

199B

Reel 199A B

- 1 The Irish Rebel Spy: sung by Mr. Jones, Newcastle; 9 vs. quietly sung about girl who is leader of Finians.
- 2 The Volunteer; sung by Mrs. Wm. Buckley, Chatham Head, in French; is about young man who went to 1st world war; words not transcribed
- 3 Rocky Brook: sung by Mr. John Holland, Glenwood; 9 vs. sad song of lumberman's death; local
- 4 Peelhead: sung by Mr. Art Matchett, local lumberman's song with 5 vs. & cho. Mr. Edmund Robichaud,
- 5 The Miramichi Fire: sung by ~~Mr. Samuel Jagoe~~, Newcastle, 21 vs. to dull tune, but sung feelingly; have better tune for this in Maritime Folk Songs
- 6 The Cedar Grove ; sung by Mr. Samuel Jagoe; song of wreck; for words see 117A
- 7 Peter Emberley: sung by Mr. Wilmot MacDonald, Glenwood, 6 vs. local song of man killed in lumber woods; this tune orchestrated by Kelsy Jones, and very nice it is.
- 8 James MacDonald, or Ann O'Brien: sung by Mr. Wilmot McDonald; 9 vs. murder song to good tune; song popular in Maritimes.
- 9 La Complainte du Soldat: young man comes home with medal and his mother kills him; sung by Mr. Allan Kelly, Deer Brook Station, to beautiful tune; words not transcribed.

All songs sung at Miramichi Folk Song Festival, Sept. 1958

In the city of _____ near the county of _____
There lived a comely maiden, her skin as white as snow,
Her cheeks were like the roses with a dark and a rolling eye,
And the sober name she goes by is the Irish Rebel Spy.

2

She'd got one only brother that she worshipped in her soul,
She had one only true love she loved beyond control,
They were Finian little leaders and it's for her they would die,
She's our little Finian leader, she's the Irish rebel spy.

3

She's as bold as any lion, she's as supple as a deer,
She's hardier than the wild cat or some roving mountain's deer,
And she often slaps the hillside with no covering but the sky,
And the sober name she goes by is the Irish rebel spy.

4

O those pearls and those red coats in those guise of hunting came,
One day as she was walking across the fields they came,
She knew they were detectives by a twinkle of her eye
And determined to outwit them was the Irish rebel spy.

5

"O good morning," said the spokesman, "oh good morning sir," said he,
"I've a letter from your brother Jim Stevens sent by me,
Tell me where those bears are lying, "They are lying snug and dry,
In a hollow of their dwelling," said the Irish rebel spy.

6

She wrapped her cleak around her and she led them on the way,
And as they followed after her she led them far astray,
She talked them of destruction and she winked at them so sly
Till one slipped from his saddle for to kiss that rebel spy.

7

Like a wizard in the saddle oh that fair one she could fly,
Like old Mermer(?) in his firmer days this fair one she could ride,
Over hills and over fences oh this fair one she did glide,
Until she reached those heroes and she halted by their side.

8

"Hurry up boys, they are coming, they are just beyond the hill,
And as the ground should open and swallow them they fled
They baffled at the Irish with their curses long and sly
But determined to outwit them was the Irish rebel spy.

9

Now she sleeps in old Ireland with no stone to mark the spot,
But her name for us in Ireland will never be forgot,
Her name and faith will carry us until the day we die,
She's our little Finian leader, she's the Irish rebel spy.

Sung by _____ Jones, Newcastle, N.B. and recorded by Helen
Creighton at Miramichi Folk Song Festival, 1958.

O you feeling hearts, you Christians, throughout this countereee,
 I hope you'll all pay attention and listen unto me,
 Concerning Samuel Allen who was so true and brave
 And on the streams of Rocky Brook met his watery grave

2

He left his aged parents so well along in years,
 Likewise a fond young sweetheart to weep for him in tears,
 His father bid him a fond farewell as the Gibson(?) train passed by,
 As he looked towards his home again, a tear rolled in his eye.

3

4 He was neat, tall, and handsome, his age about twenty-one,
 And if I do remember right he was their only son,
 Now I will tell you about Rocky Brook, it's a bad and dreary place,
 No matter where you're workin' in 'twill stare you in the face,
 For the rocks stands up like mountains for miles along the shore
 All thrill your heart with misery to hear the waters roar.

5

At seven o'clock in the morning when the sun was shining clear
 Samuel had left the camp without either dread or fear,
 He went down to the rolling stream to see what he could do
 Trying to prepare the dam to sluice the lumber through

6

He run first stopping(?) down the brook and watching for a jam
 The waters gave a mighty roll and tore away the dam,
 The boom that he was standing on was quicklie torn away
 Oh soon beneath the rolling waves his lifeless body lay.

7

At ten o'clock in the morning he received his deadlie blow,
 The people say he lost his life there in the undertow,
 The hair was torn from off his head and his body it was bare,
 Oh what a sight it must have been for comrades who was there.

8

We took him to his father's home, twould grieve your heart full sore,
 To see the friends he loved so well a-weeping round the door,
 Was one fair form amongst them whose name I will not tell,
 Who hoped to be his wedded wife when home he came again.

9

Now in that village churchyard his mouldering body lays,
 There he lays no more to raise till that great judgement day,
 When friends and foes will raise and go to thex Almiggty's call,
 Oh they'll rest in peace for evermore, the Father of us all.

Sung by Mr. John Holland, Glenwood, aged 86, and recorded by Helen
 Creighton at the Miramichi Folk Song Festival, Sept. 1958. Ended this
 sad song with step dance, and shuffled a dance step to his seat.

Come all ye jolly lumbermen
That lumbered in the west,
Never hire a brindle greaser
For the darkey he 's the best.

Cho.

And hurray hurrah for lumbermen,
Hurray hurrah hurraye,
Hurray hurrah for lumbermen
For Peelhead he 's the bye.

2

He bought a horse from Whitney,
Another from Bob Waye,
And got his sleds from Gabby Stewart
All on that very day;
He started for the lumber woods
To cut a hell of a shine,
But all the kind o' logs he got
Was small rough saplin' pine. Cho.

3

Bill Baisley was our chopper's name,
A man of noted skill,
And Peelhead was our teamster
And the owner of the mill,
Our swamper's name was Johnny Scott,
Our tend-team it was "ed,
Our yard piler George Anderson,
A brother of Peelhead. Cho.

4

He cut back to the Trunnel Road
Till he get all was there,
He drew a pim all of the ground
And gave a piece to Hare,
Then he cut back off the Trunnel Road
And back to the Sugery Line,
But all the kind of logs he got
Was small rough saplin' pine. Cho.

5

Now Mr. Isaac Peelhead
I hope you may do well,
I hope that you'll get logs enough
All to rtopay your men,
And not like it was last summer
When you said there'd be good times,
And some of your men you owe six months
And more you do owe nine. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Art Matchett, Newcastle, N.B. and recorded at the Miramichi Folk Song Festival by Helen Craighton, Sept. 1958. Miss Louise Manny says this typical lumber camp song was composed by Wm. McKay of the Nor'West; there may have been borrowed by a version of the Derby Ram.

This is the truth now I tell you,
 For my eyes in part did see
 What did happen to the people
 On the banks of the Miramichi.

2

The seventh evening of October
 Eighteen hundred and twenty-five,
 Two hundred people fell by fire
 And it scorched those who did survive.

3

Some said it was because the people's
 Sins did raise like mountains high,
 Which did ascend up to Jehovah,
 He would not see and justify.

4

In order to destroy their lumber
 And county in distress,
 He sent a fire in a whirlwind
 From the heaving wilderness.

5

It was on the Nor'West first discovered,
 Twenty-two men there did die,
 And when it had swept o'er the Meadows
 To Newcastle it did fly.

6

While the people were a-sleeping
 Fire seized upon the town,
 Though fine and handsome was the village
 It soon tumbled to the ground.

7

It burnt three vessels that were building,
 Two more that at anchor lay,
 Many that did see the fire
 Thought it was the Judgement Day.

8

Twelve more men were burnt by fire
 In the compass of that town,
 Twenty-five more on the water
 In a scow upset and drowned.

m

9

A family below Newcastle
 Were destroyed among the rest,
 Father, mother, and three children,
 One an infant at the breast.

10.

Thirteen families were residing
 Just out back of Gretna Green,
 All of them were burnt by fire,
 Only one alive was seen.

Then it passed to Black River
 Where it did burn sixty more,
 Till its winds it weighed with fury
 Till it reached the briny shore.

12

Forty-two miles by one hundred
This great fire did extend,
All was done within eight hours,
Not exceeding over ten.

13

Now that I have spoken of things collective
I intend to personate,
And speak of some of my acquaintance
With whom I was intimate.

14

A lady was drove to the water
Where she stood both wet and cold,
Notwithstanding her late illness
Had a babe but three days old.

15

Six young men both smart and active
Were to work on the Nor'west,
When they saw the fire coming
To escape they ~~xxxx~~ tried their best,

16

Not two miles from where their camp stood
They were found, each one of them,
But to paint their sad appearance
I cannot with tongue or pen.

17

To see these fine, these blooming young men
All lay dead upon the ground,
And their brothers standing moaning
Spread a dismal scene around.

18

I heard the sighs, the cries, the groanings,
Saw the falling of the tears,
By me this will not be forgotten
Should I live a hundred years.

19

Sister crying for her brother,
Father crying for his son,
And with bitter heartfelt sorrow
Says the mother, "I'm undone."

20

It killed the wild beasts of the forest,
In the river all the fish
Such another horrid fire
See again I do not wish.

(verse omitted here should come after 18)

Then we dug a grave and buried
Those whom did the fire burn,
Then each of us that are living
To our dwelling did return.

Edmund Robichaud

Sung by Mr. ~~Samuel~~ Jagee, Newcastle, N.B. and recorded at
The Miramichi Folk Song Festival by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1958.
Song composed by Mr. John Jardine, Black River, Northumberland Co.,
soon after the Great Fire of 1825