

Reel 200A

- 1 Meagher's Children, or The Lost Babes of Dartmouth; sung by Mr. Samuel Jagoe, Newcastle; long sad song about two little girls lost in woods; well sung
- 2 Mantle So Green; sung by Mrs. Perley Hare, Newcastle; broken ring theme; 8 vs. well sung
- 3 John Ladner; sung by Mr. Stanley McDonald, Newcastle; 7 vs. well sung; PEI lad of 23 killed in Maine lumberwoods.
- 4 Bean Crock; sung by Mr. Stanley MacDonald, Newcastle; more music than folk but good of its kind; amusing.
- 5 Leslie Allen; sung by Mr. George Duplessis; local folk song about young man lost in woods; sung with sympathy
- 6 Green Grow the Rushes, or Lovely Jimmy; sung by Mr. John Holland, Glenwood; lovely folk song; for words see reel 203A
- 7 Peter Emberley; sung by Mr. Edmund Robichaud; local song about PEI man killed in N.B. woods; 2 line tune, but well sung
- 8 The Joe Brook Song; sung by Mr. Wilmot MacDonald; 8 vs. local lumberman's song; sung with great enjoyment.

All songs sung at Miramichi Folk Song Festival Sept. 1958

As I rode out one evening, one evening in June
 For to view those green meadows and the flowers in bloom,
 I espied a fair damsel, she appeared like some queen
 In her costly rich robes round her mantle so green.

2

As I stepped up beside her and it's this I did say,
 "We will join hands together and it's married we will be,
 I will dress you in a rich apparel, you'll appear like some queen
 In your costly rich robes round your mantle so green."

3

"Oh it's no kind sir," she answered, "you must be refused,
 For it's I'll wed with no man, and you must be excused,
 Through those green fields I will wander and I'll shun all men's due
 Since the boy that I love died in famed Waterloo."

4

"Now if you have a sweetheart pray tell me his name,
 For it's I've been in battle and I might know the same."
 "It is Willie O'Riley," oh plain to be seen
 For it was neatly embroidered round her mantle so green.

5

"I was your Willie's comrade, I saw your love die,
 And as I passed him dying these words he did cry,
 Saying, 'Nancy, lovely Nancy, if you were standing by
 For to breathe your last on me contented I'd die.'"

6

As I told her the story in anguish she flew,
 And the more that I told her the paler she grew,
 "Through the green fields I will wander and I'll shun all men's view
 Since the boy that I love died in famed Waterloo."

7

"Oh it's Nancy, sweet Nancy, it was I gained your heart,
 It was in your father's garden where we had to part,
 Was in your father's garden where we were unseen
 There I rolled you in my arrans round your mantle so green."

8

So this couple got married so I heard people say,
 And right nobles attended on their wedding day,
 Now the war it is over and the trouble it is o'er,
 "You are welcome to my arrans lovely Nancy once more."

Sung by Mrs. Parley Hare, Newcastle, and recorded at 1st
 Miramichi Folk Song Festival by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1958

Singer is daughter of Mr. Neville Whitney, noted singer of this
 district, and sister of Mr. Harold Whitney. She speaks last word.

O all friends draw near, come listen to my song,
 This cruel fate I will relate, this young man dead and gone,
 Who now lies silent in his grave without any care or pain,
 Prince Edward's Isle his native isle, John Ladner by name.

2

When ~~xxxxxx~~ very young he left his home, with friends so far behind,
 He hastened onward to St. John, employment for to find,
 For work he tried, by all denied, he searched but all in vain,
 In deep despair he paid his fare unto the state of Maine.

3

Arriving in the state of Maine a job was easily found,
 His willingness soon earned the praise with strangers all around,
 He toiled and saved his earnings ? , not a foolish cent would spend,
 No thought had he that death so nigh his young life soon would end.

4

Thanksgiving morn brought joy to some, to others it brought woe,
 Poor John arose, put on his clothes, and away to work did go,
 To roll down logs piled up so high with steady hands and skill,
 To put them in that narrow stream that floats them to the mill.

5

In danger's road he often stood and watched with careful eye,
 He did the same that very day they say who saw him die,
 One ~~A~~ roar, one crash, one dreadful smash, and the logs came rolling down,
 One treacherous blow soon laid him low, in death where he was found.

6

His comrades gathered round him and rolled the logs away
 With aching hearts and sorrow's pride we mourn our loss to-day,
 The doctor came but all in vain for he in death was cold,
 His time had come, his race was run at twenty-three years old.

7

Now comrades mark his bloodstained spot in memory of the dead,
 Look down with pity on his face, lift up his bleeding head,
 A warning take by this sad fate, watch danger if you can,
 For unexpected it will come to each and every man.

Sung by Mr. Stanley MacDonal d, Newcastle, N.B. and recorded at
 Miramichi Folk Song Festival, By Helen Creighton, Sept. 1958