

Reel 125B

F3630
23.278.2
mf 289.554

- 1-2 Strawberry Roan, sung by Mr. Will McQueen, Tatamagouche,
last verse; for rest see 125A
- 2-5 Marrow Bones, sung by Mr. Angelo Dornan, Elgin, N.B. 10
vs.; good variant, well sung; see also
reels 20 & 70 for same song
- 5-7 Very Seldom, sung by Mr. Dornan; not folk; recorded
only to encourage him
- 7-10 Nellie, sung by Mr. Dornan; 5 vs. beautiful plaintive
love song; should be transcribed
- 10-18 Glengyle and O'Neil, sung by Mr. Dornan; 22 vs; very
old song; tragic love ballad
- 18-22 Letty Lee, sung by Mr. Dornan; pretty love song well
sung; dialogue; would be good on record
or transcribed for book
- 22-25 Doherty's Wake, sung by Mr. Dornan; 11 vs. comic
Irish; good of its kind
- 25-end The Easter Snow, sung by Mr. Dornan; 3 long vs. of
unusual song in which stranger attempts
to suggest marriage; quite a beautiful
tune, and interesting story.

There was an old woman I am told
 In our town did dwell,
 She loved her husband dearly
 And another man twice as well.

Cho.

With me tithero larrell long tow,
 My tithero larrel lee.

2

She went into the doctor's shop
 To see if she could find
 Something or another
 That would make her old man blind. Cho.

3

"O take some marrow bones
 And grind them very small,
 And throw them in your old man's eyes
 And he won't see you at all." Cho.

4

She took some marrow bones
 And ground them very small
 And threw them in her old man's eyes
 And he didn't see her at all. Cho.

5

"I'm tired of my life," he said,
 "And weary of my wife,
 And I would go and drown myself
 If I only knew the way." Cho.

6

"You're tired of your life," she said,
 "And weary of your wife,
 And if you'll go and drown yourself,
 Well I'll soon show you the way." Cho.

7

As they were marching along the street
 How merrily she did sing,
 "My old man's going to drown himself
 And I will push him in." Cho.

8

She went to make a long race
 To push the old man in,
 But the old man stepped to one side
 And she herself fell in. Cho.

9

With scrambling and swimming
 She came up to the brim,
 But the old man with a long pole
 He bobs her down again. Cho.

10

As he was returning home again
 How merrily he did sing,
 My old woman tried to drown me
 But she herself fell in. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Angelo Dornan, Elgin, N.B. and recorded
 by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1954

Do you ever find an oyster in the stew?
Very seldom, very seldom,
Do you ever get a bargain from a Jew?
Very seldom, very seldom,
If you're working for a farmer and there comes a rainy day
And you should be mending harness but you're sleeping in the hay,
Does he wake you up and tell you that he's going to raise your pay?
Well very seldom, very seldom.

2

Does a schoolboy ever get enough to eat?
Very seldom, very seldom,
Does a Scotchman ever order up a treat?
Very seldom, very seldom,
If you've just got out of prison where they've had you doing time
And you meet a big policeman and you ask him for a dime
Does he give you half a dollar and a glass of cherry wine?
Well very seldom, very seldom.

3

Did you ever see a coon with yellow hair?
Very seldom, very seldom,
Do you love to linger in the dentist's chair?
Very seldom, very seldom,
If you want to go to Boston and you haven't got the fare
And you turn out all your pockets but there's not a penny there,
Do you run across a friend who has a dollar for to spare?
Well very seldom, very seldom.

4

Do the hotels ever give you tender steak?
Very seldom, very seldom,
Can an Irishman keep sober at a wake?
Very seldom, very seldom,
When a girl of twenty-one weds a man of eighty-four
Do you suppose she marries him for love and nothing more,
Can a Cheeny pass a dollar he sees lying on the floor?
Well very seldom, very seldom.

Sung by Mr. Angelo Dornan, Elgin, N.B. who heard it
on the stage at Campbelltown years ago: recorded by Helen
Craighton, Sept. 1954.

"O Nellie, Oh Nellie what makes you unkind
 For to choose the lily, leave the red rose behind?
 For the lily will fade and the time will come soon
 When the red rose will flourish in the sweet month of June.

2
 "O sleep valiant mountain, it bears a great name,
 And beyond Lunar mountain it is fair to be seen,
 With hunting and fowling and grazing also,
 And the finest of blueberries on this mountain do grow.

3
 At the top of this mountain a castle does stand,
 It is decked round with ivy and back to the strand,
 It is decked round with ivy and marble stone white,
 It's a pilot for sailors on a dark stormy night.

4
 At the foot of this mountain the ocean does flow,
 And the ships that sail on it to Newry do go,
 With the green flag a-flying and the firing of guns,
 All instruments of music and the beating of drums.

5
 If I were over Newry water I would think I was home,
 For it's there I have a sweetheart, but here I have none,
 O sweetheart oh sweetheart, what makes you unkind,
 That you are far from me and you know not my mind?

Sung by Mr. Angelo Dornan, Elgin, N.B. and recorded
 by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1954.

On yon green isle beyond Argyle
 Where flocks and herds are plenty
 There lived a knight who had a sister fair,
 She was the pride of all that country.

2

The young Glengyle he did her love
 And he vowed that he would her marry,
 But the Irish lord she did prefer,
 He was handsome, brisk and airy.

3

When tidings to her brother came
 That O'Neil had boasted proudly
 Of the favours gained of the ~~xxxxxxx~~ Lady Ann
 Caused him to swear most loudly.

4

He swore by all his friendships great
 That if he should live till morning
 Either he or I will breathe our last
 For no longer I'll live in scorn.

5

By the wild sea shore where the wild waves roar
 A challenge sent to fight him,
 Those two men met at the break of day,
 Not a living soul was nigh them.

6

"What ails, what ails my dearest friend?
 Do you mean for to destroy me?"
 "I want none of your flattery brave O'Neil,
 Unsheath your sword and fight me."

7

"Shield up thy sword Macavan," he said,
 "And don't presume to fight me,
 For it's well you know in Scotland there is none
 Who can handle the broadsword like me."

8

"I know your boasting courage Neil,
 But why do you despise me?
 And if you do refuse to fight,
 Like a dog I will chastise thee."

9

"It's many a wild unguarded blow
 And random thrust he parried,
 He was loathe to harm so dear a friend,
 Himself he only guarded.

10

Until cut and bruised and sorely used
 With an angry passion darted,
 He ran through the heart of the brave Macavan
 Till he with a groan departed.

11

"Curse on my skill, what have I done?
 Rash man thou wilt thou have me (1)
 All for to kill so dear a friend
 Who would spill blood to save me."

(1) the singer suggests he may have been offering himself to the devil)

12

"To some far off isle I will exile,
To flee I know not whither,
How can I face thee Lady Ann
Since I have killed her brother?"

13

On saying this he looked around
For to see ~~was~~ there was any one nigh him,
It was there he espied the young Glengyle
Like a bird he was a-flying.

14

"I have come here for to end all strife
And since you are victorious,
Either you or I will end our life
For my honour bids me do so."

15

"Speak not to me of victory
My soul is torn with anguish,
And all because of slanders foul
My dearest friend lies vanguished."

16

"Unskilled, untrained, with hate inflamed
Glengyle would not be thwarted,
With flaming steel he charged O'Neil
His face with rage contorted."

17

"Shield up your sword, O'Neil implored,
"Where was this quarrel grounded?
Three times I have pierced your dauntless breast,
Three times I have you wounded."

18

On saying this he dropped his guard
And the young Glengyle advanced,
He ran through the heart of the brave O'Neil
Till the sword behind him glanced.

19

When falling down upon the ground
Bade adieu to all things earthly,
"The day is thine Glengyle," he said,
"Although you've won it rashly."

20

When tidings to the lady came
Time after time she fainted,
She ran and kissed their clay cold lips
And sore their fate lamented.

21

Why wert thou slain my brave O'Neil
Whilst thou wert in thy blossom,
For a braver man ne'er faced the foe
Had he been fairly used.

22

For your sweet sake a maid I'll mourn,
Glengyle will never espouse me,
And for the space of seven long years
The dye of black shall clothe me.

Sung by Mr. Angelo Dornan, Elgin, N.B. and recorded by
Helen Creighton, Sept. 1954

In the spring of the year when flora the hills did adorn,
 The birds in the forest sang sweet in the morn,
 The fleet-footed hare that skipped through the corran(corn)
 All nature enchanted in every degree.

2

As she sat by a bush so warrum(warm) and cosy,
 Pulling blue vines and likewise the primrosy,
 Said I to myself, "You're inclined for a posy
 To bring to your lover whoe'er he may be."

3

O said I, "Pretty fair maid, the fairest of lasses,
 Pray when did you leave that sweet place called Parnassus?
 Had I but the wealth of the rich ruling classes
 I'd lavish the bulk of my fortune on thee."

4

O she said, "Young man to me you're a stranger,
 You may be a saint and you may be a ranger,
 I don't wish to expose myself to any danger
 And the name I go under is young Letty Lee."

5

O said I, "Pretty fair maid such talk you must smother,
 If I am a stranger, then you are another,
 I pray you give over from such simple bother,
 Consent to our marriage, that's plenty for me."

6

"Oh if I get married my husband might beat me,
 He might drink all his earnings and then he'd ill treat me,
 And if he should do so there's no doubt he'd hate me,
 I'll never take a husband," said young Letty Lee.

7

"And if he should do so, there's no doubt he'd hate me,"
 Said this matchless creature called sweet Letty Lee.

8

"Does the cat like new milk, does the fish love the water,
 The birds the forest, or the mother her daughter?
 The fire that is burning can't be any hotter
 Than your love for a husband, my sweet Letty Lee."

9

O she said, "Young man with your manner so pleasing,
 You capture my heart while you baffle my reason,
 So here is my hand and I think it no treason
 To marry a young man so learned as thee."

Sung by Mr. Angelo Dornan, Elgin, N.B. and recorded
 by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1954

In the county of Kerry so blithe and so merry,
 In a vine-covered cottage not far from the bog
 Loved one Michael Doherty with never a worry,
 A rollicking boy with a taste for the grog.

2

It happened to be on a bright summer's morning
 Michael Doherty fell in with a most disorderly mob,
 When a sprig of shillelagh without any warning
 Paid it's respects to poor Doherty's hob.

3

Stretched out in the gutter he passed out completely,
 And home on a shutter his corpse they did take,
 In an egg chest they laid him so snug and so neatly
 And made preparations for Dogherty's wake.

4

They sent with great speed forth to borrow a hammer
 From Micky Malone at the end of the town,
 And with never a trace of regret in their manner
 With big iron nails sure they fastened him down.

5

From near and from far the neighbors ~~xxxxxxxx~~ assembled,
 With loud lamentations their grief to deplore,
 But sorrow gave order to anticipation
 And a two gallon Jug stood just inside the door.

6

With greets exchanged and with bright conversation,
 Old friendships renewed and old times to recall,
 With Dermot O'Riley in charge of dispensing
 A rousing good time was in store for them all.

7

The man in his coffin was all but forgotten
 When he lifted the roof with a terrified yell,
 Said Dermot, "We'll soon put a stop to this blabbing,
 He thinks he's alive but he's dead we know well."

8

"Now Michael me boy settle down in your coffin
 For surely you know you're supposed to be dead,
 But plain to be seen he had no such intention,
 With one mighty struggle he kicked off the lid.

9

"O let me out won't yez? And let me out can't yez?
 Every son of the devil into mincemeat I'll bate,"
 So he seized a shillelagh and without any warning
 The heads broke of those who had come to his wake.

10

Then placing the jug at the head of the coffin
 He gave them a lecture both clear and concise,
 "You may have expected a funeral oration,
 Instead I'll impart you some friendly advice.

11

The next time I'm thinking a corpse you are waking,
 A little more prudence I'd have you disclose,
 And if in his presence a drop you'd be taking,
 Don't pass with the whiskey so close to his nose."

Sung by Mr. Angelo Dornan, Elgin, N.B. and recorded
 by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1954.

One morning by the starlight
 As I walked out all on the dew,
 With my morning ~~axt~~ cloak around me
 Intending of my flocks to view,
 I spied a handsome creature,
 Her cheeks they were a rosy red,
 And my poor heart lies in a press
 For the two brown eyes rolled in her head.

2

Said I, "My charming creature
 If you'll come to yonder hills with me
 It's there we will be married
 And some diversion you shall see,
 You'll see gentlemen and ladies,
 The huntsmen crying tally-ho,
 And the nimble hare a-sporting
 Round the pleasant banks of the Easter Snow."

3

"To accede to your proposals sir
 Would surpass the bounds of propriety,
 And I'm sure the duke my husband
 Is most unlikely to agree,
 And those hills and castles yonder
 Are all administered by me,
 My business calls me in great haste,
 So good-morning sir, and she rode away

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