

Reel 201A

1. Watercress Song; sung by Mr. Wilmot MacDonald, Glenwood, N.B.; 10vs. amusing and sung to bright tune; probably music hall song.
2. Pulling Hard Against the Tide: sung by Mr. James Brown, South Branch, N.B.; not folk, but old, the sort sailors like to sing; 4 vs & cho.
3. The Captain Who Took the Girl: sung in French by Mrs. Wm. Buckley, Chatham Head; well sung to good tune
4. The Death of Harry Vail, or, The Little Shingle Mill; sung by My .Samuel Jagoe, Newcastle; not much tune
5. The Girl I Left Behind; sung by the Estey brothers, Sevogle; 7 vs. quite well sung
6. The Green Vallee; sung by Mrs Perley Hare, Newcastle; well sung in good voice to nice tune; for words see reel 203A
- 7 Byrontown: sung by Mr. John Holland, Glenwood; local song; composed by Larry Gorman; amusing and well sung
- 8 Voyage of the North Star: sung in French by Mr . Allan Kelly; nice tune, sung quietly.
9. The Jam on Gerry's Rock; sung by Mr. Edmund Robichaud; lumberman's song; for words see reel 199A

All songs recorded at Miramichi Folk Song Festival, Newcastle, N.B., Sept. 1958

I am a dairy farmer from Dumfriesshire I came  
 To see some friends in Cambrick Wells, Tim Morgan is my name,  
 In a little part near Dumfriesshire I live when I'm at home  
 And if I was right back again from there I will never roam.

2

It was in the month of April I landed in this town  
 And I being but a stranger here I wandered up and down,  
 Till I lost my way entirely and I never could tell where  
 Upon a little quiet street near the corner of a square.

3

Eh it was then a handsome maiden she came walking down this way,  
 As long as I can remember I shall ne'er forget that day,  
 She had an early bunch of onions and a half a pint of beer,  
 Some pickles and a bunch of watercresses.

4

I modestly stepped up to her and those words I did say  
 "Kind maid I'm going to Cambrick Well, won't you direct the way?"  
 "Oh yes sir, oh yes sir," she modestly replied,  
 "Take the corner to the left and go down the other side."

5

I modestly thanked her as I walked by her side,  
 I got ~~the~~ so awful generous she be for a dairy farmer's bride,  
 So I got a resolution half in earnest, half in joke,  
 And I hinted matrimony and those were the words I spoke.

6

"I've got a farm of forty acres, I've got horses, sheep, and geese,  
 Kind maid I got a dairy filled with butter, cream, and cheese,  
 And if you'll consent and marry me a lady you will be,  
 We'll end our days on love and watercresses."

7

She modestly made answer, "Oh yes sir if you chose,  
 You seem so awful generous I can't this well refuse,  
 But if you will give me your address I will without delay  
 Prepare for matrimony oh with honour and obey."

8

"But I have a wedding dress to buy, some little bills to pay,"  
 I handed her five sovereigns expenses for to pay,  
 And she promised for to marry me upon the first of May  
 And left me with a bunch of watercresses.

9

Next day I got a letter which I read with surprise,  
 "Kind sir for it is offending you I must apologize,  
 But if ever you ask another in partnership for life  
 Be sure she is a maiden, a widow, not a wife."

10

For I have a husband of my own, his name is Willie Grey,  
 As soon as he can afford it back your sovereign he will pay,

(rest of words forgotten; I have the same song from Mr. Ben Henneberry).

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

Now it's in this world I gained my knowledge and for it I had to pay,  
Although I never went to college sometimes hear the poets say,  
Life is but a mighty ocean rolling on from day to day,  
Men like vessels lanching upon it, sometimes ~~xxxx~~ wrecked and cast away.

Cho

So it's then do your best for one another  
Making life a pleasant dream,  
Helping a worn and a weary brother  
That's pulling hard again the stream.

2

Many's the bright good-hearted fellow, many is the noble-minded man,  
Finds himself in water shallow, then assist him if you can,  
There's some succeeds at every turn, fortune favours every scheme,  
Others though are more deserving have to pull again the stream. Cho.

3

It's if the wind is in your favour then you weather every squall,  
Think on those that luck lays labour(?), never gets fair wind at all,  
Working hard, contented, willing, struggling through life's ocean wide,  
Not a friend or not a shilling(?), pulling hard against the tide. Cho.

Chor 4

So it's don't give away to foolish worry, always keep up in good cheer,  
Brighter days will come to-morrow if you try and persevere,  
Now the darkest night shall have its morning though the sky be overcast,  
And the longest lane will have its turning when the tide will turn at last.

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

## The Death of Harry Vail

or: The Little Shingle Mill

Reel 201A No. 4

Come all kind friends, come brothers one and all,  
A story I'll relate to you that will make your blood run cold,  
Concerning a poor unfortunate boy who's known both far and near,  
In the township of Acadia in the county of Yorkshire,  
There stands a little shingle mill, it run about one year.

2  
'Twas there that dreadful deed was done caused many to weep and wail,  
It was there that poor boy lost his life whose name was Harry Vail,  
On the 29th of April on the year of sixty-nine,  
He went to work as usual, no harm did he beguile,  
Till the rolling of the feed belt brought the carriage into gear  
And threw poor Harry on the saw and caught him so severe.

3  
It cut him through the shoulder blade and half way down the back,  
And threw him out upon the floor as the carriage it came back,  
He started for the shanty, his strength was failing fast,  
He says, "My boys I am wounded and I fear it is my last."

4  
His brothers they were sent for, likewise his sisters two,  
The doctor he was summonsed and I guess it proved too true,  
For when this dreadful wound was dressed he unto them did say,  
"I fear there is no hope for me, I soon must pass away."

5  
No father dear had poor Harry to kneel beside his bed,  
No kind or loving mother to hold his sobbing head,  
He lingered for one night and day till death did ease his pain,  
Hushed was that voice forever, he ne'er shall speak again.

6  
We fitted him for his coffin, we fitted him for his grave,  
His brothers and sisters they do mourn for that lad so young and brave,  
Now springtime it is coming to meet that mournful day,  
While the little birds on each leafy tree sing softly all the day.

Sung by Mr. Samuel Jagoe, Newcastle, and recorded at the  
Miramichi Folk Song Festival by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1958

My parents reared me tenderly having no child but me  
My mind being bent on rambling with them could not agree  
My mind being bent on rambling which grieved their hearts full sore,  
I left my aged parents whom I shall ne'er see more.

2

There was a wealthy squire who lived in that same part,  
He had one only daughter and I had gained her heart,  
She was neat, tall, and handsome, most beautiful and fair,  
And I Columbia's daughter with her could not compare

3

I told her my intentions that I was going away,  
I asked her if she would prove true and loyal unto me  
Big drops of tears stood in her eyes, her bosom heaved a sigh,  
"Fear not for me fair youth," said she, "my love can never die."

v4

Then according to my agreement I went on board the ship,  
And to the city of Glasgow we made a jolly trip,  
Where money and trade were plenty and the girls were good and kind,  
My love begun to fade away for the girl I left behind.

5

To Belfast town we next set sail, that hospitable land,  
Where handsome Janie Ferguson she took me by the hand,  
Saying, "I have gold in plenty and love in you I find,  
All friends and parents you must forget and the girl you left behind."

6

'Twas there we joined in wedlock and I own it to my shame,  
How can a man be happy when he knows himself to blame,  
I know I've lots of money, my wife she's good and kind  
But my pillow it is haunted by the girl I left behind

7

for

My father in his winding sheets, my mother she does appear,  
And my own true love stands by the bed seems a-wiping back her tears,  
For I left love for money, and that it is not blind

(tape did not take the last few words)

Estey Sevogle, N.B.

Sung by the Estax brothers and recorded at the Miramichi Folk  
Song Festival by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1958