

A GRAND TIME

The Songs, Music & Dance
of Newfoundland's
Cape Shore



Songbook

SONGS COLLECTED BY AIDAN O'HARA
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BANNA'S BANKS

Performed by: Caroline Brennan

Attributed to: George Ogle

As down by Banna's banks I strayed one evening in May,
The little birds in blithesome notes made vocal every spray;
They sang their little tales of love, they sang them o'er and o'er,
O gra mo chree, mo coleen og, my Molly asthore.¹

I laid me down upon a bank bewailing my sad fate,
That doomed me thus, a slave of love and cruel Molly's hate;
How can she break the honest heart that wears her in its core,
O gra mo chree, mo coleen og, my Molly asthore.

Oh had I all the flocks that graze on yonder yellow hill,
Or lowed for me the numerous herds that yon green pasture fill;
With her I'll love and gladly share my kine and fleecy store,
O gra mo chree, mo coleen og, my Molly asthore.

You said you loved me Molly dear, ah why did I you believe,
For who could think such tender words were meant for to deceive?
Love was all I asked of thee, nay, heaven could ask no more,
O gra mo chree, mo coleen og, my Molly asthore.

Oh fare you well now Molly dear, thy loss I e'er shall mourn,
While life remains in Stephen's heart 'twill beat for thee alone;
Though thou art false, may heaven on thee its choicest blessings pour,
O gra mo chree, mo coleen og, my Molly asthore.

The daisy, pine and all the sweets the dawn of nature yields,
The primrose pale, the violet blue lay scattered o'er the field,
Such fondness in the bosom lies of her whom I adore,
O gra mo chree, mo coleen og, my Molly asthore.

¹ Editor's note: The Irish text for this line is 'Ó grá mo chroí, mo chailín óg, my Molly a stór.' The Irish language died out in Cape Shore communities by the early years of the 20th century, though certain words remain in local dialect and in songs. In the case of this song, however, the Irish may already have been anglicised. At least some early ballad sheets include corrupted versions of the Irish language line (for example, see versions available from the Bodleian Library's Broadside Ballads Online: <http://ballads.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/search/roud/4717> [accessed 5 June 2018]).

THE BARQUE IN THE HARBOUR

Performed by: John Hennessy

The barque in the harbour, I kept roaming on shore,
I went into an ale house where I never been before;
It was there I sat drinking and enjoying my glass,
When who should pass by me but a young Spanish lass.

Oh she came and sat by me, she kept squeezing my hand,
Saying, 'Young man, by your features you are not from this land.'
Saying, 'If you will come with me, I will roam along with you,
To some lonely valley where there's no one can see.'

With her I gave consent, I went roaming along;
She was tall, fair, and handsome, and her age scarce sixteen,
And the name of that Spaniard, I think 'twas Eileen.

It was early the next morning our good ship set sail,
It was down by the seaside lovely Eileen did stray;
With her pocket handkerchief she kept drying her eyes,
'Don't you leave me jolly sailor,' was the words she replied.

'Oh I will bid you adieu, love, on a fine summer's breeze,
Don't forget me, jolly sailor, when you're crossing the seas;
And when you'll reach port safe in your own Newfoundland,
Think on that young Spaniard who kept squeezing your hand.
Oh when you are married and enjoying your bride,
Think on that young Spaniard who sat down by your side.'

THE BELLS OF SHANDON

Performed by: Ellen Emma Power

Composed by: Father Prout

With deep affection and recollection,
I often think on those Shandon Bells.
That sound so wild would, in days of childhood,
Flinging around my cradle its magic spells.

Where e'er I wander on you I'll ponder,
And thus grow fonder, sweet land of thee;
May the Bells of Shandon, that sounds more grander,
On the pleasant waters of the River Lee.

I heard bells chiming, full many a clime in,
Thunder is roaring from the Vatican.
And cymbals roaring and the goodness flowing,
In the special turrets of Notre Dame.

Where e'er I'll wander on you I'll ponder,
And thus grow fonder, sweet land of thee;
May the Bells of Shandon, that sounds more grander,
On the pleasant waters of the River Lee.

THE BLACKWATER SIDE

Performed by: Caroline Brennan

Ye lads of this nation of low and high station,
I pray pay attention and listen to me:
It's of a young couple I overheard talking,
As I went a-walking my friends for to see.
It happened to be on a fine summer's morning,
Viewing the streams as they gently did glide:
The fields were bright Venice,² the hills were adorning,
Surrounding the banks on the Blackwater side.

Oh he said, 'My fond lover, the truth to discover,
We're both fit for marriage, I solemnly vow;
And if you're inclined in wedlock we'll join,
In yes, aye, or no you must answer me now.
Have no hesitating but come without waiting,
I'm ready and willing to make you my bride;
You know I adore you, I choose none before you,
You lovely fair maid on the Blackwater side.'

Oh she said, 'My fond lover, the truth to discover,
I'd rather be single a while longer yet.
My fortune is low as you very well know,
And to be your fond bride I don't think I am fit.
My friends went away to Amerikay,
And with my dear mother I mean to abide;
I'll ne'er change my lot from that neat little cot,
On the lovely sweet banks on the Blackwater side.'

He said, 'If you do, so sure you will rue,
I've another in view that won't me deny;
Her age is eighteen, she's both handsome and clean,
And I don't go on coaxing as you may rely.
I gave you the first offer accept of it quickly,
In the sweet bands of wedlock we both will be tied;
And the truth I'll be telling you'll find yourself dwelling,
On the lovely sweet bank on the Blackwater side.'

This maiden arose, to her mother she goes,
And told her the story so plain you may see.
She gave her consent, to the church they both went,
And joined hands in wedlock and sweet unity.
May their pleasures increase and their troubles grow less,
In the sweet bands of wedlock they now have been tied.
And the truth I'll be telling, you'll find they are dwelling,
On the lovely sweet bank on the Blackwater side.

² *Editor's note:* In his transcription of Caroline Brennan's singing of 'The Blackwater side,' Graham Wells (n.d.) suggests that this line may be 'The fields like bright Venus ...' Virginia Preston Ryan also transcribed Caroline Brennan's version of 'The Blackwater side' in her thesis 'The old ways are goin'—they're goin' fast' (1977). She suggests that this line is 'The fields were bright then as the usual adorning' (p. 81).

THE BLEACH OF STRATHBLANE

Performed by: Mike McGrath

As I roved out one morning in May,
Down by some green bushes I happened to stray
I spied a fair damsel and she made my heart plain,
She was spreading her clothes on the Bleach of Strathblane.

Oh I stepped up to her and to her did say,
Saying, 'You are the fairest my eyes ever seen.
Three days have been rung and it's strong in my mind,
When for to get married, if you are inclined.'

'To get married, get married, you know I'm too young,
Besides all you young men, have a flattering tongue.
My dad and my mam will be angry with me,
If I marry a rover, a rover like thee.'

'Some marry for riches, it's a proud early way,
More marry for beauty, the flower will decay.
If I ever get married, it's then you will see,
For a girl who proved loyal, is the darling for me.'

So I turned my back to her for to go away,
Saying, 'You may seek some other more fairer than me.
The sky it looked cloudy, and I think it will rain.'
We shook hands and we parted on the Bleach of Strathblane.

'Oh come back bonny laddie and say you'll be mine,
Those last words you spoken have altered my mind.'
'If they've altered your mind, love, let that be in vain,
I will seek no fairer on the Bleach of Strathblane.'

THE BONNY BUNCH OF ROSES

Performed by: Anthony Power

I overheard a female talking concerns to be with grief and woe,
Concerning³ with young Bonaparte, concerning the bonny bunch of roses-o.

Oh up steps young Napoleon takes his mother by the hand,
Saying 'Mother dear have patience, until I'm able to command.
And I will take an army in tremendous danger I will go,
And I will conquer Moscow, so beware of the bonny bunch of roses-o.'

'Oh son don't speak tremendous, for England is the heart of oak,
There is England, Ireland, Scotland, their unity was never broke.'

Oh he took five hundred thousand, and kings likewise to bare his trade,
And he was so well provided he thought he'd sweep the world alone.
And when he came to Moscow he was overpowered by driven snow,
Saying Moscow was the blazing, so he lost his bonny bunch of roses-o.

'Oh mother dear I'm dying, and on my dying bed,
If I had a win I'd be clever, by now I will drop my youthful head.'

'Oh son, think on your father, in the Isle of St Helena his body lies low,'
And the deeds of the great Napoleon, will sting the bonny bunch of roses-o.
And as my bones are moldering, and the weeping billows⁴ will o'er me flow,⁵
In the deeds of the great Napoleon, will sting the bonny bunch of roses-o.

³ Editor's note: *Conversing.*

⁴ Editor's note: *Willows.*

⁵ Editor's note: *Grow.*

THE BONNY BUNCH OF ROSES

Performed by: Tom & Minnie Murphy

By the margin of the ocean, one morning in the month of June,
The flowers they were blooming and the birds they sang their joyful tune;
There spoke a gracious lady, who seemed to be in grief and woe,
Conversing with young Bonaparte, concerning the bonny bunch of roses-o.

When up stepped young Napoleon, he took his mother by the hand,
Saying, 'Mother, dear, have patience until I get orders to command;
I'll raise the greatest army, and through tremendous danger go,
I'll fight and conquer Russia then, return for the bonny bunch of roses-o.'

Well he raised three hundred thousand men, and he had kings to join the throne,
He was so well provided for he thought to sweep this world alone;
But when he came to Russia he was overpowered by the frost and snow,
While Moscow town guns were blazing, oh he lost the bonny bunch of roses-o.

'Now son, don't speak so venturesome, for England has a heart of stone,
There's Ireland, England, and Scotland, and their unity will ne'er be broke;
And son, think on your father, on St Helena he lies low,
And you may follow after him, beware of the bonny bunch of roses-o.'

'Now mother, dearest mother, now I am on my dying bed,
If I had lived I'd have conquered, but now I bow my youthful head;
And while my bones are mouldering, and the weeping willows o'er me grow,
And the deeds of young Napoleon will be sang o'er the bonny bunch of roses-o,
And the deeds of young Napoleon will be sang o'er the bonny bunch of roses-o.'

THE BONNY HILLS OF SCOTLAND

Performed by: Eta Nash

On the bonny hills of Scotland where bluebells they do grow,
There dwelled a shepherd's daughter down by the lowlands low;
She watched her flocks the whole day long, down on the banks of Clyde,
And though her coat was pure and old, 'twas called the farmer's pride.

A hunt came down from Paisley town, a-hunting came that way,
They hunted in the lowland glens where Mary's cottage lay;
And many's that evening glance that came upon that farm so fair,
And wondering how so fair a flower could bloom and flourish there.

Young Henry came to Mary's house, his heart was filled with woe,
Saying, 'Mary, my love, Mary, from you I must go;
My recrump⁶ has been called down, I must obey command,
To go and leave the lowland glens for India's burning strand.'

'I fear you're hardly going, love,' young Mary she did say,
'I'll dress in soldier's clothing and to thee we will go.'
The soldiers they admired her as she stood up on parade,
And wondering how a soldier's coat could win the fairest maid.

The morning of the battle, first came a shoot and shell;
Young Henry fought the brutal, while Mary's conscience fell;
Young Henry fought the brut, while Mary did her best,
She was trying to staunch a bleeding wound when a bullet pierced her breast.

'I fear you're hardly wounded love,' young Henry he did say,
'Your life blood is like a flooding, love, it vanished like the clay;
The first time I saw you love, 'twas you I did admire,'
And she closed her eyes, no more to rise on India's burning shore.

⁶ *Editor's note: Based on context, this word might be 'regiment' or 'enlistment.'*

THE BRAVE VOLUNTEER

Performed by: Henry Campbell

One cold stormy night in the month of December,
I heard a poor widow her sad fate deplore,
There is many as the other has cause to remember,
Last Saturday night out on Gal-a-way⁷ shore.

From Greenock⁸ we sailed in the month of December,
And many a sad heart was left on the quay;
They were all young men five hundred in number,
And amongst them my Henry from me went away.

When I think on the spot where my love and I parted,
The thought of my true love runs strong in my mind;
So fondly we endeavoured whilst we stood broken-hearted,
Saying, 'Henry, are you going to leave me behind?'

Oh we parted in grief, our good ship weighed her anchor,
With songs and with music the air did resound;
It was little we thought when our hearts were so merry,
We would never again see our own native land.

It was on the coast of Gal-a-way we met this disaster,
Which left in our islands many's the wet cheek;
No enemies there could our brave heroes master,
For death was the foe that we had for to meet.

Last Saturday night as I lay on my pillow,
The wind it blew heavy and whistled in my ears;
Five hundred of the bravest overwhelmed in the billows,
Not one of them was saved in the Brave Volunteer.⁹

Where now will I seek for a home or a shelter?
Where now will I seek for a husband so kind?
Since my Henry no more will return to my arms,
A heartbroken stranger he left me behind.

Must I now remain a poor discontented widow?
Twelve months in wedlock, 'tis plain to be seen.
Must I beg for my bread amongst hard-hearted strangers?
Kind heavens look down on my orphan and me.

Ye widows of Ireland have cause to remember,
That dark stormy night in the month of December.
When we parted our sweethearts on Gal-a-way's shore.

⁷ *Editor's note: Galway. An extra syllable has been added for the sake of the song's rhyme and metre.*

⁸ *Editor's note: A coastal town in Scotland's west central Lowlands.*

⁹ *Editor's note: Other versions of this song record the last line of this verse as 'Not one of them was saved of the brave Volunteers.' Henry Campbell's version suggests the Brave Volunteer was the name of the ship; alternate versions, with the pluralisation of 'Volunteers,' suggest a fighting force.*

BRENNAN ON THE MOOR

Performed by: Patsy Judge

Oh [its] is of a fearless highwayman the truth to ye I'll tell,
Concerning Willie Brennan in old Ireland he did dwell.
It was on the Camrick¹⁰ Mountains he began his wild career,
Where many the wealthy gentlemen, before him shook with fear.
Singing Brennan on the moor, oh Brennan on the moor,
Bold and undaunted stood young Brennan on the moor.

One day upon the mountain high as Willie he sat down,
And he met the mayor Cashin¹¹ bound, about a mile outside the town.
The mayor he knowing his features well and this to him did say,
'Oh your name is Willie Brennan, you may come along with me.'
Singing Brennan on the moor, oh Brennan on the moor,
Bold and undaunted stood young Brennan on the moor.

Oh Willie's wife she being in town, provisions for to buy,
And when she saw her Willie she began to weep and cry.
He asked her for a ten-penny, and just as Willie spoke,
She handed him a blunderbuss, from underneath her coat.
Singing Brennan on the moor, oh Brennan on the moor,
Bold and undaunted stood young Brennan on the moor.

Now it was with the loaded blunderbuss, the truth I will unfold,
Willie made the mayor tremble and he robbed him of his gold.
One hundred pounds he counted down in apprehension there,
And Willie with horse and saddle to the mountains did repair.
Singing Brennan on the moor, oh Brennan on the moor,
Bold and undaunted stood young Brennan on the moor.

Now Willie he's a highwayman up on the mountains high,
The infantry and camerie¹² for to take him they did try.
He laughed at them with scorn till at length to them did say,
'Twas a false-hearted woman did so busily me betray.'
Singing Brennan on the moor, oh Brennan on the moor,
Bold and undaunted stood young Brennan on the moor.

¹⁰ *Editor's note: Comeragh.*

¹¹ *Editor's note: Cashel.*

¹² *Editor's note: Cavalry.*

BROKEN HEARTED MILKMAN

Performed by: Tom Murphy

Composed by: Harry Clifton

I'm a hard-working milkman in grief I'm arrayed,
With the keeping of company with a young Irish maid,
Who lived on board wages to keep the house clean,
For that Irishman's family near Erin so green.

Oh her eyes were as black as that pipe of a pier,
No rose in that garden with her cheeks could compare,
Her hair hung in ringlets so beautiful and long,
And I thought that she loved me, in fancy I was wrong.

Well she rattled in the morning and I cry: 'Milk below!'
At the sound of that milk can her face she would show,
Will a smile on her countenance and a laugh in her eye,
If I thought she'd not love me, sure I'd lie down and die.

'Oh the man that will wed me must have children and gold,
And a chariot to ride in, be handsome and bold,
His hair must be curly like any watch spring,
And his whiskers as long as that brush for clothing.'

When she uttered these words they went through to my heart,
Oh I sighed and I stung and from her I did part;
With a tear on my eyelid as big as that beam,
Bid goodbye to Molly and Erin so green.

In six months she married, oh that hard-hearted girl,
Now he was not a viscount, he was not an earl,
He was not a baronet but a cheater and worse,
He was bow-legged conductor on that two-penny bus.

BUNGLE RYE¹³

Performed by: Anthony Power

As I went a-walking a fair London Street,
A fair pretty maiden I chanced for to meet.
'My fair, pretty maiden, what have you get there?'
'It's the best of strong liquor that came from the fair.'
Raddy fal diddle ee fall da derro i dee.

Oh twenty bright shillings, Jack soon counted down,
He then took the basket and staggered along.
He staggered along till he came to our ship,
'Come all brother sailors, we'll all have a tip.'
Raddy fal diddle ee fall da derro i dee.

To open the basket was Jack's next intent,
To open the basket he's fully intent.
He opened the basket, he heard a child cry,
Dressed up in the basket was John Bungle Rye.
Raddy fal diddle ee fall da derro i dee.

Our shipmates they shouted, they rant and they roared,
They never saw a baby in a basket before.
Saying, 'Long as I bought him, I'm going to try,
To make a young man out of John Bungle Rye.'
Raddy fal diddle ee fall da derro i dee.

To get the boy christened was Jack's next intent,
To get the boy christened he's fully intent.
He went to the preacher, saying, 'Christen my boy!'
Saying, 'What is the name?'; Jack said, 'John Bungle Rye.'
Raddy fal diddle ee fall da derro i dee.

'Well right!' said the preacher, 'Well that's a queer name.'
'By japers,' said Jack, 'it's the quare way he came.'
Saying, 'Long as I bought him, I'm going to try,
To make a young man out of John Bungle Rye.'
Raddy fal diddle ee fall da derro i dee.

Come all ye young men that walks London Street,
Beware of those damsels you chance for to meet.
First they will court you and then they will try,
To make you the daddy of John Bungle Rye.
Raddy fal diddle ee fall da derro i dee.

¹³ *Editor's note: In many versions of this song, the phrase 'Bung yer eye' appears instead of 'Bungle Rye.'* Indeed, Kenneth Peacock includes this song in *Songs of the Newfoundland Outports* (1965, vol. 3) under the title 'Young Bung-er-eye,' noting that 'bung-yer-eye' is an old sailing term for strong rum or hard liquor (pp. 895–6).

COCK-A-DOODLE-DO

Performed by: Frankie Nash

One morning after breakfast taking a bit of a walk,
Strolling down by Brooklyn Bridge I heard a noisy talk.
A man was selling birds, he had such an elegant stock,
I reached him over fifty cents and he reached back
A cock-a-doodle-doo, and nothing to with you;
It's my own cock, you all know it, with me cock-a-doodle-doo.

I put the cock under me coat and away for home did go,
I gave the coat a bit of a shake and the cock began to crow.
A lady was passing by, she got such an elegant shock,
She fell with hands and feet onto the head of me
Cock-a-doodle-doo, and nothing to with you;
It's my own cock, you all know it, with me cock-a-doodle-doo.

I put the cock into the cage along with old grey hen,
They both fell into a terrible rage, fighting they began.
Trying to separate them, I got such an elegant shock,
I went straight in and I told me wife the hen had a hold of me
Cock-a-doodle-doo, and nothing to with you;
It's my own cock, you all know it, with me cock-a-doodle-doo.

Now ladies and gentlemen all, I can no longer stay,
Instead of bein' here tonight, I ought to be away.
I'll call some other time when ladies has elegant stock,
Are there any young ladies here tonight would like to buy a
Cock-a-doodle-doo, and nothing to with you;
It's my own cock, you all know it, with me cock-a-doodle-doo.

COLONNA'S¹⁴ LONE SHORE

Performed by: Denis McGrath

I will sing the word of young wandering Nellie,
No one's told of the lass that's no more,
For her poor heart lies undone with young Willie,
Whose grave do lie green on Colonna's lone shore.

They tell me that my Willie was most beautiful when dying,
The bravest death they all around him was crying,
And twenty dead wounded hearts' blood was fast flowing,
His eyes were soon closed on Colonna's lone shore.

Now where shall I go to forget him?
In my own father's house where often times met him,
On the sofa at length where I often sat with him,
His last dying words was Colonna's lone shore.

Now where the green grows I wonder all tattered and sodden,
To the mountains I'll wander all covered with thorns,
Where the lark sings aloud to salute a new morning,
His last dying words was Colonna's lone shore.

¹⁴ *Editor's note: Corunna.*

COTTAGE BY THE SEA

Performed by: Jack Mooney

To a little seaside village came a youth one summer's day,
Just to spend a short vacation, that was all;
There he met a little maiden and to while the hours away,
At her cottage every day he used to call.

The maiden thought he meant the words he spoke in idle jest,
As arm in arm along the beach they roamed;
Until one day there came a letter and with broken heart she read,
Just these simple words, 'Goodbye, I'm going home.'

To that cottage by the sea, she was happy as could be,
Like a bird her life was ever bright and free.
Now the moon don't seem so bright; she is all alone tonight
Where he left her in the cottage by the sea.

Just a year ago this summer in that village by the sea,
To that cottage came that same youth, light and gay;
He had come to beg forgiveness for he learned to love her too,
Just how dear he did not know till far away.

Her father came to greet him as he knocked upon the door,
Down the path into the churchyard they both roam;
There he pointed to a grave mound, saying she bid me say to you,
Just these simple words, 'Goodbye, I'm going home.'

To that cottage by the sea, she was as happy as could be,
Like a bird her life was ever bright and free;
Now the moon don't seem so bright, she is all alone tonight,
Where he left her in the village by the sea.

THE DAYS OF THE WEEK

Performed by: Stan McGrath

Monday morning as I rode out, to take the air and stroll about,
I spied a fair maiden in every part, and Cupid pierced me through the heart.
I stepped up to her with a bow, said, 'Take me will, you take me now?'
'Oh yes kind sir you're just the one, oh yes kind sir, the one for me.'
My heart and company said all right and courting we went on Monday night.
Tiddy right fah-lar-ah, tiddly-fah-lar-ah, Right, fah-lar-ah, tiddly-fal-di!

On Tuesday morning I met her again, quite near the place down in the lane,
And for an excuse we had a chat, talking about our love and that.
Than off I ran as quick as could, I bought a ring and locket bud,
And straight to the church, left and right, and married we were on Tuesday night.
Tiddy right fah-lar-ah, tiddly-fah-lar-ah, Right, fah-lar-ah, tiddly-fal-di!

On Wednesday morning when I rosed up, my wife looked glum and snappish too,
I soon found out she had a tongue, at it we were the old ding-dong.
Ah we fell addily, left and right, at first came smacks and then came blows,
Ah we fell addily, left and right, we waloped one other on Wednesday night.
Tiddy right fah-lar-ah, tiddly-fah-lar-ah, Right, fah-lar-ah, tiddly-fal-di!

On Thursday morning we agreed to part, I sent to her a horse and cart,
I packed me duds without delay, I wished to bear myself away.
But then me wife, began to grieve, saying, 'No, no, you cannot leave!'
Turning around with a frown, I politely knocked her down,
Then did I see she had not lied, sure her neck in her garters tied.
Tiddy right fah-lar-ah, tiddly-fah-lar-ah, Right, fah-lar-ah, tiddly-fal-di!

On Friday morning I went to town, I bought a casket neat and sound,
The undertakers lured her down,¹⁵ friends and relations gathered around.
With a half an onion I wiped my eyes, to hide my shame I laughed and cried.
But seeing her in her grave alright, I courted another on Saturday night.
Tiddy right fah-lar-ah, tiddly-fah-lar-ah, Right, fah-lar-ah, tiddly-fal-di!

¹⁵ *Editor's note: Laid her out.*

DEAR OLD NEWFOUNDLAND

Performed by: Gerald Campbell

Composed by: Little John Cameron (1967)

Twas just a year ago today I left my Emerald's Isle,
To the shores of lovely Newfoundland, I travelled many's a mile.
The people they would welcome me with open hearth and hand,
Sure I thought that I was home again in dear old Ireland.

There's Kellys, Murphys, and Malones; there's Ryans, and O'Hares;
As fine a bunch of lads me boys that any can compare.
There's farmers as there's fishermen, they came across the sea,
To this island they call Newfoundland, my second home to me.

From her high glen hills and meadows to the shores of shingling sand,
God bless and keep you as you are, we love you Newfoundland.

From Corner Brook to Carbonear and on to old St. John's,
You'll always find a welcome, and you'll hear some Irish songs.
It lights my heart and fills my eyes to hear those songs again,
And makes me proud for me to say that we are Irishmen.

When the time has come and I must go to my land across the sea,
This lovely isle of Newfoundland will soon be calling me.
From her high glen hills and meadows to the shores of shingling sand,
God bless and keep you as you are, we love you Newfoundland,
God bless and keep you as you are, we love you Newfoundland.

DELLS OF YARROW

Performed by: John Joe English

There was a man lived in this town,
He reared one daughter, Sarah,
And she fell in love with her father's clerk,
A ploughboy John from Yarrow.

As nine young men sat drinking wine,
Sat drinking wine in Yarrow,
And they both agreed between them nine,
To fight for her tomorrow.

As I was going down a lane,
A lane so very narrow,
And there I spied the nine armed men,
And they waiting here in Yarrow.

The trigger he drew and three he slew,
And three slightly wounded,
Till her brother John he stepped up behind,
And he pierced his body under.

'Go home, go home you false young man,
And tell your sister, Sarah
That her ploughboy John is dead and gone,
On the dewy dells of Yarrow.'

'No brother dear I had a dream,
I dreamt I was gathering flowers,
I dreamt that I was gathering flowers,
On the dewy dells of Yarrow.'

'Oh sister dear I can read your dream,
Your dream will cause you sorrow,
Your ploughboy John is dead and gone,
On the dewy dells of Yarrow.'

Her father said unto her one day,
'What makes you grieve in sorrow?'
The fairest flower that ever I had,
Was the one I lost in Yarrow.'

Her father said unto her one day,
'What makes you grieve in sorrow?'
She threw herself in her father's arms,
And she never saw tomorrow.

DONALD MONROE

Performed by: Albert Roche

Come all ye good men that's inclined for to roam,
To go seek for employment far away from your home,
Where amongst the unnumbered stood Donald Monroe;
It was into America he was forced for to go.

He left his two sons with their uncle to stay,
Because of their passage he not being able to pay,
Because of their passage, you know it was dear:
'Stay at home with your uncle, and be of good cheer.'

Those two boys being discontented and worried in mind,
To go stay with their uncle they were never inclined;
So they shipped for a voyage to sail over the main,
In hopes they might see their old father again.

They landed in America, took a boy for a guide,
To go seek for the spot where their dear father lies;
They roamed all along till they came to a grove,
Where the leaves and the branches they appeared for to move.

Two highway robbers lay hid in the woods,
They pointed their rifles where the two brothers stood;
They buried their bullets in their snowy white breasts,
Then they rushed on their victims like savage wild beasts.

'You hard hearted monster, you blood-thirsty hound!
Why did you go shoot us till no one we have found?
We're in search of our father, he's the one we love dear,
And we haven't seen him for seven long years.'

'Now, who is your father and what is his name?
Pray tell me his fortune, I might know the same.'
'He left us in Scotland seven twelve months ago,
And perhaps you might know him his name is Monroe.'

Oh the old man gazed on them with saddened surprise;
Oh the old man gazed on them with tears in his eyes,
Saying, "Curse my hard fortune for the deed I have done,
And curse my right arm for I've shot my own son.

And who is that young man lies dead by your side?'
'He is my youngest brother and is your youngest son;
You may curse your right arm for the deed you have done.

Don't go tell our mother we are both lying here,
She will sink in distraction, pine away in despair;
We are hoping to meet her up on that brighter shore,
Where you won't be able to shoot us no more.'

DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE

Performed by: Minnie Murphy

When I was young and in my prime my age scarce twenty-one,
I fell in love with a pretty young girl, she had my heart near won;
My own I loved her dearly, she was my only pride,
Now she lives home with her parents dear, down by the riverside.

The very first time I saw my love it pierced me through the heart,
With her right hand she placed in mine, I thought we would never part;
And turning my back around to her, heartbroken I was drove,
Saying, 'What is the good of my gold to me when I haven't the girl I love?'

I murdered my wife on a moonlight night on the twenty-third of June,
Soon I was taken to Wexford Gaol to meet my coming doom;
The judge he passed my sentence, sure that's where my case was tried,
Saying, 'Tomorrow by night, sure you must hang down by the riverside.'

It being on the very next morning as I lay in my cell,
I thought on my parents who were so cruel, would not let me choose my own mind,
I thought on my parents who were so cruel, would not let me choose my own bride,
They would rather see me bend the tree, down by the riverside.

So come on all folks take warning don't ever try to part,
The one that you love dearly, don't turn her from your heart;
For if she is poor or happy on shore and dearly love the bride,
Don't ever stand to see him hanged, down by the riverside.

THE DRUNKEN CAPTAIN

Performed by: Dermot Roche

In the stream of cancer¹⁶ our good ship lay,
Our drunken captain went on a spree;
He came onboard and to us did say,
'Get your anchor ready and we'll go to sea.'

We got her ready by his command,
The wind blew free as we left the land;
We left Cape Pine all on her lee,
And swung her off in a heavy sea.

Down came the storm from the angry sky,
Our good ship plunged, but she could not rise;
We asked our captain to shorten sail,
Or we'd all be lost in a heavy gale.

He wrang his hands and he tore his hair,
Saying, 'Whilst I'm captain, you need not fear,'
Saying, 'While I'm captain, I'll never fail,
To shoot the first man that touches sail.'

Then up speaks one of our noble band,
Saying, 'There's twelve of us on her deck to stand,
We will reef her down if the wind still blow,
If you interfere, you'll be tied below.'

We reefed her down against his will,
Our good ship sailed as her sails do fill;
We are heading up for the Cape light now,
And she splits the white foam from her bow.

Homeward bound in a deep distress,
Like a white seagull, she goes seeks her nest;
When I gets onshore, no more I'll sail,
With a drunken captain in a heavy gale.

¹⁶ *Editor's note: 'Stream of cancer' is likely a corruption of 'Straight of Canso.'*

EMIGRANT FROM NEWFOUNDLAND

Performed by: Gerald Campbell

Dear Newfoundland, have I got to leave you,
To seek employment in a foreign land?
Forced from this nation by cruel starvation,
I now must leave you, dear Newfoundland.

My youthful days I long remember,
In that good old times we will see no more;
With boys and girls from old Terra Nova,
I now must leave to return no more.

Although with friends we feel sad at parting,
Our aged parents on the pier will stand,
For to wish farewell to their sons and daughters,
Who is forced to leave your dear Newfoundland.

Your rocky mountains, your hills and meadows,
Where I oft times played on summer's day;
Where the happy picnics and merry parties,
Are passed from view and the boys at play.

And oft in spring on a pleasant evening,
To the Blockhouse go or the Battery stand,
Where the crowd gathered eager to watch the sailors,
Coming in the Narrows of Newfoundland.¹⁷

Our grand Regatta at that Quidi Vidi,
I long to see in my native land;
The *Lark*, the *Myrtle*, the *Lady Clover*,¹⁸
That good old nation in a tradesman's land.

Although it's years since—¹⁹
Although it's years since I took my stand,
Near the greasy pole or the wheel of fortune,
We'll get a day in dear Newfoundland.

¹⁷ Editor's note: *The Blockhouse, Battery, and the Narrows* are all locations around St. John's Harbour.

¹⁸ Editor's note: Kenneth Peacock collected a version of this song from Andrew Nash of Branch in 1961—more than a decade before Gerald Campbell recorded this version. Peacock records the ship names listed on this line as 'The Hawk and Myrtle and the Lady Glover' (Songs of the Newfoundland Outports, 1965, vol. 2, pp. 360–61). In the version collected from Michael Murphy of Trepassey, collector MacEdward Leach records the ship names as 'The Hawk, The Myrtle and the Lady Drover' (http://www.mun.ca/folklore/leach/songs/NFLD2/3A-04_51.htm).

¹⁹ Editor's note: Kenneth Peacock records this line as 'All decked with bunting no more I'll see you' (Songs of the Newfoundland Outports, 1965, vol. 2, pp. 360–61); MacEdward Leach records this line as 'Tents decked with bunting I see before me,' referencing the mid-summer holiday celebrated in St John's called 'Regatta Day' (http://www.mun.ca/folklore/leach/songs/NFLD2/3A-04_51.htm).

For Newfoundland with your fisheries failing,
Your sons and daughters must leave each fall;
Forced by poverty and cruel taxation,
The shores of Boston is the home for all.

Though your sons and daughters have crossed the waters,
To seek employment in a foreign land,
Our hearts are with you, dear Terra Nova,
Your sparkling lakes and your hills so grand.

Should Confederation get on your nation,
May peace and plenty your land provide;
The Newfoundlanders with earth and soil,
With any nation can go side by side.

Here is success to your dear old country,
Your future brightness in the days of yore;
May the Providence guide you with all your doing,
Your hardy sons on your rock-bound shore.

Then keep your sons and your fairest daughters,
Employment at home on your shores so grand;
May the present generation add on your nation,
Is the prayer of an emigrant from Newfoundland.

FAIN WATERLOO

Performed by: Caroline Brennan

It happened to be on a fine dewy morning,
Down by the banks of a clear purling stream;
Who there should I spy but my own pride and joy,
And I stood awhile ambushed to hear what she'd say.

The song that sang made the valleys to ring,
While the small feathered songsters around us they flew,
'The war is all over and peace it is proclaimed,
Yet my Willy ain't returned home from fain Waterloo.'

I said, 'My dearest creature, you're the pride of all nature;
I wish you would tell me your true lover's name;
Perhaps you might forget him and fix your mind on me,
Never more to mourn down by yon purling stream.'

'William Smith is his name, he's a hero of fame,
Forever until death unto him I'll prove true;
No man will gain this bride but my own darling boy
When he do return home from fain Waterloo.'

'William Smith is his name, he's a hero of fame,
Well he and I together spent many a campaign,
Through Portugal and France where we boldly did advance,
And he was my loyal comrade whilst marching through Spain.

Through Portugal and France where we marched along together,
Like bold undaunted heroes he bid us adieu;
We fought them three days till at length we did defeat them,
Grand Napoleon's forces on the plains of Waterloo.

The eighteenth of June being the day of our battle,
Corpse they bleeding on every plain;
Cannon loud did rattle and bullets fell like hail,
And by a French soldier your true love was slain.

'Twas there on the ground where I saw your love bleeding,
I scarcely had time to bid him adieu;
His last dying accents, those words I heard him say:
"Here's adieu to lovely Sally, she's far from Waterloo."

As soon as she heard of this sad lamentation,
Her cheeks they got pale and her eyes they grew dim,
And when he saw her in such a sad situation,
He drew her in his arms saying, 'Sally I'm the man.'

He showed her the ring that between them was broken,
'In the midst of all dangers it reminded me of you.'
Soon as she saw the token she fell into his arms,
'You're welcome home, dear Willy, from fain Waterloo.'

THE FAIR FANNY MOORE

Performed by: Patsy Judge

Yonder stands a cottage all deserted and alone,
And its paths all neglected and in grass they're overgrown.
Go in and there you'll find some dark stains upon the floor,
And that is the blood of the fair Fanny Moore.

To Fanny so loving two lovers there came,
And one offered to Fanny both his wealth and his fame.
But neither his wealth nor his fame could secure,
Neither the love or the life of the fair Fanny Moore.

The next was young Randal²⁰ of lowest degree,
And in wonder found love and enraptured was he.
And then before the altar he quickly did secure,
Both the hand and the heart of the fair Fanny Moore.

As she was alone in her cottage one day,
When business had called her fond husband away.
Young Randal the hot²¹ he broke open the door,
And he clasped his arms the fair Fanny Moore.

'Oh spare me, oh spare me,' the fair Fanny cried,
As the tears swiftly fell from her beautiful eyes.
'Oh no,' said young Randal, 'Go home and take a rest,'²²
And he buried his knife in her snowy white breast.

Just then young Fanny in her beauty died,
And young Henry the shepherd [?], he was taken and tried.²³
At length came – And then he was hung on the tree by the door,
All for shedding the blood of the fair Fanny Moore.

Young Randal²⁴ the shepherd distracted and wild,
He did wander away from his own native isle.
At length claimed by death he was brought to the shore,
And was laid by the side of the fair Fanny Moore.

²⁰ *Editor's note:* Henry.

²¹ *Editor's note:* So haughty.

²² *Editor's note:* 'Go to the land of thy rest.'

²³ *Editor's note:* And young Randal was taken, found guilty, and tried.

²⁴ *Editor's note:* Henry

A FIREMAN'S STORY OF THE BRAVE VOLUNTEER, RECITATION

Performed by: John Joe English

A passenger was getting on the train and the engineer's face was all battered up, y'know?
But 'twas all healed up. And he said to the fireman:

'A frightful face!' Yes, he said, You're correct,
That man on the engine there,
Don't pack the handsomest countenance,
Every inch of him sporting a scar.

But I tell you, friend,
There ain't money enough piled in the National Bank,
To buy that face, no, nor a single scar.
'Have a drink?' No, I never indulges, thanks.

Now, Jim was an old-time engineer,
And a better one never was known,
Been running here since the first machine,
Was put on the Quincy Road.

And there isn't a man who pulls a plug,
From Maine to the Jumping-Off-Place,
That knows more about that big iron horse,
Than that man with the battered up face.

'Get hurt in a mash up?'
No, 'twas done legitimate sorta way:
He got it tryin' to save a girl
Up on the road last May.

Now, I haven't much time to spin you the yarn,
Because we pull out at 2:25,
But hold on there, Miss, till I toss in some coal,
Just to keep the Old 90 alive.

Now, Jim was pulling a Burlington passenger car,
Left Quincy a half an hour late,
And been running at a pretty good rate of speed,
So's not to overtake number 29 freight.

The Old 90 was more than hopping along,
Quivering at every nerve,
And all at once Jim shouted: 'Oh merciful God,'
As she shoved her sharp nose round a curve.

I jumped to his side of the cab,
And about two hundred paces or so,
Stood a girl on the track and her hands raised aloft,
Her face just as white as the snow.

She seemed to be so paralysed with fright,
She couldn't move forward or back.
But when Jim pulled his whistle she fainted and fell,
Right down in a heap on the track.

Now I'll never forget till the day of my death,
The look that came over Jim's face;
He pulled the old lever right back like a shot,
So's to slacken the 90's wild pace.

He put on the air brakes as quick as a flash,
Out through the window he fled,
And he skimmed along the running board just like a cat,
And laid down on the pilot ahead.

As soon as we reached where that poor creature lay,
He seized tight a hold of her arm,
He raised her aloft to throw to one side,
Out of all danger and harm.

Somehow he slipped,
Fell in with his head on the rail as he threw the young lass,
The engine right over him passed,
And the pilot head striking him ground up his face in a frightful and horrible mass.

Now as soon as I stopped, they backed up the train,
To that spot where the poor fellow lay,
And there sat that girl with his head in her lap,
And she wiping the warm blood away.

The tears rolled down in torrents on her cheek,
She sighed as if her heart was all broke.
I tell you, friend, such a sight as that there,
Would move the tough heart of an oak.

Now we put Jim on board, brought him back to town,
For week after week the boy lay,
And hovering right in the shadow of death,
Was that girl by his side every day.

Now doctoring and nursing brought him around,
A kind of snatched him right out of the grave.
His face ain't so handsome as it was,
But his heart remains just as noble and brave.

Now you know there's a sequel, the storybook says,
He fell there in love there did Jim,
But he didn't have the courage to ask her to have,
Such a battered up rooster as him.

She knew how he felt:
Last New Year's Day was the first of the leap year you know
She then cornered Jim and proposed on the spot,
And you bet he didn't say no.

Now he's building a house up there on the hill,
He's laid up a snug pile of cash,
And the wedding is to be on the first day of May,
Just a year from the day of the smash.

She said he rescued their life to save hers,
So they just turned the tables about,
And gave back to him the life that he saved—
There's the bell, good day sir, we're just going to pull out!

THE FOREST WAS COVERED IN BUSHES

Performed by: Patsy Judge

One night as the moon it shone bright and shone clear,
I went to the forest for to see what was there.
I went to the forest to see what was there,
But the forest it was covered with bushes.

I once had a sweetheart but now I've got none,
She is gone and she's left me and I'm here all alone.
And since you have left me it's farewell my bride,
For my Katie is going to be married.

As I saw my true love up to the church go,
I followed her up there with a heart full of woe.
I followed her up there with a heart full of woe,
She was going to marry another.

As I saw my true love up in the church stand,
Gold rings on her fingers and her love by the hand.
My limbs they did tremble I scarcely could stand,
For to see my love tied to another.

Oh the parson made the people get out of the way,
'Step up here young man until I hear what you say.
And if it's the truth you are telling to me,
Your love won't be tied to no other.'

Now as I saw my true love leaving the church,
I went out before her and I stood in the porch.
And as she passed by me I wished her much joy,
But I cursed on the man that stood by her.

As I saw my true love sit down for to eat,
I sat down beside her not a bite could I eat.
I sat down beside her not a bite could I eat,
For to see my love tied to another.

As I saw my true love get into the bed,
With her six pretty flower girls all around her did spread.
I stepped in between them and I kissed that young bride,
Saying if I could lay by you forever.

Come now dig my grave both long, wide, and deep,
And flower it all over with the lilies so sweet.
That I may lay in there and take my last sleep,
It's adieu to false lovers forever.

GAMBLING MAN

Performed by: Jack Mooney

I am a roaming gambler,
I gamble down in town,
Wherever I meet with a pack of cards,
I land my money down.

I was not long in Washington,
Many more weeks than three,
Till I fell in love with a pretty little girl
And she fell in love with me.

She kissed me in her parlour,
She cooled me with her fan,
She whispered low in her mother's ear,
'I love that gambling man.'

'Oh daughter, oh dear daughter,
How can you treat me so?
To leave your dear old mother
And with a gambler go?'

'Oh mother, oh dear mother,
You know I love you well,
But the love I have for the gambling man
No human tongue can tell.'

I gambled down in Washington,
I gambled down in town,
I'm going down to George's,²⁵
To gamble my last game.

I hear the train a-coming,
A-coming round the curve,
The whistling and blowing,
And straining every nerve.

'Oh mother, oh dear mother,
You know I love you well,
But the love I have for the gambling man,
No human tongue can tell.'

I gambled down in Washington,
I gambled down in town,
I'm going down to George's,
To gamble my last game.

²⁵ *Editor's note: The reference to 'George's' could be to a venue for gambling; more likely it is to Georgia. Indeed, other versions of the song reference several American locales, including Georgia.*

GEORGIE'S BANKS

Performed by: Henry & Gerald Campbell

Ye roving sons of Newfoundland, I hope ye will draw near,
To hear my doubtful story from me will quickly hear;
Being in the year of sixty-two by Shea we were drewpenned,²⁶
To leave our homes and friends so dear from the shores of Newfoundland.

We first set sail for Canada, left Newfoundland behind,
To work upon a railway there, sure we were well inclined;
All night to lie on a damp cold ground, which niggers could not stand,
We cursed the hour and the day we left the shores of Newfoundland.

They were fifty-five made up their minds to leave and run away,
Being under close confinement there, no longer could we stay.
We next set sail for Halifax, from there to Boston town,
And seeking for employment there we wandered up and down.

The work it being a kind of scarce for Gloucester we did appear;
We shipped on board of the *Morning Bloom* for Georgie's Banks did steer.
We anchored on those Georgie's Banks, November the twenty-two,
And it's my sad fate for to relate the hardships that we went through.

The wind being up from the east-northeast, most violent it did blow,
It increased unto our horror it came most bitter frost and snow;
The hardships of those Georgie's Banks no penman can pen down,
There is nothing there but shifting sands and breakers all around.

At night when I lie down to sleep I think I see them yet,
The horrors of those Georgie's Banks I never will forget;
Sure I fished east and west, my boys, through stormy winter time,
But there's none compare with Georgie's Banks, with all the force combined.

And early in the morning the sight would pass your eyes,
To see those half-froze fishermen, sure they would pass you by.
To remark their looks in deep despair and hear their feeble cry;
The vessels of a number of boats were singing all around,
And a human crew of twenty-two on Georgie's that day went down.

And Providence then proved kind to us we had a change of wind,
We cut our cables from the bow, left Georgie's Banks behind,
And by our captain's orders we quickly flew the sails;
For three long days and nights, my boys, we ran before the gale.

²⁶ *Editor's note:* In *Songs of the Newfoundland Outports* (1965, vol. 3), Kenneth Peacock transcribes George Decker of Rocky Harbour, Newfoundland singing 'trepanned' (rather than drewpenned)—that is, he was employed to drill holes for the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Indeed, in the next verse Henry and Gerald Campbell reference time spent working on the railway. Sir Ambrose Shea was a pro-Confederation politician who was active during the latter half of the 19th century, a cause that was closely related to the building of the railway.

The log it plainly told us that land was drawing nigh,
And at four o'clock in the morning, a light we chanced to espy,
Revolving like two flashes white, as you may understand,
That southerly point we call Cape Race on the shores of Newfoundland.

Our captain then gave orders to round the vessel to;
We tried her under double reefs but nothing would she do;
'Shake out all reefs,' our captain cried, 'the land we must keep clear.'
For four long hours on a bowline stretch on the water she did tear.

Our captain then gave orders to round our vessel to,
And out of eighteen seamen bold, remained but five and two;
The rest they were washed overboard, as you may understand,
They met a cold and watery grave on the shores of Newfoundland.

And early in the morning we sighted the Cape Spear,
And into the port of St. John's town our shipwreck we did steer,
Where we met friends kind-hearted, to listen to our sad tale,
Till we relate the tidings of that last November gale.

Ye roving sons of Newfoundland, who have got a mind to roam,
If ye will be advised by me, I will give you to understand,
To stay at home and do not roam from your own sweet Newfoundland.

THE GIRLS FROM NEWFOUNDLAND

Performed by: Henry Nash

There is a girl in St. John's Harbour that I'm longing now to see,
For nobody else knows her, no one only me;
She cried so when I left her, I thought she'd break her heart,
And if we ever do meet again we never more will part.

She's the prettiest girl in colour that a soldier ever knew,
Her eyes they shone like the diamonds bright and they sparkled like the dew;
You may talk about your country girls, to me there's none so grand,
And you'll find no girls to love you like the girls from Newfoundland.

Now the autumn winds are howling and the starry skies look bright,
I would take her to a movie most every week at night;
And as we watched the picture those words to me she would say:
'And I wonder if you will think of me when I am far away.'

Now the autumn winds are howling, I'm afraid I got to go,
To cross the briny ocean where cannon loud do roar;
And when I'm out in battle the cannon load do roar,
And I'll know there's somebody thinks on me when I am far from shore.

She's the prettiest girl in colour that a soldier ever knew,
Her eyes they shone like the diamonds bright and they sparkled like the dew;
You may talk about your country girls, to me there's none so grand,
And you'll find no girls to love you like the girls from Newfoundland.

THE GIRL WHO SLIGHTED ME

Performed by: Gerald Campbell

And I'll go down to yonder valley, and I'll meet my heart's delight,
And I'll sit and sing with you, Mary, from morning until night.

And I'll buy my love a bottle, and I'll place it in her hand,
And I'll fill and drink, dear Mary, while courtship is to stand.
Fill and drink, dear Mary, let the bottle remain with me,
Ten guineas for a wager, it's married we'll never be.

I was coming from church last Sunday, and my love she passed me by,
And I knew her mind was altered by the rolling of her eye.
I knew her mind was altered by a lad of a high degree,
Oh Mary, my love Mary, your looks have wounded me.

'Oh Johnny, don't you remember when first you slighted me?
You thought then for to slight me as you did with two or three.
You thought then for to slight me and you slowly passed me by,
Oh Johnny, my love, Johnny, your love I must deny.'

If you ever meet with a pretty girl with a dark and a rolling eye,
Hold her in your arms, don't tell her the reason why.
Hold her in your arms till you cause her heart to yield,
Like many's the fair young soldier lad has done upon the field.

Fare thee well old Santyfields, and fare thee well Dunmore,²⁷
Fare thee well old Ireland, shall I ever see you more?
Americay lies far away, it's a place I'll soon go see
My curse, my curse and ten times worse on the girl that slighted me.

²⁷ *Editor's note: The exact location referenced by 'Santyfields' is unknown. Dunmore may refer to a town in north Co Galway or to Dunmore East, a coastal town in Co Waterford that was involved in trade with Newfoundland throughout the 18th and into the 19th century.*

GOLDEN BAY

Performed by: Anthony Power

Composed by: Henry Nash (Sr) & Bernard Nash

Henry Nash (Sr) was Anthony Power's father-in-law. Bernard Nash's son, Denis, has a written version of the song. Though there are a few differences, the versions are very similar. Both versions are included in this songsheet to allow for comparison.

In nineteen hundred and twelve, my boys for Golden Bay set sail,
The wind being up from the Easters, it blew a pleasant gale.
For we left Branch that sporting place, on the 25th of May,
To serve our master for three long months in a place called Golden Bay.

Nicholas Power bein' our skipper as you may understand,
There's James McGrath and Patrick, the next man had command;
There's Joseph Power and others, their names I will pen down,
And likewise Mr. Rogers belong to St. John's town.

Two more young men from Branch, my boys, from there they had set sail,
They were only a short while stationed here when they picked up a whale;
They towed him in to the Westering Cove, and said he was safe and sound,
And swore they would not let him go no less than thirty pounds.

They telegraphed for the whaler, the truth to you I'll tell,
Before she got to Redland Point she could not stand the smell;
And when the whaler hove in view, Jack's spirits they rose high,
And slappin' his companion on the back, sayin' 'We'll do it by and by.'

They rode off to the whaler, like hardy seamen bold,
And swore they should be paid right down with thirty pounds in gold;
Saying Captain Smith, he walked the deck, those words to us did say,
Saying, 'Thirty pounds for rotting whale, we'd never clear away.'

And when the whaler turned to them, they got a great surprise,
Saying the people on shore will laugh at us, we'll have to tell them lies;
And when they landed on the Rock, the crowd assembled there,
And asking Jack about the whale, Sir Joe began to swear.

And now they're in the Westering Cove, there lies 300 more,
They are as fine a crew of men as ever sailed o'er the ground;
You may search in foreign countries, their betters can't be found.

And now the whaler is gone my boys, I have no more to say,
May the curse of heavens on the whale and likewise Golden Bay.

THE WHALE IN GOLDEN BAY

Composed by: Henry Nash (Sr) & Bernard Nash

This version of the text was provided by Denis Nash (Bernard Nash's son) and transcribed by his daughter, Rosella Coffey.

In 1912 me boys for Golden Bay set sail
With the wind about east northeast me boys, it blew a pleasant gale
Now we left Branch that sporting place
On the 25th of May
To serve our master for four long months
In the place called Golden Bay

Nicholas Power being our skipper as you may understand
There's James Mcgrath and Patrick: the next man in command
There's Joseph Power and Arthur; their names I will pen down
And likewise Mr. Rogus; he belonged to St. John's town

Now we are here this three long weeks
It grieves our heart full sore
And out there in the sweater²⁸ Cove
There lives three hundred more
We are as fine a crowd of men
As ever sailed o'er the ground
And you may hunt in foreign lands
And our betters can't be found

Two more young men my boys from Branch they did set sail
They were only a short while stationed here when they picked up a whale
They towed her into the Wester Cove
and said he was safe and sound
And swore they would not let him go
No less than 30 pounds

They telegraphed for a whaler
The truth to you I'll tell
And before she got to Redland Point
They could not stand the smell

Now when the whaler hove in view
Jack's spirit it rose high
And slapped his companion on the back
We'll do it by and by

They rose off to the whaler
Like two brave seamen bold
And they swore they should be paid right down with 30 pounds in gold

²⁸ *Editor's note: Likely a transcription error. In the next verse, 'Wester Cove' is referenced. Wester Cove is located in Golden Bay.*

Now Captain Smith he walked the deck
Those very words did say
But 30 pound for a rotten whale
We'll never clear our way
And when the whaler turned to them
They got a great surprise
The people ashore will laugh at us
We'll have to tell them lies

Now when they landed on the rock
The crowd assembled there
And asking Joe about the whale
Sure Joe, he began to swear
So now the whaler she is gone
And I have no more to say
May the curse of hell be on the whale
And likewise Golden Bay.

THE HILLS OF GLENSWILLY

Performed by: Bernard Nash

Composed by: Michael McGinley

Attention fellow countrymen come hear my native news,
Although my song it is sorrowful and I hope you'll me excuse.
I left my native residence, some foreign clime to see,
And I bid goodbye to Donegal and likewise Glenswilly.

Brave stalwart men around me stood and my comrades brave and true,
And as he clasped each well-known hand for to bid my last adieu.
I said to my fellow countrymen, 'Give heed and we'll be seen,'
We'll raise the green flag proudly over the hills of Glenswilly.

No more will I see the sycamore, will I hear the blackbirds sing,
No more I'll see the white cuckoo for to welcome back the spring;
No more I'll see your fertile looks, a chuisle geal mo chroí
In a foreign soil I mean to toil and I'm far from Glenswilly.

Now peace and plenty made supreme around Glenswilly's shore,
And may the tide of providence, we'll see our homes once more,
And may the time soon come around when I'll return some day,
And I'll live the life that me father lived and I'll die in Glenswilly.

INDIA'S BURNING SHORE

Performed by: Tom Murphy

As I strayed beneath those lofty pines on India's burning shore,
To listen to the tiger yowl and savage lion roar.
As I stood gazing on the sand, so lonely, bleak, and drear,
When to me advancing from the woods when that old man did appear.

The old man took me to a seat it being under that falling tree,
By his request we both sat down for he thought to talk to me.
But again the salt tears filled his eyes and he feebly grasped my hand,
Beholding me that old man cried: 'I'm a native from Ireland.'

I lived down by the Shannon in the year of '68,
All with my loving babe and wife on an English lord's estate.
Until that cruel rebellion came and I was forced to go,
For to fight for home and liberty in that cruel Saxon war.

Oh again that cruel rebellion they swore they would take my life,
They then revenged their anger on my loving babe and wife.
They mangled their dead bodies with their cruel Saxon swords,
And they swore my precious blood they'd spill if I joined them rebel hordes.

At midnight out in the Rockies I was chosen for to be,
Lieutenant in that army to protect my lone body.
One night while we were hunting alone all in the wood,
I drew my shining pistol sword and before that coward I stood.

'Come draw that cursedly sword of yours in which you have slain my wife,
Defend yourself, you murdered her and a husband seeks their life.'
And to fulfil that oath I swore, he tried all his skill on earth,
I drove my canonly rifle sword deep into that coward's heart.

I now must take for the wildwood where I'm afraid it will end my life,
But I'd like to die in old Ireland and be buried beside my wife.
Go down to yon green cemetery in that consecrated ground,
Lies the remains of the old patriarch and the loved ones to be found.

IN YORKSHIRE CITY

Performed by: Bride Judge

Oh, in Yorkshire city there dwelled a maiden,
Of virtue fair and of beauty bright.
She being loved most dearly by her father's servant,
Who often told her he'd make her his bride.

He loved her dearly but of a distance,
Did not pretend for to be so fond.
And she said, 'Young man you are going to slight me,
Your mind is bent on some other one.'

'Now if this be so, leave us get married,
Leave us get married and end all strife.
I will work for you, love, both late and early,
If you'll consent I'll make you my wife.'

'Oh no kind sir, I'm too young to marry,
Too young to lay on a marriage bed.
For when you're married you are bond forever,
You know now darling all joys are fled.'

It being in the space of a few days later,
They being invited to a dance you know,
And this jealous young man he followed after,
His will prepared for an overthrow.

And as she was dancing there with another,
Sure jealousy had ran through his mind.
For to take the life of his own true lover,
This jealous young man was well inclined.

Now a dose of poison he then got ready,
And mixed it up in a glass of wine.
And he reached it onto his own true lover,
Who drank it off in her health so fine.

It being in the space of a few moments later,
'Come take me home now young man,' said she.
'For the glass of liquor you lately gave me,
Have made me feel as ill can be.'

As they walked home with hand and hand together,
This jealous young man to her did say,
'It was in your liquor I gave you poison,
To take your innocent life away.'

But the same myself love I am after taking,
So I must die love as well as thee,
And they died together in one other's arms,
Young men beware of coarse jealousy.

THE IRISH COLLEEN

Performed by: Jack Mooney

I went to a party consisting of four,
And as it was private we soon closed the door.
There was one girl from England, another from Wales,
And one that resided in Scotland fair dale.

We sat down in friendship, we drank of the wine,
Each told of their countries, I told them of mine.
The rose, leek, and thistle, unconquered, unseen,
But says I, 'Here's a toast from an Irish colleen:'

The Welsh girl stood up gave a toast to the leek,
Saying, 'I drink to my emblems each day of the week.'
The Scotch lassie stood with a pride in her eye,
'Saying here's to the thistle no Scotch man deny.'

The English girl then gave a toast to the rose,
Saying, 'Here's to old England, she can thrash all her foes.'
But says I, 'I won't willingly cause any pain,
All I'd ask you to join in my toast once again.'

Then here's to old Ireland, her sons and her daughters,
Here's to old Ireland, the shamrock I mean.
May the sun always shine on the round towers of Erin,
It's a toast from the heart of an Irish colleen.

I own I'm a traitor, I'm fond of the rose,
It's the fairest of flowers in the garden that grows.
For a man who's ashamed of the place whence he came,
He is no man at all and not worthy of name.

Then here's to old Ireland, her sons and her daughters,
Here's to old Ireland, the shamrock I mean.
May the sun always shine on the round towers of Erin,
It's a toast from the heart of an Irish colleen.

JACK WAS A SAILOR

Performed by: Caroline Brennan

Jack was a sailor,
On board of a whaler,
That soon had to sail o'er the sea.
He just got an order,
To go right on board her,
When a friend said, 'Jack listen to me:

It may appear funny,
But I want that money,
That money you borrowed last May.
Why do you delay it,
Now why don't you pay it?"
Jack sang as he sailed away:

'You'll have to wait till my ship comes in,
Ship comes in, ship comes in.
You'll have to wait till my ship comes in,
Ye ho, my lads, ye ho.

That's the time you'll get your tin,
Get your tin, get your tin.
For when I'll return I'll have money to burn,
After my ship comes in!

Jack's ship was sailing,
When a gale began gayling,
And frightfully damaged the craft.
And old Captain Connor,
Said, 'Boys she's a gonner,'
And all hands escaped on a raft.

Then back home they landed,
Just like a troop stranded,
Jack's same old friend stepped from the crowd.
Saying, 'Now come and show me,
Come pay what you owe me!'
Jack smiled as he hollered out loud:

'You'll have to wait till my ship comes in,
Ship comes in, ship comes in.
You'll have to wait till my ship comes in,
Ye ho, my lads, ye ho.

That's the time you'll get your tin,
Get your tin, get your tin,
For when I'll return I'll have money to burn,
After my ship comes in!

JOHNNY REILLY

Performed by: Frankie Nash

Composed by: Johnny Burke

One day as we went out for a walk, meself and me chum Johnny Reilly.
The air it being a kind of damp, and the weather rather dryly.
'Who's with you, Jack?' the people would shout,
Says I, 'It's my chum Johnny Reilly.'

One day I picked up a watch and chain going out to me chum, Johnny Reilly.
Reilly always looked for his share; he was not a bit too shyly.
But soon he saw by the glimmer of the glass, the watch was gold and the chain was brass,
And the chain went on to Reilly.

Reilly and I were chums and we always shared,
Black eyes and sugar plums, but never a hair we cared.
When there was anything nice about you could take my word,
For when I was done, I handed it on to Reilly.

Last Saturday night I married a wife and the best man there was Reilly.
I thought she'd be the joy of my life, she looked so awful shyly.
But soon I found it was no fun; one day she chased me with a gun;
Says I, 'Now madam, with you I'm done,' and I handed her on to Reilly.

Reilly and I were chums and we always shared,
Black eyes and sugar plums, but never a hair we cared.
When there was anything nice about you could take my word,
For when I was done, I handed it on to Reilly.

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER

Performed by: Ellen Emma Power

Composed by: George Frederick Root

Just before the battle, Mother,
I am thinking most of you,
While upon the fields we're waiting,
With the enemy in view.

Comrades brave around me dying,
Filled with thoughts of home and God,
For well we know not on tomorrow,
Some would sleep beneath the sod.

Farewell Mother, you may never,
Press me to your heart again,
But, oh, you will not forget me, Mother,
If I'm numbered with the slain.

Hark! I hear the bugles sounding,
It's the signal for to fight;
But oh, you will not forget me, Mother,
If we ever does the right.

Hear the battle cries of freedom,
How it swells upon the earth;
Oh yes! We'll rally around the standard,
Or we'll perish nobly there.

Farewell Mother, you may never
Press me to your heart again;
But, oh, you will not forget me, Mother
If I'm numbered with the slain.

THE LADY IN THE EAST

Performed by: Bride Judge

There was a lady in the east,
And her age it being scarce twenty,
For she had sweethearts of the best,
Of dukes and squires plenty.
She did have sweethearts of the best,
Who dearly doted on her,
But she admired her father's clerk,
More than those men of honour.

She did admire her father's clerk,
And for him she being intended,
And if kind fortune favoured her,
With him she'd dwell contented.

And as she walked the hall one day,
When her father chanced to meet her,
'Are you going to throw yourself away,
You fond young foolish creature?
Are you going to throw yourself away,
Without either birth or breeding?
Not one pound portion will I give you,
If this is your proceeding.'

She threw herself on her bending knees,
Saying 'Father spare me pleasure,
I do adore my Jimmy dear,
More than your earthly treasures.
I do adore my Jimmy dear,
And for him I am intended,
And if kind fortune favours me,
With him I'll dwell contented.'

There was a table in the hall,
With a loaded pistol lay on it,
And through this fair one's snowy white chest,
Her father did present it.
When the father see what he had done,
And the crime he had committed,
He wrang his hands and tore his hair,
And went like one that was distracted.

The next came in was her mother dear,
And the corpse she stood a viewing,
A fainting fit came on her quick,
Which proved her mother's ruin.

The next came in was her Jimmy dear,
And his lily-white hands a ringing.
He kissed his fair one's snowy white chest,
Just where the blood was spilling.
Saying 'Why'd you serve my darling so,
Oh why were you so cruel?
Why didn't you leave the blame on me,
And spare to me my jewel?'

He took a pen knife in his hand,
Saying 'I'll stay here no longer,
I'll cut the tender thread of life,
And with my love I'll wander.'
They both were buried in one grave,
Like all true lovers laying,
May the heavens above look down on us,
And keep us from those trials.

LOBSTER SALAD, RECITATION

Performed by: John Joe English

Last Saturday night I was invited by an old-time friend of mine,
To eat his lobster salads and drink his beer and wine.
We drank a toast unto each other until the hour of two;
Me head was a kind of shaky, me legs was shakin' too.

But anyhow, I staggered home and I think my prayers I said,
But anyway, I was paralysed when I got into bed.
I dreamt I died and I went to heaven and I met St Peter at the gate,
And found that repentance for me was just a bit too late.

'You go out,' St Peter says, 'You know you can't come in,
You know you have to suffer for that awful gluttonous of sin.'
Now just then I turned away to hide me grief and shame,
And I saw St Peter's clerk close by wrote 'Lost' above me name.

Now next that came was a Hebrew, a friend whom I knew well,
And I listened to the story that he had to tell.
'Oh goodly father Peter, I come to you at last,
And one request I ask of you, if you would let me pass.
On earth I kept a clothing store, me clothes are a-good and a-strong,
And just to show you an overcoat, I forgot for to fetch along.'

'You go out,' St Peter says, 'And very well you know,
There's little use for overcoats in the place where you got to go.'

Next there came an old maid, she was bound to have her say,
She addressed St Peter in a peculiar sort of way.
'Oh goodly father Peter, I come to you at last,
And one request I ask of you, if you would let me pass.
Oh bless-ed father Peter, won't you let me in?
Give me a nice little piece to meself, away from these naughty men.'

'You go out,' St Peter says, 'No angels have grey hairs;
You got no sons nor daughters so you cannot come in here.'
The poor old maid, she turned away for ever to repine
Like me and all the rest of us, she centred in the line.

Now the next that came was Paddy, a son of old Erin's isle,
And he addressed St Peter in a loving gracious smile.
'Is this yourself, St Peter? And you're lookin' so nice and sweet?
Open the door and let me in and show me to me seat.'

'Oh no, me boy, your case like the rest must be tried.
You got to show a pass for it before you get inside.'
'Oh hurry up, St Peter, or for supper I'll be late.'
He then took off his old slouch hat and he threw it inside the gate.

'Go get that hat,' St. Peter said, 'You sacrilegious slouch.'
Pat walked in and he shut the gate and he locked St. Peter out.
'Twas through the key-hole Paddy cried: 'I'm skipper now, you see,
And I'll give up the key of heaven and crown if you'll set old Ireland free.'

Now, when I awoke me head was jammed between the bed and wall,
And me feet were tangled in the quilt—Sam's lobsters done it all.

LONELY BANNA STRAND

Performed by: Frankie Nash

Being on a Friday morning all in the month of May,
When a German ship lay signalling beyond there in the bay:
'We have twenty thousand rifles but they never will reach land.
We'll sink them all and bid farewell to lonely Banna Strand.'

An aeroplane was flying through the early morning gloom,
When suddenly and in a crash it fell to meet its doom.
Two Irish boys lay dying there just like their hopes so grand,
They could not give the signal from the lonely Banna Strand.

'No signal answers from the shore,' Sir Roger sadly said,
'No comrades there to welcome us, at last²⁹ they must be dead.
So I must do my duty and at once I mean to land.'
So in a boat they pulled away to lonely Banna Strand.

The German ship was lying there with rifles in galore.
Up come a British ship and spoke, 'No German reached our shore.
You are our empire enemy, and so we bid you stand.
No German foot shall ever pollute on lonely Banna Strand.'

They sailed for Queenstown Harbour, said the Germans: 'We are undone.
Our British ship being mastered, man for man and gun for gun.
We have twenty thousand rifles but they never will reach land.
We'll sink them all and bid farewell to lonely Banna Strand.'

The policemen they were hunting for Rogers high and low,
They found him at Maginnies³⁰ Fort, he said, 'You are our foe.
You are our empire enemy and so we bid you stand,
For bringing German rifles to lonely Banna Strand.'

'Farewell my native country, I meant to set you free,
Alas I fear I've brought fear and woe and misery.
God's curse upon the Germans who persuaded me to land,
Who fled, and left me to my fate on lonely Banna Strand.'

Twas in an English prison they led him to his death.
'I'm dying for my country,' he said with his last breath.
He's buried in a prison tomb far from his native land.
The wild waves sing his requiem on lonely Banna Strand.

²⁹ *Editor's note: alas.*

³⁰ *Editor's note: McKenna's.*

MY LOVELY IRISH ROSE

Performed by: Eta Nash

A winding welard³¹ winds its way out to an Irish home;
We mingled there so anxiously, where across the green grass grows;
And in a spark go to the cot, where the grass so green it grows,
That I bid farewell to my own sweet girl, my lovely Irish Rose.

Oh Donegal, the pride of all I never shall forget,
In cabins there beyond compare, I think I see them yet;
I'd rather stray by the old home way, where the grass so green it grows,
On summer's night for my heart felt light, my lovely Irish Rose.

Oh Mary, dear, I miss you here, I'm lonesome for a while,
I miss your loving arms at rest and I miss your Irish smile;
Before I go to sleep at night, before my eyes are closed,
And I pray that God may guide to rise, my lovely Irish Rose.
And I pray that God may guide to rise, my lovely Irish Rose.

³¹ *Editor's note: river.*

MACKENZIE'S DREAM

Performed by: John Joe English

One night of late I chanced to stray, from a shore so far away,
All in green in slumber lay, the moon sank in the deep.
I sat up on a rolling mound, while the wild wind whistled round,
The ocean with a solemn sound, they lulled me fast asleep.

I dreamt I saw that hero true, who did the Danish force subdue,
That sword so bright with roth he drew, the words he said to me:
'The harp with rapture yet she'll sound, my children's chains shall be unbound,
We shall gather safe around, the blooming laurel tree.'

O'Reilly on the hill of Slane, he sharpened the sword both bright and keen,
Swore by all his eye had seen, he would avenge the fall.
Of Erin's sons and daughters brave, that nobly filled a martyr's grave,
They'd rather die than live enslaved, and still for vengeance call.

Father Murphy came to say, 'Behold my lord I'm here today,
With eighteen thousand pikemen gay, from Wexford hills and caves.'
The brave O'Brien he was there, from Ballymanus bright and fair,
Brought Wicklow, Carlow, and Kildare, to march at his command.

Westmeath and Cavan too did join, our country lordsmen crossed the brine,³²
Slane, Trim, and Navan too did join, with Dublin to a man.

A Frenchman brave rose up and said, 'Let Erin's sons be not dismayed,'
For glory I'll the vanguard lead, for honour and renown.
'Come bravely draw your swords with me, let each tyrant bigot see,
That Erin's daughters must be free, before the sun goes down.'

The Wexford boys were never slack, came with the brave Tipps at their back,
And Longfield³³ joined too in a crack, soon sent them off of the field.

We gave three cheers for liberty, as the enemy all broke free,
I looked around but could not see, one foeman on the plain.
Except the men that wounded lay on the field so far away,
When I awoke 'twas break of day, so ends Mackenzie's dream.

³² *Editor's note: The County Louth men crossed the Boyne.*

³³ *Editor's note: Longford.*

MORRISSEY AND THE RUSSIAN BEAR

Performed by: Denis McGrath

Come all ye gallant Irishmen wherever that you be,
I hope you'll pay attention and listen unto me,
I'll sing about a battle took place the other day,
Between a Russian sailor boy and gallant Morrissey.

In Terra Delphi³⁴ going South Americay,
The Russian called with Morrissey, those words to him did say,
Said, 'He who are a fighting man and wear a belt I see,
Indeed I wish you would consent and have a round with me.'

Now out spoke brave Morrissey with a heart so brave and true,
'I am a fighting Irishman that never was put down,
For I can beat a Yankee, section the poor Bear,³⁵
The honorable Paddy's land, I'll still the laurel wear.'

This enraged the Russian boy all on the Yankee's land,
To think that he should be put down all by an Irish man,
Said he 'You are too light of frame and that without mistake,
I'll have you to resign the belt or else your life I'll take.'

To fight all on the 10th of March those heroes they agreed,
And thousands came from every part the battle for to see,
Those English and the Russian boys, their hearts were filled with glee,
They thought the Russian sailor boy would kill brave Morrissey.

Our hero stepped into the ring was gallant to be seen,
Morrissey put on a belt bound round with shamrock green,
For six thousand dollars as you may plainly see,
It was to be the champion prize that gained that victory.

Until the 27th rounds was fall and fall about,
Which made this foreign trainer to keep a sharp lookout,
The Russian called a second to have a glass of wine,
Our Irish hero smiled and said, 'The battle will be mine.'

The 28th decided all the Russian he fell smart,
And Morrissey with a dreadful blow he struck him on the heart,
The doctor he was called for to open up a vein,
He said it was quite useless, he never would fight again.

Our hero conquered Thompson, the Yankee Leopard³⁶ too,
The Benetia Boy and Shepherd the noble did subdue,
Let us fill a flowing glass here to good health galore,
To noble Johnny Morrissey and the lovely Shamrock Shore.

³⁴ *Editor's note: Terra-del-Fuego.*

³⁵ *Editor's note: the Saxon bull or bear.*

³⁶ *Editor's note: Clipper.*

THE MOUNTAINS OF MOURNE

Performed by: Frankie & Stephanie Nash

Lyrics by: WP French

Oh Mary this London's a wonderful sight,
With people here working by day and by night.
They don't sow potatoes, nor barley, nor wheat,
But there's gangs of them digging for gold in the streets.
At least when I asked them that's what I was told.
I just took a hand at this digging for gold.
But for all that I found there I might as well be,
Where the Mountains of Mourne sweeps down to the sea.

I believe that when writing a wish you expressed,
As to how the fine ladies in London do dress.
Well I do believe when asked to a ball,
They don't wear no tops to their dresses at all.
I seen them myself and I couldn't in troth,
Say if they were bound for a ball or a bath.
Oh don't start those fashions my Mary Machree,
Where the Mountains of Mourne sweeps down the sea.

You remember young Peter O'Loughlin of course,
Well now he is here at the head of the force.
I met him today, I was crossing the strand,
And he stopped the whole street with a wave of his hand.
And there we stood talking of days that are gone,
While the whole population of London looked on.
But for all these great powers he's wishful like me,
To be back where the dark Mourne sweeps down to the sea.

There's beautiful girls here but one never minds,
Beautiful lips nature never designed.
Lovely complexion all roses and prim,
O'Loughlin remarked with regards to their skin,
'If those roses one would venture to sip,
Their colour might all come away on your lip.'
I'll wait for the wild rose that's waiting for me,
Where the Mountains of Mourne sweeps down to the sea.

A SELECTION OF GOB MUSIC

Performed by: Patsy Judge

‘There was an old woman’ (jig)

There was an old woman wrapped up in the bank,
And ninety-nine times as high as the moon,
And where she was going, sure nobody asked,
And in her hand she carried her broom.

‘Old woman, old woman, old woman,’ says I,
Where do you go with your broom so high?
‘I go sweeping the clouds all up in the sky,
And I’ll be down tomorrow and by.’

‘Tatter Jack Walsh’ (jig)

Oh there’s meat in the cupboard and bread on the shelf,
There’s no one to eat it but Tatter Jack Walsh,
Oh there’s meat in the cupboard and bread on the shelf,
There’s no one to eat it but Tatter Jack Walsh.

Diddle-le-dum ...

‘All the way to Connickmore’ (single)

All the way to Connickmore,
Call for a glass and sometimes more,
Every shout the boys they roar,
‘We’re early in the morning.’

Diddle-le-dum ... (x2)

All the way to Connickmore,
Call for a glass and sometimes more,
Every shout the boys they roar,
We’re early in the morning.

The girl I left behind me' (single)

Oh I'll go to dice, I'll kill the sile,
And I'll get the crew to join me,
I'll make the bale and fetch it home,
To the girl I left behind me.

Oh I'll go to dice, I'll kill the sile,
And I'll get the crew to join me,
I'll make the bale and fetch it home,
To the girl I left behind me.

Diddle-le-die ... (x2)

'Girls in the salthouse' (single)

Girls in the salthouse, salthouse, salthouse,
Girls in the salthouse all night long.
Girls in the salthouse, salthouse, salthouse,
Girls in the salthouse all night long.

On their flakes and on their stages,
Across the gut and the tow-ra-rie.
On their flakes and on their stages,
Across the gut and the tow-ra-rie.

'Mother wouldn't beat him' (single)

Mother wouldn't beat him, beat him, beat him,
Mother wouldn't beat her only son.
Mother wouldn't beat him, beat him, beat him,
Mother wouldn't beat her only son.

Mother wouldn't beat him, beat him, beat him,
Mother wouldn't beat her only son.
Mother wouldn't beat him, beat him, beat him,
Mother wouldn't beat her only son.

'Irishman's shanty' (single)

Oh did you ever go into an Irishman's shanty,
Where water was scarce and whiskey was plenty,
He's a three-legged stool and a table to match,
Just kick in the door, instead of the latch.

Oh did you ever go into an Irishman's shanty,
Where water was scarce and whiskey was plenty,
Oh, a three-legged stool and a table to match,
Just kick in the door, instead of the latch.

'Pop goes the weasel' (jig)

I went into tailor shop, and I picked up a needle,
I stuck it in the tailor's coat, pop goes the weasel.

I went into the tailor's shop, and I picked up a needle,
I stick in in the tailor's coat, and a pop goes the weasel.

Diddle-le-die ...

A penny for a suit of clothes, a farthing for a needle,
That's the way the money goes, pop goes the weasel.

And in and out the narrow lane, the money chased the weasel,
Every time he made the lip, pop goes the weasel.

'Green grow the rushes-o' (reel)

Green grow the rushes-o, cherries in the winter road,
The sweetest kiss I ever got was down in Bruley brushes-o.

Green grow the rushes-o, cherries in the winter road,
The sweetest kiss I ever got was down in Bruley brushes-o.

MY BOY WILLIE

Performed by: John Joe English

The sailing trade is a weary life,
Robs fair maids of their hearts delight,
Cause poor girls to weep and mourn,
Their true lovers should ne'er return.

My Willie's gone where no tongue can tell,
In his bosom my heart do dwell,
'Happy, happy, happy is the girl,' she cried,
'Keeps her true love by her side.'

The colour of amber was my love's hair,
Skin as white as the lily fair;
His ruby lips all thin and fine,
He oft times pressed them to those of mine.

'O father, father, build me a boat,
On the ocean I will float;
The lofty vessels as they sail by,
I'll enquire for Willie my bold sailor boy.'

She had not long been ploughing the deep,
When a fleet of Frenchmen she chanced to meet;
'My Jubal³⁷ sailors come tell me true,
My love, Willie, sells on board of you.'

'Oh no, fair maid, he is not here,
No, fair maid, he's drowned, I fear;
For the other night as the wind blew high,
We lost four more and your sailor boy.'

She wrang her hands and tore her hair,
Just like a maid in deep despair;
Saying, 'What will I do or will I roam?
Since my Willie's drowned, I'm quite undone.'

She took her pen, she wrote a song,
Wrote it wide and wrote it long,
At every line she'd shed a tear,
At every verse she'd cry, 'Willie, dear.'

A few days after this fair one died,
A note was found by her bedside,
And on this note the lines was wrote,
'This young sailor my heart is broke.'

Come dig my grave both long and wide,
Place a willow tree by my side
And on my breast a turtle dove
Satisfy that I died in love.

³⁷ Editor's note: 'Jubal' is a biblical character referenced in Genesis 4:21 as the 'ancestor of all who played the harp and flute.' The relevance of this reference in the context of this song is unclear. Potentially the word may be 'jovial,' 'noble,' or, as in other variants of this song, 'you sailors all.'

THE NORTHEAST GALE

Performed by: Denis McGrath

Ye hardy sons of Newfoundland attention to my song,
It is not my intention for to delay ye long,
It's of a sad sad story I am going to let you hear,
Concerning all those heroes bold undaunted without fear.

They are as hardy of seamen bold that plough the billowing foam,
They all belong to Placentia Bay, a true bred soul at home,
One hundred sailors of fishing craft to Cape St Mary's go,
To fish in tide and gales of wind no matter how they blow.

Being on the 18th day of June in nineteen hundred and six,
When a dreadful gale from the northeast put us all in a fix,
There was dories out to haul the trawlers, when the gale it did come on,
Those captains chopped their cables and before the gale did run.

Jim Fowler from Fox Harbour he cried aloud with fear,
'We'll chop our cable from the bow and all our crew bring clear,
We're going to have a dreadful gale, God allow us to tell the tale,
We'll round out around the Cape under a small sail.'

Good luck attend his brother Tom aboard of the Mary Ev,
Who is a man of courage bold when the wind is rolling still,
Where his two dories were both lowered, he could not get to them,
He chopped his cable from the bow and picked them up with skill.

When we reached Golden Bay our comrades were all round,
Even with our dory gone, come up off the fishing grounds,
To try and tell what happened it was very hard to know,
But Duke and Murphy they were sank in fathoms down below.

Your heart was hard a liar and for Reilly it would ache,
He was the young commander and those two boys did take,
He thought that he would come to blame, saluting these poor boys,
To speak the true of Reilly in fact he was surprised.

That thrilling tale ran through the bay most dreadful to be told,
To a mother dared to shed her tears, would make your blood run cold,
To see the aged mothers and standing there to say,
Crying, 'Reilly boy, where is our sons? Are they drownèd in the bay?'

May the help of providence come for the mothers and wives should weep,
For the loss of their sons and husbands that's buried in the deep,
I hope that the Almighty will cause their sorrows to fade,
And pray for them that's drownèd may their souls rest in peace.

ONLY A FACE IN THE FIRELIGHT

Performed by: Petchie Nash & Frankie Nash

Composed by: Charles Shackford

I was seated one night by the hearthstone, the embers were burning low,
Scenes of the past came before me, features of long ago.
I scarce say goodnight to the old folks who stole softly on to bed,
But there was a face in the firelight, that told of a love long dead.

Only a face in the firelight, pictured within my heart,
Pleading with me from the embers, asking why we should part.
Only the smile of a sweetheart, there in that flickering light,
Only a face in the firelight, a dream of a winter's night.

I dreamed as I dozed in my armchair, to live those short years once more,
Sweethearts were there in the meadows, told of their love tales oh.
The old-fashioned clock in the corner, then chimed the midnight hour,
I woke but the features had vanished and so had those days of yore.

Only a face in the firelight, pictured within my heart,
Pleading with me from the embers, asking why we should part.
Only the smile of a sweetheart, there in that flickering light,
Only a face in the firelight, a dream of a winter's night.

PADDY IN NEW YORK

Performed by: John Joe English

Of an elderly man I'm going to tell you, late from Ireland sailed away,
He was not contented in where he lived, made up his mind to go away.
Early next morning the ship was sailing, Queenstown Harbour quay in Cork,
In eight days she was sailing over, until she landed in New York.

Up and down the street Pat wandered, at each big building cocked an eye,
And looking up at the big shop window, 'Public House' he chanced to spy.
'Begod!' says Pat, 'I'll have refreshments, before I travel any more,
Such as rum, champagne, or whiskey, I would have on Erin's shore.'

Into the bar room Paddy entered, called for the drink without delay,
Saying, 'Give us a glass of your Irish whiskey, four big coppers I will pay.'
The landlord smiled when he heard the reckoning, 'A different country you may see,
For the whiskey here it is more dearer, why don't you pay the rights to me?'

'Go long,' says Pat, 'You dirty rascal. Are you going to rob me far from home?
For I was robbed by an Irish landlord, that's the reason I did roam.'
Success attend all Irish people, many a country they have strayed,
But their courage is more dearer, when they're far across the sea.

The landlord jumped out over the counter, 'Pay me down that bill,' he said.
Paddy up with the big shillelagh, knocked him on the floor half dead.
Two of them they fell a-boxing, rows and ructions then came on,
And the news went out among the people: Yankee killed by an Irish man.

Fifty Yankees then came running, when they heard about the row,
All running to kill poor Irish Paddy, shouting out, 'Where is he now?'
Fifty Irishmen followed after, followed him without delay,
And each of them with a big shillelagh, made the Yankees run away.

Success attend all Irish people, many a country they have roamed,
But their courage is more dearer, when they're far away from home.

PATRICK REILLY

Performed by: Mrs Emma Doyle

My name is Patrick Reilly and the truth I will make known,
For I was born in Clodis³⁸ near the county of Tryo.³⁹
My parents raised me tenderly having no child but me,
Tis with them I lived contented to the age of twenty-three.

At last I took a notion for to cross the raging sea,
In search of some promotion unto Amerikay.
To seek employment in that land my fortune to obtain,
And when I'll have security I'll return straight home again.

At last I had a sweetheart, McCormick was her name,
When she found I was for parting straightway to me she came,
Saying, 'Pat, can this be possible? You're going to prove unkind,
And leave me broken-hearted in sorrow here behind.'

'Myrann,' I say, 'Don't be afraid, it's you I do adore,
My daily thought shall be on you whilst on Columba's⁴⁰ shore.
And if ever I do return again, if God spares me my life,
Here is my hand in promise I will make you my wife.'

This maid she seemed quite reconciled and home straightway she went,
'Twas early next morning to the Captain Pilot went.
She swore that I belayed her and robbed her of five pound,
And thought to force her to a pool where she would soon be drowned.

The judge then charged the jury by the words that were severe,
Saying, 'This maid she must be rightified for all that she do swear.'
The jury gave the verdict and loud the judge did cry:
'Your cruelty unto this maid, young Reilly, you must die.'

And when I heard my sentence passed my tears began to flow,
Thinking on my mother dear in sorrow, grief, and woe;
She being far advanced in years having no child but me,
How will she stand to see her son hung on the gallows tree?

As I'm going to face my God all on this very day,
I never injured that false maid that swore my life away;
May the Lord have mercy on my soul, good Christians for me pray.

³⁸ Editor's note: This is likely a reference to 'Clones,' a town in western Co Monaghan near the border with Fermanagh.

³⁹ Editor's note: This is likely a reference to 'Tyrone,' the county on the northern border of Fermanagh.

⁴⁰ Editor's note: Likely a mispronunciation of 'Columbus's' shore—that is, a reference to North America.

PINTO

Performed by: Denis Nash

Composed by: Hank Snow

As I was riding out one bright evening 'neath the starlight western sky,
The silvery moon down on the sage did shine.

As I spurred my pony onward, my guitar softly played,
A tune of some wild coyote's cry.

Just then my pony halted, his ears up straight did go,
He trembled as I stepped down by his side.
With a glance I saw a shadow on the prairie there did lie,
A little curly-headed blue-eyed boy.

Not very far beyond him his little Pinto fell,
His leg was broke as there in pain he lay.
And his frightened eyes were blinking as I drew my forty-four:
'Do not kill me,' his kind eyes just seemed to say.

'Do not shoot him, sir, I beg you, he is my only pal;
We've rode the range together day by day.
My poor father is a drunkard and he turned me from his door;
Dear Mother's up in heaven far away.

She left me one bright morning, with the angels she does dwell,
We'll meet upon the other range someday.
I bent and kissed her wrinkled forehead and the picture she did draw,
From a golden locket as I heard her say:

"My time has come to leave you, the best of pals must part;
Please promise Mother always to be true,
Through the long and lonesome hours when your little heart's forlorn,
But remember there's an angel watching you.

You'll find on Pinto's bridle a treasure that is dear;
Please place it by my heart when I am gone."
'Tis the picture of a mother dear, the best pal that I know;
I'm leaving now to meet her far beyond.'

Just then the little fellow bowed down his weary head,
And this was all his trembling lips could say:
'Please take care of little Pinto, try and help him to get well;
I am heading for the round-up far away.'

PLAINS OF EASTER SNOW

Performed by: James Connors

As I roved for recreation beneath the falling dew,
With my morning cloak around me intended of my flocks to view,
Where there I spied a comely maid, a charmer fair and beauty bright,
And I thought she was Diana fair or the evening star that rules the night.

I had been struck there with surprise in the forenoon of the day,
As the sun was gently shining as she tripped o'er the plains of sweet Roscrea,⁴¹
Her teeth was like the ivory white and her cheeks like two roses red,
And my heart held fast a-beating for two brown eyes rolling in her head.

'Now,' I said, 'my handsome, fair one, you're my joy and heart's delight,
By you I am ensnared, by your love and beauty bright;'
I said, 'Fair girl, if you'd agree, along with me consent to go,
I would roll you in my morning cloak and take you back to sweet Mayo.'

'No,' she said, 'young man, don't you venture not, nor don't me tantalise;
Don't you be so impressive, I don't mean to apologise.'
She said, 'Young man, be of good cheer for with you I can no longer stay,
And my business calls me in great haste; good morning sir, I must away.'

⁴¹ Editor's note: Roscrea is a town in Co Tipperary. However, it is difficult to make out the name of place being referenced. Mr. Connors may be singing 'Lough Neagh,' Ireland's largest lake, or another location.

QUIGLEY & PICCO

Performed by: Ben Nash & Tom Murphy

Composed by: Johnny Quigley

Oh ye sons of Erin please pay attention,
To those few lines that I have in brief,
It's of a hero that is worse than Nero,
A perfect traitor and a cruel thief.

In Newfoundland he was born and reared,
As many an Irishman well may know,
His name I'll mention without hesitating,
His apprehension⁴² was John Picco.

Now the winter is fierce in this dreary region,
Where all things fail but the laurel green,
The shady bower and fragrant flower,
Are all decayed that no more are seen.

Now the waves are rolling on the briny ocean,
Where bitter bore though keenly blow,
Now the barren plains of St John's Harbour
Are all decayed with frost and snow.

As I proceeded upon my journey,
The road being dark and it late at night,
When like a mendicant, sick, wet, and weary,
I boldly faced where I saw a light.

With hearty measure,⁴³ I humbly ventured,
And the door I entered with hat in hand,
And with humility to implore relief,
From the glooming tyrants of Newfoundland.

Straightway he asked me my name and nation,
From whence I came and where I was bound,
And I told him my relatives were of old Erin,
I was situated near Ferrans town.⁴⁴

Now, Johnny Quigley it is my name,
And with my parents I dwelled at home,
And a Roman Catholic I was bred and born,
Until death will seek me I'll never disown.

⁴² Editor's note: In a variant version of this song, this word is 'appellation' (<http://gestsongs.com/34/quigley.htm>, accessed 5 June 2018).

⁴³ Editor's note: In a variant version of this song, this line is 'The door I entered, I only ventured ...' (<http://gestsongs.com/34/quigley.htm>, accessed 5 June 2018).

⁴⁴ Editor's note: Ferrans is a townland on the Meath/Kildare county border, located along the Royal Canal.

When he found out my name and nation,
He boldly seized me and turned me out,
If I was a haythen,⁴⁵ a Jew, or pagan,
He'd entertain me without a doubt.

With courage failing and tears bewailing,
I went a-knocking from door to door,
But no admittance was for the stranger,
No more than jewels was for the poor.

That night I spent in sad meditation,
Oh thinking of Erin, my native ground,
And next morning I sailed o'er to Bell Isle Harbour,⁴⁶
Where hospitality was to be found.

It's there you'll find relief for strangers,
Let them be haythens that come the way,
May God protect every friendly neighbour,
And safely guard them on land and sea.

Here's a length of days unto Paddy Neary,
Likewise your children and beloved wife,
May the heavens guard them over night and morning,
He entertained me and saved my life.

And now I'll turn to that other heathen,
And I'll wish him neither rich nor poor,
But when hell is full of monstrous creatures,
May he be sported upon the door.

⁴⁵ Editor's note: Possibly 'heathen.'

⁴⁶ Editor's note: Johnny Quigley was a resident of Bell Island, an island in Conception Bay to the west of St John's.

THE SCHOONER ANNIE

Performed by: Caroline Brennan

Composed by: Peter Leonard

Young and old I pray make bold, and listen to my tale,
While I relate the hardships, of that last November gale.
Which did burst forth the 17th, as you may understand,
The like was seldom seen before, on the coast of Newfoundland.

Now my boys I'll do my best, the truth for to relate,
Concerning the Schooner Annie, that left St. John's the 8th.
With a full cargo of supplies, bound for Placentia Bay,
And in that most tremendous storm, was driven far to sea.

Fermeuse was the last port she left, right early in the morn,
With wind from the nor'west my boys, the day before the storm.
And early the next morning, they were in Trepassey Bay,
When the wind burst forth like fury, and mountainous ran the sea.

They tried with great endeavour, Trepassey for to gain,
But the sea and wind arose so strong, their object proved in vain.
They made fast their horser, like brave and hardy men,
But to their surprise it parted, and they were adrift again.

Three times she tried to take them, but the wind blew with such force
At 10 o'clock she left them there, steamed back Aquafort.
They left the little Annie, with the angry waves to fight,
And those poor boys will never forget, the hardships of that night.

Wednesday still the gale was on, and they saw no helping hand,
They expected to be driven, about fifty miles from land.
The storm increased to a violence, and the sea did rage all around,
They expected every moment that, the Annie'd she'd go down.

Thursday and Friday, the storm it did decrease,
We reached her forward to the land, and according to the breeze.
But Saturday night a gale arose, followed by heavy rain,
Sunday veered out from the north, and drove them back again.

The day being gone and night came on, more heavier 'ho the sea,
They knelt out on the open deck, most fervently did pray.
To the blessed virgin Mary, for mercy to implore,
They thought that they would never see, their friends again on shore.

At 10 o'clock a Thursday, they shipped an awful sea,
McCarthy and the dory, they both were washed away.
But he being an able swimmer, and his courage did not fail,
So by a rope thrown o'r her side, they pulled him o'r the rail.

At 10 o'clock a Monday, a whistle they did hear,
I'm sure they were delighted, when they found 'twas drawing near.
They sighted her and signalled her, and on them she bore down,
It proved to be the Monaduck⁴⁷ for London she was bound.

The commander of the Monaduck,⁴⁸ had everything to hand,
He made fast the steel cable, to toe them to the land.
But the Annie she began to leak, her crew was weak and tired,
So they agreed to leave her there, and set the hull on fire.

Now we're on board of the Monaduck,⁴⁹ our grief is turned to joy,
We had not been long seeming, when the Cabot we did spy.
She being searching for the men, she was so near at hand,
She took them from the Monaduck,⁵⁰ and brought them safe to land.

Now we're safely landed, all in good health again,
Here's to you Jim McCarthy, and your brave hearty men.
Will Rogers and Ger Whelan, were known amongst us all,
They're hearty sons of Newfoundland, can answer every call.

Now for Captain Blackmore, his praises I'll fulfil,
To save us from that frail craft, he used his utmost skill.
And to He that fed five thousand, on five loaves and fishes too,
He hovered round and helped to save, our poor dejected crew.

⁴⁷ *Editor's note: Monarch.*

⁴⁸ *Editor's note: Monarch.*

⁴⁹ *Editor's note: Monarch.*

⁵⁰ *Editor's note: Monarch.*

THE SCHOONER MARY ANN

Performed by: Mike McGrath

Oh ye landsmen that live on the land, it's a little do you know,
What we poor seamen do endure, where the stormy wind do blow.
On St Patrick's Day we sailed away, in the schooner Mary Ann,
We left New York, our native home, going down to Newfoundland.

Oh the morning service it being o'er, we quickly slipped our line,
The Statue of Liberty in New York, we soon did leave behind.
We spread all canvas to the breeze, as you may understand,
And we bore away from our native home, going down to Newfoundland.

Our captain being a smart young man, scarce twenty years of age,
Got married to a loving wife, six weeks before we sailed.
But little did she ever think, as we sailed from the land,
That her husband she, would never see, as we sailed for Newfoundland.

We were scarcely three days on the sea, when in his cabin lay,
And called his mate unto him, those words to him did say,
'I'm stricken down by some disease, and I can't well understand,
For you to my mate, I leave full charge, going down to Newfoundland.

'And if you can make some distant port, on the Nova Scotia shore,
Give me a decent burial, of you I'll ask no more.
If ever you reach New York again, my debt you can make known,
For I'm dying sir, 'twill cause the grief, to my fair one's happy home.'

Oh the doctors they soon boarded us, our case for to make known,
Smallpox on board was raging, and the same to us they told.
Being on that following morning, three more were sent on shore,
May the lord have mercy on their soul, we shall ne'er see them no more.

Of six brave youths that left their home, only two of them returned,
Leaving mothers, wives, and children, the likes of them to mourn.
If ever I'll reach New York again, my debt you—I'll learn to live on shore,
For I'll live a landsman all my life, and I'll go to sea no more.

SCOLDING WIFE

Performed by: Caroline Brennan

I got married to a scolding wife about twenty years ago,
And such a life I never spent in misery and woe,
With me fol-di-dol-di-diddle-i-o, fol-di-diddle-i-dee.

My wife she is a tyrant out of house or in,
She'd pitch me to the devil for a glass or two of gin.
With me fol da dol da diddle-I dol, fol da diddle-I dee.

Early every morning she gets up and takes her dram,
And I'll get up and dress meself as quiet as any man,
If I happen to say a word with any sort of frown,
The frying pan or poker will surely knock me down.
With me fol da dol da diddle-I dol, fol da diddle-I dee.

Early last Thursday night I said, 'My dear, I'll go to bed,'
Five minutes on the pillow I scarce had laid my head,
When like a roaring lion she opened up the door,
She caught me by the head and she dashed me on the floor.

Tables chairs and poker like the devil she let fly,
She tore my shirt in pieces, with the bellows broke my eye,
With her nails she scrauded my face, broke my smellers with the broom,
And with the fire shovel banged me up and down the room,
With me fol da dol da diddle-I dol, fol da diddle-I dee.

I roared out horrid murder, and the watchman broke the door,
And saw my wife a trimming me so neatly on the floor.
May the devil take her and thank him for his pains.
And hang me to the gallows if I ever wed again.

THE SHORES OF GRAND LAKE

Performed by: Frankie Nash

One night as I sat in my old cosy corner,
Thinking away a few dollars to make;
My wife said to me, 'Why don't you try sawing;
They're making good money up on Grand Lake.'

I said to my wife, 'I don't know what about it,
I don't want the AND Company⁵¹ to break;
I'm sure they won't find enough money to pay me,
If I had a month's sawing up on Grand Lake.'

'Twas there and then I made my decision,
I then started out preparations to make;
I got in some firewood, I packed up my old kit-bag,
Then started out for the shores of Grand Lake.

I arrived at the camp one fine Sunday evening,
About four o'clock if I make no mistake;
The bunks were all full and I slept on the table,
The first night I spent on the shores of Grand Lake.

Some lads in their sleep were piling up timber,
Others were shouting: 'Pass down the shortcake';
And others, such language, I cannot remember,
Those lads they were using up on Grand Lake.

Getting out of your bunk quite early in the morning,
Into the forepeak⁵² your bucksaw to take;
A good show of timber, I heard down in Howley,⁵³
It cannot be found on the shores of Grand Lake.

Two fifty they'll pay you for piling up timber,
Twenty-two dollars for board you will take.
If you want a pair of blankets, six dollars they'll charge you,
That's just how you're soaked on the shores of Grand Lake.

Come all ye young peddlers who stand round the counter,
Waiting, a poor subbs⁵⁴ money to take,
And when you sits down to your fresh pork and cabbage,
Think on the poor subbs that saws on Grand Lake.

⁵¹ Editor's note: the Anglo-Newfoundland Development Company.

⁵² Editor's note: 'forepeak' is a nautical term for the front end of the hold in the angle of the bows of a ship. Given the context, it's likely that another word was intended, perhaps 'forest.'

⁵³ Editor's note: Howley, Newfoundland, is a town on the shore of Grand Lake.

⁵⁴ Editor's note: 'subbing' refers to the practice of taking a sub-contract for work.

Come all ye young girls who are seeking a husband,
Take a poor sawyer's warning, and make no mistake;
If you want a good home and plenty of money,
Don't marry a subb saws on Grand Lake.

Come all ye young men who are seeking employment,
Take a poor subb's warning and make no mistake;
Get aboard of the express and get over to Topsail.
Keep clear of the subbs up on Grand Lake.

SIÚL A GHRÁ

Performed by: Ellen Emma Power

Editor's note: The Irish language largely disappeared from use in Newfoundland by the 20th Century. Ellen Emma Power's rendition of this song replicates the sounds of the Irish language to a significant extent, but meanings have been lost. This transcript reflects the sounds of her pronunciation. The Irish language words have been placed in brackets at the end of each line to allow for comparison.

Oh I'll go up in yonder hill,
It's there I'll sit and cry my fill,
And every tear would turn a mill,
Is go deen mo vourneen slantuh [*Is go dté tú mo mhúirnín slán*].

Shool, shool a clam [*Siúl, siúl, siúl a ghrá*],
Shool a saccir is shool ma traum [*Siúl go socair agus siúl go ciúin*];
Lasgo da neeger, sacka da rue [..., *socair a rúin*⁵⁵],
Is go deen mo vourneen slantah [*Is go dté tú mo mhúirnín slán*].

I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my ring,
My flax I've spun, I'll sell my wheel,
To buy for my love a sword and steel.
Is go deen mo vourneen slantuh [*Is go dté tú mo mhúirnín slán*].

Shool, shool a clam [*Siúl, siúl, siúl a ghrá*],
Shool a saccir is shool ma traum [*Siúl go socair agus siúl go ciúin*];
Lasgo da neeger, sacka da rue [*Siúl go doras agus éalaigh liom*],
Is go deen mo vourneen slantah [*Is go dté tú mo mhúirnín slán*].

Now my love is gone to France,
To seek his fortune to advance;
If he ever comes back, it's but a chance,
Is go deen mo vourneen slantuh [*Is go dté tú mo mhúirnín slán*].

Shool, shool a clam [*Siúl, siúl, siúl a ghrá*],
Shool a saccir is shool ma traum [*Siúl go socair agus siúl go ciúin*];
Lasgo da neeger, sacka da rue [*Siúl go doras agus éalaigh liom*],
Is go deen mo vourneen slantah [*Is go dté tú mo mhúirnín slán*].

⁵⁵ *Editor's note: The standard lyrics for this line are 'Siúl go doras agus éalaigh liom.'* Ellen Emma Power's words for this line either demonstrate the effects of language loss over a number of generations or a dialect and text that are no longer in common use.

THIS IS EAST

Performed by: Frankie Nash

This east and this west; soon I'll learn to say the rest.
This high, this is low; only see how much I know.
This is narrow, this wide; something else I know beside.
Down is where my feet you see, up is where my head you see.

Here's my mouth, here's my chin; soon to read I shall begin.
Here's my nose, here's my eyes; don't you think I'm getting wise?
Here's my right hand as you see; here's my left as all agree.
Overhead I raise them high; clap, clap, clap, I let them fly.

If a lady in the street, or my teacher I should meet,
From my head my cap I'll take, and a bow like this I'll make.
One thing more I have to tell, which you do not know so well:
I was neither great nor tall; ten years old I was that's all.

THOMAS TRIM

Performed by: Gerald Campbell

I'm Thomas Trim a swell young man, I'm out to promenade,
I got as fine a suit of clothes as e'er a tailor made;
I am a very swell young gent, the girls thinks I'm okay,
Oh such a dandy dashing dude that you don't see every day.

Some people work from early dawn until the night repose,
But I go for a promenade to show my pretty clothes;
I am a very swell young gent, the girls thinks I'm okay,
Oh such a dandy dashing dude that you don't see every day.

Some people like go for a spin in an automobile slam jam,
But I go for a promenade to show how cute I am;
I am a very swell young gent, the girls thinks I'm okay,
Oh such a dandy dashing dude that you don't see every day.

TRUE LOVERS' CONVERSATION

Performed by: Henry Campbell

One pleasant evening as pinks and daisies,
Closed in their bosom one drop of dew;
The feathered songsters of every species,
Together chanted their notes so true.
As I did stray wrapped in meditation,
It charmed my heart for to hear them sing;
The silence of the night were just arising,
The air in concert did sweetly sing.

With joy transported each sight I courted,
While gazing round with expected eye;
Two youthful lovers in conversation,
Closely engaged I chanced to spy.
This couple spoke with such force of reason,
Their sentiments they expressed so clear;
While just to listen to their conversation,
My inclination was to draw near.

He pressed her hand and he said, 'My darling,
Tell me the reason you have changed your mind;
Or have I loved you to be degraded,
When youth and innocence are in their prime?
For I am slighted and ill-requited,
For all the favours I did bestow;
You'll surely tell me before I leave you,
Why you're inclined for to treat me so.'

With great acuteness she made him answer,
Saying, 'On your favours I will rely,
For you may contrive to blast my glory,
On your marriage day you might hover by.⁵⁶
Young men in general are fickle-minded,
And for to trust you I am afraid;
If for your favours they are indebted,
Both stock and interest you shall be paid.'

⁵⁶ *Editor's note: 'Hover,' in this case, is likely an archaic usage meaning 'to linger.'*

'To blast your glory, love, I never intended,
Nor fickle-minded I'll never be;
As for my debts you can never pay them,
But by true love and loyalty.
Remember, darling, our first engagement,
When childish pastimes were all we knew;
Be true and constant, I'm thine forever,
I'll brave all dangers and go with you.'

'Your proffer is good sir, I thank you for it,
But still your offer I can't receive;
By soft persuadings and kind endearments,
The wily serpent beguiled Eve.
There is other reasons might be a sign, love,
The highest tide, love, will ebb and fall;
Another female might suit you better,
Therefore I cannot obey your call.'

'I will admit that the tide and motion,
Is always moving from shore to shore;
But still its substance is never changing,
Nor never will until times are o'er.
I'll sound your praise with all loyal lovers,
And fix your love until mind is pure;
Where no existence can ever change it,
Nor no physician prescribe a cure.'

'Young man,' says she, 'For to tell you plainly,
For to refane⁵⁷ you I am inclined;
That another young man of birth and fortune,
He's gained my heart and has changed my mind.
My future welfare I shall consider,
Nor fickle footing I ne'er would stand;
Besides my parents they'd be offended,
To see you walking at my right hand.'

'What had you, darling, when you were born?
What nature gave you, love, so had I;
Your haughty parents I do distain them,
For ill-got riches I don't deny.
An honest heart, love, is far superior,
Your gold and riches will soon decay;
It was naked you came into this world,
And much the same you will go away.'

⁵⁷ Editor's note: Possibly 'detain' or 'replace.'

'You falsify me when you say you love me,
And slight my parents whom that I love dear;
I think it justice for to degrade you,
If that's the course which you mean to steer.
By wealth or features or art of nature,
You're not my equal in any line;
Since I submit to a fair discussion
Your imputation I will obey.'

'It's now too late for to ask that question,
Since you despise me before my friends;
Lebellion's planned⁵⁸ if you could command them,
Are not sufficient to make amend.
There is not a tree in the Persian forest,
Which changes colour excepting one;
That is the laurel which I do cherish,
I always carried it in my right hand.'

'The blooming laurel, you may admire it,
Because its virtue is always new;
There is another you can't deny it,
Is just so bright in the gardener's view.
It's mildly resting throughout the winter,
It blooms again when the spring draws near;
The pen of Homer has written its praises,
In June and July it does appear.'

'You speak succinctly but not correctly,
With words supported your cause is vain;
Had I the tongue of a siren goddess,
Your exultation I would distain.
It was your love that I did require,
But since you placed it on gold and store,
I'll strike the string and my harp shall murmur,
Farewell my darlin' forevermore.'

She seemed affected with eyes distracted,
With loud explaining she then gave way;
Saying, 'My denial was but a trial;
May God be witness unto what I'll say.
She says, 'My darlin' if you don't forgive me,
And quite forget my incredulity,
A single virgin for your sake I'll wander,
While the green leaf grows on the laurel tree.'

⁵⁸ *Editor's note: In other versions, this line begins 'Lebanon's Plains.'*

Come all young men, by me take warning,
Let love and virtue be still your aim;
No worldly treasure will chill the pleasure,
In whom those persons you do disdain.
All loyal lovers will then respect you,
And to your memory will heave a sigh;
The blooming rose and the evergreen laurel,
Will mark the spot where your body lies.

From Ballahaven⁵⁹ 'bout two miles distant,
Where blackbirds whistle and thrushes sing;
Where hills surrounding and valleys bounding
With enchanting prospects all in the spring.
Where female beauty is never wanted,
A lonely stranger do refuge find;
Memory tenpenny if you require it,
You'll find the author of those simple lines.

⁵⁹ Editor's note: The location of Ballahaven is unknown. It may be a corruption of Ballynahinch, located in Co Down.