

Reel 203A

1. James McGee; sung by Mr. John Holland, Glenwood, N.B.; Irish folk song; young man betrayed by aunt who covets his house and lands; good song by traditional singer but words often difficult to make out. 4 long vs. Mr. Holland always speaks last few words.
- 2 The Little Low Plain, sung by Mr. Holland; 7 double vs.; compare with same song reel 203B; American river song
- 3 Monkey Climbs A Tree; sung by Mr. Holland; comic hall, probably music hall; 4 vs. & cho.
- 4 Poor Little Sailor Boy; sung by Mr. Holland; boy taken by woman who has lost her own song; late but quite nice and quite well sung; 3 vs.
- 5 Green Grow the Rushes; sung by Mr. Holland; very nice with good tune; love song with sad ending; see also reel 171 as Lovely Jimmy.
- 6 Step Dancing; Mr. Holland ended songs at Miramichi Folk Song Festival with step dance; here is a sample of his dancing
- 7 Jenny Dear; sung by Mrs. ~~Wainman~~ Perley Hare, Newcastle, N.B.; 6 vs. girl turns down lover because she wants riches, and changes her mind too late; nice song; singer has very pleasing voice and words clear.
- 8 The Green Vallee; sung by Mrs. Hare; forsaken love, well sung to nice tune; 8 vs.
- 9 Bank of Mullins Stream; sung by Mr. Hare; 2 vs. local woodsman's song good as far as it goes.

These are Louise Manny's singers: I recorded them at the Library one evening after the Miramichi Folk Song Festival.

I am James McGee they do call me and the same I'll ne'er deny,
 All for ~~find~~ meadows and rich lands from them I was forced to fly,
 I was bound to sail to the New South Wales and to leave sweet Minnie
 Moore,

When my parents died they left me, I being their only heir
 Brought up by my old grandmother of me she took great care,
 Seven long years in Dublin in the old academy
 My longings then to serve a king or some lord of a high degree.

2

When my parents died and left me I had one aunt alone,
 And she married an Englishman and together they did ~~not~~ combine,
 All for to swear my life away so hanged I might be,
 And she'd become the only heir of all my property.
 Then I was taken prisoner and on the green tables on,
 All for to swear my life away my aunt before me stood,
 "There is the man that done the deed, on him you can lie hold,
 Last Thursday night at ten o'clock my husband's watch he stole."

3

"God pardon you dear aunt," I said, "your soul must injured be,
 "God pardon me for judging you for it's judged you will be,
 But wait for the tribumial day when Christ upon us calls,
 There'll be no lawyers or judges there, one judge will judge us all."
 O the judge he read my sentence, those words I heard him say,
 "Young man I cannot favour you, she has sworn so bitterly,
 So you must leave your children small in sorrow to bewail,
 Likewise your houses and rich lands, you're bound for the New South Wales.

4

O it's not my distant siling, I ended my long voyage,
 Thinking of those children small for they're of a tender age,
 May the curse of me and my dear wife and my three children small
 Look down upon you Kate McGee for it's aunt I should you call.

Sung by Mr. John Holland, Glenwood, and recorded by Helen
 Creighton, Sept. 1958.

The song was learned in the lumber woods from Dunc Willis who lived
 in Newcastle.

One evening last June as I rambled
 Through the green fields and meadows among,
 The mosquitoes their notes were melodious,
 And merrily the whippoorwill sung.
 The frogs in the mill ponds were croaking,
 And the tree toads were whistling for rain,
 And the partridge all round me were drumming
 On the banks of the little low plain.

2

Till I chanced for to meet a young school ma'am,
 She was mourning in a pitiful strain,
 She was mourning for the lass of her raft man
 On the banks of the little low plain.
 I boldly stepped up to this fair one,
 And this unto her I did say,
 "What makes you look sad and downhearted
 When all nature looks pleasant and gay?"

3

"I am looking for honest Johnny Murphy
 He loves the little low plain,
 He is out on this constant river
 A-poling a forty foot oar.
 His pants they were made of two meal sacks,
 A patch a foot square on his knee,
 His jumper and shirts they were dyed
 With the bark of a butternut tree.

4

"He wore a large open-faced ticker,
 And on it a foot of steel chain,
 His name it was honest Johnny Murphy
 He loved the little low plain."
 "Johnny Murphy be the name of your raftsmen,
 And sure I used to know him very well,
 But sad is the story I'll tell you,
 For your Johnny got drowned in the dell."

5

"We buried him up in Swod Norway(?)
 I'm afraid you will ne'er see him more,
 For a stone marks the grave of your Johnny,
 He lies far from the little low plain."
 When she heard this sad news oh she fainted,
 And fell on the ground as if dead,
 I skoped my old hat full of water
 And poured it all over her head.

6

She opened her eyes and looked whitish
 Like one that was feeling to say,
 "May the curse be on Fleeter o' Gamble,
 For it was him took my Johnny away.
 May the curse be on Fleeter o' Gamble,
 May the rapids and falls cease to roar,
 May the lumber go down to the bottom
 And rise to the surface no more.

"It's now I'll resign my location,
I'll any more,
I'll go where I'll never, no never,
Hear the squack of a forty foot oar,
I'll roam to some far distant nations,
Through Italy, through France, and through Spain,
But I ne'er can forget Johnny Murphy
On the banks of the little low plain. "

Sung by Mr. John Holland, Glenwood, and recorded by Helen
Creighton, Sept. 1958 in New Brunswick (Louise Manny's singer)

Learned in the lumber woods; knows nothing about where it
came from.

As I strolled out the other night
 The gal I chanced to meet,
 She was the prettiest little lass
 That ever I did see,
 She had a lovelie head of hair,
 And a dark and rolling eye,
 I asked her if she'd walk with me
 And this was her reply.

Cho,

Will a monkey climb a tree?
 Will the fish swim in the sea?
 Will a lawyer take his fee
 Or a gambler money lose?
 Will a hackman take his fare,
 Or a barber cut your hair?
 They say no, why didn't you know?
 'Course I must refuse. "

2

I thought her very witty,
 And I to her did say,
 "Will you come to the other house love
 To pass one hour away?"
 It's miss what do you say to this,
 Your answer yes or no,
 Oh tell me if you really would
 Or if you'd like to go. "

Spoken: No George, I ain't going under your expenses, now an 1?
 Cho

3

I hired a hack up to the ball,
 I paid the man his fare,
 And when I got inside the door,
 My wife been sitting there,
 We had row between us both,
 It was a sight to see,
 The girl she ran, my wife she cried,
 "You lad come home with me."

4

She kicked me from the opera house
 Right home to my own door,
 And made me promise faithfully
 I would not meet that girl no more,
 But it's now you see I received a note,
 Saying, "George meet me at nine,
 There is a ball in the central hall,
 There we'll have a time."

Spoken: Now ladies and gentlemen, this note is from the same young
 lady that I had at the opera house the other evening night. My wife
 wants to know if I'm going to meet her. Now, am I? Cho.

Sung by Mr. John Holland, Glenwood, N.B. and recorded by Haen
 Creighton, Sept. 1958

Poor Little Sailor Boy
~~GreenxGreenxThexRushes~~

Reel 203A

The snow been falling fast one day
And the winttery blast did blow,
When a sailor boy in clothing poor
Walked by a lady's door.
The lady she sat at her window
And he raised his eyes with joy,
"Take pity I pray, oh sweet lady gay
On a poor little sailor boy.
On a poor little sailor boy, on a poor little sailor boy
Take pity I pray oh sweet lady gay on a poor little sailor boy."

2

The lady got up from her window
And she opened her mansion door,
"Come in you unfortunate sailor boy,
You'll plow the seas no more,
I had a son that was lost at sea
He is out of my comfort and joy,
And as long as I live, oh shelter I'll give
To a poor little sailor boy. "

3

"My father he was lost at sea
And my mother she wept and cried,
Just like a ship that was lost at sea
With a broken heart she died,
She left her onlie son alone,
For to weep and to mourn for all,
Take pity I pray oh sweet lady gay
On a poor little sailor boy.
On a poor little sailor boy, on a poor little sailor boy."
As long as I live oh shelter I'll give to a poor little sailor boy."

Sung by Mr. John Holland, Glenwood, N.B. and recorded by Helen
Creighton, Sept. 1958

It was last Tuesday evening at the theatre hall
 Where I met lovely Willie, he was proper and tall
 He was neat tall and handsome in every degree
 And the heart all in his bosom laid a-bleeding for me.

2

"O Willie, lovely Willie, oh Willie," says she,
 If ever you marry oh do marry me,
 For love lies as heavy as the stone on my breast
 And the grave may be the first place we hope to find rest."

Cho.

Green grows the rushes and the top of them small,
 For love is the root that will conquer us all,
 For love lies as heavy as the stone on my breast
 And the grave may be the first place we hope to find rest.

3

O in my father's garden there grows a green tree,
 There'll be lords, dukes, and squires all a-come to court me,
 But when they are all a-sleeping at their silent rest
 Meet me there oh lovely Willie for you're the lad I love best. Cho.

4

Now her cruel father in the ambush did lay,
 And hearing those kind words that his daughter did say,
 And with his sharp dagger he pierced my love through
 And the innocent blood of my Willie he drew.

5

"O father, cruel father, since you've had your will,
 I pity the innocent blood for to spill,
 I will lay myself down on the ground where he lies,
 May the heaven shine upon him, he's my own darling boy." Cho.

Sung by Mr. John Holland, Glenwood, N.B. and recorded by Helen
 Creighton, Sept. 1958

Learned in lumber woods from James Dignan from Welfield. It is
 one of his favourites, chosen by him to sing in the first Miramichi
 folk song festival. Mr. Holland always knows where he learned his songs.

He follows the song with a step dance.

As I rode out one evening, 'twas in the month of June,
The birds were sweetly singing and my true love in tune,
'Twas there I met my Jenny dear, the girl that I adore,
She was my joy and fancy, and I could love no more.

2
I said, " My pretty Jenny oh won't you marry me?
I have no stores of riches, but love I've got for thee,
You might get better men than me but none could love you more,
And if I had gold and riches they would be yours in store."

3
"To wed you in my prime," she said, " it would be a wrong thing,
For I'm engaged to no young man and I can dance and sing,
For I'm engaged to no young man and I'd have you to beguile,
That riches would suit me better and your ~~riches~~ love it would soon
prove cold."

4
It was thus a short time after this fair one changed her mind,
She wrote to me a letter saying, " I hope you will prove kind,
I'm sorry now for what I have said and I'll ask you to forgive,
And grant to me one favour, my heart and hand receive."

5
I wrote her back an answer all in a scornful way,
Saying, "I can let you know miss that I can dance and play,
For I have another more pleasing and she can take your place,
I'll let you know I can dance and sing if I never seen your face."

6
So come all of you young maidens, a warning take from me,
Don't ever slight your first true love, no matter whom he may be,
For gold will melt and silver fly and beauty fade away,
But the slighting of your first true love will surely rue the day.

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

house

Question: Mrs. Hare, in your ~~family~~ did you always speak the last word?

Answer: Daddy always did that. He was counted one of the best on
the Miramichi, I've heard different folks speak in that light about
it. He was Neville P. Whitney.

And your brother? I recorded him when I was here the last time.
He was Harold. He's a very good singer, Harold. Mother was a very
sweet singer. We used to sing in the evenings; mostly on Saturday
evenings - daddy and mother - we'd get around the kitchen and we
children would gather around and we'd coax mother or dad to start a
song and we'd learn it from them. We'd all join in together.

The first young man came courting me
 I'll make no doubt but he loved me,
 With his false heart and his flattering tongue
 He was the first to entice me when I was young.

2

Oh the first six months his love proved kind
 Until at last he changed his mind,
 Saying, "My parents call and I must obey,
 O it's good-bye love I am going away."

3

"I will hold you fast, I'll not let you go,
 For you are mine by rights you know,
 Fulfill those vows that you made to me
 As the bright sun rose on the green vallee."

4

"It was on this book love you made me swear,
 And these few lines you soon shall hear
 That no other mate was I e'er to mate,
 With no other young man all for your sake.

5

Now must I go bound while he goes free,
 Must I love a man that don't love me?
 Or must I act the childish part
 And love a man who has broke my heart?

6

O I must not think of his curly hair,
 His cherished lips or his wavering curls,
 With his fond heart and his flattering tongue
 He was the first to entice me when I was young.

7

It was on the green love where we sat down,
 Nothing but small birds came fluttering round
 Changing their notes from tree to tree
 As the bright sun rose on green vallee.

8

I'll sing one verse and I'll sing no more,
 Since the boy has gone that I adore,
 I will change my mind like the wavering wind
 And I'll depend no more on false mankind.

Sung by Mr. Perley Hare, Newcastle, N.B. and recorded by
 Helen Creighton, Sept. 1958

compare reel 116A sung by her brother, Mr. Whitney.

Bank of Mullins Stream

Reel 203A

First comes Harvey Sturgeon,
For he's the right humdurgion,
He's from the town of Blackville
And he drives the leading team,
And for to beat him logging
Oh you've got to keep it jogging,
You got no time fooling
On the banks of Mullins stream.

2

Next comes Geordie Gratton,
Along with many others
He nearly took the portage
When the big loads he had seen,
But our boss talked to him gently
Said, "George if you will haul twenty
I think that will be plenty
For this time on Mullins Stream."

Sung by Mr. Perley Hare, Newcastle, N.B. and recorded by
Helen Creighton, Sept. 1958