

Reel 210B

Fiddle and Banjo, The Growlin' Old Man and The Growlin' Old Woman; names of players not noted. Dancing done by Mr. Gilks, and then John Holland ~~was~~ aged 89 and his son face one another and dance; steps can be heard; much audience applause; this was spontaneous entertainment before Festival proper opened.

Fiddle, Off She Goes to Miramichi, played by George Duplessis; quite well played.

Fiddle, Winston Scott Fitzgerald, played by Robert Duplessis, son of George; also well played.

Escuminac Disaster, composed and sung by Alex Milson to guitar accompaniment; local disaster; see this and another song of same event in Songs of Miramichi.

As I Strolled Out One Evening, sung by Mrs. Wm. Buckley, 4 double vs. ~~sung~~ well sung to good tune; for words see Songs of Miramichi p.213; Is this Pretty Little Miss, Laws p.257?; girl won too easily is left to rue her folly.

The Irish Rebel Spy, 5 of its 9 vs. sung by Arthur MacDonald; for rest of words see Songs of Miramichi, p.213 & Reel 199B; well sung but some words difficult to make out.

All items from 3rd Miramichi Folk Song Festival, 1960.

The Irish Rebel Spy

Reel 210B

~~x210x2~~

In the city of Mialco, near the county of Leone
There lived a fair and comely maid, her skin as white as snow,
For her cheeks they were like the roses, with a dark and a rolling eye,
And the sober name she goes by is the Irish rebel spy.

2

She's as brave as any lion, she's just as supple as an eel,
And she hopped across Dungarvon with a scare crop(?) on her heels,
And she often slept the hillsides with no covering but the skies,
She's a little thing, young leader, she's the Irish rebel spy.

3

Oh she had one only sweetheart that she loved beyond control,
And she had one only brother she worshipped in her soul,
And they were Fenian leaders and for her said they would die,
She's the little Fenian leader, she's the Irish rebel spy.

ca-ps

4

With their red caps(?) and their red coats in those guise those hunters came,
One morn she was walking out across the fields of cane,
Oh she knew they were detectives by the twinkle of an eye,
But determined to outwit them was the Irish rebel spy.

5

"Oh good-morning," said the spokesman, "oh good-morning sir," said she,
"I've a letter for your brother Jim Stevens sent by me,
Tell me where those men are lying, they are lying

Song unfinished, sung by Arthur MacDonald at 3rd Miramichi Folk Song
Festival and recorded by Helen Creighton, August 1960.

For complete song see Reel 199B or Songs of Miramichi p.252.