

Reel 117A

FSG30
23.261.2
MF289.520

- 1-8 The Cedar Grove sung by Mr. Samuel Jago, Newcastle, N.B.;
9 vs. sung well, but very slowly; song
of shipwreck
- 8-9 Talk on Singing in Lumber Woods, by Mr. Jago.
- 9-15 The Miramichi Fire, sung by Mrs. Jean McDonald; 8vs.
of a much longer song sung to a tune
different from any Miss Manny has heard.
Miss Manny has full text.
- 15-24 Sir James the Ross, sung by Mr. Geo. McKay, Derby
Junction, brother of Mrs. McDonald above;
22 vs. Child ballad; tune very like
Auld Lang Syne.
- 24-25 Bonny Barbara Allan, sung by Mrs. Eileen McGrath,
Chatham Head; 1 vs. learned from record.
- 25-26. Diddled Tune used for Dancing Northern Lights Down,
sung by Miss Emily Shippley, Porter's
River, N.B.
- 26-end The People in Oliver, sung by Mr. Will McQueen,
Tatamagouche; 2 vs. of what may be a
good local song.

Here lies a noble steamer, the Cedar Grove by name,
Across the briny ocean from London city came,
While sailing out one stormy night too dark to see the land,
And by some miscalculation near Canso she did strand.

2

The night being dark and stormy the outlook at his post,
The first they saw of danger was the breakers on the coast,
Just then the order was given our engines to reverse,
"Starboard their helm," our captain cries, "our ship lies off her
course."

3

The sailor at the helm he knew for he could tell,
He knew that they were near the coast by the heaving of the swell,
He wished to give them warning but he knew 'twas not his place,
"Our buglar must be up," thought he, "whatever be the case."

4

Straightway to the breakers our noble ship steered on,
And then there came a fearful crash most fearful to every one,
While engineers and firemen were hard at work below,
But by their perseverance back our ship did go.

5

And when she was in deep water we knew her fate was sealed,
The seas begin to wash her decks and on her side she reeled,
Her cabins they began to fill and also down below,
Likewise her main compartments, and down our ship did go.

6

The saddest of my story and still it does remain,
We had a lady passenger, Miss Farley was her name,
To visit some relations in the city of St. John,
She ventured o'er the stormy seas but now she's dead and gone.

7

A sailor says he saw her in her cabin door stand by,
He said it grieved him to the heart to hear her mournful cry,
He offered to console with her and says, "You won't be last,"
But soon this fair your maiden in the billows she was tossed.

8

The same one took our captain and he was seen no more,
Through stormy winds and darkness our boat she laboured on,
Both engineers were also lost when our noble ship went down,
But the body of our maiden fair has never yet been found.

9

Our cargo was for Halifax and the city of St. John,
And ~~through~~ those later ports our ship she did belong,
She was strongly built on the banks of the Clyde, 10,000 tons or more,
But her strength it proved of no avail to the rocks of Canso shore.

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

Question: Mr. Jago when you were in the lumber camps and singing in the evening would you be lying in your bunks? You stand when you sing. Were you standing then?

Mr. Jago: Sometimes I'd be lying in my bunk. Sometimes I'd be sitting in what we call the deacon seat. That's a long bench goes in front of the bunks. A lot of us would be laying down. We had to be in bed and the lights turned out at nine o'clock. We did our singing after supper. That would be about six o'clock, six-thirty, the time we'd get in out of the camp, out of the woods, and then have a few songs and one thing and another. We'd be more likely to sing sitting down in the group. We'd have a fiddle occasionally and lots of step dances. It was interesting. No, we wouldn't have a fiddle accompaniment for singing. Only one person would sing one song. Oh yes if we both knew the one song we'd sing together, but we wouldn't always know the same words.

Question by Miss Manny: I was wondering if you sang songs with choruses much. Did they ever join in?

Mr. Jago. Oh yes, they joined in.

Question. Would they ever dance the chorus?

Mr. Jago. Oh yes, we'd have step dancing and so on, but no, oh no, they didn't ever dance the chorus when a song was being sung.

Conversation with Mr. Samuel Jago, Louise Manny's informant, recorded by Helen Creighton at Newcastle, N.B. 1953.

It's the truth what I'm now tell you
 For my eyes did partly see
 What did happen to the people
 On the banks of Miramichi,
 What did happen to the people
 On the banks of Miramichi.

2

On the 17th evening of October
 Eighteen hundred and twenty-five,
 Thousands of people fell by fire,)
 Scorched were those that did survive.) bis

3

Sime said it was the sins of people,
 And their suns rolled mountains high,
 Which did ascend up to Jehovah)
 He would see and justify.) bis

4

In order to destroy our lumber
 And our country to distress,
 He sent the fire in a whirlwind)
 From the howling wilderness.) bis

5

First on the nor'west was discovered
 Twenty-two then there did die,
 After it had swept o'er the meadows)
 To Newcastle it did fly.) bis

6

While the people were a-sleeping
 Fire seized upon their town,
 Fine and handsome were their dwellings,)
 Soon they tumbled to the ground.) bis

7

It burned three ships that were a-building,
 And two more at anchor lay,
 Many that had seen the fire)
 Thought it was the judgement day.) bis

8

Six more were residing
 Just out by a Gretna Green,
 All of them were burned by fire,)
 Only one a life was seen.) bis

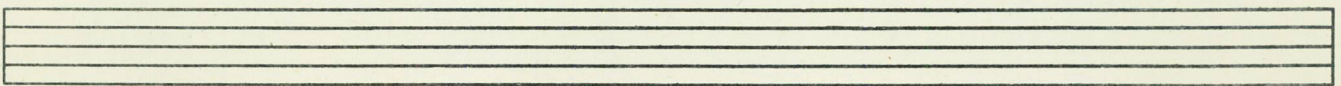
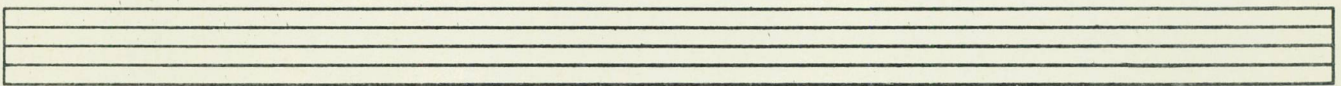
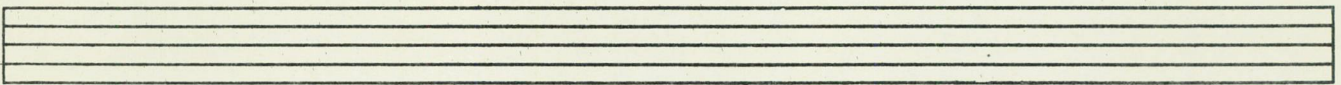
Sung by Mrs. Jean McDonald, Louise Manny's informant,
 Derby Junction, N.B. and recorded by Helen Creighton,
 Aug. 1953

Miss Manny has the full text of this song by other
 singers, but not to this tune.

The Miramichi Fire

$\text{♩} = 54$

The musical score is written on five staves in treble clef. The first staff begins with a tempo marking of quarter note = 54. The music is in 2/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The score consists of five measures. The first measure contains a half note G4 with a fermata. The second measure contains a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The third measure contains a quarter note C5, a quarter note B4, and a quarter note A4. The fourth measure contains a quarter note G4, a quarter note F4, and a quarter note E4. The fifth measure contains a quarter note D4, a quarter note C4, and a quarter note B3. The score ends with a double bar line.



Come all you highland Scottish lads I will reward of one
Whose name it was Sir James the Rose, a highland Scottish clan,
Twice had he been in bloody fights against the English king,
And three and twenty opening springs this blooming youth had seen.

2

'Twas fair Matilda dear he loved, a girl of beauty rare,
Not many on the Scottish throne was ever half so fair,
Twice had he wooed, twice she refused with serious scorn and pride
And after all confessed her love, those fearful words denied.

3

One night they met when it was warm where crafty Donald lay,
A brother of Sir John the Graeme to hear what they might say,
"My father bade me cruel lord his passion doth approve,
He bade me wed Sir John the Graeme and quit the youth I love.

4

"My father's will must be obeyed which puts us to a stand,
Some fairer maid in their beauty bloom must bless thee with their hand
"Are those the vows Matilda dear?" Sir James the Rose replied,
"Your father bade you wed the Graeme, you're sworn to be my bride.

5

"The sword would sooner pierce my heart than rob me of your charm,"
He clasped her to his beating breast fast locked into his arms.
"I only spoke to try your love, I'll ne'er wed none but thee,
The grave will be my bridal bed e'er Graeme my husband be."

6

They parted then, the sun had set, the crafty Donald flies,
"Retire, retire you beardless youth," so loud insulted cries,
"For you my brother slighted hath long long sat on his arm,"
Two paces back the youth retired to save himself from harm.

7

Then rising in the stirrup she reared young Donald's head above,
It's through the brains and crashing bones his smart weapon he drove,
Graeme's like a tree the wind had blown, a lump of lifeless clay,
So falls my foe both valiant roll and forward fast did he.

8

O'er hills and dales and lofty towers till he reached Lord Buchan's
hall,

And at Matilda's window stood and thus began to call,
"Are thou asleep Matilda dear? Awake my love, awake,
Your lifeless luyver calls on you his last farewell to take.

9

"For he has slain young Donald Graeme, his blood is on his sword,
Far distant is his faithful men, they can't attend their lord,
Now to the Skyes I direct my way where my true brothers abide,
I'll raise the the of that isle to conquer on my side."

10

"O do not so," the maid replied, "oh stay till morning pray,
For dark and dreary is the night and dangerous is the way,
All night I'll watch you in my park, my faithful page I'll send
To go and rouse the Rosy clan, their master to defend."

11

Through the green woods the page he ran and in a lonely glen,
'Twas there he met Sir John the Graeme and twenty of his men,
"Where are you going my pretty page so late whom do you send?"
"I'm going to rouse the Rosy clan their master to defend,

"For he has slain young Donald Grasse, his blood is on his sword,
Far distant is his faithful me, they can't attend their lord."
"O has he slain my brother dear," the furious Graeme replied,
"May honour heaven bless his soul or me by morning dies."

12 13

"Tell me where he is my pretty page and I'll you well reward,"
"He's sleeping in Lord Buchan's park, Matilda is his guard."
He picked his steed with glorious speed and scoured along the lea,
Till he arrived at Lord Buchan's park at the dawning of the day.

13 14

The maid she stood throughout the path to whom the Graemes did say,
"Saw ye Sir James the Rose last night, or did he pass this way?"
"Yesterday at noon Sir James the Rose passed by
Well mounted on a milk white steed and forward fast did he."

14 15

"By this time he's to Ensburn town, both man and horse is good,"
"Your page then lied, he said he was a-sleeping in the wood."
Soon as the scream he heard the gallant knight awoke,
And he arose and drew his sword when those fierce Graemes appeared.

15 16

"Last night 'tis you my brother slew, his blood it dims your shrine,
And by the rising of the sun your blood shall rake on mine."
"That's worded well," the youth replied, "but death must name the man
Now put your valiant hand to hand and try your valiant then."

16 17

Four of his men, the bravest four sank down beneath the sword,
And still he scorned a poor revenge and sought the haughty lord,
Till Graemes behind him came the Graemes and wound him in the side,
Out spurning came the purple gore and all his tartan dyed.

17 18

He had not yet quit of his grip nor fell onto the ground
Till through his enemy's heart of steel he pierced a mortal wound.
Graeme's like a tree a wind has blown, a lump of lifeless clay,
And down beside him sank the Rose and faintly died away.

18 19

Soon as Matilda saw him fall, "Oh spare his life she cried,
"Lord Buchan's daughter begs his life, don't let her be denied."
Soon as the virtuous scream he heard he raised his death-closed eyes
And fixed them on the weeping maid and faintly thus replied,

19 20

"In vain Matilda begs my life, by death she is denied,
My race is run, adieu my love," and closed his eyes and died,
Then the warm sword from his left side in frantic hand she drew,
"I came, I came Sir James the Rose, I came to follow you."

20 21

She leaned the hilt into the ground and bared her snowy breast
And fell across her lover's face and sank to endless rest,
Indulgent parents death, by this a warning take,
Never entice your children dear their sacred vows to break.

21 22

She wrung her hands she tore her hair, "Brave Rose thou art betrayed
I'm ruined by those means," she cried, when first I thought I was made

Vs. 21 came as an afterthought, and should probably
be the 2nd half of ve. 14.

Sung by Mr. Geo. McKay, Derby Junction, N.B., Louise
Manny's informant, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1953
Learned from his grandmother.

In Scarlet town where I was born
There was a fair maid dwellin',
Made every youth cry, "Well away
For the love of Barbara Allan."

Sung by Mrs. Eileen McGrath, Louise Manny's informant,
Chatham Head, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1953.

(This verse had been recorded for its tune, but
when it was finished it was discovered that the song
had been learned from a gramophone record)

Dancing the Northern Lights Down Reel 117A25-26

One night my sister and I when we were young, you
know, used to go to dances. And coming home one night
it was in October, and there was an awful lot of northern
lights. We both started to sing this, and we thought
the northern lights was coming handy to us so we
started running home.

Diddles tune.

They say if you sing this the northern lights
will dance and they'll come handy to you but I suppose
its just nonsense to think of that. My grandfather told
me that at Porter's River. He was my father's father.
It was just my grandfather I heard talking about it.
He was French. His father came from Portugal. He
wasn't French, he was Portuguese. He talked that
language, I think. The belief came from him, not
from any French people.

Sung and told by Miss Emily Shippley, Porter's
River; Louise Manny's informant, and recorded by
Helen Creighton, Aug. 1953.

Just across from the widow's on top of the hill
There lived David Porters, a brother to Will,
At his cosy farmhouse three maidens do dwell,
There's Libby and Alice and sweet Annie Jane.
It'll be a darâ lucky fellow who gets her for his ain.

2

Just across the bridge not far from the mill
There lives Mr. Porters we often call Will,
At his cosy dwelling we often do call
And his good wife and daughters are kind to us all.

Part of song about people living at Oliver Section;
all the singer knows. It tells about them.

Sung by Mr. Will McQueen, Tatamagouche, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1953.