

Reel 202A

FS630  
23.392-2  
MF284.757

1. Banks of the Gaspereau; sung by Mr. Nicholas Underhill, North West Bridge; 10 vs. lumberman's song, local; river is near St. John; girl will not marry and leave it.
- 2 Jam on Gerry's Rocks; sung by Mr. Underhill; 9 vs. lumberman's song; well sung; local.
- 3 The Jones Boys; sung by Mr. Underhill; interesting local song of lumber or grist mill with cho.; amusing; a variant peals from bells of U.N.B., a gift of Lord Beaverbrook.
- 4 Gallant Brigantine; sung by Mr. Underhill; 9 vs. quite well sung; better variant reel 103B; pleasant song.
- 5 Miss Liza Chane; sung by Mr. Underhill; 5 vs. & cho. amusing Irish ditty; might do well for group singing; late song.
- 6 Dungarvon Whooper; talk only with Mr. Underhill who was going to sing the song but decided to save it until a later date.

Come all you bold Americans I mean for to let you know  
 The Yankees won't return again for to drive the Gaspereau,  
 Youze told us all the lies you could and were our bitter foes  
 Bad luck attend those wild galoots that live on the Gaspereau.

2

Youze tried to scare us Yankee boys and fill ou r hearts with fear  
 And told us that we could not get our lumber the first year,  
 "Just wait and see," the Yankees said, "and we'll let you Gaspers know,  
 And in seven days our boys so brave they drove the Gaspereau.

3

There was a native of that place and he had a daughter too,  
 And she was very much admired by one of our Yankee crew,  
 She wore a reddish dress my boys and an apron pressed also  
 And they called her Robin Redbreast on the banks of the Gaspereau.

4

The first time that I saw my love she put me in surprise,  
 I thought she was the fairest girl to appear before my eyes,  
 I watched her in amazement for to see where she might go  
 When she fell into my arrums on the banks of Gaspereau.

5

I said, "My dearest Robin can you toil along with me?  
 I'll show to you a straight way across this counteree,  
 I'll dress you up in rich attire and to the States we'll go  
 And leave these dismal regions on the banks of Gaspereau."

6

"O no, oh no, "this fair maid said, "I cannot leave my home,  
 For my sisters they would weep for me, and mother she would mourn,  
 But go and see my father and to church we'll go,  
 And I'll be your kind companion on the banks of Gaspereau."

7

Then straightway to her father this Yankee boy did go,  
 Saying, "I wish for to wed your daughter, is your answer yes or no?"  
 "O yes, oh yes," the old man said, "but with you she cannot go,  
 If you wish for to wed my daughter you must live in Gaspereau."

8

"O no, oh no, " this young man said, " this place I cannot bear,  
 But we will go to the state of Maine and happy we'll live there, "  
 The old man quicklie answered, "With you she shall not go,  
 And why can't you live contented on the banks of Gaspereau?"

9

So now this young couple is parted, and sadly do complain,  
 One is down in Gaspereau and the other the state of Maine,  
 I'll range the States all over till I am called to go,  
 And I'll always mourn for my Robin on the banks of Gaspereau.

10

So now our logs are all rafted and going to St. John,  
 And when we get them there boys we'll put them in the pond,  
 Then we'll drink to the health of Robin and the stars and stripes also,  
 Likewise the jolly lumber boys that go on the Gaspereau.

(conversation at speed 3 3/4)

Mr. Underhill whooped at end of song.

Do you always do a little whoop at the last?

Well no, I don't, I heard Wilmot at that (Wilmot MacDonald, another singer at the Folk Song Festival held shortly before this recording was made. It evidently made an impression). No, that's good enough.

In what woods did you learn your songs?

Up in the ~~Renawes~~ ~~and~~ ~~Dungarvin~~ Renous and Dungarvón, in New Brunswick.

You worked all your life here?

Yes, that's right. All my life here. I worked about twenty winters in the lumber camp.

And you often sang to the men at night yourself?

"Oh yes I did. Yes. I sang quite often.

What time did you start singing in the evening?

Well after we'd had our supper, you know. It was about the only entertainment we had.

You'd have your supper at about what time?

Oh around six o'clock, and we'd start singing about seven.

Until nine?

Nine Sunday nights. Sunday nights was our main nights. We'd usually sing Sunday nights for pasttime, you know.

Conversation with Mr. Nicholas Underhill, North West  
Bridge, Northumberland Co., N.B. and recorded by Helen Creighton,  
Sept. 1958

Come listen you bold shanty boys to what I will relate  
 Concerning a young river man and his untimely fate,  
 Concerning a young shanty boy so manly true and brave,  
 It was on the jam on Gerry's rock he met a watery grave.

2

It being on a Sunday morning as you will plainly hear  
 Our logs were piled up mountain high and we could not keep them clear,  
 When our foreman said, "Turn out brave boys with our hearts devoid of f  
 fear,

And we'll break the jam on Gerry's rocks and to Eganstown we'll steer."

3

While some of them were willing, while others they were not  
 For to work on jams on Sunday they did not think they ought,  
 Till six of our Canadian youths who volunteered to go  
 For to break the jam on Gerry's rocks with their foreman young Munroe.

4

They scarce rolled off many the logs when they heard his clear voice  
 say,

"I would have you boys be on your guard for this jam many soon give way,"  
 His words were scarce spoken when the jam did break and go.

And with it carried the six fine youths and their foreman young Munroe.

5

When the rest of those brave shanty boys the sad news came to hear  
 In search of their brave comrades to the riverside did steer,  
 Meanwhile his and other mangled bodies a-floating down did go  
 Lay dead torn near the beach was her foreman young Munroe.

6

We took him from his watery grave, brushed back his raven hair,  
 There was one fair girl amongst them and her sad cries filled the air,  
 There was one fair girl amongst them and she came from Saginaw town,  
 And her moans and cries did rift the skies for her true love had gone  
 down.

7

Fair Clara was a noble girl, the riverman's true friend,  
 Who with her widowed mother lived near the river bend,  
 The wages of her own true love the boss to her did pay  
 And the shanty boys made up for her a generous purse next day.

8

We buried him in sorrow, death being on the first of May,  
 On a green mound never the river's side where stood a beech tree grey,  
 Engraved upon that beach tree grey that by his grave did grow  
 Was the name and date and the sad fate of our foreman young Munroe.

9

Now fair Clara she did not survive long, her heart broke with her grief,  
 And scarcely six months afterwards death came to her relief,  
 And when her time had come at last and she was called to go  
 Her last request was to be laid to rest by her true love young Munroe.

Sung by Mr. Nicholas Underhills, North West Bridge, Northumberland  
 Co., N.B. and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1958

The long oh at the end is a new trick picked up at the Folk  
 Song Festival, and not ever done by him before.

I'll tell you a tale of the Jones boys  
 Who lives in yonder hill,  
 Two jolly fellows with a twinkle in their eye  
 And they each didown a mill,  
 They owned a mill in the side of the hi,,  
 And Eliza she worked in the kiln.

Cho.

They worked all night and they worked all day  
 But they couldn't make the gosh darn sawmill pay,  
 Then him dum diddle um Hohhny Jones,  
 Then hi dum diddle um Jimmy.

2

They would bring their grist from far and near  
 And early they'd arise,  
 And the bells would be ringing and the boys would be singing  
 When on the scene arise,  
 And Jimmy would be there for to serve them  
 And a jolly man was he,  
 And also gallant Eliza for she worked in the kiln you see.

Cho.

O the Jones Boys, the Jones boys,  
 Here's to the jolly Jones boys  
 They worked all night etc.

3

Oh Oliver McKay from across the way,  
 The sawyer in Joneses mill,  
 He could set his dogs for to saw his logs  
 And the orders he could fill,  
 But quite often he 'd get tipsy as Johnny Jones would say,  
 And on that day there were hell to pay in the mill at the side  
 of the hill.

Cho.

Oh the Jones boys etc.

4

Now in the fall when the leaves are down  
 And the days are bleak and grey,  
 And the gristal ground for miles around  
 And it's time to feed your hay,  
 And with the season's cut completed  
 And all is safe and sound,  
 They close their mills in yonder hill  
 Till the springtime comes around. Cho. On the Jones etc.

5

So now to conclude and finish my ditty I must end,  
 I hope I have said nothing wrong, those noble boys offend,  
 But in the spring when the robin sings, when employment I will look,  
 I would work for Johnny Jones in his mill in Joneses brook. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Nicholas Underhill, North West <sup>B</sup>ridge, Northumberland  
 Co., N.S. (Miss Louise Manny's singer) and recorded by Helen Creighton,  
 Sept. 1958. Learned from his uncle around 1910 in the lumber camp/ A  
 variant is Lord Beaverbrook's favourite Miramichi song, whose tune  
 rings out on the bells at the University of New Brunswick.

As I wamed ashore last evening from my gallant brigantine  
 On the islands of Jamaica where I had lately been,  
 As carlessly I rambled not caring where I went  
 For to view those rich plantations my course I slowly bent.

2

Where the orange trees adecked the trees with green and yellow doves,  
 My mind being bent on rambling and melancholy thoughts,  
 My mind being bent on rambling, and I sat myself down to rest  
 And my thoughts were on my native home, and friends that I lve best.

3

My parents live at Yorner Green, are labouring at their ease  
 While I enjoy such foolishness to plaugh those raging seas,  
 While ~~na~~ I enjoy such foolishness to labour both night and day,  
 So I sang a song of my native home to drive dull care away.

4

Now my song it had been finished and my mind being more at ease  
 When I arose to pick some oranges thathung down from those trees,  
 When a female form to me appeared which filled me with delight,  
 For she wore the robes of innocence and her dress was a snowy white.

5

Oh her dress was a snowy white my boys, her mantle it was green,  
 And around her neck hung a silken scarf her shoulders for to screen,  
 Her hair hung down in ringlets brown and her eyes were like the sloe,  
 And a bewitching smile enchanted me and her cheeks were like the rose.

6

Oh I boldilie stepped up to her saying, "Good evening my pretty fair  
 maid,"  
 She answered me quite friendly, "Good evening sit," she said,  
 "And by your kind reception I'll have you to understand  
 That my name it is Mary Enrayburen, I'm a native of Newfoundland."

7

So we both sat down together for to discourse a while,  
 I told her many the hard old yarn that caused her for to smile,  
 I told her I was a sailor who just returned from sea,  
 And that I belonged to that gallant brig lay at anchor in the bay.

8

But as she arose to go away she bid me this request,  
 Saying, "Call in and see my hus"band, he will treat you to the best,"  
 The wine was on the table, and the dinner being served up soon,  
 So we all sat down together, spent a jolly good afternoon.

9

But the night before I left the shore my troubles they began  
 For to think the girl I loved so dear was the wife of another man,  
 For to think the girl I loved so dear I ne'er could see no more,  
 So I really thought my heart would break as I sailed for a foreign  
 shore.

Sung by Mr. Nicholas Underhill, Miss Louise Manny's singer,  
 North West Bridge, N.B. and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1958