

Reel 168B

- 1-5 Fhàr a Bhata (The Boatman); sung by Mr. John Archie Campbell, Heatherdale and Charlottetown; well sung in Gaelic; words as remembered in P.E.I. may be slightly different from text as typed here.
- 5-9 Talk on Gaelic in P.E.I. and Thickening Frolic; by Mr. John Archie Campbell; thickening frolic known in Cape Breton as milling frolic; interesting for information and dialect.
- 9-10 Mairi Laghach (Winsome Mary); sung in Gaelic by Mr. John Archie Campbell; begins well but voice gets tired; talks between verses; words may not be exactly as typed here.
- 10-15 C'Aite 'N Caidil An Ribhinn? (Where Sleepest Thou My Dearie?); sung in Gaelic by Mr. John Archie Campbell, omitting vs. 3, 4, & 5. Again words may not be exactly as typed.
- 15-19 Conversation and Gaelic Song; Mr. Campbell tells about learning his songs and sings one for which he had no printed text, nor could he write it out.
- 19-20 Peter Emberley; sung in English by Mr. Campbell to quite different tune from usual, and quite lovely; this is my 9th variant; 1 vs. only for tune.
- 20-25 The Man Behind the Plough; sung by Mr. Edward Sellick, Charlottetown, P.E.I.; tribute to farmers; nice late song; 3 long vs. & cho.
- 25-end Jessie the Flower of Dumblane; sung by Mr. Sellick; well sung; late Scotch song; 3 long vs. & Cho.

\* 23rd Psalm

Seisd

Fhir a bháta, na hóró éile,  
 Fhir a bháta na hóró éile,  
 Fhir a bháta na hóró éile,  
 Mo shoraídh slán dhuit's gach ait' an téid thu!

1

'S tric mi sealltuinn o'n chnoc a's airde,  
 Dh'fheuch am faic mi fear a'bháta;  
 An tig thu 'n diugh, na 'n tig thu maireach  
 'S mar tig thu idir, gur truagh a tà mi.

2

Tha mo chrídh'-sa briste, brúite;  
 'S tric na deoir a'ruídh o m'shuilean;  
 An tig thu nochd, na'm bi mo dhúil riut,  
 Na'n dúin mi 'n dorus, le osna thursaich?

3

'S tric mi foighneachd do luchd nam báta,  
 Am fac iad thu, na'm bheil thu sàbhailt;  
 Ach's ann a tha gach aon diubh 'g raitinn,  
 Gur górach mise ma thug mi grádh dhuit.

4

Gheall mo leannan domh gun do 'n t-síoda,  
 Gheall e sud agus breacan riomhach;  
 Fainn' oir anns am faicinn 'lómhaigh;  
 Ach 's eagal leam gun dean e díchúimhn'.

5

Ged a thu'irt iad gun robh thu aotrom,  
 Cha do lughdaich sud mo ghaol ort;  
 Bidh tu m' aisling anns an oidche,  
 'Us anns a'mhadainn bidh mi'gad fhoighneachd.

6

Thug mi gaol dhut, 's cha'n fhaod mi aicheadh;  
 Cha ghaol bliadhna, 's cha ghaol ràidhe;  
 Ach gaol a thòisich 'n uair bha mi m' phàisdein,  
 'S nach searg a chaoídh, gus an claoídh am bás mi.

7

Tha mo chàirdean gu tric ag innseadh,  
 Gum feum m' d'aogas a leig' air díchúimhn';  
 Ach tha 'n comhairle dhomh cho diambain;  
 'S bhi tilleadh mara 's i tabhairt lionaidh.

8

Bi'dh mi tuille túsach, déurach,  
 Mar eala bhàn 's i an déighs a réubadh;  
 Guileag bàis aic' air lochan feurach,  
 'Us cach gu léir an déis a tréigeadh.

Sung by Mr. John Archie Campbell, Heatherdale and  
 Charlottetown and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1956

Words from The Celtic Lyre. Translation on another page.

Fear A'Bhata - The Boatman

English translation of Gaelic song Reel 168B1-5

O my boatman na h-ora aila,  
O my boatman na h-ora aila,  
O my boatman na h-ora aila  
May joy await thee where'er thou sailest.

I climb the mountain and scan the ocean,  
For thee my boatman with fond devotion,  
When shall I see thee? to-day? to-morrow?  
O do not leave me in lonely sorrow.

Broken-hearted I droop and languish  
And frequent tears show my bosom's anguish,  
Shall I expect thee to-night to cheer me,  
Or close the door sighing sad and weary?

From passing boatmen I'd fain discover  
if they have heard of or seen my lover;  
They never tell me - I'm only chided  
And told my heart has been sore misguided.

My lover promised to bring his lady  
A silken gown and a tartan plaidie,  
A ring of gold which would show his semblance,  
But ah I fear me for his remembrance.

That thou'rt a rover my friends have told me,  
But not the less to my heart I hold thee,  
And every night in my dream I see thee,  
And still at dawn will the vision flee me.

I may not hide it - my heart's devotion  
Is not a season's brief emotion;  
Thy love in childhood began to ~~hold~~ seize me  
And ne'er shall fade until death release me.

My friends oft tell me that I must sever  
All thoughts of thee from my heart forever,  
Their words are idle - my passion's swelling  
Untamed as ocean can brook no quelling.

My heart is weary with ceaseless wailing,  
Like wounded swan when her strength is failing,  
Her notes of anguish the lake awaken  
By all her comrades at last forsaken.

Translation from the Celtic Lyre, sung in Gaelic reel  
168B1-5

When I was young in nearly every home the conversation was carried on in ~~Gaelic~~ the Gaelic language. To-day of course it's different. There's hardly a home to-day in Prince Edward Island in particular that the language is spoken the same as it was, in my younger days in any case. I don't know of any homes where it is spoken to-day. My father was a great Gaelic scholar, one of the best. And of course McLean Sinclair, the minister Sinclair's father, he was about the outstanding Gaelic scholar, in fact he was almost classed as a professor. He was a wonderful Gaelic talker and reader. He was one of the best on Prince Edward Island. And that's where the minister learned his Gaelic too, spoken in the home. There's none of that now.

Belfast was a wonderful Scottish place. There were a lot of Scotch there. There may be some that can talk and say a few words, but there's not so many of them that can really carry on a conversation of any length in the Gaelic language. The older people are gone and the younger people are not taking the interest. I think that even to-day they had a Gaelic school here in Charlottetown. Some of them picked up the language to a certain extent, not like the old people.

Question; What is a thickening frolic?

A thickening frolic- that's the way they handled the cloth in olden times. They have different ways of working the cloth now with machinery and one thing and another. But you know a thickening frolic had long tables and they took the cloth as it were in the rough, you know, as it was really taken out. It was spun. Originally they used those carders. There was no mills of any description then and they worked it to a certain extent and then of course they spun with the spinning wheels. There's hardly any of them in existence to-day. And then they had looms. There wasn't a house at one time on Prince Edward Island hardly at one time that there wasn't a loom, an old-fashioned loom, you know, right up against the wall in one of the rooms. And of course the women they wove the cloth. It was in the rough. They had a shuttle and they worked it back and forth this way and then they met in the houses then. It was a great pastime in them days and they had long tables and they put this cloth when it was taken out of the loom and they worked it back and forth on this table.

Question: Was it made wet before they worked it? Was it soaked in water?

Well I don't think so. I don't know. There was at one time down here and other places too nearly everybody wore clothes, homespun clothes, homespun pants. If you got something like it to-day you'd almost pay any price for it. You can't

get anything like that to-day. Cloth is made different now, than it was then.

Question: Do you know any songs that they used for thickening the cloth?

Well I don't just know exactly whether they had special songs for that or not. They used I spose at every gathering they'd sing. There might have been special songs.

Question: With one person taking the solo and the rest joining in the chorus?

Well I suppose there was. Indeed I never attended so much - I never attended one on Prince Edward Island because I wasn't old enough. The funny part was when I was up in Boston I went to this church affair and that's the only place I've ever seen it. There were Islanders there all the same; Boston and Cape Bretoners there. These are the ones that were carrying on and getting the entertainment of that place.

Then there was spinning wheels there and there was women there spinning.

Question: Were there any special songs to accompany the spinning?

Well no, not that I could tell you. I don't remember that there was any special songs. Well I'm just going to sing you a verse of a song that would be suitable for the likes of that. They generally had songs with a little bit of life to it you know. They had to have those and it went with a rhythm. That's a song if they wanted to do it the men could be on one side and the women on the other. That's a very lively song.

(The song, Mairi Laghach, follows).

Told by Mr. John Archie Campbell, Heatherdale and Charlottetown, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1956.

## Seisd

Ho mo Mhari laghach, 's tu mo Mhari bhinn!  
~~Mhari bhinn~~ Ho mo Mhari iaghach 's tu mo Mhari ghrinn,  
 Ho mo Mhari laghach, 's tu mo Mhari bhinn,  
 Mairi bhoidheach lurach, 'rugadh anns na glinn.

B'of@bha mise 's Mairi 'm fàsaichean Ghlinn-smeoil,  
 'N uair 'chuir macan Yenuis saighead gheur 'n am fheoil  
 Tharruing sinn ri cheile, ann an eud cho beo,  
 'S nach robh air an t-saoghal a thug gaol cho mor.

Ged bu leamsa Albainn, a h-airgiod 'us a maoin,  
 Cia mar bhithinn sona gun do chomunn gaol?  
 B' annsa bhi 'g ad phogadh le deagh choir dhomh fein,  
 Na ged gheibhinn storas na Roinn-Eorp gu leir.

Tha d' ghalt bachlach, dualach, mu do chluais a' fas,  
 Thug nadur gach buaidh dha thar gach gruag a bha:  
 Cha'n 'eil dragh, no tuairgne, 'n a chur suas gach là;  
 Chas gach ciabh mu'n cuairt deth, 's e'n a dhualt gu 'bharr.

Tha do chailc-dheud snaigte geal mar shneachd nan àrd;  
 D'anail mar an caineal; beul o'm banail failt:  
 Gruaidh air dhreach an t-siris; min-ruisg ehinnealt, thlà; ~~maiax~~  
 Mala chaol gun ghruaman, gnais gheal, 's cuach-ghalt ban.

Cha robh inneal ciuil a fhuairleadh riamh fo 'n ghrein,  
 A dh'aithriseadh air choir Gach ceol bhiodh againn fein  
 Uiseag air gach lonan, smeorach air gach geig;  
 Cuthag 'us gug gug aic', 'Madainn chubhraidh Cheit.

Sung by Mr. John Archie Campbell, Heatherdale and  
 Charlettetown, and recorded by Helen Creighton on Sept. 1956.  
 4th vs. not on tape.

Words from The Celtic Lyre. For English translation see  
 another page.

## English translation

Hey my winsome Mary, Mary fondly free,  
Hey my winsome Mary, Mary mine to be,  
Winsome handsome Mary, who so fair is she,  
~~My~~ My own Highland lassie, dear as life to me.

Long e'er in my bosom lodged love's arrow keen,  
Often with my Mary in Glensmoil I've been,  
Happy hours succeeded by affection true,  
Till there seemed 'neath heaven no such loving two.

What a though all Albinn and it's wealth were mine,  
How without thee darling could I fail to pine?  
As my bride to kiss thee, I would prize far more  
Than the all of treasure Europe has in store.

What a wealth of tresses Mary dear can show,  
Crown of lustre rarer ne'er graced maiden brown,  
'Tis but little dressing need those tresses rare,  
Falling fondly, proudly, o'er her shoulders fair.

Hers are teeth whose whiteness snow alone can peer,  
Hers the breath all fragrance, voice of loving cheer,  
Cheeks of cherry ripeness, eyelids drooping down,  
'Neath a forehead never shadowed by a frown.

No mere music art-born ere our pleasure crowned,  
Music far more cheering nature for us found,  
Larks in air and thrushes on each flow'ring thorn,  
And the cuckoo hailing summer's gay return.

Sung in Gaelic by Mr. John Archie Campbell, Heatherdale  
and Charlottetown, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1956.  
For Gaelic words see another page.

C'Aite 'N Caidil An Ribhinn?- Where Sleepest Thou My Dearie?  
Reel 168B10-15

Seisd

O, c'ait e'n caidil an ribhinn an nochd,  
O c'ait e'n caidil an ribhinn?  
Far an caidil luaidh mo chrìdh',  
Is truagh nach robh mi fhin ann!

Tha 'ghaoth a séideadh oirnn' o'n deas,  
'S tha mise deas gu seòladh;  
'S na'n robh thu leam air bharr nan stuagh  
A luaidh, cha bhithinn brònach.

Bha mi deas 'us bha mi tuath,  
'S gu tric air chuairt 's na h-Innsean,  
'S bean d'aogais riamh cha d'fhuaire mi ann,  
No samhladh do mo mìgh'naig.

'S ann ort féin a dh' fhas a ghruag  
Tha bachlach, dualach, riomhach,  
Fiamh an òir a's boidhche snuagh  
'S e dol 'n a dhuala 's na cìrean.

Cha tog fiodhall, 's cha tog òran,  
'S cha tog ceòl na pìoba,  
'S cha tog briodal nigh'naig oig  
Am bròn 'tha 'n diugh air m'inntinn.

'S e dh'iarrainn riochd na h-eala bhain  
A shnàmhais thair a chaolais,-  
'Us rachainn féin troimh thonnaibh breun  
A chur an céill mo ghaol dhuit.

Tha nis gach nì a réir mo dheòin,  
Gach acfhuinn 's seòl mar dh'iarrainn,  
'S gun mhaille théid mi air a tòir,  
'Us pòsaidh mi mo nigh'nag.

Sung by Mr. John Archie Campbell, Heatherdale and  
Charlottetown, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1956

Words from The Celtic Lyre with pencilled note saying  
composed by N. McKinnon on his visit from Scotland to Cape  
Breton and adding that he never saw her again. For English  
translation see another page.



C'Aite 'N Caidil An Ribhinn? Where Sleepest Thou My Dearie?  
Reel 168B10-15 in Gaelic.

English translation

O where art thou my love to-night,  
Where sleepest thou my dearie?  
Where'er thou art my lady bright  
O would that I were near thee.

My ship is floating on the tide  
And prosperous winds are blowing,  
If thou wert only by my side  
My tears would not be flowing.

I long have braved the stormy sea  
To distant lands oft sailing,  
No maiden have I seen like thee  
Thine absense I'm bewailing.

How fair thy locks are to behold  
When in the sunbeams shining,  
In colour they will vie with gold  
That oft has stood refining.

In song or dance I take no part  
And music cannot cheer me,  
Nor maiden's smile can raise my heart  
Since absent from my dearie.

If like the swan I now could sail  
Across the trackless ocean,  
Ere break of day my love I'd hail  
And prove my heart's devotion.

My sails are set; blow breezes blow,  
All thoughts of danger scorning,  
Where dwells my love I'll quickly go  
And wed her in the morning.

Sung in Gaelic by Mr. John Archie Campbell, Heatherdale  
and Charlottetown and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1956.  
For Gaelic words see other page.

Cho. & 2 vs. recorded.

(The singer does not write Gaelic, so I could not get the words of this song, but it is a very nice one).

Question: Did you learn this song from your father?

were

No, as a matter of fact the older people, although they were great Gaelic talkers and one thing and another, they were more interested in psalms and hymns and that kind of a thing. I picked a lot of the songs that I know out of this Cape Breton paper, the Mac-Talla. It was printed in Cape Breton. The man's name was McKinnon. Indeed he was down- he was at your house, and I took that paper for a number of years. It was very interesting to, and I learned a lot of the songs through that paper. The tunes were along with some of them, but not all. I have a Gaelic song book here that was sent from Boston a couple of years ago after he had been in here and they got after me to sing songs, and after they got back to Boston he sent me two or three of those books, but there's no music in it. As far as I'm concerned - I don't know whether I should admit it to a certain extent - I can't read Gaelic too good. I can read it some, but I wasn't in the same class as my father at all. He could read any book or Gaelic song but I can't do that. When I come down to certain Gaelic I can't come at it at all.

So those books really, there wasn't very many songs in the books that he sent down that were familiar in my day in music. The fact of the matter is as I said before, a Gaelic song - if you go into a place and start singing a Gaelic song, and if there's no life or music, or melody to it, you're out of luck. People can't understand the words. As I said before, there's no song in any language that would picture the real facts, the scenery, or the love that existed between certain people as the Gaelic language. It's wonderful, you know, those songs. I know quite a few but I couldn't put them all together, but there was a lot of songs that was composed by people that left Scotland, and after they left Scotland, they never forgot Scotland. After they settled in other places they made those songs, you know, picturing things as they were in Scotland. You couldn't in the English language express the same feeling that you could in the Gaelic language.

Told by Mr. John Archie Campbell, Heatherdale and Charlottetown, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1956

The song describes the place and the loveliness of it and the people assembled there.

My name is Peter Emberley as you may understand,  
I was born in P.E. Island down by the ocean strand,  
in eighteen hundred and eighty when flowers were in brilliant hue  
I left my native countree my fortune to pursue.

Sung by Mr. John Archie Campbell, Heatherdale and  
Charlottetown, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1956.

I'm not so much at singing as these high faluting chaps,  
 My voice it may be husky and a little loud perhaps,  
 For I have been out ploughing with a lazy team you see,  
 They keep me pretty busy with my get-up, whoa, haw, gee.  
 But if you'll pay attention I have just a word to say  
 About a great mistake you make and do it every day,  
 In dealing out your praises and I want to tell you now  
 Too often you forget the man who walks behind the plough.

Cho.

You talk about your learned men, your wit and wisdom rare,  
 Your poets and your painters, they get praises everywhere,  
 They're well enough to make a show, but will you tell me how  
 This world would ever do without the man behind the plough?

2

It's very nice to go to school and learn to read and write,  
 It's nicer still to dress up fine and sport around at night,  
 Your music, painting, poetry may all seem hard to beat,  
 But tell me what you're going to do for something good to eat.  
 You say my boots are muddy and my clothing is too coarse,  
 I make a good companion for the oxen or the horse,  
 My face is red, my hands are hard, 'tis true I will allow,  
 But don't you be too quick to spurn the man behind the plough.

3

I like your great inventions and I'm glad you're getting smart,  
 I like to hear your music for it kind of stirs my heart,  
 But 'twill never touch the stomach of a real hungry man,  
 And so I call attention to the kind of thing that can.  
 Then boys don't be too anxious for to leave the good old farm,  
 Your father's strength is failing, soon he'll need your youthful arm,  
 If you're honest in your dealings at your feet the world must bow,  
 For the greatest of the great men is the man behind the plough.

Edward

Sung by Mr. ~~xxxxx~~ Sellick, Frederickton, P.E.I. and  
 recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1956.

The sun has gaed doon on the lofty Ben Lomond  
 And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,  
 While lonely I stray in the calm summer's gloamin'  
 To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower of Dumblane.  
 How sweet is the briar wi' it's soft fauldin' blossom,  
 And swea is the birk wi' its mantle o' green,  
 But sweeter and fairer and dear to this bosom  
 Is lovely young Jessie the flower o' Dumblane.

Cho.

Is lovely young Jessie, is lovely young Jessie,  
 Is lovely young Jessie the flower of Dumblane.

2

She's modest as ony and blithe as she's bonny,  
 For guileless simplicity marks her its ain,  
 And far be the villian divested of feelin'  
 Who'd blight in its bloom the sweet flower o' Dumblane.  
 Sing on thou sweet mavis thy song to the evenin',  
 Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen,  
 But dear to this bosom, so artless and winnin',  
 Is ~~laxsky~~ young Jessie, the flower of Dumblane.  
 charming

Cho.

Is charming young Jessie, is charming young Jessie,  
 Is charming young Jessie the flower of Dumblane.

3

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie,  
 The sports o' the city seemed foolish and vain,  
 I ne'er saw a nymph I could call my dear lassie  
 Till charmed wi' sweet Jessie the flower of Dumblane.  
 Sing on thou sweet mavis thy song to the evenin',  
 Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen,  
 But sweeter and fairer and dear to this bosom  
 Is lovely young Jessie the flower of Dumblane.

Cho.

Is lovely young Jessie, is lovely young Jessie  
 Is lovely young Jessie the flower of Dumblane.

Sung by Mr. Edward Sellick, Frederickton and  
 Charlottetown, P.E.I. and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1956