

Reel 2113

1. The Miramichi Fire, sung by Edmond J. Robichaud at 3rd. Miramichi Folk Song Festival; local tragedy ;31 vs. to rather dull tune; much better tune in Maritime Folk Songs . This fire important historical event.
2. The Wexford Lass (also known as The Knoxville Girl) sung by Mr. Wilmost McDonald and his daughters Jessie and Vera. This sadistic song very popular in this area, even among children who sing in quite happily. 8 vs. to fair tune.
3. Banks of the Clyde, sung by Mr. Perley Ware, Stratheden; 3 vs. of sad Scotch song; soldier lover goes to war and is killed; late song.
4. Railroad Song sung by Mr. Stanley McDonald, Newcastle; 5 vs.; rest of song not recorded; amusing for festival of this sort, but not a very good song.

All songs recorded at 3rd Miramichi Folk Song Festival, August 1960, ~~Newcastle~~ Newcastle, N.B. by Helen Creighton.

This is the truth that I now tell you
 For mine eyes in part did see
 What happened to the people
 On the banks of the Miramichi.

2

The seventh evening of October,
 Eighteen hundred twenty-five,
 Two hundred people fell by fire;
 Scourged those that did survive.

3

Some said it was because the people's
 Sins did rise to mountain high,
 Which did ascend up to Jehovah,
 He would not see and justify.

4

So in order to destroy their lumber
 And country in distress,
 He sent a fire in a whirlwind
 From the heaving wilderness.

5

It was on the Nor'west first discovered,
 Twenty-two men there did die
 And when it had swept o'er the Meadows
 To Newcastle it did fly.

6

While the people were a-sleeping,
 Fire seized upon the town,
 Though fine and handsome was the village,
 It soon tumbled to the ground/.

7

It burnt two vessels that were building,
 Two more at anchor lay,
 Many that did see the fire
 Thought it was the Judgement Day.

8

Twelve more men were burnt by fire
 In the compass of that town;
 Twenty-five more on the water
 In a scow upset and drowned.

9

A family below Newcastle
 Were destroyed among the rest,
 Father, mother and three children,
 One an infant at the breast.

10

Thirteen families were residing
 Just outside of Gretna Green,
 All of them were burnt by fire,
 Only one alive was seen.

11

Then it passed to Black River
 Where it did burn sixty more;
 So it forced its way with fury
 Till it reached the briny shore.

12

Forty-two miles by one hundred
 This great fire did extend;
 All was

12

Forty-two miles by one hundred
This great fire did extend,
All was done within eight hours,
Not exceeding over ten.

13

~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ Now that I have spoken of things collective,
I intend to personate
And speak of some of my acquaintance
With whom I was intimate.

14

A lady was driven to the water
Where she stood both wet and cold,
Notwithstanding her late illness,
Had a babe but three days old.

15

Six young men, both smart and active,
Were to work on the Nor'West,
When they saw the fire coming,
To escape it tried their best.

16

Not two miles from where their camp stood
They were found each one of them.
But to paint their sad appearance
I cannot with tongue or pen.

17

To see these fine, these blooming young men,
All lay dead upon the ground,
And their brothers standing mourning
Spread a dismal scene around.

18

Then we ~~it~~ dug a grave and buried
Those whom did the fire burn;
Then all of us that were living
To our dwellings did return.

Now

19

As I heard the sighs, the cries and groanings
Saw the falling of the tears;
By me this will not be forgotten
Should I live a hundred years.

20

Sister crying for her brother,
Father crying for his son,
And with bitter heartfelt sorrow
Said the mother, "I'm undone!"

21

It killed the wild beasts of the forests,
In the river many fish,
Such another horrid fire
See again I do not wish.

Sung by Mr. Edmund J. Robichaud, Newcastle, at the 3rd Miramichi Folk Song
Festival, August 1960 and recorded by Helen Creighton.

The Wexford Lass
(also known as The Knoxville Girl)

Cr. Reel 2118

No. 2

As I was born in Stephney, brought up of a high degree,
My parents reared me tenderly, they had no child but me,
Till I fell in love with a Wexford lass with a dark and rolling eye,
I promised her to marry her, the truth I'll not deny.

2

It's as I went to her father's house 'bout eight o'clock that night,
But little did that fair one think I owed to her a spite,
I asked her for to take a walk to view those meadows gay,
And perhaps that we might have a chance to appoint our wedding day.

3

We walked along together, we came to rising ground,
I pulled a stake out of the fence, with it I knocked her down,
She fell onto her beaded knees, for mercy she did cry,
It's, "Do not murder me Jimmy for I'm not prepared to die."

4

But I grabbed her by those yellow locks, I dragged her round the ground,
I threw her into the river that flows through Wexford town,
"Lie there, lie there you pretty fair maid, to me you'll never be tied,
You never shall enjoy my life or ever be my bride."

5

Returning to my father's house at twelve o'clock that night
My father rose to let me in while searching up a light,
Crying, "Son, dear son, what have you done? What stains your hands and clothes?"
The answer that I gave him was, "I'm bleeding from my nose."

6

It's first I asked for a candle to light my way to bed,
Likewise I asked for a handkerchief to tie around my head,
For a-twisting and a-whirling no comfort could I find
For the gates of hell was open, before my eyes did shine.

7

About ten days after the Wexford lass was found,
A-floating down the river that flows through Wexford town,
Her sister swore my life away without one word of doubt,
They took me up on suspicion for having this fair one out.

8

So come all you true and lovers, a warning take by me,
And do not murder your own true love no matter whom she be,
For if you do you're sure to rue until the day you'll die,
It's high upon the scaffold you'll end your days and die.

Sung by Mr. Wilnot MacDonald and his daughters Jessie and Vera at the 3rd
Miramichi Folk Song Festival, and recorded by Helen Creighton.

Said by Ken Hoser, Master of Ceremonies: "Never did I think I'd see Wilnot MacDonald
prompted by one of the younger generation, but one of them got in a word there.
We mentioned this business of songs being passed from generation to generation and
last night and to-night you've heard songs by Mrs. Fearley Mare and by Harold
Whitney, and those of you who know the family realize that they have come by their
singing honestly as their parents were well known in their singing world, and they're
carrying on and probably the next generation will benefit by the fact that they have
been a link between one generation and another. We're going to hear Harold Whitney
again now; he's going to sing a very nice amusing ditty, 'The Wedding of Derby
McSharn.'"

Banks of the Clyde

On the banks of the Clyde stood a lad and his lassie,
The lad's name was Sir Geordie, the lassie's was Jean,
She threw her arms round him, she cried to the plean,
But Geordie was going to fight for his queen.

2

She gave him a lock of her bright auburn tresses,
She kissed him and pressed his face sore to her heart,
Until her eyes spoke the love that her lips could not utter,
The last word was spoken, they kissed and they part.

2

Over the burning plains of Egypt,
Under a scorching sun,
He thought of the story he'd have for to tell
To his love when the fight was won.

4

Each year he'd prepare that dear lock of hair
For his own darling Jenny he prayed,
Norb his prayers were in vain for she'll ne'er see again
Her lad in the Scotch brigade.

5

Now the ocean divides a lad from his lassie,
For Geordie was forced to go over the foam,
It is kang roof was the sky but his bed was the x ~~xxxxxx~~ desert,
His heart for his Jenny was always at home.

6

One morning at dawn on the that fated day of battle
Found Geordie a-doing a true hero's part,
Till an end of his bullet brought with it its ballast,
It buried the dear lock of hair in his heart.

7

On the bank of the Clyde lives a heart-broken mother,
They told her of how that brave victory was won,
But the glory of England meant to her meant no comfort
For glory to her meant the loss of her son.

8

But Jennie is with her to love and to cherish,
Together they weep and together they pray,
Yet Jennie her daughter will be while she lives
For the sake of her laddie that died far away.

Sung by Mr. Ferley Hare at the 3rd Miranichi Folk Music Festival, Newcastle,
N.S., and recorded by Helen Craighton, Aug. 1960.

Master of Ceremonies, Ken Homer: "Calling Stanley MacDonald to the stage for a very special reason. I understand that in our audience to-night Mr. R.V. Graham, the recently retired assistant-~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ general manager of the C.N.R. is watching and listening to our songs, and that Stanley has a railroad song, which he sang for us last year. We're going to let him sing this little railroad song in honour of the Grahams. "

My name is Geordie Johnston true, the truth I will relate to you,
While working on Section Number 2 I'm a decent Irishman,
The conductor came to me one day and unto me those words did say,
"Johnston how would you like to be a brakeman on the train?"

2

Oh he took me into the station yard and into my hands he placed a card,
He said that braking was not hard if I was only game,
Onto my head he placed a cap, he said it was wore by ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ Oliver Crap,
Another decent Irish chap while braking on the train.

3

Oh they sent me out to Number 10, then my trouble did begin,
One would send me for a thing, the other would call me back,
They wove(?) an old lantern o'er my head, it was a signal so they said
which caused the engine to go ahead that I was much to blame,
Cars and couple came down the hill, the conductor says, "You are a ~~jiddy~~ gill,
It's an awful pity you hadn't been killed while brakeman on the train."

4

Now there's my Sunday clothes in an awful state that was cause by loading freight,
A hole in my pants as big as New York, the skin came shining through, your
And the factory girls shout all the while, "Johnston where did you get ~~xxx~~ style?"
Which cause my Irish blood to boil while braking on the train.

5

But the night we arrived in Buffalo, Holy Meeser how it did blow,
Enough to pierce me through and through, an Irish man like me,
When I jumped off to swing a switch, ~~crashed~~ the old engine into the ditch,
The conductor

(recording finished here; do not know why)

Sung by Mr. Stanley MacDonald, 3rd Miramichi Folk Song Festival, Aug. 1960
and recorded by Helen Creighton.