

CR 221  
Helen Creighton Collection  
Miramichi Folk Festival, *Newcastle, NB*  
~~Nova Scotia~~, Aug. 1961.  
Speed 7½

SIDE I

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 1. Madame m'envoie-t-au marché                           | Allen Kelly   |
| 2. Paddy on the turnpike ( <u>Performance</u> ) - Fiddle | Mrs. Francis Murdock & Lewis<br>Wilson step dancing |
| 3. Song: Rocky Brook<br>(written by John Calhoun)        | Stanley MacDonald                                   |
| 4. Jessie at the Bar (Song)                              | Joseph R. Estay, Sr.                                |
| 5. Song: Darby McShawn                                   | Harold Whitney                                      |

SIDE II

- |  |                               |
|--|-------------------------------|
| 6. Song: Champion of Court Hill                              | John Hill, 90 years old       |
| 7. Nora Johanna McCarthy (song)                              | John Jilks                    |
| 8. Performance - (Fiddle) The Ripping Water Jig              | Ellsworth Godfrey             |
| 9. A Winter on Renous (song)                                 | Nick Underhill                |
| 10. Willie was as fine a sailor (song)                       | Mrs. Earl Dickson             |
| 11. Song - The Gay Spanish Maid<br>(last verse not recorded) | Estay Brothers, Frank and Ray |



## No. 40

## ROCKY BROOK

(As sung by STANLEY MACDONALD of  
Black River Bridge in 1947, for the Lord  
Beaverbrook Collection)

*♩ = 104*

You ten-der heart-ed Chris-tians, I pray you lend an ear,  
And when you hear of my sad tale you can't (but) shed a tear,  
Con-cern-ing Sam-u-el Al-len, a lad both young and brave;  
'Twas on a stream called Rock-y Brook he met his wat-'ry grave.

help

Mixolydian, inflected VII (G). A-B-B'-A. No. 38.

You tenderhearted Christians,  
I pray you lend an ear,  
And when you hear of my sad tale,  
You can't help shed a tear,  
Concerning Samuel Allen,  
A lad both young and brave,  
'Twas on a stream called Rocky Brook  
He met a watery grave.

He was tall, neat and handsome,  
His age being twenty-one,  
And if I do remember right,  
He was their only son.  
His father bid him a fond farewell  
As the Gibson train rolled by,  
And then returned unto his home,  
With a tear that dimmed his eye.



I will tell you now of Rocky Brook,  
 That sad and mournful place,  
 No matter where you work on it,  
 Death stares you in the face,  
 For the rocks stand up like mountains high  
 For miles along the shore,  
 'Twould break your heart with misery  
 To hear its water roar.

those out

On the nineteenth day of April  
 As the sun was shining clear,  
When Samuel Allen left the tent  
 With neither dread nor fear,  
 Went out onto that (rolling) dam  
 To see what he could do  
 In trying to get a boom prepared  
 To sluice the lumber through.

Young

(roaring)?

He first looked up, then down the brook  
 A-looking for a jam,  
 When the water gave a terrible roar  
 And tore away the dam,  
 And the boom that he was standing on  
 Was quickly torn away,  
 And soon within that whirling flood  
 His lifeless body lay.

It was nine o'clock in the morning  
 He received his deathly blow,  
 Some comrades think he lost his life  
 While in the undertow.  
 He was cut and bruised about the face,  
 His body it was bare,  
 Oh, what a sight it must have been  
 For comrades who were there.

deadly  
 people

They took him to his father's house,  
 'Twould grieve your heart full sore  
To see the people gathering  
 And crowding round the door.  
 There is one fair face among the rest,  
 I will not say her name,  
 Who was to be his wedded wife  
 When home again he came.

Oh we

for to



But hope gave way to dark despair  
 When she beheld the form  
 Of him who promised all through life  
 To shield her from the storm.  
 Now cold in death, no more to roam  
 With her through Keswick vales,  
 And night and morn the maid forlorn  
 Her lonely fate bewails.

Not sung  
 on recording

(Now) in the village churchyard      Now 'tis  
 His lifeless body lay,  
 A-waiting (for) our Saviour's call      to  
 On that great Judgement Day.  
 When friend and foe must rise and go  
 To the Archangel's call  
 To meet and abide with God above,  
 The (father) of us all.      Daddy  
 —(Last line spoken)—

The ballad was written by John Calhoun of Boiestown (author of *Peter Emberley*). It tells the true story of how Samuel Allen was drowned at "that sad and mournful place."

Mr. MacDonald sometimes says "The Daddy of us all" instead of "father."

Amended text shows version sung by Mr. Stanley MacDonald at the Miramichi Folksong Festival, Newcastle, N.B., August 1961; recorded by Helen Creighton. Text photocopied from Manny & Wilson, Songs of Miramichi, 166-168.

MJL  
 2 Apr. 1979



## Jessie at the Bar

It was at the railway station in proceed to my vacation  
 I saw a tall and slender maid behind the railway bar  
 They say her name is Jessie she (lives on 3 syll. )  
 Her eyes they were shining like an evening star

Oh this pretty little dame she admired all who came  
 In a quiet sort of a way with her eyes so mild and bright  
 She had lovers of half a score always someone at the door  
 From the first train in the morning till the last train out at night

[Spoken:] Yes but who were her admirers?

The tinker and the tailor, the soldier and the sailor  
 The (bloke) that used to talk about his "Pa" and his "Ma,"  
 The butcher and the baker, the quiet little Quaker  
 All who courted pretty Jessie at the railway bar.

Oh this smiling little creature she had smiles on every feature  
 As she served out her customers with wine and bitter beer  
 And being down on Monday I asked her out on Sunday  
 To meet me in the park where she gave me such an air

"Sure it's happy I would be, to meet you there," said she  
 "But I'm sorry to inform you it is not my Sunday out,  
 For one Sunday out of nine is all I can call mine."  
 So she left me there to drain a glass of (Edsel's) stout. (ale so) ?

[Spoken:] It's little I thought the previous Sunday when I saw her  
 walking with:

The tinker and the tailor, the soldier and the sailor  
 The (bloke) that used to talk about his "Pa" and his "Ma,"  
 The butcher and the baker, the quiet little Quaker  
 All who courted pretty Jessie at the railway bar.

Oh my conscience they were shaking but I thought it much mistaken  
 I'd ha e Jessie to proceed when it was her Sunday out  
 With my hair curled and anointed, the time and place appointed  
 I was there just at the moment and began to look about

It's when Miss Jessie came my heart was all aflame  
 To see her costly rigging and her bonnet trimmed so gay  
 She had such a smiling charm as she slightly took my arm  
 It was much to my surprise when I heard a merchant say:

[Spoken:] There go Jessie with another one of her swells!

Oh my conscience they were shaking, I thought it much mistaken  
 But my modesty would not permit to ask if it was so  
 I proposed and she accepted in a manner so affected  
 The tears they were running down her loving eyes of blue



So I bought for her a dress fit for any empress  
I saw the porter bring it as I leaned against the bar  
But on our wedding day, Miss Jessie ran away  
And got married to the man that wrote the Herald and the Star

[Spoken: I had one consolation: she also jilted --

The tinker and the tailor, the soldier and the sailor  
The (bloke) that used to talk about his "Pa" and his "Ma,"  
The butcher and the baker, likewise the quiet Quaker  
All who courted pretty Jessie at the railway bar.

[Spoken: And me too!

Sung by Mr. Joseph R. Estay, Sr., at the Miramichi Folksong Festival, Necastle, N.B.,  
August 1961; recorded by Helen Creighton.

tr. MJL  
3 Apr. 1979



## Darby McShawn

It being on Sunday (I being late on Monday)  
I went to the wedding of Darby McShawn  
With the looks of good pickings and plenty of chickens  
And cold was the night for I saw the day dawn

Now Darby was rather the same as his father  
A gay little man and his name was McShawn  
And Nora the charmer the niece of the farmer  
That lived in the valley near Larraby's (pond)

Now before they were married the priest awhile tarried  
To teach them the duty between man and wife  
He told them quite slowly their sentence was holy  
And to pledge their betroth to each other for life

Now this maid was well dressed her hair was her head dress  
And people admired her brand new shawl  
It was all silk and cotton it won't be forgotten  
And in it she looked the genteelest of all

Her cheeks like the cherries her lips like the berries  
Her skin it was dark brown behind and before  
Her eyes were bewildered like two pretty children  
And such pretty diamonds you find on the shore

Her boots were calf leather and all sewn together  
So you may suppose that she looked mighty gay  
Old Darby, me hearty, me own Pat McCarty  
I'll point out the dress that he wore on that day

A shirt of fine linen from sweet Ballyfinnon  
A necktie of muslin a vestcoat of green  
A new country jacket 'twas made by Tim Hackett  
With buttons as bright as the crown on a queen

His brogues they were varnished and pretty well garnished  
For six months or more they had laid in the pond  
His brogues they were yellor they looked mighty meller  
Here's a health to your betters bold Darby McShawn

Come all one another the bride's father's brother  
'Twas Murdock McDonald that give her away  
And Barney O'Brien roared out like a lion  
Till all the whole parish joined him in "Hooray"

Now the bride's cake and whisky it made me so frisky  
I called for a dance with a blatherin' call  
And old Daddy Newley so calm and so coolly  
He headed us out to the barn for the ball

The barn was all swept out, the fowl were all kept out  
And so it looked like some dining room floor  
with benches and barrels from Jimmy O'Carroll's  
And all the gossoons peeping in at the door



With fiddlers and pipers like so many vipers  
They twisted and turned themselves and their tunes  
With fiddlin' and dancin' and lookin' and glancin'  
My head grew as big as the man in the moon

Black Tom took his fiddle he played "Diddle, diddle,"  
While old Peter Mulligan handled the pipes  
Black Tom he grew jealous he seemed full of malice  
He (lapped out) the catgut and tasted the tripe

As we were a-goin' with hearts overflowin'  
And night was preparin' to set in the sky  
Then Skitter and Mary came in like a fairy  
To tell us our supper was waiting near by

Each man to his (order) each man changed his part er  
We went in to supper by music in row  
And bloomin' like roses we followed our noses  
Were led to the tables sat down upon stools

The long kitchen table was almost unable  
To hold up the burden that lay on its back  
There was beef and roast chicken and plenty good pickin's  
They were cutting and slashing like Billy O' Quack

As time surely passes when lads and gay lasses  
They think about nothing but mirth and glee  
When a maid with a platter came in with a clatter  
A-goin' round the table collecting her fee

I pulls out my money, says I "Biddy honey,  
I'll give you a shilling if you'll give me a kiss  
And she like a cat kissed my face (with her flat fist)  
And I've always felt queer from that day till this

And old Billy Gorey he told a long story  
About a young king who went hunting one day  
And meeting a fairy with heart full of daring  
He foll wed her along till he led her astray

As we were a-going with hearts overflowing  
I told my friend Darby and Mrs. McShawn  
That I would endeavour to love her hereafter  
And come to the christening of their little one.

Sung by Mr. Harold Whitney of Strathadam, N.B., and Toronto, at the Miramichi  
Folksong Festival, Newcastle, N.B., August 1961; recorded by Helen Creighton.



## Champion of Court Hill

In smiling June where roses blooms and daisies (dense) do grow  
Down by a brook my way I took I carelessly did go  
For to view those fields that nature yields all on the smiling rill  
Where I met quite my heart's delight the champion of Court Hill

He smiled and said "My pretty maid, why roam you here alone?  
Can't we not have together love an hour or two to roam?  
For the evening's fine if you're inclined we'll go down by yonder mill  
Where we can walk and chat and talk obscured by sweet Court Hill."

As she gave consent away we went our whole discourse was love  
(I) promised then some future day that I would be his bride  
We kissed shook hands and parted it was sore against his will  
And in that (state) he bent his way away from sweet Court Hill

For two long years I was his dear his pride and only joy  
For two long years I was his dear and that I won't deny  
But now he's gone and wed with one whose name was Bess (Modrill)  
And left poor Kate in a sad state heartbroken on Court Hill

So come all you pretty maidens fair who ever you may be  
Never trust to any young man whate'er his promise be  
For if you do you'll sure to rue and be as I am now  
A broken-hearted maiden at the foot of the mountain brow. [spoken]

Sung by Mr. John Hill at the Miramichi Folksong Festival, Newcastle, N.B.;  
recorded by Helen Creighton, August 1961.

tr. MJL  
3 Apr. 1979

[The final stanza suggests influence from "The Maid of the Mountain Brow,"  
Laws, ABFBB, P7] MJL



## Nora Johanna McCarthy

I got an invitation to attend a large party  
 The girls they were sociable at Flannagan's ball  
 I put on my best coat, necktie and white collar  
 (Plush) hat and new gaiters to go to the ball

The girls had been plenty and came along with me  
 They said I was always so (joble) and gay  
 When I took Miss McCarty so light and so hearty  
 She swore at the party the belle she would be

(jovial)?

And she's Nora Johanna McCarty  
 She swore she'd be belle at the party  
 And if anyone slight she was hellbound to fight  
 And she's Nora Johanna McCarty

Now the first dance we had was an eight-hand cotillion  
 When Nora got up with a jump and a hop  
 When Flaherty tripped her, Oh Lord what a rumpus!  
 When Nora's poor body received a great bump

Her two feet flew up she had on yellow stockings  
 She bounced from her bustle her back struck the wall  
 "Oh aint she a ripper!" cried old Paddy Connolly  
 "You're all liars," said O'Brien, "She's the belle of the ball."

(And she's) Norah Johanna McCarty  
 She swore she'd be belle at the party  
 And if anyone slight she was hellbound to fight  
 And she's Nora Johanna McCarty

"Good Lord," said Nora, "It's time we've had supper,"  
 "Hold on," said Miss O'Connell, "You're one hour too soon."  
 "Shut your mouth you old Prod, you're some (one syll.) or dictator,  
 Shut up you old codger or out with the spoon."

It was then the O'Connells, O'Briens, and O'Donnells  
 The Bogans, the Hogans for help they did call  
 With their sleeves to the muscle she ripped off the bustle  
 (" two syll. ") said old Paddy, "She'll murder us all."

(And she's) Nora Johanna McCarty  
 She swore she'd be belle at the party  
 And if anyone slight she was hellbound to fight  
 And she's Nora Johanna McCarty.

[Spoken]

Sung by Mr. John Jilks at the Miramichi Folksong Festival, Newcastle, N.B.;  
 recorded by Helen Creighton, August 1961.



## No. 48

## A WINTER ON RENOUS

(As sung by NICHOLAS UNDERHILL, of  
Nor' West Bridge in the 1961 Miramichi  
Folksong Festival)

PARLANDO

On the ninth day of Oc-----to--ber in the year of nine-teen--four,  
That day I left old In-di-an Town as I oft-times did be----fore.  
I did not like the coun-try and I did not like their ways,  
For to spend the win--ter on Re--nous with the sons of Mor-gan Hayes.

Mixolydian, inflected VII (D). A-B-B<sup>1</sup>-A<sup>1</sup>. Refer to family of tunes listed under  
No. 2.

On the ninth day of October,  
In the year of nineteen-four,  
The day I left old Indiantown,  
As I ofttimes did before.  
I did not like the country,  
And I did not love their ways,  
For to spend the winter on Renous  
With the sons of Morgan Hayes.

Of this happy crew I'll tell to you  
Is Eddie, George and Mike,  
They had no mercy on a man  
But to work him day and night.  
With big Ephraim Kirk I went to work,  
And they sent me for to chop,  
And my mind being bent on rambling,  
And with them could not stop.



Just seven days with Eddie Hayes  
On the south branch of Renous,  
I did not like their mountain hike,  
And I did not like their crew.  
And early Monday morning  
I bid them all adieu.  
With my bundle packed with mitts and socks  
Which I wigged from the crew.

It just being a fortnight after  
And at the break of day  
When down to Morgan Hayes's  
I carelessly did stray.  
Two men sat at the table  
I had saw the day before,  
Their given names I will explain  
Was Bill and Tommy Poore.

A good breakfast it being served  
And we all walked out the lane,  
It being my intention  
For to try the woods again.  
As we sit jolly smoking  
Up at the Devil's Back,  
About two miles from Thomas Colepaugh's,  
Where we had another snack.

When I arrived at Hayes's camp  
I knew the place in style,  
'Twas there I talked to Eddie Hayes,  
Likewise to Charlie Doyle.  
"Where is your crew a-working?"  
I said I would like to know  
If high on yonder mountain,  
There's a place for the rovin' Joe.

High up on the mountain,  
Where the sun don't shine so bright,  
Where the beasts of prey do hold by day,  
And roam at will ~~be~~ night. by  
Quite early in the morning,  
About the hour of five,  
The cook would call, "Come one and all,  
That's if you're still alive."

The pervisions they were rather shy,  
And the m'lasses was all done,  
And the crew commenced to wonder  
Why the toter did not come.



Then between six and seven  
 We would be on our way,  
 The tall black spruce to chop and sluice  
 And those lofty pine to slay.

We'd hear them shout, "The mules are out"  
 And they would swing back the door,  
 And the bushes loaded with the drops  
 Like they were the day before.  
 John Hayes, he being our teamster,  
 He drove the leading team,  
 A mare that came from Napan,  
 And Stella was her name.

And a big red mare and her ribs shone bare,  
 As you will understand.  
 She was drawn by Johnny Bolster,  
 A true-born Irishman.  
 Morrie D'yle he was our yard man,  
 A boy both stout and strong,  
 His parents died and left him  
 I will mention in my song.

He left his home quite young to roam,  
 But he knew the woodsman's ways,  
 And would always try to deck them high  
 For the sons of Morgan Hayes.  
 I'm the rovin' Joe youse all well know,  
 It's time I'll say adieu,  
 In praise of our cook and teamsters,  
 Likewise their jolly crew.

I spent a winter on Renous  
 And now I love their ways,  
 In the land of the blest there is peace and rest  
 For his sons and Morgan Hayes.  
 So now I'm going to end my song,  
 And I've done the best I could,  
 When working for this happy crew  
 While in the lumber woods.

The winter it has passed and gone,  
 And their spring drive has come through, *came*  
 It being forty days with Edward Hayes  
 On the south branch of Renous.

This song, one of our many woods satires, was made up by Joe Smith, a Miramichi man who liked to call himself "the rovin' Joe." He was a half brother of Frank O'Hara. Nick sings the Renous Song in his inimitable cliff-hanging style, which he

Sung by Mr. Nicholas Underhill at the Miramichi Folksong Festival, August 1961; recorded by Helen Creighton. This seems to be the same performance recorded by Manny and Ives for their published text here photocopied.



## No. 101

## WILLIE WAS AS FINE A SAILOR

(Sung by Mrs. EARLE J. DICKSON of Centre Napan in the 1961 Miramichi Folksong Festival)

*♩. = 60*

Wil-lie was as fine a sail-or as ev-er spliced a rope,  
 And Mar-y was his own true love, his on-ly pride and hope,  
 And as they walked they of-ten talked of join-ing wed-lock banns,  
 But Wil-lie's ship it was com-mis-sioned to sail for a far-sigh land.

Dorian (G). A-B-B-A'. Attention is directed to the shift in tonal center (up a minor third) in the "B" phrases. This brings to mind the relationship of a minor scale to its relative major in our tonal system.

Willie was as fine a sailor  
 As ever spliced a rope,  
 And Mary was his own true love,  
 His only pride and hope,  
 And as they walked they often talked  
 Of joining wedlock banns,  
 But Willie's ship, it was commissioned  
 To sail for a foreign land.

The day before he went away,  
 He met Mary on the strand,  
 He took her in his arms  
 And kissed her trembling hand,  
 Saying, "Mary, dearest Mary,  
 If we are doomed to part,  
 I'll come once more before I go,  
 To pledge your loving heart."

Since  
 |



"O, Willie dear, you're going away,  
 To plow those raging seas,  
 Those foreign faces that (you) meet,  
 You'll never think of me."

*you'll*

"If I should prove untrue to you,  
 In foreign lands or nigh,  
 I pray to God your spirit  
 Will haunt me till I die."

Now our ship is landed  
 And Willie is safe on shore,  
 And all the parties that (come back)  
 The utmost part (he bore)  
 They danced and sang in wild career,  
 Till each one found his love,  
 Another fair face had Willie's heart won,  
 Poor Mary was forgot.

*comes off  
 he's bore*

And now our ship is loaded,  
 She leaves again today,  
 She gets into deep waters  
 Beneath the calm blue sky  
 When all at once dark clouds arose,  
 And a heavy storm is nigh,

The thunder roared tremenjous,  
 And the lightning did appeal,  
 And Willie being the righthand man,  
 Was sent to guide the wheel.  
 When like a flash of lightning  
 Appeared before his eyes,  
 And when it spoke it sounded  
 Just like the graveyard cries,

"O, Willie, you false and faithless man,  
 It's Mary's voice you hear,  
 Don't you mind the promise that you made  
(O) parting along with me,  
 You said if you proved untrue to me,  
 In foreign lands or nigh,  
 You'd pray to God my spirit  
 Would haunt you till you die,

*while*



"Your Captain wrote and told me  
Of those false vows you had made,  
① I drowned my body, my bones do lie *I've*  
To bleach on Kerry's shore,  
And at the very last hour,  
We'll both sleep in one tomb."

When an unknown wave swept o'er ~~the~~ deck, *out*  
And swept him o'er the side,  
"He's gone," she cried, "no more to rise."  
And the crew all shrank with fear,  
But when he disappeared from sight,  
The night grew calm *and clear.*  
*(Last two words spoken)*

Mrs. Earle J. Dickson, who sang this harrowing tale of the sailor haunted by the ghost of his jilted true love, is one of the "singing MacDonalds" of the Black River area. She is a sister of Arthur and Stanley MacDonald, and has often sung with her brothers at the annual Miramichi Folksong Festival.

Sung by Mrs. Earle J. Dickson, Centre Napan, at the Miramichi Folksong Festival, August 1961; recorded by Helen Creighton.

This seems to be the same performance transcribed by Manny and Ives for their published version photocopied here.

MJL

3 Apr. 1979



The Gay Spanish Maid

Of a gay Spanish maid in those years of sixteen  
Through those meadows she did wander alone  
By a shady beech tree where she sat down to rest  
Sat a gay gallant youth by her side

"Now my ship sails tonight, my beloved Annie  
And along with you I cannot rove no more  
When your parents, my dear, has retired to rest  
Won't you meet me alone on the shore?"

When all in the cottage had retired to rest  
Lovely Annie crept out the hall door  
With her hat in her hand as she tripped o'er the sand  
And sat down on a rock by the shore

Her young heart with sorrow was ready to break  
When he told her of years he'd be away  
"And may God guide you my dear and your loved ones at home  
While I'm far, far away on the sea."

Now the pale moon was rising far over the deep  
Where those waters and the sky seemed to meet  
And far over the sea

[End of tape]

Sung by Mr. Frank Estay and Mr. Roy Estay (brothers) at the Miramichi Folksong  
Festival, August 1961; recorded by Helen Creighton.

tr. MJL  
3 Apr. 1979

[Laws, ABFBB, K 16] MJL