

Reel 130B

FSG30
23.288.2
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- 1-3. Working On the Canal, sung by Mr. Angelo Dornan, Elgin, N.B.; 2 vs. & cho. part of song; not one of his most interesting.
- 3-4. Donnybrook, sung by Mr. Dornan, 1 vs. only of song his father used to sing.
- 4-4½. Driving My Pony, sung by Mr. Dornan; 1 vs. only of song his father used to sing.
- 4½-5. Pat Roach, sung by Mr. Dornan; another fragment.
- 5-6 Said Mary O'Shea, sung by Mr. Dornan; local song with a fair tune but not much sense to words.
- 6-6½. Skewball, sung by Mr. Dornan; 3 vs. not very well remembered.
- 6½-7. Jerusalem Cuckoo, sung by Mr. Dornan; 2 vs. of song learned by his father in lumber woods; donkey won in a horse race.
- 7-7½. The Green Linnet, sung by Mr. Dornan; 1 vs. of song of Napoleon; good tune.
- 7½-8. On A Lone Barran Isle, sung by Mr. Dornan; also about Napoleon; 3 vs. only.
- 8-8½. At Home on Paddy's Shore, sung by Mr. Dornan; 1 vs. & chorus of what is probably a good song.
- 8½-9. Molly Agnew, sung by Mr. Dornan; 1 vs. only; see fuller variant reel 131A
- 9-9½. Warren and Fuller, sung by Mr. Dornan; 2 vs. only of what is probably good song.
- 9½-15. The Sheffield Prentice, sung by Mr. Wm. E. Ireland, Elgin, N.B.; 8 vs.; for 3 N.S. versions see T.S.N.S.
- 15-16. Annie and Willie, sung by Mr. Ireland; 1 vs. of what sounds like a good song.
- 16-21. Cupid's Garden, sung by Mr. Ireland; pleasant love song; prentice banished but grows wealthy and returns to marry his love; 8 long vs.
- 21-end. John A. Munro, sung by Mr. Ireland; murder song, local; good of its kind.

Working On the Canal

Reel 130B1-3

When I landed in sweet Philadelphia
It happened to be in the fall,
I ne'er took a sail off my riggin'
Till I got to work on the canal.

Cho.

Oh and fare you well father and mother,
Fare you well Ireland too,
Fare you well friends and relations,
I'm going to bid you adieu.

2

I have learned to become very handy
Although I am not very tall,
I can handle a pick or a shovel
With any man on the canal. Anfi sing, Cho.

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

Donnybrook

Reel 130B3-4

They robbed me of a diamond ring,
A watch and seven pound,
My curse attend you Donnybrook
And sporting Ellen Brown.

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

Fragment only of song his father knew.

Driving My Pony

Reel 130B4-4½

Alley aye hoo, hip a lah,
Get along you lazy old rascal,
Sure I thought I was home in old Ireland
Driving my pony.

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

Fragment only of song his father knew.

Pat Roach

Reel 130B4 $\frac{1}{2}$ 5

Do you think that Pat Roach would sit aisy
And see that poor girl in distress?

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

Fragment only of song his father knew.

Said Mary O'Shea, "Do you think I'm a fool?
For I must be in Goshen in time to teach school,"

Cho.

With my fol the rol dey
The rol diddle I doe,
With my fol the diddle I doe
Right fol the rol dey.

2

~~Oxhisxheartxixixgrewxweakxandxhisxfacexixixgrewxgrim~~
Our business being there for to get some rum
And Johnny he swore that it could not be done. Cho.

3

Our clergy gives orders and we must obey
Not to sell whiskey all on a Sunday. Cho.

4

Said Tim to old Nellie, it's damn your old skin

Cho.

5

We arrived at Swift Mountain at the hour of four,
The frost on the leaves so swiftly did pour, Cho.

6

Going over those old hills so wild and so cruel,
Going over those old hills it would freeze the old devil. Cho.

7

O his heart it grew weak and his face it grew grim
When he found they had neither rum, whiskey nor gin. Cho.

8

O now to conclude and to finish my rhyme,
My name is Mick Leyden, I'll tell you in time,
And if you should find that there's anything wrong
I can add another verse to the end of my song. Cho.

9

Here's a health to you girls wherever you belong,
Here's a health to New Ireland and to hell with Tim Long.

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

Local song made up by Mick Leyden coming home
from a dance 67 years ago. The verses are a bit
mixed up; they were recalled at various intervals.

Skewball in the stable to his master did say,
"If hundreds and thousands on me you will hold
I will shingle your castle to the top mast with gold."

2

O when they arrived at the middle of the course
There were ladies and gentlemen drinking a toast,
Drink a health to Miss Portley, that sporting grey mare
Who emptied your purses on the plains of Kildare.

3

"Come tell noble rider, come tell unto me,
How far the grey mare is this moment of thee?"
The rider made answer and said with a smile,
"The grey mare's behind you one half English mile,"
Hold fast to your stirrups, I'll warrant you there,
For I ne'er will be beat by the sporting grey mare."

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

The signal was give out
And the horses off they flew,
But the first come at the ladder
Was Jerusalem's Cuckoo.

Then shout boys hooray,
My troubles they are but few,
No donkey on the road can beat
Jerusalem's Cuckoo.

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

This was a donkey that entered a horse race and
beat all the horses; he remembers when his father learned
it in the lumber woods about 60 years ago.

The Green Linnet

Reel 130B7- 7½

Tell me you critics, oh tell me in time,
Where shall I roam my green linnet to find?
Was he slain at Waterloo, on the Elbe, or the Rhine?
If he was, then I'll never see him more.

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

Every verse ends, I'll never see him more; this
was one of his father's songs.

On a lone barren isle
Where the wild roaring billows
Assail the stern rocks
That withstand the wild waves,
The hero lies sleeping
While tall weeping willows
Like fond weeping mourners
Lean over his grave.

2

The lightning may flash
And the cannon may rattle,
No more on the steed
Wilt thou sweep o'er the plain,
Thou sleeps't thy last sleep
Thou hast fought thy last battle,
No sound can awake thee
To glory again.

3

O son of the mighty,
Where now are the regions
That rushed but to conquer
When thou led'st them on?
Alas they have perished
In far hilly regions
And all save the fame
Of their triumph is gone.

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

This is a song about Napoleon which the singer
learned from his father.

At Home on Paddy's Shore

Reel 130B8-8½

And when we met with a Bluenose girl
We kissed her o'er and o'er,
But the girl that I love dearest
Is at home on Paddy's shore.

Cho.

And to ladily fan the dozy,
And to ladily fan the doe,
And to ladily fan the dozy
And we're mavvy boys you know.

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

fragment learned from his father.

Molly Agnew

Reel 130B8½-9

I'm a poor servant girl
And low is my station,
I go under the name ~~of~~
Of young Molly Agnew.

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

See same song sung by Mr. Geldert.

Warren you have wronged me
To gratify your cause
By reporting that I left ~~my wife~~ at home a wife,
Confess that you have wronged me
Or I will break the laws,
Now Warren I will deprive you of your life.

2

Fuller in a passion of love and anger flew
And Minnie she began fo^rto cry,
And with one fatal shot he killed Warren on the spot,
With a smile he said, "I'm ready fo^r to die."

Sung by Mr. Angelo Dornan, Elgin, and recorded
by Helen Creighton.

I was brought up in Cherryfield
And of a high degree,
My parents did adore me
Having no child but me,
I rolled in great splendour
Just as my fancy led
Until I was bound an apprentice
And all my joy had fled.

2

I did not like my master,
He did not use me well,
I formed a resolution
Not long with him to dwell,
Unknown to my old parents
From him I ran away
And steered my course for London,
A curse by on that day.

3

A wealthy young lady
From Holland was there,
She offered me great wages
To serve with her one year,
Deluded by her promises
With her I did agree
To go and live in Holland
Which proved my destiny.

4

I had not been in Holland
Scarce months two or three
Before my young mistress
Grew very fond of me,
She said, "If you will marry me
My houses and my land,
My gold and my possessions
Shall be at your command."

5

I said, "Dear noble lady
I cannot wed you both,
For lately I have declared
And swore a solemn oath,
I will wed no one but Polly
Your handsome waiting-maid,
Believe me my young mistress
She has my heart betrayed."

6

Then in an angry passion
As from me she did go,
Swearing she would have revenge
And prove my overthrow,
It was on a summer evening
All in the month of June,
We were viewing the flowers
All in their tender bloom.

7

A gold ring from off her finger
As I was passing by,
She slipped it in my pocket
And for the same I'll die,
Long time I pleaded innocent
But all would not avail,
My mistress swore I robbed her
And I was sent to jail.

8

My mistress swore I robbed her
And straightway I was brought
Before a grave old justice
To answer for my fault,
From the place of my confinement
They led me to a tree,
"Farewell farewell pretty Polly,
I will die in love with thee."

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

Now as Annie and Willie were walking one day
A-viewing the flowers as they bloomed in sweet May,
And together they rambled along hand in hand,
Said Willie to Annie, "My life's at your command."

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

All the singer could remember.

It was down by Cupid's garden
 For pleasure I did walk,
 I overheard a loving couple,
 They pleasantly did talk,
 Now the one was a maid of honour,
 The other a prentice boy,
 In private they were courting
 For he was all her joy.

2

Now he said, "Dear maid of honour
 I am you apprentice boy,
 It was little did I ever think
 Such a fair one to enjoy,
 Her cheeks they were a rosy red
 And her humour kind and true
 And she said, "If ever I marry
 It will be unto you."

3

It was when this fair one's parents
 They came to understand,
 They had that young man banished
 Unto a foreign land,
 This maid lay broken-hearted,
 Lamentingly did cry,
 "O for my handsome apprentice boy
 A maid I'll live and die."

4

It was unto a rich merchant
 That young man he was bound,
 And by his good behavoir
 Great favour there soon found,
 He soon arose to butler,
 From thence he rose to fame,
 And by his own desire
 A waiter he became.

5

'Twas a ticket in a lottery
 That the money he paid down,
 And there he gained a worthy prize
 Worth fifteen thousand pounds,
 He decked his clothes all o'er with gold
 And silver decked indeed,
 And hurried home to England
 His own true love to see.

6

He offered kind embraces
 But she fled from his arms,
 "Go away you lord, you noble duke,
 You'll ne'er enjoy my charms,
 Go away you lord, you noble duke,
 'Tis you I do deny,
 But for my handsome prentice boy
 A maid I'll live and die."

He said, "Dear maid of honour
I once was in your arms,
Here is a ring you gave to me
When I enjoyed your charms,
Here is a ring you gave to me,
How can you it deny?
Your cruel parents banished me,
I am your prentice boy."

When she beheld his features
She flew into his arms
And kisses without number
They enjoyed each others charms,
That young couple they got married
In spite of all their kin,
And I wish they joy and happiness
Till I go back again.

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

Come all my fellow countrymen,
Great pity you'll lend an ear,
The sad and mournful tragedy
Ye presently shall hear,
Concerning a fair damsel
In Carleton town did dwell,
She was handsome, young, and innocent,
The truth to you'll tell.

2

The first time I met Maggie Vail
Was on a picnic day,
We were introduced and pleasantly
We passed the time away,
She not knowing I was married
And trusting me also,
How little did she ever think
I'd prove her overthrow.

3

Likewise five hundred dollars
That she trusted in my care,
For she said there was no one breathing
With me that could compare,
At a boarding house called Lordly's
She took up her abode,
And it was from here I asked her out
On the Black River Road.

4

Now we left the Cold Shed bunkers
And hastened on with speed,
Till we arrived at the very place
I meant to do the deed,
We stepped aside just off the road
And sat down on a stone,
Looking all around on every side
I found we were alone.

5

Just then the baby began to cry,
It made my anger rise,
I quickly caught it by the throat
To still its tender cries,
The mother arose to save her child
But I had choked it dead,
And with a loaded pistol
I shot her through the head.

6

I saw that I had done the deed
And I could not avail,
My mind being all disordered
And I could not prevail,
With moss and brush I covered them
And left them to decay,
It was then unto the city
I quickly made my way.

A year had passed and better,
 For the time went quickly round,
 Some coloured folks while berrying
 A human skull they found,
 The dreadful news soon spread abroad
 And rumours did go round,
 How many came to view the sport
 Where the human bones were found.

Some of the noted doctors then
 Were summoned to the place,
 Likewise the coroner of St. John
 To analyse the case,
 Suspicion then did rest on me
 And I could not prevail,
 Things went so very hard with me
 That I was sent to jail.

It was there I lay in troubled mind
 Until my trial day
 When the judge he passed my sentence
 And unto me did say,
 On the fifteenth day of February
 You'll by the neck be hung,
 May God have mercy on your soul
 For the dreadful deed you've done.

On the fifteenth day of February
 I'll take a last farewell
 Of all my old companions
 Who in this town do dwell,
 And to my loving helpmate
 And her two children small,
 'Tis the thoughts of parting with you
 That grieves me worst of all.

Come all my fellow citizens,
 A warning take by me,
 I would have you quit night walking
 And shun bad company,
 If you only knew the hardships
 I had to undergo
 You would shun the fate before too late
 Of the said John A. Munro,

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

At one time he sent her ^{trunks} to Boston and meant
 to kill her there but his heart went back on him. He
 was an architect and had made the gallows that he
 hung upon himself. The dentist swore to teeth he had
 fixed and her sister to her hair. It happened in 1868
 in St. John, N. B. When he made the gallows he had no
 idea he would ever use them himself. There is a book
 about it.