun.
An iron clad frigate down on us came bearing
And high in the air the rebel flag flew
The pennant of treason she proudly was wearing
Determined to conquer the Cumberland's crew.

Then up spoke our captain with stern resolution

Now our gallant ship fired, and her guns dreadful thunder

Slowly they sank 'neath Virginia's water, their noise upon earth will ne'er be heard more.

They fought us three hours

Columbia's sweet birthright of freedom's communion.

BOLD JACK DONAHUE

Come all ye bold highwaymen and outlaws of this land
Who'd rather fight for liberty than wear a convict's band
Come lend an ear to what I say, you'll value it if you do
Concerning that ~~bold~~ highwayman called Bold Jack Donahue.

When Donahue was banished from his own dear native land
'Twas for his own good naturally, as you will understand,
As for the police of Emmett Town he left them in a stew
And before they reached the gallows tree they lost Jack Donahue.

When Donahue first landed upon Australia's shore
He commenced to rob the neighbours as he had done before
There was Nichols Mack and Underwood, there was Faber and Winslow too,
They were the four associates of bold Jack Donahue.

Donahue and his companions rode out one afternoon
Not thinking that the pain of death so near to him had drawn
To his great surprise nine horse police well-mounted hove in view
And in quick time they did advance to take Jack Donahue.

This refers to the bushranger Jack Donahue & his associates, Faber, Underwood and Winslow, who operated in New South Wales, Australia, about the year 1825. There were others in his gang who may have been the "Nichols" and "Mack" of this ballad.

Now says Donahue to his companions You must stand true to me
O no, says cowardly Underwood, to that we'll not agree
For they are nine to five you know, the battle we'll surely rue
Be gone from me, ye cowardly dogs, cried bold Jack Donahue.

The colonel spoke to Donahue, Lay down thy carabine
Do you intend to fight with us or yourself to us resign
To resign to nine such cowardly dogs, that I shall never do
This day I will fight until I die, cried bold Jack Donahue.

Some they fired in front of him, and some they fired behind
And every shot they fired on him they asked him to resign
The colonel and the corporal they fired on him too
Until a ball had pierced the heart of bold Jack Donahue.

Nine rounds was fired on him until the fatal ball
It pierced the heart of Donahue, though he caused six to fall
And as he closed his struggling eyes he bid this world adieu
Good people all pray for the soul of bold Jack Donahue.

Note: These ballads and fragments of ballads were collected in a small manuscript book by the late Captain Fenwick Hatt, of Liverpool, N.S. at some time in his youth. The handwriting is of many kinds, good bad and indifferent, and so is the spelling (which I have corrected in most instances in typing this copy) and it seems evident that they were all ballads popular with sailor-men of Port Medway (where Captain Hatt was born and spent his youth) and were in most cases ~~inserted~~ ^{written} in the book by the chanty-man himself.

In the small space left at the end of his collection, on the last page, Captain Hatt wrote a paragraph of diary as follows:-

" June 1, 1833 left Port Medway for Boston. June 25th 1833 shipped 2nd mate on schooner William C. French, made 3 trips to C.B. then left Oct. 16 and shipped schooner Anita for Matanzas then to Fernandino Fla. then left and shipped in schooner Susan P. Oliver for New York. Arrived at New York April 1834. Started work ashore in Lynn in spring of 1835."

It is evident from this that the ballads were collected at some time previous to 1833. Fenwick Hatt returned to Nova Scotia and built up a prosperous business in Liverpool, manufacturing ironwork for sailing vessels of all kinds, employing 25 or 30 men in his latter years, when the First German War gave a last impetus to wooden ship-building in Nova Scotia. The manuscript book is now in possession of his son, George Hatt, of Liverpool, N.S. ^{was shown to me by}

Note:- The original book is now (1973) in the possession of a descendant of Captain F. W. Hatt, Mrs. G. Cecil Day, of Liverpool, N. S.

Note:- This collection of sea song & ballads suggested to me the short story "Blind MacNair", which first appeared in the Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia, & was included later in my book "Lambour and other stories". It has been printed in various anthologies since — J.H.R.