

Reel 116A

- 1-7 Mantle So Green, sung by Louise Manny's informant,  
Mr. Harold Whitney, Strathodam, N.B.; 8 vs;  
quite nice; slow tempo
- 7-12 The Wedding of Darby McShawn, sung by Mr. Whitney:  
20 vs.; Irish, amusing, and well sung
- 12-15 The Green Vallee, sung by Mr. Whitney; 7 vs.;  
very nice; forsaken love
- 15-19 The Death of Harry Vail, sung by Mr. Samuel  
Jago, Newcastle, N.B., Louise Manny's  
informant; 7 vs. slow and mournful; lad  
killed in lumber mill; well sung
- 19-25 The Plain Golden Band, sung by Mr. Jago, 11 vs.; love  
song; authorship attributed to Mr. Joe  
Scott, Grand Falls, N.B.
- 25-end. The Dying Convict, sung by Mr. Jago. 6 vs.; sung  
very slowly; good-night song

Reel 116A

Mantle So Green



As I rode out one evening, one evening in June  
 Through the green fields and meadows when the flowers were in bloom  
 I espied a fair damsel, she appeared like some queen  
 In her costly rich robes round her mantle so green.

2

As I stepped up beside her in was this I did say,  
 "We will join hands together and it's married we'll be,  
 I will dress you in rich apparel, you'll appear like some queen  
 In your costly rich robes round your mantle so green."

3

"O no kind sir," she answered, "you must me excuse,  
 For it's I'll wed with no man, you must now be refused,  
 Through the green fields I'll wander and I'll shun all men's view  
 Till the boy that I love comes from famed Waterloo."

4

"If you had a sweetheart pray tell me his name,  
 For I've been in battle and I might know the same,"  
 "It was Willie O'Riley, all plain to be seen,"  
 It was neatly embroidered on her mantle so green./

5

"I was your Willie's comrade, I saw your love die,  
 And as I passed him dying these words he did cry,  
 Was, 'Nancy, lovely Nancy if you were standing by  
 For to breathe your last on me contented I'd die!'"

6

As I told her the story in anguish she flew,  
 And the more that I told her the paler she grew,  
 "Through those green fields I'll wander and shun all men's view  
 Since the boy that I love died on famed Waterloo."

7

"O it's Nancy, sweet Nancy, it was I gained your heart,  
 Was in your father's garden where we had to part,  
 Was in your father's garden where we were unseen  
 Where I rolled you in my arms love round your mantle so green."

8

Now this couple got married so I heard people say,  
 And great nobles attended on their wedding day,  
 Now the war is all ended and trouble is o'er  
 "You are welcome to my arms lovely Nancy once more."

Sung by Mr. Harold Whitney, Strathodam, N.B. and  
 recorded from Louise Manny's tape Aug. 1953



It being on Sunday, I mean late on Monday,  
I went to the wedding of Darby McShawn,  
With looks of good feasting and plenty of drinking,  
And cold was the night till I saw the day dawn.

2

Now Darby was rather the same as his father,  
A gay little man and his name was McShawn,  
And Nora his charmer, the niece of a farmer  
That lived in a valley near Matiney's pond.

3

Now before they were married the priest awhile tarried  
To teach them the duty between man and wife,  
He told them quite slowly their sentence was holy  
And pledged their betroth to each other for life.

4

Now this maid she was well dressed, her hair was her headdress,  
And people admired her brand new shawl,  
It was all silk and cotton, it won't be forgotten  
And in it she looked the genteelst of all.

5

Her cheeks like the cherries, her lips like the berries,  
Her skin it was black brown behind and before,  
Her eyes were bewildered like two pretty children  
And such pretty darlins you'll find on the shore.

6

Her boots were calf leather and all sewn together,  
So you may suppose that she looked mighty gay,  
O Darby me hearty, me own Pat McCarthy  
I'll find out the dress that he wore on that day.

7

A short of fine linen from sweet Ballyfinnan(?)  
A necktie of muslin a vest coat of green,  
A new country jacket, 'twas made by Jim Hackett,  
The buttons as bright as the crown of the queen.

8

His brogues they were varnished and pretty well garnished,  
For six months or more they had laid in the pond(?)  
His brogues they were yellow, they looked pretty ~~new~~ mellow,  
Here's a health to your betters, bold Darby McShawn.

9

Come all one another, the bride's father's brother,  
'Twas Murdock MacDonald that gave her away,  
And Barney O'Brien roared out like a lion  
Till all the whole parish joined him in hooray.

10

Now the bride's cake and whiskey it made me so frisky  
I called for a dance with the Blatherin ?  
And old daddy Newley so calm and so cooly  
He headed us out to the barn for the ball

11

The barn it was swept out, the fowl were all kept out,  
And so it looked like some dining room floor,  
With benches and barrels from Jimmy O'Carroll's  
And all the gosoons peeping in at the door.

12

(over)



With fiddlers and pipers like so many vipers  
 They twisted and turned themselves in their tune,  
 With fiddlin' and dancin' and lookin' and glancin'  
 My head grew as big as the man in the moon.

13

Black Tom he took the fiddle, he played diddle diddle,  
 While old Peter Malligan handled the pipe,  
 Black Tom he grew jealous, he seemed full of malice,  
 He left out the cat gut and tasted some tripe.

14

As we were a-goin' with hearts overflowin',  
 And night was preparin' to set in the sky,  
 Then Skitter and Mary came in like a fairy  
 To tell us that supper was waiting close by.

15

Each man to his ardor(?) each man changed his parterry  
 We went in to supper by music and rule,  
 And blooming like roses we followed our noses  
 We were led to the kitchen, set down upon stools.

16

The long kitchen table was almost unable  
 To hold up the burden that lay on its back,  
 There was beef and roast chickens and plenty good pickins,  
 They were cuttin' and flashing like Billy o'Whack.

17

As time sweetly passes when lads and gay lasses  
 They think about nothing but mirth and glee,  
 When a maid with the platter came in with a clatter  
 A-goin' round the table collectin' her fee.

18

I pulled out my money, said I, "Biddy honey,  
 I'll give you a shillin' if you'll give me a kiss,"  
 And she like a cat kissed my face with her fat fist  
 And I've always felt queer from that day to this.

19

And old Billy Gorry he told a long story,  
 About a young king who went hunting one day,  
 And meeting a fairy with heart full of daring  
 He followed her along till he led her astray.

20

As we were a-goin' with hearts overflowin'  
 I told my friend Darby and Mrs. McShawn  
 That I would endeavour to love them hereafter  
 And come to the christening of their little one.

Sung by Mr. Harold Whitney, Strathodam, N.B.  
 and recorded from Louise Manny's tape, Aug. 1953

( In vs. 5 it would hardly seem that the words black  
 brown were used to describe the bride's skin, but  
 that is what they sound like from the tape; the last  
 word in line 2 vs. 10 I could not make out.)



O the first young man came a-courting me,  
I'll have no doubt but he loved me,  
With his false heart and flattering tongue  
He was the first to entice me when I was young.

2

For the first six months his love proved kind  
Until at last he changed his mind,  
Saying, "My parents call and I must obey  
So it's good-bye love I am going away."

3

"I will hold you fast, I'll not let you go  
For you are mine by rights you know,  
No other promise was I to make  
With no other young man all for your sake."

4

"It was on this green, love, where we sat down,  
Nothing but small birds came fluttering round,  
Changing their notes from tree to tree  
As the bright sun arose on the green vallee.

5

"It was on this book you made me swear,  
And these few lines you soon shall hear,  
No other marriage was I to make,  
With no other young man all for your sake.

6

"Now must I go bound while you go free?  
Must I love a man who don't love me?  
Or must I ast the childish part  
And love a man who has broke my heart?"

7

"I will sing one song and I'll sing no more  
Since the boy has gone that I adore,  
I will change my mind like the wavering wind  
And depend no more on false mankind."

Sung by Mr. Harold Whitney, Strathodam, N.B.,  
and recorded from Louise Manny's tape, Aug. 1953



Now come all of you kind parents,  
Come brothers one and all,  
A story I'll relate to you  
That will make your blood run cold,  
Concerning a poor unfortunate boy  
Who's known both far and near,  
In the township of Acadia  
In the county of Yorkshire,  
There stands a little shingle mill  
It run about one year.

2

'Twas there that dreadful deed was done,  
Caused many to weep and wail,  
It was there that poor boy lost his life  
Whose name was Harry Vail.

3

On the twenty-ninth of April  
In the year of 69,  
He went to work as usual,  
No harm did he beguile,  
Till the rolling the feed belt  
Brought the carriage into gear  
And threw poor Harry on the saw  
And cut him most severe.

4

It cut him through the shoulder blade  
And half way down the back,  
And threw him out upon the floor  
As the carriage it came back,  
He started for the shanty  
His strength was falling fast,  
He says, "My boys I am wounded  
And I fear it is my last."

5

His brothers they were sent for,  
Likewise his sisters too,  
The doctor he was summonsed  
And I guess it proved too true,  
And when the dreadful wound was dressed  
He unto them did say,  
"I fear there is no hope for me,  
I soon must pass away."

6

No father dear had poor Harry  
To kneel beside his bed,  
No kind or loving mother  
To hold his sobbing head,  
He lingered for one night and day  
Till death did ease his pain,  
Hushed was that voice forever,  
He ne'er shall speak again.

7

We fitted him for his coffin,  
We fitted him for his grave,  
His brothers and sisters they do mourn  
For that lad so young and brave,

Now springtime it is coming  
To meet that mournful day,  
While the little birds on each leafy tree  
Sing softly all the day.

Sung by Mr. Samuel Jago, Newcastle, N.B., Louise  
Manny's informant, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1953



I am thinking to-night of the days past and gone  
 When the sun scampers over the mountains at morn,  
 And the dewdrops from heaven like diamonds do glow,  
 They were kissing the roses in the valley below.

2

Where the clear waters flowing so softly and blue  
 There came a low whisper, "To you I'll be true,"  
 Where the wild flowers blooming sweetly around the dark shore  
 There I parted from Lizzie, she's the girl I adore.

3

She was lovely and fair as the rose in the spring,  
 She appeared like some goddess or gracious queen,  
 Fair as the lily that blows on the shore,  
 She's the pride of the valley and the girl I adore.

4

The night that we parted I ne'er shall forget,  
 In fancy I see her sad tears falling yet,  
 How my poor heart did ache and with sorrow did ring  
 When she drew from her finger that plain golden ring.

5

Saying, "Take back this ring that I fain would retain,  
 For wearing it only is causing me pain,  
 Our vows are all broken we made in the strand,  
 So then take back I pray you this plain golden band."

6

"Retain our engagement my darling," I cried,  
 "You know that you promised you'd soon be my bride,  
 My love is for you, it shall never grow cold,  
 Retain I beseech you this plain band of gold."

7

"My darling I know that your love it is true,  
 I know that you love me and that I love you,  
 You know I deceived you that night in the strand  
 When you placed on my finger that plain golden band.

8

"One bright starry night as the moon it shone bright,  
 All nature seemed wrapped in its gay moonlight,  
 A dark shadow appeared and crept o'er the moor  
 As I strayed from my cottage to roam on the shore.

9

"A young man appeared and him I well knew,  
 He told me false stories, false stories of you,  
 He vowed that he loved me and he offered his hand,  
 I placed then a stain on that plain golden band."

10

"Retain our engagement my darling I crave,  
 E'er you lay me to sleep in my cold silent grave  
 With those fond cherished letters in my right hand  
 And on my cold bosom the plain golden band."

11

"In some dark shady forest so far far away,  
 Where the deer loves to scamper and the child loves to play,  
 All nature seems grand, its scenes wild and grand,  
 That's the altar you'll find to the plain golden band."

Sung by Louise Manny's informant, Mr. Samuel Jago,  
 Newcastle, N.B. and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1953



A convict in his cell was dying,  
He talkked of the ones he loved so dear,  
He asked his comrade in a whisper,  
"Do you think the end is near?"

2

"How I long to see that dear one,  
It is charming blue-eyed sister Nell,  
Many and many the time I have blessed her  
While sitting in my lonely cell.

3

"Have my brothers turned again me  
Since to prison I have come?  
Well if they have I cannot blame them,  
Bad company they would have me shun.

4

"How I long to see my mother  
And the dear old cottage on the hill,  
God bless them all," I heard him murmur  
And then his eyes with tears did fill.

5

"Take this keepsake to my mother,  
It is but a lock of hair,  
For she will love and cherish it dearly  
And press it to her heart with care."

6

As he handed me the token  
The spark of life had almost fled,  
He grasped my hand and he cried, "O mother,"  
The convict in his cell was dead.

Sung by Miss Louise Manny's informant, Mr.  
Samuel Jago, Newcastle, N.B. and recorded by Helen  
Creighton, Aug. 1953.