

Reel 186B

1. St. John's Girls; sang by Mr. Augustine MacDonald, North Sydney and Meat Cove; for words and first part of song see 186A
  2. The Bonny Gypsy Lass: composed and sung by Finvola Redden, aged 17, Middle Musquodoboit; 6 vs.; other songs by this singer whose father is one of my folk singers and who has always sung with him; lyrics and tune entirely her own.
  3. Erin's Flowery Vale; sung by Mr. Fred Redden, father of Finvola; pretty Irish folk song; 6 vs. well sung.
  4. The Old Whisky Still: sung by Mr. Fred Redden; 5 vs. of amusing Irish folk song; well sung; song not complete
  - 5 Lord Bateman: sung by Mr. Augustine MacDonald, North Sydney and Meat Cove; 16 vs.; interesting variant, but formore complete songs and better melodies see TSNS and other tapes.
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- 5 Dance Tune ; whistled by Mr. Fred Redden, Middle Musquodoboit; tune is Wait Until the Moon Shines Out Upon the Water; singer would sing this and clog dance at the same time;

As I went walking through the town  
I espied a band of gypsies round,  
A fire leaping high and red  
And by their gypsy leader led.

2

I walked up to the fire bright  
And watched them dancing in the light  
Of rustic colours red and brown  
And watched them twirling fast around.

3

Their leader was a gallant lad  
In scarlet, green, and russet clad,  
He held a bonny ~~lass~~ gypsy lass,  
They danced around both gay and fast.

4

Her heart was warm and her spirits light  
As on the lawn she danced at night,  
The winds around blew free and fast  
Around the skirts of the gypsy lass.

5

They gayly danced until the morn  
And then she turned away in scorn,  
For she wanted to be always free  
When the autumn leaves fell from the tree.

6

Went from my spot 'neath the autumn tree  
And now I travel wild and free  
For I was the lass with the gypsy lad  
In scarlet, green, and russet clad.

Composed and sung by Finvola Redden, Middle Musquodoboit,  
and recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1958

As I walked out one evening fair in the lovely month of June,  
 The trees they were in verdant shade, the flowers were all in bloom,  
 As I chanced to rove in yon green grove no cares did me assail,  
 When a pair I spied by the river side in Erin's flowery vale.

2

I sat me down to rest a while beneath a shady tree,  
 The gentle breezes blowing by conveyed those words to me,  
 "Good-by, good-by," a youth then said, "for to-morrow I will sail,  
 I will bid adieu my love to you and to Erin's flowery vale."

3

"Forbid those words my love," she said, "they pierce me like a dart,  
 They take me with a great surprise, they almost break my heart,  
 Must I alone here weep and mourn my cares for to bewail,  
 Must I remain a maid in chains in Erin's flowery vale?"

4

"There's many a man has left this home bound for a foreign shore,  
 That sleeps beneath the briny wave where the raging billows roar,  
 There is an isle where fortune's smile is wafted by each gale,  
 Then I'll return no more to roam from Erin's flowery vale."

5

When you go far across the sea some pretty girls you'll see  
 Then you'll ne'er think of the days of yore or the vows you gave to  
 me,"

"There's not a flower in shade or bower or lovely hill or dale,  
 But that will remind me of my love in Erin's flowery vale."

6

They flew into each others arms and fondly did embrace,  
 Their tears like drops of morning rain ran down each other's face,  
 She tried in vain him to detain but it was of no avail,  
 He bid adieu and then he flew from Erin's flowery vale.

x̄xxx

Sung by Mr. Fred Redden, Middle Musquodoboit, and recorded  
 by Helen Creighton, June 1958

The weather grew dry and tremenjously blue,  
 It dried up the corn and the grass never grew,  
 Says Rafferty now, "Since I'm sure of the cash  
 I'll turn out the donkey to hunt his own grass."

2

He wandered at large and he wandered at will  
 Till he wandered at last to the little brown hill,  
 And there in a frenzy my vat he did smash  
 And he ate his good fill of me best whisky mash.

3

His spirits they rose and exceedingly grew,  
 He took to the highway and down it he flew,  
 He headed straightforth to kill Minnie fair,  
 He knew the road well for he'd often been there.

4

Such an elegant donkey you never did see,  
 He ran and he pranced and he capered with glee,  
 The police drew round and suspiciously grew,  
 "This is Rafferty's ass and he's chock full of brew."

5

(verse missing)

6

I pleaded my case but it was no avail,  
 Two years I must spend here in Kilmenny jail,  
 The years will go on and the time it will pass  
 O I wouldn't be here but for Rafferty's ass.

(There is another verse where they "followed me back and  
 captured both me and my old whisky still.)

Sung by Mr. Fred Redden, Middle Musquodobit, and  
 recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1958.

Lord Bateman was a noble lord,  
 And a noble lord of high degree,  
 He shipped himself on board a ship,  
 Some foreign counteree he would see.

2

He sailed east and he sailed west  
 Until he came unto Turkey  
 Where he was taken and put in prison  
 Until his life grew quite weary.

3

In that prison there grew a tree  
 And it grew so very stout and strong,  
 And he was chained all round the middle  
 Until his life was almost gone.

4

The Turk he had one only daughter,  
 The fairest creature you e'er did see,  
 She stole the keys of her father's prison  
 And said she'd set Lord Bateman free.

5

Then she took him to her father's palace  
 And gave to him the best of wine,  
 And every health that would go round  
 Was, a wish Lord Bateman you were mine.

6

Then she took him to her father's harbour  
 And give to him a ship of fame,  
 "Farewell farewell unto you Lord Bateman,  
 I'm feared I never shd I see you again.

7

"For seven long years I'll make a vow,  
 And for seven long years I'll keep it so,  
 If you will wed no other maiden,  
 I will wed no other man."

8

Seven long years being past and gone  
 And seven long years well known to me,  
 She packed up all her gayest clothing  
 And said, "Lord Bateman she would see.

9

When she came to Lord Bateman's castle  
 So boldly there she rang the bell,  
 "Who's there, who's there?" cried the proud young porter,  
 "Who's there, who's there? unto me tell?"

10

"O is this Lord Bateman's castle,  
 And is his lordship here within?"  
 "O yes, oh yes," cried the proud young porter,  
 "He has just taken his young bride in."

11

"Tell him to send me a slice of cake  
 And a bottle of the best of wine,  
 And not to forget the fair young lady  
 That did release him when close confined."

Away away goes the proud young porter,  
 Away away then goes he,  
 Until he came unto Lord Bateman  
 And on his bended knee fell he.

13

"What news, what news, my proud young porter?  
 What news, what news unto me tell?"  
 "O there is the prettiest of all young ladies  
 That ever my two eyes did see."

14

"She tells you to send her a slice of cake,  
 And a bottle of the best of wine,  
 And not to forget the fair young lady  
 Who did release you when close confined."

15

(spoken; reel 188 begins here)  
 Lord Bateman in a passion flew,  
 He broke his sword in splinters three,  
 "I'll give all my father's wealth and riches  
 Now if Sophia has crossed the sea."

16

Then up spoke the young bride's mother  
 Who never was seen for to speak so free,  
 "Don't you remember my only daughter  
 Although Sophia ~~xxxxxx~~ would cross the sea?"

(there is another verse which he cannot remember)

Sung by Mr. Augustine MacDonald, North Sydney and Meat  
 Cove, and recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1958

In a quiet country town not very far away  
 There lived a rich and aged man, his hairs were few and grey,  
 He had three sons his only ones, both Jack and Tom were sly,  
 But Fred was honest as the day and would not tell a lie.

2

They tried their best to ruin Fred within the old man's mind,  
 Their poison soon began its work and Fred was much maligned,  
 One night his father says, "Begone, you're heartless to the core,"  
 These were the words the black sheep said as he stood within the door.

Cho.

"Don't be angry with me dad, don't drive me from your door,  
 I know that I've been wayward but I'll not be any more,  
 Just give to me another chance, just put me to the test,  
 You'll find the black sheep loves you dad far better than the rest."

4

Year by year sped quickly by, the old man now grows old,  
 He calls both Jack and John to him and gives them all his gold,  
 "I only need this little room, a place by your fireside,"  
 One night on Jack's returning home he brought with him a bride.

4

The wife began to hate the old man more and more each day,  
 One night he heard the three declare, "That old fool's in the way,"  
 They then agreed that he should go to the poorhouse that was near,  
 When like a flash the black sheep's words came ringing in his ears. Cho.

5

A wagon drives up to the door, it is the poorhouse van,  
 The brothers point towards their dad and say, "There is your man,"  
 Just then a manly form appears, and pushing through the crowd  
 Crying, "Stop you brutes for I will see this will not be allowed.

6

"You took the old man's property and all that he could save,  
 You even stole the little plot containing his wife's grave,  
 And I'm his son but not your kin, from now to judgement's day,"  
 The father grasped his black sheep's hands and the crowd then heard  
 him say. Cho

7

"Don't be angry with me lad, don't drive me from your door,  
 I know that I have wronged you but I've repented o'er and o'er,  
 I wish to you my gold I'd given, for you have proved the test,  
 I find the black sheep loves his dad far better than the rest."

Sung by Mr. Augustine MacDonald, North Sydney & Meat Cove, and  
 recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1958

My name is Patrick Riley, the truth I will make known,  
 I do belong to Calais in the county of Tyrone,  
 My parents reared me tenderly, having no child but me  
 Where I lived quite contented till the age of twenty-three.

2

At length I took a notion to cross the raging seas  
 Where I might get promoted unto Americay,  
 To seek employment in that land, a fortune to obtain  
 And when I would secure it to come straight home again.

3

Alas I had a sweetheart, McCormick was her name  
 And when she heard of my parting, straightway to me she came  
 Crying, "Can this be possible that you would prove unkind  
 And leave me broken-hearted in sorrow here behind?"

4

"Dear Ann," I says, "be not affraid, it's you I do adore,  
 My only thoughts would be of you all on Columbia's shore,  
 And when I do return again if God spares me my life,  
 Here is my hand in promise I will make you my wife."

5

With this she seemed quite reconciled and straightway homeward went  
 Next morning very early to Captain Pilot went,  
 She swore that I waylaid her and used her barbously  
 And stole from her a purse of gold which proved my destiny.

6

The police soon surrounded me, in irons I was bound,  
 They marched me off to Lippick jail by the magistrate's command.  
 'T was there I lay in irons until my trial day,  
 It's little that I ever thought she'd swear my life away.

7

On the twenty-fifth of last July my trial did come on,  
 This maid a vow to scripture before the judge did stand,  
 She swore that I waylaid her and robbed from her five pounds  
 And tried to force her to a pool where she would quickly drown.

8

The judge he charged the jury in words that were severe  
 Saying, "This maid must be rectified for all that she do swear."  
 The jury gave the verdict, aloud the judge did cry,  
 "Vile cruelties unto this maid, young Riley you must die."

9

When I received my sentence the tears from my eyes did flow,  
 Still thinking of my mother all in her grief and woe,  
 And she being far advanced in years, having no child but me  
 How could she stand to see her son die on the gallows tree.

10

To-day it is my dying day, I'm going to meet my God,  
 I never harmed this false young maid that swore my life away  
 The time is fast approaching, I have no more to say,  
 May the Lord have mercy on my soul, good people for me pray.

Sung by Mr. Augustine MacDonald, North Sydney and Meat  
 Cove, and recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1958