

Reel 188B

1. In Canso Strait: sung by Mr. Augustine MacDonald, North Sydney and Meat Cove; 10 vs. well sung to the usual tune; local folk song; crew sails with drunken captain; this is the most popular of all indigenous songs.
- 2 The Greenland's Coast: sung by Mr. MacDonald; 10 vs. about whale fishing; good song well sung
3. Story of Parrot: told by Mr. MacDonald; amusing anecdote, well told; his dialect is that of Meat Cove in northern Cape Breton
- 4 The Pride of Glencoe: sung by Mr. MacDonald; 9 vs. of pleasant dialogue song on broken ring theme; good tune and well sung
- 5 Johnny Sullivan, or The Moncton Tragedy: sung by Mr. MacDonald; 12 vs. New Brunswick murder song; before hanging man recalls crime; good of its kind.
- 6 Devil As Card Player: told by Mr. MacDonald; house at Sugar Loaf, interesting and well told; local legend
- 7 Devil as Clap of Thunder and Crow: told by Mr. MacDonald; stories show how deeply he believes in devil appearing

Come all ye lads of Westmoreland, I'd have you lend an ear  
 And listen with attention to those few lines I pen,  
 I'll sing to you a little song I just made out to-day  
 Concerning Johnny Sullivan, the Moncton tragedine.

2

I do reside in Westmoreland, I don't deny the same,  
 Moncton is my native home and Sullivan is my name,  
 I'm handcuffed down in Dorchester where I'm condemned to die  
 On Friday on the twelfth of March upon the gallows high.

3

My parents reared me tenderly, they reared me true and kind,  
 They give to me an education which I must leave behind,  
 They taught me how to fear the Lord and do His holy will,  
 They never thought they'd rear a son that human blood would spill.

4

On the eleventh of November, a curse be on the day,  
 The devil whispered in my ear, these words to me did say,  
 "O John why don't you do your work, it never shall be known,  
 It's easy to announce her death and you'll enjoy her gold."

5

It being the hour of five o'clock, the day being nearly gone  
 The evening sun was getting low and the night was coming on,  
 My way I cautiously did take and my steps I quickly took  
 Till I arrived at Dutchess on the banks of Meadowbrook.

6

It's there I did conceal myself and soon contrived a plan,  
 I only wanted liquor and the like she kept on hand,  
 Again the devil in disguise these words to me did say,  
 "Go kill her John, you're stout and strong, you'll gain your liberty."

7

I went there in the dead of night for fear I would be seen,  
 I thought suspicion it would fall on Hugh and Bessie Green,  
 I killed the widow and her son to accomplish my desire,  
 I gathered up what cash she had and set her house on fire.

7

So early the next morning the news went all around,  
 About the Dutchess' residence being burnt down to the ground  
 The dutchess and her little son both perished in the flames,  
 But little Maggie she survived, on me she lay the blame.

9

'Twas then I got uneasy and troubled in my mind,  
 My friends they all advised me for to leave my home behind,  
 I steered my course for Calais, that city of great fame,  
 It's there I was arrested and they brought me home again.

10

So now I lie all in my cell in a rejected state  
 Awaiting for this time to come when I shall hear my fate,  
 If I had died when I was young what a blessing it would be,  
 To see me die a decent death, not on the gallows tree.

Here's adieu to my darling girl, the pride of all my life,  
If I had lived a year or two she would have been my wife,  
I'll never kiss her lily white lips or embrace her any more  
Till death's dark river it is crossed on Canno's(?) happy shore

12

So now I will conclude my song, my pen I will lay away,  
I will wind up my little song, I have no more to say,  
I hope I have said nothing wrong my neighbors to offend,  
I simply wrote those little lines to satisfy a friend.

Sung by Mr. Augustine MacDonald, North Sydney and Meat Cove,  
and recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1958

There was a house down in Sugar Loaf and they used to be playing cards there every Saturday night. Well there was a bunch of them playing cards there one night and there was a knock came to the door. The man got up from the table, walked over, he opened the door, and there was a stranger at the door. He looked in and he seen the ones playing cards and he asked the man of the house, he says, could he go in and take a hand in the card game, so in a little while the man says yes, certainly. He came in and sit down at a table and he starts playing cards. He was losing, started losing and losing and losing and at last one of the fellows that was dealing the cards he dropped a card on the floor and he bent down to pick it up, and when he bent down to pick it up first thing he seen was the hooves, and he knew who was at the table and after he put out the cards for all the rest he didn't put out none for himself. He told the rest, he said, "I'll have to go outside for a little while," and when he started to go out the fellow that was sitting down alongside of him says, "I suppose," he says, "you all know who I am," and the fellow that dropped the card, he walked out, and the other fellow he walked out after him. When they got out on the door there was no sign of the stranger. They all came out and looked around and there wasn't a soul to be seen. There was about half a mile of clear land all around the house and not a soul to be seen.

Question: Did they play cards there any more?

Answer: No.

Question: Were you there that night?

Answer: No, I wasn't. No.

Question: Do you know the house where this happened?

Answer: Yes, I seen the house lots of times.

Question: Did they tear it down, or did it still stay there?

Answer: No, I think the house caught fire after that. Oh, fifteen or twenty years after that the house burnt down.

Question: Did people live in it after the devil came?

Answer: Well they did for a little while, but they died, some of them. Most of them died.

Question: They died natural deaths though?

Answer: Yes.

Question: You say it happened fifty or sixty years ago and you heard of it from people who were there, did you?

Answer: The people around. The people living around, you know. They always -

Question: How was the devil dressed?

Answer: They said he was dressed out like a real stranger, in fine clothes.

Question: Did he have a beard, do you remember?

Answer: No, they never said anything about a beard, but he was dressed out completely, just like a real stranger.

Question: A well dressed gentleman.

Answer: Yes.

Question: I suppose there was drinking with the card playing, was there?

Answer: Well I don't think - I don't think they were drinking, at all.

Question: Were they gambling?

Answer: Oh they might have been gambling I suppose.

Question: They weren't a bad lot of people?

Answer: Oh no, no; just a fashion they made, like a lot more.

Question: Playing forty-fives I suppose?

Answer: Playing forty-fives

Told by Mr. Augustine MacDonald, North Sydney & Meat Cove,  
and recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1958

Question: What do you mean by a forerunner?

Answer: Oh something that - well that really don't - I don't believe much in things, still there's always a reason for something you know. That's the way I look at it. I went to a dance one night along with a second cousin of mine. I went about three miles in the harbour to a house to a dance. When we were coming back we came to a bridge. When we put our foot on the bridge there was a- just the wood was comin' down - just like a clap of thunder right onto us, and the fellow that was along with me, the minute he heard it he shot ahead of me like a shot and there was no sign of him. When I heard anything I always stopped to see can I make out what it is. Well, he went about half a mile before he got to the house. I got back down to the house - I didn't go down so fast as he did. I seen there was no use - when I hear anything like that I know it's no use to go and run away from it because if there's anything going to catch you it'll catch you anyway. Eh? I came to a turn in the road about a quarter of a mile from the house and I looked down at the house. He had the lights lit at the house. I got down, I rapped at the door, he came over and he opened the door and I says, "What's wrong with you?" I says "What did you run away for? If anything was going to catch you he'd catch you anyhow. There's no use in runnin.'" I says, "I never ran away from anything like that yet," I says, "and never will." He says to me, "I'll never travel that road again." I says, "Good luck to you boy. (country telephone rings)

Question: What was it?

Answer: I don't know. It must have been old Satan.

Question: You think it was the devil?

Answer: Yes, it must have been. Couldn't be anything else.

Question: But why was he bothering you?

Answer: I don't know. He wasn't bothering me because I never worried.

Question: And you say the noise was like a clap of thunder?

Answer: Yes, like a clap of - just the same as a clap of thunder.

Question: Just one clap?

Answer: Yes.

it

Question: Had you ever heard anything like ~~xxxx~~ before?

Answer: No, I didn't.

Question: Did he?

Answer: No, I don't think. He had a motor boat. He used to be fishing. One night he was to a friend's house, oh about a mile from the house, and he started home, and he had to pass the beach where the boat was, and he went down to the boat, and when he got down to the boat it was about half past ten or eleven o'clock, in the night, here was a crow, a black crow on the edge of the boat, and he went home and he went in and after he went in, on the door, there was a knock on the door and his brother went up and went to the door and opened the door and he looked on the ground and here was the crow. The crow at the door, going to come in. He made an offer to come in on the door. His brother shut the door.

Question: Was that the devil?

Answer: The devil.

Told by Mr Augustine MacDonald, North Sydney and Meat Cove, and recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1958

Reel 195A

- The Chezzetcook Song; sung by Mr. J.J.F. Winslow, Q.C., Fredericton, N.B. with interesting story about how it came to be written and its use each Christmas in their home; song of goods sold in Halifax market; good. This song also on Rodeo record sung by Diane Oxner.
- The Cradle Song; companion to Chezzetcook Song and inspired by same food products; 1 vs. recorded by Mr. Winslow
- Old Roger Rum; sung by Miss Kathleen Holden, Fredericton, N.B.; amusing song on Dives and Lazarus theme good for group singing; 7 vs. & cho. well sung
- Nothing Too Good For the Irish; sung by Mrs. R. Brenan, St. John; 2 vs. & cho; amusing
- Our Goodman; sung by Mrs. R. Brenan, just a few verses of this Child ballad with spoken words between; interesting variant.
- Ghost Stories and Tokens; told by Mr. C.E. Inkpen, Poodiac, N.B., personal experiences with supernatural in England and Canada; interesting

Speed 3 3/4 for conversation;  
7 1/2 for singing

The Chezzetcook Song

Reel 195A

About the year 1887, Gilmour Brown, a well known engineer at that time, was engaged in building the railway bridge at Fredericton, crossing the St. John River. He had occasion to go to Halifax on some business, and while there he went to the market and met a number of persons there who had goods to sell. He was much struck with a man by the name of Bellefontaine, or I understand they call in Bellefontain in that neighborhood. Mr Bellefontaine had come down that day from Chezzetook Bay, as he told Mr. Brown, with a load of brick and sand. He said on many occasions he had other things. What did he have? Cordwood, and home products, mussels, berries.

He explained that on occasions he brought in cordwood and home products of rough carpentry, clams, mussels and berries of all kinds, and some of his wife's handiwork such as mitts, socks, and Guernseys. Mr. Brown was very much interested in the conversation with Mr. Bellefontaine, and being of a musical turn and a poetic turn he thought it over on the way home from Halifax, and then met some of his friends here such as Prof. Bristowe who was organist at the Cathedral, Mr. Fred Bliss, and Bliss Carmen and others and told them this yarn. Between them they made up a little song which they called The Bellefontaine Song and which is as follows:

My name is Bellefontaine - fontaine- fontaine,  
From Chezzetook Bay I came, I came, I came,  
I came down from Chezzetook Bay to-day, to-day,  
I came down from Chezzetook Bay to-day with a load of brick and sand.

Do you want to buy the mitt, the sock, the Guernsey frock,  
The juniper pole, the cordwood stick, the mussel or the clam,  
The cranberry, the foxberry, the raspberry, the dogberry,  
The forty foot ladder, the henhouse frame, the brick or the sand.

Later on these young men, as they were at that time, used to foregather from time to time to have a social drink, formed what they called The Bellefontaine Club, They had no charter, no constitution, no by-laws, but they enjoyed each others company and from time to time they sang this song. Before the club was very old they wrote another song between them. I have no idea who was the author, except that it was among this outfit. This they called The Cradle Song for some reason or other and it goes like this. There are quite a number of verses. I don't think I'll sing them all.

We seek juices sweet of corn, barley, and grain,  
Known ever and well by the truly Fontaine,  
On a tablet of marble our names we'll enrol  
That we may smite on the rock and produce out the pole.

Chorus. With a hi-tooral-ooral-i-ooral -i-ay/  
(repeat 4 times)



(further verses of The Cradle Song not recorded)

2

For the pole of the juniper lurketh within,  
It's the juice of the berry the vulgar call gin,  
It includes Dr. Farintosh, Bourbon and Rye,  
And is consumed by Belle fontaines with pax omnibi. Cho.

3

For old Moses the records of Cheopia say  
Had walked on the sands by salt Chezetook Bay,  
For forty long years through the night, noon, and morn,  
He had wandered along in pursuit of a horn. Cho.

4

Till Cheops appeared from the shade of a glen  
In the form of a lovely cock Bromokite hen,  
He was clothed in a nightshirt and wore a cork hat  
And he rode on the wings of an Avogovat. Cho.

5

Instructed by Cheops who wore his head hung,  
Moses triced up his shotbag and forthwith gave tongue,  
With his mineral rod he smote fierce on the rock  
And he called on the name of the mitt and the sock. Cho.

6

Then John Collins heard from his cave far below  
And Smuggler awoke with a fell cry of woe,  
And gesily Jiggers of Walkers Club Rye  
Burst forth in a torrent with Pax Omnibi. Cho.

(these verses published in the Atlantic Advocate ,Dec.1957)

Where did you get the tune for that one?

This is an old tune.

Before we leave the Chezzetcook Song, I believe you used to sing this at Christmas?

This song was sung by us for many years at Christmas parties, and always with several encores.

It was part of the Christmas tradition in your home. Just in your home or in the homes of other members of the club?

I don't know anywhere else that it was sung, but I know it was sung at our Christmas dinners for a good many yeats. Large Christmas family dinners.

Sung by Mr. J.J.F. Winslow, Q.C., Fredericton, and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1958

There was a rich man and he lived at Jerusalem,  
Glory halleluliah old Roger Rum,  
And he had a top hat you never so so sprucealium,  
Glory halleluliah old Roger Rum.

Cho.

Old Roger Rum, old Roger Rum,  
Glory halleluliah old Roger Rum.

2

And at his garden gate there lived a human wreckium, etc.  
In a hand-me-down coat and no cravar round his neckium. Cho.

3

And the poor man died and he went up to heavnium,  
And he sat him down in Abraham's bosomium, etc. Cho.

4

And the rich man died but he didn't fare so wellium,  
For the divil oh he came and took him down to hellium, etc. Cho.

5

And the rich man cried for a whisky and a sodium,  
For he felt the heat begin to discomodium, etc. Cho.

6

And he called again for a whisky to consolium,  
But the divil oh he answered, "Shovel on the coalium," etc. Cho.

7

For wealth dear friends doth ever end in smokium,  
We can thank our stars that we're all stony brokium, etc. Cho.

Sung by Miss Kathleen Holden, Fredericton, and recorded  
by Helen Creighton, July 1958.

This, like the Chezzetcook Song, was also sung at family Christmas  
dinners at the home of Mr. J.J.F. Winslow.

Nothing Too Good For the Irish

Reel 195A

Sure I've just been made the father of a ten pound lad,  
He's got whiskers al ready, now that's not bad,  
And he'll be an al derman some day bedad,  
For there's nothing too good for the Irish.  
And he'll sail off with his blackthorn stick,  
Marry the queen, make the British sick,  
And free Emerald Isle like a good old Mick,  
For there's nothing too good for the Irish.  
Cho.

Hip hip hurrah, Erin go bragh,  
For there's nothing too good for the Irish.

2

There's old Uncle Danny, he's nobody's fool,  
He guards ice in summer just to see it keeps cool,  
And me sister Mary Ellen sure she teaches school,  
For there's nothing too good for the Irish. Cho.

Sung by Mrs. R. Breman, St. John, and recorded by Helen  
Creighton, July 1958

None came my guidman and none came he,  
And there saw an old horse where nay a horse should be,  
And, "How came that horse there and who's can it be,  
And how came that horse there without the lave o' me?"

(spoken) A horse? Aye a horse.  
"O ye old blind doited body, body may ye be,  
It's but a bonny milking coo me mither sent to me."

(spoken) A milking coo? Aye a milking coo.

Ye old blind and doited body, muckle may ye be,  
A saddle on a milking coo I never yet did see.

Sung by Mrs. R. Brennan, St. John as remembered from her  
mother's singing, and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1958

(this variant with the spoken words is different from any I  
have taken down before)

EX 195A 195A

195A 195A

I'm interested in ghost stories, Mr Inkpen, and you tell me you have seen one in England. Will you tell me about it?

I was going home one night from town and there used to be a big mansion, and I was in by this night and I looked up and I saw a man riding on a white horse all round and round the house and I got a bit scared so I went home. He was dressed in white the same as the horse. All white. Everything was white.

And how often did he go round the house?

He went three or four times. I was there long enough to see that.

Was he going fast?

Pretty fast. No noise at all, just going round and round.

Then you saw but you didn't hear?

That's right. I saw it.

Where was it, Mr. Inkpen?

A place called ~~SmixersxComxan~~ Goathurst Common, England in Kent, England.

And do you know the name of the house where you saw it?

No I don't. It's all destroyed, grewed up.

Was it destroyed then?

Yes.

Had anybody else ever seen anything there?

My father told me about it. He told me about this place being haunted. There was always a man riding by on a white horse in the nighttime around by the place we used to stand. We think there must have been some bad deed done ~~there~~ this.

Is that what the people thought? And that is what brought him back?

Yes. My father seen him because he told me about it.

How old were you when you saw it?

I was quite a young fellah. About 18 I spose.

Were you frightened?

No, not altogether frightened. I'm pretty brave anyway.

But you hadn't enough courage to go up and speak to him?

No.

Did anybody ever?

Oh I've heard several talk about it you know.

And what happened?

Just the same thing. They never went up to see what he was. A funny thing, in that same forest there was a man chopping wood, you know, cutting down wood, and a voice come to him every day and said, "Ain't you afraid to be there by yourself?" and the man got so scared he never went back there to work again. He left it for good.

Where did he think the voice came from?

He don't know.

And that was near the same place?

In the same place. Right in the same wood, but not right close to it, where the ghost was. In the same wood, a forest.

Could it have been a human voice?

It sounded like it, according to what it said. It sounded like a human being voice.

But there was no human being around, or anywhere that he could have hidden?

No. No.

That would frighten you, wouldn't it?

It scared him.

Have you ever seen anything in Canada?

I had a token of my son's death when he died in the war. My dog. My dog put his head up to the ceiling one night and howled like a wolf.

And had it never done that before?

Never since. Never before and never since.

And that was the night your son was killed?

Yes, and I've seen my son since he's been dead, by my bedside. I saw him one night when I was asleep and he was standing by my bedside and I touched him and he was cold and I asked him to get into bed so that I could warm him.

How long did he stay there? by your bed, Mr. Inkpen?

Not very long.

And then did he just disappear?

Yes.

And did you know then that he was dead?

Oh yes, we knowed he was dead, yes.

And you realized it was his spirit?

Yes. Course he should have been home; he shouldn't have been killed at all. He had his papers from Ottawa to come home, do you see and instead of letting him come home they put him in the wood and he got killed. Otherwise he'd been home to-day. Course they shouldn't have done that, not when he had his papers from Ottawa to come home and help me. I only had those two little girls to help me on the farm.

Was it comforting to you then to have seen him?

It sure was. Yes indeed. Oh I think about him every night. I can see him.

Did he look happy, Mr. Inkpen?

Oh he didn't look to be downhearted at all, no. He seemed to be allright. And he looked cold, you know. I think about my wife too. She's in hospital. I've seen her in my dreams.

Did you talk to your son at all that night? Besides asking him to get into bed?

No, I just asked him to - saw that he was cold and I touched him and he was cold and that's why I said to get into bed so I could warm him.

How was he dressed?

I can't tell you now. Not as a soldier, no.

But probably as you had seen him last in his working clothes. Is that right?

Yes.

You say Mr. Inkpen that you've had other tokens. Would you mind telling what they were?

One night we were laying there - no I beg your pardon - my wife's

sister was laying very ill with a hemorrhage and she'd been sick some time, and this night we went to bed and I was sleepin' and my wife woke me up and said, "Fred, there's somebody knockin' on the door ad walkin' along the corridor." I opened the door and I went downstairs and I couldn't see nobody about at all, so the next morning my brother-in-law come and told me that my wife's sister had passed away the same night as we saw the token.

How many knocks were there?

Three. Three knocks, and they seemed to walk along the corridor to the next bedroom and back again.

Were the knocks quick or?

(He demonstrates with three slow knocks and repeats them louder) The another night me father-in-law he was taken sick; he'd been sick about nine months I spose. We was in this bed one night and we knowed there wasn't no moon and right up on top of our heads we saw a white light and it stayed there a long time, and in the morning we had word to say that he had died the same time as we saw that in the ceiling. A white light.

Did the light move?

No, it just stopped there.

It just went up and stopped?

Right over our heads. Another time many years ago my uncle he was sick and his bedroom was full up with his favourite people and he was sleeping from London (England) and I was sleeping underneath the window and all at once I heard my father say, "Who's in that window?" and I looked up and seen a man sitting in the window with a billycock hat on - they used billycock hats in them days.

What's a billycock hat?

A hat like that, you know (demonstrating a round hard felt hat) what they used years ago in England. And in the morning my cousin came up and, no, we heard a knock at the door and we went to the door and we said, "What's the matter?" and he said, "My father passed away last night a certain time, and that would be the same time as we saw the man sitting in the window.

How many people saw that?

Just me and my father and mother.

You all saw it?

Yes.

Well some of the things then you've shared with your wife, things that you've seen. The light, your wife saw. Anybody else?

Just me and my wife.

And the one with your son. Was your wife with you then? Did she see him?

My wife was in bed but she was sleeping. When you can see them you can believe them. I've seen these things and I believe them.

It says in the Bible there'll be warnings and there'll be signs and I think people should believe them.

Told by Mr. C.E. Inkpen, Poodiac, N.B, and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1958.