

Reel 150B

- 1-3 The Maid of the Sweet Brown Knowe; 1 vs. sung by Mr. Fred Redden, Middle Musquodoboit; this is probably a nice Scottish love song.
- 3-6 Paddy Haggerty's Breeches; sung by Mr. Redden; 7 vs. of comic Irish boarding house song, well sung.
- 6-7 Lady Gowrie; sung by Mr. Redden; 6 vs. pretty Scottish love song; tune played on bagpipes 152B and whistled 151B; all by Mr. Redden
- 7-9 Young Jane and Her Gallant Hussar; sung by Mr. Redden; pleasant English folk song to same tune as Caroline and Her Young Sailor Bold, SBNS. 5 vs.
- 9-10 My Irish Jaunting Car; sung by Mr. Redden; 10 vs. in appreciation of Ireland; a jaunting car is a horse drawn vehicle
- 10-11 The Blarney Roses; sung by Mr. Redden; 3 vs. & cho.; amusing Irish love song, with lilting tune
- 11- 15 Farewell to the Banks of the Roe; sung by Mr. Redden; 4 vs. in praise of Mary who has gone; Irish love song
- 15-16 Where the Praties Grow; sung by Mr. Redden; 4 vs. & cho. of well known Irish love song; bright and happy
- 16-18 Erin's Lovely Home; sung by Mr. Redden; 1 vs. of song different from those usually sung to this title; too bad this was all he could recall
- 18-20 The County Tyrone; sung by Mr. Redden; 8 vs.; pleasant Irish love song
- 20-22 The Bard of Armagh; sung by Mr. Redden ; 4 vs. harper sings of his love for Ireland to pleasant tune
- 22-24 Molly Bawn; 1 vs. & cho. sung very nicely by Finvola Redden, aged 14; for full version see Reel 151A; pretty Irish song
- 24-27 The Mantle of Green; sung by Mr. Redden; 4 long vs. of one of best known Irish songs; dream of beautiful girl. Is also in SBNS.
- 27-28 Willie Riley; sung by Mr. Redden and Finvola; 1 vs. of what must be a pretty Irish love song.
- 28-end Dixie's Isle; sung by Mr. Redden; 1½ vs. of song in which girl wants to follow lover to New Orleans. See also reels 120A & 152A

All songs well sung by good singers

The Maid ^{of} the Sweet Brown Knowe
1

Reel 150B
1-3

If I rap and call and pay for all
My money it is my own
I won't spend much of your fortune
For I fear that you have ~~xxxxxx~~ none
I won't spend much of your fortune
For I'm going to leave you ~~know~~
I will leave you where I found you
At the foot of the sweet brown knowe.

Sung Mr. Fred Redden, Middle Musquodoboit, and recorded by Helen Creighton 195⁵4.
August.

At the sign of the bell on the road to Clonnel
 Paddy Haggerty kept a house of aiten
 Sold pigs meat and bread kept lodging and bed
 And was well liked in the country he lived in.
 Himself and his wife they both struggled through life
 And on week days he mended the ditches,
 But on Sunday he dressed in a coat of the best
 But his pride was his old leather breeches.

2

at

Now for twenty-one years, or least it appears
 These breeches his father had run in,
 And the morning he died he to his bedside
 Called Paddy, his dutiful son in,
 And the advice that he gave'er he went to the grave
 Was Paddy take care of your riches
 For it isn't no use to step into me shoes
 Unless you step into me breeches.

3

Now one day the snow laid provisions so low
 Poor Paddy was ate out completely
 With the snow coming down he could not go to town
 Thoughts of hunger soon bothered him greatly
 That night as he lay snug and dreaming away
 Dwergers, fairies and witches
 There came an uproar just outside the door
 So he leaps up and into his breeches.

4

Says Brian McTork with a voice like a Turk
 "Come down Pat and get us some aitens"
 Says big Andy Moore "Sure we'll break in the door
 'Tis no night to be kept here a-waiting"
 The words were scarce spoke when the door come in broke
 Sure they tore it clear off of its hitches
 By the great Miry Bog if we don't get some grog
 Sure we'll ate you right out of your breeches.

5

Paddy in dread he went to the bed
 That held Judy his own darling wife in,
 And there they agreed for to give them a feed
 And Paddy he brought a big knife in.
 They cut them in stripes by the way they do tripe
 And they ripped off the buttons and stitches
 And little they knew that this leather brugoo
 Was made out of Paddy's old breeches/.

6

Says Darby, it's rough, says Jamie, it's tough
Says Judy, "you're no judge of mutton"
When Brian McForke on the point of his fork
Sure he held up a big ivory button
Says Paddy, "what's that, sure I thought it was fat,"
When Brian leaps up and he screeches,
"By the power above I've been trying to shove
Me teeth through the flap of his breeches."

7

Says Andy, "Make haste, and go get the priest
By the beard of St. Patrick I'm dying"
But revenge they had on poor Paddy that night
As they broke all the chairs and the dishes
And from that very night
~~FRANKIE VERDINE~~
Sure they'd knock out the light
If you'd mention them old leather breeches.

Sung by Mr. Fred Redden, and recorded by Helen Creighton, September 1954⁵.

'Twas on a summer's afternoon
A Wee afore the sun went doon
My lassie in a braw new gown
Came o'er the hills to Gowrie.

2

The rosebud in the morning shower
Blooms fresh within the sunny bower
But Katie was the fairest flower
That ever bloomed in Gowrie

3

I had no thought to do her wrong
But 'round her waist my arms I flung
And said "my lassie will you go
To see the Carse of Gowrie.

4

"I'll take you to my father's hall
In yon green field beside shaw
And make ye lady of them all
The brawest wife in Gowrie."

5

Soft kisses on her lips I laid
The blush upon her cheeks soon spread
She whispered modestly and said,
"I'll go with ye to Gowrie."

6

The old folks soon gave their consent
And for Preacher John they quickly sent
Wha' tied us to our hearts' content
And now she's Lady Gowrie.

Sung by Mr. Fred Redden, Middle Musquodoboit, September 1954 and recorded by
Helen Creighton.

Carse - bracken or gorse
Shaw - outbuilding

A damsel~~s~~ possessed of great beauty
 As she stood by her ^{own} father's gate
 The gallant Hussars were on duty
 To view ~~them~~ this maiden did wait.
 Their horses were dancing and prancing
 Their accoutrements ~~shone~~ like a star
 On the plains they were ever advancing
 Young ^{Jane} spied her gallant Hussar.

2
 To the barracks next morning so early
 This damsel she rode in her car
 Because she loved him sincerely
 Young Edmund her (favourite) Hussar.

3
 It was while she conversed with her ^{gallant} soldier
 These words they heard him say,
 "Oh, Jane, had you heart to be bolder
 And follow you laddie away."

4
 "Three months upon bread and cold water
 My parents confined me from you
 Oh, hard hearted parents to a daughter
 Whose heart was so loyal and so true.
 Unless they confine me forever
 Or banish me from you afar
 I'll follow my laddie forever
 And wed with my gallant Hussar."

5
 "Oh Jane your parents you must mind them
 Or else you're forever undone
 They'll leave you ~~XXXX~~ no portion behind them
 I pray do my company shun."
 Says Jane, "If you but prove true-hearted
 I've gold of my uncle's in store
 From this time no more we'll be parted
 I'll wed with the man, I adore."

6
 As he gazed on her beautiful features
 The tears they did fall from each eye
 "I'll wed with my beautiful creature
 And quit cruel wars", he did cry.
 So now they are united together
 Friends think of them though they're afar
 Kind heaven protect them forever
 Young Jane and her gallant Hussar.

The car in this song is a jaunting car, it has two seats back to back and is drawn by a horse.

Sung by Mr. Fred Redden, Middle Musquodoboit, recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 195⁵.

I am an Irish car man
Old Erin is my home
There's not a spot on all the earth
From here I wish to roam.

2

I like to treat the strangers
As I drive them near and far
To the sights and scenes of old Ireland
On my Irish jaunting car.

3

For Driving on my Jaunting car
From Ross Common to Kildare
From Dublin town to Castlebarn
From that to County Clare.

4

From Cork to Wicklow and Athlone
And home by Mullingar
You can view the Lakes of Killarney
From my Irish jaunting car.

5

Some people now for change of scene
Go far across the Main
To view the sights and scenery
Of Italy and of Spain.

6

But if Nature only could command
They wouldn't go so far
But come and have a drive with me
On the Irish jaunting car.

7

Old Ireland for fine scenery
Commands the poet's pen
Sure Ireland on the battle field
Can place the best of men.

8

And in the field of humanity
Is old Ireland's guiding star
So come and have a drive with me
On the jaunting car.

9

For driving on my jaunting car
From Ross Common, Kildare
From Dublin down to Castlebarn
From that to County Clare.

10

From Cork to Wicklow and Athlone
And home by Mullingar
You can view the Lakes of Killarney
From my Irish Jaunting car.

The Blarney Roses

'Twas over in old Ireland
 In the town of Cushen Dall
 It's there I met a ~~xxx~~ fair young maid
 The fairest of them all,
 'Twas with my young affections,
 And my money she did go,
 And she told me she belonged to where
 The Blarney Roses grow.

Chorus

Can anybody tell me where the Blarney roses grow.²
 It may be down in Limerick town
 Or over in Mayo
 It's somewhere in this Emerald Isle
 But this I'd like to know
 Can anybody tell me where the Blarney roses grow.²

2

There are roses in Kilarney
 And the same in County Clare
 But 'pon my word those roses boys
 I can't find anywhere, ^{the}
 She blarneyed me and by powers
 She broke my heart you know
 Did this colleen that belonged to where
 The Blarney roses grow.

3

Her cheeks were like the roses
 And her hair raven^a hue
 And ah when she had done with me
 Sure^h was ravin' too
 She left me sorely stranded,
 Not a coin she left you know
 And she told me she belonged^t to where
 The Blarney roses grow.

Chorus

Sung by Mrs. Fred Redden, Middle Musquodocit and recorded by Helen Creighton, 19⁵4.

Farewell to the Banks of the Roe

There's an Isle on the verge of the ocean
 There's a land where the shamrock grows green
 There's Mary with ~~snaw~~ white bosom
 She's the fairest I ever have seen
 There's a stream that steals lone through the mountain
 Where my spirit's off wandering you know
 In hailing pordress (?) from that fountain
 And the crystallin^g stream is the Roe.

2

Then away with the sighing and crying,
 Such feelings are followed by pain,
 Though in far distant lands I am dying
 Yet in dreams I oft creep back again.
 There's a chair for the wanderer at evening,
 There's a bed where the weary repose,
 For the friend there's a hundred welcomes
 A buck-leish(?) for sorrows and woes (✓)

3

There's a spirit to sooth you in trouble
 And a hand to protect you from wrong,
 There's a heart to whom joys you may double
 And at night there's a cheery old song
 Then how can I leave you old Erin?²
 Sure my soul's in each mountain and rill
 Shall I never see white-bosomed Mary
 Ne'er list to her strains on the hill.²

4

Round the green pole on May's hallowed morning
 How it bounded with spirits of ~~ycisfx~~ glee
 When ~~the~~ nature the birds were adorning
 With the blackbird, ✓ the skylark, and thee,
 When I whispered the first tender breathing
 Dear Mary how bright thy blue eyes,
 Can I call back the scenes without grieving
 Or mention that name and not sigh?

Sung by Mr. Fred Redden, Middle Musquodoboit, recorded by Helen Creighton, 195⁵h.

Have you ever been in love me boys?
 Or have you felt a pain?
 Oh, I'd rather be in jail myself
 Than be in love again.
 The girl I loved was beautiful
 I'd have you all to know
 And I met her in the garden
 Where the praties grow.

Cho.

She was just the sort of creature
 That nature did intend
 To walk right through this wide world
 Without a Grecian bend,
 And did she wear a chignon
 I'll have you all to know
 That I met her in the garden
 Where the praties grow.

2

Sure she was singing an Irish song
 Named Phelin McGee
 She was unlike those city girls
 "Who says you're making free."
 She answered me (right) modestly *quite*
 And curtised very low
 "Your welcome to the garden
 Where the praties grow."

Says I, "My ^{little} Kathleen
 I'm tired of single life
 And if ye've no objection
 Sure I'll make ye my sweet wife."
 She says, "I'll ask my parents
 And tomorrow I'll let you know
 If you'll meet me in the garden
 Where the praties grow."

4

Sure the parents they consented
 And we're blessed with children three
 Two gals just like their mother
 And the boy the image of me,
~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~
 We'll do our best to bring them up,
 The way they ought to go,
 For to dig in the garden
 Where the praties grow.

Chorus

Sung by Mr. Fred Redden, Middle Musquodoboit recorded by Helen Creighton, 1954.

My father sold his other cow
And borrowed twenty pound
And was on the twenty-first of May
We sailed from Derry town,
There was thousands more upon the shore
Unable for to roam
Or to leave the land where they were raised
Called Erin's lovely home.

Sung by Mr. Redden , Middle Musquodoboit and recorded by Helen Creighton, 1954.

The County Tyrone

18-20

My parents they told me they ne'er could control me
 A draper they'd make me if I'd stay at home
 But to prove them all liars I'll never deny it
 I'm bound to get married in the County Tyrone.

2

I took a great notion for a higher promotion
 I courted a wee lass for a wife of ~~my~~ my own
 But when I come nigh her, she could not endure me
 But still I love Jenny from the County Tyrone.

3

'Twas early one morning before day was dawning
 We travelled through Cavan and Colones alone
 Oh the guards did pursue us but never could view us
 Our hearts were just yearning for the County Tyrone.

4

This lovely young damsel lay pinning and dwinning
 I offered her cordials that I brought from home
 But she swore by her conscience that she'd run no chances
 She would not taste them until she'd seen Tyrone.

5

There was an old boat lying close ^{by} the shore
 And unto the old boatman our secrets made known,
 He threw a plank to us and ship board he drew us
 We were sailing away to the County Tyrone.

6

Passing Omagh before on the road to Dromore
 And we tripped through the meadows in moonlight alone
 In Tamaraloe Chapel our feet made no rattle
 We were ~~xxxx~~ glad to be back in the County Tyrone.

7

We sailed on to Banan, got into Strabane
 And we stayed at Devine's which they say is well known
 To them we're no stranger we were out of all danger
 And glad to back in the County Tyrone.

8

And now we are landed in the sweet town of Tillick
 Got into my father's in the County Tyrone,
 Five hundred pounds he freely paid down
 And he crowned us with glory in the County Tyrone.

Sung by Mr. Fred Redden and recorded by Helen Creighton, 1954.

The Bard of Armagh

Reel 150B
20-22

Oh list to the lay of a poor Irish harper
And scorn the strains of his old withered hand,
Remember his fingers could once move more sharper
To raise the merry strains of his own native land.

2

At the fair or the wake, I could swing my shillelagh
Or trip through the jig with my brogues bound with straw,
Sure all the pretty maids in the village or valleys
Love bold Phalen Brady the bard of Armagh.

3

Although I have wandered this wide world all over
Yet Erin's a home and a (pattern) to me (parent?)
Then oh let the turf that my old bones shall cover
Be cut from the ground that is trod by the free.

4

And when Sergeant Death in his ^{cold} coat of arms shall take me
Low ~~lie~~ ^{find} me to sleep with sweet Erin-go-Bragh
By the side of my Kathleen my fair wife, will place me,
Then forget Phalen Brady the Bard of Armagh.

Sung by Mr. Fred Redden and recorded by Miss Helen Creighton, September 1954.

Molly Bawn

Reel 150 B
22-24

Here I am sad and lonely
Here in the distant west,
And pleasant thoughts of begone days
At night disturb my rest,
But in this faithful heart of mine
Forgotten never shall be
Those days I spent with Molly Bawn
A-boating on Lough Ree.

Chorus

For she was young and slender
And gentle as a fawn
Her eyes they shown like diamonds bright
Or the stars of early dawn
Her smile she had for everyone
But her kisses were all for me
Entranced I gazed on Molly Bawn
A-boating on Lough Ree.

2

And when I claimed her for my bride

For complete song see Reel 151A. Sung by Finvola Redden, age 14, Middle Musquodoboit
recorded by ~~Miss~~ Helen Creighton, 1955

The Mantle of Green

Reel 150 B
24-27

One evening of late as I rambled
By the banks of a clear purling stream
I sat down on a bed of green mosses
And so gently fell into a dream.
I dreamed I beheld a fair damsel
Her equals I'd ne'er saw before
And she sighed for the wrongs of her country
As she strayed along Erin's green shore.

2

I quickly addressed this fair damsel
"My jewel come tell me your name
Your place of abode and your country
And from where and from whence have you come?"
"I'm daughter of Daniel O'Connell
And from England I've lately come o'er
I've come to awaken my brethern
That slumbers on Erin's green shore."

3

Her cheeks were like two blushing roses
And her teeth like the ivory so white
And her eyes shone like $\frac{1}{2}$ sparkling diamonds
Or the stars of a cold winter's night
She resembled the goddess of freedom
And green was the mantle she wore
Bound around with the shamrocks and roses
That grows along Erin's green shore.

4

In transport of joy I awakened
But found it was only a dream,
For the beautiful maiden had fled me
Now I long for to slumber again
May the heavens above be her guardian
For I shall see her no more,
May the sunbeams of glory shine for her
As she strays along Erin's green shore.

Sung Mr. Fred Redden and recorded by Helen Creighton, 1954.

Willie Riley

Reel 150B27-28

In Limerick town where I did dwell
With the Shannon flowing by me
There lived a lad I loved so well,
His name was Willie Riley.

Sung by Mr. Fred Redden and his daughter Finvola aged 14,
and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1954⁵

Dixie's Isle

Reel 150B28-end

Our captain he gave orders
And his orders must be so,
Our captain he gave orders,
No women allowed to go,
For your waist it is too slender love
And your fingers not the style,
I hardly think you'll suit, my love,
Away down on Dixie's Isle.

2

For the scorching sun of New Orleans
Your beauty it would spoil,
Among the swamps and deserts love
Away down on Dixie's Isle.

Sung by Mr. Fred Redden, Middle Musquodoboit, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1954