

Bean Crock

Reel 200A4

It was in a New York restaurant a hobo chanced to stray
He asked the waiter for a feed, he had no money to pay,
The waiter he being busy threw oysters at the bum
But the bum he grabbed the bean crock and he shot out at the run.

Cho.

Saying, "You can't a-catch me, you can't a-catch me,
For I'm a runner and don't you see
'Twould do you no good to follow me,
You can't a-catch me no matter how you try,
But I'll bring you back your bean crock in the sweet by and by."

2

In Mrs. Joneses barroom this hobo chanced to stray,
He walked up to the counter, says, "There is no place like home,"
But Mrs. Jones she grabbed the ale bottle and aimed it at the bum,
But the bum he grabbed the ale bottle and he shot out on the run. Cho.

3

There are some lazy people, you meet them every day,
They never have any money, they are stone broke so they say,
But I'm a different man you see, I am a man of this
For I always have a quarter in my pocket, here it is.

Cho.

But I can't exchange it, I can't exchange it,
The reason why I'll tell you now,
It's one I made myself,
And I can't exchange it, I don't intend to try,
But I'll pawn it off on some blind man in the sweet by and by.

4

So I thought that I'd get married like some other foolish men,
I found the girl, I bought the ring, got married there and then,
But after I was married I was taken down a peg,
For her nose, her eyes, her teeth were false, ~~xxx~~ she had a wooden leg.

Cho.

But I can't exchange her, I can't exchange her,
She was a big surprise to me,
Oh half a woman and half a tree,
But I can't exchange her, I don't intend to try,
But I'll split her up for kindling wood in the sweet by and by.

Sung by Mr. Stanley MacDonald, Newcastle, N.B. and recorded
by Helen Creighton at the Miramichi Folk Song Festival Sept. 1956

A young man came from Moncton town
When the autumn leaves were falling,
He came to earn a hunter's crown
Where the autumn woods were calling.

2

Beside the banks of bleak Black Brook
Of evil reputation,
His party found a sheltered nook
For rest and recreation.

3

Far from that camp one fatal day
Young Leslie Allen wandered,
Why did he go, why did he stray?
The public long has pondered.

4

Three hundred men and two bloodhounds
His track has long been trailing,
They trailed o'er all that weary round
But the search was unavailing.

5

The snow now lies upon the ground,
What fate has him befallen?
But all within that dreary round
Lies long lost Leslie Allen.

Sung by Mr. George Duplessis to tune of Barbara Allan,
and recorded at Miramichi Folk Song Festival by Helen Creighton,
Sept. 1958

Peter Emberley

~~Green~~ ~~Grow~~ ~~the~~ ~~Rushes~~

Reel 200A No. 87

My name is Peter Emberley as you may understand
I was born on Prince Edward's Island, that fair and happy land,
In eighteen hundred and eighty-four when the flowers were in full
bloom

I left my native countree my fortune to pursue.

2

I landed in New Brunswick on the banks of the Miramichi,
I landed in New Brunswick, that lumbering countree,
I hired in the lumbering woods to cut the tall spruce down,
While loading two sleds at the brow I received my fatal wound.

3

There's danger on the ocean boys where the waves roll mountains high,
There's danger on the battlefields where the angry bullets fly,
There's danger in the lumbering woods for death lies silent there,
When I became a victim of that great entrance(?) there.

4

There's adieu to my old father for it was him who drove me there
I thought it very very hard, his treatments were severe,
It is not right to press a boy nor try to keep him down,
'Twill cause him for to leave his home when he is far too young.

adieuing 5

There's adieu to my greatest friend, I mean my mother dear,
~~W~~To raise a boy to fall too soon as he leaves her tender care,
What little did my mother think when she sang sweet lullabies
The country I might travel in or the death that I might die.

6

There's adieuing to Prince Edward Island and the Island girls so true,
Long may she live to breath the air which on the isle I drew,
It is so near to Charlottetown where my mouldering bones shall lay
To wait the coming of the Lord and that good old Judgement Day.

Sung by Mr. Edmund Robichaud, Newcastle, N.B. and recorded at
the Miramichi Folk Song Festival by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1958

It's not very often you see me with a piece of paper in me hand because I can't read it anyway. But sometimes it slips me a line and I don't know the first of it. But anyway I'm going to sing this song and I don't want anyone to get offended. Because in this song there's any kind of men in it and it was all made in a rhyme in the woods and I want everyone to believe I ain't making little of anyone, in this song. So here's the song.

It was Friday in October nineteen and twenty-four,
I left dear Gray Rapids with a half a dozen more,
I took the train for Deresdale(?) a place I did not know,
For to work up in the lumber woods ~~where~~ with Puckalank(?) did go.

2

It was early one Saturday morning, the day broke with a chill,
We started over that rocky road to a place they called Burnt Hill,
And when we reached that depot camp, the place they called Burnt Hill
The small birds in that counteree they whistle loud and shrill.

3

Now it was on a Monday morning and bitter was our ~~messy~~ lot,
We started out for Cochran's dump, that drear and lonely spot,
And soon we covered five miles or more when ?
When we saw that ragged cabin on the stream they call Joe's Brook.

4

We had men from every counteree from Frenchmen down to Swede,
Yes, men of every counteree, and men of every breed,
The price(?) it lay upon the ground where every place you'd look
It would fill your heart with misery round the stream they call Joe Brook.

5

Now we had a young timekeeper, MacDonald was his name (aside; there's got
to be always a MacDonald in it)
A man of education and from Gray Rapids came
Twine Cochran was our foreman, a man both tall and proud,
And just before the break of day he would turn out his crowd.

6

Now Tom Sullivan was our leader, he'd lead us all in prayer,
He tossed his eyes up to the skies and bitterly he'd swear,
He raked all the apostles from Jacob down to John
It would fill your heart with misery to hear that man go on.

7

But we had not worked there very long when a scaler they came in,
They sure cut down their lumber for they always cut her thin,
Two thirty-four a thousand, that made the foreman look
When I saw his broad chin quiver on the stream they call Joe Brook.

7

Now there are a man among the crowd his name I will not say,
Who always treated all the boys who ever come his way,
He always treated all the boys who every one proved true
He was the man to watch the can while boiling off home brew.

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

Was up yon steep and lovely glen
And over manys the lofty mountains,
But its decked with glens and lofty dales,
Where manays the day I went a-hunting.

2

One day as I went out a-hunting
It was there I planned my roving fancy,
Down by the burn a-herding lambs,
'Twas there I espied my lovely Nancy.

3

Her gown it was all striped with green,
Her cloak it was the very colour
And the train the stripes were seen,
The belle of the blooming heather.

4

"Good day," said I, "my bonny lass,
What brings you here amongst the heather?"
"My father he is away from home
And I must keep his lambs together."

5

I says, "My dear if you'll be mine
And just forsake your father
In silks and scarlets you will shine
And you'll be the flower amongst the heather."

6

"Your offer's good sir, I cannot deny,
But to me you're but a stranger,
Perhaps you are some rich man's son
And I'm but a poor shepherd's daughter."

7

"I am my father's heir indeed,
And you are here to check my fancy,
But all his herds I would resign
And go herd lambs with lovely Nancy.

8

"I have been to balls and masquerades,
I've been to London and Belheather,
But the bonniest lassie that e're I spied
Was herding lambs amongst the heather.

9

"Here's farewell to balls and masquerades,
My love she's neither proud nor gaddy,
She's fairer far than heather bells
Nor any saucy painted lady."

10

So down by the Clyde where streams do glide
This couple they were joined together,
And it's oftentimes that she blessed the hour
That she herded lambs amongst the heather.

Sung by Mr. Jas. Brown, South Branch, Kent Co. and recorded at
Miramichi Folk Song Festival, Sept. 1958 by Helen Creighton