

AN IRISHMAN IN NORTH AMERICAY

Sung by Tom Kines, with guitar accompaniment Folkways Records FG 3522



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Band 3: THE BROWN GIRL
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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

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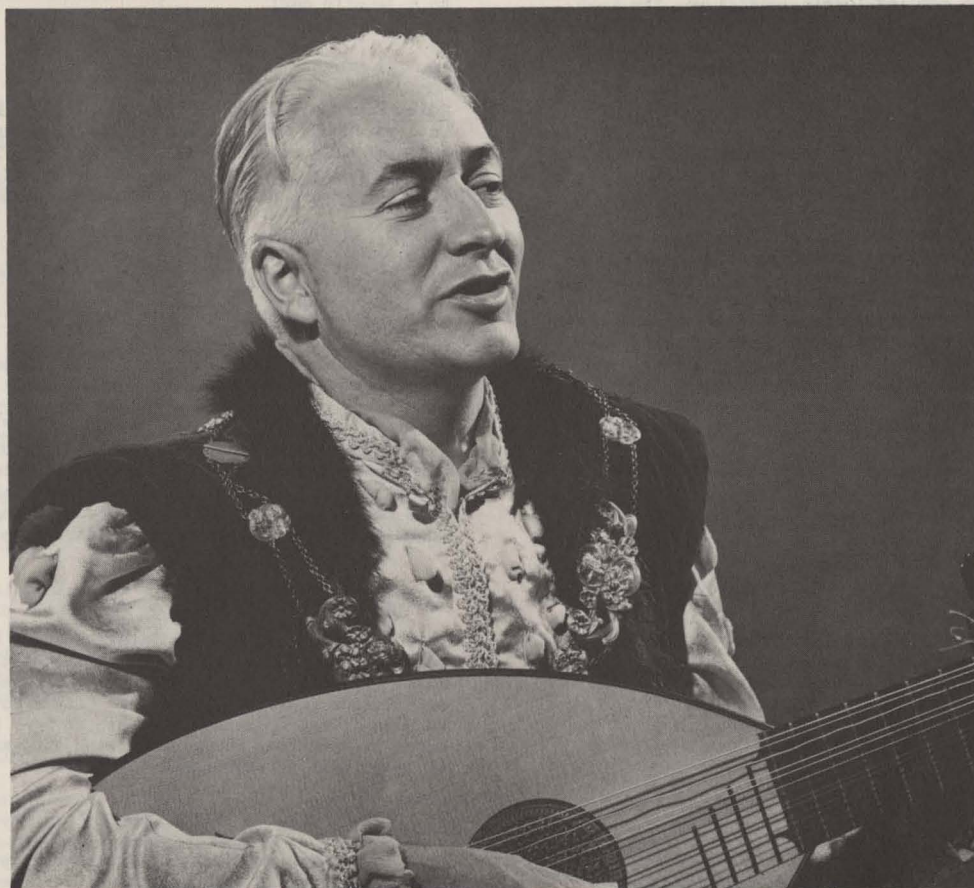


Photo by Malak

sung by Tom Kines

The songs in this album are the end result of a search that began in Ireland in World War II.

On weekend leaves from my Navy Corvette, I used to visit a learned lawyer in Milford County Donegal. He was saturated in Irish folklore and history and was good for hours of tales and anecdotes about Irish heroes and ghosts, as we sat around a glowing turf fire in his magnificent library.

On my return to Canada, I was astonished to find how widespread was the influence of the Irish folk song on the songs of the United States and Canada.

My own grandfather's songs were mostly of Irish origin and about five years ago a fine old singer by the name of O.J. Abbott was discovered by Edith Fowke right in my own backyard which is Hull, Quebec.

Variants of most of these songs will be found in several areas of the United States. I have chosen the Canadian ones because they are readily available to me and I thought them less likely to be recorded by American singers. I fondly hope that several will be fresh and distinctive enough to be of special interest to those who may be familiar with the bulk of the material.

ABOUT THE SONGS

SIDE I

1. Liltering

In Ireland, the lilter was an indispensable part of the ceillidh. While the fiddler rested his bowing arm and wet his whistle, the lilter kept the music going for the dancers. When there was no fiddler available, he might have to provide the dance music for the whole ceillidh.

When I was a boy my father used to take me to a local barber by the name of Wat Ballard who was no mean singer himself.

Wat was a fiddler and a lilter and all the time he was snipping away at the customer's hair, he was liltin' a tune--"dum-diddle-ding-daddle-derry-derry-doo-dang".

2. The Wild Irishman

Helen Creighton published this song in her second book "Traditional Songs of Nova Scotia" from the singing of Walter Roast and Mrs. Ed Gallagher. It can also be found in Songs of the Michigan Lumberjacks and Belden's Songs from Missouri.

I have added a very few words and substituted some with two syllables to keep the jaunty rhythm going.

3. The Brown Girl

Also from Miss Creighton's book, where she mentions that it is printed for its lovely modal tune, the words being rather uninteresting.

For this reason I have sung only two stanzas.

4. DORAN'S ASS

One of the most widely sung Irish Songs anywhere, it has been collected all over North America. This version with what I think is the most distinctive refrain of any I've heard is my grandfather's. Its driving rhythm and snap is characteristic of Dan McNeill and it may well be that it is therefore unique. I have changed the text in a couple of places, eliminating an extra line in the verse "Pat started off at railroad speed" which my grandfather used to take in his stride, altering the tune to accommodate the extra words. As he had never written the song down, nor seen it written, I am sure he was quite unconscious of this.

Colin O'Lochlain has printed a more literary version in his "Dublin Street Ballads".

5. THE BANKS OF THE ROSES

Ken Peacock, Canada's foremost collector of Newfoundland songs, pianist, composer and Folkways artist, is at this moment going to press with an edition of his first big book. It will contain about four hundred of the songs he has collected in Canada's newest province, among them this strange and lovely tune which he took down from the singing of Kenneth Monk of King's Cove.

6. TIM FINNEGAN'S WAKE

This is also from Helen Creighton, as sung by Frank Faulkner of South East Passage N.S. I prefer it to O.J. Abbott's version because of the greater rhythmic drive of its' tune, although some of O.J.'s lines are better.

7. MY IRISH POLLY

This is a combination of two versions from Helen Creighton's first and second book. She first took it down from the singing of twelve year old Muriel Henneberry on Devils' Island in Halifax Harbour, but admitted that the text was rather confused and that it was probably a combination of several other songs.

In her second book she gives the song as sung by Dennis Smith of Chezzetcook without any chorus and to a different tune. I have used the first tune, the second text and added an extra chorus of my own.

8. THE FOOT OF THE MOUNTAIN BROW

This is another combination which started with a fragment that Edith Fowke took down from the Brandon Brothers of Peterborough Ontario. They could only give her two verses, but the tune caught my attention because it was closely related to the one used by Herbert Hughes for setting Charles Kickham's verse "She lived beside the Anner". The song is widely known and has been recorded a considerable number of times recently, but I wanted to include it so I filled it out with verses from Ken Peacock's Newfoundland version taken from Bill Holloway of King's Cove.

9. MUSHANA FOL THE DAY

Several years ago a Scottish friend of mine, Arch

Gutherie, gave me the text to a song about Nellie Coming Home from a Wake but he couldn't recall the tune. I laughed out loud when I heard Mr. Abbott's delightful version with its' sprightly tune.

It has the rhythm of a high stepping pony hitched to a jaunty car!

10. THE SPREE

Edith Fowke got this one from the Brandon Boys in Peterborough. Both Tom and Orlo sing accurately and musically and with high good humour. This is exactly the way Tom sang it--unaccompanied, and with the verses rising in pitch a half tone at a time.

SIDE II

1. BRENNAN ON THE MOOR

This is another song that has been recorded a lot and is widely known all over North America. It even turns up in Texas adapted to the story of Charley Quantrel (see Lomax "Cowboy Songs"). This Nova Scotia version is not particularly unusual, but again, I have chosen to include it because of its strong driving rhythm and clean marriage of text and tune. I visualize it accompanying the pounding hooves of Brennan's stalwart steed.

2. MY GOOD LOOKING MAN

This is another of my Grandfather's songs and I suspect that it had its origin in The British Music Hall. Ken Peacock collected a version with several more verses from Mike Aylward in King's Cove, Newfoundland, but I decided to leave it as I had always known it---the way Dan McNeill sang it---and I hope at least half as well sung.

3. DOWN BY THE FAIR RIVER

Helen Creighton got this one from James Young of East Petpeswick in Nova Scotia and I suspect that it is related to several other Irish songs of this type. The fifth verse was wanting one line, but it was perfectly obvious what it had to be, so I took the liberty of adding it.

4. COD LIVER OIL

Another song that obviously had its' origin in the British Music Hall. It has been spread far and wide by the old master Burl Ives, and Alan Mills sings a Nova Scotian version with a different tune.

I happened to over-hear a young Irish singer doing it one day, and was delighted by his addition of the verse about goin' huntin' with Billy McCoy! Otherwise, the song is as taken down by Ken Peacock from Michael Aylward of King's Cove where it seems to have returned to its natural soil.

5. THE CORK LEG

My first acquaintance with this song came with its' publication in "Irish Country Songs" by Herbert Hughes. Edith Fowke taped O.J. Abbott's version about five years ago, and I was amused by the richness of some of the detail --- e.g. clockwork and steam etc.

I must confess I prefer the smoothness and speed of the Irish version but Nelson Eddy recorded it about twenty years ago, so I had no choice.

6. WHISKEY IN THE JAR

Seamus Innes did a delightful version of this song for the Columbia set on Irish Folk Music, and there are numerous other versions available but to

my knowledge no one has recorded this one from Miss Creighton's "Songs and Ballads of Nova Scotia". She got it from the fabulous Ben Henneberry of Devil's Island. I have revised the text a little, using several others, principally Colin O'Lochlainn's "Dublin Street Ballads" and doubled the time on the last three bars except at the end of the song.

7. A YOUNG MAN LIV'D IN BELFAST TOWN
(Crockery Ware)

O.J. Abbott was a bit shy about singing songs like this for Mrs. Fowke, and she caught his apprehension on the tape, but once he was into the song, he sang with his usual gusto, and obviously enjoyed the joke.

8. DANIEL O'CONNELL

This is also Mr. Abbott's, courtesy of Mrs. Fowke. In fact you can hear his own rendition of the song on Folkways FM4051 where a complete note about it is given.

9. A PARTING GLASS

Most of the Celts have a goodbye song like "Auld Lang Syne" or "Good-night Ladies" which is sung at Ceilidhs or other social gatherings at the end of the evening.

This unusual song which Ken Peacock collected in Newfoundland from Peter Donahue of Joe Batts' Arm is the first one I've ever heard couched in the first person singular. I think that it makes an admirable ending for any singer's program with the slight alteration I've made in the second verse.

SIDE I, Band 2: THE WILD IRISHMAN

Now there was a wild Irishman, in Dublin he did dwell,
He came across to Halifax, his story I will tell;
He went into a barber shop all for to get a shave,
When a big ugly beast up to Paddy he did behave.

CHORUS:
And sing folde rol de ri do, fol de rol de ray.

"Can you shave a wild Irishman that's just come from
the sod?"
Sure the monkey look'd at Pat, gave a wink and a nod,
He then picked up a lathing brush all in his hairy
paw,
And he kicked up his heels and he lathered Paddy's jaw.

Oh he then picked up a razor which he prepared to use,
And at the very first clip, he cut off poor Paddy's
nose;
He lathered him and shaved him and cut his face full
sore,
Like a bullock that was nearly dead, poor Paddy he
did roar.

Oh, then in come the barber, all trembling with fear,
When he heard this wild Irishman begin to curse and
swear;

"What is the matter, my good man?" the barber says,
says he,
"Don't you see how your darned ould father has been
cuttin' me?"

"Oh, he is not my father, for a long time he's been
dead."

"Well then he is your grandfather, his ugly old grey
head,
He's up in the chimney corner and he doesn't dare
come down,
Bloodhounds, sure if I had him I would crack him on
the crown!"

Oh, he opened up the door and he stumbled down the
street,
It was one of his countrymen he chanc-ed for to meet,
And seeing him a-bleeding, he pitied his sad case,
"Say, you blood and you turf man, who has cut your
face?"

"You blood and you turf man, you must have been mad,
To set there and let them cut your cheek and face
so bad,
Come into a whiskey shop, your story for to tell,
I will see if Irish Whiskey will make your poor
face well."

Come all you wild Irishmen who want to have a shave,
Never go into the monkey shop unless you will behave,
For monkeys they are foolish and Irishmen are mad,
And you know as well as I do that a monk don't like
a Pad.

SIDE I, Band 3: THE BROWN GIRL

When first to this country I came as a stranger,
I placed my affection on a handsome young girl,
She being young and tender, her waist slim and
slender,
She appeared like an angel or some gypsy queen.

On the banks of the river where first I beheld her,
She appeared like an angel or some Grecian queen,
Her eyes shone like diamonds, her hair gently waving,
Her cheeks bloomed like roses or blood upon snow.

SIDE I, Band 4: DORAN'S ASS

When Paddy Doyle liv'd in Killarney,
He courted a girl named Biddy O'Toole,
His tongue was tipp'd with a bit of the blarney
Which seemed to Pat like a golden rule.

Whack-fal-al-loo, ralla-loo-ralla-li-do,
Right-tilla-loo-ralla-loo-ri-day.

One moonlight night in last November
Pat set out for to see his love,
The very night I don't remember,
But the moon was shining from above.

As Pat had been drinking all that day,
It made his spirits light and gay;
So he trudged along saying, "What's the haste?"
And then lay down upon the hay.

But he didn't lie long without a comrade,
One that could kick up the hay,
For a great big jack soon smelled out Pat
And lay down beside him all on the way.

Pat rolled around in his midnight slumbers,
And flung his hat to wordly care,
Then put his arms around its neck, saying,
"Och, dear Biddy, your like a bear!"

Pat put his hand on the donkey's nose,
The donkey he began to bray...
Pat jumped up crying, "Save me now,
For I'm kilt and murdered all on the way!"

Pat started off at railroad speed,
Or faster still, of that I'm sure,
And he never stopped one hand or foot
Till he came slam-bang 'gainst Biddy's door.

Now Biddy got up and let him in,
And he told his story true to fact,
How he had hugged at the hairy old rat,
"Go on," said she, "It was Doran's Jack!"

Now to finish my song without delay,
They joined wedlock on the following day,
But he never found his new straw hat,
That Doran's Jack ate on the way.

SIDE I, Band 5: THE BANKS OF THE ROSES

If ever I get married, 'twill be in the month of
June
When the trees are all in blossom and the flowers
are all in bloom;
On a bank where I sat courting with my love all
alone,
All alone on the banks of the roses.

On the banks of the roses where my love and I sat
down,
I took out my charming flute and I played my love
a tune,
In the middle of that tune she smiled and said,
"You're my darling on the banks of the roses."

"Oh, Nancy dearest Nancy, I have heard your parents
say
They would rather see their daughter dear a-lying
in cold clay,
They would rather see their daughter dear a-lying
in cold clay
Than a cold heart like mine to enjoy her."

"Oh, Jimmy, dearest Jimmy, don't you heed what
e'er they say,
For I'm their only daughter and my fortune it is
gay;
All the riches in this wide, wide world for you
I'd forsake,
You're my darling on the banks of the roses."

SIDE I, Band 7: MY IRISH POLLY

As I rov'd out one May morning, down by the river-
side,
And looking all around me, an Irish girl I spied;
Oh, red and rosy were her cheeks and coal-black
was her hair,
And costly were those robes of gold that Irish
girl did wear.

Saying, "Jimmy, dearest Jimmy, from the banks of
Loughnarea,
Are you going to leave me here alone and forsake
your own Polly?"

Her shoes were made of Spanish leather, so neatly
did they tie,
Her hair hung down her shoulders and she began to
cry,
"Oh, if I were a red, red rose that in the garden
grew,
There's not a season of the year but that I'd
bloom for you".

"Or if I was a butterfly, I'd light on my love's
breast;
Or if I was a linnet, I would sing my love to rest;
Or if I was a nightingale, I would sing to the
morning clear,
I'd sing for my love Jimmy, for it's him I love so
dear."

Saying, "Jimmy, dearest Jimmy, from the banks of
Loughnarea,
Are you going to leave me here alone, and forsake
your own Polly?"

"Och, when I was in Dublin town a-sporting on the
grass,
And in each hand a bottle of wine, and on each knee
a lass,
I'd call for liquor merrily and pay before I'd go,
I would roll you in my arms love, let the wind blow
high or low."

Saying, "Polly, dearest Polly, on the banks of
Loughnarea,
Will you come and be my own true love and forget
your false Jimmy?"

But now my journey's ended, I'll go to sea no more;
No more I'll plough the ocean where the foaming
billows roar;
I'll stay at home with Polly, she's the girl that
I adore,
And there we will be married and we'll live on the
Sligo shore.

Saying, "Polly, dearest Polly, on the banks of
Loughnarea,
Will you come and be my own true love, and forget
your false Jimmy?"

SIDE I, Band 8: THE FOOT OF THE MOUNTAIN BROW

Come all ye lads and lasses and hear my mournful tale:
Ye tender hearts that weep for love, to sigh you
will not fail;
'Tis all about a young man, and my song will tell you
how
He lately came a-courting of the Maid of the Mountain
Brow.

Said he, "My dearest Molly, could you and I agree
To join our hands in wedded bands as quickly as can
be?
If we join our hands in wedded bands, I'll give you
my plighted vow
To do my whole endeavours for the Maid of the
Mountain Brow."

Now this young and pretty fickle thing she answered
fresh and gay;
Her eyes did shine like diamonds and quickly she
did say,
"Oh pardon me, young man," says she, "For I'm not
ready now,
I will tarry another season at the foot of the
Mountain Brow."

"Now Molly, dearest Molly, don't be so mean to me!"
"I've heard of your behaviour, sir, but sure it's
not for me;
"There is an Inn where you drop in, I've heard the
people say,
Where you drink and call and pay for all and go home at
the break of day."

"If I drink and call and pay for all, my money it is
my own.
And I want none of your fortune love, for I hear that
you have none.
You might have had my poor heart won, but I'm going
to tell you now:
I'll leave you where I found you at the Foot of the
Mountain Brow."

SIDE I, Band 9: MUSHANA FOL THE DAY

Oh, pretty little Nellie, the milkmaid so gay,
Being fond of going to a ball or a spree;
Says the missus unto Nellie, "I would have you to
beware,
When you go to the spree, young Rogers he'll be
there;
He will take you in his arms and will keep you
from all harm,
And perhaps you might be sorry goin' home in the
morn." ...
Mushana fol the day.

Nellie she got ready and away she did steer,
Praying all the time that young Rogers he'd
be there;
That he would take her in his arms and would keep
her from all harm,
And she knew she wouldn't be sorry goin' home in
the morn...
Mushana fol the day.

When she got there, she got brandy rum and cake;
She never got such usage before at a wake;
Rogers took her in his arms just to keep her from
all harms,
Saying, "I know ye won't be sorry goin' home in
the morn...
Mushana fol the day.

Early in the morning, just at the break of day,
He laid Nellie down beside a stack of hay,
Says Rogers unto Nellie, "I'll lay ye down so
neat,
Sure I'll play ye 'Shoot the Cat' comin' home
from the wake"...
Mushana fol the day.

Eight months was over and nine coming on;
Nellie she gave birth to a darling young son;
Says the missus unto Nellie, "I will christen him
for your sake;
And we'll call him 'Shoot the Cat Comin' home
from the Wake'"...
Mushana fol the day.

SIDE I, Band 10: THE SPREE

There was Johnny McAdoo and McGee and me
And another two or three went for a spree one day.
Oh, we had one or two which we knew how to blow,
And the beer and whiskey flew so we all felt gay.

Now to visit Humpy Dan, McLamann, Mary Ann,
And from there into the Swan, our bellies for to
pack;
What they brought us big or not, cold or hot,
little or not,
It went down us like a shot and we all felt slack.

So the beer he got out, no doubt he could clout,
McAdoo he knocked him out like an ould football;
Oh, he tattered all his clothes, broke his nose,
I suppose
He would have killed him with the blows just in
no time at all.

Then McGee began to howl and to growl upon me sowl,
And he threw the empty bowl at the shopkeeper's
head,
And he struck for Paddy Flynn, knocked the skin off
his chin,
And the ruction did begin so we all fought and bled.

So the police did arrive, man alive, four or five,
And for us they made a dive for to carry us away.
Oh we paid for all we ate, stood a treat, it was
late,
And went home to ruminate on our spree that day.

SIDE II, Band 1: BRENNAN ON THE MOOR

'Tis of a noted Highwayman a story I will tell,
His name is Willie Brennah, his parents lov'd him
well,

'Twas on the Liberty Mountains he began his first
career,
And many a wealthy gentleman before him stood in
fear.

CHORUS:

Brennan on the Moor, Brennan on the Moor,
Bold and undaunted stood Brennan on the Moor.

A pair of loaded pistols he carried night and day,
He never robbed a poor man upon the King's highway,
He took it from the rich, like Dick Turpin and hiss
Bess,
And then he would divide it with the widows in
distress.

'Twas near the town of Wexford, bold Brennan he
sat down,
He spied the Earl of Cachen come riding into town;
The Earl he rode up to him, and this to him did say,
"I take you to be Bill Brennan and with me must come
away."

Now Billy's wife being in the town, provisions for
to buy,
And when she saw her Billy, she began to weep and
cry;
"Give to me that ten-penny," those words to her he
spoke,
And she slipped him a loaded blunderbuss from
underneath her cloak.

Now with this loaded blunderbuss the truth to you
I've told,
He robbed the Earl of Cachen of ten thousand pounds
in gold;
And fifty more were offered for his apprehension
there,
But Brennan and his comrades for the mountains did
prepare.

Now Brennan being an outlaw all on the mountains
high,
With infantry and calvary to take him they did try;
He lost his foremost finger, it was shot off by a
ball;
And Brennan and his comrades they were taken after
all.

Brennan's wife being in the town, provisions for to
buy,
When she saw that he was taken, she began to weep
and cry,
When he was tried and found guilty, the judge made
this reply;
"For robbing on the King's highway, you are condemned
to die!"

When Brennan heard this sentence, then he made this
reply;
"I only robbed the rich, but the poor I did supply,
In all the deeds I ever done, I took no lives away;
May the Lord have mercy on my soul against the
judgement day."

"God bless my wife and children three, God bless them
all", said he;
"Likewise my poor old mother who shed many a tear for
me,
Likewise my poor old father who just tore his hair
and cried,
I wish that Willie Brennan in the cradle he had died."

SIDE II, Band 2: MY GOOD LOOKING MAN

When I was young, not long ago,
A maiden in my prime,
Sure I daily thought of wedded life
And so just at that time....

I fell in love with a handsome youth,
And to marry him was my plan;
So very soon then I got wed
To my good looking man.

We were not married very long,
One Sunday afternoon
The sun went down, the earth grew dark,
Out came the hallowed moon.

My gentleman man then he walks out,
And to follow him was my plan;
And very soon a lady I spied
With my good looking man.

He kissed her once, he kissed her twice,
And tales of love did tell;
Says I to myself, "When you get home,
I'll tan your hide right well,"

Just as the clock was striking ten,
In walks my gentleman,
"Oh my, oh my, my Willy dear,
Where ever have you been?"

"At church," says he, "'Tis, false," says I,
"And deny it if you can."
And the rolling pin I then let fly
At my good looking man.

I blacked his eyes, I bled his nose,
In ribbons tore his clothes;
And then I took up the poker
And bent that across his nose.

As black as any chimney-sweep
Out of the door he ran;
And that's the last I've ever seen
Of my good looking man.

SIDE II, Band 3: DOWN BY THE FAIR RIVER

On a fine summer's evening as I strayed along
Down by the fair river, I heard a fine song;
It was sung by a fine damsel with a voice sweet
and clear;
Saying, "How happy I would be if my love was
here."

A few moments after her love did pass by,
He had red rosy cheeks and a dark roving eye,
You could tell by her blushes that her love had
come to town;
She saluted me kindly, and by me sat down.

Like a sheet of white paper her neck and breast
down,

Her teeth like the ivory and her hair a light
brown,
A monument of beauty for young men to see,
And her name in plain Irish was the Grey
Gramochree..

The moon she may darken and refuse to show light,
And the great stars of heaven may fall down by
night,
The hard rocks might render and the great mountains
move
If ever I prove false to the girl that I love.

Now come all you men and maidens, take a warning
by me,
Don't place your affections on the green willow tree,
For the green leaves they'll wither and the green
roots run dry,
I lost my own darling by courting too shy.

SIDE II, Band 4: COD LIVER OIL

I'm a young married man and I'm tired of life,
Ten years I've been wed to a pale sickly wife;
She has nothing to do only sit down and sigh
Praying, oh praying to God she could die.

A friend of me own came to see me one day,
I told him my wife she was pining away;
He afterwards told me that she would get strong
If I'd get a bottle from dear Doctor John.

Oh, doctor, oh doctor, oh dear Doctor John,
Your cod-liver oil is so pure and so strong;
I'm afraid of my life, I'll go down to the soil
If my wife don't stop drinking your cod-liver oil.

I bought her a bottle just for a try,
The way that she drank it, I thought she would die;
I bought her another, it vanished the same,
And then she took cod-liver oil on the brain.

I bought her another, she drank it no doubt,
Then owing to that oil she got terrible stout;
And when she got stout, then of course she got
strong;
And then I got jealous of Dear Doctor John.

Oh Doctor, oh doctor, oh dear Doctor John,
Your cod-liver oil is so pure and so strong,
I'm afraid for me life I'll go down to the soil
If my wife don't stop drinking your cod-liver oil.

Oh, I went out a hunting with Billy McCoy,
We took with us a lunch just in case we got dry;
When we opened the bottle, we both did recoil,
For instead of home-brew, it was cod-liver oil.

Our house it resembles a big doctor's shop!
It is covered with bottles from bottom to top.
And early in the morning when the kettle do boil
You'd swear it was singing of cod-liver oil.

SIDE II, Band 5: THE CORK LEG

A tale I'll tell without any sham,
In Holland their dwelt a mynheer Van Clan,
Who said each day indeed I am
The richest merchant in Rotterdam.
Ri too ra loo ral right ta loo ral
" " " " lay.

One day when stuffed as full as an egg,
Some poor relation came to beg,
He kicked him out with a broach and a peg,
And in kicking him out he broke his own leg.
Ri too ra loo ral right ta loo ral
" " " " lay.

A surgeon on his first vocation,
Came and made a long oration,
He wanted a leg for an estimation,
So finish the job with an amputation.
Ri too ra loo ral right ta loo ral
" " " " lay.

He said mownheer when he'd done his work,
By your knife I cannot walk,
But sure on crutches I'll never stalk,

For I'll have a beautiful leg of cork.
Ri too ra loo ral right ta loo ral
" " " " lay.

An artist of Rotterdam could be seen
He made cork legs both sturdy and clean,
Each joint was as strong as an iron beam,
The works composed of clock work and steam.
Ri too ra loo ral right ta loo ral
" " " " lay.

The leg was made an fitted tight,
Inspection the artist did invite,
His heirship gave him great delight,
So he fitted it on and screwed it tight.
Ri too ra loo ral right ta loo ral
" " " " lay.

With a speed of the wind he passed each shop,
Away he went with a bound and a hop,
A speed he went to the very top,
And he found his leg he could not stop,
Ri too ra loo ral right ta loo ral
" " " " lay.

He called to some men with all his might,
O stop me or I'll be murdered quite,
Although they heard him aid invite,
In less than a minute he was out of sight.
Ri too ra loo ral right ta loo ral
" " " " lay.

Such speed he could not long endure,
Of Europe he soon made a tour,
He died and though he was no more,
His leg walked on the same as before.
Ri too ra loo ral right ta loo ral
" " " " lay.

SIDE II, Band 6: WHISKEY IN THE JAR

As I rode over Kilkenny Mountain,
I met Captain Irwin and his money he was countin',
I first produced my pistol and then produced my
rapier
Saying, "Stand and deliver, for I am a bold
deceiver."

My cheering, de ding, de day; right fol the daddy
oh,
Right fol the daddy oh, there's whiskey in the jar.

He counted out his money and it made a pretty penny;
I put it in my pocket and I took it to my Jenny.
She swore in her heart that she never would deceive
me,
But the devil take the women, for they never can be
easy!

I went to Jenny's chamber for to take a little
slumber;
I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no
wonder.
But Jenny drew my charges and she filled them up
with water,
And she fetched Captain Irwin as fast as she could
totter.

'Twas early in the morning I was waken'd from my
nappin',
I beheld a band of footmen and the wily handsome
captain;
I reached for my pistols for to begin the slaughter,
But I could not discharge them for I couldn't shoot
the water.

I reached for my rapiers but found I hadn't any,
Then I knew they had been taken by my darlin'
sportin' Jenny;
And thus I did surrender, a prisoner I was taken,
And by a gay deceiver, I was all forsaken.

SIDE II, Band 7: A YOUNG MAN LIVED IN BELFAST TOWN

A young man lived in Belfast town,
Courtied a girl when she was young;
A young man lived in Belfast town,
Courtied a girl when she was young.
He asked her for a favor bright
If he might sleep with her all night.

REFRAIN:

Right whack fol-the doo-a di-do-day,
Right whack fol-the doo-a di-do-day.

This fair maid she gave consent
And straight up to her room she went;
This fair maid she gave consent
And straight up to her room she went.
And in that room there was a chair,
And under the chair was crockery ware.

This young man got up in the night
Looking for his heart's delight;
This young man got up in the night
Looking for his heart's delight.
His foot did slip, I do declare,
And he tumbled into the crockery ware.

The old woman she got up in the night,
Ran upstairs with the candle light;
The old woman she got up in the night,
Ran upstairs with the candle light.
She says, "Young man, what do you there
A-breaking all my crockery ware?"

The police were sent for at break of day
To see what this young man should pay;
The police were sent for at break of day
To see what this young man should pay.
He paid nine pounds for the crockery ware
And nine pounds ten for the damned old chair.

SIDE II, Band 8: DANIEL O'CONNELL

Oh you lovers of mirth, I pray pay attention
And listen to what I am going to relate;
Concerning a couple I overheard talking
As I was returning late home from a wake.
As I roved along, I spied an old woman
Who sat by the gap just a minding her cow;
She was jiggin a tune called "Come haste to the
wedding"
Or some other ditty I can't tell you now;
She was jiggin a tune called the "Buachaillin Donn"
Or some other ditty I can't tell you now.

Now on looking around I spied a bold tinker,
Who only by chance came a stolling the same way.
The weather being warm, he sat down to rest,
"Ah, what news, honest man," the old woman did say.
"Then it's no news at all, mam," replied the bold
tinker,
"Ah, the people will wish that he never had been;
It's that damnable rogue of a Daniell O'Connell,
He's now making children in Dublin by steam."

"Arragh, children arroo," replied the old woman,
"Or hounamin jowl, is he crazy at last?
Is there sign of a war or a sudden rebellion,
Or what is the reason he wants them so fast?"
"Then it's not that at all ma'am," replied the bold
tinker,
"But the children of Ireland are getting so small,
It's O'Connell's petition to the great Lord
Lieutenant
To not let us make them the old way at all."

"By this pipe in me mouth," replied the old woman,
"And that's a great oath on me soul for to say,
I'm only a woman, but if I were near him,
I'll betcha my life it is little he'd say.
Sure, the people of Ireland, 'tis very well known
They gave him their earnings though needing it bad,
And now he is well recompensing them for it
By taking what little diversion they had."

I am an ould woman that's goin on eighty,
And scarcely a tooth in me head to be seen,
If the villyan provokes me, I'll make better
children
Than ever he could with his engine and steam."

"Long life to ye woman," replied the bold tinker,
"And long may ye live and have youth on yer side.
But if all the young girls in old Ireland were like
ye,
O'Connell might pitch his steam engine one side.
I think every one that is in this country
Should begin making children as fast as he can.

So if ever her Majesty asks for an army,
We'll be able to send them as many as Dan."

SIDE II, Band 9: THE PARTING GLASS

When I have money for to spend, and time to sit and
talk awhile
There is a girl lives in this place, and I'm sure
she has my heart beguiled;
With her cherry cheeks and her rosy lips she stole
my tender heart away.
So fill to me the parting glass, and here no longer
can I stay.

When I have money for to spend, I spend it in good
company,
And all the harm I've ever done, I hope ye all will
pardon me.
For what I sung was for the wish these songs my
memory to recall
So fill to me the parting glass, good night and joy
be with ye all.

TOM KINES

Born in Western Manitoba in the 20's, Tom sang his
first song in public at the age of five. Formal
music lessons were started at age seven and by the
time he was fourteen, he was playing in the village
band, pipe bands and dance orchestras and singing
in the Church Choir and a barber shop quartette.

His mother was organist and choir mistress in the
United Church and his maternal grandfather Daniel
McNeill was a genuine untrained natural folk singer
who learned his songs in the pioneer logging camps
on both sides of the border.

Tom didn't think much of his Irish grandpa's songs
until he got back from Ireland after a four year
stretch in the navy in World War II. By then it
was almost too late. His Grandad had passed on and
most of his repertoire with him. Fortunately, Tom
managed to salvage a few songs from other members
of the family and started looking around for other
material.

Going to work for the Royal Canadian Legion Head-
quarters in Ottawa, Tom discovered the National
Museum collection of Canadian folk songs and the
work of collectors Helen Creighton, Edith Fowke
and Ken Peacock.

Spare time singing began to include radio, television,
stage and motion picture work. As a classical tenor,
he has been soloist with the Ottawa Choral Society,
the Toronto Bach Society and the Montreal Bach Choir
with whom he made a tour of Japan in 1961.

Starting with his own television show "The Song Shop"
in 1958, he has broadcast almost weekly ever since
and at present occupies a favored spot on the C.B.C.
trans-Canada radio network as the "Song Pedlar".

As host of last seasons "Folderol" on C.B.O.T. Tele-
vision he greeted visiting folk singers Karen James,
Ed McCurdy, Molly Scott and Jack Elliot and was a
featured performer at the 1961 Mariposa Folk Festival.

He lives with his wife Mavis and teen-age daughters
Donna and Wendy in a radically different quonset-
type steel and glass house in South Ottawa on a hill
overlooking the Rideau river and his biggest problem
is finding enough time to do all the things that
interest him including making records for Folkways.

QUOTATION FROM PADRAIC COLUM

"Here is a real folk singer; one who has found a way
of rendering on the stage what the singers of
Donegal render by their turf fire; he has gathered
not only their music, but their inspiration."

