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MF249. 857

~~Mollie Bawn~~ Reel 223A

Reel 223A6
~~XXXXXXXX~~

The Wexford Lass, sung alternately by Wilmot MacDonald and a daughter with rest of family joining them in last vs.; song ends with loud whoop from all; for words see Reel 211B by same family; sadistic murder song very popular in this district. Also called The Knoxville Girl.

Hind Horn, sung by Mr. Deltpn Brown; excellent variant ; 14 vs. well sung; also on Reel 123A by same singer; for wprds see Songs of Miramichi p.206.

Sept Ans Sur Mer (Seven Years On the Sea): Acadian French, sung by Mrs. Wm. Buckley ; words not transcribed; tune sounds interesting.

The Escuminac Disaster, composed and sung to guitar accompaniment by Alex Milson; for words see Songs of Miramichi p.95, 9 vs.

The Old Rustic Bridge, sung by George Duplâesis; sentimental late song of reminiscence; 5 vs.

Mollie Bawn, sung by Margaret Duplessis, ~~daughter of~~ granddaughter of George Duplessis; between loud guitar accompaniment and flaw in recording, cannot make out words.

All items recorded at 4th Miramichi Folk Song Festival 1961 by Helen Creighton.

Well I am dreaming to-night of an old rustic bridge
That bends o'er the murmuring stream,
It was there Maggie dear with a heart full of cheer
As we walked by the moon's gentle gleam.

2

It was there that I met her, the lights of her eyes
Awoke in my heart love's sweet thrill,
Though it's now far away as my thoughts fondly stray
To that old rustic bridge by the mill.

3

I keep in my memory her love of the past,
With me 'tis as bright as of o'er,
Just to keep in my heart a past moment of bliss(?)
In absence it never grows cold.

4

I think of you darling when lonely at night,
When all is peaceful and still,
Still my thoughts wanders back to the dreams of delight
To that old rustic bridge by the mill.

5

Beneath the moonlight it's gleaming
Where the waters gently ripple,
Sad was my heart when I parted with you,
Though its now far away as my thoughts fondly stray
To that old rustic bridge by the mill.

Sung by Mr. George Duplessis at the 4th Miramichi Folk Song Festival,
and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1961.

Ken Homer, M.C.: the Duplessis family is also one of the musical families we find around the Miramichi and I noticed Mrs. Duplessis saying the words over to herself down here as George was singing. I know that he has a whole bunch of sons and daughters who can sing like mad, but we haven't got time to-night to put them into action, but I see he has a granddaughter down there and maybe we could get her up just to sing a little song for us., just to show how the tradition is going on. I know we're throwing this at her, but we'll have to wait and see what happens.

(She asks if she may have her guitar and is given permission.)

Reel 223B

The Knoxville Girl, popular here, sung by child, daughter of J.P. Milson; murder;
see The Wexford Lass 223A; some words impossible to make out.

The Dutch Girl)

The Crazy Man From China) sung by Milson child; are these two songs pr one? The
Crazy Man From China is variant of The Old Man TSNS p.190;
humorous; together they ~~make 6 vs.~~ make 6 vs.

Bagpipes, The Green Hills of Tralee & The Hundred Pipers or Bonnets of Blue
played by Sandra Crossman; this must be a child playing.

The Dying Mother, sung in French by Roger Kelly, son of Allen Kelly; words not
transcribed

The Fair Florella, sung by Freda Milson; murder; 5 vs.; strange song for child to
sing; she uses name Loretta instead of Florella

Little Sally Walker (Saucer), singing game; sung by Children of Chatham Head;
2 vs. that repeat; tune transcribed by Sister Fleurette and
Marie Smyth

London Bridge, singing game; sung by Children of Chatham Head with unusual use
of days of the week; tune transcribed by Sister Fleurette and
Marie Smyth

Farmer In the Dell, singing game; sung by Children of Chatham Head with Alan Mills
joining them; 9 vs.

Old MacDonald Had A Farm, singing game; the above children do not seem familiar
with these words, as Mr. Mills is leading them; not their song
so words not transcribed.

Quotation in Senator Burchill's Speech; small portion giving his opinion of
the use of history.

The Scow on Cowden's Shore, well sung by Wilmot MacDonald; for words which are
almost identical, see Songs of Miramichi p. 171; 14 vs.
lumberman's song; humorous.

All items from Children's Program at 4th Miramichi Folk Song Festival,
and recorded by Helen Creighton at Newcastle, N.B., Aug. 1961.

We went to take an evening walk
 About a mile from town,
 I picked a stick up off the ground ~~and knocked her down~~
 And knocked that fair girl down.

2

She stepped down on her bended knee,
 For mercy she did cry,
 "Oh Willie dear don't kill me here,
 I'm unprepared to die."

I only her more
 Until the ground around her
 With blood did pour.

3

I picked her
 And drugged her round and round,
 Throwing her into the 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."

4

I started back
 got there,
 My mother she was
 And woke up in a fright,
 "Oh son, oh son, what have you done?"
 With blood you so red,"
 I saw my aged mother
 A-bleeding

5

I got for me a candle
 To light myself to bed,
 I got for me a handkerchief
 To bind my aching head,
 I tossed and tumbled the whole night through,
 With around,
 Because I killed that Knoxville girl,
 The one I loved so well.

Sung by the daughter of J.P. Milson at the 4th Miramichi Folk Song Festival,
 and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1961.

Many words impossible to make out; this song is very popular here with
 adults and children; it is strange to hear a child's voice as above singing it
 so cheerfully.

The Dutch Girl
The Crazy Man From China

Reel 223B2

I'm a funny little Dutch girl, as funny as funny can be,
And all the boys around my block seem crazy over me,
My boy friend's name is Molly, he lives on Ginger Collie,
With the turned up nose, forty-eight toes(?), that's the way my story goes.

2

One day he gave me peaches, one day he gave me pears,
One day he gave me fifty cents and kissed me up the stairs,
I gave him back his peaches, I gave him back his pears,
I gave him back his fifty cents and kicked him down the stairs.

3

My father is a butcher, my mother, my mother's nice and neat,
And all my father's meat balls is rolling down the street,
My mother told me to open the door but I didn't wanna (want to),
I opened the door, I fell on the floor, the crazy man from China.

4

My mother told me to give him a drink but I didn't wanna,
I got him a drink and he fell in the sink, the crazy man from China.
My mother told me to wash his knees but I didn't wanna,
I washed his knees, he started to sneeze, the crazy man from China.

5

My mother told me to but I didn't wanna,
I and he started to fight, the crazy man from China.
My mother told me to give him a shift but I didn't wanna,
I got him a shirt and he put ~~sax~~ on a skirt, the crazy man from China.

6

My mother told me to put him to bed but I didn't wanna,
I put him to bed, I cracked his head, the crazy man from China.
My mother told me to bury him but I didn't wanna,
I buried him and he did but grin, the crazy man from China

Sung at 4th Miramichi Folk Song Festival by a Milson child who said it
came from Nova Scotia; compare with The Old Man, TSNS p. 190; recorded by ~~Wesley~~
Helen Creighton Aug. 1961

Is this all onesong, or are there two here?

One song seems to end half way through the 3rd verse.

Some words impossible to make out.

The Fair Florella

Reel 223B

Way down in a drooping willow where flowers do gently bloom,
There lies my ~~own~~ Lorella so silent in her tomb,
She died not broken-hearted, nor sickness ne'er she knew,
But in one moment parted, her jealous lover true.

2

He said, "Let's go a-roaming out in the meadows gay,
It's there we'll seek and conjure about a wedding day,"
The walk seemed long and dreary, and night was coming on,
She said, "I'm tired of roaming, I wish you would return."

3

"No, no, return you never, for here you'll have to die,
So bid farewell Loretta to parents, friends, and I,"
Down on her knees before him she ~~pleas~~ pleaded for her life,
But deep into her bosom he plunged that fatal knife.

4

"Afeared I am a-dying, and with my dying breath
I never did deceive you," she closed her eyes in death,
Her parents came next morning, came ~~seeking far and near~~, searching far and near,
Deep deep into the meadow, they found their darling there.

5

Now all young girls take a warning and think of Loretta's fate,
Don't trust your hearts to young men for they will lead you astray,
Or never go out wandering out in the meadow gay.

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

Singing Game

Little Sally Walker (Saucer)

Reel 223B

Little Sally Walker
Sitting in a saucer,
Rise up Sally, wipe away your tears Sally,
Point to the east Sally,
Point to the west Sally,
Point to the very one that
You love best.

Poor Sally got married
I hope she'll have joy
For ever and ever
Poor Sally must die.

Sung by Children of Chatham Head at 4th Miramichi Folk Song Festival,
1961 and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1961.

Singing Game

London Bridge

London bridge is falling down, falling down, falling down,
London bridge is falling down, hi oh my derry oh.

2

London bridge is half built up, half built up, half built up,
London bridge is half built ~~yx~~ up, hi oh my derry oh.

3

London bridge is all built up, all built up, all built up,
London bridge is all built up, hi oh my derry oh.

4

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday. Repeat, while catching children in bridge. They choose oranges or apples and have tug of war.

Sung by Children of Chatham Head at 4th Miramichi Folk Song Festival, ~~196~~
and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1961.

In this game, ~~yx~~ two form a bridge by facing one another with hands held together high. At the word Sunday they bring their hands down to close the bridge and the child they catch then is given a choice of oranges or apples. She then lines up beside the one whose side she has taken until all are caught. Then the two sides have a tug of war.

The Farmer In the Dell

Reel 223B8

The farmer in the dell, the farmer in the dell,
Hi oh my dearie oh the farmer in the dell.

2
The farmer takes his wife, etc.

3
The wife takes a child etc.

4
The child takes a nurse etc.

5
The nurse takes a dog etc.

a 6
The dog takes ~~the~~ cat etc.

7
The cat takes a rat etc.

8
The rat takes ~~xxxxxxx~~ the cheese etc.

9
The cheese stands high etc.

(They clap hands as they sing the last verse, high over the head of the cheese. It was difficult to tell in some verses whether they sang a child, a nurse, or the child, the nurse etc.)

Sung by Children from Chatham Head with Alan Mills at 4th Miramichi Folk Song Festival and recorded by Helen Creighton Aug. 1961.

Quotation From Senator Burchill's Address

Reel 223B

The key to a nation's future is ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ her past. The nation that loses it has no future, for men's deepest desires ,the instrument by which a continuing society moulds its destiny, springs from their own inherited experience. We cannot recreate the past, but we can't escape it. It is our blood and bones. To understand the temperament of a people a statesman has first to know its ~~history~~ history.

From speech given at 4th Miramichi Folk Song Festival ~~xxxxx~~ by Senator Burchill, and recorded by Helen Creighton Aug. 1961.