

194B

In beginning of Mrs. Walsh's reciting, the first  
vs. or two sounds as though it has been recorded  
by Crawleys at wrong speed. Have Carmen check the  
original. It later picks up and sounds all right.

Reel 174B

1. Bonny Barbara Allan, concluded from 174A; sung by Mrs Ruth Metcalfe, 8 vs. Nfld. version; words more interesting than tune.
2. I'm A Bonny Scotch Lassie; recited by Mrs. Metcalfe Lillian Crewe Walsh, then sung by Mrs. Metcalfe; 5 vs. Scotch folk song; girl regrets she has no laddie; nice song.
3. Green Broom; 2 vs. sung by Mrs. Walsh, for words see reel 174A
4. Lovely Willie (usually known as Jimmy); sung by Mrs. Walsh; 5 vs., but only one recorded; father stabs daughter's lover.
5. The Old Volunteer; one vs. sung by Mrs. Walsh; for words see 174A
6. The Brig Harmony; one vs. sung by Mrs. Walsh; for words see 174A
7. The Boys of Bristol; 2 vs. sung by Mrs. Walsh, for words see 174A
8. My Bonny Young Irish Boy; 5 vs. sung by Mr. Fred Marsh, New Waterford;
9. I Am A Jolly Sailor Lad; 5 vs. & cho. sung by Mrs. Walsh; for words see 174A; nice singable little song of girl who insists upon making own choice of husband,
10. My Bonny Young Irish Boy; sung by Mr. Fred Marsh, New Waterford; 5 vs. faithless lover; fair tune
11. Marrow Bones; sung by Mr. Marsh; 11 vs. a bit mixed; I have better variants.
12. The Broken Ring; sung by Mr. Marsh; 8 vs.; words more interesting than tune.
13. The Gloucester Fisherman; sung by Mr. Marsh; 6 vs. about life of fishermen; quite well sung, but words some times difficult to make out.
14. Molly Malone; sung by Mrs. Ruth Metcalfe; nice little courting song but has only one vs.
15. The Loss of the Cien Fougeious; sung by and composed by Mrs. Lillian Crewe Walsh; 6 vs. showing fishermen's delight when wrecked ship gives salvage; good local song.
16. Trimmy Down On the Big Shoal; composed and sung by Mrs. Walsh; amusing local song about Scatari fisherman & his son.
17. The Canso Causeway; a stirring song on opening of Canso Causeway in 1955 composed & 1 vs. sung by Mrs. Walsh to tune of Road to the Isles.

Recorded in Nova Scotia.



(This is an old Scotch song. I do not know who it was written by, whether it was Bobby Burns or not. )

I'm a bonny Scotch lassie, my name it is Jane,  
My father's a shepherd, keeps sheep on yon plain,  
It was no good in beauty(?) it was no good at all  
When there's no bonny laddie to take me awa', to take me awa'.

2

When Sunday comes round for church we prepare,  
Na' thinkin' o' preachin', na' thinkin' o' prayer,  
The man who is preachin' give gifts to us all  
But never says, "laddie take lassie awa'," "take lassie awa',"  
Never says, "Laddie take lassie awa'."

3

When I get home my old mother will cry  
With all your gay dresses the lads pass ye by,  
When I was your age, just twenty and twa',  
There was lots of bra' laddies to take me awa',  
There were lots of bra' laddies to take me awa'.

4

set

The words of my mother they hae ~~xxx~~ me mad  
To think I'm not courted by any young lad,  
But there's a day comin', then God speed the day  
When some bonny laddie will take me away, take me away,  
When some bonny laddie will take me away.

5

When I get married I'll do all I can  
To keep a clean house and to please my old man,  
When I get sixpence I'll cut it in twa'  
Give half to the laddie who took me awa'.

Recited by Mrs. Lillian Crewe Walsh, Glace Bay & Neil's Harbour.

Question: That was a song you used to hear at home?

Answer: Oh yes, I wouldn't like to say too long ago now.

Q: And you can't hum the air?

A: No, if I could sing it for you I'd be glad to do that.

Q: Well Mrs. Metcalfe ~~will~~ can.

A: Yes I guess she will. She seems good-natured anyway.

I am a Scotch lassie, my name it is Jean,  
My father's a shepherd, keeps sheep on yon plain,  
I've plenty of money, that makes me feel bra',  
But I've nae bonny laddie to take me awa',  
No I've nae bonny laddie to take me awa'.

2

When Sunday comes round for church I prepare,  
Without thinking of singing or preaching or prayer,  
The parson he preaches the grace to us all  
But he never says, "Laddie take lassie awa'," "  
But he never says, "Laddie take lassie awa'."

3

When I get home my mother will say  
With all your gay dresses the lads pass you by,  
When I was your age just sixteen and twa'  
I had plenty of laddies to take me awa',  
I had plenty of laddies to take me awa'.



The words of my mother they nigh drive me mad,  
 To think I'm not adair'd by aye bonny lad,  
 But there's the day coming, it's coming I know  
 When there'll be bonny laddies to take me awa',  
 When there'll be bonny laddies to take me awa'.

5

When I'll get married I'll do what I can  
 To keep a fine house and to please my good man,  
 And when I get sixpence I'll break it in twa'  
 And give half to the laddie that takes me awa',  
 And give half to the laddie that takes me awa'.

Sung by Mrs. Ruth Metcalfe, Louisburg and Gabarus, and recorded  
 by Helen Creighton, July 1957

XXXXXXXXXXXX



Lovely Willie  
(other singers call in Lovely Jimmy)

Reel 174BNo. 56

It was last Saturday evening I was on my way home,  
I met with lovely Willie, he was neat, tall and trim,  
I asked him to go with me was a piece of the road,  
I'd show him my father's dwelling, the place of my abode.

2

"There's a rose in father's garden lovely Willie," said she,  
"Which young men and maidens have longed for to see,  
While they are sleeping in their own silent rest  
Meet me there lovely Willie, you're the lad I love best."

3

Her old father lay in ambush and he heard what they said,  
Her old father lay in ambush those deeds for to do,  
And with a sharp weapon he pierced her love through.

4

"Oh cruel cruel father, you have had your heart's will,  
The innocent blood of my Willis to spill,  
I shall lie by his side till the day that I die,  
May the heavens shine upon him, he's my own darling boy."

5

O it's green grow the rushes and the tops of them small,  
Love is a root that can conquer us all,  
And love lies as heavy as a stone on my breast  
And the grave is the next place where I hope to find rest.

The final verse only recorded by Mrs Lillian Crewe Walsh,  
Glace Bay and Neil's Harbour and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1957



Oh first when I was courted by a bonny young Irish boy  
He kissed me and he called me his pride and only joy,  
While down in London city a place called ?  
When first my bonny young Irish boy a-courting he did come.

2

He courted me for three long years but always to complain(?)  
And I packed all of my clothing and followed him by night,  
But when I reached him to dear old Dublin town  
I heard that my laddie was married to a lady of renown.

3

and

Where the meadows are springing green their valleys are flashing gay,  
Where me and my bonny young Irish boy spent manys the happy day,  
His ~~cheeks~~ are like the ivory, his cheeks as red as rose  
teeth

And he'll break the heart of every girl no matter where he goes.

4

My love he's tall and handsome, his hair it is dark brown,  
And it hangs down over his shoulders in a loose lock hanging down,  
His ~~cheeks~~ are like the ivory, his cheeks as red as rose,  
And he'll break the heart of every girl no matter where he goes.

5

And now friends I am dying, here's one request I'll say  
Come and take my bones to Ireland and lay them in the clay,  
And mark upon my tombstone to show all passers by,  
That I died broken-hearted for my bonny young Irish boy.

Sung by Mr. Fred Marsh, New Waterford, and recorded by  
Helen Creighton, July 1957.



There were an old woman in London did dwell,  
And she dearly loved her husband and another twice as well.

Cho.

May a toodin eye a toodin eye  
A toodin eye din aye,

2

She went to the doctor to see what she could find,  
Of all the patent medicine would make her husband blind. Cho.

3

The doctor he told her to get two marrow bones  
And make him suck them all till he couldn't see at all. Cho.

4

The old woman went home, got the two marrow bones,  
Then she made him suck them all till she couldn't see at all. Cho.

5

The old man he said, "I'd drown myself  
If I could find a way." Cho.

6

"Hang on my dear beloved husband,  
I'll show you the way." Cho.

7

They walked and they talked till they came to River Erin,  
The old man said, "I'll jump now if you can shove me in." Cho.

8

"Come along my dear beloved husband, I'll show you the way, Cho.

9

The old woman attempt for to shove the old man in,  
But the old man stepped aside and she tumbled head first in. Cho.

10

The old man he thought the old woman she could swim  
And he up with a jigger pole and shoved her further in. Cho.

11

"Now you are gone to your long and happy home  
Where the fish will eat your body and the devil have your bones. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Fred Marsh, New Waterford who learned it from a  
Newfoundland chap 42 years ago; recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1957.



The Broken Ring

Reel 174B No. 17

Singer's title: Seven Years I Loved A Sailor)

A pretty maid sat by a window,  
A brisk young sailor passed by the way,  
He gazed upon her as if he knew her,  
Saying, "Pretty maid can you fancy me?"

2

"Fancy you, a man of honour?  
A man of honour you seem to be,  
I'll not be your waiting maiden,  
Your waiting maid I shall never be."

3

"My waiting maid I'll never ask you,  
But for to be my wedded bride,  
I'll have servants to wait upon you  
Whilst you and I in our carriage ride."

4

"Seven years I've loved a sailor,  
Oh seven years he has been to sea,  
And seven more I will wait upon him  
Till he returns for to marry me."

5

"Foolish girl, are you so foolish  
For to wait on any young man,  
Perhaps he's dead, perhaps he's buried,  
Perhaps he's sick in some foreign land."

6

"If he's dead I'll wish him heaven,  
And if he's ~~sick~~ married I'll wish him joy,  
If he's sick I'll wish him better  
Till he returns for to marry me."

7

When he found that she was so loyal,  
And when he found that she was so true,  
Put his hand down in his pocket,  
Pulled out a ring that they broke in two.

8

Saying, "Seven years I loved a maiden,  
Oh seven years I have been to sea,  
And seven years she will wait no longer,  
For now I've come for to marry thee."

xx2xxx

Sung by Mr. Fred Marsh, New Waterford, and recorded by Helen  
Creighton, July 1957



O sad been my misfortune in the year of thirty-three,  
I shipped right off a Gloucester boat right off a drunken spree,  
on board

My curse on rum and whiskey boys and brandy also,  
If I had of led a sober life I might have stayed on shore.

2

The big Eastern Light we soon passed by left Gloucester far behind,  
We steered our course oh east by north the Grand Banks for to find,  
The halibut being plegty boys we ran our fishing gear,  
And McLeod he swore he would fill her up supposin' it took half a year.

choice 3

We had out dories boys, our fishin' gear likewise,  
So if you had to speak a word it was darn and bugger your eye,  
If you'd happen to lose a dory boys, an anchor, or a knife,  
It was all marked down against you and you may depend your life.

4

So early every morning was loud our cook did bawl,  
"Get up and eat your breakfast boys and then go haul your trawl,"  
You've scarcely time to light your pipe when over your dories go,  
You'd have to make three sets a day no matter how she blows.

5

O after we remained there eighty days we heard our captain shout,  
O give her the big mainsail boys and break your anchors out,  
For our provisions are getting scarce, no longer can we stay,  
So give her the big mainsail boys and get her under way.

6

O now our anchor has filled our bows and homeward we are bound,  
And when we'll get to Gloucester port we'll toss the glasses round,  
We'll go down to Johnny the Logger's boys and there well spend a night,  
And we'll drink a health to the Gloucester girls, success to the  
Eastern Light.

Sung by Mr. Fred Marsh, New Waterford, and recorded by Helen  
Creighton, July 1957

Question, Mrs. Metcalfe: Do you know who I heard sing that when I  
was just a little girl ~~xxxxxx~~ in Louisburg? It was Sol  
Jacobs the mackerel king. He had a lovely voice, and he sang The  
Gloucestermen. He fishing out of Gloucester, you know. Rather he kept  
his boats in Gloucester in the winter time, because he could come in  
ice behind the ~~boats~~ in Gloucester whereas in Newfoundland he was crowded in,  
and he always came to Louisburg and bought bait there, and my father had  
sailed with him as a young man. They all would come to our place. I've  
see the place crowded with them, and they would have just about 2 drinks  
of Jamaica rum. They'd put the poker in the fire - make the poker hot and  
mull the rum. And some of the Gloucester men liked buttered rum - if you  
could only get a record of them - 15 or 20 men singing with beautiful  
voices. Sol Jacobs had a lovely voice. So had my father. Then it would  
be Captain Alfred Bagnall and Captain Solomon Thomas. Captain Ira  
Stacey and Captain every other one. They weren't drinking men. Two  
drinks or rum. But they would sing to split their throats. I often think  
of it at night.

voices.

Mr. Marsh: Some of those chaps had wonderful. I remember my father too.

1



"Is your mother in Molly Malone?"  
Molly cried, "She's out,"  
"Is your father in Molly Malone?"  
Molly cried, "He's out,"  
"Could I come in by the fireside  
To have a chat with you,"  
"Hold your whist for a while,"  
Molly said with a smile,  
"For the fire's out too."  
Rx

Sung by Mrs. Ruth Metcalfe, Louisburg and Gabarus, and  
recorded by Helen Creighton July 1957.



The Loss of the Cien Fougeious

Reel 174B No. 14<sup>15</sup>

(Lost in 1930)

July the nineteenth I'll never forget,  
The day it was stormy, so bleak and so wet,  
Loud shrieked the wind, high rolled the sea,  
As it flung up its spray around old Scatari.

Cho.

Oh sing laddie I oh.

2

Some men from the island were visiting round,  
Gazing at ~~sights~~ into some other towns,

The men around home were well content

In smoking their pipes, oh their time was well spent. Cho.

gathered 3

They were together at Tom Nash's place

When in came John Harris, a smile on his face,

Oh these words he did say as he opened the door,

"I believe Charlie bye there's a steamer ashore." Cho.

4

His words they proved true and I wish I could tell

All of the things that the people be fell,

They went for the lifeboat and soon we did see

Wonderful doings on old Scatari. Cho.

5

With a cargo of pine the Cien Fougeious got lost, (pronounced Fugus)

She smashed all to pieces upon Marks's Rocks,

Through the rain and the fog the fishermen towed

To Eastern Harbour some wonderful loads. Cho.

6

O how they toiled and sweat at the logs,

They didn't mind water no more than the dogs,

And this is the meara I'll tell you my boys

Though the logs they were wet the good money was dty. Cho.

Composed and sung by Mrs. Lillain Crewe Walsh, Gáace Bay and  
Neil's Harbour, and recorded by Helen Creighton July, 1957. They  
were able to sell the logs for salvage. She says she composed the  
tune. It varies all the way through, and includes several familiar ones.  
She sings it with the enjoyment the men felt as they got their salvage.

At the beginning Mrs. Walsh gives the date as 1930 which is probably  
right, although at the end I have a note saying 1913.



Come listen to me, oh Lord bless my soul,  
 And I'll tell about Trimmy down on the big shoal,  
 Oh there's dangers on land and there's dangers on sea,  
 And dangers in plenty around Scatari.

2 Cho. Oh her right daddy trim.  
 Trimmy stood on the beach and he gazed at the sky,  
 Then loudly he called to young Henry his boy,  
 "O we're late, and me boy what makes you so slow,  
 For the boats have gone fishin' down on the big shoal." Cho.

3  
 The lunched off their flat and soon reached the big boat,  
 Painted white like a fairy, like a cork she did float,  
 "Now Henry me bye put the reef in the sail,  
 But by the looks of the sky I expect quite a gale." Cho.

4  
 "Now you take the tiller," and I hate this old boat  
 And I wish you would sell her,  
 A big boat like this should be easy to sell  
 Then we could get one like Wentworth Martell." Cho.

5  
 "My bye ye talk foolish, I thought you had sense,  
 His boat cost a fortune in dollars and cents,  
 And that's to say nothing of spark plugs and ile,  
 If we had that alone we would have quite a pile." Cho.

6  
 "Oh it's going to storm, look at that foolish thing,  
 I believe it's John Harris going down wing and wing, "  
 Even as he spoke there blew such a twister  
 It blew his red flannel from out his sou' wester. Cho  
 Washed

7  
 "O Henry, dear Henry, my own lovin' son,  
 May the dear Lord forgive us the sins we have done,  
 We're going to be drowned, this boat won't sail,  
 Back from the shoals in the teeth of the gale." Cho.

8  
 But they safely reached harbour, I'll finish my song,  
 They got safely to land in the good flat Ping Pong,  
 But often in winter the story is told  
 Of Trimmy's adventures down on the Big Shoal.

Composed and sung by Mrs. Lillian Crewe Walsh, and recorded  
 by Helen Creighton, July 1957. The story is of real people.



~~As we stood in dear Cape Breton and our hearts were filled with pride  
When we heard the pipers coming o'er the mile,~~

We heard the pipers coming from the hills and from the glens,  
We heard the stirring music o'er the miles,  
When they gathered on the mainland down by the Canso Strait  
To march across the Causeway to the Isle.

2

O silent were the pipers, they came down from hill and glen  
For every man remembered Angus L.,  
For our beloved chieftain did not live to see the day  
When they marched across the Causeway to the Isle.

3

O boldly stepped the pipers, unmuffled every drum,  
For Cape Breton's honoured son would have it so,  
Sorrow was forgotten upon that happy day  
When they marched across the Causeway to the Isle.

4

O the music of the bagpipes were wafted by the breeze  
And the fishermen all listened with a smile,  
There was magic in the music and the boats came sailing home  
When the pipers came a-marching to the Isle.

5

The stately wooded Porcupine kept watch o'er Canso Strait  
Where the waters flowed as swiftly as the Nile,  
Through the years we shall remember she gave her rocks and clay  
To build the mighty Causeway to the Isle.

6

Men of courage, faith, and vision through the years have firmly stood  
And pleaded for assistance for the Isle,  
Their faith has been rewarded upon that happy day  
When the pipers came a-marching to the Isle.

7

O we stood in dear Cape Breton and our hearts were thrilled with pride  
When we heard the pipers coming o'er the mile,  
We joined the cheering thousands when they crossed the conquered tide  
To bring the mainland over to the Isle.

8

There were Beatons and MacDonalds and McPhersons by the score,  
You knew the happy Irish by their smile,  
There were Brodies and McAreks with Dubinsky from the Bay  
To bid the mainland welcome to the Isle.

9

O the ferries are forgotten, they belong to former days,  
The trains and cars come speeding to the Isle,  
But the locks are firmly anchored on our dear Cape Breton shore  
To keep for us our title to the Isle.

as

Composed and sung by Mrs. Lillian Crewe Walsh, Glace Bay; tune is  
Road to the Isles; vs. 8 may be used as a chorus; recorded by Helen  
Creighton, July 1957.

Vs. 2. Angus L. refers to Premier Angus L. MacDonald, Cape Breton native  
who had the causeway built, but didn't live for the opening; vs. 5 Porcupine  
was the mountain on the peninsula that supplied the rocks and earth and  
that is why vs. 9 speaks of bringing the mainland to the Isle. The  
opening was in 1954.