

- 1-3. Dear Madam I Am A Soldier, sung by Mr. Tom Gamble, Amherst, conclusion of 109A24-end
- 3-6. McLellan's Son, sung by Mrs. Mary Bailey, Tatamagouche; local song of accidental shooting; 9 vs. nicely sung.
- 6-10. Fair Fanny Moore, sung by Mrs. Bailey; good song of love and tragedy with interesting tune; 9 vs. nicely sung.
- 10-11. Adam and Eve, sung by Mrs. Bailey; 3 vs. & cho. recalled with difficulty, and a bit mixed up; amusing.
- 11-12. Barbara Allan, sung by Mrs. Bailey; 3 vs. only; pleasant tune; this is my 14th variant.
- 12-15. Strawberry Roan, sung by Mr. W.A. McQueen, Tatamagouche; 8 vs. all a bit mixed up; may be combination of 2 songs; cowboy; I earned years ago in lumber woods.
- 15-29. Peter Emberley, sung by Mrs. Bailey; Mr. McQueen joins in where he can; 8 vs. nicely sung; local song of tragedy in lumber woods; have at least 6 variants
- ~~21-24. I'm Going Back to Cork, sung by Mr. McQueen;~~
- 19-21. Yellow Rose of Texas, sung by Mr. Arthur Tucker, Tatamagouche, brother of Mrs. Bailey; 3 vs. & cho. pretty love song, but late; learned in lumber woods 60 years ago.
- 21-24. I'm Going Back to Cork, sung by Mr. Will McQueen; 4 vs.; amusing.
- 24-end. The Indians' Lament, sung by Mrs. Mary Bailey and Mr. Tucker; 5½ vs.; variant of Buirchen Canoe, but different tune; quite nice.

Was on September the eighteenth day  
 A gun was heard, a mournful sound,  
 A gun was heard, a mournful sound,  
 Like thunder rolled and shook the ground.) bis

2

The people hurried to the spot  
 To where they heard this mournful shot  
 And found in death's cold fetters bound)  
 A victim bleeding on the ground. ) bis

3

Close by him stood a man and gun  
 Who had this dreadful mischief done,  
 With rolling eyes fixed on the ground  
 He told the truth to all around.

4

"I just took out this cursed gun  
 To snap her off in careless fun  
 When this poor boy in spirits large  
 Came up the hill and met the charge.

5

"I knew not there was load within  
 Until I saw him drop his chin,  
 O mournful story, stranger to tell,  
 He turned to me and down he fell.

6

"Now this is what I would have you do,  
 Take this same gun and shoot me too,  
 Where shall I hide my guilty head?  
 I wish to God I too were dead.

7

"Now take poor Daniel to the door  
 And lay him on the barroom floor,  
 Send for a justice very soon  
 And let the jury fill the room."

8

The parents of this murdered boy  
 Have given up all hope of joy  
 To think their son to man had grown  
 To die by folly not his own.

9

Take warning all you careless youths,  
 Read these few lines and speak the truth,  
 Take warning by McLellan's son  
 And never trifle with a gun.

Sung by Mrs. Mary Bailey, Tatamagouche, and  
 recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1953.

She has known this since her childhood, and  
 is now 83.

Was April on the fourteenth day,  
 So pray attend to what I say,  
 A gun was heard in solemn sound  
 Like thunder rolling on the ground.

2

They quickly haste unto the spot  
 Where they had heard this mournful shot,  
 On yonders green stood man and gun,  
 Was he this cursèd action done.

3

"When this poor boy in courage large  
 Run up the hill and met this charge,  
 His dying eyes on me did roll  
 Just like an arrow pierced his soul.

4

"It's take poor Daniel from his gore  
 And lay him on the barroom floor,  
 Go send for justice very soon  
 And let the jury fill the room."

5

The parents of this murdered boy  
 They gave up all their hopes of joy,  
 To think the son and man had gone,  
 It is how this cursèd action done.

6

"Here's one thing more I'd have you do,  
 Load this same gun and shoot me too,  
 I wish to God that I was dead,  
 Where shall I hide my guilty head?"

7

"I only went out in careless fun  
 On purpose for to snap my gun,  
 I did not know the load was in  
 Until I saw him drop his chin.

8

"It's gracious wonder strange to tell  
 He turned from me and down he fell,  
 His dying eyes on me did roll  
 As if an arrow pierced his soul."

Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River, but  
 not recorded; collected by Helen Creighton, May 1953,

Later Mr. Hatt explained that the 7th verse means  
 that somebody loaded the gun and the man who carried  
 it didn't know. The young man ran towards him and  
 got shot.

music  
gone

Way down in yonder meadow stands a cottage all forlorn,  
 The works of neglect by grief over thrown,  
 Look in and you'll see some dark stains upon the ~~floor~~ floor,) ) b is  
 But alas 'tis the blood of the fair Fanny Moore.

2

Young Fanny so blooming had two lovers of fame,  
 They offered fair Fanny their wealth and their name,  
 But their gold and their silver it would not fall secure )  
 In the love-burning bosom of the fair Fanny Moore. ) bis

3

The first that came a-courting was Randolph the proud,  
 He offered fair Fanny his wealth and his word,  
 But his gold and his silver it did not fall secure  
 In the love-burning bosom of the fair Fanny Moore.

4

The next that came a-courting was Henry of high degree,  
 He won her fond heart and courageous was he,  
 So off to the altar he quickly did secure  
 The heart and the hand of the fair Fanny Moore.

5

As Fanny was sitting in her cottage one day  
 When business had called her fond husband away  
 Bold Randolph the traitor he opened the door  
 And he clasped in his arms the fair Fanny Moore.

6

"O spare my life Randolph," fair Fanny did cry,  
 O spare my life Randolph for I'm not fit to die,"  
 "Then go," said the traitor, "unto that land of rest,"  
 And he buried his knife in her snowy white breast.

7

Bold Randolph was taken and guilty when tried,  
 Bold Randolph was taken and guilty when tried,  
 Bold Randolph was hanged on a tree by the door  
 For spilling the blood of the fair Fanny Moore.

8

Young Henry so distracted he wandered till he died,  
 He wandered far away from his own native isle,  
 But at last he was taken from his own cottage door  
 And was laid in the grave with his fair Fanny Moore.

Sung by Mrs. Mary Bailey, Tatamagouche and  
 recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug/53

There is a break at vs. 7 where the words are  
 forgotten and singer picks the song up at a higher  
 key; song learned from a school teacher; during a  
 mat hooking at the Tucker home there was not room for  
 everybody at the table so the singer sat at one side and  
 sang this song while waiting.

I'll sing to you of ancient days,  
 Of ancient people and ancient ways,  
 Our old granddads they knew no care,  
 They sat on stools instead of chairs,  
 In my young days when I was a child  
 Folks lived in real old-fashioned style.

Cho.

Oh dear, oh dear, I can't but grieve  
 For the good old days of Adam and Eve.

2

Our granddads too they acted wise  
 In getting up early to see the larks rise,  
 But now our Jakes and Sandys gay  
 They see the larks rise by night and not by day,  
 They dance and fiddle with all the gay varieties  
 Without the least regard to the temperance societies. Cho.

3

The young men their heads were so hollow  
 They were sufficiently big to contain  
 Nine families and each keep a pig,  
 Old dad used to lace me up in catskin  
 The little old sleeve tucked up with a button,  
 Now they wear a dashing sash just like a leg of mutton. Cho.

Sung by Mrs. Mary Bailey, Tatamagouche, and recorded  
 by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1953.

This was put together with difficulty, and  
 the last verse is probably a combination of several  
 verses.

O mother, mother make my bed,  
Make it both long and narrow,  
My love has died for me to-night  
And I'll die for him to-morrow.

Now this couple are dead and gone,  
They in one grave are lying,  
And over his there grew a rose  
And over hers a briar.

They grew, they grew to the steepest top,  
They grew till they could grow no higher,  
And then they twined themselves three times  
For all true lovers to admire.

Recalled with difficulty by Mrs. Mary Bailey,  
Tatamagouche, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug/53

Last verse in different key.

I was hanging round town just spending my time,  
 Spending nothing else for I hadn't a dime  
 When a fellow stepped up and he said, "I suppose  
 You're a Bronx rider by the looks of your clothes."

2

"You guesses me right, I'm a good one I claim,  
 Do you happen to ~~know~~ have any bad ones to tame?"  
 "O yes I have one, he's a bad one to buck,  
 For throwing good riders he's had lots of luck."  
 I gets all excited and that's what he ~~xxx~~ paid  
 To ride that old broom tail for a couple of days.

3

He offered me ten spot, I says, "I'm your man  
 For the pony never lived that I couldn't fan,  
 The pony never lived and he never drew breath  
 That I couldn't ride till I starved him to death."

4

He says, "It's a saddle, I'll give you a chance,"  
 So he hops in the buckboard and rides to the dance.

5

What's all the attraction in that there corral?  
 It's only a roan, a realy cowboy pal,  
 He's throwing good riders it's time after time,  
 He can turn on a circle as small as a dime.

6

Now I just called you bluff on the little old roan  
 For there's one cowboy yet he never has thrown,  
 He swung in the saddle with the greatest of ease,  
 Old Strawberry seemed to float in the breeze.

7

When under his belly we saw the blue sky  
 And waved to the stranger a parting good-bye,  
 A flash of a hand and out came a gun,  
 There on the cerral the both of them hung.

8

Then came a voice soft and low,  
 "I'm real sorry boys, but one of us had to go,"  
 But he suffered no hardships, we filled him with lead,  
 Took off his saddle and called it a day,  
 Old Strawberry roan has gone on his way.

Sung by Mr. W.A. McQueen, Tatamagouche, and recorded  
 by Helen Creighton, Aug/53

This may be a combination of two songs.

Learned in the lumber woods at McPherson's Mills.

My name is Peter Emberly as you will understand,  
 I belong to Prince Edward Island close by the ocean strand,  
 In eighteen hundred and eighty-one when the flowers were  
 brilliant to view  
 I left my native country my fortune to pursue.

2

I landed in New Brunswick that lumbering countree,  
 I hired to work in the lumber woods which proved my destiny,  
 I hired to work in the lumber woods where they cut the spruce logs  
 down,  
 While loading two sleds from the yard I received my death wound.

3

There's danger on the ocean where the waves roll mountains high,  
 There is danger on the battle field where the angry bullets fly,  
 There is danger in the lumber woods for death lurks everywhere,  
 And I have fallen a victim to death's great monster snare.

4

Adieu unto my dearest friend, I mean my mother dear,  
 She reared a son that fell as soon as he left her tender care,  
 But little did my mother know when she sang lullaby  
 What country I would travel in or what death I would die.

5

Adieu unto my father, it was he who drove me here,  
 I thought him very cruel, his treatment too severe,  
 It is not right to force a boy nor try to keep him down,  
 It will repulse him from his home when he is far too young.

6

Adieu unto my younger friend and the island girls so true,  
 Long may they live to embrace the spot where first my breath I drew,  
 But the time will roll on just the same as before I passed away,  
 What signifies a mortal man when his form is lifeless clay?

7

Adieu Prince Edward Island, that garden in the sea,  
 No more I'll walk your sunny banks to enjoy the summer's breeze,  
 No more I'll watch those gallant ships as they go sailing by  
 With streamers floating in the air far above their canvas high.

8

There's one thing more when I am gone dear comrades that I crave,  
 It is that some holy father will bless my peaceful grave,  
 It is near the city of Boistown where my mouldering bones will lay  
 Waiting the Savoir's calling till that great judgement day.

Sung by Mrs. Mary Bailey with Mr. McQueen joining in  
 as best he could; recorded at Tatamagouche by Helen  
 Creighton, Aug/53.



There's a yellow rose in Texas ~~xxx~~  
That I'm going down to see,  
No other darkie knows her,  
No other one but me,  
O she cried so when I left her  
That it almost broke my heart,  
And if ever I come back again  
From her I'll never part.

Cho.

She's the sweetest rose of colours  
That this darkie ever knew,  
Her eyes they shine like diamonds,  
They sparkie like the dew,  
You may talk about your dearest maid  
And sing of Resy Lee,  
But the yellow rose of Texas  
Beats the belle of Tennessee.

2

Now the Rio Grande is flowing  
And the stars are shining bright,  
We will flow down the river  
All the silence of the night,  
And methinks that I remember  
When we parted long ago  
That I promised to come back again  
And not to leave her so. Cho.

3

Now I'm going down to see her  
And my heart is filled with woe,  
We will sing songs together  
We sang so long ago,  
We will play the banjo gaily  
And we'll sing songs of yore,  
And the yellow rose of Texas  
Shall be mine forever more. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Arthur Tucker, New Truro Road, Tatamagouche,  
and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug/53

Learned in the lumber woods 60 years ago where  
it was popular.

O it's I'm a jolly Irishman,  
I just came over from Ireland,  
I came to this country  
O for to get some work,  
It's everywhere I went  
There was someone there before me,  
I'll take the next steamer  
Going back into Cork.

Cho.

I'm bound to leave on the first Atlantic steamer  
Sailing away from the harbour of New York,  
If anybody knows me should ask you where I've gone to  
Tell them that this Irishman went back into Cork.

2

O when I first landed  
I travelled round the country,  
I've been to Pennsylvania,  
New Jersey and New York,  
It's everywhere I went  
They called the blooming tarrier(?),  
I'll take the next steamer going back into Cork. Cho.

3

O when I first landed I had money in me pocket,  
I soon spent it all, now I haven't got a cent,  
And this country's no place for a man without money  
So back into Cork in the morning I am bent. Cho.

4

Now I haven't got a cent, I'll have to work me passage,  
If I can't do that I'll surely have to walk,  
If I perish on the way I'll have it written on me tombstone,  
'Died on the way walking back into Cork.' Cho.

Sung by Mr. Will McQueen, Tatamagouche, and  
recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug/53

Poor Indian he sits in his lonely canoe  
 And paddles along o'er the waters so blue,  
 And he thinks of the time when the land was their own  
 Before those pale faces amongst them were known,  
 Amongst them were known, amongst them were known,  
 Before those pale faces amongst them were known.

2

When first those white men they came to our land  
 We used them like brothers, we gave them our hand,  
 And when they were weary we gave them repose  
 Ne'er dreaming those white men would e'er be our foes, etc.

3

They drove us away from our own native home  
 Far back in the wild woods we were forced for to go,  
 They paid us in trinkets, pleased us for a while  
 Which caused us like children all on them to smile, etc.

4

O the graves of our forefathers, where are they now?  
 They will soon be run over and turned by the plow,  
 Poor Indians may roam rejected and poor  
 For the graves of their forefathers they ne'er shall see more, etc.

5

They built their large cities all over our lands  
 And on our rich meadows their farm houses stand,  
 They own all the land from Texas to Maine,  
 Poor Indian may roam for his wigwam in vain, etc.

6

The red deer and otters those hunters have slain,  
 And the white deer they've driven away from the plain

(rest of the last verse forgotten)

Sung by Mrs. Mary Bailey and Mr. Arthur Tucker,  
 Tatamagouche, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug/53.

The singers are brother and sister, of often used  
 to sing together unaccompanied like this.