

Reel 151A

FS630  
23.326.1  
MF289.632

- 1-5 Molly Bawn, sung by Mr. Fred Redden and his daughter Finvola, Middle Musquodoboit; singers not always quite together, but they sing well; sad song, Molly dies; quite beautiful; 3 long vs. & cho.
- 5-7 Roy Neil and His Fair Young Bride, sung sweetly by 14 year old Finvola Redden; sad song, young couple lost at sea in storm; 3 vs. & cho.; nice tune.
- 7-8 Like the Swan, sung by Mr. Fred Redden and Finvola; this is complete as far as they know it; compare with Mr. Dornan's variant reel 129A; very nice
- 8-10 Redden Family History, interview with Mr. Fred Redden telling of his musical background and his own life
- 10-18 Doran's Ass, sung by Mr. Frank Horne, Moose River; amusing Irish song 7 vs. & cho. quite well sung. See same song in S.B.N.S.
- 18-21 They All Courted Jessie at the Railway Bar, sung by Mr. Frank Horne; late song, 3 vs. & cho. amusing, brings the tinker, tailor, soldier, & sailor in; not too well sung.
- 21-24 Morrissey and the Black, sung by Mr. Horne; 9 vs.; story of wrestling match.
- 25-end Fair Fanny Moore, sung by Mr. Horne; 9 vs.; voice which is not too musical anyhow is tired, but whole story is there; see also reels 47 & 109; the latter probably the best; murder song with interesting tune.



Here I am sad and lonely,  
 Here in the distant west,  
 And the pleasant thoughts of bygone days  
 At night disturbs 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.

Cho.

For she was young and slender  
 And gentle as a fawn,  
 Her eyes they shone like diamonds bright  
 Or the stars of early dawn,  
 Her smiles she had for every one  
 But her kisses were all for me,  
 Entranced I gazed on Molly Bawn.  
 A (floating) on Lough Ree. (boating)

2

And when I claimed her for my bride,  
 How happy then was I,  
 How (happy) were those hours of love (pleasant)  
 And how quickly they passed by,  
 A pleasant light shone in her eye,  
 She was too good for me  
 When an angel claimed her for his own  
 And took her from Lough Ree. Cho.

3

Here I have travelled a stormy world,  
 My hair's a silver hue,  
 A plaintive voice rings in my ears,  
 It's storms I can't subdue,  
 Her lovely form it haunts me still  
 And before me I can see  
 It is the (form) of Molly Bawn (face)  
 A-boating in Lough Ree. Cho.

Sung by Ms Fred Redden and Finvola, aged 14, Middle Mus-  
 quodoboit and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept/55

As I was returning home from Wexford,  
Viewing the plains where I used to roam,  
I espied a damsel, a fair young maiden  
Who ofttimes grieved my poor heart full sore.

2

"You're like the swan that floats o'er the ocean,  
Making the motion with both your wings,  
Your lovely form it would be a portion  
For any lord or an Irish king.

3

"You lovely creature, you pride of nature,  
Why do you differ from all female kind?  
For you are youthful, so fair and handsome  
And for to marry you might incline."

4

"You need not tease me nor try to please me  
For I've been promised ten years or more  
To one young Reilly in a foreign country  
Who will ne'er return to his native shore. "

Sung by Mr. Fred Redden and his 14 year old daughter  
Finvola, and recorded by Helen Creighton Sept/55. Also  
sung in part on reel 150. Compare with Mr. Dornan's  
variant reel 129. Both are lovely.

*Active file*



Question: Mr. Redden, where did you learn the song that you just sang?

Answer: From my father; he learned it from his grandfather. It's a hundred years old if not more.

Question: Mr. Redden your grandparents were singers were they? what were their names?

Answer: John Redden. My grandmother was a Bryson. Her father came from northern Ireland.

Question: And were they musical?

Answer: Yes.

Question: Did they play or sing? side

Answer: Sing. My grandfather on the Redden ~~side~~ was a player and singer both, and my great grandfather on the Redden side was. did they play?

Question: When you say a player, what ~~did they play?~~

Answer. Oh the violin, and one of them was a bagpipe player, on Irish pipes. That is, my grandfather was.

Question: Did you learn any of his tunes?

Answer: Oh quite a few. Not so many Irish tunes that I play on the pipes. Three or four.

Question: You learned all your songs from your father, didn't you, who learned them from his-?

Answer: Father and grandfather. They were Reddens and Brysons.

Question: So you get it on both sides?

Answer: Yes.

Question: Where were you born?

Answer: In Lindsay Lake. In Halifax County, near Middle Musquodoboit on a farm.

Question: You didn't always stay on the farm, did you?

Answer: No, I worked in the mines in different places away in Ontario.

Question: Then did you work in the lumber woods here at all?

Answer: Yes. Possibly six or eight years.

Question: Did you learn many songs there?

Answer: No, I used to sing them a lot.

Question. You were the entertainer then, rather than the entertained. You'd be in great demand in the lumber woods, wouldn't you?

Answer: Yes, at night. Every evening. That was our sole form of entertainment. singing or playing with an instrument.

Question: Would you sing with an instrument?

Answer: Sometimes with. Guitar. Sometimes we only had mouth organs.

Question: Who would accompany you?

Answer: I can't just tell you, there were so many of them that could play. Different camps they'd be different.

Question: Do you play the guitar yourself?

Answer: No I cannot.



Question: After that you bought a farm. Was that the next step?

Answer: No, I worked in the mines in northern Ontario. Gold mines.

Question: And where did you learn to play the bagpipes?

Answer: I learned from Pipe Major McLennan in Timmins, Ontario.

Question: Do you play them very often now?

Answer: Quite often. Not so much as I ~~xxxxxxx~~ did when I was learning.

Question: Do you play mostly Scottish or Irish airs on the bagpipes?

Answer: Both. He taught me mostly Scottish. I picked the Irish up after.

Question: Are you going to record some for me? That will be very nice. Then, you gave up mining -

Answer: And came back to Nova Scotia and bought a farm.

Question: Were you homesick for Nova Scotia?

Answer: Well I was till I came here.

Question: And now would you like to go back to the mines?

Answer: I get that feeling every once in a while. Once a miner always a miner.

Question: Once a farmer always a farmer?

Answer: I guess that's right too. I wouldn't be satisfied not likely if I did go back at mining.

Question: You have a lovely farm here.

Answer: It's quite nice.

Question: So you still sing your songs. It's lovely that you have a daughter to sing with you.

Answer: Yes it is.

Question: And she sing them so well.



One Paddy Doyle lived in Killarney,  
 He courted a girl named Biddy Dhu,  
 And sure her tongue it was tipped with the blarney,  
 The same to Pat with the golden rule,  
 Both day and dawn she was his comrade,  
 And ofttime so himself he would say,  
 "What need if I can for she is my darling  
 And a-coming for to meet me on the way."  
 Cho.

Whack for the lorrel lorrel lido,  
 Whack for the lorrel lorrel ley.

2

One heavenly night in last November  
 Pat went out for to meet his love,  
 What night it was I don't remember  
 But the moon shone brightly from above,  
 That day the lad had got some liquor,  
 And it made his spirits light and gay,  
 He said, "What need have I walking any quicker  
 For I'm sure that she'll meet me on the way." Cho.

3

Pat tuned his pipes and he fell a-humming  
 And gently onward he did jog,  
 But fatigue and whisky soon overcome him  
 And Pat lay down upon the sod,  
 But he wasn't long there without a comrade,  
 One who could pick up the hay,  
 For a big jackass soon smelt out Pat  
 And lay down beside him on the way. Cho.

4

As Pat lay there in gentle slumber  
 Thinking of his Biddy dear  
 He dreamed of pleasure without number  
 Coming on the ~~musuingxyxxyxxy~~ dewy air,  
 He spread his hands out on the grass,  
 His feathers was so light and gay,  
 And instead of Biddy he gripped the ass  
 And he roared out, "I have her anyway." Cho.

5

He hugged and he smugged this hairy mistress  
 Throwing his hat to the world of care,  
 "Ah she is mine, may heaven bless her,  
 But oh in me soul she's like a bear,"  
 He put his hand on the donkey's nose,  
 At this the donkey began to bray,  
 And Pat jumped up and he roared out,  
 "O who served me in such a way." Cho.

(over)

Pat started off and he ran away  
 At railway speed or faster I'm sure,  
 And he never stopped a leg nor a foot  
 Until he got to Biddy's door,  
 Now by this time 'twas getting morning,  
 Down on his knees he fell to pray,  
 Saying, "Biddy dear come let me in,  
 O I'm killed, I'm murdered on the way." Cho.

Well he told her his story so mighty civil  
 While Biddy prepared a whisky glass,  
 How he hugged and smugged this hairy mistress,  
 "Go 'long," said she, "it was Doran's ass,"  
 "I know it was my Biddy darlin',"  
 They both got married the very next day,  
 But he never got back his old straw hat  
 For the jackass eat it on the way. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Frank Horne, Moose River, and  
 recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept/55

words in 4th vs. difficult to make out such as dewy  
 air which might instead be viewing year or ensuing year,  
 and the word feathers sounds wrong as far as any meaning  
 is concerned.



It was at a railroad station  
 In pursuit of my vacation  
 Where I saw a tall and handsome girl,  
 She served behind the bar,  
 I heard someone call her Jessie,  
 Perhaps it was Mr. Tom Mellesy,  
 And her diamond eyes they sparkled  
 Just like a morning star.  
 This pretty little dame  
 She was loved by all who came,  
 She had such a quiet sort of a way,  
 She had lovers half a score,  
 Always someone to adore (spoken:-) from the first train in in  
 the morning till the last train out at night

Cho.

There was a tinker and a tailor  
 And a soldier and a sailor,  
 And a swell that used to talk about his pa and mama,  
 A butcher and a baker  
 And a quiet little Quaker,  
 They all court lovely Jessie at the railway bar.

2

My hopes they were exalted  
 And my heart was in a flutter  
 For I was to have Miss Jessie  
 When it was her Sunday out,  
 With my hair combed and anointed  
 To the time and place appointed  
 I was there upon the minute  
 And began to look about.  
 And when Miss Jessie came  
 My heart was in a flame  
 For to see her waterfall  
 And her bonnet trimmed so gay,  
 I so gently took her arm,  
 I admired her every charm (spoken:-) when just then I  
 heard some feller say, "Look a there Bill, there goes Jess  
 with another town swell. Why I've seen her with," Cho.

3

My confidence was shaken so I thought the boy mistaken  
 And my modesty would not allow me for to ask her if it was true,  
 I proposed and she accepted in a manner not affected,  
 But the tears she hid from me ran from her eyes so blue.  
 I bought her the wedding dress fit for an empress  
 And I saw the waiter give it to her while serving at the bar,  
 But on our wedding day Miss Jessie ran away (spoken:-)  
 And got married to a man that sold the Herald and the Star,  
 So all the consolation I have left is taken in besides  
 myself was. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Frank Horne, Moose River, and recorded by  
 Helen Creighton, Sept/55



Come all you bold Irishmen listen to me,  
 I'll sing you a song about John Morrissey  
 Who has lately been challenged for one thousand pounds  
 To fight Sam the Black of Mulberry town.

2

So six in the morning the fight it began,  
 Stripped off to the buff and jumped into the ring,  
 "Come lay your belt down now," the Black he did say,  
 "For your life I will take in the ring on this day."

3

But Morrissey he boled in the ring like a bear,  
 Said, "Here stands the bones of an Irishman bare,  
 Who has never been conquered by black, white, or brown,  
 Well known to his country and Irish all round."

4

The first round being over the Irish did cry,  
 "Success to the country that reared you my boy,  
 Who never for bribery or country disown,  
 This day all we're worth we will bet on your bones."

5

The second and third and up to the tenth,  
 While Morrissey received several blows on the belt,  
 Up to the fourteenth severely knocked down  
 And the blood from his ears while he lay on the ground.

6

But revived by John Heenan the second so wise  
 Then Morrissey he boled in the ring like a lion,  
 And as he fought up to the twenty-first round  
 And every blow the Black went to the ground.

7

The twenty-first round it was fought in great style  
 While Morrissey returned to the Irish and smiled,  
 Then came down on the Black with one mighty full poke,  
 He left him half dead with three ribs in him broke.

8

The battle is over and Morrissey he won,  
 Such shouting and cheering while leaving the ring,  
 Such shouting and cheering was never heard since or seen  
 Shouting for old Ireland forever in green.

al 9

Here's a helath to John Morrissey our hero of fame,  
 Who has conquered those bráisers far over the main,  
 He's a true Irish hero who ne'er was put down  
 And belongs to Tipperary and Templemore town.

Sung by Mr. Frank Horne, Moese River, and recorded  
 by Helen Creighton Sept/55. Always speaks last word as  
 taught by old singer.



Down in yonder valley all neglected and forlorn  
 It stands there neglected with green overgrown,  
 Look in and you will see some bright stains on the floor,) ) bis  
 Alas it is the blood of the fair Fanny Moore.

2

Oh Fanny all blooming two lovers there came,  
 They offered their gold and their wealth and their fame,  
 But their wealth or their riches it failed to secure )  
 The fond burning bosom of the fair Fanny Moore. ) bis

3

Ranald

The first was young Henry of a haughty and proud,  
 He offered his gold and his riches and pride,  
 But his gold and his riches it failed to secure  
 The hand and the heart of the fair Fanny Moore.

4

The next was young Henry of a lower degree,  
 He won her fond heart and enraptured was he,  
 And soon at the altar he quickly did secure  
 The hand and the heart of the fair Fanny Moore.

5

As Fanny was a-sitting in her cottage one day  
 When business had called her fond husband away,  
 Young Ranald the haughty he entered the door  
 And clasped in his arms the fair Fanny Moore.

6

"Now Fanny, dear Fanny, reflect upon your fate,  
 Accept of my offer before it is too late,  
 For there's one thing that's certain, I am bound to secure  
 The love or the life of the fair Fanny Moore."

7

"O spare me, oh spare me," young Fanny she cried,  
 "O spare me oh spare me for I'm not fit to die,"  
 "Go then," said the traitor, "to the land of rest,"  
 And he buried his knife in the fair maiden's breast.

8

Young Henry the shepherd distracted and wild  
 He wandered away from his own native isle,  
 At length he was taken away from the door  
 To lie in the grave with his fair Fanny Moore.

9

Young Ranald the haughty was taken and tried,  
 While Fanny all blooming in her beauty she died,  
 Young Ranald the haughty was hung at the door  
 For shedding the blood of the fair Fanny Moore.

Sung by Mr. Frank Horne, Moose River and recorded  
 by Helen Creighton, Sept./55