

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Peter Amberlay (2)

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My name it is Peter Emberly [or Amberlay] I give you to understand  
I was born in Prince Edward Island, that fair and virtuous land  
In eighteen hundred and eighty, when the flowers were a brilliant hue  
I left my native country my fortune to pursue

I landed in New Brunswick, that lumbering country  
I hired to work in the lumbering woods down south of the Miramichi  
I hired to work in the lumbering woods where they cut the tall spruce down  
While loading two sleds from the yard I received my deathly wound.

There's danger on the ocean, where the waves roll mountains high  
There's danger on the battlefield, where the angry bullets fly  
There's danger in the lumbering woods, for death comes crashing there  
And I have fallen victim to that great and deadly snare.

Here's adieu to Prince Edward Island, that garden in the sea  
No more I'll walk your flowery banks nor enjoy your salty breeze  
No more I'll see those lofty ships as they go sailing by  
Their banners floating in the breeze above the canvas high.

### ALTERNATIVE LAST VERSE

Here's adieu to Prince Edward Island, and the Island girls so true  
Long may they live to roam the shores where my first breath I drew  
No more I'll see those gallant ships as they go sailing by  
Their banners floating in the breeze above the canvas high.

This is a folk song from eastern Canada, with many variants. Different versions were recorded by Ryan's Fancy and Tamarack, the former being fast and rollicking and the latter slow and mournful.TJ

TJ

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