

Reel 197A

- 1-711 Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor; sung by Mr. Wm. Wilson,
Ratter's Road, King's Co., N.B.; 21 vs. sung
well to good tune; interesting version
- 720-815 New Ireland Song; sung by Mr. Wm. Wilson; local song
to tune not unlike Capt. Conrod; 9 vs.;
mainly local interest
- 817 - end Chief Of The Wood; or, The White Hammock; sung by
Mr. Wm. Wilson; 10 vs. story of captive
Indian girl; interesting variant; in last
two songs occasional word indecipherable.

Lord Thomas he was a bold forrester,
The keeper of all the king's keys,
And Ellen was a lady fair,
Lord Thomas he loved her dearly.

2
"Come riddle us mother," Lord Thomas he said,
"And riddle us all as one,
Whether I'll marry fair Ellen or go
Bring the brown girl home at home."

3
"Come riddle this, his mother did say,
"And riddle us all as one,
The brown girl she has house and lands,
Fair Ellen she's got none,
So there I charge you with my blessing
Go bring the brown girl at home."

4
He dressed himself in scarlet red,
His withing maids all in green,
And every teen that he rode through
They took him to be some king.

5
He rode till he come to fair Ellen's hall,
So loudly he tinged at the ring,
There was none so ready as fair Ellen herself
To rise and let him in.

6
"What news? what news?" fair Ellen she says,
"Or haven't you any for me?"
"I come to bid you to my wedding,
Oh isn't that news for thee?"

7
"O God forbid it," fair Ellen she says,
And God forbid it for me,
For once I thought I would be the bride
And you would be the bridesgroom."

8
"Come riddle this mother," fair Ellen she says,
And riddle us all as one,
Whether I'll go to Lord Thomas's wedding
Or whether I'll stay at home."

9
"There's thousands of friends," her mother did say,
And thousands of friends too will go,
So there I'll charge you with my blessing
To Lord Thomas's wedding don't go."

10
"Oh come riddle this mother," fair Ellen she says,
And come riddle this all as one,
If it should cause me my own sweet life
To Lord Thomas's wedding I'll go."

She dressed herself in scarlet red,
Her waiting maids all in green,
And every town that she rode through
They took her to be some queen.

12

She rode till she came to Lord Thomases hall,
So loudly she tined at the ring,
There was none so ready as Lord Thomas himself
To rise and let her in.

13

He took her by the lily white hand,
He led her to the hall,
He set her down on the noblest chair
Amongst the ladies all.

14

"Is this your bride?" fair Ellen she says,
"I think she looks wonderful brown,
You might have had a fair lady
As ever the sun shone on."

15

"Despise her not," Lord Thomas he says,
"Despise her not for me,
For it's better I love your little finger
Than I do her whole body."

16

The brown girl she had a little penknife,
And it was long and sharp,
And between the long rib and the short
She pierced fair Ellen's heart.

17

"O what is the matter?" Lord Thomas he said,
I think you look wonderful pale,
You used to be as fair a colour
As ever the sun shone on."

18

"O are you blind?" fair Ellen she says,
Or aye can you not very well see
Or can't you see my very heart's blood
Run trickling down my knee?"

19

He took his sword out of the sheath,
And he walked through the hall,
He cut the head from off of the shoulders
And flung it against the wall.

20

"Go dig my grave," Lord Thomas he says,
"And dig it broad and deep,
And put fair Ellen in my arms
The brown girl at my feet."

21

He placed the heads of his sword to the floor,
And pierced through his heart,
Were there ever three loves so known
So sudden in death to part.

Sung by Mr. Wm. Wilson, Ratter's Road, Kings Co., N.B. and
recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1958

New Ireland Song

Reel 197A720-

O it's come all you New Ireland lads, come listen to my song,
I'll sing you a few verses concerning Tim Long,
Cho.

And sing right for the day, dol the dol day,
So laddie so laddie sing right for the day.

Our business being there for it 's to get some rum,
Then Johnny he swore that it couldn't be done,
Our clergy gave orders and we must obey
Not to sell whiskey upon a Sunday. Cho.

Then to intercede between Johnny and me
Maggie she bought a whole half pound of tea,
And Johnny big sport on that day
We put on our hats and we walked away. Cho.

We got in a wogon, we sang a whole song,
While Julie and Cassie and Tim drove along,
Tim he grew weak, his face looked like grim
For to think he had neither rum, whiskey, nor gin. Cho. (vs. repeated)

Then over the road we sweetly did drive,
And down to the squire's we soon did arrive,

For grandsother McPadden quickly was there. Cho.

We stopped at the squire's until after tea,
Then to O'Connor's for to have a spree,
The road it being good and the night being fine
But when we got there oh the clock had struck nine. Cho.

The night it being spent, no time for a spree,
Then Maggie she made us a strong cup of tea,
By going over them hills to Madden's so civil,
Going over them hills it would freeze his old divil. Cho.

We arrived at Smith's mountain at the hour of four,
When the frost from the heavens so swiftly did pour,
We went into the house and nothing was said,
We took off our clothes and we got into bed. Cho.

So it's now for to end it so finish my line,
My name is Mike Leyden I'll tell you in time,
Here's a health to your girls where'ere they belong,
Here's a health to New Ireland, to hell with Tim Long. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Wm. Wilson, Ratter's Road, Rings Co, N.B. learned
many years ago at Elgin; recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1958

(a few words cannot be made out)

At the foot of the mountain Amandy did sigh,
 And the hoots of the owl or the wild catamount's cry,
 Or the bark of the wolf from its low granite cell
 Or the crush of some dead forest tree as it fell.

2

At the foot of the hemlock the wild game was flung,
 While above in its branches the rude hammock's swung,
 While for murder and plunder they slept with repose
 From the dawn of that evening till the daylight had closed.

3

They brought in their captive all friendless and forlorn,
 With her face bathed in blood and her garments all torn,
 And sad was the sight of this unmerciful son
 Impatient to join in a war dancing song.

4

The watch fires were kindled, the red lights aglare,
 And Amandy was bound by her long waving hair,
 And as she count his revenge on the face of her foes
 And sighed for sufferings to draw to a close.

5

Young Albany the chief of the warriors xxxlie, x drew nigh,
 He had an eye like the eagle and fleet like the deer,
 He had a heart that would scorn or from freedom to crave,
 He sighed for her suffering, shed a tear o'er her grave.

6

The watch fires were kindled and fanned by the breeze,
 The red shone on the evergreen trees,
 And sad was the sight of this young maid it would seem,
 As it rise on her features in transport did dream.

7

"Oh there," says young Albany, "your tortures forbear,
 This maiden shall live, by my wampum I'll swear,
 And if there is a victim to burn at the tree
 Young Albany your leader your victim will be."

8

At the dawn of that evening by the close of the day,
 A birch-bark canoe was seen gliding away,
 And swift as the wild oaks that swims o'er the tide
 Young Albany and Amandy together did xi glide.

9

At the break of the daylight a white cot was seen,
 And the white curling smoke foam its roof it did gleam,
 And happy was Amandy at the side of the shore
 With her friends and relatives to greet her once more.

10

Young Albany stood gazing to see them embrace,
 The tears they rolled down o'er his manly-like face,
 And all that he asked for was friendship and food,
 This quicklie was granted to the chief of the woods.

(conversation:- Mr. Wilson, just a minute now, where is
 it you live now?

Now? Ratter's Corner, Sussex R.R.3.

And where did you learn your songs?

I learnt that when I was only young up in Egin.

In the lumber woods?

No, when I was only 9 year old, I learnt that song.

Who did you learn it from?

My sister, and she got it from an Albert who was working through there somewhere. So I learnt it from her.

Reel 197B

- 1 Lost Jimmy Whalen; sung by Mr. William Wilson, Ratter's Road, King's Co., N.B; 1 vs. to very nice tune; English folk song, ghost returns; see TSNS
- 2 Babes in the Wood; sung by Mr. Wm Wilson; 3 vs., but some words unable to make out
- 3 Velvet: original composition in folk idiom by Finvola Redden, Middle Musquodoboit, aged 17; 4 vs; xixxiyxixng only one sung.
- 4, 5, 6&7; Macmac songs, lullaby and game; 1st song sung by Mr. Peter Epage; 2nd by Mrs. Joe Knockwood; lullaby by Mrs. Knockwood, and game explained in English.

Alone as I strayed by the banks of a river
A-viewing the sunshine as evening drew nigh,
I spied a fair damsel a-weeping and wailing,
Saying,

(Oh I can't get it; it's no use. I can't get it together.)

Sung by Mr. William Wilson, Ratter's Road, Kings Co., N.B.,
and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1958

Now ponder well you parents dear
These words that I shall write,
A mourdful story you shall hear,
In time brought forth to light.

2

A gentleman of good account
An Norfolk of late,
Who did
Most men of his estate.

3

So sick he was and like to die,
No help his life could save,
His wife by him as sick did lie
And both possessed one grave.

(No, I can't get it now; the children comes in next but I can't
get it for now, but I'll try and study them up.)

Sung by Mr. Wm. Wilson, Ratter's Road, Kings Co., N.B., and
recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1958

(words of 2nd vs. impossible for me to make out)

Velvet slippers on her toes,
Velvet slippers ^{and ve} where're she goes,
Velvet slippers tripping light
In the mellow autumn night.

Composed and sung by Finvola Redden, aged 17, Middle Musquodobbett, and recorded by Helen Creighton.

(There is just one verse here; there are four others which at the moment she could not recall).
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
This is repeated and is better on the 2nd singing.

(Other verses sent in later):

Velvet shadows casting low
Across the loose white drifting snow,
Velvet shadows from the lights
In the freezing winter nights.

2

Velvet slippers on her toes,
Velvet slippers where're she goes,
Velvet slippers tripping light
In the mellow autumn night.

3

Velvet clouds go drifting by
In the clear blue summer sky,
Velvet gulls dip velvet sprays
In the sparkling inland bays.

4

Velvet ribbons in her hair,
Velvet round her bonnet fair,
Velvet birds sing velvet songs
As the spring days linger on.

Indian Songs

Reel 197B No.4&5

1st song sung by Mr. Lepage, Shubenacadie Reserve; words are supposed to be on accompanying sheet but they may not be right.

2nd song sung by Mrs. Joe Knockwood who says:

This is a love song, you know. This is a song that means the woman that was falling in love with a man and married a different fellow, so this man was making a little song for it, you see.

Ebites telimul getel am setuisebenel mu nige
Gisgug teli eulittig ben amsgrus telimulaneg
Heg set ausiben nige gisgug teli uleegiben
Uel asigeben ula uesit gemug ag uelitasigiben
Gatu nige etilalul gatu attilett etetu ueletasin
Gel abis togu nug uantasuliu
Negeu muguit elemitis gan al amung
Ag nin uantasu uettit gil

Ebites telimul getel am setuisebenel mu nige
Giggug teli euelittig ben

Mali an utagenog Bogetti togamaieg
Elemi betaneg elemi togamaieg
Togu nigett ali tali tutemen
Gesi semisgatun ngamalismun

The words, headed G Esaltim Genie, were written out by the singer, Mrs. Joe Knockwood who was proud of being able to write, but they may be far from correct. However they would serve as a guide to a student.

The first song, which may be the second on the typewritten sheet, was sung by Mr. Peter Epage, at the Shubenacadie Reserve. Later it was played to a group of Indians at Folk School who laughed heartily when they heard it, but refused to tell why they laughed, so it may be that the words are improper.

The second song is G Estaltim Genie sung by Mrs. Joe Knockwood, Shubenacadie Reserve, ax

The third song is a lullaby hummed by Mrs. Knockwood as she sang it to her children.

The fourth item is a game; explained by Mrs Knockwood as played in her childhood:

Well, we make a round circle and then we mark little roads like; certain kind of roads, your own roads just like for hauling the wood out or getting the water or something like that, you know, allround (like you have in the house) every one of them they have their own you know, and they start a-counting those marks and the last one, the last count, that's the boy or girl to be blindfolded and try to catch the others, and that's what we're playing, different roads. The roads are named (Indian name given) that's the road for the wood, (Indian name) that's the road for to get the water. I forget oo. I forget it's of things, been so long time. That little mark brings the road into the game. We make the circle first and we make the marks - just little marks, you know, roads, and then we start to count them in Indian. (She counts in Indian up to ten). The last to count is the one we blindfolded to catch the others, and we all run to the field in different directions. That's what we used to play in the olden times, and I don't know any more.

Question: Did you play hopscotch?

Answer: No, that's the time there was no hopscotch

Question: Did you do skipping with a rope?

Answer: Oh yes, we do skipping.

Question: And did you have a little verse that you said?

Answer: No, we never sing very much, only the English after we started going to school and then the English songs, and there was a French teacher used to teach the children, and so this French children we used to play with and we all played in the French games, and we'd sing in French, but I forget all about it. You know, they have more games themselves than us, you know.