

Reel 129A

FSG 30  
23.285.2  
MF 289.568

- 1-3 Gypsy Laddie, 5 vs. and nice tune well sung, but story is incomplete; this is my 6th variant of this Child ballad.
- 3-4 John King, interesting, but only 3 vs.; sailor is treated uncivilly until he is seen to have money.
- 4-5 The Blackwater Side, 2½ vs.; would be nice little love song if more of it remembered.
- 5-6 My Youthful Days, 1 vs. of what is probably a sailor's song.
- 6-7 Daniel O'Connell, 1 vs. of Irishman gaining his repeal.
- 7-8 Morrissey and the Black, 1 vs. only, but tune is good; see also reels 77 & 93
- 8-9 Young Tyler, 2 vs. of song of boxers; this is just a fragment. (on Takeover - Donnelly)
- 9-9½ She's Like the Swan, 1½ vs. tantalizing because this is probably a beautiful love song; perhaps the singer will remember more of it.
- 9½-10 My Mary Ann, for words for as much of the song as he knows, see reel 128B; both verses sung here; too short to be of any use.
- 10-10½ The Spanish Shore, concluding verse of one of singer's father's songs; adequate tune, probably soldiers' song.
- 10½-16 Mantle So Green, 10 vs. pleasant love song of broken ring theme nicely sung; could be considered for record; this is my 4th variant
- 16-18 Chin Music, Flowers of Edinburgh diddled by Mr. Dornan with Jack Leyden doing foot accompaniment; good.
- 18-20. Dance tune, name unknown, played on mouth organ by Jack Leyden with foot accompaniment
- 20-21 The Blackbird and the Bluebird, dance tune played on mouth organ by Jack Leyden; he and all young boys in room keep time with feet; good.
- 21-22 Dance tune, name unknown, played on mouth organ by Jack Leyden with same foot accompaniment as above
- 23-24 Dance Tune, I Got a Bonnet Trimmed With Blue, played on mouth organ by Nellie Dunfield with foot accompaniment.
- 24-25 Dick Darlin the Cobbler, amusing song about women's tongues; partly spoken; would do well in broadcast or lecture for light touch; good diction.
- 25-26 Robin Hood Rescuing Three Squires, very rare Child ballad; fragment only, and part of story told; what tune is sung is interesting. Child 140
- 26-27 My Good-Looking Man, 6 vs. late, probably music hall; learned in Edmonton, not one of his father's songs.
- 27-end Dan Donnelly, 3 vs. about famous Irish boxer, and story about him; singer is more familiar with this than many of the more fragmentary songs, and sings it easily.

Singer of all songs Mr. Angelo Dornan, Elgin, N.B.

- 22-23. Tap Dance, a waltz clog by Jack Leyden, unaccompanied.

Gypsy Laddie  
~~Gypsy Davy~~

Reel 129A1-3

The landlord he came home at night  
Enquiring for his lady,  
The answer that was made to him,  
"She has gone with a gypsy Davy."

2

"Come saddle me up my little brown steed,  
Come saddle him up most speedily,  
I've rode all day and I'll ride all night  
Till I overtake my lady."

3

He rode along till he came to a place  
Where the water was muddy and rily,  
And stooping down to take a drink  
It was there he espied his lady.

4

"Will you forsake your house and home,  
Will you forsake your baby,  
Will you forsake your own true love  
And go with a gypsy Davy?"

5

"Yes I'll forsake my house and home,  
Yes I'll forsake my baby,  
Yes I'll forsake my own true love  
And go with a gypsy Davy."

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



She swore by her thraw  
That she would neither credit nor bestow  
But the recokining should be paid on the nail  
Before I would go.

2

Said I, "My old woman  
You speak most damnable bold,"  
And putting my hands in my pockets  
Pulledout my both fists full of gold.

3

When the money she saw  
She told me to sit down and sing,  
And swore by her thraw  
That she thought I wasn't John King.

(It was evidently about a sailor who went into a public house and she thought he didn't have any money, and he produced it and then he was all right)

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

The Blackwater Side

Reel 129A4-5

"It is true I have no farm,  
Neither cattle, house, nor barn,  
I have worked very hard  
Since my father he died,  
But it's I have got a trade  
And by it I'll earn bread,  
I'll support you all the days of my life.

2

"Don't be hesitating  
But come without waiting,  
I'm ready and willing  
To make you my bride,  
You're the one I adore  
And I love none but you,  
You're the charming sweet maid  
Of the Blackwater Side. "

3

"But wait a year or two  
And I will go with you  
And we'll leave all our friends  
On the Blackwater Side."

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



My Youthful Days

Reel 129A5-6

My youthful days I freely wasted  
In drinking brandy and such pastime,  
And other joys which I have tasted  
Have made me sail to a foreign ciime.

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

Daniel O'Connell

Reel 129A6-7

In the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and four  
There was great rejoicing round Erin's green shore,  
When Daniel O'Connell he made this appeal,  
All I want is fair justice to gain my repeal.

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

Morrissey and the Black

Reel 129A7-8

Morrissey jumped in thering like a bear,  
Saying, "Here stands the bones of an Irishman here,  
Who never was conquered by black, white, nor brown,  
I belong to Tipperary near Templemore town."

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

Young Tyler

Reel 129A8-9

(Robinson and Tyler were boxers. All the betting had been on Robinson. He said to Tyler:)

You little undersized man  
I mean to let you know  
That I'm bound to reign conqueror wherever I go,  
Wherever I go, wherever I may go,  
That I'm bound to reign conqueror wherever I go.

Young Tyler hooray,  
Young Tyler gained the day,  
And the ladies fell in love with  
Young Tyler that day.

(2nd verse recalled at a later date and not recorded)

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

She's Like the Swan

Reel 129A9-9½

She's like the swan that swims on the ocean  
Making motion with both her wings,  
Her snowy bosom would be a portion  
For any lord or a British king.

And if I had you in some lonesome valley  
You might consent love to be my own.

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

~~The Spanish Shave~~

~~Reel 129A9½~~

My Mary Ann

Reel 129A9½-10

For words of as much of the song as he knows, see  
reel 128B, recorded as far as he remembers it here by  
Mr. Angelo Dornan, Elgin, N.B. for Helen Creighton, Sept. 1954.



The Spanish Shore

Reel 129A10-10½

(This is the last verse of the song - all the singer knows)

Now to conclude and finish  
We'll sing and drink again  
To the volunteers of Ireland  
Who lately went to Spain,  
For they're the boys who fear no noise  
Where thundering cannons roar,  
With hearts of steel they'll stand the field  
All on the Spanish shore.

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

As I went out walking one morning in June  
 For to view the fair fields and the meadows in bloom  
 I espied a young damsel, she appeared like some queen  
 With her costly fine robes and her mantle so green.

2

Said I, "Pretty maiden, if you will come with me  
 We will be joined in wedlock and happy we'll be,  
 I will dress you in rich attire and I'll treat you like a queen  
 With your costly fine robes and your mantle of green."

3

She answered me kindly, "You must be refused  
 For I'll wed with no man, I must be excused,  
 To the green hills I'll wander and I'll shun all men's view  
 For the lad that I love lies at famed Waterloo."

4

"Then if you won't marry tell me your love's name,  
 I have been in battle, I might know the same;"  
 "Draw near to my garment, it is plain to be seen,  
 His name is embroidered on my mantle of green."

5

She lifted her mantle for me to behold,  
 His name and his surname in letters of gold,  
 Young William O'Riley he appeared in my view,  
 "He was my chief comrade at famed Waterloo."

6

"We fought so victoriously where the bullets did fly,  
 On the field of Norvada your true love does lie,  
 We fought for three days till the fourth afternoon,  
 His received his death summons on the eighteenth of June."

7

"And as he was dying I heard his last cry,  
 "Were you here lovely Nancy, content I would die,"  
 Now the war is all over and the truth I'll declare,  
 Here is your love's token, this gold ring I wear."

8

She stared in amazement and the paler she grew,  
 She fled from the scene with her heart full of woe,  
 To the green hills I'll wander for the one that I love,  
 "Rise up lovely Nancy, your grief I'll remove."

9

"O Nancy lovely Nancy, it was I won your heart,  
 In your father's garden the day we did part,  
 In your father's garden 'neath a shady green tree  
 Where I rolled you in my arms lovely Nancy," said he.

10

Now this couple got married I have heard people say,  
 They had nobles to attend them on their wedding day,  
 Now peace is proclaimed and the war is all o'er,  
 "And you're welcome to my arms lovely Nancy once more."

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



Flowers of Edinburgh diddled by Mr. Angelo<sup>d</sup> Dornan, with Mr. Jack Leyden doing foot accompaniment. Mr. Dornan says this was done in old days and could be done now except that you can't get anybody to step dance any more. Says there is someone in the room now who could do it if he would.

18-20

Dance tune of his father's, name unknown, played on mouth organ by Jack Leyden with foot accompaniment.

20-21

The Blackbird and the Bluebird, dance tune played on mouth organ by Jack Leyden; he and all young boys in room keep time with feet.

21-22

Old tune of his father's, name unknown, played on mouth organ by Jack Leyden; again he and young boys give foot accompaniment.

22-23

Tap Dance, a waltz clog by Jack Leyden

23-24

Dance Tune, I Got a Bonnet Trimmed With Blue played on mouth organ by Nellie Dunfield without foot accompaniment.

Recorded at Elgin, N.B. by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1954

My name's Dick Darlin the cobbler,  
My time I served down here in Kent,  
With the women I was always a squabbler  
But now I resolve to repent,  
I've travelled the nation all over  
And wasted the best of my life,  
Oneday I resolved to give over  
And settle myself down with a wife.

Spoken. I often wonder about a woman's thogue. We know a man's tongue is loose at one end and the other end is fastened up, but I believe a woman's tongue is fastened in the middle and loose at both ends. First one end hits the roof of her mouth and then the other, and away it goes, clickety clack, all day and all night. I tell you it's enough to drive a man to distraction.

But now we are parted forever,  
One morning before it was light  
I pushed the old girl in the river  
And I cautiously bade her good-night,  
And now all my troubles being over  
This country I thought I would try,  
Once more I became a free rover  
And single I'll go till I die.

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



XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

(This is a song about Robin Hood, but I don't know any part where it mentions Robin Hood, but it's about him anyway. Apparently he came along and the sheriff had three young men. They were all brothers and he was going to hang them, and their mother had befriended Robin Hood some time before that, so he just arrived in time to save the young men. It goes this way:)

He hung the proud sheriff  
And set XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX those young men free.

(Then it goes on and says)  
And don't you remember my good old woman  
When you made me drink ale and wine,  
Though your turn has been coming for seven long years  
It couldn't come at a better time.

(There's more than that but I don't know it. My father used to sing it).

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

If you should have a husband  
 Who might be inclined to stray,  
 Don't look for any miracle  
 To make him mend his ways,  
 And neither would I recommend  
 You sit at home and pine,  
 But pay attention while I tell you  
 How I handled mine.

2

When I left home at seventeen  
 My mother cautioned me,  
 "Put not your trust in any man,  
 He'll cause you misery,"  
 In spite of her wise counselling  
 It soon was plain to see  
 A life of single blessedness  
 Had no appeal for me.

3

I used to ride the street car  
 To my work and back again,  
 And on the journey homeward  
 I observed the ways of men,  
 A handsome brute sat next to me,  
 To snare him was my plan,  
 And one fine morning I was wed  
 To my good-looking man.

4

Domestic duties tied me down,  
 I used to stay at home,  
 And when he went on pleasure trips  
 He always went alone,  
 He'd stroll on Sundays in the park,  
 To watch him was my plan,  
 And one fine day a girl I spied  
 With my good-looking man.

5

He landed home at supper time,  
 I met him at the door,  
 I gave him a reception like  
 He'd never had before,  
 I said, "My Willie dear, where do you roam?"  
 "To church," said he, "you lie," said I,  
 And then the fun began,  
 And with a rolling pin I waded in  
 To my good-looking man.

6

I blacked his eyes, I pulled his hair,  
 In ribbons I tore his clothes,  
 I then picked up the poker and  
 I bent it across his nose,  
 He just looked like a chimney sweep  
 As out the door he ran,  
 The devil a girl now falls in love  
 With my good-looking man.

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

(Learned in Edmonton; not one of his father's songs)



"Oh Dan my boy, what do you mean,  
My Irish boy?" said she,  
"My whole estate on you I have bate  
This day bold Donnelly"

2

O Cooper he stood in his own defense  
His glory to maintain,  
He soon received a temple blow  
That hurled him on the plain.

3

Out of eleven rounds there were nine knockdowns,  
Besides broke his jaw bone,  
"Well done my child," old Granua smiled,  
"The battle is all your own."

(That was Dan Donnelly, a famous fighter in Ireland.  
I don't know who Granua was, but she was an old lady who  
appears in the song, sort of a matriarch or or grandmother  
who looked after these fighters - a friend of theirs  
anyway.)

(Added but not recorded: Dan went to England and they  
said to him, "You're the best man in Ireland, they tell me."  
"Oh no," he said. "I'm not the best man in Ireland. There  
are better men than me in Ireland. But I'm the best man  
in England.")

He was a boxer.)

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