

Reel 126A

- 1-8. Burns and His Highland Mary, sung by Mrs. Angelo Dornan, Elgin, N.B.; 8 vs. well sung but more slowly than N.S. singers; see also TSNS p. 159 and reel 50.
- 8-10 The Brown Girl, sung by Mr. Dornan, pleasant love song; 6 vs. nicely sung; see also reel 74 and TSNS p. 139 for other variants
- 10-18 Erin a' Green, sung by Mr. Dornan; 6 long verses of a pretty song; lovers parted by disapproving parents, but hopeful of meeting again.
- 18-21 Richard and I, sung by Mr. Dornan; pretty love song with bright tune; lovers parted but girls follow; happy ending; 6 vs.
- 21-26. The Golden Vanity sung by Mr. Dornan; interesting variant, probably late; boy's ghost comes and wrecks ship; this is my 11th variant.
- 26-28 A Little Too Small, sung by Mr. Dornan; 4 vs. & cho.; late, probably music hall song; not much tune.

*I Had a Friend is listed on the box # 7*

It was in the month of May when the flowers were blooming,  
 The lilies of the valley were fragrant and fair,  
 In a grove of green bushes they both met together  
 That did grow on the banks of the sweet winding Ayr.

2

This meeting for them was a meeting full tender,  
 Since he for the Highlands was soon to depart,  
 It was Burns that sweet bard and his own Highland Mary.  
 O so ~~xxxxxx~~ fond and so loving and so soon ~~xxxxxx~~ doomed to part.

3

"O do not stay long in the highlands my laddie,  
 O do not stay long in the highlands from me,  
 For this fond heart that beats love so fast in my bosom  
 Is a heart that can never love any but thee."

4

"I will not stay long in the highlands my Mary,  
 I will not stay long away from my dear,  
 For although ~~xxxxxx~~ I've got friends I love well in the highlands  
 There is one I love better on the banks of the Ayr. "

5

Burns said farewell and he flew from his Mary,  
 Mary said farewell for she could say no more,  
 It was little they thought they were parted forever  
 When they parted that night on the banks of the Ayr.

6

The sun had but shone for a few sunny mornings  
 When Mary in the pride of her beauty and bloom  
 She was laid in the grave like a drooping young flower  
 And it's now in the churchyard her body does lie.

7

When Burns heard of this his grief was heart-rending,  
 He raved, tore his hair, crying, "What shall I do?  
 For there is no one breathing whom I can admire  
 Since my happiness is lost, Highland Mary, and you.

8

"O bring me the lilies and bring me the roses,  
 O bring me the flowers that grow on the plain  
 And I'll plant them all over your grave Highland Mary,  
 I've loved you so sincere I can never love again.

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

Mr. Ireland sings:

The day they first met was a day in green summer  
 When roses and violets were blooming so fair,  
 Those two lovers met in a green shady bower  
 That grew by the banks of the sweet winding Ayr.

When first to this country a stranger I landed  
I placed my affection on a maid who was young,  
Her form fair and slender, her voice mild and tender,  
Kind nature had formed her to be my own bride.

2

On the banks of a river where first I beheld her  
She appeared like bright Jeannie or a fair coral queen,  
Her eyes were like diamonds o'er the stars brightly shining,  
Her cheeks were like roses or blood upon snow.

3

Had I all the gold in the east or west Indies,  
Or had I all the jewels that the kings do adorn  
I would give them as jewels for her my brown girl  
For there is no one breathing but her I adore.

4

Good people pay attention to what I now mention,  
The thoughts of my fair one still run in my mind,  
While death is persuading she's the cause of my ruin,  
To the grave I'll submit love, no rest can I find.

5

Now her cruel parents are the cause of these verses  
Because they are rich and above my degree,  
But I will endeavour my true love to win her  
Although she is born of a grand family.

6

Now since I have won her I'm contented forever,  
I'll put rings on her fingers and gold in her hair,  
With diamonds and pearls I will decorate my brown girl  
And with all sorts of splendour I'll style her my dear.

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

O sad is my fate as I sit here and ponder  
 To watch the blue waves swelling round,  
 For to think that my footsteps will never more wander  
 Upon my beloved Irish ground.  
 For to think that I must my dear parents forsake  
 And myself to some far land of strangers betake,  
 But there shall be no distance my constancy shake  
 Though I'm far from sweet Erin a' green.

2

It was not for any crime that ever I committed  
 That I'm forced the blue waves for to sail,  
 But I dared to love a maiden who was far above my station  
 And for this I was thrown into jail.  
 It's for loving this fair one, and that was a small crime,  
 That I am transported away for a time,  
 But the clouds will roll away and the sun once more will shine  
 When I come back to Erin a' green.

3

The ship that we will sail in lies at anchor in the harbour,  
 For Canada's shores we are bound,  
 With a crew of lusty sailors and a motley human cargo,  
 The hatches are well battened down,  
 The green flag a-flying, the white sails unfurled  
 That will carry me away to the western world,  
 O'er the broad Atlantic ocean, its waves still uncurled  
 When I lost sight of Erin a' green.

4

Your eyes my dearest Peggy are as black as the <sup>2</sup> Ebon,  
 Your hair is a dark raven brown,  
 Your chin it is far whiter than the snow on yonder mountain,  
 Your cheeks like the rose in full bloom,  
 Your parents my dear Peggy are wealthy and high  
 And they look with disdain on a poor lad such as I,  
 They have caused you and I love salt tears for to cry,  
 They sent me from sweet Erin a' green.

5

The day that you and I love were to be wed together  
 That day we have cause for to rue,  
 Your father and your brothers with well loaded pistols  
 To aid them they did me pursue,  
 They tore my dear Peggy away from my arms  
 And they bade me no longer to gaze on her charms,  
 But it is for your sweet sake I will brave all alarms  
 And I'll come back to Erin a' green.

6

So farewell to sweet Armathy the fairest of all cities,  
 From your scenes I am forced for to sail,  
 Farewell unto the banks of the sweet Callan waters  
 And of Erin's flowery vale,  
 Farewell my dear Peggy but constant remain  
 And in spite of your parents I will come back again,  
 My heart will be with you across the wide main,  
 I will wed you in Erin a' green.

Sung by Mr. Angelo Dronan, Elgin, N.B. and recorded  
 by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1954.  
 (Armathy may not be the proper spelling)

I own I've been courting Richard,  
 And the truth I'll never deny,  
 And if I had not gained his love  
 My life I would destroy,  
 My parents were opposed to him,  
 He being of a low degree,  
 Saying, "If you will marry Richard  
 Transposed he ~~wixxhxy~~ shall be."

2

The day that we had planned to wed  
 Was a sorry day for me,  
 They seized my darling Richard  
 And they sent him o'er the sea,  
 Transposed to Van Dieman's land  
 On that far Pacific shore,  
 And they promised me right faithfully  
 I should never see him more.

3

They were going to church one Sunday  
 And they asked me for to go,  
 The answer that I made to them,  
 "I'd rather stay at home,"  
 I made up with my servant girl  
 As you may understand,  
 Saying, "My dear if you will prove loyal  
 We will go to Van Dieman's land."

4

My servant girl got ready  
 Without the least delay,  
 And straightway down to Belfast town  
 We soon were on our way,  
 The transport vessel being going out  
 Unto Van Diemen's shore,  
 We paid the captain fifty pounds  
 All for to carry us o'er.

5

When we arrived at Van Diemen's land  
 Young Richard I chanced to see,  
 He marched right up the gangplank  
 And hailed me joyously,  
 He took me in his arms  
 And he gave me kisses three,  
 Saying, "You're welcome here my heart's delight  
 From far across the sea."

6

Young Richard and I were married  
 As you may plainly see,  
 My servant girl got married  
 To a man of high degree,  
 She has servants for to wait on her  
 And money in great store,  
 And we bless the day that we sailed away  
 Unto Van Diemen's shore.

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

There was a gallant ship from the northern countree  
And the name she went under was the Golden Vanity,  
They feared she would be taken by the Turkish enemy  
That was cruising in the lowlands, lowlands, lowlands,  
That was cruising in the lowlands low.

2

The first that came on deck was a little cabin boy,  
Saying, "Captain what will you give me if the ship I will destroy?"  
"Gold I will give you and my daughter for your bride  
If you'll sink her in the lowlands, lowlands, lowlands,  
If you'll sink her in the lowlands low."

3

The boy took an auger and overboard went he,  
The boy took an auger and swam out in the sea,  
He swam till he reached the Turkish enemy  
For to sink her in the lowlands, lowlands, lowlands,  
For to sink her in the lowlands low.

4

The boy bored three holes and two of them bored twice,  
While some of them were playing cards and some were shaking dice,  
He saw their dark eyes glitter as the water it rolled in,  
How she's sinking in the lowlands, lowlands, lowlands  
Now she's sinking in the lowlands low.

5

The boy dropped his auger and back swam he,  
He swam till he reached the Golden Vanity,  
Saying, "Captain pick me up, I am drifting with the tide,  
I am drowning in the lowlands, lowlands, lowlands,  
I am drowning in the lowlands low."

6

"O no my boy, to pick you up, that I never will,  
I'll sink you, I'll drown you, I'll do it with a will,  
Nor gold will I give you nor my daughter for your bride  
But I'll sink you in the lowlands, lowlands, lowlands,  
I'll sink you in the lowlands low."

7

The boy turned around and swam the other side,  
Saying, "Shipmen pick me up, I am drifting with the tide,  
Shipmen pick me up, I am drifting with the tide,  
I am drowning in the lowlands, lowlands, lowlands,  
I am drowning in the lowlands low."

8

The shipmen picked him up and on the deck he died,  
They wrapped him in his cot for it was long and wide,  
They wrapped him in his cot and they buried him with the tide,  
Now he's sinking in the lowlands, lowlands, lowlands,  
Now he's sinking in the lowlands low.

9

About three weeks later, the weather being fine and clear  
A voice came from heaven which smote the captain's ear,  
Saying, "Captain you have been very cruel to me,  
Now I'll sink you in the lowlands, lowlands, lowlands,  
Now I'll sink you in the lowlands low."

(over)

10

The captain laughed a scornful laugh, an evil man was he,  
He feared no retribution, so peaceful was the sea,  
But soon the waves were breaking o'er the Golden Vanity,  
Now she's sinking in the lowlands, lowlands, lowlands,  
Now she's sinking in the lowlands low.

11

The sailors in their life belts were rescued from the sea,  
But the wicked captain perished with the Golden Vanity,  
A giant wave came over and it swept him out to sea,  
Now he's sinking in the lowlands, lowlands, lowlands,  
Now he's sinking in the lowlands low.

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

Most of Mr. Dornan's songs were learned from  
his father; this was learned in Edmonton from a man  
from Chatham, N.B.

I'm one of those jolly young fellows you know  
 Who likes to enjoy a good time,  
 I spend all my money wherever I go  
 And shell out my very last dime,  
 But then there's one thing for which I'm not to blame,  
 It's because I don't stretch and grow tall,  
 I'm happy-go-lucky wherever I go  
 Because I'm a little too small.

Cho.

You're just a little too small young man,  
 You never would answer at all young man,  
 You're young yet I know, but perhaps you may grow,  
 But at present you're a little too small.

2

One day as I walked down the street  
 I chanced to meet a lady, a school friend of mine,  
 And on the way home as we usually do  
 We went into a cafe for to dine,  
 I said that perhaps I might see her again,  
 And perhaps at her home I would call,  
 She said she'd ask ma but she really believed  
 I was just a little too small. Cho.

3

There is another girl in this very town,  
 I loved her as I did on my life,  
 One day like a fool on my knees I got down  
 And asked her if she'd be my wife,  
 She gave her consent in a willing way,  
 We were to be wed in the fall,  
 Since then I haven't seen her and I really believe  
 I was just a little too small. Cho.

4

About six months ago my rich uncle died  
 And you bet I came in for a share,  
 And as on his deathbed I heard him explain,  
 "My boy you're a young millionaire,"  
 The girls they did congratulate me  
 And at my home they did call,  
 "Excuse me young girls but I really believe  
 You're just a little too tall.

Cho.

"You're just a little too tall young girls,  
 You never would answer a short young man,  
 I'm young yet I know and perhaps I may grow,  
 But at present you're a little too tall. "

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