

Reel 222A

The Volunteer (in part), sung in French by Mrs. Wm. Buckley; words not transcribed.

Willie the Weaver, sung with guitar accompaniment by Alex Milson; words a bit mixed up and some verses missing; 11 vs.; good tune .

The Moncton Tragedy, sung by Arthur MacDonald; 14 vs.; good-night song of local interest only although quite well sung.

Talk, Dr. L.S. Russell, Director National Museum, bringing greetings from Ottawa and introducing ** 2nd night of 4th Miramichi Festival.

The Chapeau ~~Henry~~ Boys, sung by Wilmot MacDonald; lumbermen's song of Quebec woods popular here; words difficult to make out though sung with singer's usual vigour.

All items from 4th Miramichi Folk Song Festival, Newcastle, N.B. recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1961

now I'm married

How I wish I'd longer tarried.

For my wife she did swear on the breeches that I'd beware.

2

Coming home my neighbor met me, told me something that would fret me,
" neighbor I'll tell you who I sae at your door just now."

3

"I seen your wife and Willie the Weaver, oh how kindly she did ~~us~~ greet him,
At the door they both went in, both went in and I saw no more."

Home

4

~~My~~ I goes like one in wonder, at the door I raps like thunder,
"Who is there?" the weaver cried, "it is my husband and you must hide."

Wife dear wife

5

~~Com~~ don't get in a passion, come and follow my direction,
Draw me some ale for I am dry, like a good girl he (she) did reply.

6

When she went to draw the ale I went a-search for Willie the Weaver,
Looking in chambers round and round not one soul could I find.

7

Up the chimney hole I ventured, there I spied the wretched soul,
Straddle-legged on the chimney pole.

8

Now my laddie, now I've found you I will neither drown nor hang you,
"I will smother you with smoke," this I said, not a word he spoke.

9

So I puts on a roaring fire much against my wife's desire,
Then said she, "I am your wife; take him down and spare his life."

10

From the chimney hole I pulled him oh my gollies did I wore him,
Clubbed ~~his~~ his back, with every stroke, "Come no more to stop my smoke."

11

Oh you never seen a chimney sweeper any more blacker than Willie the Weaver,
Hands and face and neck likewise, I sent him home with a pair pf black eyes.

Sung to guitar accompaniment by Alex Milsom at the 4th Miramichi Folk
Song Festival, Newcastle, N.B. and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1961

You friends all over Westmoreland I pray you will attend
 And give your attention to these few lines I penned,
 For I will sing you of a song I just made up to-day,
 Concerning young B. Sullivan and amongst them Freddie Day.

2

I aim to reside in Westmoreland, I don't deny the same,
 For Moncton is my native home and Sullivan is my name,
 I'm handcuffed down in Dorchester and sentenced for to die
 On a Friday the twelfth day of March all on the gallows high.

3

I was brought up by honest parents that taught me true and kind,
 They gave me education that I must leave behind,
 They taught me how to ~~is~~ pray the Lord and do it how we will,
 They never thought they'd raise a son that human blood would spill.

4

There was a wealthy widow lived in this little place,
 With her I had been intimate since first I saw her face,
 She trusted me as you will see to all I did require,
 But for to take her precious life it was my whole desire.

5

On the eleventh of September last, a curse attend that day,
 The devil whispered in my ear and unto me did say,
 "Why don't you do your work done, it never shall be told,
 It's easy to announce her death and you enjoy the gold."

6

Around ~~ix~~ the hour of five o'clock the day was nearly done,
 The evening sun was getting low and night was coming on,
 My steps I cautiously did take and my way I quickly took
 Till I arrived at Wexford on the banks of Meadowbrook.

7

It was there for I concealed myself, I soon thought up a plan,
 I own that I wanted liquor and that she kept on hand,
 Once more the devil in disguise, once more he spoke to me,
 Saying, "Kill her John, you're stout and strong, you'll gain your liberty."

8

Oh I went there in the dead of night for fear that I'd be seen,
 I thought suspicion it would fall on Hugh and Leslie(?) Green,
 I killed the widow and her little son to accomplish my desire,
 I gathered up what gold she had, I set her house on fire.

9

It was very young(?) next morning when the news went all around,
 About the widow's residence being burned down to the ground,
 The widow and her little son both burned up in the flames,
 But little Maggie did survive, on me she laid the blame.

10

It was then I got uneasy and was troubled in my mind,
 My parents they advised me to leave my friends behind,
 I shipped my course to Calais, that city of great fame,
 It was there that I was arrested and they took me back again.

11

It's now I'm lying in my cell all in a dreadful state,
 I the day to come when I shall hear my fate,
 For unfit both past and gone bad fortune did rely,
 The jury found me guilty and I was condemned to die.

In a Friday the twelfth day of March I'll bid my last adieu,
 To Moncton in Westmoreland where my first breath I drew,
 If I had died upon that day what a blessing it would be,
 They 'd say he died a decent death, not on the gallows tree.

13

Oh fare you well my darling girl, the joy of all my life,
 If I had of lived the year through she would have been my wife,
 I never shall kiss her lily white cheek or embrace her any more,
 This this dark river it is crossed on Canaan's happy shore.

14

It's to conclude and make an end my pen I lay away,
 I'll wind up my little song, I have no more to say,
 I hope I have said nothing wrong my neighbors to offend,
 I simply made those verses up to satisfy a friend.

Sung by Arthur MacDonald at the 4th Miramichi Folk Music Festival and
 recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1961.

Ken Homer, M.C.: I knew he wasn't going to need that paper all the way through.
 Once he got into the song - once they all got into the song - the paper might
 just as well go out the window. Somehow they're able to put the song over so much
 better when it's coming right from inside, not from the paper first.

may

You might have noticed that we have quite a number of visitors here
 to-night from hither and yon, people who are beginning to hear of the Miramichi
 Folk Song Festival and say to themselves, "I'd like to go and hear those songs,"
 and so they're coming. There are cars from Omaha, Nebraska. There's a gentleman
 here with a tape recorder putting down our songs, Dr. Kepple. One of those who
 heard about the Festival is Mrs. Clare Wall. She said, "I'd like to sing too,
 for the people of Miramichi." (Her songs not from this area and so were not recorded)

It is a great pleasure for me to be here, and certainly it would be a very true statement; it is true of everyone here. It is a great pleasure for all to be here. But I am particularly grateful for Dr. Manny who invited me to come to your folk song festival and to take this part in your program. I was a little bit puzzled I must confess when I got the invitation. I would like to think it was in recognition of the fine way I render "Home on the Range," with a three chord accompaniment on the guitar, but I am sure Dr. Manny had never heard this, so I had to dismiss that as a reason. I also thought perhaps it was because I was a famous folklorist but I quickly realized that I wasn't. I started out life as a geologist which is getting about as far away from folk music as one can get, but you know the Director of a large Museum has to pass himself off in a number of capacities. Since I have taken over this work I have found it not only desirable but even successful sometimes to pretend that I am an authority on a lot of subjects of which I really know a rather small amount. So perhaps I'm here as an honorary folklorist. Whatever the capacity in which I appear before you, I assure you that I bring to you the warm regard of all of us in the National Museum, and I think I can link with that those many other people in other institutions who are studying folklore and folk music from a scholarly point of view. This is a great opportunity for all of us in the group because it is here, on such occasions as this, that we see and hear the real thing. We are not listening to something on a piece of magnetic tape. We are not reading something in a book. We are seeing the real living folk music of Canada being practised by those people who are best qualified to practise it, the folk singers themselves. And so with this sincere appreciation of what is being done here by Dr. Manny and all those associated with her, the organization and administration, and particularly in the participation of the performers, the singers, I wish to contribute this word of appreciation. If I may speak for the so-called long-haired side, the scholars, I extend to all of ~~you~~ you our great appreciation for bringing to life and keeping alive this great heritage of the oral tradition which has been handed down to you, and which, I hope, that you will preserve for many years to come. And so with this word of thanks and appreciation it gives me great pleasure to declare the second evening of the 4th Miramichi Folk Music Festival open. Thank you.

Ken Homer, M.C. Mr. Lutes and Dr. Russell, thank you very much for opening the second night of the Folk Song Festival, and in return I'm quite sure that the singers of the Miramichi are prepared to show you the Real Thing, as you call it, as it should be presented. So I'm going to ask those who will be taking part in the first part of the program to come up and take their places on the platform. They've come from pretty far afield. I think the farthest is from California although he came from Omaha, Nebraska. He's back here with his tape recorder again. They have all said that the first night of the Miramichi Folk Song Festival left nothing at all to be desired. It was everything they had expected it to be. They enjoyed the songs and singers, and more than that they enjoyed the whole atmosphere. The fact that we are all here together because we like the songs. We like to hear them sung, and we've promised that to-night is going to be just as big a night as the first one was. And to ensure a good beginning we're going to have a song, "The Chapeau Boys." This hasn't been heard at the festival before. It was written up on the Ottawa River but it has been sung by the New Brunswick lumberjacks all over the Maine woods and Quebec woods and tells about the kind of lumber camp life that the Miramichi songs tell about. So we're going to ask Wilmoist MacDonald to start off our second night with The Chapeau Boys.

Reel 222B

McSorley's Twins, sung by Mrs. Allen MacDonald; 4 vs.; comic Irish; some words difficult to make out.

John Ladner, sung by Arthur MacDonald, 7 vs., tragedy in lumber woods; for words see Songs of Miramichi p.122.

The Scantaling Line, sung by James Brown, South Branch, Kent Co.; adventures in lumber woods; 9 vs. in clear voice; for words see Songs of Miramichi, p.169

Liza Jane, sung by Nicholas Underhill; 7 vs. & cho. comic Irish; words on tape quite clear; good song; man too busy with mule to kiss his girl.

I'm Sitting On ~~the~~ the Stile, sung by Paul Kingston; 6 vs. sad; wife has ~~xxxxxx~~ died in childbirth; 2 line tune; words clear.

Fiddle tune, Off She Goes to Miramichi, short, played by Mrs. Frances Murdock.

All items recorded by Helen Creighton at 4th Miramichi Folk Song
Festival, Aug. 1961 at Newcastle, New Brunswick.

Singer's title;McFarley's Twins

Mrs. McSorley had two little twins and two fat(?) little devils they were,
 Such bawling and sprawling from morning till night it was I do declare,
 When they were away they would go like the blast of a fisherman's
 horn,
 Said Mrs. McFarley, "Not an hour have I slept since those two little devils were
 born."

2

Said Mrs. McFarley, "A christening we'll have for to give the two darlings a name,"
 "Indeed and we will," said McSorley, "and we'll have something grand for the same,"
 For godmothers Sue and Mike Murphy stood up and for godfathers came the two Flinns,
 Josias Marias Diagnes Malone were the names that they christened the twins.

3

Now the christening being over a party began with good whisky tp fill out their
 skins,
 And old Mrs. Mullen had drank so much punch that her legs wouldn't hold her at all,
 She fell flat on her stomach across the two twins and they ~~set up a devilish bawl~~
 kicked up a devilish bawl.

4

Now Mr. McFarley flew up in a rage and he threatened Mrs. Mullins's life,
 And old Danny Mullen said he'd bait the first man who would dare lay a hand on
 his wife.
 Now the Greens and the Kellys they held an old grudge and the Murphys slashed
 fell into the Flinns,
 They fought like the devil, ~~xxx~~ over the bed and they smothered the two little
 twins.

xxx

Sung by Mrs. Allen MacDonald at the 4th Miramichi Folk Song Festival and
 recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1961.

Some words impossible to make out

I heard the sleighbells ringing and the snow was falling fast,
I got my mule in harness and I got him hitched at last.

Cho.

It is whoa whoa whoa I tell you, it is whoa whoa whoa I say,
Watch the boards Eliza Jane and hang on to the sleigh.

2

And watch his ears a-flopping and see him ~~sk~~ shake his tail,
Watch the boards you're sitting on as o'er the drifts we sail,
And hang on to your bonnet, Eliza do keep cool,
For I haven't gpt time to kiss you for I'm busy with my mule. Cho.

3

Now Eliza could you name the date, but the snow is falling fast,
While sleighbells ring us joy to bring o'er this winter road we pass,
And hang onto your bonnet, Eliza do keep cool
For I haven't gpt time fpr to kiss you for I'm busy with my mule. Cho.

4

Here's your little town of high renown and the gas lights are in sight,
And the mule is getting weary but he can nod to-night,
There is an inn just around the bend, Eliza do keep cool,
For I won't have time for to kiss you I'll be busy with my mule. Cho.

5

There is going to be a wedding right here in your home town.
There'll be mules and greys in jumper sleighs will come from County Down.
There'll be styles in cloaks and bonnets too, Eliza do keep cool,
For I won't have time for to kiss you I'll be busy with my mule. Cho.

6

Now the wedding it's all over, and homeward we are bound,
Eliza Jane you still remain the grandest girl in town,
You have cloaks and bonnets in galore, now Eliza do keep cool,
I have ample time for to kiss you now and be fiddled with my mule. Cho.

7

So now to end my ditty and my little whoa whoa tale
Concerning the mule in harness and o'er the drifts we sailed,
While you hung to the buckboard Eliza you kept cool,
I didn't have time for to kiss you for that darn confounded mule. Cho.

Sung by Nicholas Underhill at the 4th Miramichi Folk Song Festival,
and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1961.

Cho. after vs. 3, 4 & 5 has the words: watch the boards you're sitting
on.

Ken Homer:

Lumberman's meaning of turkey; you wrap up all your possessions in a bundle and stick it over your shoulder, and I suppose it sticks up in the air a bit ~~like a turkey~~ like a turkey.

I'm Sitting On the Stile

Reel 222B

I'm sitting on the stile Mary dear where we sat side by side,
On the bright May morning long ago when first you were my bride,
The corn was springing fresh and green, the lark sang loud on high,
The red was on your lips Mary, the love lies in your eye.

2

But the time has left a change Mary, the spring is here again,
The lark's loud song is in my ear, the corn is green again,
But the time seems long and dreary now, the world seems cold and wide,
I have nothing left to care for now since my Mary she has died.

3

I miss the soft clasp of her hands, the breath warm on my cheek,
I still keep a-listening for the words she nevermore shall speak,
There's two or three steps you Mary to that little church stands there,
It was the place that we were wed, I can see it's afar from here.

4

The churchyard lies between us now, my steps might disturb your rest,
It's darling where I laid you down to sleep with a babe upon your breast,
I'm bidding you a fond farewell, my Mary kind and true,
I can't forget you darling in the land I'm going to.

5

Where they say there is work and bread for all, the sun shines always there,
But I can't forget old Ireland at the just as fair,
And when I'm in those dear old woods, it set me down and ~~ery~~ cried,
It's then my mind goes wandering back to the place my Mary died.

6

It's now I think I can see that stile where we sat side by side,

(Last line spoken softly and impossible to make out).

Sung by Mr. Paul Kingston at the 4th Miramichi Folk Song Festival,
Newcastle, N.B. and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1961.