

The Whistle

He cut a sappy sucker from the (muckle)
 He cut a sappy sucker from the golden maple tree
 He tapped it and he wet it and he (dumped) it on his knee
 He never heard the seagull when the harrow broke her eggs
 He missed the long-legged heron and the minnows in the swamp
 He forgot to hunt the collie at the cattle when they strayed
 But you should ha'e seen the whistle that the wee herd made bis

He tweetled all the morning and he tweetled all the night
 He puffed his freckled cheeks until his nose sank out of sight
 The cows were late for milking when he piped them up the path
 His sister got his supper then and he was put to bed
 But he didn't/care a bit for what they thought or what they said
 There was comfort in the whistle that the wee herd made bis

He played a march to battle it came pleasant to the ear
 And the soldiers marched more bravely and began to lose their fear
 He played a song for lovers though he knew not what it meant
 But the kitchen lass was laughing at the song and its intent
 He got cream and butter bannocks for the loving lilt he played
 Was not that a cheery whistle that the wee herd played bis

But the snow has stpped the herding and the winter brought him cold
 When in spite of boils and chilblains he was shod again for school
 He couldna' state the catechiz nor state the rule of three
 He was always kept in after school when the other loons got free
 But he often played the truant 'twas the only thing he played
 For the teacher broke the whistle that the wee herd made bis

Sung by Mr. Larry Hughes at the 3rd Miramichi Folksong Festival, August 1969;
 recorded by Helen Creighton.

tr. MJL
 22 Mar. 1979

The Knoxville Girl

another word, I only bet her more [bet i.e. beat]
Until the ground around me within her blood did pour
I (picked) her by those golden curls and drug her round and round
Throwing her into that river that flows through Knoxville town
"Go there, go there, you Knoxville girl with the dark and rolling eye
Go there, go there, you Knoxville girl, you can never be my bride."

I started back to Knoxville (got) there about midnight
My mother she was weary and woke up in a fright
"Oh say, dear son, what have you done? (With) blood your clothes are red."
I told my aged mother "A bleeding at my nose."

I got for me a candle to light myself to bed
I got for me a handkerchief to (bathe) my aching head
I tossed and tumbled the whole night through with () around me
Because I killed the Knoxville girl the one I loved so well.

Sung by unidentified young girl at the Miramichi Folksong Festival, Aug. 1960;
recorded by Helen Creighton.
Beginning of song not recorded.

tr. MJL
23 Mar. 1979

The Homes of Donegal

() I'll only stay awhile
I yearn to see how you're getting on, I want to see you smile
I'm happy to be back again, I'd greet you big and small
For there's no place as on earth just like the homes of Donegal

A tramp I am a tramp I'll be a tramp I'll always be
For me mother tramped and me father tramped, sure tramping's bred in me
() and won't have me at all
Sure I'll always find a welcome in the homes of Donegal

My time has come when I must go, I'll bid you all adieu
The open highway calls me forth to do the things I do
And when I'm tramping far away I hear your voices call
And please God I'll soon return unto the homes of Donegal.

Sung by unidentified young girl (Betsy, Martha, or Laura Milsom ?) at the
3rd Miramichi Folksong Festival, Newcastle, N.B., Aug. 1960; recorded by
Helen Creighton.

tr. MJL
26 Mar. 1979

The County Armagh

There's one fair county in Ireland with memories so glorious and grand
Where nature has lavished its bounty, it's the orchard of Erin's green land
I love each cathedral and city once founded by Patrick so true
And it's there in the heart of his bosom the ashes of Brian Boru

It's my own Irish home, far across the foam
Although I've often left it in foreign lands to roam
No matter where I wander through cities near or far
Sure me heart is at home in old Ireland in the county of Armagh

I've travelled a part of the county from Newtown, Porthill past the Glen
Around by the gap of Mount () and home by () again
Where the girls are so gay and so hearty () and Erin go bragh
Oh but where are the boys that can court them like the boys from the county Armagh?

It's my own Irish home, far across the foam
No matter where I wander in foreign lands to roam
Sure me heart's at home in old Ireland in the County of Armagh.

Sung by unidentified girl (Betsy, Martha, or Laura Milsom ?) at the
3rd Miramichi Folksong Festival, Aug. 1960; recorded by Helen Creighton.

tr. MJL
26 Mar. 1979

Je suis-t-orphelin, donnez-moi du courage

Je suis-t-orphelin, donnez-moi du courage,
Car sans pitié, je suis-t-abandonné,
Hélas! j'ai faim, et je suis sans "souffrage",
Père daignez me faire la charité.
Depuis longtemps que je souffre en silence,
Ah! c'est ici qu'il règne devant vos yeux,
Répondez-moi, car la faim me domine,
Et vous serez remercié devant Dieu.

J'ai vu mon père mort-e dans sa tombe,
Je le voyais pour la dernière fois,
J'ai vu là-haut des grands nuages sombres,
Semblait paraît'e l'espérance et la foi.
Je me disais-t-en regardant mon père:
"Pourquoi pleurer, il ne reviendra plus."
Je murmurais-t-en consolant ma mère:
"Il est heureux, mère, ne pleurez donc plus."

Par un beau jour dans un petit village,
Là nous étions sans ouvrage et sans pain,
Et tout à coup, ma mère fut malade,
Et cette fois, elle est morte de faim.
Depuis longtemps que je souffre en silence,
Je demande à Dieu de venir me chercher,
Répondez-moi car la faim me domine,
Et vous serez remercié devant Dieu.

Green Garden Fields

(On the eighteenth of August) being the day of the year
 When down by yonder river where I first met my dear
 She appeared like some goddess or some young divine
 Was in sent to this country for to torture my mind

"Oh young man I am no goddess nor no young divine
 Wasn't sent to this county for to torture your mind
 I've been viewing those green fields that lately (doth yield)
 For I take great delight in those green garden fields."

"Oh it's Flora, lovely Flora, why I act so bold
 It's your lily white fingers one moment I hold
 For you give me much pleasure than riches lie store
 Pray grant to me your love dear and I'll ask no more."

"Oh young man you are a stranger and I'm feared you're unjust
 If I thought you were in earnest I would think myself blessed
 For my father's in yonder coming and I must obey
 Here's adieu to you young man for I must away."

Oh it's now she's gone and left me in the bottom of true love
 Kind Cupid protect me and the powers above
 Kind Cupid protect me and now take my part
 For she's guilty of murder and has broken my heart

"Oh young man you are a stranger and I'll pity your case
 I will leave you here no longer for to mourn in this place
 For arise let us wander to some foreign part
 For you are the only young man that has e'er won my heart.

Oh in church oh next Sunday a-married we'll be
 Though our friends and relation they may not agree
 So here is my hand love and now true prove true
 To all other young men I now bid adieu."

Sung by Mr. Wilmot MacDonald at the 3rd Miramichi Folksong Festival, Aug. 1960;
 recorded by Helen Creighton.

tr. MJL
 26 Mar. 1979

The Most Unconstant Young Man

Oh as I rode out one evening down by a river side
I have heard two lovyers talking, this girl and she replied
Saying "You're the most, the unconstantest young man that ever I did know
You promised for to marry me, why did you not do so?"

"If I promised for to marry you I mean to keep my vows
But believe me dearest Willie I could not come till now
Had I all the gold and silver that ere my eyes did see
With pleasure love I'd spend it all in your sweet company."

"Oh be gone you false deceiver, you're the flower of all (has bane)
You have came both late and early my favours for to gain
But it's now I disregard you and forever I am free
From you and all men breathing this moment I am free."

"Who told you those false stories love and vowed them to be true?
That I had Nancy courted and quite forsaken you?
It was only to rise disturbance between you love and I
I haste to settle the arguments with you I will live and die."

"But don't you see those pretty small birds that fly

[End of tape]

Sung by Mr. John Holland at the 3rd Miramichi Folksong Festival, Newcastle, N.B.,
August 1960; recorded by Helen Creighton.

tr. MJL
26 Mar. 1979