

Reel 128A

- 1-20. The True Lover's Discursion, sung by Mr. Angelo Dornan,
N.B. 20 eight line verses, a feat of
memory to sing; interesting tune; singers
occasionally mention this nostalgically,
but Mr. Dornan is the only one who knows
it all; lady tries young man's love.
- 20-25. Bold Irvine, sung by Mr. Dornan; exploits of soldier;
tune not particularly interesting; 6 vs.
- 25-27. The Sea Captain, sung by Mr. Dornan; 4 vs. interesting
as far as they go: Mr. Nathan Hatt's tune
better.
- 27-end. Three Men Went A-Hunting, sung by Mr. Dornan; 6 vs.
learned from comedian at vaudeville show
in Edmonton, parody on older song.

One summer's morning when pinks and daisies
 Closed in their bosoms a drop of dew,
 The feathered warblers of every species
 Together chanting their notes so true,
 As I did stray wrapped in admiration
 'Twould charm your heart for to hear them sing,
 Night's silent slumberers were fast arising
 And the birds in concert did sweetly sing.

2

With joy transported each sight I courted
 While gazing round with attracted eye,
 Two youthful lovers in conversation
 Closely engaged there I chanced to spy.
 This couple spoke with such force of reason,
 Their sentiments they expressed so clear,
 And for to listen to their conversation,
 My inclination was to draw near.

3

He caught her hand and he said, "My darling
 Tell me the reason you changed your mind,
 Or have I loved you to be degraded
 When youth and innocence are in their prime?
 While I am slighted and ill requited
 For all the favours I did bestow,
 You'll surely tell me before you leave me
 Why you're inclined love to treat me so."

4

With great astuteness she made him answer,
 Saying, "On your favour I would rely,
 But you might contrive love to blast my glory
 And my wedding day it might overby,
 Young men in general are fickle-minded
 And for to trust you I am afraid,
 And for your favours if I'm indebted
 Both stock and interest you shall be paid."

5

"To blast your glory love I never intended,
 Nor fickle-minded will I ever be,
 And for my favours you can never repay them
 But by true love and by loyalty,
 I'll sound your name with all loyal lovers
 Who place their minds upon what is pure,
 When no diversions shall ever change it
 And no physician can prescribe a cure."

6

Your proffer's good love, I thank you for it,
 But my apprehension is not relieved,
 By false persuasion and base endeavour
 The wily serpent beguiled Eve,
 There's other reasons might be included
 But tide and fortune doth rise and fall,
 Another fair maid of birth and fancy
 Might change your viewpoint beyond recall.

7

"Yes I'll admit love that tide and fortune
Are always flowing from shore to shore,
But still its substance doth never change love,
Nor ever will until time's no more,
There's not a tree in the lovely forest
Retains its lustre excepting one,
And that's the laurel I mean to cherish
Which spreads its lustre in the noonday sun."

8

"The blooming laurel, you may admire it,
Because its verdure is ever new,
But there is another and you can't deny it
That's just as fair in the garden view,
It wisely rests throughout the winter
And blooms again when the spring draws near,
The pen of Homer has sung its praises,
In June and July it does appear."

9

"You speak exactly but not correctly
When words subtracted your cause is vain,
Had you the tongue of an Orion goddess
Your exhortation I would disdain,
You cruelly slight me for want of reason,
And my complexion is wrong I'm sure,
Your fancy changes with time and season,
But true affection should still endure."

10

She said, "Young man to tell you plainly
To disregard you I am inclined,
Another young man of fame and fortune
Has gained my favour and changed my mind,
My future welfare I have considered,
On fickle footing I will never stand,
Besides my parents would be offended
To see you walking at my right hand."

11

"What had you darling when you were born?
What nature gave you the same had I,
Naked we came into this world,
And much the same we must go away.
Your haughty parents I do disdain them,
Your ill-gotten riches will soon decay,
An honest heart love is far superior
For gold and silver will fade away."

12

"Because of riches you vainly slight me
And slight my parents whom I love dear,
I think it right love to disregard you
Since that's the course that you mean to steer,
By act of nature or wealth of features
You're not my equal in any way,
So I abjure you insist no further
For your favours I won't rely."

(over)

13

"So false it is love, I do deny it,
Your implication is false I'm sure,
I grieve to find you a base deceiver,
Your heart's as false as your face is fair,
It was your love that I did desire,
But since you've placed it on golden store
I'll strike the string and my heart shall murmur
Farewell my true love forevermore."

14

She said, "Young man now curb your passion,
It was not to quarrel that I came here,
But to discourse you in moderation
With a real intention to make appear,
You speak with candour, I will surrender
To what is proper in every way,
If you'll give over to straight discoursing
And reason dictate I will obey."

15

"'Tis useless now to attempt retraction
Since you despise me before my friends,
And Portia's eloquence, could you command it,
Is not sufficient to make amends,
Besides it seems such complete reversal
From cold remorse or from pity stems,
And might be followed by swift reaction
Where hate begins and affection ends."

16

With eyes distracted she seemed affected
To great emotion she then gave way,
Saying, "My denial was but a trial,
The gods bear witness to what I say,
I pray you love me as sincere as ever
Or my days I'll spend in sad misery,
And for your sake love a maid I'll mourn
Whilst a green leaf grows on yon laurel tree."

17

"Misunderstandings if not adjusted
Will cool the ardor of the staunchest friends,
The same is true of a lovers' quarrel,
On calm reflection does their fate depend,
If you won't come back love and quite forgive me
And quite excuse my credulity,
A single virgin for your sake I'll mourn
Till the silent tomb shall encompass me."

18

Amazed, astounded he stood dumfounded,
His tender passion was ill concealed,
With doubt suspended and tension ended,
His true emotion was soon revealed,
Her declaration was so convincing
His cold aloofness could not endure,
Those youthful lovers were reunited,
Their doubts dispelled and their trust assured.

(over)

Now all true lovers pray take a warning,
 Let high ideals be all your aim,
 No earthly treasure should steal your pleasure
 With those whose virtues you would proclaim,
 All loyal lovers will then respect you
 And to your memory will heave a sigh,
 The blooming rose and the evergreen laurel
 Will mark the spot where your body lies.

20

Near Bally-N-Hinch about two miles distant
 Where the blackbirds whistle and the thrush do sing,
 Where hills surrounding and rivers bounding
 Changing their courses all in the spring,
 Where female beauty is never wanting,
 The lonely stranger will refuge find,
 Near Marvin's temple if you request it
 You will find the author of those simple lines.

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

(sung mostly from memory)

My name it is James Irvine, I belong to Coleraine,
 And to my sad misfortune I enlisted in the train,
 I ~~was~~ was drunk when they enlisted me, not knowing of the same
 Until my youthful senses were restored to me again.

2

It was through cold rain we had to march all on that very day
 Being tired of my journey I lay down on some hay,
 The bugle call awakened me before the break of day,
 And that was the very first time brave boys I thought on liberty.

3

We had a bloody combat, it is true I beat them all,
 I caused those cowardly rascals for mercy loud to call,
 Saying, "Spare our lives bold Irvine and we will pray for thee,
 And we will swear by all that's fair you shall have your liberty."

4

"Go back you cowardly rascals since that is all you crave,
 Go back and tell your officers that with them I won't stay,
 Go back and tell your officers, likewise your sergeants three
 That my name it is bold Irvine and I want my liberty."

5

There was one John Brown from Galway town, a man both poor and mean,
 For the sum of twenty shillings he had me retaken,
 They locked me in the guardroom my sorrows to deplore,
 There were four at every window and as many at the door.

6

To break away was in my mind, I paced the cell all round,
 I jumped out of a window and I knocked four of them down,
 They light foot men and horses they all did follow me
 But my friends they did receive me and I gained my liberty.

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

The Sea Captain

Reel 128A 25-27

He asked her to sing them a verse of a song
To drive away sorrow and care, care,
For to drive away sorrow and care.

2

She sang it so neat, so mild, and so sweet,
That she sang all the sailors to sleep, sleep,
That she sang all the sailors to sleep.

3

When she got them all asleep
All alone in despair,
It's with a bright sword she cut off their heads
And she paddled her boat to the shore, shore,
And she paddled her boat to the shore.

4

"Were my men crazy or were my men mad.
Or were my men all in despair?
For to let her away with her beauty so gay
And again she's a maid on the shore, shore,
And again she's a maid on the shore."

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

Three men went a-hunting and they couldn't find a thing
 Until they came to an elephant and they all began to sing,
 The Englishman said, "Elephant," the Scotchman he said, "Nay,"
 Said the Irishman, "If I don't mistake it's a travelling load of hay."

2

Three men went a-hunting and they couldn't find a thing
 Until they came to a tall giraffe and they all began to sing,
 Said the Englishman, "It's a tall giraffe," said the Scotchman
 "I declare,"
 Said the Irishman, "It's a peeping Tom and he don't have to climb the
 stair."

3

Three men went a-hunting and they couldn't find a thing
 Until they came to a kangaroo and they all began to sing,
 Said the Englishman, "It's a kangaroo," the Scotchman said, "I doot,"
 Said the Irishman, "It's a shoplifter with a pouch to hold the loot."

4

Three men went a-hunting and they couldn't find a thing
 Until they came to a grizzly bear and they all began to sing,
 Said the Englishman, "It's a grizzly bear," said the Scotchman I
 dissent,"
 Said the Irishman, "It's the landlord and he's looking for his rent."

5

Three men went a-hunting and they couldn't find a thing
 Until they came to a porcupine and they all began to sing,
 Said the Englishman, "It's a porcupine," the Scotchman he said, "Nay,"
 Said the Irishman, "It's a pincushion with the pins stuck in the
 wrong way."

6

Three men went a-hunting and they couldn't find a thing
 Until they came to a skunk and they all began to sing,
 The Englishman said, "Skunk," the Scotchman he said, "Nay,"
 Said the Irishman, "It's a gas attack, let us run the other way."

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

(Learned at a vaudeville show in Edmonton from a
 comedian; obviously a parody on the older song of this
 name.)