

Reel 131B

- 1-5. Munro's Confession, sung by Mr. J.W. Collier, Elgin, N.B. 11 long vs. but not quite as complete as Mr. Ireland's version on reel 130B; voice quite sweet for old man; story is the murder of Miss Vail in or near St. John.
- 5-7. Peter Emberley, sung by Mr. Collier with verse added by Mr. Ireland for his tune; 9 vs. have at least 7 other variants of this woodsmen's song from N.B.
- 7-9. Said Old Man Higgins, sung by Mr. Wm. E. Ireland, Elgin. 1 vs. only of what was probably amusing local song.
- 9-10 Roses are Blooming, sung by Mr. Collier; not folk; 2 vs. & cho.
- 10-10½ If You Can Say, sung by Mr. Angelo Dornan, Elgin, N.B.; just a few jumbled words of what must have been an interesting old song.
- 10½-17. Betsy the Waiting Maid, sung by Mr. Wm. E. Ireland, Elgin; 11 vs; same song as Betsy Beauty in SBNS; mother interferes and separates lovers and son dies; tune fair
- 17-18 Captain James, 4 vs., including 2 recited by Mr. Ireland; tune fair; song of cruelty and murder at sea; see also reels 54 and 134
- 18-21 Stump Speech. recited by Mr. Ireland well told, but not as funny as 131A; this one is unfinished.

John A. Munro

Come all my fellow citizens,
 With pity lend an ear,
 Of a sad and a mournful story
 You presentlie shall hear,
 Concerning a young damsel
 Who in Charlottetown did dwell,
 She was handsome, neat, and innocent,
 The truth to you I'll tell.

2

The first time that I saw Miss Vail
 'Twas on a picnic day,
 We were introduced and pleasantly
 We passed the time away,
 She not knowing I was married,
 And trusting me also,
 It's little did she ever think
 I would prove her overthrow.

3

Likewise five hundred dollars
 She trusted to my care,
 For she said there was no one breathing
 With me she could compare,
 At a boarding house called Lordly's
 She took up her abode,
 And it was from there I asked her out
 To the Black River road.

4

We left the cold shed bunkers
 And hurried on with speed,
 Until we arrived unto the spot
 Where I meant for to do the deed,
 We stepped aside just off the road
 And set down on a stone,
 Looking all around from every side
 I found we were alone.

5

The child it then began to cry
 Which made my anger rise,
 I quickly caught it by the throat
 All for to stop its cries,
 The mother arose to save her child
 But I had choked it dead,
 And with a loaded pistol
 I shot her through the head.

6

Now after I had done the deed
 My courage could not prevail,
 With mop and brush I covered them
 And left them to decay,
 And straight into the city
 I quickly made my way.

7

A year had passed and better,
 And the time did quickly fly,
 Some colored folks a-berrying
 A human skull did spy,

then
The news they ~~xxxx~~ did spread abroad
And rumors soon went round,
And many went to view the spot
Where human bones were found.

8

Likewise the crowner (coroner) of St. John
To analyse the case,
Likewise the crowner of St. John
To analyse the case,
Suspicion soon then fell on me
And I was sent to jail,
There I lay in troubled mind
Until my trial day.

9

Till the judge he passed my sentence
And this to me did say,
On the fifteenth day of February
You by the necks be hung,
May God have mercy on your soul
For the dreadful deed you've done.

10

On the fifteenth day of February
I take my last farewell,
Of all my old companions
Who in this town do dwell,
Likewise my loving helpmate
And her two children small,
When I think of parting with them
It grieves me the worst of all.

11

So it's come all my fellow citizens,
A warning take by me,
See that you quit night walking
And shun bad company,
For if you would but think on what
I've got to undergo
You would shun the fate before too late
Of the St. John A. Munro.

Sung by Mr. J.W. Collier, Elgin, N.B. and recorded
by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1954.

This happened on the Black River Road near St. John,
on the east. The singer says crowner for coroner.

My name 'tis Peter Emberley as you may understand,
 I belong to Prince Edward's Island near to the ocean strand,
 In eighteen hundred and eight when the flowers in brilliant hue
 I left my native countree 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 to cut the spruce trees down,
 It was loading two sleds on the yards I received my deathly wound.

3

Now there's danger on the ocean where the seas roll mountains high,
 There's danger in the battlefield where the angry bullets fly,
 There's danger in the lumber woods and death lurks silently there,
 And I have proved a victim to death's great monstrous snare.

4

Here's adieu unto Prince Edward's Isle, that garden in the sea,
 No more I'll walk her flowery banks to enjoy a summer breeze,
 No more I'll view her galliant ships as they go sailing by,
 With her streamers floating in the wind above her canvas high.

5

Here's adieu unto my father, 'twas him who drove me here,
 I think him very cruel, his treatment most severe,
 It is not right to press a boy nor try to keep him down,
 For it oft times drives him from his home when he is far too young.

6

Here's adieu unto my greater friend, I mean my mother dear,
 She reared a son that fell as soon as he left her tender care,
 It's little did my mother think when she sang lullabies
 It's what land I might travel in or what death I might die.

7

Here's adieu unto my younger friend and the island girl so true,
 Long may they live to enjoy that isle where I my first breath drew,
 But the time will pass on just as fast as before I passed away,
 What signifies a mortal man that organized for clay.

8

Now there is a world beyond the tomb, to it I'm nearing on,
 For man is more than mortal and death can ever come,
 The mist of death does blind my eyes and I'm no longer here,
 My spirit takes its final flight, so now I must leave here.

9

But I hope my heavenly father will bless my ~~precious~~ grave,
 It's to near the city of Boistown where my mouldering bones do lie,
 To wait my Savoir's calling on the great judgement day.

Sung by Mr. J.W. Collier, Elgin, N.B. and recorded by
 Helen Creighton, Sept. 1954

Adieu unto Prince Edward Isle and that garden in the sea,
 No more I'll walk her flowery banks to enjoy the summer breeze,
 No more I'll view those lofty ships as they do go sailing by,
 With streamers floating in the air^above their canvas high.

Sung by Mr. Wm. E. Ireland, Elgin, N.B. for his tune.

Said old man Higgins to Mary Ann,
"If you marry Sam
I'll give you six acres of good working land,
Six sheep and a cow and a good breeding mare,
Now faith," said old Higgins,
"And I think that's pretty fair. "

Sung by Mr. Wm. E. Ireland, Elgin, N.B. and recorded
by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1954.

This was sung to him by his uncle Dan when he
was a small boy and was made up here.

The bright moon was shining the night that we parted,
I held you and kissed you and called you my own,
In words sweet and tender you said that you'd love me,
You said you'd return when the rose is in bloom.

Cho.

Roses are blooming, come back to me darling,
Come back to me darling and never more roam,
Robins are singing, church bells are ringing,
Roses are blooming, so come back my own.

2

The days have been long dear, the nights have been lonely,
I missed you my darling since you went away,
Still keep hoping that you will remember,
That you will remember and come back some day. Cho.

Sung by Mr. J.W. Collier, Elgin, N.B. and recorded by
Helen Creighton, Sept. 1954.

If you can say that she stole you
That will prevent a fury,
And this is law I will maintain
Before the judge and jury.

My father's a lawyer of the peace
And I'm his only daughter.

You might have lords and nobles of high birth
And rich descended,
But since you've had your heart's delight
How can I be offended?

For a guinea he will council you,
That will prevent a fury,
And this is law I will maintain
Before the judge and jury.

Very jumbled, but evidently part of a very old
song, sung by Mr. Angelo Dornan, Elgin, N.B. and recorded
by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1954.

Betsy was a waiting-maid
 Lately came down from Belvedere,
 A waiting-maid she was bound to be,
 Better fitted for some high degree.

2

Her mistress had one only son
 Whom Betsy placed her hopes upon,
 His dark blue eyes and curly hair
 Placed Betsy's heart within a snare.

3

One evening, evening, one evening fair
 He said to Betsy, "I love you dear,
 I love you dear as I do my life,
 I do intend to make you my wife."

4

His mother being in the next room
 And overhearing what her son did say,
 Was resolved for to change his mind
 And for to break up all love's design.

5

Early next morn his mother arose
 Saying, "Betsy, Betsy put on your clothes,
 To London city you now must go
 To wait on me for a day or so.

6

Miss Betsy dressed in a rich array
 And with her mistress went away,
 A ship has anchored in the sound,
 To London city now Betsy's bound.

7

His mother returned in a few days
 And found her son standing in the door,
 "You are welcome home dear mother," he said,
 "But where is Betsy the waiting maid?"

8

"O Betsy's gone far o'er the main,
 Far o'er the sea there to remain,
 I would see you dead and in your grave
 Than to marry Betsy the waiting maid."

9

Her soon took sick and very bad,
 No songs of music could make him glad,
 In raving dreams he would loudly cry,
 Oh Betsy, Betsy, for you I'll die."

10

Now when she saw that her son was dead
 She wrung her hands and these words she said,
 "O could I see my son breathe again
 I would send for Betsy far o'er the main."

11

Now all you old folk a warning take,
 Never slight your children for riches sake,
 For gold will melt and silver too
 But constant lovers will prove true.
 For gold will melt and silver fly
 But constant love will never die.

Sung by Mr. Wm. E. Ireland, Elgin, N.B. and recorded by
 Helen Creighton, Sept. 1954.

Come all you bold and ? commanders
O'er the foaming billows cruise,
For my sad fate pray take a warning
All poor seamen don't abuse.

2

Richard Perry was my servant,
A tall and a handsome man was he,
His mother did him apprentice bind
With me to cross the raging sea.

3

"Oh Captain James my boy is murdered,
And I am in a distressed state,
Oh Captain James my boy you've murdered
And on the gibbets will be your fate."

4

Soon I'll suffer on the gallows
For this awful deed I've done,
You seamen all pray take a warning,
My example I hope you'll shun.

Sung by Mr. Wm. E. Ireland, Elgin, N.B. and recorded
by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1954.

For other words see reels 54 and 134

