

Reel 20

FSG30
23.137.2
MF289.273

- Beg.-61. Gypsy Davy. 2 vs. Sung by Mrs. Edward Gallagher,
Chebusto Head. Mr. Gallagher hums in background
- 61-43. Gaberlunye Man. Sung by Mr. William Gilkie, Sambro.
His mother hums in background.
- 43-41. Bonnie House o' Airlie. Sung by Mr. William Gilkie,
Sambro.
- 41-34. Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard (called by singer,
Little Moth Grone). Incomplete. Sung by Mr. William
Gilkie, Sambro. For complete text, see Reel 21.
- 34-30. The Fisherman and His Child. Sung by Mr. William
Gilkie, Sambro.
- 30-28. Plug McCarthy. Sung by Mr. William Gilkie, Sambro.
Words will have to be taken from record)
- 28-26. Katherine Jaffray. Sung by Mr. William Gilkie, Sambro.
- 26-22. Song of Old Man and Old Woman (proper title not known)
one vs. and chorus. Sung by Mrs Edward Gallagher,
Chebusto Head.
- 22-21. Young Edmund of the Lowlands Low. 1 vs. Sung by Mrs.
Edward Gallagher, Chebusto Head.
- 21-20. I Wrote My Love A Letter. Sung by Edward Gallagher,
Chebusto Head. Words in Songs and Ballads From Nova
Scotia.
- 20-edge. Brennan on the Mowr. Sung by Mrs Edward Gallagher,
Chebusto Head.
- Bedtime Story of Ducks. Told by Mrs Edward Gallagher,
Chebusto Head.

The Fisherman and His Child Reel 20, No. 5

The fisherman and his child was drowned,
Came ringing through the town,
Poor wife and mother she sighed aloud
Oh God can this be true?
For on yonder mist I see them still,
Their milk white sails I see.

Cho.

Was the voice of their God as they heard as they sank in the deep,
Come to me, I love thee,
Come to me, I love thee,
Thy precious souls shall keep.

2

When the father saw that his boat was lost
He cried to save his child,
He battered the waves with all his might
The tempest raging wild,
The father in life he clasped his child
In death they both were found. Cho.

Sung by William Gilkie, Sambro, Halifax Co., and recorded
by Helen Creighton, Sept. 18, 1949

I Wrote My Love a Letter. Rec. 20 No.10

I wrote my love a letter on red rosy line,
She wrote me another all twisted in twine,
Saying, "You keep your love letters and I will keep mine,
Write to your love and I'll write to mine.

Cho.

Green grows the laurel, red bloomsthe rose,
Sad is my heart as I parted from you,
But in our next meeting I hope to prove true,
Change the green laurels to the red, white, and blue.

2

I passed my love's window both early and late,
And the look that she gave me my poor heart would break,
And the look that she gave me ten thousand would kill,
For she knows in her own heart she's my lover still. ~~She's~~

~~XXXXXX~~

~~XXXXXX I'm a sherry and I'll drink the wine. XXX~~

Sung by Edward Gallagher, lightkeeper, Chebucto Head,
Halifax Co., and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 18, 1949.

'Tis of a noted highwayman a story I will tell,
 His name was Willie Brennan, in Ireland he did dwell,
 'Twas on the Sibbard mountain he began his first career,
 And many a wealthy gentleman before him quaked with fear.
 Cho.

Brennan on the Moor, Brennan on the Moor,
 Bold and undaunted stood Brennan on the Moor.

2

One day upon the highway Brennan he sat down,
 He sent the mayor of Dublin a mile outside the town,
 The mayor knew his fortunes, "I think, young man," said he,
 "Your name is Willie Brennan, you must come along with me." Cho.

3

Now Brennan's wife being in the town provisions for to buy,
 When she saw that she was taken she began to weep and cry,
 He said, "Hand to me that tenpenny;" as soon as Willie spoke,
 She handed him a blunderbuss from underneath her cloak. Cho.

4

Now with his loaded blunderbuss the truth I will unfold,
 He made the mayor to tremble as he robbed him of his gold,
 One hundred pounds was offered for his apprehension there,
 But Brennan and his comrades to the mountains did repair. Cho.

5

Now Brennan being an outlaw on the mountains high,
 With infantry and cavalry to take him they did try,
 He lost his foremost finger, it was shot off by a ball,
 And Brennan and his comrades were taken after all. Cho.

6

Now Brennan being taken, in prison he was thrown,
 His poor old aged parents, how sadly they did mourn,
 He was tried and found guilty, the judge made this reply,
 "For robbing on the king's highway you are condemned to die." Cho.

7

When Brennan heard his sentence, he made them this reply,
 "I only robbed the rich, but the poor I did supply,
 In all the deeds I've ever done I took no lives away,
 May the Lord have mercy on my soul against the judgement day." Cho.

8

"God bless my wife and children three, likewise my poor old mother,
 My poor old aged mother who shed many tears for me,
 Likewise my poor old father who tore his hair and cried,
 'I wish that Willie Brennan in your cradle you had died.'" Cho.

Sung by Mrs. Edward Gallagher, Chebucto Head, Halifax Co., and
 recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 18, 1949.

Bedtime Story
The Ducks.

Reel 20, No. 12.

Once upon a time there was a family of ducks; there was a mother duck and she had nine children, and one day the mother duck got ready to go to market and she took her little sunshade with her basket in her arm, and in came one little duck and she said,

"Quack, quack, quack, quack, quack mother, where are you going?" "I'm going to market"

"May I go too?"

"Yes, wash your face and comb your hair and you may come too."

So then in came the second little duck and said,

"Quack, quack, quack, quack, quack mother, where are you going?"

"I'm going to market."

And little duck number two said, "May I come too?"

"Yes, wash your face and comb your hair and you may come too."

Some of the little ducks as they got to the third and fourth didn't use such good English and said, "Can I come too."

Then in came number three, (and so on until the children are asleep).

Told by Mrs. Edward Gallagher, Chebucto Head, Halifax Co.,
and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 18, 1949. (at 12.30 A.M.!)

The Bonnie House o' Airlie. Reel 20, No3

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

2

"Come downstairs, come down, Lady Ogilvie," he cried,
"Come down and kiss me fairly,
I'll swear by the oath o' my broadsword
That I won't leave a standing stane in Airlie."

3

"If my good laddie was hame to-day,
But he's away fighting for Prince Charlie,
It would not be you nor all yyour highland men
That would plunder the bonnie house o' Airlie.

4

"Seven sons unto him I have borne
And the eighth ne'er seen his daddy O,
And gie if I had as many many more
I'd give them all for to fight for Prince Charlie."

5

Then the men went to work worse than even Jews or Turk
And they burned down the mansion so fairly,
And it was a solemn day as ever you did see
When they plundered the bonnie house o' Airlie.

Sung by William Gilkie, Sambro, Halifax Co., and recorded
by Helen Creighton, Sept. 18, 1949. Mr. Gilkie's mother may be heard
singing softly in the background.

Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard. Reel 20, No. 4
The full text is given with reel 21.

Plug McCarthy

Reel 20, No. 6

I had intended to get these words from the record, but
was so anxious to get the music of the Gaberlunzie Man in that
I forgot about it. If I had a copy, I could do that for you.

Katherine Jaffray.

Reel 20, No. 7

There was a farmer who lived in the east
Who had one only son,
And he did court this counterree girl
Till he thought he had her won.

Fragment sung by William Gilkie, Sambro, and recorded by
Helen Creighton, Sept. 18, 1949

Old Man and Woman

Reel 20, No. 8

She got a lot of marrow bone
And made him suck them all,
He said, "My dear and darling wife
I can't see you at all.
Cho.

Mesh a torro norra,
Nit a norra nit a norra ney,
Mesh a ~~xxxxx~~ toro norra nit a norra
Nit a norra ney.

Fragment sung by Mrs. Edward Gallagher, Chebucto Head and
recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 18, 1949

"O father where is that stranger
Came here last night to dwell?"
"He's dead and gone," her father cried,
"And you no tale must tell.
He's dead and gone," her father cried,
"His gold will make a show,
I sent his body floating
Down by the lowlands low."

2nd vs. (not on record)

"O father, cruel father,
You'll die a public show
For the murder of young Edmund
Whom ploughed the lowlands low."

Sung by Mrs Edward Gallagher, Chebucto Head and recorded
by Helen Creighton, Sept. 18, 1949. The full text will appear in
Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia.