

It being early in September in eighteen seventy-three,  
'Twas the day I left my native isle and came to Miramichi,  
I hired the day I landed for to work in Snowball's mill,  
A large three-story building at the foot of Sawdust Hill.  
away 2

I worked ~~xxxx~~ for three long weeks with a discontented will,  
I soon made my acquaintance with the folks of Sawdust Hill,  
And on the 10th day of November when the mill it did shut down,  
Which caused him to scatter and the men go walking round.  
3

I heard of those who wanted men and it put me in good cheer,  
And I packed my tent for Bickerland, for Indian town did steer,  
at Indian 4 Town

When I arrived in ~~Bickerland~~ being quite fatigued from tramp  
I fell in with two portage teams bound for McCullam's camp,  
They said that I might ride with them, that's if I did desire,  
And that if I would come along they thought I would get hired.  
5

So I rode with Willie Durney and ~~adverse~~ for him I'll make,  
He ~~do~~ ve a team of roans that he brought from the Grand Lake,  
The horse he weighted twelve pounds, a noble beast to haul,  
hundred

And the mare she was a beauty too although she was but small.  
6

When I arrived at McCullam's camp being tired, hungry, and cold,  
The place of Billy O'Brien was the first I did behold,  
And so glad I was to see him, and I asked who was the boss,  
He pointed to a little man whose name was Charlie Cross. (much laughter  
from a audience)  
7

So I hired the next morning and decided for to stop,  
Along with Joe and they put me for to chop,  
Charlie Cross and Guy McCullam they both the woods all round,  
And they thought they might do better down on McInneary's grounds.  
8 (more laughter)

So we all packed up quite early and that place we did forsake,  
And moved out to another camp situated by a lake,  
Along with Archie Woodsworth there, a silly young gaw-gaw(?),  
They put me on a landing for to use a cross-cut saw.  
9

There was one big Island man along amongst the rest,  
Two feet across the shoulders, in proportion round the breast,  
He was very big but not awful cute, Jim Whalen was his name,  
And the second of March he cut his foot and  
10

He took with him five pound of rum their favour for to gain,  
And all the thanks he got for it they said that he was green,  
He called the roast (?) upon me and he said I made a song  
And proved me out a traitor for which many a man was hung.  
11

Now we being there and set to work, good lumber which we found,  
The spruce they ~~xxx~~ in bunches, they were hand sawn, and sound,  
sawed

But Guy not yet being satisfied at Charlie Cross did say,  
And he says we must forsake this place, there's no use for to slave.

12

It being on our way of going out past Barney Taylor's camp  
I fell in with Patrick McLaughlin and I hired for to swamp,  
For to work for Patrick McLaughlin 'tis very hard they say,  
For there's only three men to a team and they drive ten turn(?) a day.

13

So now the crowd is all gone out and I'm left to watch the camp,  
And the Martins and the go skipping o'er the swamp,  
The cruel winter is over and thank God I'm still alive,  
And if the weather proves favourable I mean to stay up and drive.

14

So now to conclude an old Irish army ballad I must end,  
I hope I have said nothing wrong, to any one offend,  
And when the elogs are in the boom I hope you all will see  
Some will go to Andrew Connor's house and then we'll have a spree.

Sung by Mr. Nicholas Underhill at the Miramichi Folk Song  
Festival and recorded there by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1958.

Mr. Underhill was very shy at first but the audience liked  
his song and the name must have been familiar because they  
called forth much laughter. As he grew more confident he held  
his top notes to a greater length, giving an impressive effect.

Some of the words were not clear, and some were drowned out  
by laughter. He sang with hands held straight down and clasped,  
his head on one side in a coy fashion, a most individual singer.

The Good Old State of Maine.

Reel 199A No. 7

Come bushmen all give ear at all until I will relate  
To my experience in the woods, was in the grand estate,  
lumbering,  
Its snow clad hills, its ~~mountain~~ rills, its mountains, hills, and  
winding plains,  
You'll find that very different from the good old state of Maine.

Oh the <sup>millions</sup> ~~millionaires~~ (2) and foreigners they flocked in by the score,  
The diversity of languages would equal Babel's tower,  
Italians, Russians, Poles and Finns, the Dutchmen and the Dane,  
You never hear such drones (?) as those in the good old state of  
Maine.

The difference in the wages boys is scarcely worth a dime,  
For it's every day you cannot work, you're forced to lose your time,  
For to find your passage to and fro you'll find but little gain,  
You'll do as well to stay at home in the good old state of Maine.

For it's in the Sealand (?) valley you'll find seven feet of snow,  
And workmen they think on the turn is thirty-five below  
They average there three storms a week of sleet or snow or rain,  
You will seldom find such weather in the good old state of Maine.

Our boss he will direct you with a loud commanding voice  
Saying, "You know the regulations boys therefore you have your choice,"  
Of course he did not make those rules, with him we can't complain,  
But I never heard such rules as those in the good old state of Maine.

It's every night with pen and ink they figure up the cost,  
The crew was held responsible for all things broke or lost,  
An ax, a handle, or a spade, a cantle (?) or a chain,  
A man is never charged for tools in the good old state of Maine.

They figured things so very fine it's hard to save a stamp,  
For it's every month they do take stock of all things round the camp,  
Stove, pots, tea kettles, knives and forks, the draw shave (2) and the  
plane,  
Of those they take the small account in the good old state of Maine.

The rules and regulations as I mentioned here before  
In typewriting and in copies posted up on every door,  
For to lose your time and pay your board and work in snow and rain  
They'd call us fools to stand such rules in the good old state of Maine.

Now if you do not like the style you can go down the line  
But if you leave them lumber (?) lords they'll figure with you fine,  
Cut down your wages and they'll charge your carfare on the train,  
I never heard of such a thing in the good old state of Maine.

10 (9 repeated)  
It's of the grub I'll give a rub of which it well deserves,  
Our cook become so lazy he allowed the men to starve,  
'Twas bread and beans and beans and bread and bread and beans again,  
For grub we sometimes had a change in the good old state of Maine.

11  
"ere is adieu to camp ? , to Henery and Sons,  
Their names are known through the states as some of the sons of guns,  
I wish them all prosperity until I return again

But I'll mend my ways (concluding words not on tape) Sung by Mr. James  
Brown, Kent Co (South Branch); recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1958