

Reel 112A

FS630
23,251.2
MF289.500

- 1-5 John Grumley, sung by Mrs. Rod McKay, Scotsburn,
9 vs. with chorus added by Mrs.
Hettie Gunn; verses a bit mixed, but
tune well carried
- 5-6 The Jealous Lover, sung by Mrs. Annie McKenzie,
Scotsburn; man kills brother's
sweetheart; not too well remembered
or too well sung; 14 vs. good story
of its kind
- 6-7. Donald Munro, tune only hummed by Mrs. Rod McKay and
Mrs. Gunn; for text see S.B.N.S. p.124
- 7-9. Robbie Tampson's Smitty, fragment sung by Mrs.
Claudia MacKay, Scotsburn; see also
reel 113
- 9-10 Gypsy Davy (Gypsy Laddie) sung by Mrs. Claudia MacKay
2 vs. & cho.; interesting variant;
repeated 15-16
- 10-11. Courting Too Slow, 1 vs. only sung by Mrs. Claudia
MacKay.
- 11-15. Stories told by Mrs. Claudia MacKay, but volume a
bit too low for them to be of much use.
- 15-16 Gypsy Davy, repeated by Mrs. MacKay.
- 16-21, Stories recorded for dialect, told by Mrs. Claudia
MacKay; dialect much more interesting
than stories.
- 21-end. India's Burning Shores, sung by Mr. Isaac Doyle,
West Jeddore; 10 long verses; good
story of days when swords in use;
singer's voice gets tired.

Down near yon drooping willow
Where the violets gently bloom
There sleeps my fond fair Ella
So silent in her tomb.

2

She died not broken-hearted,
No sickness caused her death,
But in one moment parted
From the one whom she loved best.

3

One night as the moon was shining
Brighter than e'er before
Up to her father's cottage
Her jealous lover came.

4

"Come love," says he, "let's wander
O'er hills and meadows gay,
If not disturbed we'll ponder
Upon our wedding day."

5

"These woods look dark and dreary
And I'm afraid to go,
Of wandering I am wearying,
I would retrace my way."

6

"Retrace your way? No never,
These woods you'll no more roam,
So bid adieu forever
To parents, friends, and home.

7

"Oh Ella I have got you
Where none can hear you cry,
No mortal arm can save you,
You instantly must die."

8

Down on her knees before him
She begged him spare her life,
Deep deep in her snow-white bosom
He plunged the fatal knife.

9

"Dear Edmund I'll forgive you
In my last dying breath,
I never have deceived you,"
And she closed her eyes in death.

10

Down on his knees he bended
And he kissed her bleeding breast,
Crying, "Cruel cruel jealousy
Has caused my Ella's death."

11

The angels hovered o'er her
To waft her spirit on high,
And know her treacherous lover
For this cruel deed must die.

Now young girls take a warning,
A warning take from me,
Never fall in love with young men
Who have no love for thee,

13

For young men are deceiving,
Deceiving as can be,
Their minds are always changing
Like the night of the dark blue sea.

14

Don't put your trust in young men
~~Or~~ Or believe half what they say,
Or don't you go with them roaming
On hills and meadows gay.

Sung by Mrs. Annie Mackenzie, Scotsburn, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1953.

My mother men't me auld breeks
 And oh but they were diddy,
 And she sent me to get shod the mare
 To Red Tampson's smitty.

2

The smitty stands o'er the clackin',
 And there's ne'er the time that I go by
 They all took to the laughin'.

Fragment sung by Mrs. Claudia MacKay, Scotsburn,
 and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1953

Nothe the dialect in the conversation

Courting Too Slow

Reel 112A16-16½

By going too seldom
 And courting too slow
 I lost my bonny lassie
 By courting too slow.

Sung by Mrs. Claudia MacKay, Scotsburn, and
 recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1953.

The man came home at night
Enquiring of his lady,
And all the servants made reply,
"She's away with the gypsy Daisy."

Cho.

Rattle at the dingo lingo lingo,
Rattle at the dingo daisy,
Rattle at the dingo lingo lingo,
Go away with the gypsy Daisy.

2

Can you forget your home and wife,
Can you forget your baby,
Can you forget your home and wife
And go away with the gypsy daisy? Cho.

Sung by Mrs. Claudia MacKay, Scotsburn, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1953.

Mrs. MacKay says this is "an awful crazy
song." There is much laughing on the tape, and
the country telephone rings. Dialect in conversatin n is good.

Stories

Reel 112A16 $\frac{1}{2}$ 11-15

Long ago there was a man killed at our place
and father said he used to hear a chain at night
when they were grinding. There was a flat roof over
the kitchen. Angus was staying at our house and he
was scared so father got up on the roof with a chain
and Angus said, "It's true."

Angus MacKay drove one of Murdock Anderson's
boys home and coming back he seen a light following
him along the other side of the dam, and at a gate
on the mountain road the light went out and he couldn't
think what had caused that. He saw what looked like a
stump burning and he got Murdock up and there was no
stump burning or anything and they could never account
for it.

Told by Mrs. Cladia MacKay, Scotsburn, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1953.

These are not the exact words, but the story
was recorded mostly for dialact, as was the one that
follows.

She was awful good lookin', but the old fellow didn't think so. He didn't think she was as good lookin' as she was. You mind? "You sit there all the time braggin' yourself, continuously." Don't I? Don't I? Heeee. I should come over and let you know. I was good lookin' in my day, ye know. I was counted one of the belles in them days. ----- "There's no such a thing as belles. "

She says, "Your Aunt Nancy Hatch and I was considered the belles in them times. She was a blonde and I was a brunette."

"Oh that's the worst yet. There was no such a thing as a blonde and the rest. I'm sick of it. I'm sick and tired of it."

"I'll tell ye some other time when Tam's not in, ye know. There's not much use in me talkin' when dad's in, ye know. I was goin' to tell ye about the time I broke my leg. I was over at the woods. If that woman would keep quiet, but she's cleek cleek cleek cleek. Her tongue goes continually.----- I was over in the woods choppin' ye know, as I said before, oh yes-----, now keep quiet there, will ye? I'm sick of this ---- and the fear of me. As I said, I felled a tree ye know, and it came down on my leg and broke my leg and I was layin' there callin', callin', -----

"I heard ye when ye called, and I run, ye know"

"Well, that would be the lively goin', wouldn't it. There's me with the baby in the cradle, ye know and I couldn't be away long. Oh I was too old. I was too old for under the tree. There's no use talkin' to dad. How's your father keepin' now? How was everything down round? Don't bother with him. When ye go out-----

"I had a beau comin' from McLellan's Brook, and I took dad, ye know. I was too good lookin' for to take him, ye know. I was far better lookin' than him, ye know. There never was a feller came from McLellan's Brook, she said."

"That's an infernal yarn for ye."

"There was so. McKay Ross was clean crazy after me. When I used to go to see----- what would I do. They were both arguin'----- weren't they?

(They were just after one another like that all the time. It was kind of fun, but he wouldn't give in, she wouldn't give in that he was really under the tree so long. Do you remember the time she said he was two hours there when he fell and then he said he was four hours there.)

It was gettin' up every time. She run up to Surgent Rosses. "Oh ." He said, "Wouldn't that be the goin'! Oh dear dear.

In this Mrs. Claudia MacKay, Scotsburn is taking off an old couple who used to live here; it is all a bit mixed up, but useful for dialect. She was noted, and some times feared for her mimicry, and is performing here for some of her old friends who have often heard her stories. Recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1953.

7

"When I arrived at Capetown
I was chosen for to be
Lieutenant in the army
And to guide his lone body,
As we were all alone one day
A-hunting in the woods
I ~~now~~ drew my cane and sharpened sword
And before the coward stood.

8

"Now draw that cursed sword of thine
With which you have killed my wife,
Defend yourself, you have murdered her,
Now her husband seeks your life,
And to defend his wretched life
Used all his skill and art,
But I plunged my cane and sharpened sword
Right through the coward's heart.

9

"It's now I fled in those lonely woods,
Where I'm afraid I shall end my days,
But I'd rather die in old Ireland
And be buried by my wife,
Here is a gold locket,
It's the only thing I bear,
Oh a shamrock leaf of old Ireland,
And a lock of my true love's hair."

10

I said, "My good-i-ly trusty friend
A big ship I command,
Which soon shall carry us over the sea
To my own dear native land,
Away down by the Shannon side
In that consecrated ground
There lies the remains of that Patrick heart
And his true love to be found.

Sung by Mr. Isaac Doyle, West Jeddore, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1953