

Reel 171 B

- 1-5 Lovely Jimmy. Sung by Mr. Fred Redden, Middle Musquodoboit. Father kills daughter's lover. Compare with same song later on F reel. 5 verses.
- 5-6 Marquis of Huntley. Bagpipe tune, played on Bagpipes by Mr. Fred Redden.
- 6-7 Bonnie Wee Angus. composed and sung by Finvola Redden, aged 16, Middle Musquodoboit. Pleasant lullaby. 4 verses.
- 7-9 Loch Shiel Side. Scottish folk-song with pleasant tune, sung by Finvola Redden. 4 verses.
- 9-12 Sunset in Cape Breton. Local song, sung by Finvola Redden. In these three songs Finvola plays her own piano accompaniment. 5 vs.
- 12-18 The Banks of Claudy. Sung by Mr. Ned McKay, Little Harbour. Broken ring theme. 7 verses.
- 18-22 Lovely Jimmie. Sung by Mr. Ned McKay, 7 verses.
- 22-end Concluded 172 A Johnie Scot. Child 99, 22 verses, sung by Mr. Ned McKay, Little Harbour. It is only from Mr. McKay and his sister (see Reel 124 B) that I have ever heard this ancient ballad.



Lovely Jimmy

Reel 171B1-5

One Saturday evening as the boys played at ball  
There I saw my love Jimmy, he was proper, neat, and tall,  
I asked him to go with me a piece of the way  
To my own father's dwelling, the place I abode.

2

"There's a tree in father's garden lovely Jimmy," said she,  
"Where young men and maidens do wait upon me,  
Meet me there lovely Jimmy, you're the boy I love best,  
And when they're all sleeping at their own silent rest."

3

"Meet me there O lovely Jimmy, your own darling boy

4

Her cruel hearted father lay ambush for him,  
And with a sharp weapon he pierced my love through  
And he fell on the ground never more for to rise.

5

"You cruel-hearted father since it has been your will  
The blood of my innocent Jimmy to spill,  
I will sit down on the ground where he lies,  
May kind heaven smile round him, he's my own darling boy."

6

Now green grows the rushes and the tops of them small,  
Love is the root of evil, it conquers us all,  
And love lies as weighty as the stone on my breast,  
And the grave is the first place I hope to find rest.

Sung by Mr. Fred Redden, Middle Musquodoboit, and  
recorded by Helen Craighton, Sept. 1957

Compare same song sung by Mr. Ned McKay, same reel.



Bonny Wee Angus

Reel 17126-7

There are laddies in Pictou that would make you look twice,  
And many in Sydney so handsome and nice,  
There are boys around Windsor, some dark and some fair,  
But there's none will compare wi' my Angus.

2

His hair is so curly and his eyes are so bright,  
His eight little teeth are so pearly and white,  
His smile is all sparkling and so free from care,  
No there's none to compare wi' my Angus.

3

There are times when he's good, there are times when he's bad,  
But I cannae 'nae spank him, this bonny wee lad,  
He would chant and be merry the whole livelong day,  
No there's none quite so gay as my Angus.

4

Then when evening draws near and the sun's in the west  
He will tiptoe up softly and lay on my breast,  
He will sleep there so peaceful like a bird in its nest,  
He's an angel at rest, my wee Angus.

Composed and sung by Finvola Redden, aged 16, Middle  
Musquodoboit, and recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1957



I must go now, go to the willow,  
Under its shady boughs I will find my pillow,,  
Thereon the mossy ledge whitelilies growing  
As o'er the water's edge sweet breezes blowing.

2

Here 'neath the willow tree I come for my pleasure,  
And in the cool spring day was joy beyond measure,  
Hear how the linnet sings his song so sweet and clear,  
Music fit for any king who happens to draw near.

3

High in the morning air the curlew's notes are shrill,  
And o'er the misty lake is silence sad and still,  
Down the Loch Shiel side I will no more wander,  
Lark of my love and pride I will see no longer.

4

In the sweet springtime days I could live forever,  
If I could have my way I would leave home never,  
Far from the storms of life underneath the willow  
I would now lay my head on the cool green pillow.

Sung by Finvola Redden, aged 16, Middle Musquodoboit, and  
recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1957

Sunset in Cape Breton

Rec117189-12

When it's sunset in Cape Breton  
O'er the hills the golden gleams  
As the shadows fall around me  
In this Eden of my dreams.

2

When it's sunset in Cape Breton  
When the sea is calm and bright,  
O'er the water gulls are gliding  
In their coats of silken white.

3

When it's sunset in Cape Breton,  
When the cattle's gone to rest,  
Then the robin's sweetly singing  
And the sparrow's in its nest.

4

When it's sunset in Cape Breton,  
When the pipes sound o'er the hill,  
Hear the haunting music calling  
To the air so warm and still.

5

When it's sunset in Cape Breton  
And the day's work has been done,  
Then the children give thanksgiving  
As they watch the setting sun.

Sung by Fynola Redden, aged 16, Middle Musquodoboit, and  
recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1957.

Probably written as a poem by Mrs. Lillian Crowe Walsh, Glace  
Bay and now in oral tradition.



XXXXXXXXXXXX

The Banks of Claudy

It was on one pleasant morning  
All in the month of May  
Down by yon flowery garden  
I carelessly I did stray,  
I over heard a fair one  
Most grievous lie complain  
"It is onto the Banks of Claudy  
Where my Darling do remain."

2

Now I boldly stepped up to her  
I took her on surprise,  
My own she did not know me  
I being dressed in surprise, *disguise*  
~~XXXXXXXXXXXX you going to XXXXX~~  
"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

"I am all in search of a young man  
And Johnny is his name  
He is crossing the wide ocean  
For honour and for fame,  
It is six long months or better  
Since Jonny 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 on the way to Claudy banks  
Of you will please to show  
Take pity on a stranger  
For there I want to go."

5

"It is on the banks of Claudy  
Fair maid thereon you stand  
Now don't you believe young Johnny  
For he's a false young man,  
Now don't you believe young Johnny  
For he'll not meet you here  
Let's you and I to the green wood go  
No danger shall we fear."

6

"Since Johnny has gone and left me  
No other man I'll take  
To some lonely groves and valleys  
I will wander for his sake,  
When she beheld those dreadful news



She fell into despair  
For the rka wringing of her tender hands  
And the tearing of her hair.

7

When he beheld her loyalty  
No longer could stand  
When he fell into her arrums  
Saying, "Betsy, I'm the man,  
Now Betsy I'm the young man,  
That caused you all your pain  
And since we met onto Claudy banks  
We will never part again."

Sung by Mrs. William Gilkie, Sambro and recorded by Miss Helen Creighton,  
September, 1957.



Lovely Jimmy

Reel 171 B  
18-22

It was on one Saturday evening  
As I played at ball  
I saw lovelie Jimmy  
Most proper, neat and tall,  
I asked him to come with me  
A piece of the ~~bad~~ <sup>good</sup> ~~voice~~  
And I'd show him my Father's dwelling  
And the place I abode.

2

"There's a tree in my uncle's garden,  
Lovelie Jimmy," says she  
"Where I have men and maidens  
For to wait on me  
Whilst they are a-sleeping  
And taking their rest  
Met me there lovelie Jimmy,  
You're the lad I love best."

3

Now her cruel hearted father  
Into ambush did lie  
A-hearing those luvyers  
What they had to say,  
It's with his sharp weepson (weapon)  
He instant<sup>ly</sup> lie he drww  
And ~~whxn~~ with the cold dagger  
He pierced my love through.

4

Now he fell on the ground  
Never more for to rise  
I threw myself down on the ground  
Where he lies,  
May the heavens shine around him  
He is my darling boy,

5

"Now you cruel hearted father  
Since this be your will  
The blood of my innocent Jimmy you <sup>'ve</sup> spilled  
Come dig him a grave  
Dig it long, wide, and deep  
And ~~so~~ read it all over  
With ~~vi~~lets so sweet

6

"And I will then go  
To some foreign countrie  
Where I will know no one,  
No one shall know me,



Green grows the green laurel  
And the tops of them small,  
For love is a root that can conquer us all,  
For love awake like a stone on my breast  
And the grave is the first place  
I hope to find rest.

Sung by Mr. Ned McKay, Little Harbour, recorded by Helen ~~XXXXXX~~ Creighton,  
September 1957.



Lord Johnnie Scot went to the green-wood side a-hunting there awhile  
The fairest lady in that hall,  
Lord Johnnie has got beguiled

2

"Of this be true," the King he says,  
"In what ye tell to me  
I'll have him put him into prison strong  
'Til I find the deed of thee."

3

He wrote a letter to Lord Johnnie Scot  
And sealed it by his knee  
And sent it to Lord Johnnie Scot  
To come to him immediately.

4

The very first line that he wrote down  
It caused him for to smile,  
And the very next line that he looked on  
He hung his head and cried.

5

"If this be true," Lord Johnnie says,  
"In what he tells to me,  
In spite of all old England's lords  
I will set my lady free."

6

Lord Johnnie onto horseback sat,  
A grosieme sight was he  
There were not a married man  
Into all his company.

7

Now when he came to the King's castle  
He rode it round about,  
Then who should he see by the window  
Was his true love a-looking out.

8

"Come down, come down," Lord Johnnie cries,  
"Come down, come down," says he,  
"For how can I come down,  
When King Edward has 'prisoned me?"

9

"The garters that I used to wear  
Were of the silk and satin fine  
But now they're of the coldest irons  
Around my legs do bind.

10

"The breast plate that I used to wear  
Were of the best of the beating gold,  
But now it's of the coldest steel  
That on my breast lies cold."

11

"Now who is this," the King he cries,  
Rides my castle round about,  
Now is it the duke of Allmy

Or yet Sir James our King.



11 cont.

Or is it Lord Johnie Scot  
His lady for to win?"

12

"It is neither the Duke of Allmy  
Nor yet Sir James, our King,  
But it is, Lord Johnie Scot,  
His lady for to win."

13

"If this be true," the King he says,  
"If what you tell to me  
Before tomorrow ten o'clock  
All hanged he shall be."

14

Now up and speaks the youngest brother  
The youngest of the three,  
"Before we will be hung like dogs,  
We will fight until we die."

15

"Now if this be true," the King he says,  
"In what you tell to me,  
I have an Italian in my house,  
Out of fifty killed all but three,  
And before tomorrow ten o'clock  
You shall die in the hands of thee."

16

The night passed on  
And day come on,  
They all went to the plain  
The lady and her maidens all  
For to see Lord Johnie slain.

17

When out of the banks the Italian came  
A grosieme sight was he  
Betwixt his eyes three measured spans  
And the height of any man three.

18

"A grosieme sight," Lord Johnie cries,  
"A grosieme sight, are thou,  
But if thou art half as big as the devil himself  
I will have a bout with thee."

19

When they fought on like champions bold  
With swords of tempered steel  
Till you'd have thought the very heart's blood  
Come a-running to the field.

20

But at last the Italian then he found  
A conqueror he could not be  
It was over the top of Lord Johnie's head  
Like a sparrow fly.

21

Lord Johnie being a well-thought lad  
And a well-thought was he,  
It was the point of his broad sword  
The Italian he did die.



" A clerk, a clerk, " the King he cries,  
"To sign the deed ayes,"  
"A priest, a priest," Lord Johnie cries,  
"For to marry my lady and I."

Sung by Mr. Ned McKay, Little Harbour, recorded by Miss Helen Creighton,  
September 1957.