

Reel 126B

- 1-6 Campbell the Drover, sung by Mr. Angelo Dornan, Elgin who sings all the songs on this tape; 10 vs, well sung, would do well in broadcast in his voice or transcribed; ends with Irish trick of boring holes in cask and leaving landlord with thumb in hole to keep the liquor back. 1st part of song different from any other variant I've seen.
- 6-9 Overns Flowery Vale; 7 long verses; good love song but odd tune with last 2 lines like part of Auld Lang Syne; sung so slowly it drags.
- 9-12 Plains of Waterloo, different story from any previously taken down; pretty tune and nice love song; lament; 6 vs.
- 12-18 As I Roved Out One Evening, unusual song; young man when a boy forced to take an oath he would love no one else, then is left; quite a nice tune, well sung; 5 vs.
- 18-23 Phoebe; for sim lar song, though quite different in parts, see reel 101B; here 6 six line verses with good tune; lament for loss of love.
- 23-26 The Drummer; pretty little song; drummer falls in love with lord's daughter and wins her; 9 vs. & cho.; nice tune; suitable for broadcast in Mr. Dornan's voice or transcribed/

Songs from Elgin, N.B.

#7 *As I went out Walking*

The first day of April I'll never forget,
 Three English lassies together they met,
 They mounted their horses and swore solemnly
 That they would play a trick on the first man they'd see.

Cho,

And sing fol the rol daddy,
 Fol the rol daddy,
 Fol the rol daddy
 Sing fol the rol dey.

2

Campbell the drover went riding that day
 And soon he encountered those damsels so gay,
 They reined in their horses and he did the same
 And in close conversation together they came. Cho.

3

They asked him to show them the way to the Inn,
 And would he have whiskey or would he drink gin?
 And Campbell made answer and said with a smile,
 "Sure I long for to taste the strong ale of Carlisle." Cho.

4

They called in the servants and started a dance,
 They ordered the landlord to spare no expense,
 They danced the next morning till betwixt eight and nine
 And they called for their breakfast and afterwards wine. Cho.

5

They mounted their horses alas and alack,
 It dawned on the landlord they weren't coming back,
 He said, "My dear Irishman I am afraid
 That those three English jokers a trick on you played." Cho.

6

"Never mind," said Campbell, "if they're gone away
 I have plenty of money they're cökoning to pay,
 But sit down beside me before that I go
 And I'll teach you a trick that perhaps you don't know." Cho.

7

"I'll teach you a trick that's contrary to law,
 Two kinds of liquor from one cask to draw,"
 The landlord being eager to learn the plan
 Straight to the cellar with Paddy he ran. Cho.

8

He soon bored a hole in a very short space,
 He bade the landlord put his thumb on the place,
 He then bore another, "Place your other thumb there
 Whilst I for a tumbler must run up the stair." Cho.

9

When Campbell was mounted and well out of sight
 The hostler came in in a terrible plight,
 He hunted the house high up and low down,
 Half dead in the cellar his master he found. Cho.

10

"Go and find that bold Irishman," loudly he cried,
 "I fear he has vanished," the hostler replied,
 He said, "My dear landlord I am afraid
 That Campbell the drover a trick on you played" Cho.

As I roved out one morning fair in the pleasant month of June
 The trees were all in fragrant shade, the flowers all in bloom,
 Down by yon grove as I did rove no cares did me assail,
 When a pair I spied by the riverside on Overn's flowery vale.

2

I sat me down to rest awhile beneath a spreading tree
 And the gentle breeze blew softly by conveyed those words to me,
 "Adieu sweet maid," the youth he said, "for soon I must set sail
 And bid adieu to Armagh and you and Overn's flowery vale."

3

"Forbear those words," the maiden said, "they pierce like cruel darts,
 And they hurry me to a sad surprise, they wound my aching heart,
 Must I alone here sigh and moan in solitude to ~~xxxxxx~~ bewail,
 Must I lament my grief to vent in Overn's flowery vale?"

4

"O other youths have left their homes bound for that foreign shore
 And sleep beneath the liquid tomb where the foaming billows roar,
 There is an isle where fortunes smile, is wafted by each gale,
 But I'll come home no more to roam from Overn's flowery vale."

5

Ill-starred the day, ill-starred likewise the hour when we must part,
 Should you survive the stormy sea we'll still be far apart,
 And when you reach that foreign land some pretty girls you'll see,
 And you'll think no more on days of yore or vows you made to me."

6

"O cease to grieve that you're alone, or think my love untrue,
 For wheresoever I chance to roam my thoughts are all of you,
 There's not a flower throughout each bower in meadow, hill, or dale
 But will me remind of the maid behind in Overn's flowery vale."

7

They flew into each other's arms and fondly did embrace,
 And the tears like drops of morning dew rolled down each other's face,
 She tired in vain him to detain and while she did bewail
 He bade adieu and I withdrew from Overn's flowery vale.

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

Come all you loyal lovers, I ~~hope~~ you will attend
 Unto these few feeling verses which I have lately penned,
 I'm earning here continually, what more then can I do?
 Lamenting for my darling boy who fell at Waterloo.

2

My love embarked from the cove of Cork to sail across the Main,
 And many a battle he has fought through Portugal and Spain,
 Its many a fierce engagement my love he has been through,
 But alas he fell a victim on the plains of Waterloo.

3

Abput eight o'clock in the morning the battle it begun
 And kept continually raging to the setting of the sun,
 My pen and ink can scarce describe the horrors of that day,
 We beat the French at Waterloo and made them run away.

4

King Solomon was a nice young man from his infancy we hear,
 And when I read about him he reminds me of my dear,
 Until Harding that false traitor he pierced his body through,
 My love was slain by a Frenchman on the plains of Waterloo.

5

I wish I were a small bird, I would fly across the main,
 And if I could not find my love my labour was in vain,
 I wish I were a small fish, I would swim the ocean through
 Until I should find my darling boy who fell at Waterloo.

6

I'm earning here continually, what more than can I do?
 Lamenting for my darling boy who fell at Waterloo.

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

As I roved out one evening
 I heard a tender cry,
 And looking all around me
 I drew a little nigh,
 Between the mother and her son
 These words I heard him say,
 "In search of gold both stout and bold
 Dearest mother I'll cross the sea."

2

Up came his aged father
 With tears all in his eyes,
 He stood before his darling son
 And bätterly did cry,
 "O son, dear son, do stay at home
 And live here along with me,
 For it's very little you do know
 The dangers of the sea."

3

"O father/dear how can I stay,
 And more as well as me?
 For King George's crown will be run down
 Before our enemy."
 "O son, dear son, do stay at home
 And be advised by me,
 For King George's crown won't be run down
 Before our enemy."

4

"O father dear, how can I stay
 Since my love she has gone?
 She has gone and left me here in woe
 For to wed some other one,
 There's not a girl in Ireland
 I can either wed or take,
 O Susan dear," this young man cried,
 "I'm afraid my heart shall break."

5

It was early the next morning
 Just by the break of day,
 Our captain called his jovial crew
 For to rise and sail away,
 For the East Indies we were bound,
 A long course for to steer,
 So the mother kissed her darling ~~dear~~ son,
 Saying, "Fare thee well my dear."

(There is another verse the singer can't remember; part
 of it goes like this:

Long timethere I courted her
 While I was but a boy,
 She forced me for to take an oath,
 I swore it solemnlee.

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

As I roved out one summer's day
 Down by the sea I chanced to stray
 A stalwart sailor passed that way
 Oppressed by grief most cruel,
 I heard this young man sigh and say,
 "I have lost my own dear jewel."

2

O Phoebe was my true love's name,
 Her epitaph reveals the same,
 Her grace and charm I will proclaim
 Through all my days moreover,
 Where could you find a fairer dame,
 And search this wide world over?

3

My love and I we did agree
 That when I would return from sea
 We'd go straightway and married be
 And live a life of lètsure,
 No more to face the stormy sea
 In quest of golden treasure.

4

But I had not gone across the main
 When cruel death had my companion slain,
 The pride and beauty of the plain
 In her cold grave lay mouldering,
 And my fond dreams were all in vain
 Amid the ruins smouldering.

5

I am forsaken and I am folorn,
 I wish I never had been born,
 And my poor soul with anguish torn
 In tenfold gloom abiding,
 My curse be on that dreary morn
 That brought me those sad tidings.

6

I am distressed, what shall I do?
 I'll roam this wide world through and through,
 I'll sigh and sing for sake of you,
~~My days my life spend in wandering through~~
 My days I'll spend in mourning,
 And in my dreams I'll wander through
 The lane that knows no turning.

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

Mr. Dornan says this is a hard song to sing.

One bright summers morning in the sweet month of May
 Four and twenty ladies went strolling so gay,
 A regiment of soldiers they chanced to pass by
 And a drummer on one of them casted his eye.

Cho.

And it's oh my hard fortune.

2

He went to his comrade and this he did say,
 "Four and twenty ladies I saw yesterday,
 There's one girl among them she has my heart won
 And if she denies me I'm surely undone," Cho.

3

"O go to this fair one and tel her your mind,
 Tell her she has caused you to grieve and to pine,
 Tell her she has wounded your poor heart full sore
 And if she denies you she can do no more." Cho.

4

He went to this fair one and this he did say,
 "Begging your pardon for making so free,"
 Saying, "Honorable lady you have my heart won,
 And if you deny me I'm surely undone." Cho.

5

When this lady made answer she spoke with disdain,
 "From such high-flown presumption I beg you refrain,
 For I'm a lord's daughter, his heiress to be,
 Therefore little drummer you're making too free." Cho.

6

When he heard her say so he bade her farewell,
 Saying, "I'll send my poor soul to heaven or hell,
 And with a bright sword I'll finish my strife
 For I'll cut the tender sweet veins of life." Cho.

7

When the lady heard this she was filled with dismay,
 "Don't send your poor soul to perdition I pray,
 It's a pity your innocent blood for to spill,
 Come back little drummer, I'll go if you will." Cho.

8

"And if my dear parents should fail to agree
 We will ask for their blessing and wait patiently,
 And what can they say when our marriage is done?
 But I take great delight in the sound of a drum." Cho.

9

A regimental wedding took place the next day,
 Her parents' objections were all charmed away,
 And what do you think that her father should give
 But ten thousand a year as long as they'd live.

Cho.

And it's oh my good fortune.

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