

- 1-5 Dixie's Isle, sung by Mr. Frank Horne, Moose River; 5 vs. quite nicely sung; girl goes to war/
- 5-6 Brennan on the Moor, 1 vs. sung by Mr. Frank Horne, Moose River & 1 vs. hummed; no particular merit in this.
- 6-8 My Lovely Irish Rose sung by Mr. Fred Redden Middle Musquodoboit and his 14 yr. old daughter Finvola; 4 vs. late Irish nicely sung; thoughts of Mary left behind in Ireland.
- 8-10 The Wild Colonial Boy, sung by Mr. Fred Redden, Middle Musquodoboit; well sung and good story, would do for a long playing record. 6 vs.
- 10-15
Come Back Paddy Reilly To Me, sung by Finvola Redden, aged 14, Middle Musquodoboit; learned from her father; late Irish, sweetly sung; 2 vs. & cho.
- Cumberland's Crew* →
- 17-18 The Crooked Bawbee, sung by Mr. Fred Redden, Middle Musquodoboit and his daughter Finvola, concluded on 152B, 2 vs. with pretty tune, but not quite together for use on l.p. Complete and well sung on 152B; quite lovely.
- 18-21 Banks of Claudy, sung by Mr. Fred Redden accompanied by Finvola on piano; lovely song well sung, wandering son hears of mother's death 10000 miles away; 3 long vs. & cho.; different from Mr. Dornan's song of same name.
- 21-24 Child of Misfortune, sung by Mrs. Geo. Dickie, Middle Musquodoboit; remarkable only because singer is over 80; not folk; 2 vs. & cho.
- 24-27 Birchen Canoe, sung by Mrs. Geo. Dickie; 4 vs. & cho. sung too high; Bernard' Young's variant would be much better.
- 15-17 Cumberland's Crew, sung by Mr. Fred Redden; words as in Songs and Ballads From Nova Scotia except as indicated; 9 vs. well sung.

Hark the drums are beating,
No longer can I stay,
The bugle horn is calling
That orders me away,
I'm ordered down to New Orleans,
It's many's the weary mile,
To fight the southeren soldiers
Way down on Dixie's Isle.

2

"O Jimmie, dearest Jimmie,
Don't leave me here alone,
The parting of you Jimmie dear
I know is for a while,
For to go a-fighting
Way down on Dixie's Isle.

3

"Now I'll cut off my curly locks,
I'll go to New Orleans too,
And we'll be loyal comrades,
May the heavens upon us smile,
We'll stand by one another
Way down on Dixie's Isle."

4

Our captain he gave orders,
His orders ran just so,
Our captain he gave orders
No women were to go,
For the scorching sun of New Orleans
Their beauty it would spoil
Among the swampy deserts
Way down on Dixie's Isle.

5

Now the war is over
And we're returning home,
We'll go home to our wives and sweethearts
Who we had left behind,
And kiss them with remembrance,
May the heavens upon us smile,
And we'll go no more a-fighting
Way down on Dixie's Isle.

Sung by Mr. Frank Horne, Moose River, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, September 1955.

Brennan On the Moor

Reel 152A5-6

It's of a highway robbery story I will tell,
His name was Willie Brennan and in Ireland he did dwell,
At was on the Calbert Mountain he began his wild career,
And many a noble gentleman before him shook with fear.

Cho.

Young Brennan on the Moor, Brennan on the moor,
Wild and undaunted stood young Brennan on the moor.

Sung by Mr. Frank Horne, Moose River, and recorded
by Helen Creighton September 1955

He hums tune over after singing this one verse.

A winding river wends its way
Close to an Irish home,
To mingle with Strabrega Bay
That rolls the Atlantic foam,
It was in a cot just near the spot
Where the river gently flows
That I bid farewell to my little girl,
My little Irish rose.

2

Old Donegal the pride of all
I never will forget,
In Carn Fair beyond compare
I think I see her yet,
As we sailed away from Derry quay
All in the evening close,
As I moved my hand to the dear old land,
And my lovely Irish rose.

3

The strangers' lands are strange to see,
The strangers true are kind,
But yet there's none so dear to me
As those I left behind,
I would rather stray by the old mill brae
Where soft the green grass grows
On a summers night with my heart's delight,
My lovely Irish rose.

4

Oh Mary dear I'm lonely here
Without you all the while,
I miss your loving words of cheer
And your loving Irish smile,
But before that I lie down to-night,
Before my eyes I'll close,
I'll pray that God will guide you right,
My lovely Irish rose.

Sung by Mr. Fred Redden and his fourteen year old
daughter Finvola, Middle Musquodoboit, and recorded by
Helen Creighton, September 1955.

There was a wild colonial boy,
Jack Dugan was his name,
He was born and raised in Ireland
In a place called Castlemain,
He was his father's only pride,
His mother's only joy,
And dearly did those parents love
Their wild colonial boy.

2

At the tender age of sixteen years
He left his happy home,
And to Australia's sunny land
He was inclined to roam,
He robbed the wealthy squires
And their arms he did destroy,
And a terror to Australia
Was this wild colonial boy.

3

At the early age of eighteen years
He began his wild career
With a heart that knew no danger
And the spirit that knew no fear,
He robbed the rich, he helped the poor,
He stabbed James McAvoy,
Who tremble-ing gave up his gold
To the wild colonial boy.

4

One evening on the woodland trail
As Jack he rode along
Listening to the mocking bird
A-singing its sweet song,
Up stepped three mounted troopers,
Davis, Kelly and Fitzroy,
They had all turned out to capture him,
This wild colonial boy.

5

"Surrender now Jack Dugan
For you see we're three to one,
Surrender in the Queen's name
For you are a plundering son,"
He drew his pistol from his belt
And he waved it up on high,
"I'll fight but not surrender,"
Cried this wild colonial boy.

6

He fired a shot at Kelly
Which brought him to the ground,
And as he turned to Davis
He received a fatal wound,
A bullet that pierced his proud young heart
From the pistol of Fitzroy,
And that is how they captured him,
This wild colonial boy.

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

The garden of Eden has vanished they say,
 But I know the lie of it still,
 Just turn to your left at the bridge of Finae
 And stop when halfway to Coathill.
 'Tis there I will find it, I know sure enough,
 When fortune has come to my call,
 The grass it grows green around Ballyjamesduff,
 And the blue skies shine over it all.

Cho.

And the tones that are tender, and the tones that are gruff
 Still come whispering over the sea,
 Come back Paddy Reilly to Ballyjamesduff,
 Come home Paddy Reilly to me.

2

My mother once told me that when I was born,
 The day that I first saw the light,
 I looked down the street on that very first morn
 And gave a great crow of delight,
 Now most newborn babies appear in a huff
 And start with a sorrowful squak,
 But I know I was born in Ballyjamesduff
 And that's why I smiled on them all.
 For the baby's a man now, he's ~~xxx~~ toilworn and tough,
 Still whispers come over the sea,
 Come back Paddy Reilly to Ballyjamesduff,
 Come home Paddy Reilly to me. Cho.

Sung by Finvola Redden, aged 14, and recorded at
 Middle Musquodoboit by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1955

The Crooked Bawbee

Sung by
daughter Finvola, Middle
Helen Creighton, Sept. 1955

Reel 152A11-18&B8-9

"O where hae ye got that old crooked penny?
For one of bright gold would ye never with me,
Both ends are full of my green silken wallet,
And braw will your hame be on bonny Glenshee.

2

"O where hae ye got that old worsted pladdie?
A mantle of satin were fitter for thee,
I'll claethe ye in satin and make ye a lady
If ye will go with me to bonny Glenshee."

3

satin

"Ye may claethe me with ~~silk~~ and make me a lady
And take me up with thee to bonny Glenshee,
But ~~the~~ heart that beats truly neath this old worsted pladdie
Was gaed long ago for this crooked bawbee."

4

"Ye know the laddie that gave ye the penny,
Ye know the laddie that's been true to thee,
And I know the lassie that wears the old pladdie,
The lassie that keepit my crooked bawbee."

Sung by Mr. Fred Redden and his fourteen year old
daughter Finvola, Middle Musquoboboit, and recorded by
Helen Creighton, Sept. 1955.

Complete song sung much better on 152B, 1st 2 vs.
sung together, then Finvola alone in 3rd and her father
along in 4th.

In youth I craved adventure
 To Australia I did stray,
 I left my home and mother
 For a fortune far away,
 She bade me not to leave her,
 Or to return some day
 To the banks of far off Claudy
 Ten thousand miles away.

Cho.

On the banks of far off Claudy
 Ten thousand miles away
 I have an aged mother
 Whose hair is turning grey,
 Then blame me not for weeping,
 O blame me not I say,
 For I long to see my mother
 Ten thousand miles away.

2

Last night while I was sleeping
 I had a happy dream,
 I dreamed I saw dear mother
 Praying there for me.
 Saying, "Now I'm going to leave you,
 I can no longer stay
 On the banks of far off Claudy
 Ten thousand miles away." Cho. X

3

To-day I got a letter
 It came from sister dear
 Telling me of my old mother
 And wishing I were there,
 She told me they had laid her
 On a grave so cold and grey
 On the banks of far off Claudy
 Ten thousand miles away. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Fred Redden, Middle Musquodoboit accom-
 panied by his daughter Finvola on the piano; recorded by
 Helen Creighton, Sept. 1955.

Out in this wide world, out in the street,
Asking apenny from each one I meet,
Shoeless I wander about all the day,
A-wearing my young life in sorrow away.

Cho.

No one to help me, no one to bless,
No one to pity me, none to caress,
Fatherless, motherless, sadly I roam,
A child of misfortune, I'm driven from home.

2

O where shall I wander, oh where shall I go?
I have no one to tell me what course to pursue,
I'm weary and footsore and hungry and faint,
I know not what shelter to-night I may seek. Cho.

X&X

Sung by Mrs. George Dickie, Middle Musquodoboit,
and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1955.

Birchen Canoe

Reel 152A24-27

The sun was just shedding her last golden ray
At the close of a calm and serene summer day,
As I strayed by a lake of rare beauty to view
An Indian maid in her birchen canoe.

Cho.

So gently she dipped in the waters so blue,
Like a swan does she float in her birchen canoe.

2

My hunter is handsome, the chief of his race,
And no one can conquer with my brave in the chase,
He loves me he says, and he always speaks true,
That he'd meet me to-night in my birchen canoe. Cho.

3

O why does my hunter make so much delay?
Has he faltered in the chase or mistaken his way?
He promised and he always speaks true
That he'd meet me to-night in my birchen canoe. Cho.

4

The sound of a whistle, the blast of a horn
That moment across the still water was born,
And swift as the flight of an eagle she flew
To the opposite side in her birchen canoe. Cho.

x̄x

Sung by Mrs. Geo. Dickie, Middle Musquodoboit, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1955. last 3 vs.
repeated in lower key, but it crept up and got more
shrill than first singing.

For words see "Songs and Ballads From Nova Scotia" which is practically the same except in vs.8:

We fought for three hours with stern resolution,
Those rebels their cannons we could not avoid,
As swiftly we sank beneath Virginia's dark waters
The blood from her scuppers did crimson the tide.

last line vs.9:

Sing hip hip hurrah for the Cumberland's crew.

Sung by Mr. Fred Redden, Middle Musquodoboit and
recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept/55