

Reel 159B

- The Lion's Den; sung by Mr. Ned McKay, Little Harbour ; 7 vs
but only 2 lines of tune; words interesting
- Pretty Susan, The Pride of Kildare; sung by Mr. Ned McKay; 6vs.
pretty love song; background noise from recording
out of doors. See also reel 124A by same singer
- The Young Shepherd; sung by Mr. McKay; pretty little song of
unrequited love because he is poor; 6 vs.
- The Banks of Claudy; sung by Mr. McKay; nice song on broken
ring theme, different from other songs by this
title; 7 vs. 2 line tune.
- The Braes of Gleneffir; sung by Mrs. Ruth Metcalfe; Scotch song;
2 vs. singer nervous and words difficult to decipher
- Springhill Mine Disaster; sung by Mrs. Metcalfe; 1½ vs. to fair
tune; local song.
- Look In the Corner; sung by Mrs. Metcalfe of Louisburg and
Gabarous; 2 vs. 1st sh song to tune of Lannigan's
Ball; must be part of longer song.
- Pre-Confederation Song; sung by Mrs. Metcalfe; 1 vs. & cho.;
nice little local song, interesting especially
to Cape Breton
- * We Are All A Band of Sisters: game song with story about how
it is played; interesting, sung by Mrs. Metcalfe.

* Look in the corner - 2 vs. Mrs. Ruth Metcalf.

In London City there lived a lady
 And she was beautiful and fair,
 The fairest creature in London city
 Was worth five thousand pound a year,
 Two noble squires, two loving brothers,
 Which came this fair one for to see,
 Now one of them being a faint-hearted captain,
 Belonged to the Tiger man o' war,
 The other was a bold lieutenant
 All under the orders of Cammul Carr.

2

"I am resolved," cried this young lady,
 "I cannot be but the one man's bride,
 So come to me to-morrow morning
 And then the matter I'll decide,"
 Oh straightway home goes those two young luyvers,
 Not a-thinking on their most fernal doom,
 While she lie on her pillow musin'
 Until the morning noon had come,

3

She ordered a coaches for to get ready,
 And away to the tower away drew she,
 All for to spend one single hour
 The lion and tiger for to see,
 The lion and tiger so horselie roaring
 Which threw this fair one in a swan (swoon)
 And for the space of half an hour
 Then she lie speechless on the ground.

4

Now when she found herself recovering
 Into the den her fan she threw
 Saying, "Which of you are the man of honour
 That will go and bring my fan to me?"
 Oh up and speaks the faint-hearted captain
 Saying, "Madame you'r offer I disapprove,
 For I have fought both the French and Spaniards
 And ofttime s been where the bullets fly,
 But to come and plead to wild beasts and tigers
 So into the den I will not die."

and

5

Now up ~~thx~~ speaks the bold lieutenant,
 Which let his voice being loud and high,
 Saying, "Madame I am the man of honour,
 That will go and bring your fan or die,"
 He drew his sword, he boldlie entered,
 The lion and tiger looked so grim,
 But he feared not for to be daunted
 But looked as grim at them again.

blood

Now when they found his ~~taxs~~ was loyal
 Down at his feet then crouched he,
 Was then he stooped and her fan she got it
 And straight he brought it right along.
 Now when she saw her true love coming
 And yet no harm on him was done,
 Into his ~~arms~~ arms she came running
 Saying, "Take the prize love you have won. "

7

O up and speaks the faint-hearted captain
 Like one distracted all in his mind,
 Saying, " I will wander through groves and valleys
 Just where no mortal shall me find. "

Sung by Mr. Ned McKay, Little Harbour, and recorded
 by Helen Creighton , August 1955.

O it's first from sea I've landed,
 I had a roving mind
 As I rambled for pleasure
 My true love to find,
 When I met Lovellie Susan
 With her cheeks like the rose
 And her bosom was much fairer
 Than the lily that grows.

2

O her dark brown hair was braided
 On her white swany neck,
 And her eyes they did glitter
 Like the bright stars by night
 And the robes that she wore were costly and white.

3

O I courted Lovellie Susan
 Till I spent all my store,
 When she then turned again to me
 When she found I were poor,
 Then she said she loved another
 Whose fortune would share,
 "So begone from Lovellie Susan,
 She's the pride of Kildare."

4

O one evening in my rambles
 Down by yon river clear
 Where I met Lovellie Susan
 And enquired so dear,
 O I followed after
 With my heart full of woe,
 Saying, "There's blessings on you Susan,
 You're the pride of Kildare."

5

O once more on the ocean
 I mean for to go,
 Bound to old billows
 With my heart full of woe,
 Where there are pretty maidens
 And jewels so dear,
 But there's none like Lovellie Susan,
 She's the pride of Kildare.

6

O it's sometimes I'm weary
 And there's more times I'm sad,
 But it's since I'm of adistance
 No longer I'll stand,
 Nor I'll sigh for Lovellie Susan,
 She's the pride of Kildare.

Sung by Mr. Ned McKay, Little Harbour, and recorded by
 Helen Creighton, Aug. 1955

(Recording done out of doors which accounts for noise)

It was onto one morning, one morning in spring,
To hear the lark whistle, hear the nightingale sing,
When the hills and the valleys all covered in bloom,
And the small birds all around me so joyful do sing.

2

Was there ever a young man as happy as me?
As me and my Fiore, my Fiore and me,
I wrote to my Fiore and this I did say,
Saying, "when we'll get married, please mention the day."

3

"To wed a young shepherd my age is too young,
To wed a young shepherd my time has not come,
I will first go to service till I am twenty-one,
And then we'll get married if love follows on."

4

Now according to promise to service she went,
To wait on the lady it was her intent,
To wait on the lady and a rich lady gay,
Young Fiore were rob'd in some costly array.

5

O six months being over and sometime being spent
I wrote to my Fiore to know her intent,
And the answer she made me was a quiet single life,
For she never intends to be a poor shepherd's wife.

6

O I wish I ne'er knew her nor she to know me,
I wish I ne'er loved her nor she to know me,
For my heart is ensnared by her lily white breast,
And I am deeplie wounded and can't take no rest.

Sung by Mr. Ned McKay, Little Harbour, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1955

It was on one pleasant morning all in the month of May
 Down by yon flowery garden I carelessly did stray,
 I overheard a fair one most grievously complain,
 "It is on the Banks of Claudy where my darling do remain."

2

O I boldly stepped up to her, I took her on surprise,
 I own she did not know me, I being dressed in disguise,
 "Where are you going my fair one, my joy and heart's delight,
 Where are you going to wander this dark and stormy night?"

3

"It is on the way to Claudy Banks of you will please to show,
 Take pity on a stranger, for there I want to go,
 It is seven long years or better since Johnny has left this shore,
 He is crossing the wide ocean where the foaming billows roar."

4

"He is crossing the wide ocean for honour and for fame,
 His ship's been wrecked so I've been told down on the Spanish main
 It is onto the Banks of Claudy fair maid whereon you stand,
 Now don't you believe young Johnny for he's a false young man."

5

"Now don't you believe young Johnny for he'll not meet you here,
 Let's you and I to the greenwood go, no danger shall we fear."
 "Since Johnny has gone and left me no other man I'll take,
 To some lonesome groves and valleys I will wander for his sake."

6

When she beheld those dreadful news she fell into despair
 For the wringing of her tender hands and the tearing of her hair,
 When he beheld her loyalty no longer could he stand,
 When he fell into her arms saying, "Betsy I'm the man."

7

"O Betsy I'm the young man that cause you all your pain,
 And since we met on Claudy Banks we'll never part again."

Sung by Mr. Ned McKay, Little Harbour, and recorded by
 Helen Creighton, Aug. 1955.

Compare with his singing of same song Reel 171B

The Braes of Gleneffir

Reel 159B

Cold blows the winds o'er the braes of Gleneffir,
The old castle turret is covered in snow,
And on the broad glen brae the snow
Now the dark on the steep rocky

2

And like the days, the heart in our bosom
The cold winds of winter bring the tears to my eye,
It's many a day since I met with my lover
It is well to winter with him, it is winter with me.

Sung by Mrs. Ruth Metcalfe, Louisburg and Gabarous
and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1955

XX
~~The Babes In the wood~~ Reel 197B
XX Speed 7½

Mine
The Springhill Disaster

Reel 159B
Speed 3 ¾

Hark the horn blows loud and long,
There is something wrong I fear,
This morning There's mourning in the dismal dells
Keeps sounding in my ear,
Dark phantoms rise before my eyes
News comes - the vision's fled,
One hundred three and twenty
Of our Springhill miners dead.

2

Till in the bowels of the earth
Where none could hear their cries,
Or listen to a last request
Nor close their dying eyes.

Sung by Mrs. Ruth Metcalfe, Louisburg & Gabarous, and
learned from miners in Cape Breton ; recorded Aug. 1955

Whatis this song, Mrs. Metcalfe?

Well I think it's pre-confederation. It's a song that was made at the time of the pre-confederation elections in Cape Breton when McDougall from the Narrows and McKeen were voting Liberal and Conservative, or whatever it happened to be at the time. This, I think, is the way the melody goes:

With McDougall at the Narrows
And McKeen at Little Glace Bay,
They thought they'd win the miner's votes
By giving them some hay.

Cho.

Whack fol lorel lorel lay
And whack fol lorel landy,
Whack fol lorel lorel lay,
McKeen he got the candy.

&x

Sung by Mrs. Ruth Metcalfe, Louisburg and Gabarous, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1955

Is this a song the miners used to sing?

Yes, I don't know whether this was composed as a local thing, or whether it's a traditional song. I heard it at Reserve Mines when I was quite a little girl, sung by Irish folk there, and it goes something like this:

Look in the corner upon a straw bed,
A wife and three children all crying for bread,
Look in the cupboard, neither mince meat nor pies,
But plenty of rats with big tears in their eyes.

Cho.

Halleva loo va lie valerity,
Halleva loo va lie valerity,
Halleva loo va lie valerity,
Off we go to Lannigan's ball/

2

Look at me now and the day that you married me,
Look at the top of the ring that you bought me,
Look at the pair of black eyes you have given me,
Wollop me now with a child in me arms. Cho.

Sung by Mrs. Ruth Metcalfe, Louisburg, & Gabarous, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1955

My mother as a little girl had a doll for each finger. They called them finger dolls, and in her time she had them made of the sweet woods, the cherry and briar and rose and they were painted, and they were all different dolls and they played them like castanets and they'd sing it this way. They were four or five inches long and there was a hole in the bottom of the doll and they stuck on the finger and two or four little girls would play the game, just like castanets, and they sang this melody to it;

Vicky, Liddy, Flora, Maggie,
Carrie, Katie, Christie, Aggie,
Lizzie, Sarah, Katherine, Janey,
And Augusta are our names.

We are all a band of sisters
We are all a band of sisters,
We are all a band of sisters
In that newing first of May.

Now the words don't make much sense, but four little girls playing them as castanets, weaving their hands in and out, it was a very lovely little child's game. When I was a little girl mother's dolls had disappeared, but I used the old homemade clothes pegs and would play them and sing this melody to them. I suppose the dolls came with our people as U.E.Loyalists when they came here. I've never heard the melody and I've never known anyone else to play the game, except my mother and her young friends. It was lovely.

Sung by Mrs. Ruth Metcalfe, Louisburg and Gabarous
and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1955