

Reel 128B

FSG30
23.284.2
MF 289.566

- 1-8 Broken Ring Song; 10 vs. words good, but tune dull compared to N.S. variants; this is 9th variant.
- 8-10 The Pride of Glencoe; 8 vs. to nice tune, but Mr. Gamble's on reel 109 probably better; broken ring theme
- 10-15. Chin Music; dance tunes diddled by mouth when no instrument available; this is very good example but is still better on reel 129 with more foot accompaniment.
- 15-18. There Waw A Wealthy Farmer; 4 vs. pleasant song of man who marries wealthy farmer's daughter and does well himself; adequate tune
- 18-22 Peggy Walker; 8 vs. love song, good story, fair tune.
- 22-23. Seven Years in Dublin; 1 vs. only, probably part of an old song but too small to be of any use.
- 23-24. When Young Men Get Married; 1 vs. only, but it has an interesting tune and arrangement of lines.
- 24-25 The Stormy Winds of Winter; 2½ vs. tune resembles N.S. versions, and may have been the same in his father's day; not too well remembered now; this is my 6th variant.
- 25-26 Toothache; fragment only, and unlike other songs which were his father's, this was learned in Edmonton; Scotch; 1 vs.
- 26-27. My Mary Ann, 2 vs. sailor's love song, too short to be of any use. See 129A
- 27-28. The House of Micky Flynn; fragment only, and too short to be of any use.
- 28-end. It Was At the Town of Caylen; 2 vs. and chorus; too bad singer couldn't remember more, because this sounds like a good song.

All sung by Mr. Angelo Dornan, Elgin, N.B.

As I rode out on a summer's evening
 A gentle maiden I chanced to spy,
 I stepped up to her thinking I knew her
 Saying, "Pretty fair maid, could you fancy I?"

2
 "Oh no," she answered, "I am but a servant,
 A servant maid of a low degree,
 Besides I'm sure you can find your equal
 For I'm scarce fitted your servant to be."

3
 "If you are fitted to be my servant
 I'm sure you're fitted to be my bride,
 Come along with me and we will get married
 And we'll live happy on the green hillside."

4
 "Oh no kind sir, I have got a sweetheart,
 It's seven long years since I did him see,
 And seven more I will wait all on him
 For if he's living he'll return to me."

5
 "Perhaps your sweetheart has you forgotten,
 Perhaps your true love is dead and gone,
 So come with me, I'll make you a lady,
 And wait no longer on any one."

6
 "Oh if he's living I hope to see him,
 And if he's dead I hope his soul's at rest,
 No other young man will ever win me
 For he's the one that I love the best."

7
 Oh when he saw her so loyal-hearted,
 So true and constant to the very last,
 He said, "I'm your true and your single sailor
 Who oft times has the wide ocean crossed."

8
 "Oh if you are my single sailor
 Your form and features do not agree
 But a short time makes an alteration,
 It's seven long years since my love left me."

9
 He put his hand into his pocket,
 His fingers were both long and small,
 And between them held a ring they had broken
 And when she saw it she down did fall.

10
 He held her ~~in~~ in his enfolded arms
 And he gave her kisses one, two, and three,
 Saying, "I'm your true and your single sailor
 And I've come back love to marry thee."

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

As I went out walking one morning in May
 When nature's green mantle her splendour displayed
 I carelessly wandered where once I did know
 By the clear crystal fountain that lies in Glencoe.

2

A vision of loveliness appeared on the scene,
 Her grace and her beauty excelled any queen,
 The ribbons and tartans around her did flow
 And her name it was Flora the belle of Glencoe.

3

Said I, "Pretty maiden, your enchanting smile
 And your sweet lovely features do my heart beguile,
 And if true affection ~~xxxx~~ on me ~~xxx~~ you'll bestow
 You will bless the happy hours you spent in Glencoe."

4

O she answered me kindly, "Your suit I disdain,
 For I once had a sweetheart, MacDonald by name,
 He is gone to the war about seven years ago
 And a maid I'll remain till he returns to Glencoe."

5

"Perhaps your MacDonald regards not your name,
 But has placed his affections on some other dame,
 Perhaps your MacDonald for all that you know
 Has forgot the fair lassie he left in Glencoe."

6

"MacDonald from his promise will never depart,
 For truth, love, and honour are found in his heart,
 If he never returns, then single I'll go,
 And I'll mourn my MacDonald, the pride of Glencoe."

7

When he saw she was loyal he drew forth a glove
 That she gave him when parting as a token of love,
 She flew to his arms while the tears down did flow,
 Saying, "Are you MacDonald returned to Glencoe?"

8

"Rise up lovely Flora, your sorrows are o'er,
 Till death separates us we'll part never more,
 The rude storms of war at a distance may blow,
 In peace and contentment we'll dwell in Glencoe."

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

Question: What did they do, Mr. Dornan, when they didn't have fiddles for dances in this part of New Brunswick?

Answer: They used to sing what they called dancing tunes - chin music they called it.

Question: How did it go?

Answer: Well, they just had to open their mouth and the tune came out. Here's one.

Mr. Dornan diddles tune, name unknown.

Before long Mr. Dornan stopped and said he was out of wind.

Question: How long would you keep it up?

Answer: I suppose until you got out of wind, and then somebody else would take it over, wouldn't they Jack?

Answer, from Jack Leyden: Yes, there'd be one set for each side. I've danced to it a good many times. There used to be four or five of them could make the chin music and they would do it on their turns. Like when one side was dancing the one that was sitting down on the other side would sing for them and vice versa.

Mr. Dornan diddles Pigeon on the Gate or Hatful of Cranberries.

Question: Now what is that about their feet, Mr. Leyden?

Answer: Well, when they'd get tired singing, they'd keep time with their feet, till they'd get their wind, and they'd start singing again, and they danced just as well to their feet as to the music they were singing.

Mr. Dornan diddles St. Ann's Reel and Mr. Leyden keeps time with feet. The feet continue after the singer stops, then both go on together again.

Mr. Leyden: They danced quite sharp here (fast). They danced mostly quadrilles. They still do them, except that they do a polka and a lancer as well now. In the old days they did mostly quadrilles.

Question: Did they have a caller?

Answer: No, they most all knowed the dance well enough without any caller.

Sung by Mr. Angelo Dornan with foot accompaniment
by Jack Leyden, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1954

There was a wealthy farmer
Who lived here nigh by,
He had an only daughter,
On her I cast an eye,
This lovely maid was gayly decked
Most wondrous to behold,
And in her dress a fortune sewed,
Five hundred pounds in gold.

2

Said I, "My dear Eliza
If with me you'll agree
Before we leave old Ireland
We'll go and married be,
You'll have servants for to wait on you
And money in great store,
And we'll smile on fortune's cruelty
When we are in Baltimore."

3

I took a farm all on the plain
And cleared the trees away,
And for my toil and slavery
The soil it did repay,
I wrote to him a letter
And in it did explain,
If my father-in-law was not content
I should pay it back again.

4

He wrote to me an answer
And this to me did say,
"Five hundred more you'd have my boy
On your first son's birthday,
I wish you health and happiness,
And may you prosper well,
Although you've taken my daughter
To a foreign land to dwell."

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

My parents reared me tenderly, they had no child but me,
 My mind was bent on rambling, with them could not agree,
 Till I became a courtier which oft times grieved them sore,
 So I left my aged parents and I never saw them more.

2

There was a wealthy farmer who lived here nigh by,
 He had an only daughter, on her I cast an eye,
 She was beautiful and winsome, the same I do declare,
 And there is no other in this world with her I could compare.

3

I asked if she would be willing that I should cross the main,
 And if she would prove true till I would return again,
 She promised she would prove true until death should prove unkind,
 So we kissed, shook hands, and parted and I left my girl behind.

4

One evening as I wandered down by King George's Square,
 The mail coach just arrived and the post boy met me there,
 He handed me a letter, gave me to understand
 That the girl that I had left behind had wed with another man.

5

It was straight to Newtown I did go, strange faces for to see,
 Where handsome Peggy Walker fell deep in love with me,
 My pockets they were empty and I thought it was full time
 To forget the past and think no more of the girl that I left behind.

6

A few short weeks had passed away, I longed for home again,
 I called at Peggy's home one night and to her did explain,
 "I must go see my parents, I know they grieve and pine,
 Bid a last farewell to that false girl, the maid that I left behind."

7

"If this be true you tell to me you're the worst of all young men,
 For since you've come to this fair town I've been your truest friend,
 My money you had at your command when fortune seemed to frown,
 And oft times your cause I did maintain when others ran you down."

8

My heart it did relent to her for what she said was true,
 I asked her for to marry, sure what else could I do?
 Now Peggy is mistress of my heart, she's loving and she's kind,
 But the perjured vows I'll ne'er forget of the girl that I left
 behind.

Sung by Mr Angelo Dornan, Elgin, N.B. and recorded by
 Helen Creighton, Sept/54

Seven Years In Dublin

Reel 128B22-23

My parents reared me tenderly,
I being the only heir,
I lived with my grandmother,
Of me she took great care,
Seven years in Dublin I was taught
In the academy,
My learning might have served a knight
Or a lord of high degree.

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

When Young Men Get Married

Reel 128B23-24

When young men get married
They're deprived of free liberty
Bound down to hard slavery;
Before that I marry I'll bid you adieu.

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

Winds
The Stormy Scenes of Winter

Reel 128B24-25

I went to see my love one night
Just at the close of day,
I asked her for to marry,
She would not answer me,
"The night is almost spent love,
'Tis near the break of day
And I do want an answer,
My dear what do you say?"

2

"You have great stores of riches
And more you'd like to gain,
You gained all my fond speeches
And now you me disdain,
Your riches may not last long,
They'll melt away like snow,
And when poverty does frown on you
You'll think of me I know.

3

"I'll choose the fair and handsome,
I will be happy still,
This world is wide and lonesome,
If you don't some other will."

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

Mr. Dornan has remembered only the words of the man
in the song. The complete song is in TSNS, p.209.

Toothache

Reel 128B25-26

If you have the toothache
And are suffering wi' pain,
O don't go to a dentist mon
For yon's a silly game,
Just fill your mo' wi' water oh
Mixed in castor oil,
And sit upon the fire a wie
Until it starts to boil.

Sung by Mr. Angelo Dornan, Elgin, N.B.; learned in Edmonton,
Alberta; recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1954

My Mary Ann

Reel 128B26-27

We sailed away for foreign parts
For seven long years or more
When our captain he got orders
For to sail for old Ireland's shore.

Five hundred pounds our captain gave me
As soon as we came on land,
So I went away and got married
That day to my Mary Ann.

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

2nd verse recorded; 1st vs. recalled later.

The House of Micky Flynn

Reel 128B27-28

I'll not deprive you of your hash
But as concerns your tin,
Not one farthing you shall finger
In the house of Michael Flynn.

(She says something after this quarrel, but calls him
Micky Flynn.)

And I'll let you know I'm mistress
In the house of Micky Flynn.

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

It was at the town of Caylen
This gelding we sold,
Sure we never wanted
For silver or gold,
Then there was a wine merchant,
They called Thomas Grant,
And we stole his fine gallon
For fear we should want.

Cho.

Lally tor ran la na la na,
Lally tor ran la lay.

2

I and two more were
Condemned to the rope,
But I led a scheme
And the prison we broke,
The prison we broke
Before it fell day,
It was I led the scheme
And we all got away. Cho.

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