

[Page 25 - "The Time We Had for One Another": The Curtis Family & Songs](#)

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Guy Reed A song by Joe Scott, based on the singing of Jimmy Curtis Freely It's well do I re - mem- ber that dark and stor-my night The rain it fell in tor-rents and the light-ning flashed so bright. The moon and stars a - bove me, could not their lights re-veal For dark and clouds so drea- ry did, their wel-come light con - ceal. it's well do i remember one dark and stormy night The rain It fell In torrents and the lightning flashed so bright. The moon and stars above me, could not their lights reveal For dark and clouds so dreary did, their welcome light conceal. The post brought me a letter, I hasten to peruse. It was written by a friend of mine and It bore me startling news. For once I knew a nice young man as you would wish to see; But In an Instant he was hurled Into eternity. He and his companions, where the angry waters roar Went breaking In a landing on the Androscoggin shore. They broke the face of one of them, from the bottom to the top; Full Thirty feet this landing had a perpendicular drop. To work this job much longer, would be a foolish part, A jar so slight, you see it might, this lofty landing start. But a few of them among them did volunteer to go To roll the logs from where they lay to start the rest below. This young man among them with a heart so light and brave, Not thinking that e're night he'd be, all straightened for his grave. Not thinking that death's cruel hand so soon would lay him low; To leave his friends and those he loved in sorrow, grief and woe. When this young man he did approach the verge of landing high. And all the crew with trembling lips and pallor cheeks stood by. ' Up went a shout of warning, to warn him of his fate; He paused there for a moment and he seemed to hesitate. GUY REED He rolled a log 'bout half way o'er, when the landing creaked below, Then on it sped on to the verge, it could no farther go. He rolled a log 'bout half way o'er, when the landing broke like glass And quick as thought he disappeared, beneath that roiling mass. Tenderly they rolled the logs, from off his mangled form, The birds were sweetly singing and the sun shone bright & warm. Strong men knelt down beside him, their grief could not command. Unbidding tears burst from their eyes and rolled down in the sand. Tenderly, they bore him, gently laid him on the green. Beneath a shady tree that grew, close by a pearling stream. The sparkling bubbly waters, steal o'er their sandy bed. Seems to murmur sweet and softly, "Farewell unto the dead." His casket was decorated with flowers bright and fair, His pillow too, with every hue, of blossoms rich and rare. The church and yard were crowded with people young and old. To see once more the face they loved, in death now pale and cold. His body It was buried by the order of K. P. A funeral more attended, you'd seldom ever see. The brothers of the Order, as they marched two by two. And on his casket a spray let fall, as a token of adieu. His mother she died early, when he was but a child; They laid her down to slumber in a forest fair and wild; His brothers and his sister, are sleeping side by side, in a quiet country churchyard, by the river's dancing tide. His poor old aged father, Is stricken now with grief Joys or earthly pleasure, can bring him no relief; For untold gold and silver, possessions, wealth and store, Sunny skies or music sweet, cannot the dead restore. This young man's name was Guy Reed, his age was twenty-three.



On September the 8th day, he was killed, in a town known as Riley. In that little town of Byron, he sleeps beneath the earth, Beside the friends he loved so dear, it was the place that gave him birth. The robin and the swain; the sunshine and the rain; The cuckoo and the sparrow, and spring will come again, The bluebird and the thrasher, from a foreign land will soar. But loved ones that in death do sleep, will come again no more. Come all kind friends and kindred, for him who's dead and gone. To that better land of heaven, far away beyond the sun. For him we loved so dearly, on earth we'll never see more. Until we cross o'er death's valley, to that bright celestial shore.

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