

169 B. Bad hum in top 2

1 F. Dear An Fhraoich, cont'd  
from 169 A. Same as Hughie  
Wilson's. NOT transcribed by Major  
McLeod

2 An gleann 's an  
Robh mi og. Ch. only  
not transcribed by McJ.  
McLeod. Sung by John Archie Campbell

3 My Ain House, sung by Mr.  
Neil Metheson & wife, Charlottetown  
gaelic

4 My Own Land, sung in gaelic  
by Mr. Neil Metheson & friends  
Charlottetown

5 In the Sweet Bye - Bye  
sung in gaelic, by Mr. Metheson

6 Story of churn & witchcraft &

other superstitions

7 Flier's beta

8 Roy No. 1011's Fair Young Bride

9 Bridget M'Case, music held

10 Drimondown, wedding song by  
Mr. Sordick, No hum. Lullaby

Reel 169B

- 1-5 Eilean An Fhaoich; Gaelic song sung by Mr. John Archie Campbell, Heatherdale & Charlottetown; 6 vs. good example of P.E.I. Gaelic; his words slightly different from typed copy here.
- 5-6 Gaelic Song, name unknown; sung by Mr. Campbell; he could not write the words so they will have to be transcribed from tape; not in any book that he knows.
- 6-8 My Ain House; sung by Mr. Neil Matheson, M.P. with his wife joining in chorus; although his mother spoke Gaelic, he learned it recently from records.
- 8-9 Mo Dhuthaich Fhem; sung by Mr. Matheson with Mrs. Carver playing piano accompaniment to this and all his songs; words in Gaelic song books
- 9-10 In the Sweet Bye and Bye; sung in Gaelic by Mr. Matheson with piano accompaniment.
- 10-15 Witch Story; told by Mr. Matheson as heard from old people in his youth.
- 15-16 Fhir a 'Bhata; sung by Mrs. Kitty Martin; singer too old for this to be of much value.
- 16-18 In Dublin Bay; sung by Mr. Ernest Sellick; 4 vs. sad song; or; Roy Neil and his Fair Young Bride; couple lost in storm at sea; nicely sung.
- 18-21 Bridget McCue; sung by Mr. Sellick; organ accompaniment; 2 long vs. & cho. Irish love song; bright and nicely sung
- 21-25 Drimindown; 3 vs. & cho.; Irish lament for lost cow; well sung and good variant; compare with same song ~~xxx~~ By Mr. Chas. Cates; usable in any form
- 25-end The Cat Came Back; sung by Mr. Sellick 5 vs. & cho. well sung to good tune as learned when a young man; comic; has been lately made into popular song.

All songs from Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Seisid

A chiall nach mise bha'n Eilean an Fhraoich,  
Nam fiadh nam bradan, nam fead-ag, 's nan naosg;  
Nan lochan, nan òban, nan osan 's nan 'caol-  
Eilean innis nam bò, 's aite còmhuidh nan laoch.

An t-Eilean ro mhaiseach, gur pailt ann am biadh;  
'S e Eilean a's dillt' air 'n do dhealraich a' ghrian;  
'S e Eilean mo ghráidh-s' e, bha 'Gháidhlig ann riamh;  
'S cha 'n fhalbh i gu bráth gus an traigh an cuan siar.

'N àm éiridh na gréine air a shléibhtibh bith'dh ceò,  
Bith 'dh a' bhannarach ~~xxxxxx~~ gabhail ~~xxxxxx~~ duanaig  
ghuanach 's a' bhannarach 'n a dòrn,  
Ri gabhail a duanaig 's i cùallach nam bò,  
'S mac-talla nan creag ri toirt freagairt d' a ceol.

Air feasgar an t-Samhraidh bith'dh sunnd air gach spreidh;  
Bith'dh ~~xxxx~~ a chuthag 'us fonn oirr ri òran di ghéin;  
Bith'dh uiseag air lòn agus smeòrach air géig,  
'S air cnuic ghlas 'us lebidean uain òga ri leum.

Na'm faighinn mo dhùrachd 's e lùgainn bhì òg,  
'S gun ghnòthach aig aois rium fhad 's a dh' fhaodainn bhì beò,  
Bhì 'n am bhuaichill' air àiridh fo sgàil nam beann mòr'  
Far am faighinn an càis' 's bainne-biàth air son òl.

Cha 'n fhacas air talamh leam sealladh a's bòidhch'  
Na 'ghrian a dol sìos air taobh siar Eilean Leòghas;  
'N crodh-laoidh anns an luachair, 's am buaichill 'n an tòir  
'G an tional gu àiridh le àl de laoigh òg.

Sung by Mr. John Archie Campbell, Heatherdale and Charlotte-  
town, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1956

For translation see other page. Words from The Celtic Lyre,  
which are slightly different from those on record.

Eilean An Fhraoich - The Isle of the Heather Reel 169B1-5  
English translation

I wish I were now in that isle of the sea,  
The isle of the heather and happy I'd be,  
With deer in its mountain and fish in its hills,  
Where heroes have lived 'mong its heather covered hills.

This dearest of isles is so fertile and fair,  
That no other island may with it compare,  
Here Gaelic was spoken in ages gone by,  
And here it will live till the ocean runs dry.

At dawning of day when there's mist on the hill  
The milkmaids go skipping by fountain and rill;  
When milking their cattle they raise a sweet song,  
And softly the echoes the chorus prolong.

The notes of the cuckoo are welcomed in May,  
And the blackbird sings blithe 'mong the silvery spray,  
The lark and the mavis pour forth their sweet lay  
While the lambs in the meadows are sprightly at play.

Could I get my wish and be once more a boy  
I'd thither return and its pleasures enjoy,  
A shepherd to wander o'er heather-clad hills  
And drink a cool draught from its bright mountain rills.

There ne'er was a picture more lovely to see  
Than the sun as he sinks in the blue western sea,  
When homeward the cattle are wending their way  
And all things are still at the close of the day.

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

I

This story was told by the people in Rose Valley where I was born. This incident I am about to relate now took place in a neighbor's house, in fact at the next door neighbor's. My story is going to be disjointed because I am going to try to recall it as I tell it to you.

It concerns a neighbor family of ours in the days of my grandfather who were having difficulty getting butter off the cream. They used to churn in those days with the old dasher churn. I've seen them in my boyhood days. The story as it was told to me was that they couldn't get the butter off the cream. I remember when I used to wheel this old dasher in the churn myself, the butter would be very hard to get. It was probably caused by the cream at the wrong temperature and that sort of thing. But this story insists that there were some occult powers used by some evil person with evil intent. Anyway my neighbors couldn't get any butter off the cream or any butter in the churn. Somebody told them there was a man lived up the country some ten miles or so which was a long ways to go in those days, transportation was slow - who could take this curse off the churn. They were told some evil person had put a curse, a bad wish, on the churn, and I remember this old neighbor lady of mine telling me in her kitchen, and she said, "This churn was actually on the floor in this kitchen where you're sitting now." This man came and he put it between his knees and he scalded it and he put certain kinds of rinses in it and he did some mumble jumble with his hands holding it between his knees; magic words or words that the average person couldn't understand. Finally he said,

"Now lady, you'll get butter off that; you'll get better off your churn." The story is that he removed the curse on the churn, and those people actually told me for a fact that after that the thing worked all right and they got their butter. What he did probably goes back to old Scotch superstition, I don't know.

I lived in an area where they were all Scotch Presbyterians. My grandparents on both sides had come from Scotland about the time when most people had come out from the old country. I lived a mile from the county line - the line between Queen and Prince county and on our side of the line I think they were all Scotch Presbyterians and immediately on the other side of the line they were all Irish Roman Catholics. The old Scotch and Irish people were very clannish but they visited back and forth and they worked together, but they were very very superstitious, and they had some beautiful old stories. Now these people actually believed that.

Told by Mr. Neil Matheson, Charlottetown, P.E.I and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1956.

Unfortunately machine has bad hum.

Roy Neil and His Fair Young Bride  
Or, In Dublin Bay

Reel 169B16-18

There sailed away in a gallant barque  
Roy Neil and his fair young bride  
They had ventured all in a bounding ark  
That danced on the silvery tide.  
But their hearts were light and their spirits light  
And they dashed the tears away  
As they watched the shore recede from sight  
Of their own sweet Dublin Bay.

2

Three days they sailed when a storm arose  
And the lightning flashed the deep,  
And the thunder crash broke the short repose  
Of the weary sailors' sleep.  
Roy Neil he clasped his weeping bride  
And he kissed the tears away,  
"Oh Love 'twas a fearful hour," he cried,  
"When they left sweet Dublin Bay."

3

On a crowded deck on that doomed ship  
Some fell in their mute despair  
And some more calm with a holier lip  
Sought the God of storm in prayer,  
She had struck on a rock, the seamen cried  
In the depths of their wild dismay,  
And the ship went down with that fair young bride  
That sailed from Dublin Bay.

x4x

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

Michael Carney O full of blarney O,  
 Bridget McCue an Irish rose,  
 Met one morning O, day was dawning O,  
 This is the way the story goes.

She said to him, "Let me pass upon my way,"  
 He said to her, "Won't you stay? Say?  
 I'll not let you go till you kiss me so,  
 Ha ha ha ha 'tis foine the day."

Cho.

Top of the mornin' Bridget McCue,  
 Fresh as a shamrock covered with dew,  
 Sure I'd walk a hundred miles just to see one of your smiles,  
 And to peek into your eyes of Irish blue, that's true,  
 Bridget my darlin' what can I do?  
 My heart is a thumpin' thinkin' of you, roll  
 When I gaze upon your charms I could ~~xxxx~~ you in my arms  
 Sure as you're born, top of the morn Bridget McCue.

2

Bridget paused a while, then said with a smile,  
 "Sure you been after me for days  
 With your blarney talk that you brought from Cork,  
 Faith and it's you has coaxin' ways.  
 Then Michel said with a twinkle in his eye,  
 "Look at that cloud in the sky, my,"  
 When she turned to look quick a kiss he took,  
 "Ha ha ha ha," said he, "good bye." Cho.

Sung by Mr. Ernest Sellick, Charlottetown, P.E.I. with  
 organ accompaniment by his daughter Mrs. Bertram, recorded by  
 Helen Creighton, Sept. 1956



There was an oldman and he had but one cow,  
 And how that he lost her he couldn't tell how,  
 For whit~~a~~ was her forehead and slick was her tail  
 And I thought my poor Drimindown never would fail.

Cho.

Ego so ro Drimindown ho ro ha,  
 So ro Drimindown nealy you gra,  
 So ro Drimindown orha ma dow  
 Me poor Drimindown nealesgo chea go slanigash  
 O ro Drimindown ho ro ha,

2

Bad luck to ye Drim~~in~~ and why did you die?  
 Why did ye leave me, for what and for why?  
 For I'd sooner lose Pat and my own Bucken Bon  
 Than you my poor Drimindown now you are gone.

3

As I went to mass one fine morning in May  
 I saw my poor Drimindown sunk by the way,  
 I rolled and I bawled and my neighbors I called  
 To see my poor Drimindown, she being me all.

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

Bucken Bon was the name of his wife. Pat was his son.

4

My poor Drimin's sunk and I saw her no more,  
 She sunk on an island close down by the shore,  
 And after she sunk down she rose up again  
 Like a bunch of black wild berries grow in the glen. Cho.

Chorus is Irish Gaelic; has been written down as it  
 sounds. Ms. Sellick's father would sing this and other  
 songs to children by the hour, rocking as he sang.

There was old Mr. Johnston he had trouble of his own,  
 He had an old yellar cat that didn't leave its home,  
 He tried everything he could to keep that cat away,  
 He even give him to the preacher and he told him for to stay.  
 Cho.

But the cat came back, thought he was a goner  
 But the cat came back, the very next the cat came back,  
 Wouldn't stay no longer, no the cat came back  
 For he wouldn't stay away.

2

That cat he was a terror and he thought it for the best  
 To give him to a nigger that was going out west,  
 The train in goin' round a curve it struck a broken rail,  
 Not a blessed soul on board that train was left to tell the tale.

3

A man down on the corner said he'd kill that cat at sight,  
 He loaded up a musket full of nails and dynamite,  
 Waited in the garden for the cat to come around,  
 Half a dozen little pieces of the man was all they found.

4

He gave him to a man goin' up in a baloon,  
 He told him for to give him to the man in the moon,  
 But de baloon she busted sure and everybody said,  
 Was seven miles or more away they picked the man up dead. Cho.

5

He gave him to a little boy who got a dollar note,  
 Took him down the river in a little open boat,  
 Tied a brick around his neck and a stone about a pound,  
 Now they're grappling in the river for the little boy that's  
 drowned. Cho.

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

Learned from man who used to give lessons in vocal  
 music around the country.