

Reel 89

FSG30  
23.206.2  
MF289.410

- 70-64. Yon Green Vallee. Sung by Mr. William Gilkie,  
Sambro. Whistling sound bad in record.  
Interesting song as far as it goes.
- 64-58. John Munro. Sung by Mr. William Gilkie, Sambro, with  
his mother joining in. Only 2 vs. re-  
corded, but have whole text of song.  
Local murder song, 11 vs.
- 58-32. Ann O'Brian. Sung by Mr. William Gilkie, Sambro.  
Murder song. 9 vs.

Yon Green Vallee.

Reel 89.70-64.No.1

Yon green vallee has been closed all round,  
Left none but small birds their notes to sound,  
Changing their notes high from tree to tree  
As the sun arose in yon green vallee.

2

She held me fast, would not let me go,  
Saying, "You are mine by rights you know,  
Fulfil those vows that you've made to me  
As the sun arose in the green vallee.

Sung by Mr. William Gilkie, Sambro, with his mother  
joing in; recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept/51

Bad whistling sound in record.

Come all good people I pray draw near,  
 Of a dismal story you shall hear,  
 Of that murderous deed that was done in life  
 In eighteen hundred and sixty-eight. /

2

There was a man called John Munro  
 Who did Miss Vail a-courting go,  
 Miss Vail was handsome, young, and fair  
 There's few that with her can compare.

3

John Munro was married, that was true,  
 He had a wife and children three,  
 But still Miss Vail he went to see  
 Not caring what the talk may be.

4

Poor girl, he led her all about,  
 From Boston back another route,  
 But there she boarded all at his will,  
 With her own money paid the bill.

5

He took this girl and babe also,  
 Into Black River they did go,  
 But little did this poor girl think  
 That she was just a point from death,  
 That death went by close by her side,  
 She expected her love and guide.

6

He took her to Black River Plains  
 And there he fired the fatal shot, ~~xxxxxxx~~  
 A bullet buries all in her brains,  
 She sank in death there to remain.

7

Then killed the baby with a rush  
 And covered them all o'er with bush.

8

In secret those two bodies lay  
 Till near a year had passed away  
 At length the news came floating round  
 That human bones out there were found.

9

The bones and clothing was gathered up.  
 Was gathered up and brought to town,  
 An inquest held o'er their remains  
 That was found on Black River Plains.

10

The jury found it very plain  
 That Miss Vail and baby had been slain,  
 The jury found it plain also  
 That they were slain by John Munro.  
 By his false hand the deed was done  
 And he was sentenced to be hung.

11

So come all young girls this warning take,  
 And be sure that you make no mistake,  
 And whenever you do get a beau  
 Be sure he's none like John Munro.

Sung by Mr. William Gilkie, Sambro, and recorded by  
 Helen Creighton, Sept/51. only 1st 2 vs. recorded.

Come all you wild young fellows, come hear my mournful scheme,  
Was of a fair and dear young girl, her age was scarce sixteen,  
Her beauty bright was my delight, her heart I had my way,  
Because she had no fortune I did her betray.

2

She was born a servantmaid and I a farmer's son,  
And when I got the will of her I proved to her unkind,  
I wrote my love a letter and unto her did say,  
Saying, "Annie we'll go to Waterford and married we will be."

3

Was late that night when we set out across the dreary way,  
Would make your very heart run cold to think on her misery,  
I stopped her on the highway road and made her this reply,  
Saying, "Annie you'll go no further, you must prepare to die."

4

"O Sam think on my infant young and don't give me a fright,  
And don't commit a murder here this dark and stormy night,  
I'll pray to God to hear my prayer, if you'll but spare my life,  
I'll never look to trouble you or seek to be your wife."

5

But all her pleading was in vain, I gave her a fatal blow  
A heavy loaded whip I had, I left her in her gore,  
Her blood and brains flew o'er the range, her cries would pierce  
your heart,  
I thought I had her murdered there before from her did part.

6

She was alive next morning, just at the break of day,  
By chance a shepherd's daughter by chance it came that way,  
And seeing her lying in her gore she came to her relief,  
Saying, "I was murdered here last night, please bring to me the  
priest."

7

A priest and doctor was sent for, the policeman likewise,  
And when they got information they surrounded me likewise,  
in disguise  
They quickly surrounded me, for she had told my name,  
And marched me back a prisoner and toll in Lockford jail.

8

It's there I lay with a troubled mind until my dying day,  
The jury found me guilty and the judge to me did say,  
"It's for your cruel murder and a villain as you be  
On the fourteenth day of July next you'll die on the gallows high."

9

It's Sam McDougal is my name, from life and friends must part,  
And for the murder of Ann O'Brian I'm sorry to my heart,  
It's when I found that she was poor and easily led astray,  
I hope that God will pardon me all on my dying day.

Sung by Mr. William Gilkie, Sambro, with his mother  
Joining in; recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept/51.