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Collection de Helen Creighton

Enregistré au festival de chansons folkloriques de Miramichi à Newcastle, N.B. en 196

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Informateur: M. Allan Kelly

La fille à Jean Pierre ou Le vieillard

(le premier couplet n'est pas enregistré)

Son père l'a ~~px~~ bien pris' par la main,

L'a conduit' à l'église.

La bonne femme suivait par derrière,

La suivait sans rien dire.

Monsieur le curé lui demande:

-Prenez-vous Jean pour votr' époux?

Elle a dit: Oui, hum-hum-hum-hum,

Elle a dit: Oui, tra-la-la-la,

Elle a dit: Oui sans rire.

Quand ils s' sont eus bien divertis

Toute la journée entière,

Là, il faut se mettre au lit,

Pour terminer l'affaire.

Une fois qu'il' ont été-s-au lit,

Une autre envie qui leur-s-a pris',

C'était de faire hum-hum-hum-hum,

C'était de faire tra-la-la-la,

C'était de faire leur prière.

C'est à vous-aut'es mes jeunes filles,

Vous qui vivez sans gêne,

• Ne mariez pas ces vieux garçons,

Car ils sont court d'haleine,

Ne mariez pas ces vieux courailleux,

Prenez-en un qu' est plus vigoureux,

Car vous ferez hum-hum-hum-hum,

Car vous ferez tra-la-la-la,

Ils vous f'ront faire carême.

-----oOo-----

No. 80

THE LITTLE SHINGLE MILL (The Death of Harry Vail)

(As sung by SAMUEL JAGOE of Newcastle
in the 1960 Miramichi Folksong Festival)

$\text{♩} = 40$

Come all kind friends and par--ents, come broth--ers one and all,
A stor-y I will re--late to you that will make your blood run cold,
Con---cern-ing a poor un--fer-tu-nate boy who's known both far and near,
In the town-ship of A---cad---i---a in the coun--ty of York--shire.
There stands a lit-tle shin-gle mill, it run a--bout one year.

Ionian (D). Mr. Jagoe runs the tune through the first two lines of the second, short verse by singing phrase "B" three times before coming to a final cadence on phrase "A". He then sings the remainder of the second verse as B-A. The last five verses are consistently sung B-B-B-A. In an unaltered state, the form would undoubtedly be the popular A-B-B-A. Refer to the family of tunes listed under No. 2.

Now, come all of you kind parents.

Come brothers one and all.

A story I'll relate to you

That will make your blood run cold.

Concerning a poor unfortunate boy

Who's known both far and near

In the township of Acadia,

In the county of Yorkshire.

There stands a little shingle mill,

It run about one year.

'Twas there that dreadful deed was done,

Caused many to weep and wail.

'Twas there that poor boy lost his life,

Whose name was Harry Vail.

Come all kind friends and parents

It was

On the twenty-ninth of April
 In the year of sixty-nine,
 He went to work as usual,
 No harm did he beguile,
 Till the rolling of the feed-belt
 Brought the carriage into gear,
 And took poor Harry on the saw *threw*
 And cut him so severe.

It cut him through the shoulder blade
 And half way down the back,
 And t'rew him upon the floor *out upon*
 As the carriage it came back.
 He started for the shanty,
 His strength was failing fast;
 He said, "My boys, I'm wounded,
 And I fear it is my last."

His brothers they were sent for,
 Likewise his sisters two.
 The doctor he was summoned *summonsed*
 And I guess it proved too true;
 For when this dreadful wound was dressed
 He unto them did say,
 "I fear there is no hope for me,
 I soon must pass away."

No father dear had poor Harry
 To kneel beside his bed,
 No kind or loving mother
 To hold his sobbing head.
 He lingered for one night and day
 Till death did ease his pain;
 Hushed was that voice forever,
 He ne'er shall speak again.

We fitted him for his coffin,
 We fitted him for his grave.
 His brothers (and) sisters stayed to mourn *they do*
 For that lad so young and brave.
 Now springtime it is coming
 To meet that mournful day
 While little birds on each leafy tree
 Sing softly *all the day*
(last three words spoken)

Samuel Jagoe learned this song from Ed. Thompson, Main River, Kent County.
 The death of Harry Vail is said to have occurred in 1869.
 The song, a come-all-ye of the lumber woods, has acquired a line from some
 English ballad "In the county of Yorkshire."

Sung by Mr. Samuel Jagoe at the 3rd Miramichi Folksong Festival,
 August 1960; recorded by Helen Creighton. Text amended from that
 published in Songs of Miramichi by Manny & Wilson, pp.261-2.

tr. rev. MJL
 22 Mar. 1979

As I rode out one evening all in the month of May,
 And to my great displeasure I espied a lady gay,
 I took her for some Venus bright or some sweet lovely star,
 As she walked the beach lamenting for her jolly roving tar.

2 now in
 How handsomely does my Willie look dressed ~~up~~ in sailor's clothes,
 His cheeks was like the roses red and his eyes was black as sloe,
 His hair hung down in ringlets once, but now he has gone afar
 My heart lies in the bosom of my jolly roving tar.

3 ? and leave,
 Oh it's Willie love, why don't you sail away?
 For it's at the age of twenty-one I'll be a lady gay,
 I would my father's ships, I would ~~sail up the Chinese~~ blaze up the Chinese
 I'd sail the briny ocean for my jolly roving tar. war,
 would

4
 Oh it's Willie love why and leave, why don't you sail away,
 For it's at the age of twenty-one I'll be a lady gay,
 I would man one of my father's ships, I'd blaze up the Chinese war,
 I would sail the briny ocean with my jolly roving tar.

5
 As the sailor rowed their boat from shore she waved her lily white hand,
 Here's adieu to the girls of Blackfield town, they fear neither wounds nor scars,
 And away went lovely Susan and her ~~lovely~~ jolly roving tar,

6
 Oh there's manys the handsome sailor lad and it's many is the comely lass,
 There's many the sailor lad and lass taking their parting glass,
 Though Susan has her sailor boy, the one she does adore,
 So it's hand in hand go Susan and her jolly roving tar.

Sung by Mr. James Brown, South Branch, Kent County, at the 3rd Miramichi
 Folk Song Festival, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1960.

Some words ~~especially~~ difficult to make out, especially line 3 in vs. 3 & 4.

TSNS p.178 has this song and FSSNB p.37; all variants are incomplete, but all
 have good tunes.

The Jolly Roving Tar

As I rode out one evening all in the month of May
 And to my great displeasure I espied a lady gay
 I took her for some Venus bright or some sweet lovely star
 As she walked the beach lamenting for her jolly roving tar

How manfully does my Willie look new in dressed in sailor's clothes
 His cheeks was like the roses red and his eyes was black as sloe
 His hair hung down in ringlets once but now he has gone afar
 My heart lies in the bosom of my jolly roving tar

Oh it's Willie love, why Willie, why do you sail away?
 For it's at the age of twenty-one I'll be a lady gay
 I would man one of my father's ships, I'd blaze up the Chinee war
 I would sail the briny ocean for my jolly roving tar

Oh it's Willy love why Willie, why do you sail away?
 For it's at the age of twenty-one I'll be a lady gay
 I would man one of my father's ships, I'd blaze up the Chinee war
 I would sail the briny ocean with my jolly roving tar

As the sailors rowed their boat from shore she waved her lily white hand
 Here's adieu to the girls of Blackfield towns, they fear neither wounds nor scars
 And away went lovely Susan and her jolly roving tar

Oh there's many's the handsome sailor lad and it's many is the comely lass
 There's many's the sailor lad and lass taking their parting glass
 But Susan has her sailor boy the one she does adore
 So it's hands and hand go Susan and her jolly roving tar.

Sung by Mr. James Brown, South Branch, Kent Co., N.B., at the 3rd Miramichi
 Folksong Festival, Aug. 1960; recorded by Helen Creighton.

tr. MJL
 22 Mar. 1979

Ken Homer, M.C.: You know it wasn't unusual for songs of the sea to be sung in the lumber woods, and of all the songs of the sea that the lumbermen like to sing, or to hear sung, I think perhaps The Flying Cloud was one of the favourites. Wouldn't you say, Dr. Creighton? And Mr. Paul Kingston is going to sing part of that long song for us to-night.

My name is Edward Hallehan as you may understand,
I belong to a county in Waterford in old Erin's happy land,
When I was young and in my prime kind fortune on me smiled,
My parents doted on me, I being their only child.
My father bound me to a trade in Waterford's own town,
He bound me to a cooper there, his name was William Brown,
I served my master faithfully for eighteen ~~many~~ months or more
And I shipped on board ~~an~~ an ocean queen shipped for the Valparaiso shore.

2

When I reached the Valparaiso shore I met with Captain Moore,
The captain of the Flying Cloud belonging to Trimore,
It's kindly he requested me on a slavish voyage to go
To the burning shores of Africa where the sugar cane does grow.
We all agreed excepting five and those we had to land,
Oh two of them were Boston men and two from Newfoundland,
The other was an Irishman belonging to Trimore,
I wish to God I had joined those men and went with them on shore.

3

Said: Now here's the Flying Cloud.
The Flying Cloud was as fine a ship that ever swam the sea,
Or ever hoisted her maintopsail before a lively breeze,
I've often seen our galliant ship as the wind lay abaft her wheel
And the royal skylight ~~xxxxxxx~~ set aloft sail nineteen ~~for~~ thereel.
by

Said: Now here's the (can't make words out)
The Flying Cloud was a Spanish ship weighed five thousand tons or more,
She would outsail any other ship I ever saw before,
Her sails were like the driven snow, on them there were no stains
And eighteen brass nine pounder guns she carried abaft her main.

4

We sailed away without delay till we came to the African shore,
And eighteen hundred of those native slaves from their native isle sailed o'er,
We marched them all along our deck, we stowed them down below,
And eighteen inches to a man was all they were allowed to go.
The very next day we sailed away with our cargo of slaves,
For it would have been better for those poor slaves if they'd been in their graves,
For the plague and fever came on board, swept half of them away,
When Captain Moore he came to us saying, "Boys it's nothing to me."
For carry them all along our deck and heave them in the sea."

5

We sailed away without delay till we came to the Cuban shore,
Sold the rest of them to a planter there to be slaves forever more,
For rice ~~and~~ and coffee(?) for to hoe beneath the burning sun
To lead a long and a wretched life till their career was run.
And when our money it was all gone we put to sea again,
When Captain Moore he came to us saying, "Boys there's gold and riches
To be had if with me you will remain.,
We'll hist aloft the pirate flag, we'll scour the raging main. "

We robbed and plundered many's the ship down on the Spanish main,
 Caused many the poor orphan child in sorrow to remain,
 We made the crew to walk the plank which gave them watery graves,
 For the saying of our captain was, "The dead man tells no tales."
 Outchased were we by many's the ship, all liners and frigates too,
 But it was all in vain to ever try to catch the Flying Cloud,
 Till the Spanish ship, the Dungeon she hove herself in view
 She fired a shot across our deck, a signal to heave to.

7

Said: This is where she meets her doom)
 To this we paid no answer as they ranged up alongside,
 And then across our quarterdeck there ~~mx~~ ran a crimson tide,
 We fought till Captain Moore was slain and eighty of his men,
 When a bombshell set our ship on fire we were forced to surrender then.
 Here's adieu unto the shady grove, the girl I do adore,
 For no more I'll kiss those ruby lips or squeeze her lily hand,
 For I must die a slavery death all in a foreign land.

8

'Twas then to Newgate we were brought bound down in iron chains,
 For robbing and plundering merchant ships down on the Spanish main,
 'Twas drinking and bad company that made this wretch of me,
 So now ye young men a warning take and a curse to piracy.

Sung by Mr. Paul Kingston, at the 3rd Miramichi Folk Song Festival, and
 recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1960.

No. 17

THE ESCUMINAC DISASTER

(As sung by BERNADETTE KEATING, of Chatham, at the 1959 Miramichi Folksong Festival, when she was thirteen years old)

$\text{♩} = 120$

The musical notation consists of three staves of music in 9/4 time. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a 9/4 time signature. The tempo is marked as quarter note = 120. The melody is simple and folk-like. The lyrics are written below the notes.

It was the nine-teenth day of June it hap-pened, nine-teen fif--ty
 nine was the year, In and a-round Es--cum--in--ac a sud--den storm
 did ap--pear. Oh, wick--ed waves! Oh, wail---ing wind!

Tetrachordal (B). A-A¹. In subsequent verses the meter is a consistent 6/4. This tune was composed by Miss Keating. The utter simplicity of the tune is disarming, and so was her performance at the Miramichi Folksong Festival.

It was the nineteenth day of June it happened,
 Nineteen ~~and~~ fifty-nine was the year,
 In and around Escuminac
 A sudden storm did appear.
 Oh, wicked waves! Oh, wailing wind winds

A number of men set out with their nets
 That afternoon around three,
 Some delayed, and they escaped
 The perils of the sea.
 Oh, wicked waves! Oh, wailing winds

The waves were Oh! so very high,
 Like mountains in the sea,
 They slashed and tossed and ripped the boats
 And wrecked the fishing fleet.
 Oh, wicked waves! Oh, wailing winds

Children and wives of the fishermen
 Waited in despair,
 Hoping and praying in tears of grief,
 Some sign of life would be there.
 Oh, wicked waves! Oh, wailing winds

God granted some of the men should be saved,
 And thirty-five would be drowned,
 That most bodies would be washed ashore,
 And a few might never be found.
 Oh, wicked waves! Oh, wailing wind!s

Stories were told of the brave and bold,
 How heroes were born that day;
 Men who braved the winds and waves
 Out in the Miramichi Bay.
 Oh, wicked waves! Oh, wailing wind!s

They in boats which had not capsized
 Feared the dangers around,
 Yet stayed to help their neighbours and friends,
 Knowing some already drowned.
 Oh, wicked waves! Oh, wailing wind!s

A young fisherman lad of eighteen years
 Caught a rope which he was cast.
 He passed it on to his brother and Dad,
 Thinking of his own safety last.
 Oh, wicked waves! Oh, wailing wind!s

We shall never forget those disastrous hours
 Of death, sadness and sorrow,
 But we know that God in His infinite way
 Will give courage to fleets of tomorrow.

Sung by Bernadette Keating at the 3rd Miramichi Folksong Festival,
 Aug. 1960. Recorded by Helen Creighton.

Roy Saunders in his book *The Escuminac Disaster* (Oldbourne, London, 1960) describes the tragedy as compiled from official sources from the narratives of the men who lived through it.

On the afternoon of June 19, 1959, fifty-four vessels sailed from Escuminac for the salmon fishing. It was fine when they went out, official broadcasts were predicting good weather. No one anticipated the freak storm which burst upon the fishing fleet that night. In the storm twenty-two of the salmon boats were lost, with nearly three-quarters of a million dollars worth of equipment. Thirty-five men and boys were drowned. The news of the two long nights and days of terror, and the heroism of the fishermen made a tremendous impact on the people of Miramichi.

Many of our versifiers expressed their feelings in laments written in the traditional style of our folksingers. Besides the ones we have chosen for this book, by Bernadette Keating, Alex Milson, and Jerry Hébert, three other songs were sung at the 1959 Festival. Preston Jimmo, Captain of the Douglastown-Chatham ferry boat *Loyalist*, a member of one of our oldest Miramichi pilot families, sang his own composition. Stafford Girouard of South Nelson wrote a song which was presented by his neighbour, Mrs. William (Kate) Buckley. Most pathetic of all, Mrs. Allen Mills, widow of one of the drowned fishermen, attended the Festival. She had asked Wilmot MacDonald to sing a song about the Miramichi River which her late husband had written as a tribute to his beloved home.

In 1959 Bernadette Keating of Chatham was thirteen years old. She composed the words and music of her own song, the most beautiful of all the tributes to the heroism of the fishermen. It was very touching to see the child, in her simple school-girl's dress, sharing her own deep emotion with a hushed audience.