

Miramichi Folk Song Festival

The 1958 Folk Festival, ^{The First Festival} composed and sung by Mr. John Gilks, Newcastle; 8 vs. about Festival participants; interesting mostly for showing how much these Festivals mean here.

1961 Boating Regatta, composed and sung to own guitar accompaniment by Mr. Alex Milson; 7 vs. of local interest only.

The Steamer Alexander, sung by Allen Kelly; 6 vs. well sung to quite nice tune; otherwise of local interest only.

Lumbermen's Song, sung in French by Allen Kelly; words not transcribed.

True Lovers' Discussion, 20 vs. sung well by Mrs. Marie Hare; cont'd Reel 224B; long involved discussion as each tests other's love.

For words see Songs of Miramichi, Louise Mauny and James Wilson p. 294.

All songs from Miramichi Folk Song Festival, Newcastle, N.B. 1961(?).

(Uncertain of date, but think it must be 1961.)

Between Lumbermen's Song and True Lovers' Discussion there is a fiddle ~~xxx~~ Breakdown, a short number poorly played by Mr. Gilks, aged 78.

In nineteen hundred and fifty-eight, in Newcastle, Miramichi,
A noble Festival was planned by Miss Louise Manny,
There came a lovely evening on September the third
When we came here to Newcastle, her folk songs to be heard.

2

We came here to this Town Hall, a goodly crowd was here,
So we sat up to listen, the songs of yesteryear,
There were English songs and French songs and Irish ones as well,
Both young and old joined in the fun to make this Festival.

3

Now Doctor Louise Manny was pleased as she could be,
To get the help she so desired from out of town you see,
There was Doctor Helen Creighton and Sandy Ives as well,
They were our folk song judges, their job they did so well.

4

And there was Kenneth Homer who of the C.B.C.
Who came along to help her, he was Master of Ceremonies,
The first was Wilmot MacDonald, from Glenwood he does dwell,
He came along to sing to us the songs we love so well.

5

He sang the "Lumberman's Alphabet" and "Peter Emberley" too,
Oh how the crowd would holler whenever he would get through,
And there Georgie Duplessis, that man of greater talk
Who also sang so calmly "The Jam on Gerry's Rock."

6

And there was Nicky Underhill, that man of noted skill,
Who got right up and sang to us "The Jones Boys On the Hill,"
And there were Arthur Matchett I'm sure that you all know,
For it's everybody hears him upon the radio.

7

You'll hear him in the morning when you are sleeping I know,
But you've just got to get up and going when he starts that little show,
No I'll tell you of a lady whose voice was soft and clear,
And that ~~lady's name~~ lady's name I will tell you is Mrs. Perley Hare.

8

It's now my song is ended, I have no more to tell,
But I'll see you all next coming fall at this old Folk Festival.

Composed and sung by Mr. John Gilks at the Miramichi Folk Song
Festival, and recorded by Helen Creighton at Newcastle, N.B.

Ken Homer, M.C.: "Well now you can see that our own history is getting into music
and being passed along from one year to another. I suspect that Stanley
MacDonald has written something about last year's festival and we'll find out
about that a little later on in the program. Right now Alex Milson from Chatham
has brought this guitar along. This is another bit of contemporary history that
Alex has written about, the 1961 boating regatta."

The old Ford Motor regatta was a very successful event,
 For those who entered the contest, they felt their time was well spent,
 The sponsors who organized that boating did a wonderful job we'll agree,
 When they put on the boating regatta for thousands of viewers to see.

2

They lined the wharves and the highways at home by the Miramichi,
 They watched this boating regatta which filled their hearts with much glee,
 The regatta was staged outside Chatham, for the first time ? were used,
 Under ideal weather conditions, I am sure every one will agree.

3

The boys were placed in position while the boats do circle around,
 As they raced along through the waters they made a loud groaning sound.
 Their motion cutting through the waters, it sent the wild spray all around,
 By the raising their various glasses it was a sight rarely found.

4

When turning the corner one Brazzard(?) lost his balance and fell in the drink,
 His friends they returned in a hurry, pulled him out as quick as a wink,
 They took him to shore and returned to the race
~~There was a~~ splash as they went ~~thru~~ through their pace.
 Was there ever a

5

As around in a circle the boaters all went.

A

6

The table was ~~ix~~ filled with trophies galore,
 And the racers they knew just what was in store,
 The sailboats were drifting around in the blue
 And the ferry Boat Loyalist went sailing by ~~xx~~ too

7

Some won trophies from New Brunswick and Maine,
 And other parts of the country also won fame,
 The Motor Regatta it was something new,
 For the people of Chatham and other towns too,
 And they'll long remember this sporting event,
 The Boating Regatta and how much it meant.

Composed and sung by Mr. Alex Milson for the 1st Miramichi Folk Song
 Festival, Newcastle, N.B. and recorded by Helen Creighton. Accompanied by himself on
 guitar.

Ken Homer, M.C.: I'm glad you made him do it, even though he wasn't too sure of it.
 He only needed one or two prompts there and it ties in with what Senator Burchill
 says about the importance of preserving our history and it also shows how the
 songs that are written nowadays help to do ~~xx~~ that, and how the songs that we
 hear at the Festival have already done that. They have preserved some of the way
 of life and the way of living in the old lumberwoods and of the old days. Now
 Allen Kelly. Where's Allen hiding? Right here under the pine tree (stage decoration).
 Allen usually sings French songs. Just to show us how versatile he is, he's going to
 sing us two short ones. The first one is going to be in English, the second one in
 French. The first one is the Steamship Alexandra, a true story of a tragedy right
 here on the river. The second is a lumberman's song which he'll sing in French.

Come listen to a story which no one can deny,
It happened on a Tuesday, the thirtieth of July,
A steamer Alexander going on her appointed way
Left the wharf at Newcastle and landed with human freight.

2

There was among the passengers a man, but not of fame,
Who was well known in all the land, and Galley was his name,
The idol of his mother who brought him up with care,
For alas, now that poor mother is groaning in despair.

3

For God in His infinite mercy has taken him for His own
And he sank beneath the water without uttering a moan,
The crew were all so happy, no one with even a care
When the awful sound of splashing flew up in the air.

4

And someone cried with a loud voice, "A man is overboard,"
And little did the crew think as they left the hustling boat
That before they had returned to it they would be one man short.
And little did the girl think as she sat there by his side
That he would have reached midnight, that he would be hid beneath the tide.

5

But so dark and dismal that they could hardly see
And every person wondered who the man could be,
But very soon they knew his name and a gloom spread over all,
And each one thought within himself how Death has made its call.

6

But Death has only freed him from the bounds of sin and woe,
And perhaps this very moment he looks on us below,
For God has him in His keeping, may His holy will be done,
And we hope some day to meet him where sorrow is not known.

Sung by Mr. Allen Kelly, Chaplin Island at the Miramichi Folk Song
Festival, Newcastle, N.B. and recorded by Helen Creighton. See Songs of Miramichi.

Andrews file

Reel 224B

- True Lovers' Discussion, cont'd from 224A
- Whisky On the Jar, sung by Mr. James Brown, South Branch, Kent Co.; 7 vs.
probably much better sung when he was younger.
- Patrick O'Donnell, sung by Harold Whitney; good-night song, man has to kill
enemy to save own life and is on trial. Irish tune; well sung
- The Old Bean Crock, sung by Arthur MacDonald; humorous, hobo adventures;
probably music hall; 4 vs. & 4 choruses; also on Reel 22A
- Champion of ~~Msx~~ Moose Hill, sung by Professor Edward (Sandy) Ives; parody
by Larry Gorman of Champion of Court Hill; 8 vs.

All songs from Miramichi Folk Song Festival, Newcastle, New Brunswick,
August 1961? (Not certain of date).

Whisky In the Jar

CR2246 B

(Ken Hoser, M.C. "We're off; the ~~xxx~~ cork is out of the bottle.")

1

I am a jolly tinker that's never yet was daunted,
I always had money whenever I did want it,
Oh courting pretty fair maids is nothing but the folly,
A lifetime of adventure for you my sporting Molly.

Cho.

My cheering fol the dey, right fol the daddy O.
Right fol the daddy O, there's whisky in the jar.

2

2 I went to Colonel Pepper, his money he was counting,
I first drew my pistol, so then drew my rapier,
"Stand and deliver for I am the jolly tinker." Cho.

3

O it's when I got this money and being a pretty penny
I put it in my pocket and I took it home to Molly,
I asked her where she put it and she swore she'd never seen it
The devil sends the women, oh they never can be easy. Cho.

4

I went to Molly's chamber for to have a slumber,
I went to Molly's chamber thinking it no harm,
She fired off a pistol and filled them up with water,
I was taken to the ~~prison~~ like a lamb unto the slaughter. Cho.

guard 5

Being early next morning between six and seven
The policemen surrounded me, the sweet forty-seven,
I grabbed for my pistol but found I was mistaken
For I fired off the water and a prisoner I was taken. Cho.

6

Oh it's false-hearted Molly, for you my heart is bursting,
If it hadn't been for you sure I never would've been taken,
And with the ~~xxxxx~~ bar I broke the stanchion down
metal

And straightway took my escape for old Virginia town. Cho.

7

Oh there's some take delight in fishing and farming,
Others take delight in carriages a-rolling,
But I take delight in the ~~xxx~~ juice of the barley,
A-courting pretty fair maids in the morning early. Cho.

Sung by Mr. James Brown, South Branch, Kent Co., at the Miranichi Folk
Song Festival and recorded by Helen Creighton.

My name is Patrick O'Donnell, I came from Donegal,
 I am, you know, a daring foe, a traitor one and all,
 I stepped on board of the Malrose on August eighty-three
 And on my way to Cape ~~St~~ Town he was made known to me.

2
 When he heard I was from Kerry we had angry words and blows,
 The villain tried to take my life on board of the Malrose,
 So I stepped up in my own defence to fight before I died,
 My pocket pistol I drew forth and at him I let fly.

3
 I fired at him that second shot that pierced his through the heart,
 I gave him the third volley before he did depart,
 Now his wife and son came running in that cabin where he lay,
 And when they found him in his gore it filled them with dismay.

4
 O'Donnell you've shot my husband, "Mrs. Kerry loudly cried,
 "Oh yes I did in my own defence kind madam and sir," said I,
 Now the jury had me taken and I was strictly bound,
 They took me as a prisoner when I landed in Cape Town.

5
 It is here I lie awaiting till my trial has begun,
 The prosecutor of my trial was Kerry's wife and son,
 Now I wish I was a free man to live another year,
 All traitors and informers I would have them shout with fear.

6
 For St. Patrick drove the serpents far from off the Irish ground,
 I would have you run before me like a hare before ~~the~~ the hound,
 So now this is my parting words, kind Christians lead so ear,
 I hear those death bells tolling, and kind Christians for me pray.

7
 And when that blessed Virgin on her bended knee doth fall
 She will pray for Patrick O'Donnell from the town of ~~Donegal~~ Donegal.

Sung by Mr. Harold Whitney at the Miramichi Folk Song Festival,
 August 196 and recorded by Helen Creighton.

Was in a New York restaurant a hobo ? ?
 He asked the waiter for a treat, he had no money to pay,
 The waiter he looked busy, threw oysters at the bum,
 The bum he grabbed a bean crock and he shot out on the run.

2 Cho.

Saying, 'You can't a-catch me, you can't a-catch me,
 For I'm a runner and don't you see, it will do no good to follow me,
 You can't a-catch me no matter how you try,
 But I'll bring you back your bean crock in the sweet by and by."

2

In Mrs. Johnston's barroom this hobo chan ced to roam,
 He stepped up to the counter, says, "There is no place like home,"
 But Mrs. Johnston grabbed the ale bottle, she aimed it at the bum, "
 But the bum he grabbed the ale bottle and he shot out on the run. ~~Cho~~

Cho.

Saying, "You can't ~~catch~~ a-catch me, you can't a-catch me,
 For I'm a runner and ~~am~~ don't you see, it will do you no good to follow me,
 You can't catch me no matter how you try,
 But I'll bring you back your ale bottle in the sweet by and by. "

3

There are some lazy people, you meet them every day,
 They never have any money, they are stone broke so they say,
 But I'm a different man you see, I am a man of biz,
 I always have a quarter in my pocket -here it is.

Cho.

But I can't exchange it, I can't exchange it,
 The reason why I'll tell you now, it's one I made my self and I ~~can't exchange it~~
~~Can't exchange it, I don't intend to try,~~
 But I'll pawn ~~it~~ it off some blind man in the sweet by and by.

4

I thpught I would get married like ~~ix~~ someother foolish men,
 When I found the girl I bought the ring, got married there and then,
 But after I was married I was taken down a peg
 Her nose, her eyes, her teeth were false, she had a wooden leg.

Cho.

But I can't exchange her, I can't exchange her,
 She was a big surprise to me, oh half a woman and half a tree,
 I can't exchange her, I don't intend to try,
 But I'll split her up for kindling wood in the sweet by and by.

Sung by Arthur MacDonald at the Miramichi Folk Song Festival and
 recorded by Helen Creighton.

Ends with a sort of whoop, possibly picked up at a former Festival from
 Wilnot MacDonald.

My brother Fred stood at my head, so mournful he did cry,
 The poor little lad he felt so bad, for he thought that I must die,
 And he knew that he alone would be to pay the funeral bill,
 For he knew that Muck had had bad luck and was penniless on Moose Hill.

7

I've fought 'em all both great and small, for the best I didn't care,
 I never fought 'em with a club, I always fought 'em fair,
 I licked the Sahest champion, Fred Titus I nearly killed,
 But I lost my belt by a single welt to a lady on Moose Hill.

8

So now I'm done, my race is run, my fighting days are o'er,
 And I'll confess my mind depressed, I'll mount the stage no more,
 And from the ring I'll gently spring and it's sore against my will
 That Helen hold the belt shall hold, the Champion of Moose Hill.

Sung by Professor Edward (Sandy) Ives, at the 1961 Miramichi Folk
 Song Festival, Newcastle, N.B. and recorded by Helen Creighton.