

Reel 129B

- 1-4 The City of Baltimore, sung by Mr. Angelo Dornan, Elgin, N.B. last 2½ vs. words and tune not very well remembered; have 4 other variants
- 4-5 I Will Sail the Salt Seas Over, sung by Mr. Dornan; 2 vs. of much longer song; fair tune.
- 5-6 A Weaver is Better, sung by Mr. Dornan; 1 long verse with same tune as some other song he sings.
- 6-9 The Wexford Girl; sung by Mr. Dornan; sung slowly and not very interestingly; for other variants see reels 113 & 12.
- 9-12 The Irish Jubilee, sung by Mr. Dornan; 9 long verses; comic; words better than music.
- 12-14 The Wedding at Ballyporeen, sung by Mr. Dornan; Irish; comic; 3 vs, the last part of the song.
- 14-14½ After Dinner, sung by Mr. Angelo Dornan; 1 vs. of one of his father's songs which would probably be good if more of it remembered.
- 14½-15 Father Father the Worst of Men, sung by Mr. Dornan; 2 lines of song his father used to sing.
- 15-16 The Roving Journeyman, sung by Mr. Dornan; 2 vs. love song, quite nice.
- 16-17 Franklin and His Bold Crew, sung by Mr. Dornan; 1½ vs. see also reels 25 & 49 for other variants
- 17-23 Pretty Susan, sung by Mr. Wm.E. Ireland, Elgin; 5 vs.; Mr. Dornan's variant, reel 127, better for words and music
- 23-25 Yon Green Vallee, sung by Mr. Wm.E. Ireland; 8 vs; Mr. Gilkie's tune, reel 89 probably better.
- 25-27 Lonely Belvedere, sung by Mr. Wm.E. Ireland; 1 vs. only; see also reel 94 by Frank White.
- 27-end The Most Unconstant of Young Men, sung by Mr. Wm.E. Ireland; 5 vs. first part recited; fair tune; this is not one of singer's favourites.

(First part forgotten)

Concerning Pat McCarty
Who lately stole away,
His Irish blood began to boil,
Like a lion he did roar,
And there was bloody murder
On the City of Baltimore.

2

Our captain he confronted him
And thus to him did say,
"Why did you leave your native home,
Why did you stow away?
Come tell to me, oh quickly tell,
For you I'll ask no more,
You will rue the day that you stowed away
On the City of Baltimore.

3

(After the battle was all over he says:)

Our captain called him up on deck
To shake hands and say no more,
"You're the smartest man ever walked the deck
Of the City of Baltimore.

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

I Will Sail the Salt Seas Over

Reel 129B4-5

I will sail the salt seas over
And the Shannon after me,
For your equal in Loch Ray love
Is rare to be seen.

2

I would rather than a horse
And a bridle for to steer
That I ne'er mentioned the name of
Loch Ray la she sheer.

Fragment of much longer song sung by Mr. Angelo Dornan,
Elgin, N.B. and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1954.

A Weaver Is Better

Reel 129B5-6

O love do not slight me
Because I'm a weaver,
For a weaver is better
Than houses and land,
For a weaver is better
Than houses and land,
And those who have money
All at their command.

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

(This is same tune as some other song he sings).

The Wexford Girl
Singer's title: My Name in Edward Gallovan

Reel 129B 6-9

My name is Edward Gallovan,
In Wexford I was born,
For the murder of Mary Riley
I die in public scorn,
It is of a beautiful fair one
Who might have been my wife,
But for the sake of cursed gold
I took away her life.

2

When first I kept her company
Her friends did on me frown,
And by her hard industry
She saved twenty pounds,
She believed my false vows
But I led her quite astray,
Saying, "My dear we will sail without delay
Unto Americay."

3

Those words that she had said to me
Would grieve your heart full sore,
Before that I had murdered her
And left her in her gore,
She said, "Dear James here are my keys
And in my box you'll find
An order on the savings bank
For the sum of twenty pounds."

4

"Your money it will take me
Unto some foreign shore,"
I then gave her a deadly blow,
I need not say no more,
With a loaded whip I murdered her,
Her body I concealed,
Her blood it cried for vengeance,
The murder soon revealed.

5

I was apprehended
As you may plainly see,
May the Lord look to my sinful soul,
Give me some time to pray,
The judge he made me answer,
"You gave no time to pray
To that innocent young creature
Whose life you took away."

6

Now my song is ended,
I mean to drop my pen,
I hope my fate a warning will be
To every young man,
I hope my fate a warning
To young and old may be,
To shun drinking and night walking
And (keep good company.
(these lines should go in earlier)

I had not gone one mile with her
Until Satan he tempted me
For to rob her of her money
And then her butcher be.

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

A short time ago an Irishman named Doherty
Was elected to the senate by a very large majority,
He felt so elated that he sent for Dennis Cassidy
Who owned a bar room with a very large capacity,
Said he to this Cassidy, "Go over to the brewer,
Order a thousand kegs of lager beer and give it to the poor,
Then go over to the butcher shop and order up a ton of meat,
Be sure to see the boys and girls have all they want to drink and eat.

2

"Send out invitations in twenty different languages,
Don't forget to tell them all to bring their own sandwiches,
They've made me their senator and so to show my gratitude
We'll have the finest supper ever given in this latitude.
Tell them that the music will be furnished by O'Rafferty,
Assisted on the bagpipes by Felix McCafferty,
Whatever the expenses are remember I'll put up the tin,
And anyone who doesn't come, be sure and do not let him in."

3

Cassidy at once sent out the invitations,
And every one that came was a credit to their nation,
Some came on bicycles because they had no fare to pay,
And those who did not come at all made up their minds to stay away,
Two by two they marched into the dining hall,
There were young men, old men, and girls who were not men at all,
There were blind men, deaf men, and men who had their teeth in pawn,
Single men and double men and men with their glasses on.

4

Before many minutes nearly every chair was taken,
The front rooms and mushrooms were packed to suffocation,
When every one was seated they started to lay out the feast,
Then Cassidy he walked around and gave us each a cake of yeast,
He then said as manager that he would try to fill the chair,
We then sat down and began to scan the bill of fare.
There was pigs heads, goldfish, mocking birds and ostriches,
Ice cream, cold cream, vaseline, and sandwiches.

5

There was blue fish, cod fish, fish hooks and partridges,
Fish balls, snow balls, cannon balls, and cartridges,
Then we ate outmeal till we could hardly stir about,
Ketchup and hurry up, sweet kraut and sauerkraut,
There was roast beef, corn beef, beef with all its tresses on,
Soda crackers, fire crackers, limburgher cheese with dresses on,
Beefsteaks, mistakes, were down upon the bill of fare,
Roast ribs, spareribs, and ribs that you couldn't spare,

6

There was reindeer, snow deer, cariboo and antelope,
The women ate so much the men said they can't elope,
There was red herring, smoked herring, herring from old Erin's isle,
Bologna and fruit cake and sausages a half a mile,
There was hot corn, cold corn, corn salve and honeycomb,
Snow birds, humming birds, sea bass and sea foam,
There was fried liver, baked liver, Carter's little liver pills,
And every one was wondering who was going to pay the bills.
For dessert we had tooth picks, ice picks, and skipping ropes,
We washed it all down with a big piece of shaving soap,

(over)

We ate everything that was down upon the bill of fare,
Then looked on the back of it to see if any more was there,
The band played hornpipes, gas pipes and Irish reels,
And we danced to the music of the wind that shakes the barley fields.

8

The piper played old tunes and new tunes so very fine,
Then in came piper Heitzick and handed him a glass of wine,
They welded the floor till they could be heard for miles around,
When Gallagher was in the air his feet were never on the ground,
A finer lot of dancers you never set your eyes upon,
And those who couldn't dance at all were dancing with their slippers on,
They danced jig steps, door steps, clog steps and highland flings,
And Murphy got his knife out and tried to cut a pigeon wing,

9

When the dance was over Cassidy then told us
To join hands together and sing this good old chorus,
Should old acquaintance be forgot wherever you may be,
Think of the good old times we had at the Irish Jubilee.

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

(This song was learned recently from an old lady in
Elgin; it was not one of his father's songs).

But the turkey got spoiled,
They had potatoes dressed both ways, both roasted and boiled,
O they ate till they could eat no more sir,
The whiskey was poured in galore sir,
How Micky McInnes did roar sir,
He startled all Ballyporeen.

2

The bride she got up and she made a low bow,
She whispered she felt, oh she couldn't tell how,
She blushed and she stammered, a few words she let fall
And she whispered so low that she bothered them all,
Her mother cried, "What, are you dead child?
For shame, if you'd hold up your head child,
Though I'm sixty I wish I was wed child,
I would rattle all Ballyporeen."

3

The bridegroom got up and he made an oration,
He bothered all the house with his kind botheration,
He ripped and he tore and he swore and he cursed
They might eat till they'd swell and might drink till they burst,
"The first christening I have if I thrive sir,
I hope you all thither will drive sir,
You'll be welcome both dead and alive sir
At a christening at Ballyporeen."

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

(His father learned this in the lumber woods of N.B.)

After dinner of course they were speakin'
And hand shakin' and leave takin',
In the corner old mothers match-makin'
And other such innocent sins.

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

All he could remember of one of his father's songs.

Father Father, the Worst of Men Reel 129B14½-15

O father, father, the worst of men
You have brought your daughter to a mournful end.

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

Part of one of his father's songs.

The Roving Journeyman Reel 129B15-16

When I arrived at Carlow
The girls all jumped for joy,
Said one unto the pther,
"Here comes a sporting boy,"
One treats me to a bottle
And the other to a glass,
And the toast goes round the table,
"Here's a health to the journeyman."

2

Said the mother to her daughter,
"I think it very strange
That you should leave your native home
With a journeyman to range,"
"O hold your tongue dear mother
And say the least you can,
For it's round the country I will go
With my roving journeyman."

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

O were you ever at the North Pole
Where lightnings flash and loud thunders roll,
'Tis more than any man can do
With a heart undaunted, and courage too.

I dreamt a dream that I know was true
Concerning Franklin and his bold crew.

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

Pretty Susan
~~The Pride of Kildare~~
~~XXXXXSUSANX~~

Reel 129B17-23

When first from sea I landed I had a roving mind,
In search of my darling, my true love to find,
When first I met Susan with her long raven hair,
And they called her pretty Susan, the pride of Kildare.

2

Her bare neck it was shaded with her long raven hair,
And they called her pretty Susan, the pride of Kildare.

2

For along time I courted her till I wasted my store,
When her love turned to hatred because I was poor,
Said she, "I love another whose fortune I'll share,
So begone to pretty Susan the pride of Kildare."

3

So lonely next morning so early I strayed,
I met pretty Susan with a young lord so gay,
And as I passed by them, my heart filled with care,
I sighed for pretty Susan the pride of Kildare.

4

Sometimes I am lonely, sometimes I am sad
Since my love has been thwarted by another young lad,
But since we're at a distance no longer I'll despair,
May blessings rest on Susan the pride of Kildare.

5

Once more I'm determined on the ocean to go,
I am bound for the westward, my heart full of woe,
There I shall see ladies in their jewels so rare,
But there's none like pretty Susan, the pride of Kildare.

Sung by Mr. W.E. Ireland, Elgin, N.B. and recorded by
Helen Creighton, Sept. 1954.

When first my darning came a-courting me
 I have no doubt but he did love me,
 It was his fair face and his flattering tongue
 So enticed me, I was but young.

2

On the green bank wherewe sat down
 The pretty little small birds came whistling round
 Changing their notes so melodiously
 As the sun arose o'er yon green vallee.

3

It was on the Bible he made me swear,
 Look at those few lines are written there,
 No other man I'll ever take
 And when he's dead love none for his sake.

4

For a month or better my love proved kind
 And after that he changed his mind,
 Saying, "'Tis my parents I must obey,
 So farewell darling, I must away."

5

Now I caught his hand, would not let him go,
 Saying, "James you're my lover and that you know,
 Remember the vows that you made to me
 As the sun arose o'er the green vallee."

6

I will sing oneverse of his yellow hair,
 His rosy cheeks are uncompered,
 His dark blue eyes so enticed me,
 As the sun arose o'er the green vallee.

7

O Jimmy darling I love you well,
 I love you more than my tongue can tell,
 I love you more than my pen can write,
 O Jimmy darling you're my heart's delight.

8

I will sing oneverse and I'll sing no more
 Of the false young man I so adored,
 I will change my mind like the wavering wind,
 I will dote no more upon false mankind.

Sung by Mr. W.E. Ireland, Elgin, N.B. and recorded by
 Helen Creighton, Sept. 1954.

Tape 89

Has yon green valley been closed all around?
 Left none but small birds their notes to sound,
 Changing their notes high from tree to tree,
 As the sun arose in yon green valley.

2

She held me fast, would not let me go,
 Saying, "You are mine by rights you know,
 Fulfil those vows that you've made to me
 As the sun arose in the green valley."

3

I'll sing one verse and I'll sing no more
 Since he left me who I do adore.

Sung by Mr. William Gilkie, Sambro, September 1951

Lonely Belvedere

Reel 129B25-27

Now as I walked out one evening
To take the balmy air,
All in the pleasant month of June,
It was down by Belvedere,
I spied a maid all on a grave,
She seemed in deep despair,
Saying, "I am left heart-broken
In lonely Belvedere."

Sung by Mr. Wm. E. Ireland, Elgin, N.B. and recorded by
Helen Creighton, Sept, 1954

"You are the most unconstant of young men
 That ever I did see,
 So when you promised for to marry me
 Why don't you do so?
 I promised for to marry you,
 I scorn to break my vow,
 Believe me dearest Florences
 I could not come to now.

2

If I had all the gold and silver ~~that I ever did see~~
 That ever I did see
 In comfort I would spend it
 In your sweet company.
 Who told you those false stories
 And warned them to be true,
 That I had courted Nancy
 And had forsaken you?

3

That I had courted Nancy
 The girl with the raven hair,
 She is your joy and fancy,
 How can you here deny?
 That I had courted Nancy,
 The girl with the roving eye,
 She is your joy and fancy,
 How can you her deny?

4

Do you see those pretty small birds
 That sing in yonder tree?
 They're as kind all in their nature
 As you have been to me,
 But since you are for changing
 The old one for the new
 My days I'll spend in rambling
 The hills and valleys through.

5

Those words they touched Jimmy,
 Touched Jimmy to the heart,
 For oft times they had promised
 That they would never part,
 The day being long and lonesome
 Down to the church they walked,
 That young couple they got married,
 Long love has come at last.

Sung by Mr. W.E. Ireland, Elgin, N.B. and recorded
 by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1954.