

Reel 200B

- 1 Herding Lambs Amongst The Heather; sung by Mr. John Molland;
beautiful pastoral love song; 10 vs. well sung
- 2 Sweet Florella; sung by Mrs. Edmund Robichaud; 9 vs. murder song;
popular in Maritimes; fair
- 4 & Roger the Miller; sung by Mr. Stanley MacDonald, Newcastle;
7 vs. amusing English folk song; good version well sung.
- 3 & Le Pommier Doux, or The Sweet Apple Tree; sung very nicely in French
by boy soprano Roland Richard with piano accompaniment;
words in Chansons d'Acadie 2nd series
- 5 The Faithful Sailor Boy; sung by Mr. Jas. Brown, South Branch, Kent
Co.; sea song on border line of being folk; 3 vs. &
cho.; sad and sentimental

- 6 Margoton; sung in French by Roland Richard with piano accompani-
ment as above; words in Chansons d'Acadie; very nice
- 7 Lumberman's Alphabet; sung by Mr. Wilmo†t MacDonald at end of
program; local; for words see reel 199; much play
here to audience.

All songs sung at Miramichi Folk Song Festival 1958

Down by a drooping willow
Where the flowers so gently bloom
There lies my own Fiorella
So silent in her tomb.

2

She died of a broken-hearted,
No sickness ever known,
But just one moment parted
From the one she loved so true.

3

One night the moon shone brightly
As bright as ever shone,
Down by her cottage lightly
A treacherous lover stole.

4

Said he, "Come let's ramble
And on those bright hills so gay
And on the road we'll ponder
And mark our wedding day.

5

The walk was long and dreary,
Thenight was coming on,
Said she, "I'm tired of roaming
I wish that we'd return."

6

said he, "Oh no you'll never
shall roam these plains no more,
So bid adieu Fiorella
To parents, friends, and home."

7

Down on her knees before him
She pleaded for her life,
Whilst deep within her bosom
He plunged the dreadful knife.

8

"O Willie I forgive you,"
And in her dying breath
"I'll pray that heaven will have mercy,"
As she closed her eyes in death.

9

The angels bare her spirits
And on those bright hills on high
And now this treacherous lover
For his cruel murder must die.

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

Roger the miller came courting of late
 A farmer's young daughter called beautiful Kate,
 She had for her fortune fine ribbons and rings,
 She had for ~~her~~ a fortune yes five hundred things,
 for She her a fortune fine ribbons and gowns,
 She had for a fortune, ~~xxxxxxxforxxxx~~
 She had for a fortune yes five hundred pounds.

2

Oh the wedding being being ready, the supper set down,
 Oh what a fine fortune this five hundred pounds,
 When up speaks young Roger, "I vow and declare
 Although that your daughter is charming and fair
 I won't have your daughter I vow and declare,
 I won't have your daughter, I won't have your daughter
 Without the grey mare."

3

Oh up speaks her father, ~~sh~~ unto him with speed,
 "I thought that you'd marry my daughter indeed,
 Now since that I found out that things they are so
 Once more in my pocket my money shall I go,
 You won't have my daughter I vow and declare,
 You won't have my daughter, you won't have my daughter
 Nor yet the grey mare."

4

Oh the money being vanished went out of his sight,
 And so did Miss Katie his love and delight,
 Young Roger the scoundrel was kicked out of doors,
 And told to be gone and return there no more,
 So away he went tearing his long yellow hair
 And wished he had never, and wished he had never
 Spoke of the grey mare.

5

O three years passed and gone till one day on the street
 O who did he chance but his Katie to meet,
 "Good morning Miss Katie, do you not know me?
 "O yes sir," she said, "I have seen you before,
 Or one of your likeness with long yellow hair
 Who once came a-courting, who once came a-courting
 My father's grey mare."

6

"O indeed and Miss Katie you are much to blame,
 It was for the courting of you that I came,
 For to think that your father would have nor dispute
 To give unto me the grey mare for boot
 Before he would part with his dear lovely sun
 So now I am sorry, so now I am sorry
 For what I have done."

7

"O your troubles," said Katie, "I value them not,
 There is plenty more in this town to be got,
 For to think that a man would be in despair
 To marry a girl for the sake of a mare,
 The price of the mare it was never so great,
 So fare you well Roger, so fare you well Roger,
 Go mourn for your Kate."

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

The Faithful Sailor Boy

Redl 200B

Was on that dark and stormy night as the snow lie on the ground
A sailor boy stood on the deck of the ship that was outward bound,
His true love standing by his side shedding manys a bitter tear,
He pressed her to his bosom and he whispered in her ear.

Cho.

Good-bye my own true lover for this parting gives me pain,
You will be my hope and guiding star until I return again,
My thoughts will be on you my love when storms are raging high,
So fare you well, remember me, your faithful sailor boy.

2

Was in that gale that ship set sail, the lass was standing by,
She watched the vessel out of sight until tears bedimmed her eye,
And as she prayed to God in heaven to guide him o'er the way
The loving words he spoke that night rang through her ears next day.

3

But sad to say that ship returned without her sailor boy,
For he had died while on the voyage, the flag was half mast high,
And as the sailors they came on shore and they told her he was dead,
The letter that he wrote to her and the parting words he said.

Cho.

Cho.

Good-bye my own true lover for on earth we'll meet no more,
But we will meet in heaven above on that bright celestial shore,
Yes we will meet in heaven above beyond the skies so blue,
Where you will not be parted from your sailor boy so true.

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