

Reel 19.

Recorded by Helen Creighton

- 70-60. Broken Ring Song. Sung by Mrs. Edward Gallagher, Chebucto Head. For text see Traditional Songs from Nova Scotia. (this is the forthcoming Ryerson edition.)
- 60-44. Come All Ye Old Comrades. Sung by Mrs. Edward Gallagher, Chebucto Head. For text see Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia.
- 44-42. The Wild Man of Borneo. Sung by Mrs. Edward Gallagher, Chebucto Head.
- 42-34. The Tree in the Bog. Sung by Mrs. Edward Gallagher, Chebucto Head.
- 34-32. Old Micky Brannigan's Pup. Sung by Mrs. Edward Gallagher, Chebucto Head.
- 32-28. The Gay Spanish Maid. Sung by Mrs. Edward Gallagher, Chebucto Head.
- 28-20. The Gallant Brigantine. Sung by Mrs. Edward Gallagher. Words practically the same as in Songs and Ballads From Nova Scotia.
- 20-end. Tall stories told by Edward Gallagher, lightkeeper at Chebucto Head.

(I would like copies of The Wild Man of Borneo and the Tree in the Bog which would be useful if talking to a group of children. Grown-ups would enjoy them too.)

Come All Ye Old Comrades. Reel.19, No.2

Come all ye old comrades,
Come now let us join,
Come and join your sweet voices
In chorus with mine,
We'll drink and be merry
All sorrow refrain,
We may and may never
All meet here again.

2

The time is fast approaching
When I must away,
To leave my own country
For many a long day,
To leave my old comrades
So kind and so dear,
Away to the Indies
My course I must steer.

3

Fare ye well, I had another
By the great powers above,
May she always be honored,
Respected and loved,
I will always respect her
By land and by sea,
I'll ever remember
Her kindness to me.

4

Fare ye well, I had a sweetheart
Whom I dearly loved well,
There are none in this country
Who can her excel,
She would smile at my folly
As she sits on my knee,
There's few in this wide world
As happy as we.

5

~~Fare ye well, ye old comrades~~
~~For I must away,~~
Adieu my old comrades,
Adieu and farewell,
Whether we'll ever meet again
There is no tongue can tell,
We will trust in His mercy
Who can sink or can save,
To bring us safe over
Yon proud stormy wave.

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

The wild man of Borneo has just come to town,
The wild man of Borneo has just come to town,

The wife of the wild man of Borneo has just come to town,
The wife of the wild man of Borneo has just come to town.

The child of the wife of the wild man of Borneo has just come
to town,
The child of the wife of the wild man of Borneo has just come
to town,

The dog of the child of the wife of the wild man of Borneo
has just come to town,
The dog of the child of the wife of the wild man of Borneo
has just come to town,

The tail on the dog of the child of the wife of the wild man
of Borneo has just come to town,
The tail on the dog of the child of the wife of the wild man
of Borneo has just come to town,

The hair on the tail of the dog of the child of the wife of
the wild man of Borneo has just come to town,
The hair on the tail of the dog of the child of the wife of
the wild man of Borneo has just come to town,

The flea on the hair on the tail of the dog of the child of
the wife of the wild man of Borneo has just come to town,
The flea on the hair on the tail of the dog of the child of
the wife of the wild man of Borneo has just come to town,

The whiskers on the flea on the hair on the tail of the dog of
the child of the wife of the wild man of Borneo has just
come to town,
The whiskers on the flea on the hair on the tail of the dog of
the child of the wife of the wild man of Borneo has just
come to town.

Sung by Mrs. Gallagher, Chebucto Head, Sept. 17, 1949

Recorded by Helen Creighton, Reel 19, number 3.

In yonder bog there is a tree,
 A fine tree, a rare tree,
 The tree in the bog and the bog's down in yon valley O.

2

And on that ~~tree~~ there is a limb,
 A fine limb, a rare limb,
 The limb on the tree and the tree in the bog and the bog's down
 in yon valley O.

3

And on that limb there is a twig,
 A fine twig, a rare twig,
 The twig's on the limb and the limb on the tree and the tree in
 the bog and the bog's down in yon valley O.

4

And on that twig there was a nest,
 A fine nest, a rare nest,
 The nest on the twig and the twig on the limb and the limb on the
 tree and the tree in the bog and the bog's down in yon
 valley O.

5

And in that nest there is an egg,
 A fine egg, a rare egg,
 The egg's in the nest and the nest on the twig and the twig on
 the limb and the limb on the tree and the tree in the bog
 and the bog's down in yon valley O.

6

And in that egg there is a bird,
 A fine bird, a rare bird,
 The bird's in the egg and the egg in the nest and the nest on the
 twig and the twig on the limb and the limb on the tree and
 the tree in the bog and the bog's down in yon valley O.

7

And on that bird there is a feather,
 A fine feather, a rare feather,
 The feather's on the bird and the bird in the egg and the egg in
 the nest and the nest on the twig and the twig on the limb
 and the limb on the tree and the tree in the bog and the
 bog's down in yon valley O.

Sung by Mrs. Edward Gallagher, Chebucto Head, Sept. 17, 1949.

Recorded by Helen Creighton, Reel 19, number 4.

Old Mickey Brannigan's Pup.

Reel 19, No. 5

Now old Mickey Brannigan had a bull dog
He was born of real elegant stock,
For seventeen hours a battle he fought,
I can prove it to ye by the clock.
His tail was a nate little bit of a stump,
Bow-legged and two crooked eyes,
Shure the looks on his homely ugly mug
Was the devil himself in disguise.

Chorus

Bow wow wow he's me dog to be sure,
For it's fighting he'll never give up,
I never did see such a wonderful dog
As old Mickey Brannigan's pup.

2

He tore the tail off Mahoney's best coat,
Ate the bustle off Mary Ann Flynn,
Shure he ran between Kitty Mulligan's legs,
Wasn't that a ridiculous thing,
He upset the poor old Dutch shoemaker's dog
And he shook him around like a rat,
He murdered Tim Finnigan's beautiful goat,
Ate the tail off McManus's cat. Cho.

3

Now one day an organ-grinder came out that way
With a monkey tied fast to a string,
And when the pup saw him he growled with delight
And he made such a beautiful spring,
He upset the organ-grinder, monkey and all,
Shure the organ was busted inside,
I thought he would swallow the monkey right whole
But he choked on his tail and he died. Ch.

Sung by Mrs. Edward Gallagher, Chebucto Head, Sept. 17, 1949.

Recorded by Helen Creighton, Reel 19, number 5.

The Gay Spanish Maid. Reel 19, No. 6

A gay Spanish maid at the age of sixteen
Through the valley she roamed far and wide,
Beneath a beech tree she sat down for a rest
With her gay, gallant youth by her side.

2
"My ship sails to-morrow, my darling," he cried,
"And together we'll ramble no more,
So to-night when your parents retire to rest
Will you meet me to-night, love, on shore?"

3
That night when her parents retired to rest
Young Ellen stole out the hall door,
With her hat in her hand she ran down o'er the strand
And she sat on a rock by the shore.

4
The moon had just risen from out of the deep
Where the sea and the sky seemed to meet,
She heard not a sound but a murmuring wave
As it broke on a rock at her feet.

5
With her hat in her hand she went back o'er the strand,
And her father he met her half way,
He took her in his arms and he gave her a kiss
Saying, "He's left you and gone far away."

6
That night there rose up a terrible storm
And the good ship went down in the waves,
He swam to a plank and escaped from the wreck
While the rest met a watery grave.

7
He returned to his love he had left on the shore;
How she thought of her boy in the storm!
She died like a rose that is nipped by the frost
And she left him in sorrow to mourn.

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

Gallant Brigantine. Reel 19, No. 7.

As I strayed ashore one evening from my gallant brigantine,
In the island of Jamaica where I have lately been,
Being tired of my wandering I sat me down to rest,
And I sang a song of my native land, the song that I love best.

2

Oh when my song was ended, my mind was more at ease,
I rose to pick some oranges that hung down from the trees,
It was there I saw a fair maid who filled me with delight,
She wore the robe of innocence, her dress was snowy white.

3

Her dress was snowy white, my boys, her spencer it was green,
A silken shawl hung round her neck her shoulders for to screen,
Her hair hung down in ringlets, and it as black as sloes,
Her teeth were like the ivory white, her cheeks were like the rose.

4

So boldly I accosted her, "Good morning my pretty fair maid,"
So kindly she saluted me, "Good morning sir," she said,
"I think you are a sailor just lately come from sea,"
"I do belong to yonder ship lies anchored in the Bay."

5

Then we both sat down together and we chatted for a while,
I told her many a curious tale which caused her for to smile,
And when she rose to leave me these words to me addressed,
Saying, "Come and see my husband, he will treat you to the best."

6

Was then she introduced me to a noble looking man,
Most kindly he saluted me and shook me by the hand,
The wine being on the table and dinner served up soon,
Oh we both sat down together, spent a jolly afternoon.

7

Now there's one thing more I have to say before my tale is done,
It's Harry Rysall is my name, I am a married man,
Three weeks before I left the shore my troubles they began,
For by the powers above the wife I love brought me a baby son.

8

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

Two chaps went into the woods one time to chop wood and only had one axe. They were going to do it in relays. They just got started, and out came a bear. They got excited, and one of them ran and left the other chap. The other one got behind a tree, and when the bear put his paws up he grabbed him by each paw and held him there. Then he called his chum back and said,

"You go home and get the gun." He was away a long time, and when the other feller came back his wrists were sore and tired. The one who went to get the gun said,

"Now you wait till I get around the tree and shoot her." He says,

"No, that's no fair. I've held this bear for two hours. Let me shoot her." So the other man took hold of one paw and then another. When he got a holt of the other paw the first feller put the gun on his back and went home. He said,

"You can hold him now. I've held him for two hours, so I'll come back after two hours and shoot him."

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

Reel 19, No. 9.

These words were not taken down exactly from Mr. Gallagher who told the stories, but the first is about the man who went hunting and forgot to take the ramrod out of his gun; he fired and got all ten birds on the ramrod.

The second story is about a man from Prince Edward Island, known as Spud Island, who couldn't sell a bushel of potatoes because every potato was so big he couldn't cut any one of them to make a bushel measure.

Tall Story., Englishman, Irishman, Scotchman and a Skunk.
Reel 19, No.12.

An Irishman, and Englishman and a Scotchman went hunting. They travelled around all day and didn't have much success, and at last they came across a skunk in his den. They said,
"Who can go in and stay the longest?"

Pat said he'd go in, but he soon came out, and the Englishman couldn't stay very long before it was too hot for him. But when the Scotchman went in the skunk came out.

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

Two Local Legends.

Reel 19, No. 13.

In Enfield a cow had hung herself up by her tail and was missing for a week. They hunted everywhere, and she was found dead, hanging by her tail. She had been grazing on a bank and switching flies off her tail when it got caught in the crotch of a maple, and in trying to free herself her fore paws must have slipped over the bank and in that way she hanged herself.

There was a man with one leg buried on one side of Halifax Harbor and the other leg on the other. He was light-keeper at Meagher's Beach. One leg was at the Fort and the other where he lived. It was said that ships coming in Halifax Harbor had to pass between his legs.

Told by Edward Galagher, Chebucto Head, Halifax County,
and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 17, 1949

Gaberlunye Man.

Reel 20, No. 2

Text will be found in Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia