

- Your Father's Garden, sung by Mrs. Perley Hare, Strathadam, at Newcastle, N.B.; 1 vs. only; probably part of English folk song
- John Neal; sung by Harold Whitney, Strathadam, at Newcastle; local song of boy who settled in Miramichi area; local interest only
- The Skunk, sung by Harold Whitney; humorous local song about hunting; 6 vs. words a bit mixed
- Ghost Story: told by Harold Whitney; true experience of his father's; good story well told; ghost of murdered man disturbs sleep
- Sawgie McKay; sung by Irene MacLean aged 8 or 10; words of local interest only but good tune and sung in child's sweet voice.
- Sleep Baby, Sleep sung by Diane Barnaby, Micmac Indian aged about 6; sung in English; words a bit mixed up
- Kissing Game recited by 4 MacLean Children and Diane Barnaby at Newcastle; game played in circle and described
- Skipping Verses recited by Irene MacLean; I'm a Girl Guide Dressed in Blue; not traditional, learned from school teacher.
- Skipping Verse, I Had a Little Brother, recited by Christine MacLean; the children skipped to these verses
- Skipping, Banana, Banana, Banana Split; just half of rhyme, all she could remember, recited by Christine MacLean
- Ball Bouncing Verse in Micmac, recited by Diane Barnaby; this may be chorus of song My friend the Woodstock girl
- Ball Bouncing, One, Two, Three O'Leary, recited by all 5 above children; this verse has wide currency
- Ball Bouncing, Bouncy, bouncy ballie; recited by all above children; this too is widely known
- Ball Bouncing, Charlie Chaplin Went to France, recited by Christine MacLean with explanation
- Lullaby, Rockaby Baby On the Treetop, sung by all 5 children who said they sang this to put their dolls to sleep.
- The Knoxville Girl (or The Wexford Lass); horrible murder song which all five children sing lustily and Dr. Manny recalls that at the end the four year old announced proudly, "That's the best I ever sung it."
- Micmac words said by Diane Barnaby for yes and no; she was very shy and didn't like performing alone, so this is of little use.
- Peelhead, sung by Lyall MacLean of Strathadam at Newcastle; lumberman's song; local interest; 3 vs. to good tune and well sung; compare with his father's singing of it in Songs of Miramichi p.158
- Grasshopper Verse; recited by the 5 above children; grasshopper leaves a sticy substance in head which children call molasses.

All items recorded at the home of Dr. Louise Manny, Newcastle, N.B. and recorded for the National Museum by Helen Creighton

Your Father's Garden

Reel 214B

Go home to your father's garden,
Sit down and cry your fill,
And when you think what you have done
You can blame your own free will.

Fragment sung by Mrs. Perley Hare at ~~the 5th Annual Individual Song Festival~~
Newcastle, New Brunswick in 1962, and recorded for the National Museum

It was ~~ex~~ in the year of thirty-seven when to Canada there came
A bright and young American boy, John Neal was his name,

While touring through this countree it was here he finally found
That he'd forget United States and settle down in old Bridgetown.

2

He lived there quite contentedly until some weeks ago
When up spoke John to father saying, "To Stathadam I must go,
There is a lass, the only lass that's neath the heavens above,
Her name it is Miss Inez Scott and with her I fell in love."

3

Now John he is a favourite in the home of Frederick Scott,
Who has given him the chance to buy a little home and lot,
And also has assured him if to Inez he'll be true
That he will start him with a ranch and a pair of foxes too.

4

"Now Johnny boy, now Johnny boy, come take advice from me,
Pray take advantage of your lot, stay on the Miramichi,
For any boy who has a chance like you as I can see,
Now ~~tk~~ take a tip and hold your grip, signed yours truly, Harold Whitney.

Composed and sung by Mr. Harold Whitney, Stathadam, N.B., and recorded
for the National Museum by Helen Creighton.

Question: When did you make that up, Mr. Whitney?

Answer: in 1937

Q: And where did you get your tune?

A: I was sick at the time that I composed it, and that's the tune that was
taken from Howard Curry, I believe. (or Carrier).

Q: You have another verse, have you?

A: Yes.

So both together pleasantly bid each a fond farewell,
As Johnny started on his way to likewise call for Mel
Who is his friend, his trusted friend, who for Fred's other daughter had fell,
And both decided there and then in Stathadam I must dwell.

I know my boy it's handy there and you can see her every night,
Until the time does come around when she will be your wife,
(the rest he can't remember)

These verses fit in earlier in the song.

I hunt the deer and I hunt the moose and I hunt the mink ,muskrat,
 I hunt the fox and I hunt the coon and I hunt the skunk polecat,
 My friend Bill says he's very good fur,sometimes he's good to eat.

2

I go tell my wife I get fur coat same time I get some meat,
 I walk out one, ~~to~~ two, three, four mile, I feel an awful smell,
 I think the skunk he's gone and died and fur coat gone as well.

3

By and by I see that old polecat close up by one great tree
 I think up there oh very close, I think he ~~is~~ no see me,

4

By and by I get up very close, I raise my ax up high,
 That gosh-darned skunk he up and clunk, throw something in my eye,
 Sky be blue, I think I'm blind, my gosh I cannot see,
 I run around and round and round till I bump that gosh-darned tree.

5

By and by I get my old pole ax, I set out for the shack,
 I think about a million skunk, they're climbing on me back,
 My wife she meet me at the door, she sic on me the dog,
 She say, "You no sleep here to-night, go out and sleep with hog."

6

I tried to get in hog-pen, my gosh now what you think?
 The gosh-darned hog no stand for that on 'count the awful stink,
 So I hunt the skunk pole-cat no more to get his fur and meat,

Sung by Mr. Harold Whitney, Strathadam and recorded by Helen Creighton
 in New Brunswick in 1962.

I recall my father telling years ago about a hotel or rooming house in the town of Newcastle where he had - attempted to spend the night. He was portaging for Ritchies in those days, hauling supplies to the lumber camps, and when he had checked in at this ~~ix~~ rooming house they had assigned him to this ~~ix~~ room which he didn't like at all. It was on one of the attic floors and seemingly there was either two or three or four rooms up there and he just didn't like it. However he had gone out for the evening somewhere and spent the evening and then he came back and went to his room and had got ready for bed. In those days as we know there was no electricity, and possibly it was candle light or something like that that he went to bed by. And after he had settled down - he had heard someone walking up the stairs and he thought nothing of it. He thought it was someone coming to ~~some of the other rooms~~ one of the other rooms. But all of a sudden he had heard his own door. It seemed ~~as~~ his own door had opened and he lit a match and looked, but the door was closed. There was no one there, so he snuffed the match out and attempted to go to sleep, but finally he felt like a hand of a person sort of feeling around him and then he felt the clothes sort of go down off his shoulders, because he was a person who liked to pull the bedclothes well up. So this happened about two or three times. Each time he'd hear the steps, and each time the door would open and each time the clothes would sort of be moved away from dad.

So finally he couldn't stand any more of it and he went downstairs to the main floor and he got behind what he called the old cooking range where the meals were cooked in the kitchen of the hotel, and he laid on the floor and spent the night there. So the next morning he proceeded to tell the keepers of the hotel about the incident and he come to find out that in the very same room some man in previous years had been murdered. He had been killed with a razor. His throat had been cut.

Question: I think somebody else had the same experience in the same room, didn't he?

Answer: I believe Jared MacLean of Strathadam had the same experience because I've heard Jared and dad speak about it many times.

Told by Mr. Harold Whitney of Strathadam, N.B. and recorded for the National Museum by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1962

One fine summer's evening and I shan't forget,
The roads they were muddy, through Eel Ground was wet,
There was Salk and there was Terry and Sawkie ~~McKay~~ McKay,
And they all came from Eel Ground to fiddle to find.

2

There was Harvey and Bernie and Guy was there too,
And a few more from Bridgetown to make up the crew,
And back in a corner with a tear in his ~~ys~~ eye
Was poor little Herbie and Joey Kytie.

Local song sung by Irene MacLean, Strathadam, N.B. ; child learned it from her grandfather; recorded for the National Museum in Aug. 1962.

The words "to fiddle to find" don't sound right, yet the tape doesn't sound like "a fiddle to find."

Sleep Baby, Sleep

Reel 214B6

Sleep baby, sleep, the father tends the sheep,
The mother shake out the dear laundry
And shake them by the leaf.

Sleep baby, sleep, the father tends the sheep,
The mother shook out the dear laundry
And shake them by the leaf.

Sung by Diane Barnaby, an Indian child at Newcastle, N.B., who was expected to sing it also in Micmac, ~~by~~ but refused; recorded at Newcastle, N.B. for the National Museum by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1962.

Kissing Game

Down in the valley where the green grass grows
 Sat little Crissey as sweet as a rose,
 She sang and she sang and she sang so sweet
 Along came a little boy and kissed her on the cheek.

Question: Are you in a circle when you are doing this? Then what happens when the little boy kisses her?

Answer: Then she goes out and she closes her eyes and she hits somebody and they jump in her place. They go one way and she goes the other and whoever gets in the hole where the person stood, the person left out is it.

Irene MacLean

Skipping

I'm a girl guide dressed in blue, These are the actions I can do,
 Bend my knees, bend my knees, salute to the king and bow to the queen.
 Turn my back to the Union Jack, count one, two three.

Then when you count one, two, three you have to jump out.

(The skipping rhyme was learned in school. Their teacher must have had something to do with guiding. This would not be traditional). They recited this while skipping.

Irene MacLean

There's another one about:

Skipping

I had a little brother, his name was Jim, ~~I put him in the bathtub to let him have a swim,~~
 I put him in the bathtub to let him have a swim,
 He drank all the ~~ax~~ water, he ate all the soap,
 I had to call the doctor before he choked.

Christine MacLean

(They do not do Salt, pepper, mustard vinegar).

Skipping

Banana banana, banana split

(This is only half of it; they could not remember the rest) Christine MacLean

Ball Bouncing Song in Micmac

(This was sung for any kind of game like ball bouncing or skipping. A note on the reel box cover suggests this is the chorus of My friend the Woodstock Girl)

Diane Barnaby

Ball Bouncing

One, two, three O'Leary,
 My first name is Mary,
 If you think it's necessary
 Look it up in the dictionary.

All children

Ball Bouncing

Bouncy bouncy ballie, I lost the leg of my dolly,
 Mummy came out and gave me a clout and turned my petticoat inside out.

All children

Ball Bouncing

Charlie Chaplin went to France
To teach the ladies how to dance,
This is the way he taught them:

First you toe, second you heel,
Cross your legs and around about.

(You just put your leg over the ball.) Christine MacLean
Doll's Lullaby

Rockaby baby on the treetop,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock,
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall
Down will come baby, cradle and all.

Question: When do you sing that? Or say it?

Answer: When we play doll.

Q: You put the doll in your arm and rock her to sleep with that?

A: Yes.

Five children contributed these verses, four were MacLeans from Strathadam, N.B. and the other Diane Barnaby, a Micmac Indian child from Eel Ground. Their ages ran from 4 to 8 or 10; recorded at the home of Dr. Louise Manny, Newcastle, N.B. and for the National Museum by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1962.

Grasshopper

Grasshopper, grasshopper, grasshopper grey
Give me some molasses and I'll let you go away.

Question: When do you say that?

Answer: When you catch a grasshopper.

Q: Do you hold it in your hand?

A: Yes, like this. (They cup their hands, one folded over the other).

Q: And does the grasshopper give you some molasses?

A: Yes.

Said by the five children above.

(I recall doing this as a child; when the grasshopper is held this way it gives off a brownish sticky substance which we too called molasses, and for which we in Dartmouth, N.S. said the same verse.)

I knew a little Knoxville girl, a town we all know well,
 And every Sunday evening out in her home I'd dwell,
 We went to take an evening walk ?
 I picked a ~~stick~~ from off the ~~gr~~ ground and knocked the fair girl down.
 stick 2

She fell down on her bended knees, for mercy she did cry,
 "Oh Willie dear don't kill me here, I'm unprepared to die,"
 She never spoke another word, I only bat (beat?) her more,
 Until the ground around me within her blood did flow.

3
 I took her by the golden curls and drug her round and round,
 And threw her into the river that ~~flows~~ to Knoxville town,
 flows

"Go down, go down you Knoxville girl with a dark and rolling eye,
 Go down, go down you Knoxville girl, you can never be my wife."

4
 I rolled and stumbled the whole night through, my dreams were a living hell,
 And then they came from Knoxville and carried me to jail,
 Here I am to waste my life, and life is passing so,
 Because I murdered the Knoxville girl, the girl that I loved so.

Sung by four MacLean children from Strathadam, and a Micmac Indian child, Diane Barnaby from Eeal Ground and recorded at the home of Dr. Louise Manny, Newcastle, N.B. for the National Museum, Aug. 1962. According to Dr. Manny in Songs of Miramichi p.303 when the song was finished the four year old announced, "That's the best I ever sung it."

This horrible murder song is very popular here, but it is strange to hear it sung cheerfully by young children, none of them older than ten, if that old.

Come all you jolly lumbermen
 That lumber in the west,
 Never hire a brindle greaser
 For the darkey: ~~he's~~ he's the best.

Cho.

Then hurray hurray for lumbermen,
 Hurray hurray hurraw,
 Hurray hurray for lumbermen
 For Peelhead he's the boy.

2

He bought a horse from Whitney,
 Another from Bob Waye,
 He bought a sled from Gabby Steward
 Upon that very day,
 And he started for the lumber woods
 To ~~work~~ ~~make~~ ~~his~~ ~~money~~, cause a hell of a shine,
 And all the kind of logs they got
 Was of small saplin' pine. ~~That~~

Cho.

And ~~he~~ hurray hurraw for lumbermen,
 For lumbermen or die,
 Hurray hurraw for lumbermen,
 For Peelhead ~~that~~ he's the boy.

3

Sung by Lyall MacLean, Strathadam, and recorded for the National Museum
 by Helen Creighton. Compare with his father's song with 3 more verses in
Songs of Miramichi p.158