

- 1-3 Dancing Tune, Fisher's Hornpipe whistled by Mrs. Terese O'Connor, Goshen, N.B.; not too well whistled
- 3-6 The Sea Captain, sung by Mr. Angelo Dornan, Elgin, N.B.; complete forwards, but pitched too high. see also reels 128A, 118B & 122A; this is a good song; bright and singable.
- 6-9 The Stormy Winds of Winter, sung by Mr. Dornan; another good song, but pitched a little high; see also reels 78, 71 & 128B and TSNS
- 9-10 Love Your Neighbor, sung by Mr. Dornan; one 6 line vs.; sounds as though it may have been a toast.
- 10-12 Jolly Roving Tar, sung by Mr. Dornan; 4 vs. sung slowly to good tune, but not as pleasant a one as Mr. Henneberry's, F.S.N.S.p.178
- 12-12½ The Silly Old Miser, sung by Mr. Dornan; 1 vs. only which is all he ever heard of what is obviously an Irish song.
- 12½-15 Sally to her Bedchamber; sung by Mr. Dornan; 1 vs. of another Irish song.
- 15-16 My Father's A Lawyer, sung by Mr. Dornan; 2 vs. and story of what is probably a very interesting song; too bad he doesn't know more of it.
- 16-18 It's Seven Long Years, sung by Mr. Dornan; sailor lover has been gone for 7 years; in this song he does not return; Nancy dreams and mourns.
- 18-19 Betsy of Dundee, sung by Mr. Dornan; love song in which Betsy probably goes to war though it is too incomplete to be sure.
- 19-20 Mouth Organ, name of tune unknown, played by Mrs. Terese O'Connor, Goshen, N.B. Also by same player:
- 20-21 Soldier's Joy
- 21-22 Lord MacDonald's Reel
- 22-23 Blackbird
- 23-25 Nelly Grey
- 25-26 Fisher's Hornpipe, whistled by Mrs. O'Connor
- 26-27 Miss McLeod's Reel, played on mouth organ by Mr. Clem O'Connor, son of Mrs. Terese O'Connor; played well.
- 27-28 The Red ^Mantle, sung by Mr. Dornan; 7 vs. of very nice song with cho.; wife wants red mantle to wear to the fair; see also reel 151A&B
- 28-end Nineteen and Ninety, sung by Mr. Dornan; 1 vs. only; of no particular value.

There was a sea captain who followed the sea,
 Let the wind blow high or blow low oh,
 "I shall die, I shall die," the sea captain did cry,
 "If I don't get that maid on the shore oh, shore,
 If I don't get that maid on the shore."

2

The captain had jewels, the captain had gold,
 The captain had costly a wear oh,
 All this he would give to this pretty fair maid
 If she'd please take a sail from the shore oh, shore,
 If she'd please take a sail from the shore.

3

With great persuasion they gathered on board,
 The weather being fine and so clear oh,
 He asked her to sing them a verse of a song
 To drive away sorrow and care oh, care,
 For to drive away sorrow and care.

4

The night was so still and the water so calm
 They sat in the stern of the ship oh,
 Her voice was so sweet, so neat and complete
 She sang captain and sailors to sleep oh, sleep,
 She sang captain and sailors to sleep.

5

When she got them all asleep,
 All alone in despair oh,
 She pried open the lock of the captain's strong box
 And she emptied it out on the floor oh, floor,
 And she emptied it out on the floor.

6

She took all his jewels she took all his gold,
 She took all his costly a wear oh,
 And she fashioned an oar from the captain's broadsword
 And she paddled her boat to the shore oh, shore,
 And she paddled her boat to the shore.

7

When the captain he awoke,
 All alone in despair oh,
 He sighed and he sobbed and he cried, "I've been robbed,
 I've been robbed by that maid on the shore oh, shore,
 I've been robbed by that maid on the shore."

8

"O were my men crazy, or were my men mad,
 Or were my men deep in despair oh,
 For to let her away with her beauty so gay
 For to roam all alone on the shore oh, shore,
 For to roam all alone on the shore."

(over)

"Your~~re~~ men were not crazy, your men were not mad,
Your men were not, deep in despair oh,
I deluded your sailors as well as yourself
And again I'm a maid on the shore oh, shore,
And again I'm a maid on the shore."

Sung by Mr. Angelo Dornan, Elgin, N.B. and recorded
by Helen Creighton, July/55

In vs. 5 Mr. Dornan made up the words, "she pried open
the lock of the captain's strong box."
In vs. 7 "he sighed and he sobbed etc." also made up.

The stormy scenes of winter incline to frost and snow,
 The dark shades over the centres where the stormy winds do blow,
 You are the only one I choose to be my dear,
 But your constant heart is frozen and well wrapped up I fear.

2

I went to see my love one night, she proved most scornfully,
 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?"

3

She said, "To tell you plainly I'll lead a single life,
 I never thought it suitable that I should be your wife,
 So take that for an answer and for yourself provide,
 I have got another sweetheart and you I lay aside."

4

"Now since you are for changing the old love for the new
 Then I will be for ranging the stormy billows through,
 And when I have got money to some tavern I will go
 And I'll drink a health to Flora although she answered no.

5

"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 will not last long, they'll melt away like snow
 And when poverty does frown on you you'll think of me I know."

6

"The small birds they are singing so cheerily and so fine,
 My heart it would be singing if Flora would be mine,
 I'll choose the fair and handsome, I will be happy still,
 Oh this world is wide and lonesome, if you won't some other will."

Sung by Mr. Angelo Dornan, Elgón, N.B. and recorded
 by Helen Creighton, July/55

Love Your Neighbor

Reel 144A9-10

Love your neighbor as yourself
But leave his wife alone,
With forty men I'd trust my wife
But with you alone not on your life,
So love your neighbor as yourself
But leave his wife alone.

Sung by Mr. Angelo Dornan, Elgin, N.B. and recorded
by Helen Creighton, July/55

It was in the city of London town, 'twas there by the highway
 Where I espied a damsel fair and she alone did stray,
 She appeared to me like Venus or some other lonely star
 As she walked the beach lamenting for her jolly roving tar.

2

"Oh many a pleasant evening my love and I did pass,
 With many a jovial sailor lad and many a fair young lass,
 With a fiddler sweetly playing, likewise a wild guitar,"
 I went hand in hand together with my jolly roving tar."

3

Pretty Susan she jumped in the boat and gayly rowed for shore,
 "Then I'll go see my father's ship and see that they're well stored,
 Provisions we had plenty, there's lots of grog in store,
 I will cross the briny ocean for my jolly roving tar."

4

Pretty Susan she jumped in the boat and then she rowed for shore,
 Saying, "Farewell ye maids of London town I'll fear no wound nor
 scar,
 Farewell ye maids of London town I'll fear no wound nor scar
 For my heart lies in the bosom of my jolly roving tar."

Sung by Mr. Angelo Dornan, Elgin, N.B. and recorded by
 Helen Creighton, July/55

The Silly Old Miser

Reel 144A12-12½

The silly old miser he sat with a frown,
While they were preparing for us a shake-down,
And I wish I had never seen Galbary town
Or the sky over Derby O'Leary.

Sung by Mr. Angelo Dornan, Elgin, N.B. and recorded
by Helen Creighton, July/55.

This is all Mr. Dornan ever heard of this song.

Sally To Her Bedchamber

Reel 144A12 $\frac{1}{2}$ -15

Now Sally to her bedchamber this night she made great moan,
Saying, "Jimmie, lovely Jimmie, your pillow is quite alone,
How can I rest contented and you so far awa',
Sure I thought I'd lived and died with you in sweet Erin go bragh."

Sung by Mr. Angelo Dornan, and recorded by Helen
Creighton, July/55

Ma Dornan

X

This couple, they were going to elope, or they did elope, and they captured the fellow and they brought him back and he was going to be tried for kidnapping, the girl. So her father was a lawyer and she advised her lover to go to her father for counsel, not knowing that it was his own daughter he was trying to kidnap, or run away with. It goes like this. She said,

My father's a a lawyer of the peace
And I'm his only daughter,
For a guinea he will counsel you
And you will be commended.
You will be censured by the law,
And by the law defended.

So then the old man he tells him this when he goes to him for advice;

If you can prove that she stole you,
That will prevent a fury,
That this is law I will maintain
Before the judge and jury.

Apparently there must be some more verses to come in there and he must have got the jury to free him, and then when he found out it was his own daughter he said,
You might have lords and nobles
Of high birth and rich descended,
But since you have your heart's delight
How can I be offended?

Sung by Mr. Angelo Dornan, Elgin, N.B. and recorded
by Helen Creighton, Sept/55

It's Seven Long Years

Reel 144A16-18

and

It's seven long years ~~af~~ something better
Since Willie the sailor crossed over the sea,
And seven long years with never a letter
Nancy lamented bitterly.

2

Willie dear, oh dearest Willie,
William dear it was not I,
It was my trembling hand deceived you,
Caused my youthful tongue to lie.

3

Nancy she fell into a slumber,
She dreamt she heard the billows roar
The ship riding high in a volley of thunder
And Willie was landed safe on shore.

4

But when she woke out of her slumber
Found it was a simple dream,
Must all her hopes be dashed asunder
Stark despair to reign supreme.

Sung by Mr. Angelo Dornan, Elgin, N.B. and recorded
by Helen Creighton, July/55

Betsy of Dundee

Reel 144A18-19

Till at length a comely maid
O she has my heart betrayed,
Down by a myrtle shade
I espied this lovely she,
"Pray tell, my lovely fair one
Your aim and occupation,"
Quite modestly she answered me,
"I'm Betsy of Dundee."

2

For to ramble we inclined
And her parents seldom minded,
With love we both were blinded,
We thought that we were free,
Till her father passing by us
He through the shade did spy us,
He immediately drew nigh us
On the banks of sweet Dundee.

3

Since it's your determination
To cause our separation,
In spite of all this nation
With him I'll run away.
The war it being over
I soon became a rover,
And my youthful days are over
On the banks of sweet Dundee.

4

Fair maids I oft times courted,
From inn to inn I resorted
And my youthful days I sported
On the banks of sweet Dundee.

Sung by Mr. Angelo Dornan, Elgin, N.B. and recorded
by Helen Creighton, July/55

The Red Mantle

Reel 144A27-28
Reel 151A27-208B15-17

"Oh husband, dear husband my wardrobe is bare
And it's scarcely three weeks to the big county fair,"

Cho.

With my down derry down
With my down derry dey.

2

"Oh times they are hard and wages is low
Provisions are scarce as you very well know," Cho.

3

"Oh husband, dear husband, grant me my desire,
Get me a red mantle to wear to the fair," Cho.

4

"Between now and harvest I will to my best
To get you a red mantle as well as the rest," Cho.

5

He got me the mantle so costly and rare
And I gayly set out for the big county fair, Cho.

6

I thought that the likes of me wouldn't be seen there that day,
But green mantles were worn and carried the sway, Cho.

7

The costly red mantle in shreds I did tear
And I went home in tears from the big county fair, Cho.

Sung by Mr. Angelo Dornan, Elgin, New Brunswick, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1955.

She laid her fine false teeth upon the table,
She hung her golden hair upon a peg,
And I laughed, I laughed as loud as I was able
When I saw her taking off her wooden leg.

Sung by Mr. Angelo Dornan, Elgin, N.B. and recorded
by Helen Creighton, July/55.