

J'ai cueilli la belle Rose

Reel 201B 8

J'ai cueilli la belle rosa, (bis)
Qui pendait au rosier blanc,
La belle rose,
Qui pendait au rosier blanc,
La belle ros' du rosier blanc.

2

Je l'ai ~~parlé~~ cueilli' feuille à feuille, (bis)
Mis dans mon tablier blanc,
La belle rose,
Mis dans mon tablier blanc,
La belle ros' du rosier blanc.

3

Je l'ai porte chez mon pere. (bis)
Entre Paris et Rouen,
La belle rose,
Entre Paris et Rouen,
La belle ros' du rosier blanc.

4

Je n'ai pas trouvé' personne.. (bis)
Que le rossignol chantant,
La belle rose,
Que le rossignol chantant,
La belle rose du rosier blanc.

5

Qui me dit dans son langage: (bis)
Mari-toi, car il est temps,
La belle rose,
Mari-toi, car il est temps,
La belle ros' du rosier blanc.

6

Comment veux-tu que j'm'y mari? (bis)
Mon pere en est pas content,
La belle rose,
Mon pere en est pas content
La belle rosé du rosier blanc.

7

Ni mon père, ni ma mère, (bis)
Ni aucun de mes parents,
La belle rose,
Ni aucun de mes parents,
La belle ros' du rosier blanc.

Sung by Roland Richard, boy soprano, at the Miramichi Folk Song festival, accompanied on piano by priest; recorded by Helen Creighton, September 1958. He comes from Rogersville; trained at Sacred Heart University, Bathurst. Words taken from Chantons Ensemble, Recueil de chants pour les écoles.

O you friends in line with me combine and attention to me pay
 Till I relate the praises of a lady young and gay,
 Her waist was small, her pearly(?) cheeks oh so enticed me
 And death I'm sure was in the cure if her and I should part.

2

Now the praises of this fair one I'm about for to unfold
 Her hair hung round her shoulders like the flowery(?) links of gold,
 Her pearly(?) cheeks, her rosy lips they so enticed me,
 And her neck(?) was fairer than the swan that swims the briny sea.

3

Now my father to me came one day and this to me did say,
 Saying, "Son, dear son, don't ? by me, don't throw yourself away,
 Don't marry a poor servant girl who's reared both scant and mean,
 But stay at home and do not roam and along with me remain."

4

"O father, honoured father, don't deprive me of my dear,
 For I will not part with my own true love for a thousand pounds a year,
 If I possessed King William's throne I would make her my queen
 And with high renown I'd wear the crown and along of her remain."

5

Then a horse and saddle he did provide for to take my love away,
 He took her to some foreign place, a place I can't tell where,
 Her windows I have daily watched thinking she might be seen,
 For I long to get another sight of the maid of sweet Garcine.

6

And it's now my song is ended and my pen I will let down,
 It's Pat O'Brien it is my name and Florida is my land,
 My days I'll spend in weariment(?) since my darling first I seen,
 But it's here in pain I must remain for the maid of sweet Garcine.

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

As I was a-walking one evening of late
 Where nature's gay mantle the fields decorate,
 I carelessly wandered where I did not know,
 Near the banks of a fountain that lies in Glencoe.

2

Like her whose the pride of Montada (?) had won,
 There approached me a lassie as bright as the sun,
 Her ribbons and tartans around her did flow,
 And her name it was Flora the pride of Glencoe.

3

Says I, "Lovely maiden your enchanting smiles
 And your beautiful features do my heart beguile,
 And if true affection on me you bestow
 You'll bless the happy hour that we met in Glencoe."

4

She answered, "Kind sir your suit I disdain,
 For I once had a sweetheart MacDonald by name,
 He went to a war about nine years ago
 And a maid I'll remain till he returns to Glencoe."

5

"MacDonald true valour was tried on the field,
 Like his ? and sceptre he disdains there to yield,"
 "If he never returns still single I'll go
 And mourn for MacDonald the pride of Glencoe."

6

Then finding her constant I drew forth a glove
 Which in parting she gave me as a token of love,
 Then she entered my arms as her tears down did flow
 Saying, "Are you really MacDonald returned to Glencoe?"

7

"Cheer up lovely Flora, your sorrows are o'er,
 Until death separates us we'll never part more,
 The rude storms of war at as distance may blow
 While in peace and happiness we'll reside in Glencoe."

Sung by Mr. George Duplessis, Newcastle, N.B. at the
 Miramichi Folk Song Festival, (Louise Manny's singer) and recorded
 there by Helen Creighton, September 1958.

My first love was Sarah and none could be fairer,
For beauty in fact I have seen none as fair,
She were a domestic, with her I got love sick,
She lives in a mansion near Manchester fair.

2

The first time I met her I ne'er can forget her,
When off to the house for the dinner she ran,
'Twas love at first sight, for on that same night
My joy was accepted as Sarah's young man.

3

I was invited for tea and delighted,
I thought it was welcome she always made me,
While setting and setting we talked of affection,
And how I enjoyed the hot muffins for tea.

4

One night unexpected my sight caught a view,
I scarcely could believe my own eyes,
When a monstrous soldier, a horseguard in blue
Sat cosy by Sarah who gazed in surprise.

5

I demanded a true explanation,
Such horrible conduct Miss Sarah began,
To laugh and grow bolder the monstrous soldier
Seized holt of the collar of Sarah's young man.

6

He says, "Now you see you're not wanted,
And if you will please go quietly out,"
I says, "If I do, by jove you'll come too,"
And the monster began for to knock me out.

7

While struggling we both heard the voice of the master,
The soldier took flight, up the attic he ran,
And I soon was able, crawled under the table,
A nice situation for Sarah's young man.

8

And soon much faster the nasty black poodle,
The nasty black poodle came snuffing around,
When'er he come near I trembled with fear
For fear of him finding my hiding place out.

9

My breathing I smothered but soon he discovered,
The little black poodle his barking began,
The master he lifted the cloth on the table
And there he espied it Sarah's young man.

10

The master he fastened his holt on my collar,
Saying, "Who and what are you? speak out if you can,"
"A thief or a robber," cried I with a stutter,
"O no, kind sir, I am Sarah's young man."

11

The master he loosened his holt on my collar,
Then he gave me my freedom and ended my fright,
Miss Sarah has lost her situation,
Likewise the soldier, it served him quite right.

The next time I met her she asked me to forgive her,
Saying, "Pardon me this now onct if you can,
Says I, "It is fools that fall between stools,
And I am no longer Miss Sarah's young man."

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