

The Wife Wrapt in Wether's Skin. Reel 18, No. 1.

Words of this song, and melody noted by Miss Senior, will be in Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia, Ryerson Press. Sung by Mrs. Edward Gallagher, Chebucto Head, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 17, 1949.

Old Step Dance Tune.

Reel 18, No. 2

Name unknown. Played on harmonica by Edward Gallagher, lightkeeper, Chebucto Head, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 17, 1949.

Dance Tune. Just A Dream of Heaven In Her Eyes. Reel 18, No. 3

Played on harmonica by Edward Gallagher, lightkeeper at Chebucto Head, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 17, 1949.

Polka Tune.

Reel 18, No. 7

Name unknown. Played on harmonica by Edward Gallagher, lightkeeper, Chebucto Head, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 17, 1949. Mr. Gallagher has often played for dances.

John Riley

Reel 18, No. 9

Words and tune will be in Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia. Sung by Mrs. Edward Gallagher, Chebucto Head, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 17, 1949.

- 70-60. The Wife Wrapt in Wether's Skin. Sung by Mrs. Edward Gallagher, Chebucto Head.
- 60-50. Old Step-Dance Tune. Played on harmonica by Edward Gallagher, Chebucto Head.
- 50-44. Just A Dream of Heaven in Her Eyes. Played by Edward Gallagher on harmonica.
- 44-41. Bonnie House o' Airlie. Sung by Mrs Edward Gallagher, Chebucto Head
- 41-40. Pirate Song. Tune, the only part the singer remembers, hummed by Mrs. Edward Gallagher.
- 40-30. I'm Going To Be Married On Monday. Sung by Mrs. Edward Gallagher, Chebucto Head.
- 30-28. Polka Tune, name unknown, played on harmonica by Mr. Edward Gallagher.
- 28-20. The Miller. Sung by Mrs. Edward Gallagher, Chebucto Head.
- 20-10. John Riley. Sung by Mrs. Edward Galb gher.
- 10-8. Peggy Gordon. Sung by Mrs Edward Gallagher.
- 8-end. Courtship of Willie Riley. Sung by Mrs. Edw

The Bonnie House o' Airlie.

Reel 18, No. 4

Lady Ogilvie looked out, looked out the castle wall
And she sobbed and she sighed right fairlie
When she saw the great Argyle and all his highland men
Come to plunder the bonnie house o' Airlie.

2

"Come down, come down Lady Ogilvie," he cried,
"And I will kiss you right fairlie,
Or I swear by the breadth of my bonnie ~~broadsword~~ broadsword
I will not leave a standing stone in Airlie."

3

"I will not come down to you great Argyle,
Neither will I kiss you right fairlie,
I will not come down," cried, Lady Ogilvie
Though you would not leave a standing stone in Airlie.

4

"Seven sons have I borne," said she,
And the youngest has ne'er seen his daddy,
But if I had as many many more
They'd all carry arms for Prince Charlie."

5

Then they went to work like heathen men or Turk
And they burned and they plundered right fairlie,
And it was a solemn day as ever you did see
When they plundered the bonny house o' Airlie.

Sung by Mrs. Edward Gallagher, Chebucto Head.

Recorded by Helen Creighton, Reel 18, number 4. Sept. 17, 1949.

(Note that in vs. 3 Mrs. Gallagher sings the words Lady Argyle,
which should have been Lady Ogilvie. Mrs. Gallagher's words
and tune will be in Traditional Songs from Nova Scotia, Ryerson
Press.

Pirate Song. Reel 18, No.5.

Mrs. Gallagher could only remember the last line of this song, but she has always loved the tune. The last line, as I recall it, goes,

And he sailed to some foreign counteree.

Sung by Mrs. Edward Gallagher, Chebucto Head, Halifax County, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 17, 1949.

I gave them to my daughter,
They cost one thousand pounds,
When Riley was first taken
These things on him were found."

42

"Oh no, my lord, I gave them
As a token of true love,
He never stole my jewels,
I swear by all above.
Oh, if you have them Riley,
Pray send them home to me."
"I will my honored lady,
With many thanks to thee."

44

"There is one ring among them
I wish for you to wear,
It is set with costly diamonds
And plaited with my hair,
In token of true friendship
Wear it on your right hand,
Think on my broken heart, love,
When in a foreign land."

Sung by Mrs. Edward Gallagher, Chebucto Head, Halifax
Co., and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 17, 1948.

The full text, amounting to seventy-eight four line
verses, is in Songs and Ballads From Nova Scotia. The Trial
is the only part of the songs Mrs. Gallagher knows. I am
not sure whether the last verse got on the reel. The song
is sung in three parts; Courtship, Trial and Marriage. Mr.
Ben Henegerry from Devil's Island knows it all!

Early one morning, one morning in spring
 To hear the birds whistle and nightingales sing,
 I espied a fair damsel and sweetly did sing,
 I'm going to ~~get~~ married next Monday morning.

Cho.

Monday morning, Monday morning,
 I'm going to ~~get~~ be married on Monday morning.

2

"How old are you my pretty fair maiden
 Whilst here in this valley, this valley so green,
 How old are you my pretty fair maid?"
 "I'll be just sixteen years old next Monday morning." Cho.

3

"Sixteen years old is too young for to marry,
 So take my advice five years longer to tarry,
 For marriage brings trouble and sorrows begin,
 So put off your wedding for Monday morning." Cho.

4

"You talk like a madman, a man has no skill,
 Five years I've been waiting against my own will,
 But now I'm determined to have my own fling,
 I'm going to be married next Monday morning." Cho.

5

"Next Monday morning I begin with my care,
 To comb down my locks and to curl up my hair,
 And six pretty maidens all dressed in green
 Shall dance at my wedding next Monday morning. Cho.

6

"Next Monday morning the bells they shall ring,
 My husband will buy me a guinea gold ring,
 Likewise he will buy me a new silken gown
 To wear at my wedding next Monday morning." Cho.

Sung by Mrs. Edward Gallagher, Chebucto Head, Halifax
 County, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 17, 1949.

(There may be one or two small changes in the words
 as sung by Mrs. Gallagher, but I think this is correct. The
 words by another singer are in Twelve Folk Songs From Nova
 Scotia, and will be in Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia,
 but without the chorus.

There was a miller in Derbyshire,
 He had three sons as you shall hear,
 And to these three he made a will,
 Saying, "Which of you will take the mill?"

Cho.

Fol the dol the dido,
 Fol dol the dey.

2

He called to him his eldest son,
 Saying, "My race is almost run,
 And if to you my mills I make
 You must tell me what out of them you'll take." Cho

3

"Oh father dear, my name is Jack,
 Out of every bushel I'll take a peck,
 Out of every bushel that I do grind
 I think I will a good living find." Cho.

4

Said the old man, "You're a silly blade,
 You have not learned your old father's trade,
 And by such terms no man could live,
 So the mill to thee I will not give." Cho.

5

He called to him his second son,
 Saying, "My race it is almost run,
 And if to you my mills I make,
 You must tell me what out of them you'll take." Cho

6

"Oh father dear, my name is Ralph,
 Out of every bushel I'll take one half,
 Out of every bushel that I do grind,
 So I think I will a good living find." Cho.

7

Said the old man, "You're a silly blade,
 You have not learned your old father's trade,
 And by such terms no man could live,
 So the mill to thee I will not give." Cho.

8

He called to him his youngest son
 And said, "My race it is almost run,
 And if to you my mills I'll make
 You must tell me what toll out of them you'll take." Cho.

9

"Oh father dear, I am your boy,
 For stealing toll it is all my joy,
 And before I would a good living lack
 I'll take the whole and false swear the sack." Cho.

10.

Said the old man, "You're a crafty blade,
 You have well learned your old father's trade,
 So take the mill, a good living provide,"
 And the old man closed up his eyes and died." Cho.

Sung by Mrs. Edward Gallagher, Chebucto Head, Halifax County,
 and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 17, 1949.

(A similar version of this song is in Songs and Ballads
 From Nova Scotia, p. 203).

Tolle

Peggy Gordon

Reel 18, No. 10

I put my back against an oak tree
Thinking it was a trusty tree,
But first it bent and then it broke
And that's the way my love served me.

Sung by Mrs. Edward Gallagher, Chebucto Head. One verse of this song was all she could remember.

Recorded by Helen Creighton at Chebucto Head, Sept. 17, 1949 . Reel 18, number 10. The full text will appear in Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia, sung by Dennis Smith.

Trial

"Come rise up Willie Riley
And come along with me,
I mean for to go with you
And leave this countree.
I'll forsake my father's dwellings,
His houses and rich lands,
And go along with you, my dear,
To a fair coleen bawn."

29

O'er lofty hills and mountains,
Along the handsome dale,
Through shady groves and mountains,
Rich meadows and sweet vales,
We climbed the rugged woods
And went over silent lawns,
But I was overtaken with
My dear coleen bawn.

31

They hurried me to prison,
My hands and feet they bound,
Confined me like a murderer
With chains unto the ground,
But this hard, cruel treatment
Most cheerfully I'll stand,
Ten thousand deaths I'll suffer
For my ~~dearest~~ ^{dearest} coleen bawn.

33.

In came the jailor's son,
Then to Riley he did say,
"Oh rise up Willie Riley,
You must appear to-day,
This is the news young Riley
Last night I heard of you,
The lady's oath will hang you
Or else will set you free."

35

"If that be so," said Riley,
Some hope begins to dawn,
I never can be injured
By my dear colleen bawn."

36

The lady she is sensible
And in her tender youth,
If Riley has deluded her
She will declare the truth.
Then like a spotless angel
Before them she did stand,
"You are welcome here," says Riley,
"My dear coleen bawn."

38

Up spake the noble Fox
Who stood attentive by
"Gentlemen of the jury,
In justice we reply,
To hang a man for love
Is murder foul you see,
Oh spare the life of Riley
And banished let him be."

40

"But stop, my lord, he stole
Her bright jewels and nice ring,
Gold watch and diamond buckle,
And many costly things,