

The Willard Wattling Song

Reel 202

As I rode out one evening down by a riverside  
I heard two lovyers talking, this fair one she replied,  
Saying, "You're the most unconstantest young man that ever I did know,  
You promised for to marry me, why didn't you not do so?"

2

"If I promised for to marry you I mean to keep my vows,  
But believe me dearest Polly I could not come till now,  
Had I all the gold and silver that e'er my eyes did see,  
With pleasure love I'd spend it all in your sweet company."

3

"Begone you false deceiver, you're the flower of all disdain,  
You have came both late and early my favours for to gain,  
But it's now I disregard you and forever I am free,  
From you and all men breathing this moment I am free."

4

"Who told you those false stories love, and vowed then to be true,  
That I had Nancy courted and quite forsaken you?  
It was only to rouse disturbance between you love and I,  
I hate such silly arguments, with you I'll live and die."

5

"But don't you see those lovely small birds that fly from tree to tree,  
They are kinder to one each other by far than you are to me,  
But since you are for changing the old love for the new  
My days I'll spend in rambling those groves and valleys through."

6

O no sooner had she spoke those words till the tears filled Jimmy's  
eyes,  
He fain would have gone and left her but from her could not part,  
The day being soft and warm down by the church they passed,  
They joined their hands in wedlock bands love has came at last.

Sung by Mr. John Holland, Glenwood, N.B. and recorded by Helen  
Creighton, Sept. 1958

Mr. Holland, what did you do for a living all your life? Did you  
work in the lumber woods?

Worked in the lumber woods, cutting logs and pulpwood props, driving,  
jumping up and down on the logs.

Did you used to sing a lot in camp?

I did; made a noise lots of times.

You'd be a very popular lumberman then.

Oh what they call a sort of a lumberman.

I was thinking of the entertainment part of it in the evenings.

Oh we'd have a good smoke, lay down and then start to sing songs  
after we'd get a bite of supper. "The Girl I Left Behind Me" or  
something.

Would you usually lie down when you were singing?

Oh yes, it was pretty near the rule to lay back in your berth,  
all hands.

Even if you were singing?

Yes.

Would you put them to sleep?

Sometimes I would.

I suppose you would be able to say - do you ever say you could sing from dawn to dark and never repeat?

I could sing from June to January, them old songs.

Did you ever make a song up, Mr. Holland?

No I didn't. I never had ~~brains~~ ~~enough~~ ~~for~~ ~~that~~ brains enough for that.

You probably just never turned your mind to it or you could have done it. Where did you learn your songs?

Up in Allen Ritchie's camps, the most of them. Up the Nor'west brook, North Branch you know, north of Sevogle, oh a lot of those places, I just forget them all.

Did you ever hear the Dungarvon whooper?

Yes I heard that.

The song or the whooper?

I heard the song. That's all I heard. I never heard the Dungarvon whooper. That was over down Dungarvon way, that was, somewhere.

Did you used to tell ghost stories (in camp)?

No, that something tell. I heard lots of them but I never put much pass on them. I never learned one of them.

Did you ever see one your self?

No, I can't say I did.

You never had a forerunner?

No, that I could say.

Were ghost stories very popular in camp? Did they tell them very much?

There were quite a few of them among the men, but I didn't put much pass on them things, at all.

What about other stories - long stories. Did they ever have stories of giants? and magic and so forth?

I never learned none of those. No, no.

You liked your stories in song. Did your father and your mother sing?

Father used to sing some.

Did you learn many from him?

Oh a few old songs. I forget the most of them now, it's so long since.

Now that they're having a folk song festival in Newcastle you'll have to start learning them all over again. Did you used to fire the New Year in? Did you fire guns?

Yes, and danced and drank some of that nice beer that makes me jump around.

Did you fire guns at weddings?

Yes I did, the odd time.

And serenade the bride and groom?

Yes.

Talk with Mr. John Holland, Glenwood, recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1958

Reel 194A

- 1 . Fiddle Tunes: played by Mr. Scott Stuart, St. Andrews, N.B.;  
Liverpool Hornpipe; Greenough's Clog; Flowers of  
Edinburgh; Sailor's Hornpipe: Haste to the Wedding;  
Father O'Flynn; followed by examples of Chin Music,  
2. how it was used for dancing, and what dances were done  
here; weddings; fishing, and places he has sung; good  
talker and interesting dialect on this southern tip  
of New Brunswick
3. Mikey Brannigan's Pup: sung by Mr. Stuart; Irish folk song, late;  
3 vs. & cho, fairly well sung.
4. Lasca: recitation, showing memory; a few words difficult to make  
out have question mark; can see here Mr. Start's love  
of the dramatic

All numbers by Mr. Scott Stuart, St. Andrews, N.B. 1958

Tunes played: Liverpool hornpipe; Greenough's Clog; Flowers of Edinburgh; Sailor's hornpipe; Haste to the Wedding; Father O'Flynn.

Question: Where did you learn to play the fiddle?

Answer: I just picked it up myself as a young fellow going to the dances you know, and wantin' someone to give them a spell and there was very few fiddlers, and some of the men says, "You're very clever with music, why don't you pick up the fiddle?" Well I thought the thing over and I thought, well it's only a request so I sent right up to Tom Crawford's music store up here in St. Stephen and he sent one round to try her out, and she turned out to be first rate and I kept her. And I soon picked it up, you know, for to play a tune for a dance.

Q: Did you ever make mouth music for a dance, or chin music?

A: You mean - sing? Oh yes. You sing anything that you know the words of, only if you don't know the words you tra-la like.

Q: How do you do it?

A: (Sings) tra la-la-la-la-lum,  
tra-la-la-la-la-lum,

and so on to tune of Turkey in the Straw. You see, that's all there is to that.

Q: And they would dance to that?

A: Oh yes, the same as they would the fiddle only you'd have to sing it loud so they would all hear it. But you'd have a lot of time in with you, you know. Now down here on the wharf where I've been to work the boys and girls would get down there at night and say, "It's too bad you haven't got your fiddle Scott. Play us a square dance or a waltz," so I'd sing them some thing that I knew the words of and when it come to the waltz, "Do you know the words of any waltzes?" Yea. (sings)

Everybody loves a buddy  
Underneath the rose,  
Everybody loves a buddy  
So the old song goes,  
I've a sweetheart, you all know him,  
Just as well as me,  
Every evening I can see him  
Shortly after tea.

Oh my sweetheart's the man in the moon,  
I'm a-going to marry him soon,  
Just to fill him with bliss with one sweet little kiss  
For I know that a dozen I never would miss,  
I'll go up in a great big balloon,  
And see my old man in the moon,  
Up behind the dark clouds where there's no one allowed  
I'll make love to the man in the moon.

I have oft times wondered where he spends his time all day,  
Perhaps he has another sweetheart many miles away,  
Probably some sweet dark-eyed maiden daily he doth woo,  
But as long as I can catch him I'll believe him true.

For last night while the stars brightly shone,  
 He told me through love's telephone  
 That when we were wed we'd go early to bed  
 And we'd never stay out with the boys, so he said,  
 So I'm going to be married in June,  
 My wedding takes place in the moon,  
 Up behind the dark clouds where there's no one allowed,  
 I will wed my old man in the moon.

Q: Well now, would you be able to sing loudly enough so they'd hear that while they're dancing?

A: Oh yes, but I'd have a lot with me, you know. They'd be singing with me. A regular babble of them. Anybody that heard me sing it and picked up the words - if they missed the words here and there they'd carry on the air just the same, you see. And half a dozen boys - there was eight or ten, you know -

Q: Would you be standing on a platform, or where?

A: Yes, generally; the platform went right round the hall, you know, and a little stage for the music, and they'd stand up on that over the heads of all the crowd - oh there wouldn't be more than 20 or 30 couples, small, you know, and of course they wouldn't make very much noise so they could hear the music. And one couple followed another to see what they were doing, you know.

Q: What kind of dances did they do?

A: Oh everything. Square dances, Paul Jones, Lady of the Lake, Hull's Victory and Boston Fancy. Hull's Victory, all gents on one side down the centre; all ladies on one side down the centre, and turn your partner and turn your corner, then grand right and left, ladies chain, see. Promenade with partners, then promenade with opposites, counter corner. Oh all kinds of dances; dances much the same, just enough to make them different. Now Boston fancy's balance below, you form on the head, gents on one side and ladies on the other and cross over from the head, and every other couple, bringing a lady and gentleman on both sides, then all balance below, you see, you turn to the partner on your left and balance her and she goes by you and then you balance your partner; she's going down with you on the other side, so that's the way the dances go. Yeh.

Q: Were there any special dances they had at weddings?

A: Not that I know of.

Q: Did the bride and groom have to dance first - lead off the dancing?

A: No, they didn't carry that on here. They hardly ever had a dance at a wedding. They generally have some sort of a reception after the ceremony in the dwelling house where they're married, and probably they'll stay till twelve o'clock. If they have a dance, it's afterwards. They'll call a dance afterwards. Not that night, but afterwards they'll announce that the bride and groom are giving a dance.

Q: Did they used to serenade the bride and groom?

A: Oh God help us yes. I've fired guns so heavy that I've almost split my shoulder. Deep tin pans, and take a powder and put in a barrel down through the bung hole and blow the barrel up. Oh yes.

## Claude

always done. The night Jim Lord(?) was married down on Deer Island we went down to Jim Hennon's(?) freight shed - he sold coal tar, you know, and he had a lot of empty barrels there and we took one and got right up on the window and we got about a pound of powder in it and a fuse down into it and set it off just when he was marryin' the couple. It blew the shingles right off the house. The staves was all over that place for a hundred yards. It was an awful racket. He said - Claude said - that was the awfulest noise I ever heard in my life. He said you couldn't have heard the heaviest kind of thunder.

Q: Was the wedding in the house?

A: In the house yes, and we were under the window. Yes, he treated us well, was feeling pretty good. He got that tar barrel and got that powder in.

Q: Did you used to fire the New Year in?

A: Yes, in days gone by, not so much now. The people mostly all left Deer Island. The fishing is played out pretty much, you know.

Q: Were you a fisherman? Was that your living?

A: Oh yes, I was a fisherman. Always a fisherman until about 1930.

Q: Big boats or little boats?

A: Both. I attended sardine weirs, sold sardines and then when the season was off the weirs, got on board a drogher and run fish to the head of the Bay

down to Eastport to the factories there. Boats carried 30 to 40 hogshead of herring, and we got there and had to go to a weir. There was a turn there we had to split 'em up, probably did about 20 apiece, you see, but if you was there alone you did the whole thing. Yeh.

Q: Did you used to sing when you were fishing?

A: Yes, they had me at it the whole blessed time. Yes. They used to hunt me out down on the wharf at night. The last time Willie Kline before he died - he had a sardine boat down there - he was an old seaman himself. Nobody ever heard him sing. He had a bunch of men down there and they all had some beer, and they said it's too bad we didn't have Scott down here to sing some songs. Well as it happened I was there and Willie Kline walked right up the length of that long wharf. He says, "Good Lord, ain't it lucky I found you. Come down, I want you. I went down aboard the boat. He didn't tell me what for. There was a crowd and he says, "There ain't one of them can sing. My son Austin's here", he says. "He's trying to sing The Baggage Coach Ahead and he can't sing it no more than a crow. I'd like to have you sing The Baggage Coach Ahead for him." So I went down and I sang The Baggage Coach Ahead. A fellow from ? , a new man there said, "That's the best I ever heard, ever in my life. The best I've ever heard." He says, "I've heard it over phonograph." They didn't have no radio then - all phonograph. He says, "I've heard it over the phonograph and I've heard a few sing it, but I've never heard anyone sing it like that. It's the expression you put on it miss. The expression you put on it. Now in

carrying a tune, if you stop too abrupt the end of the line, it don't make so good as if you kind of carry the text ~~xxxx~~ note like over from the other - makes is sound better, just the same was in when I played the clarinet. I went to Grand Manan in 1914 on the first day of July with a man from Deer Island and just as the sun was setting over the land Jim Foster, professor, he come to me, he says, "Well Scott, I suppose you know it; you got to play a solo. You're the only one in the band that's fit to do it. There ain't none of the rest will try it. Do you feel like trying it?" I says, "I'll try anything once. I don't care what it is." He says, "What are you going to select?" I says, "Well, if you want me to play at this time of night I think Twilight Echoes would be - " He says, "Beautiful. You couldn't have thought of a better number. Do the best you can on it. Are you frightened? There's five thousand people." I says, "I don't care if there's five million. Don't make a bit of difference to me." So I stood it. He just started me ( he hums the tune)

Q. I expect you could make that cornet talk.

A: The mayor stood up on the big high gate that swung above the crowd. He says, "Make a noise gentlemen. You never heard the like of that afore on Grand Manan. No." and they made so much noise it would deafen you. And old Julius Wolfe, the head of the sardine factory here had a great big hard beaver hat on was a

he come along, he says, "Stuart you certainly made Deer Island show off to-night." He says, "You're a wonderful player." Yeh, yeh, yeh. Oh I was a good player a l right. I'm not braggin'. Self praise is no recommendation, but I took to it.

Q: Oh well, you're full of music, of course. How old are you now, did you say?

A. Sixty-six.

Q: Go on, you getten years younger every time.

A. Seventy-six, I'm seventy six. I was seventy-six the 20th day of last February.

Conversation with Mr. Scott Stuart, St. Andrews, N.B. recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1958