

FSG30  
23.317.2  
MF289.614

Reel 146A

- 1-2 Rose of Britain's Isle, sung by Mr. W.E. Ireland, Elgin, N.B.  
2 vs. a bit mixed up.
- 2-5 Cupid's Garden, sung by Mr. Ireland whose voice gave out after  
2nd verse
- 5-8 I Will Not Go Out With Riley Any More, sung by Mr. Ireland;  
Irish, amusing, but not too well sung.
- 8-10 Peter Wheeler, sung by Mr. Ireland, interesting song of murder  
in Nova Scotia; 15 vs. of rare song.
- 10-18 John E. Sullivan, sung by Mr. Ireland; New Brunswick murder  
song; 11 vs.
- 18-21 George Jones, sung by Mr. Ireland; song of Saladin mutiny;  
10 vs. put together with difficulty.
- 21-26 True Lover's Discussion, sung by Mr. Ireland; 5 vs.; see  
same song by Mr. Dornan.
- 26-27 Jimmy Murphy, sung by Mr. Ireland; 2 vs.; nice little  
amusing song, good for children.
- 27-end Recitation, story of death of old woman with everything all  
mixed up. Told by Mr. Ireland. He has apparently  
forgotten a good deal of it.

Now when this old man came to know  
That this young couple courting were,  
He flew into an awful rage  
And bitterly he did swear,  
Saying, "If you bring disgrace on me  
I'll send you many a mile,  
I yet maintain my lovely Jane  
She's the rose of Britain's Isle."

(spoken because he couldn't remember it all:)

But anyway she went to sea.

And by a ball poor Jane did fall  
That shattered her right arm,  
The sailors ran to lend a hand  
While Jane did on them smile,  
"Behold my bride," young Edmund cried,  
"She's the rose of Britain's Isle."

Young Edmund was aboard the ship. I think she didn't  
know it or something.

Elgin, N.B.,  
Sung by Mr. W.E. Ireland, and recorded by Helen  
Creighton, July 1955.

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

He said, "Dear maid of honour  
I am your apprentice boy,  
It was ~~xxxxxxx~~ little did I ever think  
Such a fair one to enjoy.

(singer's voice gave out)

Sung by Mr. W.E. Ireland, Elgin, N.B. and recorded  
by Helen Creighton, July 1955.

Now my friend poor John O'Riley says,  
 "Come back along with me,  
 For I mean to draw my pension  
 And have a little spree,  
 We with both go down to Murphy's  
 And we'll call in on the gay,  
 And we'll have a drink of two  
 At Mrs. Grady's."

2

"Now now John," says I, "come home,  
 Leave the drinking stuff ~~at home~~ alone,  
 And you'll be a better man  
 To-morrow morn,"  
 "Divil a bit," says he, "I will  
 For I mean to have my fill,"  
 O then like a fool with him  
 I went along.

Cho.

I will not go out with Riley any more,  
 Every bone that's in my body since feels sore,  
 For he got me in a fight, let them lock me up all night,  
 I will not go out with Riley any more.

3

Now next morning Riley called around,  
 He says, "I'm sorry Mac,"  
 "I want none of your sympathy  
 Or anything like that,  
 If you had of stood by me  
 When you got me in a scrap,  
 I would not of been the sight I am  
 This morning."

4

"O tut tut," says he, "poor Mac,  
 I've got lots of money yet,  
 And come out and we will have  
 Another drink,"  
 Then like a fool again  
 I did the very same,  
 I went out with Riley  
 When I said I'd not.

Cho.

I will not go out with Riley any more,  
 For fun he poked a policeman in the jaw,  
 Then got away did he, and the cop he collered me,  
 I will not go out with Riley any more.

5

Now one morning Riley called around,  
 I'm glad I wasn't home,  
 My wife she said, "You'll find him  
 Down at McGlone's,"  
 "And faith and I will call in  
 For I want another fill,  
 I'll call in and see him  
 Mrs. Mac a Nally."

But he hadn't gone a block  
When a dangling wire he saw,  
As it gently in the breezes  
It did sway,  
He thought the wire was dead,  
But full of life instead,  
And that happened just a week ago  
To-day.

Cho.

I will not go out with Riley any more,  
For the very last of him I saw to-day,  
As his funeral went away I then to myself did say,  
"I cannot go out with Riley any more."

Sung by Mr. W.E. Ireland, Elgin, N.B. and  
recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1955.

It was in the early, the early spring,  
Before the little small birds began to sing,  
In a village closed down by the way  
A fair young girl's life had passed away.

2

It was on this Nova Scotia shore  
This fair one lived with plenty more,  
But at this time she was all alone  
Her parents being away from home.

3

Now Peter Wheeler was a man  
Who from his native country ran,  
And he landed on this foreign shore,  
He lived close by little Annie's door.

4

At eight o'clock or thereabouts  
I own I fear without a doubt  
I saw young Annie all on the floor  
From where I stood outside her door.

5

Then to his home he did retire  
And threw himself down by the fire,  
His mistress asked him if he was sick,  
Her answered her both short and quick.

6

At twelve o'clock he did make speed,  
The way to Kempton's house did lead,  
And he knocked at fair young Annie's door  
As he had ofttimes done before.

7

Now Annie arose and she struck a light  
Saying, "Who's there on this dark winter night?"  
"It's Peter Wheeler," he then did say,  
"Sent by a lady across the way."

8

She opened the door and in he came,  
With snow clad shoulders and dizzy(?) frame,  
He told her stories meek and mild  
Of tramps outside and burglars wild.

9

She kindled a fire then and there  
And then a lunch she did prepare,  
We ate together of that bite  
On that dark stormy winter night.

10

I asked her then for to be my wife,  
And make me happy all my life,  
She refused me as she had done before,  
It made me feel so very sore.

11

I caught, I dragged her to the floor,  
And there we tumbled o'er and o'er,  
"Kill me," she said, "for you can't do worse,  
And I ways bear a murderer's curse."

(over)

12

Then with a club I dealt the blow  
That laid young Annie Kempton low,  
I cut her throat all on the floor  
And left her lying in her gore.

13

A jury came and an inquest held,  
And then suspicion on me fell,  
I had to sleep all on the floor  
Closed in behind an iron door.

14

Now all young men a warning take,  
Stop playing cards and throwing dice,  
From drinking rum good company find  
For fear your end it will be like mine.

15

Now to conclude and make it plain,  
O Peter Wheeler is my name,  
I warn you all for to do what's right,  
And now I bid you a last good-night.

Sung by Mr. W.E. Ireland, Elgin, N.B. and recorded  
by Helen Creighton, ~~xxxxxxx~~ July 1955

You young men all of Westmoreland,  
 I hope you will, attend  
 And listen unto those few lines  
 That I this day have penned,  
 I'll sing for you a little song  
 I have made up this day  
 Concerning John E. Sullivan  
 And the Moncton tragedy.

3

I was born of honest parents,  
 They raised me true and kind,  
 They gave me education  
 That I must leave behind,  
 They brought me up to fear the Lord  
 And do His holy will,  
 They never dreamed they raised a child  
 That human blood would spill.

3

I was brought up in Westmoreland,  
 The truth I won't deny,  
 And Moncton is my native place  
 And Sullivan is my name,  
 I'm handcuffed herein Dorchester,

On Friday the 12th day of March  
 All on the

4

There was an aged widow  
 Lived near this fatal place,  
 With her I had been intimate  
 From first I saw her face,  
 She trusted me as you may see  
 To all I did require,  
 But still to take her precious life  
 It was my heart's desire.

5

On the eleventh of September last  
 My curse be on the day,  
 The devil he came unto me,  
 Those words to me did say,  
 Saying, "John, why don't you take her life,  
 It never will be told,  
 It's easy to announce her death  
 And you'll announce her death.  
 And you'll announce the gold."

6

On the eleventh of September last  
 The evening sun being low,  
 The day was nearly passed and gone,  
 The night was coming on,  
 My way I cautiously did take,  
 My way I slyly took  
 Till I arrived at Dutcher's  
 On the banks of Meadowbrook.



It was there I did conceal myself,  
 I soon contrived a plan,  
 I own I wanted liquor  
 And she kept the like on hand,  
 Once more the devil in disguise,  
 Once more he spoke to me,  
 Saying, "Kill her John, you're stout and bold,  
 You'll gain your liberty."

I killed the widow and her son,  
 To accomplish my desire  
 I gathered up what cash I had  
 And set the house afire,  
 It was early the next morning  
 The news had spread around  
 About the Dutcher's residence  
 Being burned to the ground.

The widow and her little son  
 They perished in the flame,  
 But little Maggie did survive  
 Oh me to lay the blame,  
 It was then I grew uneasy  
 And troubled in my mind,  
 My friends they all advised me  
 To leave my home behind.

I steered my course for Calais then,  
 That city of great fame,  
 It was there I was arrested,  
 They brought me back again,

(Then he spent along time in jail before the trial it  
 came on. The jury found him guilty and so on, and the  
 judge said that he would be hung on the 12th day of March.  
 And then he bids them all good-bye and so on. About the  
 girl he left behind and so on.

If I had lived one year or two  
 You would have been my wife,  
 No more I'll kiss your rosy cheeks  
 Or embrace you any more  
 Till death's dark river it is crossed  
 All to fair Canaan's shore.

(The priest visited him and he gave him a bottle of whisky,  
 and he drank some and he said that had been the cause of  
 my downfall but it may do me good now. I remember it  
 said that in the paper. I remember the 12th day of March  
 just as well as yesterday. It fell on Friday. I was cutting  
 poles away back in the woods and the snow was four feet deep,  
 and the air was so warm and sultry it would make a man lazy.  
 The air seemed to be singing a tune, the 12th day of March,  
 I think 1897. I think it was. I know I was 24 years old.

Sung by Mr. W.E. Ireland, Elgin, N.B. and recorded by  
 Helen Creighton, July 1955.

Come all my feeling countrymen,  
 In pity lend an ear,  
 Unto my feeling story,  
 You can't but shed a tear,  
 I'm here in close confinement,  
 Bound down in fetters strong,  
 I m surrounded by strong guard walls  
 And sentenced to be hung.

2

It was asad misfortune  
 That brought meto this place,  
 To die an ignominious death  
 My parents to disgrace,  
 At first when I did leave them how,  
 It grieved their hearts full sore,  
 Their sorrow scarce hadpassed away  
 Beforethey were renewed.

(Then they told he was on the same ship, the Saladin, and they murdered off the captain MacKenzie ad the whole crew; not the whole crew, four or five of them. There were two cabin passengers came aboard. One was Capt. Fielding and the other was his son. They said, "Look boys, let us kill the captain. One of them fellers will take charge of the ship. We'll sail her into port." There was fifteen thousand pounds in silver and gold down in the ship. Fielding got onto that, you know. Well then, first they was going to kill was MacKenzie. That was all planned but they were a little afriad of MacKenzie. He was in his cabin, a powerful man and savagely armed and he had a dog with him, that would stand by his master to the last. It was on the 4th of April I'm sorry to relate, When we commenced this dismal crime When first we killed our mate, Then we killed our carpenter And overboard him threw, Our captain then was put to death And six more of the crew.

(Now there's averse I'm hazy on. But Capt. Fielding said, "Now we'll all live together like brothers. We'll throw our firearms and our weapons in the sea." But It was found on Capt. Fielding For which he lost his life, A brace of loaded pistols, Likewise a carving knife, We suspected him of treachery, It so entaged the crew, He was seized by Carr and Galloway Who overboard him threw.

His son exclaimed for mercy's sake  
That he be left alone,  
But his entreaties were cut short,  
No mercy did we show, ~~them~~ him,  
We served him as his father  
Who met a watery grave,  
So we buried son and father  
Beneath the briny wave.

There were two cabin passengers  
Unready, unprepared,  
The hand of God protected them  
And both their lives were spared,  
Both of them were brought to justice  
And both of them were set free,  
They had no hand in Fielding's plan  
Nor his conspiracy.

Next it was agreed upon  
Before the wind to keep,  
We mostly kept before the wind  
All on the trackless deep,  
We mostly kept before the wind  
As we could do no more,  
And on the 29th of June  
We were shipwrecked on the shore.

We were all then taken  
And into prison cast,  
Tried and found guilty  
And sentence on us passed,  
And the day of our execution  
Is the 30th of July,  
May God have mercy on our souls  
That day we have to die.

Come all you pious Christians  
Whom God has been pleased to spare,  
I hope you will remember us  
All in your pious prayers,  
I hope you will remember us  
When we are lying cold,  
Our bodies they are all decayed  
And slumbering in the mold.

As for our pious clergy,  
For us they did so well,  
They came and prayed along with us  
While we were in the cells,

And offered sacrifices  
For our departing souls,  
I hope you will remember us  
When we decay and mould.

He walked out of the prison cell  
All on the scaffold high,  
At first he viewed the briny wave  
And then the pleasant sky,  
Then he sincerely prayed to God  
And humbly touched his breast,  
He was launched into eternity  
And I hope his soul's at rest.

Sung by Mr. W.E. Ireland, Elgin, N.B. and  
recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1955.

Now as I did walk out one evening  
 Down by a riverside,  
 I overheard a young couple discoursing,  
~~Discoursing~~ The fair one she replied,  
 "You are the most unconstant young man  
 That ever I did know,  
 You promised for to marry me  
 And why don't you do so?"

2

"If I had promised for to marry you  
 I'd scorn to break my vow,  
 Believe me dearest Polly  
 I could not come till now,  
 If I'd all the gold and the silver  
 That ever I did see,  
 In pleasure I would spend it  
 In your sweet company."

3

"Who told you those false stories?  
 And warned them to be true  
 That I have courted Nancy  
 And have forsaken you?  
 That I have courted Nancy  
 The girl with the rolling eye,"  
 "She is your joy and fancy  
 How can you her deny?"

4

"Do you see those pretty little small birds  
 That sing in yonder tree?  
 There's 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~~ Jimmy,  
 Touched Jimmy to the heart,  
 For oft times they had promised  
 That they should 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.

(Now I guess I haven't sung that for 70 years. I  
 used to hear my aunt at it.)

Sung by Mr. W.E. Ireland, Elgin, N.B. and recorded  
 by Helen Creighton, July 1955.

It was in the county Down  
Where the great fight was making,  
Poor little Jimmy Murphy  
Was the first boy was taken.  
It was not for sheep ~~xx~~aking, stealing,  
But the courting of a sweetpretty little Irish girl  
By the name of Mag Whalen.

There's not a maid so fair  
In all the east to the west of down Patrick,  
Could~~xxx~~ entice poor little Jimmy Murphy  
From the sweet green mossy banks  
Of John Skittery, Monkey Whisky, rum tum,  
Eol the diddle eye doe, i do I derry dey.

Sung by Mr. W.E. Ireland, Elgin, N.B. and recorded  
by Helen Creighton, July 1955.

He calls this a lumberman's skit.

Fellow citizens and citizenesses, I'll give you a true account of a dear old lady that was burned to death in a blaze of cold water in a heap of cold ashes, and it was here last night about twelve o'clock to-morrow that I received the sad intelligence of her death. After hearing the news every tear that fell from my eyes put fifty-six fathom of turf and started them all a-going. So I started off in great haste.

Sitting down by the roadside to rest myself and falling in with a man driving six dead horses and a sheet iron ~~wagon~~ anchor weighing seventy-five tons. I rose to my feet and I met a man who had the toothache in the back of his neck. That's where the Injun had the bellyache. He asked me if I could give him something to relieve his misery. I told him to get some hen's hair and cat's feathers, the juice of an anvil, the sweat of a ditch, a little Ely's compound, and so much the better. After I'd administered this great dose I started off and who should I meet but John Brown who lived in a little square round <sup>wood</sup> house all alone by himself and only six other houses joining it. I asked him could he tell me the account of the old woman. He said it was here last night that he received the sad intelligence. The first thing I seen was six of his boys thrashing tobacco into peas. One of these peas accidentally flew through a stone wall and killed a dead dog on the other side. Well it might, for the dog was dead six weeks before being shot. I then proceeded on my journey, falling in with some of Wellington's war veterans who had lost their heads, hands, limbs, and feet at the battle of Waterloo. I was so exasperated that I made one eternal jump and I landed in St. John, New Brunswick. One of my feet accidentally slipped and I fell back into the ? and that's the true account of the old woman.

(This is an Irish story. He fell back into the Lafayette or some such name. It is an Irish river. )

Recited by Mr. W.E. Ireland, Elgin, New Brunswick, and  
recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1955