

- 1-7 Sir Patrick Spens, recitation by Mrs. Jeannie Leslie, Sackville, N.B.; Scotch dialect from Aberdeenshire; 25 vs. never heard as a song; interesting
- 7-9 The Crooked Bawbee; 6 vs. quite sweetly sung; at end gives explanation of word bawbee
- 9-10 Mary Hamilton, sung as above by Mrs. Leslie; 3 vs. & cho. sung in most interesting way; beautiful ballad.
- 10-15 Robbie Tampuson's Smitty, sung by Mrs. Leslie; amusing; 7 vs. in Scotch dialect.
- 15-18 The Wexford Tragedy, sung by Dallas MacDonald, aged 14, Glenwood, N.B.; good song, but modern singing; 8 vs.
- 18-21 The Dying Nun's Request, sung by Mrs. Archibald MacDonald, Glenwood, N.B.; 3 vs. only; poor
- 21-end Micmac Treaty told by Chief Dan Paul, Eel Ground, N.B.; interesting for story and ~~dialect~~ Micmac tongue.

The story of Sir Patrick Spens, the skipper who
took the daughter of the king of Scotland to marry
a crown prince of Norway.

The king sits in Dumferline toon
Drinkin' the blood red wine,
"O where will I get a skeely skipper
To sail this ship o' mine?"

2

Then up there sprang an eldren knight
Wha sat at the king's right knee,
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best skipper
That ever sailed the seas."

3

The king has written a braid letter
And sealed it wi' his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens
Who was walking in the Strand.

4

"Oh wha' is this has done this deed,
Hastold the king o' me,
To send us oot at this time o' year
To sail upon the sea?"

5

" And to Norawa, to Norawa,
To Norawa ower the faem,
The king's daughter of Norawa
O we maun tak' her name."

6

(Sir Patrick gathered his men together and they finally
set sail)

6

They hoisted sail on Muneday morn
Wi' all the haste they may,
And they hae landed in Norawa
Upon the Wednesday.

7

They had not been in Norawa
A month but nearly twain,
When all the lords in Norawa
Began aloud to say,

8

"Ye Scottish men spend a' our king's goud
And a' our queen's fee."

9

"Ye lee, and ye lee as loud,
Sae lood as I hear ye lee,
For I brought as much of the white money
As gaed my men and me,
And a guid half fu' of the guid red gold
Oot ower the sea wi' me."

10

"Make haste, make haste my merry men all,
For be it wind or wet, be it hail or sleet,
Our guid ship sails the morn."

A sailor cam to Sir Patrick Spens,
 "O ever alack my master dear
 I fear a deadly storm.

12

"I saw the new moon late yestreen
 With the auld moon in her airm,
 And mister, if we gang to sea
 I fear we'll come to harm."

13

Well they had not sailed a league,
 A league but barely three,
 When the light grew dark and the wind blew lood
 And grouley(?) grew the sea.

14

The anchors brak and the topmasts lapt,
 It was sic a deadly storm,
 And the waves cam' ower that staggering ship
 Till all her sides were torn.

15

"Gae fetch a wab o' the silken claith
 And anither of the twine,
 And wrap them baith around that ship's side
 And let mae the sea come in."

16

They fetched a wab o' the silken claith
 And anither o' the twine,
 And they've wrapped them baith around that ship's side
 But aye the sea come in.

17

"O whar will I get a good helmsman
 To tak' my helm in hand
 Till I gae up to the tall top-mast
 To see if I can spy land?"

18

"O here am I a guid helmsman
 To tak' your helm in hand
 Till ye gang up to the tall top-mast,
 But I fear you'll ne'er spy land."

19

Well he hadna gane a step,
 A step but barely three
 When a bolt flew out of the guid ship's side
 And the saut sea it cam' in.

20

"O take her and span her weel
 And make her hale and soond,"
 But e'er he had the words weel spoke
 The bonny ship gave doon.

21

O laith laith were oor Scottish lads
 To weet their coal-black shoon,
 But land e'er all the play was ower
 They weet their hearts aboon.

O lang lang may the ladies sit
 With their gold kaines in their hair
 Awaiting for their aine dear loyds
 For them they'll see nae mair.

23

And lang lang will the maidens sit
 With their fans into their hands
 Awaiting for their aine dear loves
 To comesailing to the Strand.

24

~~And many were the feathers gay
 That fluttered on the faem,
 And many were the good Scots lords
 That never more come hame.~~

25

Half ower, half ower to Aberdower
 Full fifty fathoms deep
 There lies the guid Sir Patrick Spens
 Wi' the Scots lords at his feet

25

And mony were the feathers gay
 That fluttered on the faem,
 And mony were the good Scots lords
 That never more come hame.

Recited by Mrs. Jeannie Leslie, Sackville,
 N.B., and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1953.

In vs. 24, ower means over -half way between
 Norway and the harbour of Aberdower in Fifeshire
 where the ship would have landed.

Where the text does not entirely agree with
 the tape, the words were taken by a previous recitation
 by the same informant, as in vs. 6. In vs. 7 she
 starts it this way;

Now they had not been in Norawa

A month but barely three

When a nobleman of Norway got up ----

In vs. 11 the words are taken from the previous
 recitation, also vs. 21

O what wa gat ye that old worsted plaidie?
 A mantle o' satin were fitter for thee,
 I would clad you in satin and mak' you a lady
 Gin ye will come wi' me to bonny Glenshee.

2

Ye may clad me in satin and mak' me a lady
 And tak' me heartless to bonny Glenshee,
 For my heart neither satin nor silber can buy it,
 I selt it lang syne for my crooked bawbee.

3

O I kent a lassie that wore that old pãaidie,
 A lassie I'll lootill the day that I dee,
 But her hert neither satin nor siller could buy it,
 I into her for her crooked bawbee.

4

Gin ye be the laddie that gae me my plaidie
 The laddie I'll loo till the day that I dee,
 Nae laird wi' his puir chiel but time aye works wanders,
 Gin ye be that lad whar's your crooked bawbee?

5

O ye kent noo the laddie that gave ye your plaidie,
 The laddie that looed ye till the day that he deed,
 But I kent the lassie that wears the old plaidie,
 The lassie that gave me my crooked bawbee.

6

Then ye may clad me in satin and mak' me a lady,
 And tak' me wi' you to bonny Glenshee,
 For my heart neither satin nor siller could buy it,
 But I'll gae wi' the lad gave me my crooked bawbee.

(a bawbee is a half penny, and the term for it goes back to the days of Mary, Queen of Scots. They brought out a coin when she was a baby and the baby's head was on it, and you know the Scottish drawl and the language and they called it a baby, and by and by it came to be the bawbee.)

Sung by Mrs. Jeannie Leslie, Sackville, N.B.,
 and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug/53.

Cho.

Yestreen there were four Maries,
 This night there will be but three,
 There was Mary Beaton and Mary Seaton
 And Mary Carmichael and me.

X 1

I wish I could lie in oor ain kirkyard
 Urneath the old dew tree
 Where weput the gowans and strung the rowans,
 My brithers and sisters and me. Cho.

2

O little did my mither think
 When first she cradled me
 That I would dee sae far frae hame
 Or hang on a gallows tree. Cho.

3

They will tte a napkin around my een,
 And they'll nae let me see to dee,
 And they'll never let on to me fayther and mither
 But that I'm awa' ower the sea. Cho.

(gowans, vs.1 are flowers like daisies that grow close on
 the lawn).

vs. 1 not on record, but sung by Mrs. Leslie previously

Sung by Mrs. Jeannie Leslie, Sackville, N.B., and
 recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug/53

Mrs. Leslie has heard this sung all her life,
 just sitting and singing. "My y grandmother was blind
 at a very early age, and she knew all the folk songs
 and she would sit and sing them to me. I was at that
 time the only grandchild. I had always loved those
 things. Perhaps grandmother sensed that I did, and
 she would sing all those old songs. But of course
 that's a long time ago, and I don't remember very
 many, but that one I always loved. It should be
 sung just as if she was waiting to go to the gallows
 tree - she was just soliloquizing."

I was born in Sheffield, brought up to the high degree,
My parents reared me tenderly, they had no child but me,
Till I fell in love with a Wexford lass with a dark and rolling eye,
I promised for to marry her, the truth I'll not deny.

2

As I went to her father's house at eight o'clock that night,
But little did this fair one think I owed to her a spite,
I asked her for to take a walk to view those meadows gay,
And perhaps that we might have a chance to appoint our wedding day.

3

We walked along together till we came to rising ground,
I pulled a stake out of the fence, with it I knocked her down,
She fell unto her bending knee, "Oh mercy," she did cry,
"Do not murder me Jimmy for I ain't prepared to die."

4

But I grabbed her by those yellow locks, I drugged her on the ground,
I threw her into the river that flowed through Wexford town,
"Lie there, lie there my pretty fair maid, to me you'll never be tied,
You shall not enjoy my life or ever be my bride."

5

As I went to my father's house 'bout twelve o'clock that night
My father rose to let me in, while striking up a light,
Crying, "Son, dear son, what have you done? What stains your hands
and clothes?"

The answer that I made him was the bleeding from my nose.

6

At first I asked for a candle to light my way to bed,
Likewise I asked for a handkerchief to tie around my head,
For the twisting and a-whirling no comfort could I find,
The gates of hell wide open before my eyes did shine,

7

About ten days later this Wexford lass was found
A-floating down the river that flowed through Wexford town,
Her sister swore my life away without a word or doubt
She took me up on suspicion for having this fair one out.

8

So come all you true and lovers, a warning take by me
And do not murder your own true love no matter whom she be,
For if you do you're sure to rue until the day you die,
It's high upon the scaffold where end your days and die.

Sung by Louise Manny's singer, Dallas MacDonald, aged 14,
Glenwood, N.B. and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug/53

The Dying Nun's Request

Reel 113B18-21

May
My name it is McCassidy,
In Newcastle I was bred and born,
And to-night I lay here dying
And I never shall see the morn.

2
To-night there is a dance dear mother,
And crowded it will be,
My Henry he'll be with them
And he will think of me.

3
Take this child from my arms dear mother
And bring her up for me,
And give her full and plenty
As you always done for me.

Sung by Louise Manny's singer Mrs. Archibald McDonald,
and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1953, at Glenwood, N.B.

Part of a long song with this odd title because
there is nothing about a nun in the story.

Reading in Micmac of treaty of Indian King John Julian, 1774. (Miss Manny refreshes the reader's memory by reading from the English translation. It goes like this:)

A representative was sent from England to make peace with the Miramichi Micmac Indians. This was agreed between the two kings, the English King George 3rd and the Indian King John Julian in the presence of the governor, William Milan of New Brunswick and Francis Julian, governor, the brother of the said John Julian, on board of His Majesty's ship that henceforth we have no quarrel ~~witxtthex~~ between them, and the English king said to the Indian king, "Henceforth you will teach your children to maintain peace, and I give you this paper upon which are written my promises which will never be effaced."

Then the Indian King John Julian with his brother Francis Julian begged His Majesty to grant them a portion of land for their own use and for the future generations. His Majesty granted their request; a distance of six miles was granted from Little Southwest on both sides, and six miles of North West, on both sides of the river. Then His Majesty promised King John Julian and his brother Francis Julian, henceforth I will provide for you and for the future generations for as long as the sun rises and river flows.

(sgd.) King John Julian X
 " King Geo. III X
 " Governor Wm. Milan

(Miss Manny read it as Governor John Milan)

Conversation with Chief Dan Paul:

This is a Miramichi treaty signed in 1774, at the mouth of this Miramichi River, about 40 miles down here. This copy was taken off the old regional treaty. It was kept way up Redbank Indian reserve. There was a lot of Julians, and they had this original treaty. Well, one of the Julians took a copy of this treaty with old Johnston(?) at Redbank. He was the chief at the time. So they took this copy up - this old original treaty. The original is right down here now, not very far. Mosey(?) Francis' wife, she's related to the Julians. Anyway this original it was brought down here to this Indian reserve at Eel Ground, right here. So the treaty and the metal cap too, right now at the present day. But the treaty is now, couldn't read it; couldn't take a copy of it on account there's a lot of lines

all worn out, see. But where I got this copy, I went around way up the Redbank Indian reserve, and I got the Nova Scotia treaty 1762 and 1761 and I took it over to old Chief Tennahas(?) - this treaty I'm going around selling - so I said to this old chief, "I'm going to give you this copy treaty. There's a lot of Americans comes up here - way up Redbank, that's about nine miles above here - a lot of sports come up and you show this paper because theres fishing privileges the treaty signed with Indians. Have the privilege and liberty to hunt, their heirs and of their heirs, forever. So he said, "Thank you very much, and I'm going to give you a copy of the original treaty. " So that's the way I got this copy.

Daniel Paul's my name. Yes, I'm a chief. Indian chief here twenty-one years. I was elected seven times right here. There's about sixty-five families in this reserve. 2682 acres is this reserve. But when this land was measured off it was 3383 acres in 1805. But a lot of people squatted on after this land was measured. Six lots above here never was legally surrendered according by the Indian act.

King John Julian. Chief Dan Paul has never heard of any other Indian king. I don't know of any other Indian king, not in my time.

Miss Manny: In 1710 I think it was, they took over four Indians to visit Queen Anne, and they were called the four kings of Canada. They would be from Upper Canada, of course, not from Miramichi. No, I have never heard them called kings here.

Told in Micmac by Chief Dan Paul, one of Louise Manny's informants, are recorded at Eel Ground Reserve by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1953