

- 1-5 Roger the Miller, sung by Mr. Angelo Dornan, Elgin, N.B.; amusing song of courtship; 9 vs.; singer not consistent in tune; sung fairly well; see also Reel 103A
- 5-6 The Year of Jubilo, sung by Mr. Dornan; darkie song, well sung; 4 vs. & cho.; amusing.
- 6-7 Charlie, sung by Mr. Dornan; nice little nursery rhyme; 2 vs. & cho.; probably refers to Bonny Prince Charlie; this could be set with accompaniment.
- 7-8 Bonny Bunch of Rushes Green, sung by Mr. Dornan; 2 vs. of what is probably a long love song with girl led astray; quite a nice tune.
- 8-8½ I'm Here In Close Confinement, sung by Mr. Dornan; 1 vs. of what is probably a good-night song; fair tune.
- 8½-9 The Beauty of Lime rick, sung by Mr. Dornan; 1 vs. of Irish love song, all he ever heard his father sing.
- 9-9½ The Gander and the Saint, sung by Mr. Dornan; most unusual song of a king who asked a saint to cure his sick gander, and then wouldn't pay the fee. Sounds very odd. Singer only knows part of it.
- 9½-10 Castle Garden, sung by Mr. Dornan; 2½ vs.; Irish song of man who sails away from Ireland; fair tune.
- 10-15 The Rocks of Scilly, sung by Mr. Dornan; 8 vs. complete song; fair tune, quite well sung; reel 74 may be better sung by Bernard Young; tale of shipwreck; see TSNS p.200
- 15-17 The Red Mantle, sung by Mr. Dornan; for words see 144A
- 17-19 The Baggage Coach Ahead; not folk, words not typed out.
- 19-25, The Sweet Forget Me Not; not folk, words not typed out.
- 25-27 Young Charlotte; sung by Mrs. Thoman Malone, Goshen, N.B.; 9 vs. sung fairly well; song sometimes called Frozen Charlotte; see SBNS p 328, L.C. record 38, reels 53 and 107n&116; song popular in Canada and U.S.A. but some people consider it unlucky to sing.
- 27-end Though I'm Fond of Music, sung by Mr. Dornan; 2 short vs.; money is the best music; amusing, probably picked up at some music hall.

All in Down &amp; Out &gt;

- Mr. Dornan

Young Roger the miller came courting of late  
 A rich farmer's daughter called beautiful Kate,  
 And she for her portion had diamonds and rings,  
 And she for her portion had many fine things.

2

The wedding was ordered and the money paid down,  
 It was a fine portion, full five hundred pounds,  
 Which caused gay young Roger to speak out his mind  
 And to his fair charmer be faithful and kind.

3

"Although that your daughter is charming and fair  
 I'll not take your daughter without the grey mare,"  
 The money then soon vanished out of his sight  
 And so did Miss Katie, his pride and delight.

4

About six months later or little above,  
 He chanced to encounter Miss Katie, his love,  
 All smiling said Roger, "Oh don't you know me?"  
 "If I'm not mistaken I've seen you," said she.

5

"I think," said she smiling, "I saw you before,  
 At a man very like you with long yellow hair  
 Who once came a-courting, who once came a-courting,  
 Who once came a-courting my father's grey mare.

6

"The price of that mare it was not very great,  
 So fare you well Roger, go mourn for your fate,"  
 Still smiling said Roger, "The while I did court  
 It was sometimes for pleasure and sometimes for sport.

7

"I thought that your father would never dispute  
 But give me his daughter and the grey mare to boot,  
 But since he had lost such a bountiful sum  
 It's now he was sorry for what he had done."

8

"Your sorrow," said Katie, "I value it not,  
 There are scores of young men in this world to be got,  
 And a man who would marry a maid for a mare  
 Would not be true-hearted of that I am sure.

9

"So fare you well Roger, adieu to you Roger,  
 Farewell to you Roger, go mourn for Kate."

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

O missus did you see my massa  
 With a mustache on his face,  
 Gone down the road some time this morning,  
 I suppose he's left the place,  
 He's gone away down the river  
~~XXXXXX~~ Where the Lincoln gun boats lay,  
 He's old enough a d big enough andout to knowed better  
 Than to went and runned away.

Cho.

O massy gone ha ha,  
 And the darkies stay ho ho,  
 It must be now that the kingdon's comin'  
 In the year of jubilo.

2

He's three feet one way, six feet another,  
 And he weighs three hundred pounds,  
 His coat's so big that he couldn't pay the tailor  
 And it don't go half way round. Cho.

3

There's wine and cider in the cellar  
 And the darkies will have some,  
 I expect we'll all be consuffocated  
 When the Lincoln soldiers come. Cho.

4

The overseer he gave us trouble  
 And he drive us round a spell,  
 We lock him up in the smokehouse cellar  
 With the key throwed down thewell. Cho.

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

Charlie

Reel 144B6-7

Charlie likes the cake and wine,  
Charlie likes the brandy,  
Charlie lies to kiss the girls,  
As sweet the sugery candy.  
Horish Cho.  
Whist do addity, whist do addity,  
Tor ror lor rol laddie,  
Tum the rum dum dum dum therum dum  
There's none like royal Charlie.

2

I want none of your rotten fish,  
I want none of your blarney,  
I'll bundle my petticoats under my arm  
And cross the water to Charlie. Cho.

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

*Andreas F. Le*

Bonny Bunch of Rushes Green

Reel 144B7-8

I'll deck you out in splendour  
With costly jewels my Arabian queen,  
I mean my charming Mary Ann  
With your bonny bunch of rushes green.

2

'Tis hard for to refuse you  
Although you have led me astray,  
I'll go with you although I know  
My days I'll spend in mourning.

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

I'm Here In Close Confinement

Reel 144B8-8½

I'm here in close confinement  
Bound down by fetters strong,  
Surrounded by strong granite walls  
And sentenced to be hung.  
Believe me now I sore regret  
That ever I was born

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

The Beauty of Limerick

Reel 144B8<sup>1</sup>-9

For there is no one fairer  
Or lovelier than she,  
She's the beauty of Limerick  
Accushla macree.

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

This is a story about a king who had a sick gander and a saint came along there and he asked the saint if he could cure the gander. So the saint said he could provided that he would give him the little taste of ground, as he called it, that the gander would fly around if he got well. So he cured the gander and the gander rose up in the air and flew round sixty miles. That would take a big slice out of his kingdom, so he - well it says - so the song goes, - there was a song about it but all I know is this much. It says;

The gander he rose in the air  
And flew sixty miles around,  
O then to raise a ruction  
He called the saint a witch,  
And the saint called down his six big men  
And cast him in the ditch.

That will be the king he cast in the ditch. I don't know how it came out. Whether he left him there or what happened to him, but that's all I know about the song. There must be more to the song if I knew it, but I don't. That's all I know of it. My father used to sing it all the way through. He didn't speak any of it; it was a song.



Hooray my boys, the sails are set  
And the wind is blowing fair,  
We're bound for Castle Gardens,  
In a few days we'll be there.

2

It's hard to part with those you love  
And it fills my heart with woe,  
To have to leave the dear ~~kittixpices~~ old place  
Where the dear little shamrock grows.

3

I owe my landlord four years rent  
And I wish I owed him more.

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

Come all you stalwart seamen bold that plow the raging main,  
 Come listen to my tragedy while I relate the same,  
 I left my newly wedded bride, so well I did adore,  
 To the seas we were commanded where the lofty billows rear.

2

O bound to the East Indies our course we then did steer,  
 And all the while I do think on my lovely Molly dear,  
 Sometimes on deck, sometimes aloft, ad when I'm down below,  
 But my Molly she runs in my mind for love commands me so.

3

'Twas when our load we had received then to old England bound,  
 We little thought it was our fate on the rocks of Scilly drowned,  
 On the rocks of Scilly we were cast where the foaming billows roar,  
 Out of eighty stalwart seamen bold but four did reach the shore.

4

We had not long been sailing when a storm it did arise,  
 And piled the seas up mountains high, and dismal was the sky,  
 "Aloft aloft," our captain cried, "my hearty sailors brave,  
 Come ~~step~~ your topsails fore and aft our ship and lives to save."

5

Then up did speak the captain bold, "The first man does see land  
 Five hundred pounds he will receive right into his hand,"  
 Our boatswain's mate went up aloft all in the foretop high,  
 He spied around on every side but no land could he spy

6

Then out speaks our bold captain, "We're drawing near the land,  
 Our ship and cargo we must save as you may understand,"  
 And all at once ahead of us a light it did appear,  
 "Cheer up my hearty hearts of oak, some harbour must be near."

7

The very first knock our gallant ship got in pieces she did fly,  
 "May the Lord have mercy on our souls," our captain he did cry,  
 With our good ship before the wind we thought all dangers past,  
 It was on the rocks of Scilly coast lads that fatal hour we were  
 cast.

8

On the rocks of Scilly we were cast, our gallant ship and crew,  
 On the rocks of Scilly we were cast most dismal for to view,  
 When Molly heard the dreadful news her tender heart did break,  
 Like a faithful and fond lover died for her true lover's sake.

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

Young Charlotte lived by the mountain side  
 In a quiet but lonely spot,  
 No dwelling place in five miles off  
 Except her father's cot,  
 But on many a bright and moonlight night  
 Gay friends would gather there,  
 Her parents they were social folk  
 And she was very fair.

2

In a village just fifteen miles off  
 There's a merry ball to-night,  
 Although the night was piercing cold  
 Their hearts were young and light,  
 Her father loved to see her dressed  
 As fine as a city belle,  
 She was the only child he had,  
 He loved his daughter well.

3

"O daughter dear," her mother said,  
 "Those blankets around you fold,  
 For this is a piercing night abroad,  
 You'll get your death of cold,"  
 "O no," young Charlotte she replied,  
 And she looked like a village queen,  
 "To be wrapped in blankets mother dear  
 I never shall be seen."

4

"My silken gōak is quite enough,  
 You know it's lined throughout,  
 Besides I've got my silken scarf  
 To tie my neck about,"  
 Her bonnet and her gloves were on  
 As she jumped into the sleigh,  
 And away they drove to the mountain side  
 O'er the hills away.

5

"It's a bitter cold night," young Charles cried,  
 "Those reins I scarce can hold,"  
 And Charlotte murmuring answered said,  
 "I'm growing exceeding cold,"  
 He snapped the whip, the steed flew on  
 Through the glittering starry light,  
 And scarce another word was spoke  
 Till the ballroom was in sight.

6

"How fast the frest," young Charles said,  
 "Is gathering on my brow,"  
 And Charlotte ~~answering~~ murmuring answered said,  
 "I'm getting warmer now,"

He snapped the whip, the steed flew on  
Far faster than before  
And scarce another word was spoke  
Till they reached the ballroom door.

7

They reached the room, Charles jumped out  
He gave to her his hand,  
"Why sit you there like a monument  
That has no power to stand?"  
He called her once, he called her twice,  
She answered never a word,  
Again he said, "Give me your hand,"  
But still she never stirred.

8

He caught her hand and oh it was  
Cold, hard, and stiff like ice,  
He went into the ballroom  
And he called for a light,  
He bore her lifeless body  
Into the fireside,  
And Charlotte she was a lifeless corpse  
She was froze by the mountainside

9

He set himself down by her side  
And the bitter tears did flow,  
He said, "You young and lovely maid  
You never more can go,"  
He entwined his arms around her neck  
And kissed her marble brow,  
And then he remembered when she said,  
"I'm growing warmer now."

Goshen, N.B.

Sung by Mrs. Thomas Malone, and recorded by Helen  
Creighton, July/55

Though I'm Fond Of Music

Reel 144B27-end

Though I'm fond of music  
I don't like the fiddle,  
I don't like the piccolo  
And I don't like the old banjo,  
I don't like the cornet,  
If I had one I'd pawn it,  
And I wouldn't have a big bassoon.

But put some gold in a bag of leather  
And jingle it together,  
Aye yie yie  
That's a beautiful tune.

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