

FSG30
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Reel 1

- Lass of Mohee. Sung by Judson and Allister Armstrong,
Sherwood, Lunenburg Co. Pretty love song
- Chippewa Stream. Sung by Judson and Allister Armstrong.
Pretty love song
- The Blackbird. Sung by Judson and Allister Armstrong.
This too is a pretty love song.
- Howard Kerry. Sung by Judson Armstrong. New Brunswick
song, usually called Howard Kerrier.
- "Good-night" song.
- Guy Reed Sung by Allister and Judson Armstrong.
Local 16. vs. death of lumberman.

As I went a-walking for pleasure one day
Through the sweet recreation to pass time away,
As I sat amusing myself on the grass
Oh who should pass by me but a fair Indian lass.

2

She sat down beside me, took hold of my hand,
Saying, "I know you're a stranger but not of this land,
But if you will follow me you're welcome to come
For I live by myself in a snug little home."

3

A kind invitation she gave unto me,
Saying, "If you'll consent for to stay home with me
No more I'll go roving far o'er the salt sea
But will teach you the language that we use in Mohee!"

4

"Oh no, no, my fair maid, that never can be,
For I have a sweetheart in my own countree,
And I'll not forsake her for her povertie,
For I know she's as fair as the lass of Mohee."

5

The sun was a-setting far o'er the salt sea
When me and this Mohee together did walk,
Together did ramble, together did roam
Till we came to a cot in the cocoanut grove.

6

This Mohee she was beautiful, she was good, she was kind,
She acted her part in the heavens divine,
For I being a stranger took me to her home,
I remember this Mohee as I wander alone.

7

Then on the next morning all down by the Strand,
When the ship she passed by me she waved her lily hand,
Saying, "When you get back to the one that you love,
Will you think of this Mohee in the cocoanut grove?"

8

So now I'm safe landed on my own native shore,
My friends and companions crowd round me once more,
But of all that crowd round me and all that I see,
There is none can compare with the lass of Mohee.

Sung by Judson and Allister Armstrong, Sherwood,
Lunenburg County, and recorded by Helen Creighton,
June 23, 1949. The Armstrong men are twins of about 65.

As I went a-walking one fine morning in June
As viewing the green fields and the meadows in bloom,
I spied a pretty fair maid, she was out in the rain,
She was washing her linens on the Chippewa Stream.

2

I stepped up beside her, I made a low bow,
And the story I told her I will tell to you now,
"For six months or better my mind's been on thee,
And we will get married if you will agree."

3

To marry, to marry, I'm afraid I'm too young,
For the most of the young men have a false flattering tongue,
My father and mother very angry would be
If I were to marry a rover like thee."

4

I stepped right away from her knowing not what to say,
Saying, "I wish you a good man whoever he may be,
The clouds they look heavy, I'm afraid it will rain,"
So we shook hands and parted on the Chippewa stream.

5

"Come back love, come back love, I've quick changed my mind,
O here is my hand love, we never shall part,
We never shall part love till the day that we die,
And we'll always live happy on the ray you and I."

6

Some marry for beauty but it lasts for a day,
Others marry for riches but it soon fades away,
But if ever I marry it will be for love alone,
And for a kind husband and for a good home.

Sung by Allister and Judson Armstrong, Sherwood, Lunenburg
Co., and recorded by Helen Creighton, June 23, 1949.

I once loved a maiden whose fortune was so,
 She courted a sailor, a young sailor boy,
 She courted him dearly by night and by day
 Until this young sailor he sailed miles away. ~~EMMY~~

Chorus

Then if I was a blackbird, could whistle and sing,
 I would follow the ship that my true love sailed in,
 And on the top rigging I'd build there my nest
 Like an eagle I'd fly on his lily white breast.

2

My true love is handsome in every degree,
 My parents despise him because he loves me,
 But let them despise him or say what they will,
 While there's life in my bosom I'll love the lad still. Cho.

3

If I was a scholar, could handle a pen,
 There is a trying letter to my love I ~~send~~ would send,
 I would tell him my sorrows, my griefs, and my woes,
 If I could but find him I would ~~own~~ him with gold. Cho.

Sung by Allister and Judson Armstrong, Sherwood, Lunenburg
 Co., and recorded by Helen Creighton, June 23, 1949.

The Armstrong brothers are twins, about 65 years of age.
 When Judson's throat gets tired from singing he asks for
 salt which he eats to clear it. This seems to have the
 desired effect.

My name is Howard Kerry,
 Near Grand Falls I was born
 On a quiet little village
 Near the banks of the St. John,
 Where the little birds chant their notes so true
 And the trembling waters roar,
 And the ivy vines do thickly twine
 Round our cottage by the shore.

2

My aged parents being poor
 Could not maintain us all,
 I had to leave my happy home
 For the little farm was small,
 I lived there quite contented
 Till the year of eighty-four
 When I left my aged parents
 In this cottage by the shore.

3

The day I left my happy home
 They took me by the hand,
 Saying, "Don't forget your parents dear
 Within a foreign land,
 Shun bad company my boy
 And from strong drink refrain,
 Don't patronize those gambling dives
 Nor houses of ill fame."

4

My mother led me to a seat
 Beneath the willow tree,
 With trembling lips bade me sit down
 For she longed to talk with me,
 "You see on yonder hilltop
 Where the grass is growing green,
 And the ivy and the primrose
 In their splendor may be seen?"

5

"Those flowers they look magnificent,
 And attractive to the eye,
 But remember that the serpent doth
 Beneath their colors lie,
 Remember you are but a boy
 And they'll lead you astray,
 You will think of your poor mother's *words*
 When she's moulding in the clay."

6

My parents moved to Haverill, Mass.,
 They sold their little farm,
 After three long years a letter comes *came*
 Which filled me with alarm,
 Saying, "Your mother dear is dying
 And for you alone she mourns,
 With aching heart and sorrow cries *years*
 For her wandering boys return."
is pleading for

7

I hastened home but was too late
 For everything was over,
 The curtains were all drawn close,
 Dark crepe hung on the door,
 And now she's sleeping that long sleep
 Beneath the churchyard sod,
 For three long years have passed and gone *but all to late*
 Since her spirit went to God.
Black crepe
in crepe
v. 5 2

(over)

8

Since then I've travelled in the east
And in the west also
I've travelled through those southern climes *in there*
Where the lofty redwood grows,
I've cursed the hour I left my home
And caused my parents pain,
I cursed the hour I did arrive *reference to long*
All in the State of Maine.

9

For drinking and bad women
For me they have but gained *out*
A blighted life, dishonor,
And disgrace upon her name.

10

To-night I'm lying in a room *in*
In the town of Rumford Falls,
My feverish eyes are roving round *staring as*
It's bare and whitewashed walls,
The agony I undergo
I cannot long endure,
My limbs are weak and painfully
I'm dying slow but sure.

11

My money it is long since spent, *to long have spent*
My friends they are but few, *it's break*
I'll snap this tender thread of life,
To the world I'll bid adieu, *I'll tie*
I'll hang this cord upon the hinge *upon my chamber*
That's on my chamber door,
There is room enough for me to hang
Beneath it and the floor.

12

At twelve o'clock Jack Jordan came *he*
To see his charge once more,
They found his body hanging to
The hinge upon the door,
They cut him down and spread the news
And many's the cheek turned pale
For to see him in that mournful state
After many's a wandering tale.

(He had hanged himself on the hinge of the door by his breeches)

Sung by Judson Armstrong, Sherwood, Lunenburg Co., and re-
corded by Helen Creighton, June 23, 1949.

It's well do I remember
 One dark and stormy night,
 Their rain it fell in torrents
 And the lightning flashed so bright,
 The moon and stars above me
 Could not their light reveal,
 For dark clouds so gloomy did
 Their welcome light conceal.

2

The post brought me a letter
 I hastened to pursue,
 Was written by a friend of mine
 Who bore the startling news.
 When I noticed that a fine young man
 As ever you'd wish to see
 Into an instant he was hurled
 Into eternity.

3

While he and his companions
 Where the waters loudly roar
 Were rolling on a landing
 Near the Anderscoggin shore,
 They picked the face of one of them
 From the bottom to the top,
 Full thirty feet this landing had
 A perpendicular drop.

4

To work the face much longer
 Would be a foolish part,
 For just so slight you see it might
 This lofty landing start,
 There were a few among them
 Who volunteered to go
 To roll the logs from off the top
 And start the logs below.

5

This young man being among them
 With heart so stout and brave,
 Not thinking that his night would be
 All straightened for the grave,
 Not thinking that death's cruel hand
 So soon would lay him low,
 For to leave to friends he loved so dear
 In sorrow, grief, and woe.

6

The logs they quickly started,
 The landing crept below,
 With all his force unto the verge
 It could no further go,
 This young man now approaching
 The verge of landing high,
 While all the crew with pallid cheeks
 And trembling limbs stood by.

7

Up went a shout of warning
 To warn him from his fate,
 For just an instant he had paused,
 He seemed to hesitate,
 The logs they quickly started,
 The landing broke like glass,
 As quick as thought he disappeared
 Beneath the rolling mass.

(over)

8

They rolled the logs so careful
 From off his mangled form,
 The birds were singing sweetly
 And the moon shone bright and warm,
 Strong men knelt down beside him
 Who could not their grief command,
 While hidden tears fell from their eyes
 And dropped into the sand.

9

Gently they bore him
 And laid him on the green,
 Beneath the shady tree that grew
 Close by a purling stream,
 The rippling babbling waters
 Stwaling o'er his shady bed
 Seemed to whisper softly, sweetly,
 A farewell unto the dead.

10

His remains they were buried
 By the Order of Cape Heed,
 A funeral more attended
 Than you very seldom see,
 The churchyard was crowded
 With people young and old
 For to gaze upon that face once fair
 In death now pale and cold.

11

His casket was decorated
 With flowers bright and fair,
 His pillow too with every hue
 With flowers sweet and fair,
 His brothers of the Order
 As they marched two by two
 On his casket was a sparkling L
 A token of adieu.

12

His mother she died early
 When he was but a child,
 They laid her down to slumber
 In a churchyard fair and wide,
 His sister and his brother
 Is sleeping by his side
 In a quiet country churchyard
 Near the river's dancing tide.

13

His poor old aged father
 Is stricken now with grief,
 No joys or earthly pleasures
 Can bring him back relief,
 No untold gold or silver
 Physicians wealth in store,
 Sunny skies or music sweet
 Cannot the dead restore.

14

The cuckoo and the sparrow,
 The sunshine and the rain,
 The bluebird and the swallow,
 Says that spring will come again,
 The bluebird and the threshold
 From foreign lands do soar,
 For loved ones that in death do sleep
 You'll see again no more.

(over)

Guy Reed(cont'd)

15

This young man's name was Guy Reed,
His age was twenty-three,
On September the eighth was killed
In that little town of Riley,
In that little town of Burlow
They laid him beneath the earth,
He's sleeping with his kindred near
The place that gave him birth.

16

Kind friends and loving kindreds
Oh him who's dead and gone
To a brighter land of heaven
Far away beyond the sun,
For the one you loved so dearly
You'll see again no more,
Till you pass through death's dark valley
On that bright celestial shore.

Sung by Allister and Judson Armstrong, Sherwood, Lunenburg
Co., and recorded by Helen Creighton, June 23, 1949