

Reel 127B

- 1-5 Jimmy and I Will Get Married, 4 vs. pretty little love song, but incomplete, although it could be used as it is; dialogue between father and daughter.
- 5-7 Pretty Susan; 5 vs. pretty love song much in demand in Elgin to-day; sailor is slighted because he is poor; Mr. Dornan's father learned it from his uncle.
- 7-8 Henry Stewart; 2 vs. only, but lovely tune, a little like Miss Karpeles' Morning Dew.
- 8-9 Jimmy and Nancy; 2½ vs.; girl would go to sea with lover; nice tune.
- 9-10 Drive On the Cart; 3 vs. about man who would rather be hanged than marry; amusing, and has very old sound.
- 10-14 Bid Adieu to Riley; 1½ vs. girl parted from lover and crossing the ocean.
- 14-15 When I Wake in the Morning; 2 vs. of love song with good familiar tune I can't place.
- 15-16 Casting Lots. 1 vs. of song where provisions ran out and they cast lots to kill one of the crew for food.
- 16-17. The Ghost of the Peanut Stand; 2 vs. only, but good tune; song is amusing, but late; for 5 vs see reel 106B, also well sung.
- 17-20 You Rambling Boys of Pleasure; 4 long vs. sung in proper old time style to interesting tune; love song.
- 20-27 Jimmy Folier; sad song of young man slain in battle, sung slowly to mournful tune; good of its kind; 10 long verses.
- 27-end Conversation with Mr. Dornan about singing.

All sung by Mr. Angelo Dornan, Elgin, New Brunswick,
and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1954

When first from sea I landed
 I had a roving mind,
 I rambled undaunted
 My true love to find,
 Then I met pretty Susan
 With her cheeks like the rose,
 And her skin was like the lilies fair)
 Or the flower that grows.) bis

2
 O a long time I courted her
 Till I wasted my store,
 Her love turned to hatred
 Because I was poor,
 She said, "I love another one
 Whose fortune I'll share,
 So begone from pretty Susan)
 The pride of Kildare.") bis

3
 Broken-hearted next morning
 As I strolled by the way,
 I met pretty Susan
 With her young man so gay,
 And as I passed by her
 With my heart full of care
 I sighed for pretty Susan)
 The pride of Kildare.) bis

4
 Once more to the ocean
 I'm resolved for to go,
 I am bound for the eastward
 With my heart full of woe,
 It's there I'll see pretty girls
 With jewels so rare,
 But there's none like pretty Susan)
 The pride of Kildare.) bis

5
 And now 'tis farewell
 To my dear native shore,
 In the green hills of Erin
 I'll ramble no more,
 And while I'm at a distance
 And burdened with care,
 I'll dream of pretty Susan)
 The pride of Kildare.) bis

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

(Mr. Dornan's father learned this from his uncle; it is
 always requested when he sings and has been learned from
 him here, that is, from Mr Dornan above).

Our gallant captain to us did say,
"We had better give ourselves up to pray,
For He who rules both the land and sea
Will not suffer us in the depths to lie."

2

We had scarce lost sight of the Scottish shore
When the sea most furiously began to roar,
But Henry Stewart and one man more
Were all that lived to make good the shore.

3

O Henry Stewart was our captain's name.

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

All the singer could remember.

The cold wintry wind is bitterslie blowing,
My love I'ol be back in the spring of the year.

2

"O pray do not leave me
Now my dearest Jimmy,
O pray do not leave me
In grief to deplore,
For if that you do
My poor heart lies a-bleeding,
I will sigh till i die
Should I never see you more."

3

"Your pretty little fingers
Couldn't reef the strong cable,
And your dainty little feet
To the topmast couldn't go,
And your delicate body
Strong winds might endure love,
So stay at home Nancy,
To the seas do not go."

(Verse at end of song)

Come all you pretty fair maids
And a warning take by me,
Never fancy a sialor who plows on the main,
For first he will court you and then he will slight you
And leave you behind him in grief to bewail.

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

The last verse, which doesn't seem to fit with the
rest, was recalled much later, and not recorded.

(This is a song about a man who wouldn't get married and they were going to hang him and they had him in a cart and they stopped the cart and gave him another chance, and they told him he either had to take a wife or be hanged, so he answered them this way about the ladies; this is as much of it as I know:)

O before they do get married
They're as mild as any nun,
Marriage brings them to their speech
They then let loose their tongue,
They will curse and they will swear
And make the valleys ring,
Saying, "Why did I become your wife
To either card or spin?"

2

(They stopped the cart again and gave him another chance and said:)

"And oh you woman hater,
You shall swing on the gallows tree,
And if you do not marry a wife
it's hanged you shall be."

3

(He answers them this way:)
"O the bargain's hard
On every part,
Drive on the cart,
The wife's the worst of all."

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

We'll both sail over to Pennsylvaney,
Bid adieu to Riley for evermore.

As we were crossing the briny ocean
Where the winds did howl and the billows roar,
I thought her heart would break asunder
When she thought of Riley she left on shore.

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

All singer could remember

When I Wake in the Morning

Reel 127B14-15

When I wake in the morning I go to my window,
I take a long look o'er the place that I know,
I'm surrounded by sorrow, will I never see to-morrow?
O Jimmie, lovely Jimmie, if you knew what I know.

When the boys come to court they all swear they love me,
But I like a hero I do them disdain,
My love's gone and left me, no other man will get me,
And I never will marry till he comes back again.

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

Casting Lots

Reel 127B15-16

This is oneline of a song about a girl who stowed
away on a ship and disguised herself as a man, and they run
out of provisions and they cast lots about who was
going to be killed; they were going to kill one of the
crew and eat him, and the lot fell on this girl. Of course
they didn't know she was a girl and when they went to
kill her she told them who she was and she started out
this way and this is all I know of the song:

I'm a rich merchant's daughter,
Why don't you know me?
And see what 've come to
For the loving of thee.

Apparently her sweetheart was in the crew; he might have
been the captain. Before they struck a blow they heard
a gun as the relief ship hove in sight:
Before they struck one blow

Sung by Mr. Angelo Dornan,

They all heard a gun.

N.B. and recorded by Helen
Creighton, Sept. 1954

The Ghost of the Peanut Stand

Reel 127B16-17

O Connie O'Ryan was a nice young man,
He was known both near and far,
Kept a peanut stand in Jersey City
And supplied a railway bar,
Until he fell in with some Jersey roughs,
They led him about like a toy,
He was forced to leave his native home
And enlist as a soldier boy.

2

The ghost of Connie and Bidly McGee
Comes marching hand in hand,
And after them comes marching along
The ghost of the peanut stand.

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

For 5 vs. also well sung see reel 106B by
Leander Macumber

You rambling boys of pleasure
Join in in those few lines I write,
It is true I am a rover,
In roving I take great delight,
When infirmity shall overtake me
Old age will force me to roam no more,
But till youth and strength forsake me
I will seek adventure on some foreign shore.

2

What a foolish boy was I
For to get fond of any one,
Sure I had my choice of twenty
If ever I chose to wed at all,
I placed my mind on a young girl,
Oftentimes I thought she did me slight,
Yet my mind was never easy
But when that girl was in my sight.

3

O she told me to take love easy
Just as the leaves fell from the tree,
And I being young and foolish
To please my love I did agree,
I believed I could gain her favor
But as time went on it was plain to see
That my love was unrequited,
My blind devotion made a fool of me.

4

Must I go away broken-hearted
For to court a girl I never knew?
Or must I be transported?
Kind Cupid won't you set me free?
I wish I were in Dublin
With a flowing bowl on every side,
Hard fortune will never grieve me
For I am young and the world is wide.

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

Far distant, far distant lies a Scottish warrior brave,
 No tombstone memorial will hallow his grave,
 For his bones they lie scattered on the barren soil of Spain
 Where young Jimmy Folier in battle was slain.

2

From the Perthshire militia to serve in the line,
 The gallant forty-second we all sailed to join,
 For Wellington's army we all did volunteer
 Along with young Folier the bold halberdier.

3

That night when we landed the bugle did sound,
 Our general gave orders to form on the ground,
 We must storm Bruges castle before the break of day,
 And young Jimmy Folier will show us the way.

4

But in climbing the ladder and scaling the wall
 A bullet from a French gun caused Folier to fall,
 He pressed his right hand to the wound in his breast,
 And young Jimmy Folier his comrades addressed.

5

"For you my comrade Perry when ends this cruel campaign
 If fortune should send you to old Scotland once again,
 Pray to tell my aged father if life his heart still warms
 That young Jimmy Folier expired in your arms.

6

"Could I be once more in Capsie with a little time to spare,
 My mother and my sisters my sorrows they would share,
 Tell my poor and aged mother not to grieve and not to mourn
 For her son Jimmy Folier will never return.

7

"I wish I had a drink of water from Baker Brown's spring well,
 My thirst it would quench and my fever it would quell,
 For this hot crimson fountain it flows so mightily fast
 That young Jimmy Folier will soon breathe his last.

8

They took for a winding sheet his tattered tartan plaid
 And in the cold and silent grave his body soon was laid,
 And with heads bowed down with sorrow they covered him with clay,
 And with "fare thee well brave Folier" marched slowly away.

9

His mother and his father and his sisters all did mourn
 For the loving son and brother who would never more return,
 His friends and acquaintances lamented for the brave,
 For young Jimmy Folier laid low in the grave.

10

The bugle may sound and the cannon loud may roar,
 No more will they summon the young soldier to the war,
 He fell from the ladder, a warrior staunch and brave,
 And young Jimmy Folier is laid in his grave.

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

Singer always says murn for mourn, his only oddly
 pronounced word as far as I know.

Question: Mr. Dornan, where did you sing your songs? You moved to the west after you left here and when you were very young, and your wife never heard you singing them so you didn't sing them about the house. Where did you sing them?

Mr. Dornan: I don't think I sang them at all.

Question: Didn't you say you sang them when you were in your team?

Mr. Dornan: Well yes, sometimes when I'd be on the road I'd sing, if I was coming home at night. I used to sing in my sleep, I believe. I got broken off of that habit.

Question: How did you keep them in your memory all these years?

Mr. Dornan: Well I don't know; they just seemed to be there.

Question: Did you think of them very often?

Mr. Dornan: Oh yes, I used to go over them in my head some times without perhaps even humming them. Not all of them either. I kind of brushed up on them since I came down here. Rehearsed them a little bit.

Question: Since you came back home?

Mr. Dornan: Since I came back east.

Question: But you've only been back east a few years, haven't you?

Mr. Dornan: Well, about three years.

Question: You must have thought of them a good deal.

Mr. Dornan: They must have been in my head, all right. I don't know why I didn't sing them. There was no ban on me I guess; I could if I wanted to. I seem to know more than I realized. I didn't know I knew so many. They come into my head all the time, new ones.

(Mr. Dornan went from Elgin to Campbelltown, and then west; for further information see index card under Informant, Recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1954)