

It was old Mikey Brannigan had a bull pup,  
 It was raised from an elegant stock,  
 He had forty long hours of the feisure one day  
 For I time dhim myself with the clock,  
 His tail was awee little bit of a stump,  
 Bow-legged with two crooked eyes, mug  
 And one look at this snaggle-toothed ~~man~~ was enough,  
 He was the devil himself in disguise.

Cho.

Oh my what a dog to behold,  
 For fighting he 'd never give up,  
 There never was known such a dog in the land  
 As old Mickey Brannigan's pup.

2

For he tore the two tails pff Maloney's black coat  
 And a bustle from Mary Ann Flynn,  
 And he scooted between Tooty Monaghan's legs,  
 Isn't that a ridiculous sin?  
 Then he bok the old sow by the flap of the ear  
 And he led her around on her sty,  
 And he cocked his wee tail up over his back  
 And the dog he went ty aye why eye.

3

An Italian come round with a hand-organ one day  
 With a monkey tied up in a string,  
 And the poor little dog was a sight to behold,  
 Oh he made such a wonderful spring,  
 He upset the old hand-organ, grinder and all,  
 And he bursted the organ inside,  
 Then that dog he just swallowed the poor little monk,  
 But he choked by his tail till he died. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Scott Stuart, St. Andrews, N.B., and recorded  
 by Helen Creighton, June 1958.

When I want free life and I want fresh air and I sigh for the canter after the cattle, and the crack of the whip like shots in battle, the melee of horns and hoofs that wars and wrangles, that scatters and spreads with the green beneath and the blue above, the dash, the danger, the life, the love, and Lasca.

Lasca, she was to ride on a most grey mustang close by my side with blue stirrup and bright bells, and I laughed for joy as I looked at her. Little knew she of books or creeds, Ave Marie sufficed her needs, little cared she ~~xxxxxx xxxxxx~~ save to ~~xxxxxxx~~ be by my side and ride and ever to ride from the sand, sabre, shore to Lavaca's(?) tide, for she was as bold as the devils(?) that ~~at~~ as loud as the breezes that blow, from her little head to her little feet as she swayed to her suppleness to and fro, with each gust of passion the sapling pine that grows on the edge of a ? brought ? when the weather is rough. Was like this Lasca, this love of mine. She would hunger that I might eat; take the bitter, leave me the sweet.

But once, when I'd made her jealous, for fun, for something I'd whispered, or looked, or done, one Sunday in San Antonio to a beautiful girl, on the Alimo, she drew from her garter a dear little dagger. It had the sting of a wasp, but it made me stagger. An inch to the left or an inch to the right and I wouldn't be mouldering(?) round here to-night. But she sobbed, and in sobbing she swiftly bound her tawny ? about my wound and I quite forgave her, for scratches don't count in Texas down by the Rio Grande.

Her eyes were brown, a deep deep brown; her hair was darker than her eyes, and something in her smile and frown, curved crimson lip and instep high made me to see that in each blue vein, mixed with the milder Azic(?) stain the ? vantage of old Spain. The night was sultry, the air was hot, I sat by her side and forgot; forgot that the herd were taking its rest, forgot that the air was close oppressed, that the Texas norther come sudden and soon in the dead of night or the blaze of noon, and once that the herd at its breath take fright and nothing on earth can stop their flight. And woe to the rider, and woe to the steed that stops in front of that mad stampede. Was that thunder? No, by the Lord I sprang to the saddle without a word; one foot on mine and she clung behind, and away on a hot chase down the wind, and ? ever so hard; never was steed so little spared. We rode for our lives. You can hear how we fared in Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The mustang flew and we urged him on. There was one chance left and you had but one. Halt, jump to the ground, shoot your horse, crouch under his carcass and take your chance, and if the steers in their frantic course don't batter you both to pieces at once you can bless you star, if not good-bye with a quickening kiss and the long drawn sigh, the open air and the open sky, in Texas down by the Rio Grande.

The cattle gained on us, I felt for my old six shooter behind in my belt. Down came the mustang and down came we, clinging together. And what was the rest? A body that spread itself over my chest, two arms that shielded my dizzy head, two lips that hard on my lips were pressed

while over us surged that sea of steers, blows the big blood into my eyes. And when I could arise, Lasca was dead. I gouged out a grave a few feet deep, and there in earth's arms I laid her, ~~xxxxxxxshe'slyingxxxxnobodyknows~~ to sleep. And where she's lying nobody knows, and the summer shines and the winter snows, and for many a day the flowers have spread a pall over her head, and the little grey hawk hangs aloft in the air, and the sly coyote trots here and there, and the black snake slides and glitters and glides into the rick of the cottonwood tree, stately and still as a ship at sea, and I wonder why I do not care for the things that are for the things that were. Does half my heart lie buried there in Texas, down by the Rio Grande?

Q: Now where did you pick that up, Mr. Stuart?

A: Tracy Johnston. A fellow that's dead; he was in the troop concert, round. He learnt it somewhere, and he learnt it to me, and then it came out in the Family Herald after that. Someone wrote for it, and someone sent it in.

Q: What memory you have!

A: Well I'm supposed to have one of the best memories of anyone round. I kinda took to it.

Q. How can you build up a memory?

A: By doing things over and over and keeping at it. That's building your memory.

Q. How long did it take you to learn a song?

A: When I was a young feller I only had to hear it not more than twice and I'd know the whole of it. It would almost come to me what would be the next line and the next verse. It was just that I took to it. You've seen people like that. Something they take to, they can do it in a very short time, and some other person, it would take them all day to do the same thing. ~~xxxx remember that that is a xxxxxxxx bird, xxxxxxxx you? xxxxxxxx see xxx~~

Poem recited, followed by conversation, Mr. Scott  
Stuart, St. Andrews, N.B. and recorded by Helen Creighton, June  
1958

Reel 194B

Elgin, N.B.

- 1&2. Chin Music; diddle by Mr. Angelo Dornan, ~~Elgin~~ for dancing when instrument not available or forbidden; tune is, Were you at the fair and did you see the people?
- 3 A New Broom Sweeps Clean; sung by Mr. Dornan; for his words see reel 127A; nice tune well sung
- 4 On the Banks of A River; sung by Mr. Dornan; pretty love song; 4 vs. good tune, well sung
- 5 Højt paa en gren en krage sad; sung in Danish by Mrs. Erica Deichmann, Sussex, N.B.; pretty song, well sung 4 vs. & cho.
- 6 The Charming Grey Mare; or, Skewball; a few mixed up verses about a race horse; see 108A for full version; sung by Mr. Dornan
- 7 Roseil' of hendes moder; sung in Danish by Mrs. Erica Deichmann; sung better on reel 192; see 192 for words

All songs here from New Brunswick

This must have been a used tape; occasional orchestral sounds between songs and at end.

On the banks of a river I first saw my lover,  
 Ten thousand times over he called me his dear,  
 His looks to discover that I was his lover,  
 And his false flattering tongue did my poor heart ensnare.

2

When I rise in the morning I go to my window,  
 I take a long look for the place that I know,  
 I'm surrounded with sorrow, will I never see to-morrow,  
 Oh Jimmy, lovely Jimmy, if you knew what I know.

3

When the boys come to court me they all swear they love me,  
 But I like a hero I do them disdain,  
 My love's gone and left me, no other man will get me,  
 And I never will marry till ~~he~~ he comes back again.

4

Oh I'm going to battle where canons loud rattle,  
 And there I will fight so brave for my dear,  
 There'll be thunder for thundering and great stores for plundering,  
 And if ever I die let me die with my dear.

(He must have meant some other word for thunder in vs.4 as he  
 remarks that he has made a mistake)

Sung by Mr. Angelo Dornan, Elgin, N.B. and recorded by Helen  
 Creighton, July 1958

(I have recorded this song, or one to same tune from Mr. Dornan before)

Højt paa en gren en krage sad

Reel 194BNo.5

Højt paa en gren en krage sad

Chorus

Sim-sala-bim-sam-bas-sala-dus-sala-dim

2

Da kom en hæslig jæger hen. Cho.

3

Han skød den stakkels krage ned. Eho.

4

Nu er den stakkels krage død. Cho.

Question. What is the story of this little Danish song?

Answer: It is the story of a crow that is sitting high up on a branch and then a nasty hunter comes and shoots it down and in the last verse it says "now the poor crow is dead."

~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ Each verse is sung twice, but the first line always omits the last word.

Sung by Mrs. Erica Deichmann, Sussex, N.B. and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1958

The Charming Grey Mare  
Skewball

Reel 194BNo.6

Skewball in the stable to his master did say,  
"If hundreds and thousands on me you will hold  
Go shingle your castle to the top mast with gold."

2

Oh when they arrived at the middle of the course  
There was ladies and gentlemen drinking a toast,  
Drink a health to Miss Portly, the sporting grey mare,  
Who shook all your purses on the plains of Kildare.

3

"Come tell noble rider, come tell unto me  
How far the grey mare is this moment off thee?"  
Oh the rider made answer and said with a smile,  
"The grey mare's behind you one half English mile,  
Hold fast to your stirrups, I'll warrant you there  
For I ne'er will be beat by the sporting grey mare."

Sung by Mr. Angelo Dornan, and recorded by Helen Creighton,  
at Elgin, N.B., July 1958

(he says he can get rest of words)