

Reel 116B

- 1-12 Meagher's Children, sung by Mr. Samuel Jago, Louise  
Manny's informant; children lost in  
woods near Dartmouth, N.S.; 18 ws.; fair  
tune; sung very slowly; compare S.B.N.S. p.292;  
this is my 6th variant
- 12-19 The Silvery Tide, sung by Mr. Jago; good version but sung  
very slowly; 10 vs.; compare T.S.N.S. p.206;  
love and tragedy; this is my 7th variant
- 19-end Young Charlotte, sung also very slowly by Mr. Jago;  
10 vs.; compare S.B.N.S. p.328; singer has  
a good voice, but tragic songs sung so  
slowly makes them too mournful; this is  
my 6th variant.



Kind Christians pay attention  
 To those lines you now will hear,  
 As I pursue them over  
 You can't help but shed a tear,  
 In 1884, April the 11th day,  
 Two little girls from Preston Road  
 Into the woods did stray.

2

Their father and their mother  
 Both sick in bed did lay,  
 It's hand in hand together  
 Around the door did play,  
 Hand in hand together  
 I saw them leave the door,  
 The eldest was but six years old,  
 The younger only four.

3

Jane Elizabeth and Margaret Meagher  
 Were those two pretty names,  
 Two fairer creatures never were born,  
 Dame Nature never framed,  
 They walked abroad together  
 And so merry they did play,  
 But mark what followed after,  
 How soon they lost their way.

4

There in that lonely wilderness  
 They spent a dismal day,  
 When night came on they thought of home  
 Their screening eyes gave way,  
 The frosty wind blew bitter cold,  
 Not a star to ~~yield~~ them light,  
 The beasts of prey they feared by day  
 And the screaming owls by night.

5

And when this sad and shocking news  
 Did reach the neighboring town,  
 Each many heart with grief was filled  
 And thus for grief atoned,  
 Saying, "Poor Meagher your babes are lost  
 And you are left ~~alone~~ <sup>xxxxxx</sup> forlorn,  
 How true it is as Burns remarked  
 That man is made to mourn.

So early the next morning  
 Turned out one hundred men,  
 They found poor Meagher and his wife,  
 Searching the lonely glen,



First casting their eyes to heaven  
And then upon the grove,  
Their prayers and groans and dying cries  
Distressed as they rose.

7

All that week they hunted  
But alas 'twas all in vain,  
So in that lonely wilderness  
Those infants did remain,  
They would oft times stop and listen  
But they never heard a sound,  
On twelve o'clock on Thursday  
A bloody rag was found.

8

Take gentle people, what a sight  
If we could but behold,  
A-dying in the wilderness  
From hunger, fright, and cold,  
No mother nigh to close their eyes  
Nor friend to wipe a tear,  
Fairest heart would shrely melt  
Their dying cries to hear.

9

On the 17th of April  
Turned out a valiant crew  
To search the woods and dreary plains  
As the hunters used to do,  
From Halifax and Dartmouth  
And also Porter's Lake  
Twelve hundred men assembled  
A final search to make.

10

'Twas Peter Curry who found them  
At 12 o'clock that day,  
On Melancholy Mountain  
Like two little lumps of clay,  
Their hair was dragged from off their heads,  
Their clothes in ribbons torn,  
And the tender flesh from head to foot  
By the prickly thorns were gorn.

11

The frost it stoled up on their hearts,  
Their blood began to chill,  
Their tender nerves could not withstand  
With all their art and skill,  
Headlong they felled their souls,  
Unwilling turned back their way,  
And left those little bodies  
On a dismal rock to stay.

12



12

We left them there no longer  
For the beasts and birds to tear,  
And on that decent byre they were laid  
And we graced them with a prayer,  
We carried them to their father's house  
That their mother may them behold,  
She kissed them o'er a thousand times  
Though they were dead and cold.

13

The father quite distracted was  
And overcome with grief,  
His neighbors tried to comfort him  
But could yield him no relief,  
The cries of their poor mother  
Was dismal for to hear,  
To think that death had her bereft  
Of those she loved so dear.

14

On the 17th of April  
They were in one coffin laid,  
Between Allan's vale and Allan's farm  
Their little grave was made,  
Were thousands did assemble  
One last farewell to make,  
Both rich and poor lamented sore  
For the poor dead children's sake.

15

The rain was fast a-falling  
And dismal was the day,  
While gazing on Elizabeth  
Me I thought I heard her say,  
"Cheer up my lovely neighbors,  
Return, dry up those tears,  
Let us to lay in this cold clay  
Till Christ himself appears."

16

Ten thousand pounds was offered  
To the man who did them find,  
But Curry he refused it  
Like a Christian meek and mild,  
May God forever bless him,  
Lengthen him his days,  
Our humble poet Duncan G. Byers  
Will ever sing his praise.  
And now good folks of Halifax  
Who turned out so just and kind,  
We pray in heaven hereafter  
A just reward you'll find,  
Not forgetting Dartmouth  
Who turned out both rich and poor,  
And also those of Preston  
And around the eastern shore.

(over)

Now to conclude and make an end  
Of this my mournful song,  
I pray you will forgive me  
For writing it so long,  
That I another theme like this  
May never have to pen,  
This is my first, I hope my last,  
God grant it so, amen.

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

vs. I should have been typed:  
In eighteen hundred and eighty-four  
April the eleventh day.

Compare S.B.N.S. p. 292

The family name Meagher should be pronounced Marr.



Down by the rolling ocean there lived a damsel fair,  
She was comely, tall, and handsome, she was called the village  
dear,

Her heart she gave to a young man far on the ocean wide,  
And true she was to young Henery who's on the silvery tide,

2

Young Henery ~~xxxx~~ long being absent a nobleman there came  
A-courting pretty Mary but she refused the same,  
"I pray begone, there is but one, there is but one," she cried,  
"And I pray begone, there is but one, he's on the silvery tide."

3

This nobleman in a passion these words to her did say,  
"To prove your separation I will take your life away,  
I will watch you late and early till you alone I'll spy  
And you'll sink or swim far far from him who's on the silvery  
tide.

4

This nobleman was walking one evening to take the air  
Down by the rolling ocean he spied this damsel fair,  
Now says that cruel villian, "Consent and be my bride  
For you'll sink or swim far far from him who's on the silvery  
tide."

5

"Oh no, oh no, "kind sir," she said, "My vows I dare not break,  
"Oh no, oh no, "says Mary, " I will die for his sweet sake, "  
He took a pocket handkerchief, those tender hands he tied  
And while screaming she went floating out on the silvery tide.

6

It happened not long after young Henery returned from sea  
Expecting to be married and 'point the wedding day,  
"Your own true love has has been murdered," her aged parents cried  
"She has proved her own destruction down on the silvery tide."

7

Young Henery went to bed that night but no rest could he find  
For the thoughts of pretty Mary kept running through his mind,  
He dreamt that he was sailing far on the ocean wide  
And his true love she sat weeping down by the silvery tide.

8

Young Henery arose at midnight to search those sea banks o'er,  
From three o'clock in the morning he wandered from shore to shore  
Till four o'clock in the evening a lifeless body spied  
While to and fro came floating out on the silvery tide.

9

He knew that it was his own true love by the gold ring on her hand  
He unfastened that pocket handkerchief that brought him to a  
stand,

The name of that base villian young Henry quickly spied,  
That put an end to Mary down on the silvery tide.



This nobleman was taken, the gallows was his doom  
For murdering pretty Mary all in her youthful bloom,  
Young Henry quite distracted, he wandered till he died,  
And his last words were for Mary down on the silvery tide.

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

The singer learned this in Gloucester County,  
N.B.; it was a favourite in the lumber woods.

Young Charlotte lived on a mountain side  
 In a wild and lonely spot,  
 There were no dwellings for three miles wide  
 Except her father's cot,  
 And yet on many a winter's night  
 Young swains would gather there,  
 For her father kept a social board  
 And she was very fair.

2

One New Year's Eve as the sun went down  
 Far looked her wishful eye,  
 Out from the frosty window pane  
 As the merry sleighs dashed by,  
 At the village fifteen miles away  
 Were to be a ball that night,  
 Although the air was piercing cold  
 Her heart was warm and light.

3

With a cheerful heart and an anxious ear  
 For that well known voice which she heard,  
 And dashing up to the cottage door  
 Her lover's sleigh appeared.  
 "O daughter dear," the mother cried,  
 "This blanket around you fold,  
 For it is a dreadful night abroad,  
 You'll get your death of cold."

4

"Ah sigh nay, ah nay," young Charlotte cried,  
 As she laughed like a gypsy queen,  
 To ride in blankets muffled up  
 My silken cloak is quite enough,  
 You know it's lined throughout,  
 And here's my silken scarf to twine  
 My head and neck about."

5

Her bonnet and her gloves were on,  
 She jumped into the sleigh,  
 And quickly they sped down the mountain side  
 And o'er the hills away.  
 With muffled beat so silently  
 At length five miles were passed,  
 Spoke Charlotte with a few and shivering words  
 And silence broke at last.

6

"Such a dreadful night I never saw,  
 My reins I scarce can hold,"  
 Then Charlotte faintly then replied,  
 "I am exceeding cold."



He cracked his whip, he urged his steed  
Much faster than before,  
And thus five other dreary miles  
In silence were passed o'er.

7

Spoke Charles, "How fast the gathering ice  
Is freezing on my brow,"  
And Charlotte more fainter then replied,  
"I'm growing warmer now."  
So on they sped through the frosty air  
And the bittering cold starlight  
Until at last the village lamps  
And the ballroom came in sight.

8

They reached the door and Charles sprang out,  
He held his hand to her,  
"Why sit you like a monument  
That has not power to stir?"  
He called her once, he called her twice,  
She answered never a word,  
He asked her for her hand again  
But still she never stirred.

9

He took her hand in his, 'twas cold  
And hard as any stone,  
He tore the mantle from her face  
And the cold stars on it shone,  
Then quickly to the lighted hall  
Her lifeless form he bore,  
Young Charlotte's eyes were closed in death,  
Her voice was heard no more.

10

And there he set down by set down by her side  
While bitter tears did flow,  
And he cried, "My own, my charming bride  
You never more shall know."  
He twined his arms around her neck,  
He kissed that marble brow,  
And his thoughts went back to when she said  
I'm growing warmer now.

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Jago, Newcastle N.B. and recorded by Helen Creighton,  
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