

Reel 230A

- Rain Rain the Wind Doth Blow; Singing Game sung by Mrs. Frances Larter, Alberton, P.E.I. local names used; nice for girls; compare same game on Folkways Record, Nova Scotia Folk Music ; 3 vs.
- The Gracie M. Parker: sung by Mrs. Frances Larter, Alberton to pleasant tune; for fuller text see reel 229B local song of shipwreck
- Go In and Out the Window; singing game using circle, sung and explained by Mrs. Frances Larter; 4 vs.
- Counting Out Rhyme: for hide and seek; unusual use of word Charlie when those hiding not ready to be sought; explained by Mrs. Frances Larter
- Bob Skerry's Ball: sung by Mrs. Frances Larter; comic song about local dance in which all characters mentioned drank too much; shows how lightly intoxication taken here. 8 vs. local interest.
- Tuplin Millman Song: 2 lines sung, 2 hummed by Mrs. Frances Larter; local tragic song of murder of neglect.
- Fivies: game using different kinds of ball throwing; all moves done in fives explained by Mrs. Alice Green, Alberton, P.E.I.
- Rose of Britain's Isle: 6 vs. sung by Mr. Wilmot MacDonald, Glenwood, N.B. at Miramichi Folk Song Festival, Newcastle, N.B. ; good song, but better version in SBNS
- Maid of the East: 6 double vs. of tragic love song in which father takes daughter's life rather than have her marry servant man; old song, sung very slowly by Mrs. Bateman, assisted by Mrs. Perley Hare at 5th Miramichi Folk Song Festival
- The Vacant Chair, or The Old Chair: 6 vs. of sentimental song of U.S. Civil War ; tear jerker, soldier kills brother; sung quite well by Mr. Wilson Jonah at Miramichi Folk Song Festival
- Step Dance with harmonica and guitar accompaniment; names of participants not written down; interesting.
- The Wedding of Pierre Michaud: Acadian French, words not transcribed; words sung and spoken alternately; apparently amusing judging from appreciation of audience.

All items from P.E.I. and N.B.

Question: Do you remember some singing games you used to play when you were a child?

Answer: Well, the most popular was Rain Rain Rain.

Q: And how did you play that?

A: We all joined hands and made a circle, and then we started going round, you know, and we started to sing and we just picked a certain girl, and if there was any boy struck on her at that time, well we'd bring his name into it too. We sang this song:

Rain rain rain the wind blows high,
Snow is falling from the sky,
Mary Brown says she'll die
For the fellow with the roguish eye.

She is handsome, she is pretty,
She is the pride of Alberton city,
She is the pride of one two three,
Prays to tell us who he'll be.

John Smith says he'll have her,
All the boys are fighting for her,
Let the boys say what they will,
John Smith will have her still.

Then she, I think she was in the middle of the circle, and then she joined the ranks and put somebody else in, that was her girl friend at the time, you know. No no, it wouldn't be John Smith. It was usually the girls who played together. The boys wouldn't be annoyed playing with the girls. They were beyond them, or above them.

Sung by Mrs. Frances Larter, Alberton, P.E.I. and recorded by Helen Creighton, August 1962.

Compare with same song on Folkways Record Nova Scotia Folk Music. The home town is substituted in each case. Tunes are quite similar.

Singing Game

Go In and Out the Window

Reel 230

The whole circle, they all join hands, and one girl was chosen to go in and out the window, and the circle sang:

Go in and out the window,
Go in and out the window,
Go in and out the window
For the iron bars are crossed.

And then this girl chose the one she liked best and stood in front of her and the circle sang;

Stand up and face your lover,
Stand up and face your lover,
Stand up and face your lover
For the iron bars are crossed.

And then she knelt and the circle sang:

Kneel down and face your lover,
Kneel down and face your lover,
Kneel down and face your lover
For the iron bars are crossed.

And then the girl who was kneeling sang:

I kneel because I love you,
I kneel because I love you,
I kneel because I love you
For the iron bars are crossed.

And then the one that she knelt before was the one that went in and out the window next time.

Question: And how did they go in and out the window?

Answer: The circle put their arms up in the air. All joined hands, and then she went in and out, wove all the way around the circle, in and out, you see, and when the iron bars are crossed, they held their arms down, and then she stood and knelt in front of the one she loved the best.

Sung by Mrs. Frances Larter, Alberton, P.E.I. and recorded by Helen Creighton, August 1962

Counting Out

Reel 230A

Question: When you played hide and seek, what did you do? How did you choose, or what happened? Was the person blindfolded?

Answer: The one who was blindfolded and had to find the rest, had to say:

Five, ^{ten} ~~thrr~~, fifteen twenty,
Twenty-five thirty, thirty-five forty,
Forty-five fifty (you can go on and on if you wanted to make the game longer and give them more time to hide, and then she sang:

Ready or not you shall be caught

In your hiding place or not.

Going, going, gone,

A bushel of wheat, a bushel of barley,

If you're not ready, ^{sing} ~~call~~ out Charlie.

Lots of times we heard "Charlie," from away out ^{hind} beyond the barn. They weren't hidden. They were supposed to ^{sing} ~~exit~~ out Charlie, and then he went all over it again,

Five, ~~ten~~, fifteen, twenty,

Twenty-five, thirty, and so on.

Sung by Mrs. Frances Larter, Alberton, P.E.I. and recorded by Helen Creighton, August 1962.

Come all you good people, come young old and feeble,
 Come lend a good ear now and listen to all,
 Come all to a time got up by Jim Tuplin,
 Held out at Bob Skerry's latter part of the fall.

2

When the news it was given it spread through like leaven,
 It rang in those young fellows ears like a chime,
 And they all stuck together like molasses to a feather
 And they made up some beer to go to the Time.

3

And when they got there the music was playing,
 And everything running as smooth now as ile,
 When in through the door they drug Long Raymond Bulger
 And there on the floor they threw him in a pile.

4

This caused much chinning among the old women,
 And some were in sorrow and some were in tears,
 And out behind the barn a bunch of wild spreemen
 Were whoopin' and yellin' and drinkin' their beer.

5

Our fiddler McKenna as full as a banana,
 All into a hen-coop he chanced for to fall,
 He thought he was aboard a freight train at Conway
 And sang, " All aboard for Bob Skerry's ball."

6

John Tuplin was there as rich as John Morgan,
 He kept on a-playing the music so sweet,
 And our little school teacher accompanied him on the organ
 He kept very good time to Bill Tuplin's big feet.

7

Philip Game he was there, no man any prouder,
 Got full as a tick though he kept his own place,
 Ern Bulger got hold of a can full of powder
 And sprinkled it all over poor Philip Game's face.

8

I guess that's about all. There may be other verses, but I
 don't know. It was made up locally. Bill Fitzgerald made it. He was
 quite the poet.

Question: When would he first sing it to the people?

Answer: Oh I guess about two weeks after the dance. I suppose it would
 be at the next dance when he'd get them all together.

Sung by Mrs. Frances Larter, Alberton, P.E.I. and recorded by
 Helen Creighton, August 1962.

It's of a rich nobleman's daughter, his only pride and joy,
 She fell in love with young Edmund, her father's servant boy,
 Young Edmund lived quite happy till she did his heart beguile,
 "By all above," he cried, "I love the Rose of Britain's Isle."

2

When Jane's old father came this to hear a-courting this couple were,
 He almost went and striked out, in anger tore his hair,
 He says, "You court my daughter and I'll banish you many a mile,
 In deep disdain to cross the main far far from Britain's Isle."

3

Oh he shipped him on board of a man o' war to cross the raging main,
 Left Jane alone to weep and mourn, her bosom full of pain,
 She dressed herself in sailor's clothes and in a little while
 She was sailing along with young Edmund, the Rose of Britain's Isle.

4

They had not been sailing very far when a storm it did arise,
 Young Edmund he went up on deck, left Jane with watery eyes,
 It's little did young Edmund think that Jane on him did smile,
 For he'd been safely guarded by the Rose of Britain's Isle.

5

It was on the coast of Spain my boys, the enemy gave alarm,
 When by a ball poor Jane did fall which shattered her right arm,
 The sailor's all ran to her relief while Jane did on them smile,
 Saying, "Behold I am no sailor, I'm the Rose of Britain's Isle."

6

Oh Jane's old father being dead and gone, good news to relate,
 He left to her all his property, likewise his whole estate,
 The bells did ring, the wedding went on, the villagers all did smile,
 By young Edmund's side there stands his bride, the Rose of Britain's
 Isle.

Sung by Mr. Wilmot MacDonald, Glenwood, at the Fifth Miramichi
 Folksong Festival, Newcastle, August 1962 and recorded by Helen
 Creighton

Comment by Ken Homer, Master of Ceremonies: I never can understand
 how these gals get away with it. They put on a sailor hat or something
 and nobody's recognize them. I suppose we wouldn't have had a song at
 all if we were realistic about it.

There was a maid lived in the east,
 Her age was scarcely twenty,
 And she had sweethearts of the best,
 Dukes, lords, and squires plenty.
 And she had sweethearts of the best,
 And they doted on her,
 But she loved her dearie ten times more,
 Than all those men of honour.

2

One day as she walked through the grove
 Her father chanced to meet her,
 "Why do you throw yourself away,
 You beautiful fond creature?
 To go and marry a servant ~~maid~~ man,
 Who has neither gold nor breeding
 Not one pound portion shall you find,
 Let this be your proceeding."

3

She fell down on her bended knee
 Saying, "Father at your pleasure,
 But I do love my Jimmie dear
 And with him I'm intended.
 And if kind fortune favours us
 With him ~~if~~ I'll live contented."

4

There was a ~~table~~ table in that room
 And a ~~forking~~ piece lay on it, fowling
 He picked it up into his hands
 And ~~knrewxxxx~~ through her *basin* fired.
 The first came in was her mother dear
 Just as her child lay bleeding,
 The fainting fit came on so fast
 They caused her mother's ruin.

5

The next came in was her Jimmie dear,
 His snow-white hands a-wringing,
 He kissed his darling's naked breast
 From whence the blood was springing.
 "How could you serve my darling so?
 How could you be so cruel?
 Why didn't you lay the blame on me
 And spare to me my jewel?"

6

He took his penknife in his hand
 Saying, "Here I'll stay no longer,
 I'll cut the tender threads of life
 And with my darling wander.
 The two were buried both in one grave,
 Just like two lovers loyal,
 May the God above look down on love
 And grant us no such trial.

Sung by Mrs. Bateman and Mrs. Perley Hare at the 5th Miramichi
 Folk Song Festival, and recorded by Helen Creighton, August 1962

I'm afraid I've bitten off a little more than I can chew to-night because my throat is not good. I'll try to do the best I can about it. It's an old song that was written about the time of the American Revolution, and after the Empire Loyalists^{it} returned to this country when Saint John was called Parr Town and they settled in this country, it was the lament of a mother who had lost a couple of sons in the revolution. It goes something like this, but if I can't sing the whole of it, I'll repeat the rest.

They say that grief has crazed me and e'er the day is done
I'll draw three chairs to the fireside and sit in the midst alone,
I'll lean my poor old aching head upon my careworn hands
And fill the vacant places with the voice from a spirit land.

2

I thought of Robert the wanderer, my dear and first-born son,
Whose home had been for many the day beneath the southern sun,
And my prayer went up to heaven that where'er that he might be
Those eyes might never meet their foe, those dearest of all to me.

would

3

Those prayers my frail lips uttered in the watches of the night,
Those prayers my frail lips uttered through the summer long and bright,
When the autumn leaves were burning in great heaps around the door
The regiment returning home brought my loved one home once more.

4

But none but a mother's eye
Would have known that valiant soldier when they brought him home to die,
I talked to him of better days that none but God can give
But said he, "My dearest mother pray to Him that I may not live."

5

"Now listen dearest mother unto the story I will tell,
These outward wounds may all heal up but there's one can ne'er be well,
Was in the thickest of the fight I strove to do my part,
When around me still forever there fell many a valiant heart.

6

"But the foe it proved the stronger and we were forced to yield,
Oh bleeding then and wounded they bore me from the field,
And as I lay by the roadside, the evening calm and still,
A band of rebel ~~cavalry~~ cavalry came a-flying down the hill.

6

"And as the last one struggled by on the road our men had flown
I raised myself and fired and the horse went on alone,
And when the moon it had come up and cast her lustre o'er the place

I dragged myself across the road to look in the dead man's face.

7

"Twas there and then I got the wound that will never heal, my mother,
For the face of the man turned up to the light was the face of my
own dear brother."

8

When the blossom breaks on the apple and spring had come once more
They broke the ground for my soldier boy ehole battle of life was

o'er,
Ye cities and lofty places by whom this war has come,
Upon you rest destruction such as has swept my humble home.

Wilson Jonah

Sung by Mr. Jones at the 5th Miramichi Folk Song Festival and
recorded by Helen Creighton, August 1962.

This is also called The Old Chair. It is not in the Silber book
of songs of the Civil War.

Reel 230B

- Conclusion of The Wedding of Pierre Michaud: Acadian French song;
see 230A
- The Dungarvon Whooper: sung by Mr. Billy Price; good local song; more
about fishing than the whooper; 12 vs.
- Mary Mahoney: sung by Mr. Nicholas Underhill. Good local song of man
who loses girl by giving her fake jewelery; 9 vs.
sung in distinctive style
- Hind Horn; Child ballad number 17 well sung by Mr. Delton Brown; 14
vs. to good tune and with clear diction; last few
words spoken.
- Three Men Went A-Hunting: singer's title, The Porkypine Song; fragment,
3 vs., sung by Mr. Allen Kelly; some words difficult
to make out; for better version see SBNS p.201
- Glou-glou-glou: Acadian French song about drinking sung by Mr. Allen
Kelly; amusing and well sung
- I Am Going Home: Malisee Indian Song, probably picked up from English
and adapted; nice song sung by Mr. R.S. Curry .
Indian title sounds like Majahonny canook.
- When Pat Malone Forgot That He Was Dead: Irish music hall song sung
by Mr. Joe Estey; 8 vs. but not recorded well on
machine; noisy and difficult to make out.
- The Blades of Strawblane; (Old Country title; The Bleacher Lass of
Kevin Haugh).

All songs recorded at 5th Miramichi Folk Song Festival,
Newcastle, N.B., August 1962

The fishermen are coming to Charles so its said,
 We're going to Dungarvon, you must go one day I heard,
 And Bruce will go along with you with his wagon and his team,
 For to haul the boat and luggage through to the Dungarvon stream.

2

It was early the next morning just at the dawn of day
 We launched our boats, our paddles drew, we soon got under way,
 To go as far as Porter's Cove, 'bout nine miles down the stream,
 Where Bruce agreed to meet us with his wagon and his team.

3

According to a greement bold Eric met us there,
 We loaded up our wagon, for that road we did prepare,
 We bound our stuff on carefully to the best of our skill,
 For we knew there'd be hard hauling going up Bill Porter's hill.

4

We worked our way up Porter's hill and got on level ground,
 I'm sure there were ten miles or more you could see all around,
 You could see the city of Boistown with its steeple built so high,
 The theatre on the portage all with the naked eye.

5

The night we reached Dungarvon the stream was very low,
 The horses they were weary and we could no further go,
 We built a fire large and high to camp there for the night,
 But the Dungarvon whooper was the terror of the night.

6

There was beasts of all descriptions, the bear and kangaroo,
 The wildcat, wolf, and Indian devil, the moose and cariboo,
 The wolverine and porcupine, the skunk they don't smell right,
 But the Dungarvon whooper was the terror of the night.

7

For when this monster he came forth the rest did disappear,
 And believe me my good people it did banish all our fear,
 It left us but the one to fight, and we felt very sure
 That we could beat any whooper that was on Dungarvon shore.

8

We fought like valiant heroes until the dawn of day,
 And when he saw that he was beat he was forced to run away,
 As he was going to leave us he give one long last wail,
 And I saw him knock down little trees by the wagging of his tail.

9

It was the next morning early just at the break of day
 Poor Scott was taken with the cramps, those words I heard him say,
 "My side and back and arms does ache, my arms and legs are sore,"
 Some thought he strained his muscle in the fight the night before.

10

Now come a l you salmon poachers who hides along the shore,
 Keep one eye always open and look out for Robert Orr,
 For if you don't you may repent and that will be quite soon,
 He will capture you and your canoe as he done Tommy Moon.

11

Now when we reached the settlement the news was no surprise,
 To see that we were so deceived by Tom's infernal lies,
 He told us that the stream was full of salmon, grilse, and trout,
 But he never said with net and spear he goes up and fished them out.

So now my song is ended and I wish no man no ill,
And I hope next year we'll all appear and gather at Burnt Hill,
And may the flies keep very few and scarce around the place
But not so bad as when Tom had to put shoe black on his face.

Sung by Mr. Billy Price, Ludlow, at the 5th Miramichi Folk
Song Festival, and recorded by Helen Creighton, August 1962

Come all you jolly lumbermen and listen unto me
 And I'll sing to you of a pretty fair maid who lives in Miramichi,
 Her name is Mary Mahoney, a sweet and comely maid,
 The heart of this a lumbering maid I'm told she has betrayed.

2

A brisk young man from Fredericton came down to Indian town,
 And he fell in love with this pretty fair maid as soon as he came down,
 For to start a conversation he thought he would do this,
 So he said unto this pretty fair maid, saying, "How do you do, miss? "

3

"Bill go away," this maid did say, "don't irritate me so,
 For I would only fool my kind if along with you I'd go,
 For people they will only talk of the company I keep,
 Bill go away you silly jay, I think you need some sleep."

4

Poor Archie has retired to rest, he lay upon the clothes,
 His heart did beat like lightning since he could get no repose,
 His heart did beat like lightning as he rolled from side to side,
 Saying, "This maid I wish I never saw since she won't be my bride."

5

"Arose by the next morning, downstairs did nimbly creep,
 The landlady accosted him saying, "Young man how did you sleep?"
 "I did not sleep dear madame," he said, "for love torments me so,
 And I am afraid your servant maid has proved my overthrow."

6

The landlady just only laughed and looked on him for shame,
 Saying, "If you want to gain her heart I'll put you on a scheme,"
 So she packed him up for Newcastle and what did he buy there
 But five dollars worth of jewelry bought to win this lady fair.

7

"He picked up all his jewelry, for Indian town did steer,
 Gay gold rings likewise he dropped, he purchased for his dear,
 Fair Mary she was soon to know, and said to her surprise,
 After wearing them a day or two found they were galvanized."

8

She quickly took the jewelry, saying, "What a lie you told,
 And when you bought those rings for me you said they were pure gold,
 You need not come from Fredericton to tell me such a lie,
 And to buy me rings for pure pure gold when they are galvanized."

9

Now come all you jolly lumbermen and listen unto me,
 Before you go a-courting be a hudge of jewelry,
 And have it close examined, see if it's fit for to rise the hair
 And to suit the taste and fancy of any lady fair.

Sung by Mr. Nicholas Underhill at the 5th Miramichi Folk Music
 Festival, Newcastle, N.B. and recorded by Helen Creighton, August
 1962

(The words in vs. 9, rise the hair, may not be correct, but this
 is the nearest I could come to it.)

"Where were you bred love, and where were you born?"
 "In old Scotland I was bred and I was born,
 Now I'm going away to leave you, so love do not mourn
 Until the day that I do return." "

2

"Now here is a ring I will give unto thee,
 A token of our true love then let it be,
 And when you look at the ring if it's growing pale and worn
 You'll know that your love is with another man."

3

So he sailed and he sailed and away sailed he,
 He sailed till he came to a foreign countree,
 And he looked at the ring, it was growing pale and worn
 And he knew that his love was with another man.

4

So he turned around and around turned he,
 He sailed till he came to his own countree,
 And the first one he saw when he stepped to the land
 Who should it be but an old beggar man.

5

"Good morning, good morning," he then did say,
 "What good news have you for me to-day?"
 "Bad news, bad news," the old beggar man did say,
 "For to-morrow is your true love's wedding day."

6

"Now I'll give to you my style and my clothes
 And you'll give to me your old beggar clothes, "
 "Oh your clothes and your style they are far too good for me,
 And these old beggar clothes are not good enough for thee."

7

"Now let it be right or let it be wrong,
 These old beggar clothes I must put on,
 And I'll beg from the highest to the lowest of them all,
 And I'll take nothing but the purest from the young bride's hand."

8

So he begged from Peter and he begged from Paul,
 He begged from the highest to the lowest of them all,
 He begged till he came to his true love's gate
 And standing on the doorstep and leaning on the gate .

9

A pretty young damsel came a-tripping down the stairs,
 Gold rings on her fingers and gold in her ears,
 And a glass of wine which she held in her hand
 She gave to the poor old beggar man.

10

Out of the tumbeler he drank the wine,
 Back into the tumbeler he dropped a ring,
 "Oh where did you get ~~it~~ that, by sea or by land,
 Or is it stolen from a dead man's hand?"

11

"Oh I did not get it by sea or by land,
 Nor did I steal it from a dead man's hand,
 But it's a token of our love when we used to court so gay
 And now I return it on your wedding day."

Gold from her fingers she then did haul,
Gold from her hair she did let fall,
Saying, " Willie I'll go with thee for now and evermore,
Supposing that we beg from door to door."

13

Now this young man stopped 'tween the kitchen and the hall,
His old beggar clothes he did let fall,
And his cloak and his style shone so far above them all,
Well he's the finest looking young man that stands in the hall.

14

So early the next morning just at the break of day
This couple went to church and they made no delay,
And now they are married as you may understand,
No more will he be called the poor old beggar man.

Sung by Mr. Delton Brown at the 5th Miramichi Folk Song Festival,
Newcastle, N.B. and recorded by Helen Creighton, August 1962

Three Men Went A-Hunting

Reel 230B5

Three men went a-hunting one fine summer's day,
The first thing they came to it was a stack of hay,
The Englishman said it was a stack of hay and the Scotchman said no,
Oh, the Frenchman said it's

2

Three men went a-hunting one fine summer's day,
The first thing they came to it was a porkupine,
The Englishman said it was a porkupine, the Scotchman said no,
Oh the Frenchman said it's a pincushion and the pins is stuck in the
wrong way.

3

Three men went a-hunting one fine summer's day,
The first thing they came to it was a big turkey,
The Englishman said it was a big turkey and the Scotchman said no,
Oh the Frenchman said it's the end of the world, we'd better not
go that way.

(the last line of the 1st vs. is unintelligible; it sounds like
"an owl of whom the wind had bloomed away")

Fragment of a well known song sung by Mr. Allen Kelly at the 5th
Miramichi Folk Song Festival, Newcastle, N.B., August 1962, and
recorded by Helen Creighton.

For better version see SBNS p. 201.

Glou-glou-gloy

Reel 230B6

Question by Ken Homer, Master of Ceremonies at 5th Miramichi Folk

Song Festival: Mr. Kelly sang a song for us, oh a couple of years ago, wasn't it, Allen? And several people have asked for it again

to-night. It's a French song; it has to do with elbow-bending, and bottles, and I think a very descriptive sound that goes with all that is the title of the song, Glou-glou-glou, the song he's going to sing for us now.

Mr. Kelly taps feet in each chorus. This is a short song and won great applause.

Мажанну кануок мажанну кануок
мажанну кануок , гав дее маучи нуо.

Majahonny canook, majahonny canook,
Majahonny canook , gaw dee mauchy noo.

Gaw dee mauchy noo,
Gaw dee mauchy noo,
Majahonny canook,
Gaw dee mauchy noo.

I am going home, I am going home,
I am going home to die no more.

To die no more,
To die no more,
I am going home
To die no more.

Question: Where did you learn this song?

Answer: Andover, New Brunswick

Question: You say there's a large Indian reservation just near your home?

A: Yes.

Q: When do they sing this song?

A: Oh, I don't know. It's the last full-blooded Indian that's on the point used to sing that. He was a very nice tenor singer.

Q: They didn't sing it as any special tribal custom or anything like that?

A: No.

Q: It wasn't the sort of traditional song they sang at certain periods eh?

A: No, you never heard them sing very much Indian. They just picked this up and sang it.

Sung by Mr. R.S. Curry, Andover, & now of Aroostik, N.B. and recorded by Helen Creighton at Newcastile, August 1962
Male questioner, Alan Mills.

Words spelled as they sound

There was hard times in Irishtown,
Everything was going down,
When Pat Malone was pushed for ready cash,
With his life insurance spent,
All his money to a cent
Then all of his affairs was going to smash.

2

When his wife spoke up and said,
"Now dear Pat if you were dead
Sure it's twenty thousand dollars we could take,"
So Pat lay down and ~~tried~~ tried
To make out that he had died
Until he'd spent the whisky at his wake.

3

Pat Malone forgot that he was dead,
He raised a hand and shouted from the bed,
"If this wake was on a minute
Now the corpse he must be in it,
You'll have to get me drunk to keep me dead."

4

So they gave the corpse a sup,
Afterwards they filled him up,
And they laid him out again upon the bed,
That by the morning grey
Everybody felt so gay
They all forgot that he had played of dead.

5

So they took him from the bunk
Still alive but awful drunk
And they laid him in the coffin with a prayer,
When the driver of the cart
Says, "Bedad I'll never start
Till I see that someone pays the fare."

6

So the funeral started out
On the seven@thirty route
The women tried the widow to console,
And they stopped at the base,
At Malone's last resting place
And they fired me Lord Patrick in the hole.

7

When Malone began to see
Just as plain as one, two, three,
That he'd forgot to reckon at the end,
When the sod began to drop
He broke off the coffin top
And quickly from the cemetery fled.

8

Pat Malone forgot that he was dead,
He quickly from the cemetery fled,
He came almost going under,
It's a lucky job by thunder
That Pat Malone forgot that he was dead.

The Blades of Strawblane

Reel 230B10⁹

One morning, one morning, one morning in June
It was down by a green bank I happened to roam,
I spied a pretty fair maid which made my heart beat,
She was reaching her home on the blades of Strawblane.

2
I stepped up to this fair one and to her I did say
"Oh for six months or better love it has run in my mind
That we would get married if you are inclined."

3
"Get married, get married? Kind sir I'm too young,
For the most of those young man has a flattering tongue,
And my papa and mama oh angry they'd be
If I married a rover, then a rover I'd be."

4
He turned himself round with a tear in his eye,
Saying, "I wish you a good one, whoe'er he may be,
For the clouds they look heavy love, I'm afraid we'll have rain,"
And they shook hands and parted on the blades of Strawblane.

5
"Come back laddie and say you'll be mine
For the last words you spoken have altered my mind,"
"It has altered your mind my love, it is quite out of time,
I will go seek some other love and leave you behind."

6
Some marries for riches, that's the proud-hearted way,
Some marries for beauty, but beauty fades away,
But if ever I get married it is plain you may see,
For the one that gets married is the fair one for me.

Sung by the Estey brothers, at the 5th Miramichi Folk Song
Festival, Newcastle, N.B. and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1962

(The tape did not take the last vs. which was transcribed
by hand).

Old Country title: The Bleacher Lass of Kelvin Haugh.