

Peter Emberley

Reel 199B 7

My name is Peter Emberley as you may understand,  
I was born in Prince Edward's Island near by the ocean strand,  
In eighteen hundred and eighty-four when the flowers were a brilliant hue  
I left my native countereee my fortune to pursue.

2

I landed in New Brunswick that lumbering countereee,  
I hired for to work in the lumber woods on the sou'west Miramichi,  
I hired for to work in the lumbering woods where they cut/ the tall spruce  
down,  
It was loading two sleds from a yard I received my deathly wound.

3

Here's adieu unto my father, it was him that drove me here,  
I thought it verycruel of him, his treatment was severe.  
For it is not right to impress a boy or try to keep him down  
For it ofttime's drives him from his home when he is far too young.

4

Here's adieu unto my greatest friend, I mean my mother dear,  
Who reared a son asfell as quick when he left her tender care,  
It's little she thought not long ago when she sung a lullaby  
What country I might travel in, or what death that I mightdie.

5

Here's adieu unto Prince Edward's Isle and the Isle along the shore,  
No more I'll walk its flowery banks or enjoy a summer sea,  
No more I'll watch those gallant brigs as they go a-sailing by  
With their white sails sailing in the wind far above theircanvas high/

6

But it's now before I pass away there is one more thing I pray  
That some good heavenly Father will bless my mouldering grave,  
Near by the city of Boistown where my mouldering bones do lay,  
A-waiting for my Savdour's call on that great judgement day.

X

Sung by Mr. Wilmot MacDonald, Glenwood, N.B. at the Miramichi  
Folk Song Festival. followed by words of appreciation by the  
Master of Ceremonies, Ken Homer, September 1958.



Both young and old I now manke bold,  
I pray you lend an ear,  
I'll tell you of a murder  
You have never heard before,  
For the murdering of an orphan girl,  
Her age was ~~seventeen~~, scarce sixteen,  
Her beauty bright was my delight  
Until Satan made me sin.

2

This girl had been a farmer's of a farmer's son,  
Her home being in the country convenient to my own,  
For I know I loved her dearly, ~~she~~ to me she being beguiled,  
All for to take her precious life I formed a scheme both wild.

3

To Ann I wrote a letter and those words I did say,  
Saying, "Annie if you'll come play with me to Wexford town we'll go,  
It's there we will get married, we'll ~~not~~ let no one know."

4

O the night was dark as we start out, ~~xxxxxxx~~ to cruise that  
counteree,  
It would bring the tears down from your eyes to hear what she did say,  
For it's when I was going to murder her I made her this reply,  
Saying, "It's Ann you'll go no further, it's here you got to die."

5

"O James think of your infant young and don't give me a fright,  
I'll promise God here on my knees that if you'll spare my life  
That I'll never trouble you or ask to be your wife."

6

But all her pleading's was in vain, was then I struck her sore,  
And with my heavy loaded whip I left her in her gore,  
Her screams and cries from heaven above and her ? would pierce  
your heart,  
For it's when I had her murdered was there we had to part.

7

But she being alive next morning just at the break of day  
When a shepherd's only daughter by chance came down that way,  
She saw her lying in her gore, she ran to her relief,  
Saying, "I been murdered here last night, will you send for the police."

8

The policeman came directly and doctors likewise,  
And when they got information they dressed up indisguis  
She told them of that guilty one, she put them on my trail.

9

Now my name is James MacDonald, from life I have to part  
For the murdering of an orphan ~~xxxxx~~ I'm sorry to the heart,  
girl  
For I hope my God will pardon me all on my judgement day,  
When I'm hanging on the scaffold, good people forme pray.

Sung by Mr. Wilmot MacDonald, Glenwood, N.B. at the Miramichi  
Folk Song Festival, Newcastle, September 1958 and recorded by Helen  
Creighton.