

- 1-5 A New Broom Sweeps Clean: 4 vs. lament for girl who proves false; tune repeats every 2 lines, but is quite nice.
- 5-8 A Motto For Every Man; 4 vs. & cho. philosophizing on life; not folk.
- 8-10 The Rose of Glenshee; very pretty love song; 8 vs.; would make a nice duet; is well sung here
- 10-15 Song of All Nations; quips on many nationalities and types of people; amusing, but probably not a folk song. 17 vs.
- 15-17 His Jacket Was Blue; Scotch army version learned from singer's father and not known in Elgin now by anyone else; singer doesn't get into the tune until the 4th verse.
- 17-21 His Jacket Was Blue; sailor's version sung to this day by old and young in Elgin; 6 vs. nice, but sung more vigorously by Mr. Hatt, reel 94B and to better tune.
- 21-27 Banks of Claudie; lover returns home in disguise; 8 vs.; pretty tune; sung nicely but very slowly.
- 27-end He's Young But He's Daily A-Growing; 2½ vs. to tune very different from any taken down before, but quite nice; see also TSNS p. 107 & reel 93A sung by Nathan Hatt.

All songs sung by Mr. Angelo Dornan, Elgin, New Brunswick

As I went out walking one morning in May
For to view the fair fields and the meadows so gay
Abroad as I wandered I chanced for to hear
A young man lamenting for the loss of his dear.

2

A young man lamenting and bitterly did cry,
"O love I'm tormented, through love~~x~~ must I die?
2. O love are you waiting your fortune to advance,
Or love are you waiting for a better chance?
Or love are you keeping my poor heart in store,
Or don't you intend to love me any more?"

3

"O love I'm not waiting my fortune to advance,
Or love I'm not waiting for a better chance,
3 Or love I'm not keeping your poor heart in store,
But I vecome here to tell you I can love you no more."

4

"I am waiting on a young man who is waiting for me,
Take this as an answer, kind sir ~~set~~ me free."

4

Young girls are as false and as fickle as the wind,
For the one that proves true there is ten prove unkind,
They will smile on you sweetly be you ever so ~~xxxxx~~ mean,
It's an old and true saying that a new broom sweeps clean.

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

It is difficult to tell here where one verse
ends and the next begins. It doesn't seem to
matter very much.

Some people you've met in the world no doubt
 Who never seem happy or gay,
 I'll tell you the way to get jolly and stout
 If you'll listen awhile to my lay,
 I've come here to tell you a bit of my mind,
 And to please with the same if I can,
 Advice in my song you will certainly find
 And a model for every man.

Cho.

So we will sing and banish melancholy,
 Troubles may come, we'll do the best we can,
 To drive care away, for grieving is a folly,
 Put your shoulders to the wheel is a motto for every man.

2

We cannot all fight in the battle of life,
 The weak must go to the wall,
 But do to each other the thing that is right
 For there's room in this world for all,
 Credit refuse, if you've money to pay
 You will find it a wiser plan,
 And a penny laid by for a rainy day
 Is a motto for every man. Cho.

3

The coward gives up at the first repulse,
 The brave man struggles again,
 With a steadfast arm and a bounding pulse
 For to battle his way among men,
 For he knows that he has one chance in his time
 For to better his lot if he can,
 So make your hay while the sun does shine
 Is a motto for every man. Cho.

4

Economy study but don't be mean,
 A penny may lose a pound,
 And through this world a conscience clean
 Will carry you safe and sound,
 It's all very well to be free I must own
 For to do a good deed when you can,
 But charity always commences at home
 Is a motto for every man. Cho.

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

One morning in springtime as day was a-dawning
 Bright Phoebus has risen from over the sea,
 I espied a fair maiden as homeward she wandered
 From herding her flocks on the hills of Glenshee.

2

Her cheeks were like roses, so sweet was the dimple,
 And fond was the glance of her bonny blue ee,
 She was tall, fair, and handsome, her voice was enchanting,
 My heart soon belonged to the lass of Glenshee.

3

I stared in amazement, said I, "Pretty lassie
 If you will come down to St. Johnstown with me,
 There's ne'er been a maiden set foot in my castle,
 There'll ne'er be a lady dressed grander than thee."

4

"A coach and six horses to drive at your pleasure,
 And all they that speak shall say ma'am unto thee,
 Bright servants to serve you and go at your bidding
 And I'll make you my bride my sweet lass of Glenshee."

5

"O what do I care for your castles or coaches,
 And what do I care for your gay conjuree?
 I would rather be hame in my cot spinning plaidies,
 Or herding my flocks on the hills of Glenshee."

6

"O tempt me no further for fear I might blunder
 And cause all the gentry to ridicule me,
 I was raised in good manner by folks poor but kindly,
 And she pointed away to the hills of Glenshee."

7

"Awa' wi' such nonsense but get up beside me,
 E'er summer rolls round my sweet bride you shall be,
 And then in my arms I will fondly caress you,"
 'Twas then she consented, I took her with me.

8

Many years have rolled by since we were united,
 There's many a change but there's no change in me,
 And my love is as fair as that morn on the mountain
 When I plucked my rose on the hills of Glenshee.

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

I'll sing you the song of all nations
 Complete with few reservations,
 If some are left out you will find them no doubt
 In a different classification.

2

Can you tell me what an Irishman's made out of,
 Can you tell me what an Irishman's made out of?
 His shamrock so green and a jug of poteen,
 And that's what an Irishman's made out of.

3

Can you tell me what a Scotchman's made out of? etc.
 His bagpipes to squeal and a bowl of oatmeal, etc.

4

Can you tell me what an Englishman's made out of?
 His tight legged pants and his half and half.

5

~~Can you tell me~~ What a Frenchman's made out of,
 Pray what is a Frenchman made out of?
 He'll toop the loop and he'll dive in pea soup, etc.

6

Can you tell me what a Jew is made out of? etc.
 Rags and clothes and all kinds of nose, etc.

7

Can you tell me what a Dutchman's made out of?
 His limburg^{er} cheese and his big wooden shoes.

8

Can you tell me what a Yank is made out of?
 He's boastful and brash but he's loaded with cash.

9

~~Can you tell me~~ And what is a Canadian made out of?
 Pancakes and pork and lots of hard work.

10

What are the old men made out of?
 Chills and sprains and rheumatic pains,
 That's what the old men are made out of.

11

What are the old ladies made out of?
 Their bonnet and shawl and their youth to recall,
 That's what the old ladies are made out of.

12

What are the big boys made out of?
 Drink and fight and stay out all night,
 That's what the big boys are made out of.

13

What are the big girls made out of?
 Powder and paint and laced to a faint.

13

What are the little girls made out of?
 Honey and spice and everything nice.

14

What are the little boys made out of?
 Dirt and fun and eat on the run.

What are the mammys made out of?

What are the good mammys made out of

Mending and cooking and staying good looking,

That's what the mammys are made out of.

And what are the daddies made out of?

What are the poor daddies made out of?

Slaving and toiling to keep the pot boiling,

That's what the daddies are made out of.

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

Learned from ~~xxxx~~ negro on train about 40 years
ago.

^{soon}
alternative verse for Canadian:
A big pumpkin pie with a hen coop close by.

A regiment of soldiers you quickly shall hear
From Wellings to Bradford, from Bradford to steer,
There is one lad among them I wish I never knew,
He's the bonny Scotch lad in his jacket so blue.

2

'Twas early next morning she rose from her bed,
She called on Sally her own waiting maid,
"Come dress me as neat as your two hands can do
Till I go see the lad in his jacket of blue."

3

O when she got there they were all in a row,
She stood with great honour to hear her love's name,
Charlie Stewart they called him, her joys did renew
When she heard of the lad in his jacket of blue.

4

She said, "My dear soldier I will buy your discharge,
I'll free you from the army and set you at large,"
"If I were to marry you and to you prove true
O what would my own little Scotch lassie do?"

5

"For I have a girl in my own countree,
I will never slight her for her povertie,
She has always been constant and true,
She ne'er put a stain on my jacket of blue."

6

I'll send a linnnet to Dublin town,
I'll have my love's picture drawn out in his form,
And in my bedroom I will many a time view
At the bonny Scotch lad in his jacket of blue.

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

Of a ship's crew of sailors you quickly shall hear,
 From Greenock down to Liverpool their passage to steer,
 There is one lad among them that I wish I never knew
 He's a jolly jolly sailor boy, he wore a jacket of blue.

2

The first time I saw he had a spyglass in hand,
 I tried to talk with him but for me he wouldn't stand,
 I tried to talk with him but away from me he drew
 And my heart it went with him and his jacket of blue.

3

I said, "My jolly sailor I ~~will~~ buy your discharge,
 I would free you from hard labour and set you at large,
 I would free you from hard labour if your heart would be true,
 And I'll never put a stain on your jacket of blue."

4

He said, "My noble lady you won't buy my discharge,
 You won't free me from hard labour or set me at large,
 You won't free me from the man o' war for my heart wouldn't be true,
 And you'll never put a stain on my jacket of blue.

5

"For I have a lassie in my own countree,
 I will never slight her for her povertie,
 For if I were to slight her, then my heart wouldn't be true,
 For she never put a stain on my jacket of blue."

6

"I'll send for an artist to come to Liverpool,
 I will have his picture painted and painted in full,
 I will hang it in my bedroom right under my view,
 Then I can say I knew a sailor with a heart that was true.

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

As I roved out one evening all in the month of May
 Down by a flowery garden where Flora she did stray,
 I overheard a damsel in sorrow to complain
 All for her absent lover who plows the raging main.

2

I went up to this maiden and took her by surprise,
 I own she did not know me, I being in disguise,
 Said I, "My charming creature, my joy and heart's delight
 Pray tell how far you travel this dark and stormy night."

3

"The way kind sir to Claudie if you will please to show,
 Pity a maid distracted, for there I have to go,
 In search of a wandering lover, Johnny is his name,
 And on the banks of Claudie I'm told he does remain."

4

Said I, "My charming creature I beg you change your plan,
 Do not depend on Johnny for he's a false young man,
 That you have been misguided itx plainly does appear,
 Come tarry with me in those green woods, no danger need you fear."

5

"If my Johnny ~~xxxx~~ he were here to-night he'd keep me from all harm,
 He's on the field of battle, he's in his uniform,
 He's on the field of battle, his foes he will destroy,
 Like a noble gladiator on the field of ancient Troy."

6

"It is now six weeks and better since your true love left these shores,
 He is cruising the wide ocean where the foaming bilows roar,
 He is cruising the wide ocean for honor and for gain,
 I was told his ship was wrecked and lost off the rugged coast of Spain"

7

When she heard these dreadful tidings she fell into despair
 To a wringing of her hands and a tearing of her hair,
 "Since he has gone and left me no lover will I take
 But in some lonely valley I will wander for his sake."

8

His heart was filled with rapture, no longer could he wait,
 He flew into her arms and cried, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ wait
 "Dear Flora I'm your mate,
 I am that wandering lover whom you thought among the slain,
 And since we've met on Claudie's banks we'll never part again."

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

Mr. Dornan learned this song from Mr. Dreland, Elgin.

"O father dearest father you have me undone,
For you have married me to a boy who is too young,
I am twice twelve, he is scarcely fourteen
O my bonny lad he's long long a-growing."

2

"O daughter dearest daughter I have not you undone,
For I have married you to a rich lord's son,
And if you wait while a rich lord he will be,
O he's young but he's daily a-growing."

3

At the age of eighteen oh his grave was growing green
And so that put an end to his growing.

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

For more copy

See Mr. Nathan Hatt's version and note in
this volume