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- 70-60. Jack the Sailor. Sung by Mr. Tom Cornealy, Halifax
- 60-52. Edward Quinn's Old Cow. Sung by Mr. Cornealy
- 52-44. Bridget Donahue. " " " "
- 44-40. Pat Malone Forgot That He Was Dead. Irish. Sung by Mr. Cornealy
- 40-30. The Scouhdrel. Sung by Mr. Cornealy.
- 30-26. Some All You Boxers. Local, Nfld. Sung by Mr. Cornealy.
- 26-24. It's Of A High and a Dandy Man. Local. Sung by Mr. Cornealy.
- 24-22. Lots of Fish in Boniface Harbour. Dance Song Nfld. Sung by Mrs. Gerald Cooper, Halifax. Good
- 22-14. The Stately Southerner. Sung by Mr. Tom Cornealy, Halifax.
- 14-end. Paddy Stole the Rope. Irish. Sung by Mr. Cornealy.

I'm very sorry gentlemen you called on me to sing,  
For I can well assure you I can't do no such thing,  
But I will try what I can do since you called on me now,  
I'll sing of the Greeley fishermen and Edward Quinn's old cow.

2

O Edward Quinn his cow did skin, he threw her in the tide,  
The wind it being northerly to sea she did soon ride,  
Young William Pride he spied her, says he, "We'll make no row,"  
But said no more and towed ashore Ned Quinn's old ? cow.

3

O when they got the cow ashore they cut her up in lots,  
And they went out with the intent to put her in their pots,  
Then the devil take the lobsters, if we can't catch them now,  
We'll get our pots well baited ~~witk~~ on Edward Quinn's old cow.

4

There were two young Burgesses from the Wedge,  
They white washed for young Pride,  
There was Billy Church and Chester and Tommy Marr besides,  
They said they'd beat the Lewis crew and I will tell you how,  
When they get their pots well baited on Edward Quinn's old cow.

6

Now if the lobsters they don't bite on this old tainted veal,  
We'll try them with the catcass of Church's rotten seal, ~~When~~  
When we get our pots well baited we'll catch the fellow the scow,  
And we'll show them how to catch the lungs(?) on Edward Quinn's  
old cow.

7

Now my song is ended, I cannot sing no more,  
I hope you are contented since you have heard me roar,  
When we get our pots well baited we'll catch the fellow the scow,  
And we'll show them how to catch the lungs(?) on Edward Quinn's  
old cow.

Composed in Newfoundland, and sung in Halifax by Mr. Tom  
Cornealy; recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1950.

† It was in the county Kerry  
About a mile and a half from here,  
Where the boys and girls was merry  
At St. Patrick's day in fair,  
O the place was called Killarney,  
A pretty place to view,  
What made it interesting  
Was my Bridget Donahue.

Cho.

O Bridget Donahue, † dearly do love you,  
Although I'm in America to you I will prove true,  
O Bridget Donahue, I'll tell you what I'll do,  
You'll take the name of Patterson and I'll take Donahue.

2

† Her father was a farmer,  
A respected man was he,  
Beloved of all the people  
From Killarney to Tralee,  
And Bridget on a Sunday  
Was going home from mass,  
Was admired by all the people  
Who had watched to see her pass. Cho.

4

I sent my love a picture,  
I did upon my word,  
It wasn't a picture of myself,  
But the picture of a bird,  
It was an American eagle,  
Says I to Donahue,  
"This eagle's wings are broad enough  
To shelter me and you." Cho.

Sung by Mr. Tom Cornealy, † Halifax, and recorded by  
Helen Creighton, June 1950.

Mr. Cornealy learned this song from an old sailor out of  
Boston, and has never heard anyone sing it since.

It was down in Irishtown everything was going down,  
And Pat Malonewas getting short of cash,  
For of shillings he had spent, every dollar to a cent,  
And everything around was going crash.

2

His wife Biddy to him said, "Pat if you were only dead  
That fifty thousand dollars would be mine,"  
Then Pat laid down and tried just to make b'lieve that he'd died,  
And Kelly smelt the whiskey at the wake.

3

Then Pat Malone forgot that he was dead,  
And he sat up in his coffin and he said,  
"If this wake goes on a minute, sure the devil I'll be in it,  
So you'll have to make me drunk to keep me dead."

4

So they gave to him a sup, and then they filled him up  
With old Tom's gin and laid him on the bed,  
But before the break of day everybody was so gay  
That Pat Malone forgot that he was dead.

x2 6

Then the funeral it moved out on the cemetary route  
And the neighbors tried the widow to console,  
At last they reached the place of poor Pat's last resting place  
And they gently lowered the coffin in the hole.

x2 7

Then Pat began to see just as plain as you or me  
That he hadn't quite reckoned on the end,  
When the clods began to drop he burst off the coffin top  
And quickly to the surface did ascend.

x2 8

Then Pat Malone forgot that he was dead,  
And out of the cemetary he fled,  
But he nearly made a blunder, was a lucky chance by thunder  
That Pat Malone forgot that he was dead.

5

Then Pat Malone forgot that he was dead,  
And he sat up in the coffin and he said,  
"If you're here to doubty my credit you'll be sorry that you said it,  
So move on or the corpse will break your head."

The Scoundrel.

Re40-20.No.5

The scoundrel found Fiercetown(?) a man you will see  
With hair on his face like the back of a flea,  
His whiskers the colour of an old sandy mare,  
And his eyes they resembled the eyes of a bear.

Cho.

And sing for the diddle earo,  
Sing for the eye.

2

This man lived in Fiercetown quite handy the shore,  
Sometimes he'd go fishing, likewise he'd keep store,  
He hollers and bawls like a whale when he blows,  
You know who I mean by the crook on his nose. Cho.

3

They say he is married but family got none,  
He got a young feller and he calls him his son,  
And when that poor boy he looked at his dad  
He got such a fright he nearly went mad. Cho.

4

He went up to John Loody's one very cold night,  
Says, "Old Mr. Loody I got such a fright,  
I looked at my dad and he looked mighty queer,  
I think he's a mate for an old grizzly bear." Cho.

5

He's oftentimes in trouble too great to behold,  
Sometimes it is flour, sometimes it is gold,  
His mind it is wandered, the reason they say  
He was struck with the bottle that left him this way.

6

Now my song it is ended, I can't sing no more,  
But you know who I mean by the price at his ~~xxxx~~ store,  
And this is the money he wanted from me  
To pay him for flour I never had seen.

Composed and sung by Mr. Tom Cornealy about a man who  
had cheated him over a few bags of flour; a court case  
ensued which Mr. Cornealy won; sung in Halifax and recorded  
by Helen Creighton, June 1950.

Come all you boxers if you want to hear,  
I'll tell yu about Stanny Hall's career,  
He was a-boxing as the days rolled by  
And for Dan Farrell's scalp he was going to try.

2

O the day was appointed and the weather it was cold,  
And Danny's coat he didn't unfold,  
But he buttoned up right up to his chin  
And he ? his mittens, his hand shoved in.

3

When the word was given for the mill(?) to start  
O Stanny made that fatal dart,  
But he missed his blow, what a dreadful thing,  
Danny landed him right on the chin.

4

O Stanny rolled over and he took the sum,  
It's four o'clock and I've just begun,  
I'll try another round to make,  
If I don't hit him this time I can't hit straight.

5

But Stanny went down as he did before,  
His head bent down to the fish house floor,  
He says, "Dan Farrell you have me licked,  
For to tell you the truth I feel some sick.

6

Then Paul was there and he was somewhat shocked,  
He cried out, "Stanny, where is them rocks?"  
I showed Dan Farrell a brand new trick  
And I want to make sure that I will not slip."

7

Then Paul he jumped into the ring,  
Says to Danny, "Shake before we start this thing,"  
Then Paul he put his right hand out  
And Danny landed him right on the snout.

8

Then Paul he made another swing,  
And this time he diddered him on the chin,  
But he gave his arm such a dreadful clout  
That he'd just as though he'd struck a rock.

9

Now my song is ended and it seems quite sad,  
And some is laughing and some is mad,  
But I tell you boys it is no fun  
For to go down on your back for to take the fun.

Composed and sung by Mr. Tom Cornealy about a fighting family  
in Newfoundland; the young ones thought they could fight as well  
as the old ones but found they couldn't; recorded at Halifax  
by Helen Creighton June 1950.

It's of a high and a dandy man  
A story I will record,  
Iw will not mention any name  
But he lives near Melrose,  
They say he is a married man  
But family he has none,  
And I don't believe the truth was told,  
He hasn't none at all.

Cho.

A merchant near Melrose,  
A merchant near Melrose,  
Dandy legs and leather lugs,  
A merchant near Melrose.

2

O this man he is so very rich  
He thinks he's worth a pile,  
His money is so plenty  
He could build a bridge a mile,  
He keeps one girl for a second wife,  
Another for a nurse,  
He's bound to raise a family  
To wear the money purse. Cho.

3

His head would make a lanteran  
To see to feed the cows,  
His ribs would make a ladder  
For to climb up to the clouds,  
He won't allow the servant girls  
To court the boys for fun  
But makes them all skidaddle to bed  
As soon as their work is done. Cho.

Sung to the tune of Brennan on the Moor.

Sung by Mr. Tom Cornealy about a man who lived near Melrose;  
there are other verses which he couldn't recall; recorded at  
Halifax by Helen Creighton, June 1950.

Lots of fish in Boniface Harbour,  
Lots of fish a-fishin' down there,  
The boys and girls are fishin' together,  
Forty-seven from Carboneer.

Cho.

Catch all this one, swing around that one,  
Catch all this one diddle um dee,  
Catch all this one, swing her on that one,  
Swing her on this one diddle um dee.

2

Our Sally she goes to church,  
She doesn't go for what she can hear,  
She just goes to see that fellow from Fortune  
Who was fishin' up here last year. Cho.

3

Lots of couples up in the corner,  
Lots of couples behind the hall door,  
Johnny Turner up in the corner  
Having a racket with Sally Medore. Cho.

4

Take the cake from under the table,  
Give the boys a bottle of beer,  
Tell your mother I owe her a quarter,  
I'll be back and pay her next year. Cho.

5

Lots of fish at upper Clark's Harbour,  
Lots of fish a-fishin' up there,  
Get your lines and hooks together,  
We'll go fishin' up there next year. Cho.

Sung as an accompaniment to a dance. There was no  
accordion, so three or four would tap on the floor with their  
feet and dance to chin music, an expression in Newfoundland for  
oral instead of instrumental music.

Sung by Mrs. <sup>Geo. 0d</sup> Cooper, daughter of Mr. Cornealy, and  
recorded by Helen Creighton in Halifax, June 1950.



The Stately Southerner. Reel 26.22-14.No.9

For text see Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia p.269 with the following changes:

<sup>1</sup>  
It was a Yankee

stripes and stars,

<sup>2</sup>  
It was a bright and cloudless  
When

our Yankee

While the ball of snow,

3(4 in book)

O what is that all on our bow that hangs all on our lee?

supported by the sea,  
her length

For by

4(7 in book)

U Off booms, off booms you Southerner, off booms and give her sheets,  
For we are one of the fastest ships that's in the Channel fleet,

We sailed and beat the clipper ship and never bore a scar,

~~RauXJonaSxhaxxaxthaxxxxxxstaxxyxaxaxaxxwasxaxhisxbraxx~~  
And if her spars they don't give way spare not your canvas now.

<sup>5</sup>  
Paul Jones he on the quarter stood, no cloud was on,  
all my bold companions, success

We'll run

is and fight them on the coast.  
6(3 in book)

Our  
But he

ponderous jib our boom bent

glanced back

Sung by Mr. Tom Cornealy, Halifax, and recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1950.

There once was two Irishmen from Ireland came o'er,  
They came across in search of work from New York down to Dover,  
Says Mike to Pat, "I'm tired of this, we're both left in the lurch,"  
"I'll tell you what we'll do," says Pat, "we'll go and rob the church."

2 said

"What? Rob a church," Mike to Pat, "how could you be so wild?  
For something bad will happen us while in this sacred aisle,  
But if you do I'll go with you, we'll get a space I hope,"  
Now listen and I'll tell to you how Paddy stole the rope.

3

They marched along from place to place, in places they were wantin'  
Till they came across a country church that nobody was mindin',  
They scraped together all they could and then prepared to slope,  
When Mickey cried, "Allana Pat, what shall we do for rope?"

4

"We have no bag to carry the swag before we go outside,  
With something strong my boys this bundle must be tied,"  
O then he spied the belfry rope and swift as an antelope  
He scrambled up the belfry pipe to go and steal the rope.

5

But when he reached the belfry rope bejabers then he stopped,  
"To get a piece that's strong enough I must climb to the top,"  
Then like a sailor up he went, when near the end said he,  
"I think the piece that's underneath quite long enough shall be."

6

So holding by one arm and leg he took his clasp-knife out,  
And right above his head and hand he cut the rope so stout,  
He little thought that it held him up by the powers of Dr. Pope,  
Down to the bottom of the church fell Paddy and the rope.

7

Says Mike to Pat, "Get out of that while you're on the floor lying  
moanin',  
if that's the way you steal a rope no wonder now you're groanin',  
I'll show you how to steal a rope, so just hand me your knife,"  
"Be careful," cried out Pat to Mike, "or else you'll lose your life."

8

Mick scrambled up the other rope and being an artful piece,  
But instead of cutting it above he cut it underneath,  
The peice fell down and he was left to hang up there and mope,  
"Bad luck," said he, "unto the day when I can't steal a rope."

9

While Paddy on the floor did lie and Mickey hung on high,  
"Come down," says Pat, "I can't," said Mike for if I do I'll die,"  
Then I soon fetched the sexton and the parson and police,  
Although they set poor Mickey free the pair got no relief.

10

They took them to our station house and bound them in a room,  
And if they had nothing before they got plenty now to do,  
And for their ingenuity we'll give them a smaller scope,  
But Paddy'll ne'er forget the day when he went stealing rope.

Sung by Mr. Tom Cornealy, Halifax, and recorded by  
Helen Creighton, June 1950.