

The Plain Golden Band
of

Reel 201BNo. 3

Well I am dreaming tonight when the days that are gone
When the moon slumbers over the mountain at dawn,
And the dewdrops of heaven are kissing their ~~xxx~~ rose,
They're kissing the rose in the valley at dawn.

2

The bright rolling water, so mild and so blue,
The sweet willow waves and the bird signs so true,
The flowers that bloom on the bank by the shore
Where I parted with Eliza the girl I adore.

3

Oh the night that we parted I ne'er shall forget,
In fancy I see her sad tears falling yet,
My poor heart was sad and with sorrow did pang
When she drew from her finger this plain golden band.

4

Saying, "Take back this ring which I ne'er can retain,
For the wearing of this only causes me pain,
For I've broken the vows that we made on the strand,
When you placed on my finger this plain golden band."

5

"Oh retain the engagement ring darling," I cried,
For you know that you promised you'd soon be my bride,
My love it is true and will never prove false,
Retain I beseech you this plain band of gold."

6

"I know my brave laddie your love it is true,
I know that you love me and that I love you,
But the vows that are broken that we made on the strand
When you placed on my finger this plain golden band."

7

"One bright fairy night when the moon it shone bright,
When nature was robed in its ~~pink~~ golden light
pale

The soft gentle breezes blew o'er the wild moor
When I left my own cottage to roam on the shore.

8

"There I met a young man that I very well knew
And he told me false stories, false stories of you,
He vowed that he loved me, he offered his hand
So I soon put a spread(?) on this plain golden band."

9

She threw her arms round me and cried in despair,
As the gentle breeze rippled her soft waving hair,
A bright ray from heaven shone on her fair hand
But the moon it shone brighter on this plain golden band.

10

"Forgive me, forgive me my darling," cried she,
"Don't leave me to rest in my cold silent grave,
Those fond cherished letters this plain golden band,
And well my own darling, farewell and adieu,
Our vows they are broken, to you I'll prove true,
Sometimes think of me when we roam on the strand,
When I placed on your finger this plain golden band."

There's a spot in the forest not very far away
Where the deer loves to roam the child loves to play,
When all nature's robed in their skins rich and brown
are
You will find the author to this plain golden band.

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

It might be well to compare these words with reel 116A
sung by Mr. Samuel Jago. The authorship is attributed to Mr.
Joe Scott, Grand Falls, N.B.

Down by a southeran dovk one day he happened for to stray,
On board of a western ocean boat he stowed himself away,
When McCarthy came from his hiding-place the mate to him did say,
"What brought you here McCarthy? Why did you stow away?"

2

On board of a western ocean boat you'll wish yourself on shore
For you'll rue the day you stowed away on the City of Baltimore.
It's early in the morning the men would all turn to,
It's early every morning the mate he'd put them through,

3

"Where is that Irish stowaway?" the mate to them did say,
"I'm here," said Jack McCarthy, "what do you want of me?"
"It's true I an an Irishman, and that I'll not deny,
But before I'll be cut down by you I'll fight until I die."

4

"If you're a man of couzage it's me you'll stand before,
And I'll fight you square upon the deck of the City of Baltimore."

5

The mate he being a cowardly man before Jack would no't stand,
But with an iron bowlin(?) he at McCarthy ran,
Oh Jack had been a smart young man as he oft times done before,
And he knocked him senseless on the deck of the City of Baltimore.

6

The steward and the boatswain came to the mate's relief,
And with an iron capsule bar(?) Jack made them both retreat,
Jack's Irish blood it then did boil and like a lion did roar,
And the blood come trickiling down the deck on the City of Baltimore.

7

Our captain was a Scotchman, McDonald was his name,
And when he saw what McCarthy did straight to McCarthy came,
"McCarthy you're a smart young man and of great courage for,
You're the very best man that walks the deck on the City of Baltimore."

Sung by Mr. John Jilks, Miramichi Folk Song Festival, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1958.

The Master of Ceremonies asks the audience if in other versions
McCarthy isn't mate or boatswain; he asks James Brown who says he is
made the mate. Mr. Homer says, "They pull out the old mate and put
put in the new."

mate

On the Tom Bigbee River so bright I was born,
 In a hut made of cobs from the bright yellow corn,
 It was there I met Julia so young and so true
 And I took her in tow in my gum tree canoe.

Cho.

Then we'd row, row the waters so blue,)
 Like a feather we'd float in our gum tree canoe,) bis

2

With my hand on my banjo, my toe on the oar,
 I'd sing her a song to the swift river's roar,
 The stars they looked down on my Julia so true
 While the waves washed us high in our gum tree canoe. Cho.

3

One day while sailing the silvery bay
 We sailed so far I thought we would stay,
 Along came a ship with a sail of true blue
 And took us in tow in our gum tree canoe. Cho.

4

One day while sailing the silvery bay
 I plucked up my courage enough for to say,
 "I love you sweet Julia, I love you I do,
 Won't you travel for e'er in my gum tree canoe." Cho.

5

And thus we have travelled for many a long year
 Through fair and foul weather, through sunshine and tear,
 And now there are others beside just we two
 Who oft times do row in our gum tree canoe. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Bill Turney, Woodstock, and recorded at the
 Miramichi Folk Song Festival, Sept. 1958

Dance You Boatman, Dance

Reel 201B 6

Dance you boatman, dance
And sing you boatman, sing,
Dance you boatman, dance,
And sing you boatman, sing,
The boatman dance and the boatman sing,
The boatman's up to everything,
And when the boatman goes ashore
He spends his money and he works for more.

Sung by Mr. Bill Turney, Woodstock, N.B. and recorded at
the Miramichi Folk Song Festival, Sept. 1958

Joseph Johnston's Death
English translation from French

Reel 201B 7

Death came suddenly and was a fatal day
For a very good citizen down Acadieville way,
The place it happened was on the Intercolonial Railway.

2

That morning having walked along the Intercolonial Railway.
Having attended business all day was about to embark on his way,
Embark on the evening train that would be going his way.

3

When our friend after others had embark, the train started with a start,
Continued onward with its passengers as it had to be quick to pick
up others,
On the exact hour it was due so quick it started, our friend
Under the train on the rail he fell.

4

The driver did not see and could not tell, so when the train he started
Ran over and across our friend who had fell the conductor saw our
friend
And gave the signal that halted the train who had so quickly started.

5

The conductor was shocked at what he saw
That our friend had been cut into as if by saw,
So you my dear friends can imagine the unfortunate condition of our
citizen
As he lay, his body cut in two.

6

When it was tried to remove him the horros and pains were treble,
To remove him the train was moved
Which meant the wheels over him again ran.

7

Some sheets and piece of cloth were found into which the remains
were placed,
But boards had to be also found as the Remains had to remain at
the station

8

As after a serious discussion a telegram was sent for the coroner.
All night the Remains stayed at the station
As only next morning came the coroner,
After examination he said he was dead, also declared this was due to
accident.

9

This sad accident which happened show all that now it can to then happen,
So my friends let us be always ready to embark on the long journey
Where we will be destined to meet our Masterx Maker.

10

And may the accident remind all that now a good citizen is no more,
And that on August 18th he wept no more,
He came from Acadiaville and all knew him,
His name was Joseph Johnston.

Sung by Mr. Chiasson, Rogersville, N.B. in French and recorded
by Helen Creighton at the Miramichi Folk Song Festival, Sept. 1958.
(translation loaned by Miss Louise Manny).)