

FSG30
 23.164.2
 MF 289.327

- 70-60. Johnny Doyle. Sung by Mr. Gordon Connelly, Glen Haven.
- 60-42. Fair Fanny Moore. " " " " " "
- 42-40. The Cruel Mother. Unusual chorus. Sung by Mr. Edward Deal,
 Seabright
- 40-32. Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard. " " " " "
- 32-30. The Keys of Canterbury. " " " " "
- 30-27. As Jimmie Went A-Hunting. Interesting. Sung by Mr. Louis
 Boutilier, Upper Tantallon
- 27-20. In the County of Innocent. Interesting. Sung by Mr. Louis
 Boutilier, Upper Tantallon

Johnny Doyle. Reel 47. No.1.

Her poor distracted father
Deprived of his sleep,
As he lie on his bed of down
Most bitterlee did weep.
Her ghost came to his bedside
And unto him ddd say,
"Young Johnny Doyle was the fist young man
Who did my heart betray.

2

"It's you go down to Waterford
And there you will him find,
But don't be cruel to Johnny
Although he proved unkind"
Was early the next morning
Her anxious father rose
Enquiring for his coach and six
To Waterford he goes.

3

When he came in to Waterford
Alighting on the street,
Young Johnny Doyle was the first young man
Her father chanced to meet,
"Oh you murdering villään,
What's this that you have done?

4

"I reared you up as tenderly
As a father would a son,
Was all your deeds I did excuse
You being young and wild,
You've robbed me of my daughter,
My dear and only child."

5

Young Johnny fell on his bended knees
For he could do no less,
And there upon the ground O
The murder did confess,
He was conveyed to Waterford
And there in jail doth lie
Awaiting for his sentence,
Most people think he'll die.

This is the last part of the song, all the singer could remember. It is curious that on this reel there are two songs in which the ghost comes to explain a death.

Sung By Mr. Gordon Connolly, Glen Haven, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1950

In yonder green cottage all deserted and alone,
It stands there neglected, its green overgrown,
Go in and you'll find bloodstains on the floor,
And alas it's the blood of the fair Fanny Moore.

2

Young Fanny all blooming, two lovers there came,
They offered young Fanny their wealth and their fame,
But their wealth and their riches did fail to secure
The fond burning bosom of the fair Fanny Moore.

3

The first was young Ronald the haughty and proud,
He offered young Fanny his wealth and renown,
But his wealth and his riches did fail to secure
The fond burning bosom of the fair Fanny Moore.

4

The next was young Henry of a lower degree,
He won her fond heart and enraptured was he,
And then to the altar he did safely secure
The heart and the hand of the fair Fanny Moore.

5

As Fanny was sitting in her cottage one day
And business had called her fond husband away
Young Ronald the haughty entered in by the door
And he clasped in his arms the young fair Fanny Moore.

6

"O Fanny, O Fanny, accept now my faith,
Accept now my offer before it's too late,
For there's onething that's certain, I am bound to secure
The heart and the hand of the fair Fanny Moore."

7

"O Ronald, O Ronald," young Fanny did cry,
"O spare, spare my life for I'm not fit to die,"
"Go then," he said, "to the land of the blest,"
And he buried his knife in her snowy white breast.

8

Young Ronald was arrested, found guilty when tried,
Young Fanny all blooming in her beauty she died,
Young Ronald was hung on a tree by the door
For spilling the blood of the fair Fanny Moore.

9

Young Henry the shepherd, distracted and wild,
He wandered away from his own native isle,
Till one day he was taken from his own cottage door
For to sleep in the grave with his fair Fanny Moore.

Sung by Mr. Gordon Connelly, Glen Haven, and recorded by
Helen Creighton, Aug. 1950

The Cruel Mother. Reel 47. 42-40.No.3.

First in the entry and then in the dark
She fell in love with her father's clerk.

Cho.

All alone in the lonely woods,
Down by the greenwood sidey O.

2

She leaned herself up against a yoke,
First it bent and then it broke. Cho.

3

She leaned herself up against a thorn
And there she had two pretty babes born. Cho.

4

She had nothing to wrap them in
But an apron that was thin. Cho.

5

She had a penknife long and sharp,
She pierced it through those pretty babes' hearts. Cho.

6

She buried them under a marble stone,
And she prayed to the Lord it would never be known. Cho.

7

She went to wash the blood away,
The more she washed the more the blood showed. Cho.

8

As she was a-making her father's hall
She saw two pretty babes tossing a ball. Cho.

9

O babes, o babes if you were mine
I'd dress you up in silks so fine. Cho.

10.

O mother, O mother, we once were thine,
Why didn't you feed us on milk and wine? Cho.

11

O mother, o mother, it's for your sin
Hell's gate will open and you will go in. Cho.

The first verse is typed differently from the song on the record because Mr. Deal took the words from the variant in Folklore of Lunenburg County, p.79. After the first verse he sang it with a different chorus, as he himself remembered hearing it. He says torn and tine for thorn and thine, the result of his own Lunenburg ancestry.

Sung by Mr. Edward Deal, Seabright, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug.1950.

Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard . Reel 47.40-32.
No.4.

Words as in Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia, B. There are only 6 verses here, and the singer is very unsure of himself.

Sung by Mr. Edward Deal, Seabright, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1950.

Mr. Deal remembers this song as:
It was only a blind shepherd boy
A-calling his sheep from the fold.

I will give you a blue silk gown
To make you fine when you go to town,
Madam will you walk,
Madam will you talk,
Madam will you walk and talk with me?

2

Though you gave me a blue silk gown
To make me fine when I go to town
Yet I will not walk,
No I will not talk,
No I will not walk and talk with thee.

3

I'll give you a coach and six,
Six black horses as black as pitch,
Madam will you walk,
Madam will you talk,
Madam will you walk and talk with me?

4

Though you gave me a coach and six,
Six black horses as black as pitch,
Yet I will not walk,
No I will not talk,
No I will not walk and talk with thee.

5

I'll give you the keys of my heart,
And we will be married till death do us part,
Madam will you walk,
Madam will you talk,
Madam will you walk and talk with me?

6

Thou shalt give me the keys of thy heart
And we will be married till death do us part,
I will walk,
I will talk,
I will walk and talk with thee.

Sung by Mr. Edward Deal, Seabright, and recorded by
Helen Creighton, Aug. 1950

As Jimmie went a-hunting
With his dog and his gun,
He hunted all day
Till the night it came on.

2

By her apron being round her
And I took her for a swan,
And I shot Mollie Laura
By the setting of the sun.

3

Away to his father
He quicklie did run,
Saying, "Father, dearest father
Do you know what I've done?

4

"By her apron being round her
And I took her for a swan,
And I shot Mollie Laura
By the setting of the sun."

5

Up spake his aged father
Whose locks have been grey,
Saying, "Jimmie, dearest Jimmie,
Do not you run away.

6

"But stay in your own counteree
Till your trial do come on,
And you never shall be transported
By the setting of the sun."

7

'Twas early the next morning
To her uncle she did appear,
Saying, "Uncle, dearest uncle
See that Jimmie goes clear.

8

"By my apron being round me
And he shot me in the dark,
And it's to his great grief now
That he never missed his mark."

9

"My acushla ~~macree~~, averneen,
O its cushla macree,
If you were a-living
It is married we would be.

10

"But since you are dead and buried
My poor heart it will break,
Through the lonely woods and valleys
I will wander for your sake."

Sung by Mr. Louis Boutilier, Tantá lon, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1950.

See also reel 45, No. 2. for an incomplete version.

(This is a song I have never heard before. The melody is haunting, and the words and form of the song sound very old.)

In the county of Innocent, in the parish of mine,
Two boys went a-fowling, it was late in the year,
They always took with them their dog and their guns,
It was over the false waters a-fowling their gun.

2

Two boats had passed over 'bout three days ago,
The ice had been broken, they did not well know,
The ice had been broken, they did both fall in,
Poor Robertson got drowned while Maxwell could swim.

3

His father came a-running with a rope in his hand,
He scarcely could reach from the bank of the stream,
Saying, "Father, dear father, your rope's all in vain
For I've been twice to the bottom and I'm going again."

4

~~Like one in despair a-wringing her hands~~

His mother came a-running like one in despair
A-wringing her hands and a-tearing her hair,
Was there nobody nigh him to save my dear son?
He is gone to the bottom, himself, dog, and gun.

5

O the next day he was lifted and laid on the bank,
There were twenty-four brothers all stood in a ring,
With their poles on their shoulders as they carried him along,
And they all joined in chorus in singing a song.

6

O the next day he was taken and laid in the grave,
The drums they did beat and the sweet music were played,
And the tune that they played it was God save the king,
And the colors they wore they was purple and green.

Sung by Mr. Louis Boutilier, Seabright, and recorded by
Helen Creighton, Aug. 1950. The singer does not get into the
proper tune for several verses. This is a song new to me, but
both words and music sound old.