

Miss Liza Chane

Reel 202A No.5

I heard the sleigh bells ringing and the snow was falling fast
 I got my mule in harness and I got him hitched at last,
 (It is whoawhoa I tell you, it is whoa whoa whoa I say,
 (Now watch the boards you're sitting on and hang on to that sleigh.
 And watch his ears a-floppin', and see him shake his tail,
 Oh watch the boards you're sitting on as o'er the drifts we sail.
 And hang on to your bonnet, and Eliza do keep cool,
 For I haven't got time for to kiss you here for I'm busy with my mule.
 Cho.

whoa
 Cho.

2

Oh Eliza could you name the date, but the snow is falling fast,
 While the sleigh bells ring us joy to bring o'er this weary
 road we pass,
 And hang on to your bonnet and Eliza do keep cool,
 For I haven't time to kiss you here for I'm busy with this mule.
 It is whoa whoa whoa I tell you, it is whoa whoa whoa I say
 Now watch the boards Miss Liza Chane and hang on to that sleigh.

3

Here's your little town of County Down and the lands they are in
 sight,
 Ma'am the mule is getting weary but he can nod to-night,
 And the village inn is just beyond but Eliza do keep cool,
 For I haven't got time for to kiss you here for I'm busy with me mule.
 Cho.

4

There's going to be a wedding right here in your home town,
 There'll be mules and bays in jumper sleighs will come for miles
 around,
 There'll be styles in cloaks and bonnets too, but Eliza do keep cool
 For I won't have time for to kiss you I'll be busy with my mule.
 Cho.

5

When the wedding it's all over and homeward we are bound,
 Miss Liza Chane will still remain the grandest girl in town,
 You'll have cloaks and bonnets in galore, and Eliza do keep cool,
 I'll have ample time to kiss you then and be fiddled with my mule.
 Cho.

N.B.,

Sung by Mr. Nicholas Underhill, North West Bridge, and
 recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1968

Mr. Underhill, did you used to tell many ghost stories in the camp?
Well I don't know any ghost stories, to tell you the truth. I don't
know any. I've heard them you know, but I never took too much -

Did the men tell them very much?

Oh yes, I've heard them, but I never approved too much of them

You never saw anything your self?

No I never did. (His wife mentioned the Dungarvon Whooper, so he said):

You know that song? Do you want me to sing it? I have a very good
version of that.

You never heard the whooper did you?

I trapped two falls at the spring there in the 30s. I used to
travel by the spring quite often but I never heard anything, never seen
anything.

Did many of the men hear it?

They used to in the old days. They heard it. I was there in the 30s.

Do you believe there really was anything?

Oh the grave is there. There's a head board there you know, a cross
there, but I couldn't say you know. But I know the song, and I'd like
to sing a few verses for you .

Conversation with Mr. Nicholas Underhill, Nort West Bridge,
and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1958. He decided to save this
song for the next visit, but there was no opportunity to hear him
again.

Reel 202B

- 0-193. The Girl I Left Behind; sung by Mr. Nicholas Underhill, North West Bridge, N.B.; 8 vs. English folk song popular in Maritimes; singer shown best in this song clinging to high top note for effect.
- 193-323 Keep the Lights A-Burning Sir, sung by Mrs. Ryan, Newcastle, N.B. late song, probably not folk; also ghost story; ghost she saw herself.
- 323-395 The Stowaway; sung by Mrs. Ryan; late song; good of its kind and quite well sung; 8 double verses
- 395- 417 There Was A Frog; recited by Mrs. Ryan; verse children used to use.; and one two three buckle my shoe.
- 417-461 Your Silver Will Grow into Gold; sung by Mrs. Ryan; late song, not folk; 3 vs. & cho.
- 461-482 Story of McIsaac; told by Mrs. Ryan, short anecdote; man eats meat on Friday.
- 482- 543 Napan Heroes; sung by Mr. John Holland, oldest contestant at Miramichi 61k song festival; local song of fight; 8 vs. good of its kind although words difficult to make out; 1st vs. repeated.
- 543-end Willard Wattling Song and conversation about singing in lumber woods and other customs.

My parents reared me tenderly, having no child but me,
 My mind being bent on rambling with them could not agree,
 When I became a rover bold which grieved their hearts full sore
 And I left my aged parents I might never see no more.

2

There was a wealthy gentleman who lived all in that part,
 Having one only daughter dear and I had won her heart,
 Her form it was neat and slender, she was comely and fair,
 With Columbia's fairest daughter it's her I will compare.

3

Now it being my whole intention all for to cross the main
 I asked her if she could prove true till I return again,
 "Fear not," said she, "you can trust in me," to her bosom have a sigh,
 "O fear not," said she, "you can trust in me for my love will never die."

4

"I had a dream the other night which I cannot believe,
 That a distance it breaks the links of love and leaves fair maids
 to grieve,"

Which I know it is mistaken and that you need not fear,
 And I'll swear to the ails and the great above that I will prove
 sincere."

5

Then according to our agreement I went on board my ship
 And through the town of Glasgow where I had a most pleasant trip,
 There I found gold in plenty and the girls they were most kind
 So my love it began to cool a bit for the girl I left behind.

6

Then I steered my course for Dumfries in a far and a distant land,
 Where handsome Jenny Ferguson there took me by the hand,
 Saying, "Gold I have got plenty and it shall be yours in store
 If you'll give consent and marry me and roam the seas no more."

7

So I quicklie consented and I own it to my shame,
 How can a man be happy when he's all himself to blame,
 My parents were broken-hearted, it's all too true I find,
 And the crave for gold destroyed my love for the girl I left behind.

8

Now my mother in her winding sheet and father he did appear,
 And the girl I loved stood by their side a-sharing in their tears,
 Now money I have got plenty and my wife she is ~~xxxkind~~ most kind,
 But my pillow is oft times haunted for the girl I left behind.

Sung by Mr. Nicholas Underhill, North West Bridge, and recorded
 by Helen Creighton in New Brunswick Sept. 1958.

Mr. Underhill is Miss Manny's singer.

'Twas winter down the icy gulf, the gulf St. Morin's white
 Where stands a lighthouse on a rock the sea was ?
 The keeper had his wife and son, a helper too had he,
 Those four alone lived on the rock surrounded by the sea.

2

One day these three brave men went out as they were wont to do,
 On rough sheets of frozen ice to capture seals a few,
 But as they lingered o'er the spoil alas they failed to see
 That the wind had veered from west to south and drove the ice to sea.

3

The sheet of ice on which they stood had drifted all unseen
 And now they could not gain the rock for water flowed between,
 In wild despair they waved their hands and did for rescue pray
 But not a soul was near to help that freezing winter day.

4

Alone within the lighthouse tower the keeper's wife did see
 Her loved ones carried to their doom, it was the open sea,
 For months she lived upon that rock so stricken yet so brave,
 For nightly gleamed the beacon light across the gloomy wave.

5

At last the welcome string appeared, a steamship came around
 But when the skipper climbed the rock but one brave soul he found,
 She told a tale in plaintive tone, the skipper's eyes grew dim,
 He turned his face towards the sea, his heart was touched within.

6

"What did you do?" he asked, "when all was snatched from you?"
 "I kept the light still burning sir, 'twas all that I could do,"

Song heard in Moncton in 1913 by a man from Newfoundland
 and learned from him. I had a lot of songs, a scrap book of songs I
 learned in 1913, 1914 and 1915. I had them burned in 1922. I lived
 in the Doyle House, you know, the one that stood in the Mirimachi
 fire the corpses was in and the rest was drowned. The rest of
 the family were drowned but there were corpses in the house.
 There were a woman seen at the edge of the Point - what we call
 the Doyle House Point and she had appeared - I seen her once myself,
 forty years ago, the 16th of May past. It was one moonlight night.
 If it had been a dark night I might have been deluded, but it wasn't,
 and she was standing on the Point and she had a shawl, and I could
 see the Point. The shawl went down her back, the way it was over her
 head and the Point was down her back. By the time I went out to
 the Point to investigate, she was gone. I didn't know anybody else
 had seen her but it seemed that she had been seen before.
 Over a long period of time?
 A long period of time. I don't know. I thought for sure it was
 somebody out on the Point and I went to investigate to see what
 it was but she was gone when I got there. There was nothing there.
 I didn't see a thing.
 Who was she supposed to be?

Well I don't know. They say that them people that lived in the house at the time of the Mirimachi Fire, there was a corpse in the house or two corpses. Now I don't just remember, but they say that there were corpses in the house, and they had made for the river - the people, the rest of the family, had made for the river and they were drowned. Whether it was one of them or not. Do you mean there were people who had died before the fire and their bodies were still in the house? They were still in the house. They hadn't been buried. That's the way the story goes anyway. But I lived in it and I never seen anyone in it any worse looking than myself.

Sung and told by Mrs. Ryan, Newcastle, N.B. and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1958

Mrs. Ryan is Miss Manny's singer

From Liverpool cross the Atlantic
 A big ship she sailed o'er the deep,
 The sunshine was gleaming above us
 And the waters ~~mx~~ beneath us asleep.
 Not a cruel-hearted manner among us,
 As jolly a crew never sailed,
 But the first mate a bit of a savage,
 But a better seaman never sailed.

2

One day he came out from below deck
 A-grasping a lad by the arms,
 A poor little ragged young urchin
 Who ought to have been home with his maam.
 The mate asked the boy pretty roughly
 How he dared to be stowed away,
 A-cheating the owners and captain,
 Sailing, eating, and all without pay.

3

The boy had a face bright and sunny,
 A pair, blue eyes like a girl,
 He looked up at the scowling first mate then
 And shook back his long shining curls.
 He said in a voice clear and winning,
 "My stepfather brought me aboard,
 And he hid me away down below decks,
 Cause to feed me he could not afford.

4

"He told me the good ship would take me
 To Halifax town oh so far,
 And he said now the Lord is your Father
 Who dwells where the good angels are."
 "It's a lie," said the mate, "not your father,
 But one of the base skulkers here,
 Some soft-headed milk-hearted sailor,
 Speak up, tell the truth, do you hear?"

5

Then a pair of blue eyes bright and winning
 Clear and shining with innocent youth
 Looked up at the mate's bushy eyebrows
 And said, "Sir I've told you the truth."
 Then the mate drew the watch from his pocket,
 As though he were drawing a knife,
 And he said, "If in ten minutes you don't tell, lad,
 Here's a rope and good-bye to your life. "

6

Eight minutes passed by all in silence,
 Then the mate said, "Speak up lad, see you're saved,"
 Then his eyes slowly filling with tear drops
 The lad spoke and said, "May I pray?"
 Then the little chap knelt on the deck there
 With his hands tightly clasped o'er his breast,
 As he must have done often at home then
 When at night he was going to rest.

And soft came those first words, "Our father,"
Low and clear from the fair baby lips,
Though soft they were heard just like thunder
By every true man on that ship.
Every word of the prayer he went through it
For ever and ever amen,
And for all the bright gold of the Indies
We would not have heard him again.

Off the deck was the lad suddenly lifted,
And clasped to the mate's rough breast,
And his husky voice whispered, "God Bless you,"
As his lips to his forehead he pressed.
"You believe me now," said the youngster,
"Believe you!" the mate kissed him once more,
"You have liad down your life for the truth lad,
I'll believe you from now evermore. "

Sung by Mrs. Ryan, Newcastle, N.B. and recorded by Helen
Creighton, Sept. 1958

There Was A frog

What was this one your children used to say about the frog, Mrs. Ryan? Was it a song or just a verse?

I don't know. It must have just been lines. I don't know whether they sang it, but I used to hear them at it.

There was a frog sat on a log
Gazing at the water,
Tears he shed till his eyes got red
AND then plumped in the water.

On what occasion would they say it?

They'd be down on the logs down on the shore. Whether they made it up or whether they heard it I don't know.

They didn't use it for skipping did they, or playing ball?

No no, they used to have the others, what do you call it?

One two three buckle my shoe. You know, three four shut the door,
five six pick up sticks, seven eight lay them straight, nine ten a
big fat hen, eleven twelve who will dwell, thirteen fourteen maids
a-courting, seventeen eighteen maids a-waiting, nineteen twenty
the platter's empty.

Told by Mrs. Ryan, Newcastle, and recorded by Helen Craighton,
Sept. 1958.

When I was a youngster and wanted to roam
Said the old man, "Now boy before you leave home
The advice I will give you, the best I can do
Is save a small trifle each week from your due.

Cho.

And your copper will grow into silver,
And your silver will grow into gold,
And that you will find very useful
To help you my boy when you're old.

2

"And when you have travelled and seen enough of life
Don't be afraid boy of taking a wife,
For a woman's a comfort to a man I must say,
When everything goes right and they pull now one way. Cho.

3

"And the dear one you marry do never neglect,
She'll always look after you twice in three (?)
And troubles and trials you'll share with your wife
And everything will go right on your journey through life. Cho.

N.B.,

Sung by Mrs. Ryan, Newcastle, and recorded by Helen
Creighton, Sept. 1958

Mrs. Ryan is Miss Manny's singer.

McIsaac went to come to the Catholic church and the priest asked him his name. He said his name was McIsaac. Well he said, "Isaac McIsaac." He says, "That will be all right." So one day the parish priest was going around these parishoners visiting them and he went into McIsaac's home and McIsaac was having his dinner. It was on a Friday. The priest reprimanded him for eating meat on Friday. He says, "I'm not eating meat. When I went to belong to your church you asked me what my name was. I told you my name was McIsaac and you said, 'I'll call you Isaac McIsaac; that'll be fine.' Well to-day when I was going to have my dinner I had duck, and before I sat down to the table I said 'duck - haddock - so I'm eating haddock!'"

Told by Mrs. Ryan, a Roman Catholic herself, Newcastle, N.B. and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1958

O you true Napan heroes come listen to me,
 I'll sing you the praises of Robert Sweezey,
 Who lately been challenged a boat (?)
 To fight Frank the buffer from old Point Ecar(?).

2

'Twas Mel Shanty at Napan this row did begun,
 A crowd of smelt fishermen standing within,
 Just then Robert Sweezey come buffing around,
 And swore there was no man there would bring him to the ground.

3

Ah and in stepped Frank Russel on his way from Black Brook,
 Took a seat in the crowd with a downfull look,
 In less than ten minutes a row he did pick
 Swore there wasn't a Sweezey but what he could lick.

4

Ah he hauled off his coat and jumped out in the snow,
 Saying, "Come out here Sweezey and we'll prove it now,"
 The first round was over, Bob Sweezey did stand
 With his face crimson red from the buffer's big hand.

5

Ah it was knock down for knock down for neither did speak
 Till Sweezey hit Russel a blow on the cheek,
 And a puck on the forehead which brought Russel too,
 He threw down his arrums saying, "Bob that will do."

6

O I finished it then until the next night,
 'Twas that he ended us off with a square standing fight,
 The sun it was sinking beneath the tall trees
 And the last of the smelts taken out of the seas,
 Says Russel to Sweezey, "You beat me last night
 I'll beat you to-night or I'll die in the fight."

7

Well our seconds were standing all trembling with cold
 They fought like two heroes for nearly an hour,
 The blood from their faces like water did pour,
 Till a poke in the forehead we brought Russel too,
 Then he threw down his arrums saying, "Bob that will do."

8

Now the praises of Sweezey it will be sent far
 For ~~exaggerating~~ a-conquering the bruiser from old Point Ecar,
 Here's a good honest hero, he ne'er was put down,
 He was born up the creek and fought on the smelt ground.

Sung by Mr John Holland, Glenwood, N.B., and recorded by
 Helen Creighton, Sept. 1958. It was made up "by some fellows from
 Napan" and learned by Mr. Holland about 20 years ago. (My map
 does not give Point Ecar, so this may not be the right spelling)