

Reel 228B

- The Joe Conn Song; sung by Mr. Edmund Doucette, Miminegash, P.E.I.
local comic song about fishermen here; interest
mainly local. 4 vs.
- Jack Haggerty; sung by Mr. Edmund Doucette, song of raftsmen's
unrequited love; 7 vs. ; quite good
- Betsy the Waiting Maid ; sung by Mr. Anthony Gallant, Miminegash ;
8 vs. to quite nice tune; mother separates son &
her waiting maid, and son does of grief
- The ~~Straight~~ Fish Company; local song , comic designed mostly to
Strait bring in local names; sung to familiar tune, &
mainly of local interest
- St. Ann's Reel; played on mandolin quite well by Patrick Doucette
son of Edmund
- B. Button; Acadian French, and probably funny judging by laughter
of other men; sung by Mr. Anthony Gallant who makes
facial gestures and taps foot throughout; probably
a good song; words not transcribed
- Election Song; composed and sung by Patrick Doucette to tune of
Yellow Rose of Texas; is about July 18th federal
election & is satire on use of rum at this time.
- Step Dance Music; with words in French, short and good example
give by Mr. Edmund Doucette.
- Step Dance Music; tune diddled in French by Mr. Anthony Gallant;
foot work in both examples good and heard well on
tape.
- The Volunteur Mail Delivery; sung in Acadian French by Mr. An-
thony Gallant; local and probably amusing because
of laughter
- Yon Green Valley; sung by Mr. Edmund Doucette; fragment only of
nice song; better versions in N.S. & N.B.

All songs from Miminegash, P.E.I.

The Joe Conn Song

Reel 228B1

Come all you noble fishermen if you want to hear a song,
It's all about Jimmy Pilger(?) and Josie MacAfee,
They're going to fish together upon the deep blue sea,
They're going to fish together oñ that's if they can agree.

2

Joe Conn he sat down and give the wheel a flip,
He turned around to Jimmy, "There's something wrong with the switch,"
"Greatness," said Jimmy, "there's no need for to cry,
For can't you see you foolish fool there's no oil in the tank."

3

"Come Joe, come Joe, and let us get ashore,
Take off those old oil pants of yours and stick them on an oar,
When Mose Foley sees them he will surely know
That Joe Conn and Jim Fitzgerald is looking for a tow."

4

Joe Conn he sot down, his oil pants he took off,
He stuck them in the air and watched them there with care,
"Greatness," said Jimmy, "there's no need of an oar,
If you would stick them on your nose they'd see them from the shore."

5xxx

Sung by Mr. Anthony Gallant, Miminegash, P.E.I. and recorded by
Helen Creighton, July 1962.

Betsy the Waiting Maid

Reel 228B3

Onenevening fair, one evening fair,
I says to Betsy, "I love you dear,
I love you dear as I do my life,
And I do intend to make you my wife."

2

His mother being in the next room
She heard those words that came from her son,
She was designed for to change his mind,
And to wait upon her own son.

3

Early next morning Betsy's mistress arose
She says to Betsy, "Put on your clothes,
It's to London city where you have to come
For to wait on me a day or two."

4

Betsy dressed herself in the richest way,
With her mistress she went away,
"Our ship lies anchored out in the bay,
It's for Virginia your Betsy's gone."

old

5

His mother came back the very next day,
Her son was standing all in the door,
"You're welcome back dearest mother," he says,
"But where is Betsy our waiting maid?"

6

"Your Betsy is crossing the ocean wide,
For old Virginia your Betsy's gone,
I would rather see you dead in your grave
Than to marry Betsy our waiting maid."

7

Her son took sick and was very bad,
No harps nor music could make him smile,
And in his dreams he would loudlie call,
"I love you Betsy, and it's for you I'll die."

8

It's when it seemed that her son was dead
She wrang those words and those words she said,
"If I could see my son breathe again
I would send for Betsy across the main."

Sung by Mr. Anthony Gallant, Miminegash, P.E.I. and recorded by
Helen Creighton, July 1962

Election Song

Reel 228B 7

Listen folks and I will tell to you a story,
It was election day, I thought I would vote Tory,
But on the 18th day of June it turned out to a different tune,
Oh MacKay was the man that won my name.

2

Liberal cars they kept up coming by the dozen
For to take me out and vote as I was there,
Early in the afternoon when the liquor was in bloom
That's the time that I decided I would go.

me 3

Someone asked if I'd ~~would~~ vote for Diefenbaker,
Oh I said, "Yes Sir he's all true, he'll never make her,"
I said, "I'll never go astray for I'm voting for my pay,
On election day the 18th day of June."

4

Then at last the polls were called, it was eight-thirty,
All our voting didn't prove out to be worthy,
Orval Philips when his seat and old MacKay he had got beat
On election day the eighteenth day of June.

5

Now dear folks I guess I'll end my little story,
But I think next time I guess I will vote Tory,
But the first one that will come and hands to me a quart of rum
That's the time I'll go, no matter for what party.

Composed and sung by Patrick Doucette, Miminegash, P.E.I. and
recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1962

Yon Green Valley

Reel 228B11

In yon green valley where we both sat down
None but those small birds came whistling round,
Changing their notes through from tree to tree,
While the sun rose over yon green vallee.

2

He took his cap for to go away,
My parents' anger I must obey,
But I felt impelled would not let him go,
Saying, "You are mine and by rights you know,
Follow still those sweet vows you made to me
While the sun rose over yon green vallee."

Fragment sung by Mr. Edmund Doucette, Miminegash, P.E.I. and
recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1962

Jack Haggarty
(rabbits' man

Reel 228B2

I'm a heart-broken(raftsman, from Greenville I came,
With hardship and trouble my heart do still pain,
With strong darts of Cupid which caused me much grief,
And my heart sank within me, I can find no relief.

2

A story I'll tell you without more delay,
Of a dear little Scotch girl my heart stole away,
She was a fisherman's daughter from the Flat River side,
And I always intended to make her my bride.

3

I bought her a jewel and the finest of lace,
The costliest muslinher form to embrace,
I gave hermy wages all for to keep safe,
I begrudged herof nothing I had on with hers.

4

One day on the river a letter I received
Which came from her asking that she be relieved,
For to marry another she had too long delayed,
And the next time I'd see her she would ne'er be a maid.

5

To her mother Jane Tucker I lay all the blame,
She caused her to leave me and go back on my name,
She unloosened the rigging that God would soon tie,
And she left me to wander till the day I will die.

6

Here's adieu to Flat River, for me there's no rest,
I will shoulder my peevie and go to the west,
I'll go out to Michigan some comfort to find
And I'll leave my dear sweetheart on Flat River behind.

7

Some come all you jolly raftsmen with hearts stout and strong,
Don't depend on the women, for you're left if you do,
When you meet with some pretty girl with dark chestnut curls,
Just think on Jack Haggarty and his Flat River girl.

Sung by Mr. Edmund Doucette, Miminogash, P.E.I. and recorded
by Helen Creighton, July 1962

In the 1st vs. the word\$ must be raftsmen, but it sounds like
rabbits' man; also on vs. 7.

This is also known as The Flat River Girl.

Strait
The ~~Strait~~ Fish Company

Come all you noble fishermen, come and listen to me,
I'll tell you a tale about the Strait Fish Company,
They run quite a business in Tignish you know,
And to fish for this outfit for of us we did go.

Cho.

And sing for the diddle all and diddle all day.

2

It's when we got there first oh how we did curse,
Says Frank to his partner, "We can't strike much worse,
Look where you like, east, south, and west,
Did you ever see traps in such a hell of a mess?"

3

We then picked up courage and to work we did go,
The wind was so cold oh how hard it did blow,
Frank's eyes were so red the draught from his nose
And Edmund likewise but much longer you know. Cho.

4

The two other fellows I must let you know,
Is Johnny old Joe, him so lazy and slow,
His partner is Joe Arsenault, a man you all know,
Sure he brings a north easter wherever he goes. Cho.

5

The man does a business, he's very well known,
He wears an old peg leg wherever he goes,
They got him so rattled and tortured you know,
But sometimes he gets mad and he tells us to go. Cho.

6

The cook's kicked a fuss thereupon for to sing,
They got an old man that
How he did labour with help you must say,
But not a damned drop of water did he get fit to drink. Cho.

7

Another I must mention, he'll get mad I know,
His name is George Wyatt as black as a crow,
He does the engineering that he does with much skill,
He'll break the darn company if he gets his own will. Cho.

8

The Strait Fish Company I will tell you so,
Is the darndest outfit that I ever did know,
For engines, for boats, for traps, and for ropes,
Not even the staff to go round to her floats. Cho.

9

So now I'll conclude and I'll tell you no more,
Enough is enough for they might all get sore,
Now that I'm in it it's no use to fret,
It's the gol-darndest place that I ever struck yet. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Edmund Doucette, Miminegash, P.E.I. and recorded by
Helen Creighton, July 1962. Song "made" in 1923.