

Reel 170A

- 1-5 Well Sold the Cow; sung by Mr. Ernest Sellick, Charlottetown;  
3 vs. only; compare with version in TSNS
- 5-6 Mike Maloney; sung by Mr. Fred Kelly; 3 vs. comic Irish, not  
very well sung.
- 6-9 The Sheriff's Sale; sung by Mr. Fred Kelly, North Bedeque, P.E.I.;  
sad sentimental song, not folk but considered  
old by singer and his friends.
- 9-10 Stories of Crossing on Ice; told by Mr. Fred Kelly, but of no  
great interest.
- 10-16 Bachelor's Hall; sung by Mr. Jas. Pendergast, Charlottetown;  
local song attributed to Larry Gorman; fair
- 16-17 My Father Was A Pagan; sung by Mr. Pendergast; also a Larry  
Gorman local song; fair
- 17-24 Johnny Riley; sung by Mr. Angelo Dornan; 8 vs. of good sea  
song; compare versions in TSNS
- 24-26 Johnny Bull, Irishman and Scotchman; sung by Mr. Dornan, Elgin,  
N.B.; good song 8 vs.; Irishman dreams he ate  
the loaf and gets best of them,
- 26-27 I Never Will Marry A Man Who Is Rich, sung by Mr. Dornan;  
good usable song but pitched too high; 4 vs.
- 27-28 Green Grow the Rashes O; sung by Mr. Dornan; one vs. very  
good as far as it goes.
- 28-end. When Geordie Shot the Deer, composed and recited by Mr. Edgar  
Fisher, Bass River; amusing.

There was an old farmer in Hertifordshire,  
He had a Yorkshire young fellow for his man,  
He minded his business, his name was called John,  
Aye aye derry down.

2

Now John you may take off this cow to the fair,  
For she's in good order, I can her well spare,  
Away trudged Jack with his cow in his hand,  
To Hertifordshire as we understand,  
Derry down down aye derry down.

Last verse

The old man he did laugh and his sides he did hold,  
"To be sure for a boy you have been very bold,  
And now for thy wit and thy courage so rare  
One half of this money shall come to thy share  
Derry down down aye derry down."

Part of song his father used to sing. Sung by Mr. Ernest  
Sellick, Charlottetown, P.E.I., and recorded by Helen Creighton,  
Sept. 1956

Mike Maloney landed here from the Emerald Isle so dear  
 One Saturday afternoon so bright and fine,  
 And on gazing round about saw some men put up a house  
 For he never saw a mansion of its kind.  
 A box of burning lime was near Maloney all the while  
 And he never seemed to notice it at all,  
 And he ran to catch a car but he hadn't ventured far  
 When into the land he got a funny fall.

2

Oh Maloney he was soakin' and he came to nearly croakin'  
 He cursed the day he left the town of Cork,  
 For the lime being roarin' red burnt the hair all off his head  
 On the night Maloney landed in New York.

3

He stood out upon a pier gazing out without a fear  
 When a billy goat a-rushed him with a shock  
 And he hit Maloney free where his bustle ought to be  
 And he landed in the river of the dock.  
 Oh Maloney he was soakin' and he came to nearly croakin'  
 Sure he cursed the day he left the town of Cork,  
 Oh they pulled him out in a lump, pumped him out with a stomach pump  
 On the night Maloney landed in New York.

Sung by Mr. Fred Kelly, North Bedeque, P.E.I. and recorded  
 by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1956

There's an old fashioned cot that standson that square  
 For ninety odd years thatold cottage stood there,  
 Surrounded by trees and a fence that was worn  
 'Twas thehome of my forefathers, there I was born.

2

Till misfottune came o'er us andit's hard for to tell  
 The sherriff came in our old home for to sell,  
 It was then I did weep, my dear mother did moan  
 As I begged them in vain, would they please spare the home.

Cho.

"Please spare the old home, please spare it I pray,  
 Don t turn out my mother so feeble and grey,  
 And my poor loving sister so sickly and pale,  
 Auctioneer, auctioneer won't you please stop that sale?"

3

You seldom could find a more happier lot  
 Than our little family that dwelt in that cot,  
 There wasfather and mother, sister, brother, and I,  
 Till sickness came o'er us andfather did die.

4

Then my brother left home to find something to do,  
 And where he had gone to nobody knew,  
 So I toiled late and early to keep down that debt  
 And ofttimes I'd hear myself pleading as yet. Cho.

6

In vain did I linger but without an avail,  
 The auctioner continued to cry on with that sale,  
 And the very best bidder was a man quite unknown,  
 He paid down his money and purchased our home.

7

Then my mother and sister with hearts sad and sore  
 Prepared to depart from our old cottage door,  
 When the stranger spoke saying, " Your sorrows are done,  
 I return you your home, I'm your long last son."

Such love and rejoicing was there on that day  
 When brother embraced our dear mother so gray,  
 With awelcøme from me andmy sister so frail,  
 So that put an end to that dread sherriff's sale.

Sung by Mr. Fred Kelly, North Bedeque, P.E.I. and recorded  
 by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1956

Mr Kelly, I believe you crossed from Prince Edward Island to Nova Scotia on an ice boat?

Yes, from Cape Traverse to Cape Tormentine, nine miles. It took us nine hours one time, three hours another time. And where there's any ice that would hold the boat there's one lady in the boat and there's eight hauling the boat, and wherever we'd strike a cake of ice we'd put a strap over our shoulders and lift the boat out of the water and haul it over the ice. And then we'd hit the water again and we'd jump in the boat and row along. We drove by horse and sleigh from Tormentine to Sackville, 45 miles, after we got over there. That was before car ferry time.

Did you get your feet wet?

I got me feet wet up to me knees; I only had on low shoes. I didn't think we were going to have to get out. I thought the passengers wouldn't have to get out but they were kind of scarce or something. All but the lady had to get out and push. That was about 54 or 55 years ago.

A man went across there and a storm come up and they went aboard at Cape Traverse and they were down pretty near under Charlottetown on drifted ice and when they got up next morning they turned the boats up on the ice and slept up under the boats. That was for the night, and they went back the next day. There was only one passenger started out. There was a storm brewing up and they wouldn't go. Night come on and they didn't know where they were. They were drifting on ice. They took their clothing out of their trunks. This man that was going away was going to British Columbia for his health and he had a lot of extra clothing so they laid that out on the ice and stayed there all night. They landed down handy Charlottetown. There was just this one man and this boat. He was a sickly man and he died out in British Columbia later on. He was t.b. and he was failing and the doctor told him to go. No sans (sanitoriums) in those day, and he was sent out to British Columbia to another climate.

Told by Mr. Fred Kelly, North Bedeque, P.E.I. and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1956

Come young ladies all both short, fat, and tall,  
 I pray that on me you'll take pity,  
 For a bachelor's hall is no place at all  
 The same I'll explain in my ditty.  
 I have a clear farm, a house and a barn,  
 A rich patch for raising tomatoes,  
 And at great expense I am building a fence  
 To keep the hogs from my potatoes.

2

Some folks of our day will disdainfully say  
 Self praise is no recommendation,  
 But my houses and land as you understand  
 Are opposite Northrup flag station.  
 The big iron horse on a serpentine course  
 Every day by my door goes a-snorting,  
 By the pastoral scene of the pasture so green  
 Where my lambkins are nimbly cavorting.

3

I have harrows and ploughs, I have sheep, I have cows,  
 And they're stuff that I take a great pride in,  
 I have ten gallon kegs all chock full of eggs  
 And a horse and a carriage to ride in.  
 I have two feather beds and two iron steads,  
 A razor, some soap, and some brushes,  
 My mirror will show from the tip to the toe,  
 And a mattress made out of bulrushes.

4

But the best of all yet is my new chamber set  
 With two sweet canaries in cages,  
 A basin, a jug, and another fine mug  
 With gilded flares all round the edges.

Sung by Mr. Jas. Pendergast, Charlottetown, P.E.I.  
 and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1956

Learned in Miminegash, and composed by Larry Gorman  
 along with many others. His songs were cynical and almost  
 vitriolic.

My father was a pagan that lives in yonder bush,  
From morn till night he whistles like a bird they call the thrush  
He wears a belt around his middle and a linsey wolly coat,  
And he knighers while his laughing like a rocky mountain goat.

<sup>2</sup>  
I was my father's favourite, he gave me extra feed,  
And when I arrived at Mendals I did amass proceeds,  
He took me to a raffle and he gave me too much rum  
And we got into a squabble and I chewed my father's thumb.

<sup>3</sup>  
And when I proved his champion how mighty proud I felt,  
And ever since that day I always wear the belt,  
Of all the Cape Wolfe pugilists I did exceed them all,  
For like Samson I slewed them great and small.

This was made up I think by Larry Gorman, about a man named  
Riley who chewed his father's thumb. If he didn't like a person  
he made a song up about him.

Sung by Mr. Jas. Pendergast, Charlottetown, P.E.I. and  
recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1956

As I rode out one evening fair down by the riverside  
 I heard a lovely maid complain, the tears fell from her eyes,  
 "This is a cold and stormy night," these words she then did say,  
 "My love is on the raging sea bound for Americay.

2

"My love he was a fisherman, his age was scarce eighteen,  
 He was as nice a young man as ever yet was seen,  
 My father he had riches great and Riley he was poor,  
 Because I loved this fisherman they could not him endure.

3

John Riley was my true love's name reared by the town of Bray,  
 My mother took me by the hand, those words to me did say,  
 'If you be fond of Riley let him quit this countree  
 Your father swears he'll have his life so shun his company.'

4

"Oh mother dear don't be severe, where will I send my love?  
 My very heart lies in his breast as constant as a dove,  
 'Oh daughter dear I'm not severe, here is five hundred pounds,  
 Send Riley to Americay to purchase there some ground!

5

"When Ellen got the money straight to Riley she did run,  
 "This very night to take your life my father charged a gun,  
 Here is five hundred pounds in gold my mother sent to you,  
 Sail off to Americay and I'll soon follow you."

6

When Riley got the money next day he sailed away,  
 And when he put his foot on board these words she then did say,  
 "Here is a token of true love and we'll break it now in two,  
 You'll have my heart and half my ring till I again meet you."

7

It was just three months afterwards as she waited on the shore  
 When Riley he came back again to take his love ~~xxxx~~ away,  
 The ship was wrecked, all hands were lost, her father grieved full sore  
 Found Riley in her arms as they drowned upon the shore.

8

He found a letter on her breast and it was wrote with blood,  
 Saying, "Cruel was my father that thought to shoot my love,  
 So let this be a warning unto all fair maidens gay,  
 Never send the lad that you love dear unto Americay."

Sung by Mr. Angelo Dornan, and recorded by Helen Creighton,  
 Sept. 1956



John Bull he was an Englishman and went to tramp one day  
With threepence in his pocket for to take him a long way,  
He travelled on for many a mile, yet no one did he see  
Till he fell in with an Irishman whose name was Paddy McGee.

2

"Good morning Pat," said John to him, "where are you going to?"  
Said Pat, "I hardly know myself, I want a job to do."  
"Have you got any money about you?" said John Bull unto Pat,  
Said Pat, "It's the only thing I'm lacking for I haven't got a rap."

3

Then they overtook a Scotchman who like them was out of work,  
To judge by his looks he was hard up and as hungry as a Turk,  
"Can you lend me a shilling Scotty?" at last said Paddy McGee,  
"I'm sorry I canna," said the Scotchman, "for I hae nae got ane  
bawbee."

4

Said the Englishman, "I threepence have, what can we do with that?"  
"Buy three pennyworth of whisky, it will cheer us up," said Pat,  
"Nae dinna do that," said the Scotchman, "I'll tell you the best  
to do,  
We'll buy three pennyworth of oatmeal and I'll make some nice  
bergoo."

5

"I think we had better buy a loaf," the Englishman did say,  
"And then in yonder Haystack our hunger sleep away,  
We can get a drink of water from yonder purling stream  
And the loaf will be his in the morning who has had the biggest  
dream."

6

The Englishman dreamt by the morning a million men had been  
For ten years digging a turnip up, the largest ever seen,  
At last they got the turnip up by working night and day,  
Then it took five million horses this turnip to pull away.

7

Said the Scotchman, "I've been dreaming fifty million men have been  
For fifty years making a boiler, the largest ever seen,"  
"What was it for," said the Englishman, "was it made of copper or  
tin?"  
"It was made of copper," said the Scotchman, "for to boil  
your turnip in."

8

Said the Irishman, "I've been dreaming an awful great big dream,  
I dreamt I was in a haystack by the side of a purling stream,  
I dreamt that you and Scotty were there, as true as I'm an oaf,  
By the powers I dreamt I was hungry so I got up and ate the loaf."

Sung by Mr. A.G. Dornan, Elgin, N.B. and recorded by Helen  
Creighton, Sept. 1956

I Never Will Marry A Man <sup>Who</sup> ~~That~~ 's Rich  
<sup>who</sup>

Reel 170A26-28

I never will marry a man ~~that~~ 's rich  
Shabbedy rue de ray,  
He'd keep me in line with a hickory switch,  
Shabbedy rue de ray.  
Shabbedy rue de ray,  
He'd keep me in line with a hickory switch,  
Shabbedy de rue de ray

<sup>2</sup>  
I never will marry a man who is poor,  
He'd keep me begging from door to door, etc.

<sup>3</sup>  
I never will marry a man at all,  
I've made up my mind to keep old maid's hall, etc/

<sup>4</sup>  
I'll take me a chair and I'll sit in the sun,  
And I'll make the old bachelors run run run, etc.

Sung by Mr. Angelo Dornan, Elgin, N.B. and recorded by  
Helen Creighton, Sept. 1956

Green Grow the Rashes O

Reel 170A27-28

Green grow the rashes O  
And strappin' grow the lasses O,  
The happiest days of all my life  
I spent among the lasses O.

Sung by Mr. Angelo Dornan, Elgin, N.B. and recorded by Helen  
Creighton, Sept. 1956

There are strange things done for sport and fun  
 By men who stalk the deer,  
 And the forest trails have secret tales  
 That are broadcast far and near,  
 And the mountain heights have seen strange sights,  
 But one especially queer,  
 Was that day on the crook of the Wilson brook  
 Where Geordie shot the deer.

2

Now George had been hunting every day  
 Since the open season came,  
 And day or night he got no sight  
 Of the closely hidden game,  
 And now of the tramp he felt a cramp  
 And he hunkered down for a spell,  
 And all the way through Castlereigh  
 There blew a fearful smell.

3

A smell of onions, beans and hash,  
 Baloney, and pumpkin pie,  
 A billowing cloud it smelled out loud  
 And reached from earth to sky,  
 And a deer that fed his hungry head  
 Far back on the Putnam lot  
 Picked up the scent and away he went  
 On a trail that was nice and hot.

4

With a headlong rush he cleared the brush  
 And came to the Wilson brook,  
 And something red loomed dead ahead  
 And he thought as he took a look,  
 "It's squatted and humped but it 'taint a stump  
 And it isn't a bear or cat,  
 And it isn't a man for I'll be damned  
 No human could smell like that.

5

So he turned his head and again he fed  
 And Geordie reached for the gun,  
 Through a puff of smoke the rifle spoke  
 And the deer's lifespan was run,  
 George took no chance, he dropped his pants  
 And grabbed for his hunting knife,  
 He didn't care if                was bare  
 There was no one to tell his wife.

6

And the strange things done for sport and fun  
 By men who stalk the deer,  
 And the forest trails have secret tales  
 That are broadcast far and near,  
 And the mountain heights have seen strange sights  
 But one especially queer  
 Was that day on the crook of the Wilson brook  
 Where Geordie shot the deer.