

- 1-5 Jean de Gallet, English translation of story on 115A22-end by Adelard McGrath, Newcastle, N.B., Louise Manny's informant; partial translation only; interesting as far as it goes.
- 5-8 La Fleur du Rosier, sung in French by Mr. Joseph McGrath, Newcastle, N.B. with story translated into English; nice little love song; singer aged 88.
- 8-12 It's Nine Years Ago, sung by Mr. Chas. Robichaud, Newcastle, N.B., Louise Manny's informant; pleasant Irish song; 8 vs. singer has French accent; aged 88
- 12-15 Old King Quine, sung by Mr. Robichaud; variant of Old King Coul; 8 vs; good lively variant, and good tune.
- 15-18 The Frog and the Beef, folk tale told by Mr. Chas. Robichaud; French; translated later; may be a good story although the English translation is flimsy.
- 18-19 Drinking Song, sung in French by Mr. Chas. Robichaud; is about bringing in the bottle and has well marked rhythm; probably a good song.
- 19-25 L'île Blanche, sung by Mr. Chas. Robichaud; sailing song, translated; has rather a slow tempo.
- 25-27 When I Left Home, sung by Mr. Chas. Robichaud; 3 vs. & cho.; amusing; late; man goes on spree.
- 27-end microphone failed.

Question: You say the girl wasn't really cut in two. What happened?

Adelard, McGrath, son of Mr. Joseph McGrath who told the story in French: Well, this man that married her, when he arrived in that city, there was a corpse lying in the gutter, and he enquired about ~~and~~ it and wanted to know what kind of law they had in that city, that even this dead corpse could be eaten up by the dogs on the street. And they said this man hadn't paid taxes, or something like that, and that's what they did with him. They just threw him out to the dogs. So he picked him up and he paid his burial expenses. So when he was shipwrecked on that island later on after he married that princess, he thought he was all alone on that island, ~~xxx~~ you see, and he didn't know what to do, so he began to walk along on the island, and first thing he seen this man, and he come face to face with this man and he said,

"Well, I'm not alone on this island," he said. And this man answered and he said, "Yes, you're still alone," he says, "you're still alone. I'm the man that you picked up out of the gutter and buried. But," he says, "if you'll give me half of what you love most in the world I'll take you off of this island and bring you back to where you want to go." So he begin to think, but at the time he never thought of this girl that he had married and how he loved her, and he said, "Yes, I'll give you half of everything I love. I promise you that."

So not long after he was brought back to the place where he'd been and he met this princess again and he took her and they were going to slash her in two. He was going to keep his promise, but this man stopped him, this man that saved him off the island. He said no, he said, "You done me a great favour," he says, "you picked me up off of the gutter and you buried me and everything like that and now I've done you a favour and we're square." That's about the whole explanation of that.

I thought for sure myself the way he was telling it that this girl was really cut in two, but she wasn't. The way the story goes it's kind of a mystery for a time there, but after he got around to it I knew that that didn't happen, the way the story ended. It ends happily, yes.

(A note says Constance and Isabel were the princesses, and another note says to check whether it was to be an infant or his wife cut in two.)

Translation of Jean de Gallet in English by Adelard McGrath; for story in French see reel 115A6-end; Louise Manny's informant recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1953

La Fleur du Rosier  
The flower of the rose bush

Reel 115B 5-6

Translation in English: ~~xxxx~~ Walking along the road I heard a voice, the voice of the one I love. He make me a nice present of roses bouquet, but the nicest bouquet is the bouquet of the heart. Don't you know that your father and mother don't want us to marry? For me I like it very well. Go wherever you want I'll follow you. I'll find you wherever you go. Go whebever you like in heaven or somewhere else, and I'll follow you everywhere, and you'll find my grave all covered with roses, and my fidejity on it, covered with love and the flowers of the rose.

Sung in French by Mr. Joseph McGrath, Louise Manny's informant, Newcastle, N.B. and translated into English; recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1953

(the singer makes the translation)

It's nine years ago since I digged the land  
 With the brogues on my feet and the spade in my hand,  
 I says to myself "It's a pity to see  
 Such a clever young man digging turf on the lea."

Cho.

And sing toddy I O,  
 Work for my doodle  
 Sing toddy I O.

2

O I buttered my brogues and shook hands with my spade,  
 To the town I did go like a dashing young man,  
 I meet with the sergeant, I ask him to lift  
 By the great gram o'Grady give me hold of your fist. Cho.

3

O the first place they sent me it was on the sea  
 On board of a ship that they call Minaree,  
 Three sticks in the middle all covered with sheets  
 And she went through the water without any feet. Cho.

4

O the first thing they gave me it was a great gun,  
 It's under the trigger I placed my right thumb,  
 First she made fire and then she made smoke,  
 And she gave to my shoulder the devil's own pake. Cho.

5

O captain you must be a terrible man  
 To give me such a dangerous beast in my hand,  
 Fetch me a trawl line and help me to tie him  
 For I think she's the devil the way she speaks fire. Cho.

6

O the next thing they gave me it was a grey horse.  
 A saddle and bridle my two legs across,  
 I give the horse a touch of a stick,  
 By the great gram o'Grady I'm off in the field. Cho.

7

I'm off in the field in a bale of a hinge,  
 The smoke was so thick there was no room to flinch,  
 The smoke was so thick and the fire so hot  
 Sure mys elf wouldn't fire for fear I'd been shot. Cho.

8

This is a fine ship and is bound for the ash,  
 I packed up my clothes and I quickly mov ed back,  
 Sure I told you before and I tell you again  
 That my father and mother was both Irishmen. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Chas. Robichaud, Louise Manny's  
 informant, Newcastle, N.B. and recorded by Helen  
 Creighton, Aug. 1953

Old King Quine he call'd for his wine  
 And he called for his fiddlers three,  
 For every fiddler could fiddle well  
 And a ~~right~~ <sup>mighty</sup> fine fiddler had he,  
 It was "Raddy toody an," said the fiddler,  
 And happy we will be,  
 For there's none so rare ~~xxx~~ the king compare  
 With the sons of harmony."

2

Old King Quine he called for his wine  
 And he called for his ~~fifes~~ <sup>fifes</sup> three,  
 For every ~~fifer~~ <sup>fifer</sup> could ~~fife~~ <sup>fife</sup> well  
 And a mighty fine ~~fifex~~ <sup>fifer</sup> was he,  
 It was tooty tooty tooty went the fifer,  
 Raddy toody an, said the fiddler  
 And happy we ~~xxxx~~ will be,  
 For there's none so rare the king compare  
 With the sons of harmony.

3

Old King Quine he call'd for his wine  
 And he called for his harpers three,  
 For every harper could harp well  
 And a mighty fine harp~~x~~ has he,  
 It was plum plum plum went the harper  
 Tooty tooty tooty went to fifer,  
 Raddy toody an said the fiddler etc.

4

Old King Quine he call'd for his wine  
 And he called for his drummers three,  
 For every drummer could drum well  
 And a ~~m~~ighty fine drum has he  
 It was rubby dubby dub went the drummer,  
 Plum plum plum went the harper etc.

5

Old King Quine he call'd for his wine  
 And he called for his barbers three,  
 For every barber could barb well  
 And a mighty fine razor has he  
 It was, "Hold up your snout," said the barber,  
 Rubby dubby dub went the drummer etc.

6

Old King Quine he call'd for his wine  
 And he call'd for his farmers three,  
 For every farmer could farm well  
 And a ~~m~~ighty fine farm has he,  
 It was "Haw buck ye devil," says the farmer,  
 Hold up your snout, said the barber etc.

7

Old King Quine he called for his wine  
 And he called for his preachers three,  
 For every preacher could preach well  
 And a mighty fine text has he,  
 It was, "God bless your soul," said the preacher,  
 Haw buck ye devil, says the farmer etc.

Old King Quine he called for his wine  
 And he call'd for his women three,  
 For every woman could scold well  
 And a mighty fine tongue has she,  
 It was, "Yah yah yah yah yah yah  
 Yah yah yah yah no no no nah,  
 To ma quite ma quite paubre, says the women,  
 God bless your soul, says the preacher,  
 Haw buck ye devil, says the farmer,  
 Hold up your snout, says the barber,  
 Rubby dubby dub, went the drummer,  
 Plum plum plum went the harper,  
 Tooty tooty tooty went the fifer,  
 Raddy tooty an went the fiddler  
 And happy we will be,  
 And we're all happy.

Sung by Mr. Chas. Robichaud, Louise Manny's informant,  
 Newcastle, N.B. and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1953

(The line ending, "Says the women" should be checked. It  
 is written as it sounds and may be quite wrong)

Told first in French

English translation: The frog tried to get as big as the beef, and she made an awful fuss, if I could get as big as the beef, you see, but she couldn't do it. But then she asked her friends if her side was beginning to get as big as the beef. They answer her, "No." Well, she made some other fuss to try to get as big as the animal, and she asked again the other frog if her side was coming just as big as the beef, and their friends said - they gave the frog the same story they told before. Well now the frog didn't change her mind for a moment, but the last time that she tired again she made that much fuss that she died on the field.

(It would be well to check this with the story in French)

Told by Louise Manny's informant, Mr. Chas. Robichaud, Newcastle, N.B. and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1953

Sung in French.

English translation: On the White Island foreign shores we were anchored so to clear the storm. The storm went over and the capitan said, "Let's get our courage and lift the anchor up," and then they took a course on the sea till eleven o'clock in the morning.

They saw a big vessel coming in. They thought it was a man o'war ship, and they tried to get the ship ~~xxxxxxx~~ clear of him, and behind that big ship they fired three shot of cannon to let them know what they have prepared. That's 90 piece of cannon.

The other ship got rather afraid and said to their sailor, "Bring a shallop (a little boat) to go ashore." When they saw she had 90 pieces of guns ~~theyxxxxxxx~~ she got afraid and they got clear.

(This last sentence is from my note book and is clearer than the way it is expressed on the tape)

Sung and translated by Louise Manny's informant, Mr. Chas. Robichaud, Newcastle, N.B. and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1956



When I left home this morning  
 My wife she says to me,  
 "Be careful of your overtime  
 And bring it home to me,  
 For you know you want a Sunday hat  
 And the baby wants some shoes,  
 Be careful of your overtime  
 And don't go on the booze."

Cho.

For I haven't been home since morning,  
 Not since I had my pay,  
 I'm having more fun than ever I had  
 For many and many a day,  
 For I'm just in the mood to treat youse all,  
 So come along boys with me,  
 For I've been working overtime  
 And now I'm on a spree.

2

O yes my Mary Ann ~~ixwixixxiexuxomxixmekuxxevitx~~  
 I will give you every cent,  
 For you're the one that knows the way  
 That money should be spent,  
 For I'm working on the trolley,  
 My job it is behind,  
 And if it is not finished  
 The contractor will be fined. Cho.

3

It's feel in to my pocket  
 And fifty cents was there,  
 If I give this to Mary Ann  
 I'm sure she'll have her share,  
 Here's my pipe and my tobacco,  
 A button and my knife,  
 And eighty cents to treat youse all  
 But do not tell my wife. Cho.

In the final chorus instead of ending, and now  
 I'm on a spree, the singer ends, and now I'm on a drunk.

Sung by Mr. Chas. Robichaud, Newcastle, N.B.,  
 Louise Manny's informant, and recorded by Helen  
 Creighton, Aug. 1953.