

Reel 131A

Wm. E. Ireland,

- 1-5. The Dying Californian, sung by Mr. Angelo Dornan, Elgin, N.B. 5 long verses of man about to die and sending messages home; all right of its kind.
- 5-8. Stump Speech, recited by Mr. Wm. E. Ireland, Elgin; amusing; popular 60 years ago; pokes fun at oratory.
- 8-9 She Bargained With A Captain, sung by Mr. Angelo Dornan, Elgin, N.B. 1 vs. only of girl who wanted to get out to see her lover and dressed in men's clothes; is part of long song.
- 9-9½ Handy Andy, sung by Mr. Angelo Dornan, Elgin, N.B. 2 vs. and Cho. of Irishman who always did everything backwards; tuneful and amusing as far as it goes.
- 9½-10 Sir James the Ross sung by Mr. Angelo Dornan, Elgin, N.B.; good tune from his great uncle via his father; the verse is from my TSNS; Mr. Dornan has since committed the whole 23 double verses to memory.
- 10-12 I Never Will Marry, sung by Mr. Gordon Dornan, son of Angelo; 5 vs. & cho. of nice little song, but singer can't carry a tune; text is amusing.
- 12-18 Molly Agnew, sung by Mr. F. H. Geldert, Elgin, N. B. 8 vs. of pretty love song although it sounds a bit mixed up; tuneful.
- 18-20 Bob Vai Was A Butcher Boy, sung by Mr. Wm. E. Ireland, Elgin, N.B.; 3 vs. comical little song with adequate tune; incomplete, but could be used as it is.
- 20-22. The Braes of Belquether (Balquhiddy), sung by Mr. Wm. E. Ireland, Elgin, N.B. 6 vs. of pretty little love song, probably late; nice tune.
- 22-27 Mary's Vision, sung by Mr. Wm. E. Ireland; 4 vs. ghost of drowned lover returns; pretty song, probably late.
- 27-end I Have A Wife, sung by Mr. Angelo Dornan; 3 vs. & cho; amusing little song about slovenly housekeeper; could be used.

FSG 30
23.289.2
MF 289.576

Comrades come gather around me for I am dying now,
 The last faint ray of hope has fled and calm calm is my brow,
 When death and pain gives up its claim give ear to what I say,
 Go bear this message to my home, my home so far away.

2

Go tell my father not to blame his once loved darling child,
 But for to kindly pray for me as when youth once on me smiled,
 Go tell my mother so pure and mild my very last act will be
 To repeat that well remembered prayer I learned beside her knee.

3

Here is a ring from off my hand, bear it to yonder shore,
 Tell Mary it is an offering from one she'll ne'er see more,
 And when I'm in the damp cold ground she'll bless that happy hour
 When first she pledged her love to me in yon green shady bower.

4

Here is a token, she gave it me, from which I cannot part,
 Comrades when I am cold and dead place it upon my heart,
 It seems as if I could not rest should it be wanting there,
 Through the pain of death I could not part with a gift from one so dear.

5

Comrades come gather around me and make my last cold bed,
 For e'er the morning sun doth shine I shall be laying dead,
 Farewell to friends and happy home, I'll never see you more,
 For I must slumber here alone on San Francisco shore,
 On San Francisco shore, yes I must slumber here alone
 On San Francisco shore.

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

It affords me the utmost pleasure in appearing before you this evening in the cause of America. I would have addressed you sooner had it not been for a little accident that occurred on the way. When I was stopping at the Royal Hotel in Petitcodiac I left word with a night clerk to awaken me at a very early hour. Now the clerk made a slight mistake and woke up the wrong person. The consequence was that I was some five miles on my journey before I discovered my mistake, so I had to turn around and go all the way back to Petitcodiac, and wake myself up before starting for your beautiful city.

The subject that I have so carefully pulverized for your attention this evening is Temperance and other refreshments. Go back as far as the fifteenth cemetery, take up psychology, etymology, and sam taxiprocity, and what do we find? A man in his primitive state is nothing more than the smallest morsel of anti-billiousness and defunct junism. Speaking of a man, when is a man a man? Some say he is not a man in his entirety until he gets married. Then he gets back that lost rib. But I don't believe that a woman come from a man. Oh no. I believe that a woman come from the mulberry tree, and I will prove the assertion. Mulberries grow on trees; the mulberry becomes a caterpillar, the caterpillar becomes a silkworm, the silk work becomes a silk dress, and don't a silk dress become a woman?

A short time ago when I was in Philadelphia, there was a gentleman there who owned a very fine pair of horses. Now one night a thief came and stole Paralton, one of those beautiful horses. What did that good man do? He went out and slept in the barn with his angel maker by his side. He prayed loud; he prayed fervently; he prayed ~~long~~ ~~that~~ strong that the thief might return, and that good man's prayers were answered. The thief did return and stole the other horse.

(Interruption: Is that all?)

No, that's just the beginning. It's a stump speech I heard 60 years ago. I heard it in Bangor first. I heard it in Boston and I heard it in St. John.)

A short time ago a large sixteen story building in Philadelphia caught on fire and the spectators were horrified to see a young lady come to the window in the very top floor, and implore help to save her from the devouring flames. What did I do? Without losing my presence of mind as many another man might have done, I procured a long rope. I tied one end round my body. I threw the other end to the young lady. She tied it round her waist, and I yanked her down.

Talk about power. My brother Bill was an engineer on that fast train the Albany and Buffalo. One day he looked out of the cab window and he seen a little curly-headed boy, playing on the railroad track just in front of the fast advancing train. Without losing his presence of mind, Bill ran and got a large rope out of a trunk that was there. He tied one end of it round his waist he throw the other end ~~xxxxxxx~~ and it caught round a telegraphic pole. He threw it to the young boy, he tied the other end round his waist. My brother Bill braced his feet. He pulled that whole chain of cars off that track, saved the urchin, and killed three hundred passengers.

I took a holiday trip out on the Alleghany Mountains last fall, and I called on my brother Bill and I said, "Bill, I'm going out to see if I can get some game. Where will I find any?" He said, "You go up that mountain side and I think you'll find all the game there that you want." Well I journeyed on and on and on up the steepest mountain I ever went up; it took me a half an hour to go up, and as I was turning round a bend in the road, what should I see but a large black bear, and the bear seen me about that moment and he came right for me. Well I never was as scared in my life, and I started down the hill. You may know how fast I went down the hill when it took me a half an hour to go up the hill and I came down in half a minute, and as I was going around a bend in the road who should I meet but my brother Bill. Now I didn't want Bill to think that I was scared of the bear for I wasn't. So I just said, "Bill, for heaven's sake get out of the road. Get out of the road I'm taking this bear home alive."

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

She bargained with a captain
Her passage to go free,
That she might be his comrade
To cross the raging sea.

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

A girl wanted to get out to see her lover, and that
is how she arranged it. She dressed in men's clothes and
got a free passage it's a long song, but that's all I know.

This is about Handy Andy. He's a fictitious character in Ireland, and he never could do anything right. Everything he did was backwards, and this little song is about him. There's a book about him. The whole story, and it's very amusing. I only know two verses; there's a lot more to it.

Cho.

O dear then ain't it a shame
To be called Handy Andy when Andrew's my name?

1

I hired with a farmer to sow and to reap,
To tend to his horses, his cattle and sheep,
He told me to give them a few ears of corn
So I filled up the ears of his cows with corn. Cho.

2

I landed a job at a big city store
To clean off the sidewalk in front of the door,
I went to work and I did it complete
For I shovelled the sidewalk right out in the street. Cho.

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

Sir James the Ross

Reel 131A9½-10

Of all the northern Scottish chiefs of high and warlike name
The bravest is Sir James the Ross, a knight of mighty fame,
His growth was like the trampled fir that crowns the mountain's brow,
And waving o'er Ross's shoulders broad the locks of yellow flou.

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

Mr. Dornan's father had heard his uncle sing this song;
he learned the tune but neglected to learn the words, to his
later regret. He never heard it from anyone else. The words
here are from TSNS p.75, but the tune is his great uncle's.

I Never Will Marry

Reel 131A10-12

I never will marry a man who is rich,
Shabedy rue de ray,
He'd keep me at home with a hickory switch,
Shabedy rue de ray,

I never will marry a man that is poor,
He'd keep me begging from door to door.

I never will marry a man at all,
I made up my mind to keep old maid's hall,

I'll take me a chair and sit in the sun
And I'll make the old bachelors run run run.

Shabedy rue de ray,
Shabedy rue de ray,
I'll make the old bachelors run run run,
Shabedy rue de ray.

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

As I went a-calling ^{walk} one evening in summer
 As the dew fell from heaven all flowers to renew,
 As I walked along through a dismal forest
 This wonderful image appeared to my view.

2

Her long golden tresses was waved by the breezes,
 Her long golden ringlets o'er her shoulders hung down,
 Like an image of perfection she seemed for to wander,
 Her dress was a wrapper, or a plain muslin gown.

3

I drew myself nearer and I said, "Lovely fair one
 Why do you roam in those deserts alone,
 What is your name love, likewise your occupation,
 Why do you roam o'er those deserts so wild?"

4

"Kind sir," she made answer, "I have no consolation,
 In roaming those deserts their prospects to view,
 I am but a servant and low is my station
 And I go by the name of young Molly Agnew.

5

"My father once possessed sir a large store of riches
 And there we lived happy till the year eighty-one
 When our king he called unto the sons of our nation,
 When liberty called they were forced for to join.

6

"They was taken to battle and quickly was murdered,
 For want of employment our hardships foretold,
 With minds half distracted we roamed broken-hearted
 And the tiger stands carefully guarding the fold."

7

and

I drew myself nearer, I said, "Lovely fair one,
 If you will consent for to be my bride,
 No more in this wild world will you suffer prosecution
 If you will go with me on the banks of the Clyde."

8

With modest behaviour she freely consented,
 And off to old Scotia we quickly did go,
 On Clyde's flowing bank heaven joined us together
 And now my own darling is Molly Agnew.

Sung by Mr. F.H. Geldert, Elgin, N.B. and recorded
 by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1954.

Now old Bob Vail was a butcher boy
And he sold all kinds of meat,
He was a real old sport from the toes clean up
And he'd rather fight than eat,
It would take all the marrow in a big shin bone
To grease his curly hair,
That grew in a mop on the back of his head
For the top of his head was bare.

2

Old Bob Vail was great on the marsh
And many were the scheme he planned
To take an old girl out named Codfish Lize,
She was boss of a codfish stand,
Bob ran out his little neat cart
And he harnessed the old grey mare,
To take Lize out for the good of her health
And have a little country air.

3

When Bob asked Lize to be his wife
She snickered and snorted like a child,
Her teeth fell out and she lost her wig
And the old grey mare she smiled.

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

Will you go lassie go to the braes of Belquether
 Where the keen wind they blow and the bonny blooming heather,
 Where the roe, hind, and deer do go bounding together,
 Spend their long summer days by the banks of Belquether.

-2
braes

I would twine you a bower by some silvery fountain,
 And deck you all o'er with roses from the mountain,
 And there we would go spend our long days together,
 Spend our long summer days on the braes of Belquether.

3

~~Maixkinixsir~~

"No, no 'sir," she said, "I'm too young to have a lover,
 My age is scarce sixteen and I dafe not for my mother,
 And besides being too young I fear you're some deceiver
 That has come along to charm me here by the braes of Belquether."

4

"Fare you well my pretty fair maid, your beauty soon may wither,
 I'll deprive you of your chance and live happy with some other,
 I will roam the wide world over till I find a maid of honour
 That will go along with me to the braes of Belquether."

5

"O come back, oh come back I think you're no deceiver,
 O come back, oh come back, I will never love no other,
 I'll forsake all my kind friends, father, mother, sister, brother,
 And I'll go along with you to the braes of Belquether."

6

So now they have gone to the braes of Belquether
 Where the keen winds they blow and the bonny blooming heather,
 Where the roe, hind, and deer do go bounding together,
 Spend their long summer days by the braes of Belquether.

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

This appears in a book of Scotch songs as The
 Braes of Balquidder, with 4 vs. & chorus.

The moon had climbed the highest hill
That arises o'er the source of day,
And from an eastern summit shone
Her silvery light o'er tower and tree,
When Mary laid her down to rest
Her thoughts on Sandy far on sea,
When soft and low a voice she heard
Saying, "Mary weep nae mair for me."

2

She from her pillow gently raised
Her head to see who there might be,
She saw young Sandy shivering stand
With pale pale cheek and hollow ee,
"O Mary dear, cold is my clay,
It lies beneath the stormy sea,
For far from thee in death I sleep,
So Mary weep nae mair for me."

3

"Three stormy days and stormy nights
We tossed upon the raging main,
And long we strove our barque to save
But all our striving was in vain,
Even then when horror chilled my blood
My heart was filled in love for thee,
The storm is passed and I'm at rest,
Sweet Mary weep nae mair for me."

4

"O Mary dear thyself prepare
To meet me on another shore
Where love is free from doubt or care
And we shall meet and part nae mair,
Loud crew the cock, the vision fled,
Nae mair of Sandy could she see,
But soft the passing spirit said,
Sweet Mary weep nae mair for me."

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

I have a wife, she is neat and clean,
 With me fie o laddie,
 She sets the milk and she gathers cream
 And her name is Ural, Maggie Mural
~~Stig McGural, Stig McGue~~
 Stig McGural, Stig McGue.

2

She churns the butter in the old man's boots,
 With me fie o laddie,
 And the name she gets is the Queen of the Sluts
 And her name is Ural, Maggie Mural,
 Stig McGural, Stig McGue.

3

She boils the chickens all feathers and guts,
 With me fie o laddie,
 And the name she gets is the Queen of the Sluts,
 And her name us Ural, Maggie Mural,
 Stig McGural, Stig McGue.

Sung by Mr. Algernon Dornan, Elgin, N.B. and ~~xxxx~~
 recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1954.

Mr. Dornan says this is all he knows of this song,
 and it's too much. He didn't think the word slut was very polite.