

Reel 225A

Song of the 1960 Festival, composed and sung by Stanley MacDonald; 9 vs. of local interest; gives good idea of how people felt about these Festivals.

The Dungarvon Whooper, sung by Nicholas Underhill; 9 double vs.; good example of how this singer holds high top note at full volume for effect; compare with same song in Songs of Miramichi p.78; murder followed by ghost which is exorcised.

The Little Bull Song, sung by Wilmot MacDonald; 6 vs., exaggeration, well sung; for words see Songs of Miramichi p.258; some vs. in difference sequence.

Road To Boston; fiddle tune played by Ellsworth Godfrey.

On To the Miramichi, sung by Larry Hughes; 11 vs. of local incident; song has quite a nice chorus.

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

Remarks preceding song: It was that cold I could have put my mitts on to milk. But anyway before I got the cows all milked I run out of songs, and this cow turned around and looked at me as much as to say, "What's wrong with you? Are you not feelin' well this morning? "Maybe you'll think I was ? when you hear the song.

Kind people pay attention and listen to my song,
Now it's just a ditty I made up and I'll not detain you long,
'Twas in the month of August, 'twas on the fifteenth day
When we hurried up and done our chores and for Newcastle we did stray.

2

And when we arrived in Newcastle the night was calm and clear,
'Twas there we met those singers, they all were in good cheer,
It was then we met Ken Homer who we all like to see,
Now we always invite Ken back here for to start our jamboree.

3

Now Miss Manny is our leader, and that you all do know,
We hope she lives this many more years for to put on this show,
For she is as fine a lady as you would wish to see,
And I know she takes an interest in our folk song jamboree.

4

So now I'll speak of the judges, we have them one, two, three,
Two of them has come a long way for to judge our jamboree,
Our first is Dr. Helen Creighton just sitting here below,
And she has that cheery smile for you when you come to this microphone.

5

Likewise there is Mr. Alan Mills and a jolly judge is he,
He travelled a long way just to be with us and to judge our jamboree,
Then there is Mr. Harry Brown, he's a judge number three,
I'm sure you all know Harry for he lives on the Miramichi.

6

So now we have lots of music, we had fiddlers from far and near,
Likewise Johnny Ervine's orchestra whom we all delight to hear,
Now they play such lovely music, I'm sure you all will agree
That we would welcome them back here at another jamboree.

7

It was then we had those dancers, there was men, girls and boys,
All come along just to have some fun and to help us make a noise,
Now you know all the singers, there's no need for to say their names,
But cheer them along I'm asking you for they may not come back again.

8

Now I wouldn't want that to happen, this fact you all do know,
For we'd be left here holding the bag and we sure would have no show,
So come all of you good people wherever you may be
Now if you like fun just come along to our Folk Song jamboree.

9

So now I'll end my little song, I wish you all health and cheer,
If I feel as good in the next twelve months I'll see you all next year. Whooo'

Composed and sung by Mr. Stanley MacDonald at the 4th Miramichi Folk Song Festival and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1961.

Ken Homer: The song is the story in the form as told by Michael Whalen and we haven't had it yet at the Festival and I'm awfully glad we're having it because this is one of the legends of the region. The ghost had a railroad named after it and all the rest of it. Now its fame is going to be added to because its going to be sung about at the 4th Miramichi Folk Song Festival by none other than Nicholas Underhill.

Far within the forest scene where the trees forever green
 In contrast to the birch and beeches grey,
 Where the snow lies white and deep and the song birds seem to sleep
 And cease their sweetest singing all the day.
 Where the great and monster moose with limbs large, long and loose
 Through the forest drives both swift and strong,
 And the caribou and deer leaps the brook both far and near
 And the dark and deep Dungarvon ~~xxx~~ sweeps along.

2

Where the black bear has his den far beyond the haunts of men
 And the muskrat, mink and marten swim the stream,
 And the squirrel so light and free nimbly swings from tree to tree,
 And the little snow-white rabbit sleeps and dreams.
 Where the sound of toil resounds far across the frozen ground,
 And other things that to the woods belong,
 Where the saws and axes ring and the woodsmen laugh and sing,
 And the dark and deep Dungarvon sweeps along.

3

In a lumber camp one day when the crew was far away
 The boss and cook was in the camp alone,
 A sad tragedy took place and death won another race
 Now comes the solemn subject of my song,
 Where a young man dropped and died in his youth and manhood pride
 Where the dark and deep Dungarvon sweeps along.

4

When the crew returned that night what a sad scene met their sight,
 The young cook he lie silent, cold and dead,
 Death was in his clustering hair and his young face pale and fair,
 While his knapsack formed a pillow for his head.
 From the belt around his waist all his money it was misplaced,
 Which made the crew suspect some serious wrong,
 Was this murder cold and dread that befell this fair young head
 Where the ~~dark and deep~~ dark and deep Dungarvon sweeps along.

5

When they asked the skipper why he had made no wild outcry
 He just stood around and hung his haughty head,
 "Well the youngster took so sick and he died so mighty quick
 That I had no time to think," was all he said;
 While each heart did heave a sigh and a tear was on each eye
 While in each breast the strangest feeling throng,
 And each reverend head was bared as a funeral it was prepared
 Where the dark and deep Dungarvon sweeps along.

6

While the wildest winds did blow and fast fell the driven snow
 Until four feet lie deep upon the ground,
 And on that burial day to that settlement far away
 To bear the corpse impossible was found.
 So a forest grave was made and in it the young cook laid
 While the woodsmen and the song birds ceased their song,
 And the last farewells was said o'er the fair and lonely dead
 Where the dark and deep Dungarvon sweeps along.

(over)

The Dungarvon Whooper cont'd

(~~xxx~~ singer forgot his words and repeated 6th vs.; audience helps him to remember.

7

Through that long and fearful night all the camp were ~~ix~~ in a fright
Around the scheme where aye stood the woodsman's grave,
Whoops the chill~~est~~ heart to thrill ,yells the warmest blood to chill,
And strike a fear in the bravest of the brave.
Pale and ghastly were each face, "we must leave this fearful place
For this camp unto demons does belong,
Ere the dawning of the day we will hasten far away
From where the dark and deep Dungarvon sweeps along. "

8

Till beside the grave did stand God's good man with lifted hand,
And prayed that those sounds could not prolong,
That this fearful noise should cease and the woodsmen dwell in peace
Where the dark and deep Dungarvon sweeps along. 9
Since that day the sounds have ceased and the ~~xxix~~ region is released
Of such unearthly whoops and yells,
All around the Whooper's spring you will hear no evil thing
And around the Whooper's grave great silence dwells,
Now my story false or true I have told it unto you
As I heard it from my folklore all ~~ix~~ life long
Now I hope all strife will cease and the woodsmen dwell in peace
Where the dark and deep Dungarvon sweeps along.

Sung by Nicholas Underhill at the 4th Miramichi Folk Song Festival and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1961. The singer evidently forgot the 1st part of vs. 8; otherwise it is much the same as in Songs of Miramichi, p. 78.

Ken Homer, M.C.: Now that, I think, was a very nice recovery, and you know you can feel in a situation like that , that everybody in the hall is helping to bring that ~~was~~ next line around. So you know ~~that~~ they're just pulling for the singer and I think that as much as anything characterizes the feeling we have here at this Festival. Everybody wants everybody else to do a good job and we all have a good time listening and if something goes wrong it doesn't matter because we can put it right, the next minute, and I hope we keep on having that feeling.

Spoken: We live on the Miramichi. It's about the fishermen down there on the Miramichi bay. I've lived with them down there for twelve years and two vacations, and this song tells pretty well what they do. There's a story goes with it. Down there on Baie de Vin as you probably well all know they're all Willistons, ninety percent of them, and Sam Rpty(?) one day backed his wagon into the Baie de Vin River and Billy Bang(?) was up on the bridge and he didn't volunteer any help and Sam was rather peeved at him, and after he got out of the water with his wagon and horse and himself, he looked up on to the bridge and Billy Bank and he says, "Are there no Christians in this village?" and the answer came back, "No, they're all Willistons." We live on the Miramichi.

Tra la la, tra la la, tra la la low,
Tra la la, tra la la, tra la la low.

Cho. We live on the Miramichi¹ where Willistons go on a spree,
Tor ra lie, tor ra lie my pretty maid,
Tor ra lie, tor ra lie, tor ra lie aye.

Cho. Big ? and parlez vous Francais?
They left here to ?
Tor ra lie, tor ra lie my pretty maid,
Tor ra lie, tor ra lie, tor ra lie aye.

Cho. We fishermen from Baie du Vin
There's little John Cap and Big Joe Ginn,
Tor ra lie, tor ra lie my pretty maid,
Tor ra lie, tor ra lie, tor ra lie aye.

Cho. Driftin', jiggin', fishin' smelt,
With hand so numb nothing can be felt,
Tor ra lie, tor ra lie, ~~txxxx~~ my pretty maid,
Tor ra lie, tor ra lie, tor ra lie aye.

Cho. They go out on the water on the black of night
And pull their nets at the dawn of light,
Tor ra lie, tor ra lie my pretty maid,
Tor ra lie, tor ra lie, tor ra lie aye.

Cho. They come in each morning at Escuminac, ~~xxxxxxx~~ Escuminac,
Come as far as Nigglewack,
Tor ra lie, tor ra lie my pretty maid,
Tor ra lie, tor ra lie, tor ra lie aye.

They take me oysters in a dory
And thereby hangs a funny story, etc.

Billy Bank went ~~xxfishik~~ a-fishin' one fine day
When he should have been home a-making hay, etc.

As he left the wharf looking at the ~~ksx~~ lee
He saw in the water Sam Rpty, etc.

Now Billy didn't think there was much he could do
To aid or help the poor Hebrew, etc.

He struggled and he floundered in the water cold
Till he edged his way over and got a hold, etc.
Confused and angered he shouted to Billy

Are there no darn Christians in this here village? etc.

Sung by Larry Hughes at
the 4th Miramichi Folk Song
Festival and recorded by Helen
Creighton, Aug. 1961. The last vs.
is missing.

Reel 225B

Lady LeRoy , sung by Paul Kingston; ~~xx~~ voice so husky audience laughed throughout and he was unable to finish; father has lovers persued .

Seven Years On the Sea, sung by Mrs. Wm. Buckley in French; it has a tall tale theme; words not transcribed.

Banks of the Patomac, or The Dying Soldier, sung by Sam Jagoe; 10 vs.; sad like all this singer's songs; dying soldier asks comrades to care for his sister.

Maid of Nineteen, sung by Frank Estey; 7 vs., humorous; ~~married~~ and finds nineteen is ninety; words quite clear; good ~~xx~~ variant.

The rest of this tape unused.

All items from 4th Miramichi Folk Song Festival, Newcastle, N.B., 1961

Lady LeRoy

I saw a young couple on old Ireland's shore
 Where billows more ~~loud~~ louder than thunder do roar,
 One was a lady, a rich lady fair
 The other a sailor persuading his dear.

2
 If you will come with me, my heart's only joy
 To-night we will sail on the Lady LeRoy.

3
 Oh Sally was bashful, she hung down her head
 And in a few moments she smiled and she said,
 "Oh I will go with you, my heart's only joy,
 To-night we'll set sail on the Lady LeRoy."

4
 She dressed herself up in a suit of men's clothes,
 Straightaway to her father as a captain she goes,
 She purchased the vessel, paid down its demand,
 Little he thought was from his own daughter's hand.

5
 Straight back to her loved pretty Sally she goes,
 "Get ready, get ready, there is no time to lose,"
 She hoisted the topsail, the colours let fly,
 Way over the ocean sailed the Lady LeRoy.

6
 When her father ~~got~~ got to hear this he grew pale with rage,
 He hired a captain and to him he says,
 "Pursue them and catch them or their lives destroy,
 They ne'er shall escape on the Lady LeRoy."

7
 prepared for the fight,
 was his heart's delight.
 He sighted the lofty vessel, the colours let fly
 Way over the ocean sailed the Lady LeRoy.

8
 Sung by Paul Kingston at 4th Miramichi Folk Song Festival, and recorded
 by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1961

Ken Homer, M.C.: Now this is a sample of true courage. Here is a man who knows this song from beginning to end. The story of the song is rather sad. He wanted to tell you that story so that you would feel sadness and the way the story moved the man who wrote it. He came up here with a terrible frog in his throat and practically knocked himself out to try and tell us that song, so we're going to have him sing it again for us at next year's festival when his throat is back in shape. In the meantime for his effort to bring us that song as it was written and to entertain us with it I think we should give Paul Kingston as ~~big~~ big a hand as (words lost in applause).

Do you remember the song that Wilmot sang for you, The Little Bull Song with all the impossible things in it? He said if anybody told a taller tale than that he'd be telling a great big lie? Mrs. Wm. Buckley has a somewhat similar story, and this one is in the French language. We're going to ask her to come up and sing it for us now.

The sun was sinking in the west but filled with lingering rays,
Through the branches of the forest where a dying soldier lay,
Far away on the Palmatto(?) beneath that sultry southeran sky
Far from his old New England home we laid him down to die.

2

A crowd then gathered round him, his comrades in the fight,
And their hearts sank deep within them as he breathed his last good-night,
One dear friend and his companion had knelt down by his side,
Trying to stop that life's blood's flow, "it's all in vain," he cried.

3

And their hearts sank ~~so within their souls~~ deeper within them when they
know ~~that~~ that it was vain,
And on his beloved companion's cheeks the tears fell down like rain,
Harry spoke, our dying hero, "Harry weep no more for me
For I'm crossing that dark unverse where all beyond is free."

4

"Stand up comrades close and listen ,listen to these words I will say,
There is something I must tell you, e'er my soul will pass away,
Far away in old New England in that dear old pinetree state
There is one who for my coming with a saddened heart will wait.

5

"A fair young girl my sister, my blessing and my pride,
My care and joy ~~is~~ through boyhood for I had none beside,
I'd no mother, she lies sleeping beneath the churchyard side,
It's many many winters since her spirit went to God.

6

"I'd no father, he lies sleeping beneath the cold dark sea,
I've no brothers, I've no kindred, there is only Nellie and me,
And I sorrow for the future of that loved one so true and brave,
When her only friend and her brother sleeps in a soldier's grave.

7

"When our country was invaded and they called for volunteers
She twined her arms around me and bursting into tears,
'Saying;Go my darling brother,drive those invaders from our shore,
My heart still needs thy presence yet our country needs thee more.'

8

"I have loved my country truly, I have given her my all,
And for my darling sister I am contented to fall,
I have loved her as a brother should and with a father's care,
I have striven through grief and sorrow her tender heart to spare.

9

"Stand up comrades close and listen ,listen to my dying prayer,
Who will be to her a brother,shield her with a father's care?"
The soldiers all spoke together,like one voice it seemed to fall,
"She shall be to us a sister,we will protect her one and all."

10

Then a smile of radiant brightness ,one hallow(halo?) o'er him shed,
One quick convulsive shudder and our soldier boy was dead,
Far away on the Patomac there we laid him down to rest,
With his knapsack for his pillow and his musket on his breast.

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

