

**MAINE / MARITIMES FOLKLORE COLLECTION
ACCESSION NO. 420**

DEPOSITOR: Muriel Watts

TITLE OF PAPER OR PROJECT: "Down East Folklore" Cp 180

SUMMARY: Folklore materials collected in Machias, Maine in the Fall of 1963.

TYPED OR HANDWRITTEN? Typed

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begins 1 7/8" onto Side II

Interview with Clarence Berry on December 5, 1963. Interviewer is Muriel Watts. Place is Jacksonville, Maine.

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- Song: "Slavery Days"
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George Magon:

Type 1890 A

Tall tale

Gorby (variant)

Willy Racker (Foss)

19

16, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32

18

20, 21

22

33-34

+ tape -

420 02

DOWN EAST FOLKLORE

by

Muriel Watts

Submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements of the course;
American Folklore, Cp 180, University of Maine, Orono, Maine.

December 7, 1963

Muriel Watts -1-

The Kennebec area which is a part of Machias, Maine is populated mostly by fishermen and very small farmers. Originally the area had its own grade school, 2 small stores one of which was located in a private home and 2 very well attended churches.

In the past these people were rather self sufficient but today they are very dependent on Machias for their shopping needs.

The area includes some 300 people and are directly related to 4 or 5 original families with few exceptions.

The Jacksonville area is a part of East Machias, Maine and is populated by small farmers and woodsmen. There is a small store and Post Office, a grade school and one church. The area includes some 200 people.

During hunting season one finds many of the homes with hunters from various states, and the man of the household acting as guide.

In the summer, the Jacksonville camp ground is active. Many youth and religious organizations utilize these facilities.

Many people originally from Jacksonville have summer homes at the camp ground.

Kennebec
Machias
Jacksonville,
East Machias

420 04

Muriel Watts -2-

Faunce Bryant

Faunce Augustus Bryant, the son of Samuel and Effie (Morse) Bryant, was born in Machias on November 30, 1896. He is one in the family of four brothers and five sisters. He grew up in Machias and went to school there.

For a time he worked for the Machias Lumber Co. He married Ida Manchester and they have one daughter.

In September, 1924, he entered the U. S. Coast Guard where he remained until January 1950.

Since he has always loved hunting and fishing, after his retirement, he built a hunting camp in Township 19. There he spends many pleasant hours fishing, hunting, and trapping. He entertains many out of state as well as local friends during the hunting season. They spend many evenings telling jokes and other stories.

Faunce is a member of the Kennebec Baptist Church and teaches a Sunday School class there.

During the winter he enjoys television and reading sports magazines, but most of all, he looks forward to going to his camp again the following April or May.

The two times I interviewed him he was happy to tell stories, and told many more than I wrote up. Mr and Mrs Bryant and I were the only ones present.

Machias
Township 19

Muriel Watts - 3 -

420 05

Clarence Berry

Clarence Ulmer Berry was born June 8, 1900. He was born in the home in which he now lives. He was the youngest of 12 children born to Mr. and Mrs George Washington Berry, (Susie Abigail Dowling) in Jacksonville, Maine.

Clarence started working at Talbots Mill in Jacksonville at the age of 15 years. Here he worked sticking lumber..From there he went into the woods to work. Next he went to Portland to work in a machine shop. He stayed here for about a year and then decided to go to Detroit with his brother, to work in an automobile plant.

Clarence decided that Maine was the place he wanted to live. He returned home and on January 19, ¹⁹²⁴ he married Delena Bagley, his childhood sweetheart. He settled at the old home stead in Jacksonville and worked in the woods and on river drives until 1942. Then he began working for St. Regis Paper Co. At the present time, he is still employed with them.

The Berry's have 7 children and 7 grand children. Clarence spends many an evening entertaining them with his songs and stories.

When I interviewed Clarence he seemed most happy to tell his stories and sing his songs. Delena, Janice (his daughter), my husband and I were in the room during these interviews. Of course I always have to look at all the knitting, and etc., that Delena has done, so we found these to be lengthy visits.

Jacksonville
Talbots Mill
Portland
Michigan

JOKE S

Muriel Watts - 4-

They were holding prayer meeting at Jonesport many years ago. One dear lady when doing her testimony said, "If I had the wings of a turtle dove I would fly to the arms of my dear Savior."

An odd ball attending out of curiosity it seems had a few drinks of dark colored brook water. He jumped up and said, "If I had the wings of a loon or a coot I would fly to Jesus Hellity scoot."

Another fellow jumped up and said, "Sit down brother, you would be shot for a shit-poke before you got half way across the marsh."

Coll.: Machias, Maine, Nov. 20, 1963

Inf.: Faunce A. Bryant, Machias

A.

*Jonesport
Machias*

Muriel Watts -5-

While working for Machias Lumber Company at township 31 during the winter evenings the crew members played the card game "63".

Foster Davis and his partner won the first game. Their opponents said that the first game was always the fools game anyway.

Uncle Foster exclaimed, "By Tryst, they didn't get that time, did they?"

Coll.: Machias, Maine, Nov. 20, 1963

Inf.: Faunce A. Bryant, Machias

A.

Machias
31
Township
M.

Muriel Watts -6-

420 09

A Methodist Minister bought a mule. The thing balked and would never go. One day the minister got disgusted with him and whispered in his ear----Thou knowest I can't blaspheme thee. Thou knowest I can't chastise thee. But one thing thou doesn't know, is that I can sell thee to a Baptist.

Coll.: Machias, Maine, Nov. 20, 1963

Inf.: Faunce A. Bryant, Machias
A.

Machias

Mrs. Bryant's young grand daughter was visiting her one day. She was teasing for pop and sweets, as was her usual habit. Patti was only three at the time. Her grandmother said to her, "Patti, don't you know that so much pop and sweets might give you sugar diabetes."

Patti didn't answer but apparently thought about it. That night when her father was getting her ready for bed, Patti said, "Daddy, I can't eat any more sweets and pop because my Nana said if I didn't stop it I would have "sugar-by- Jesus."

Coll.: Machias, Maine, Oct. 24, 1963

Inf.: Faunce A. Bryant

A.

Machias

Muriel Watts - 8 -

420 11

Harvey Manchester had a mare named "Flora." This mare was very high spirited. They could never make her back up. One day, Grace, (Harvey's wife) was helping him get flora harnessed into the wagon. Grace pulled the wagon and caught the horses tail with the fill. The mare started dancing around. Grace said, "Now Flora, stand still."

Harvry said, "Good God, Grace, if you had as much fill stuck in your ass as she has, you would wiggle, too."

Coll.: Machias, Maine, Oct., 24, 1963

Inf.: Faunce A. Bryant, Machias

A.

Machias

Muriel Watts -9-

420 12

All the neighbors in Kennebec used to gather at the home of Harvey Manchester on winter evenings to talk. Harvey always got very excited and was always pulling a "boo-boo" in his part of the conversation.

One night they were all talking about crowding in bed. Harvey spoke up and said, "Good God, when you give Grace an inch in bed,, she'll want a foot."

Coll.: Machias, Maine, Oct. 24, 1963

Inf.: Faunce A. Bryant, Machias

A.

Kennebec
Machias

Muriel Watts - 10 -

420 13

A near-sighted man lost his hat in a strong wind. He gave chase.
A woman screamed from a nearby house. "What are you doing?"
"Getting my hat," replied the man.
"Your hat! " exclaimed the woman. "That's your little black hen
you're chasing."

Coll.: Machias, Maine, Oct. 24, 1963

Inf.: Faunce A. Bryant, Machias

B.

Machias

Muriel Watts - (1 -

Old Fred Geary Had a grocery store in Machias For many years. He always wore a white apron. One day he went out the back door, pulled up his apron and unzippeded his fly to take a leak. He saw two women go into the store. Not wishing to loose the trade he dropped his apron and rushed in to wait on them. He went behind the counter, pulled up his apron to wipe his hands, (forgetting his fly) and said, Good morning, ladies. What I couldn't do for you."

Coll.: Machias, Maine, Oct. 24, 1963

Inf.: Faunce A. Bryant, Machias
B.

Machias

Muriel Watts - 12 -

Old Zemora Foss Lived on the Jonesboro road in Machias many years ago. He stuttered, so people were always trying to get him excited. One night at a party someone said to him, Zemora, you must know a joke."

Zemora said, "Yes, I do." Give me a book."

He stood in the middle of the floor, held the book up and said, "This is a book of many pages. You think the fool is in the middle, but they are all around the edges." (He pointed his finger at the people sitting around the edge of the room.)

Coll.: Machias, Maine, Oct. 24, 1963

Inf.: Faunce A. Bryant, Machias

B.

Jonesboro
Machias

Old Zemora Foss was at the fair. He had had some colored water to drink, so he laid down and went to sleep. He woke up just as they were having the balloon ascension. He looked up and saw a balloon going up with a man hanging on.

Zemora said, "What's that thing going up there?"

Someone said, "That's a haystack, Zemora, that just blowed away."

Zemora said, "I thought so. And there goes a man after it."

Coll.: Machias, Maine, Oct. 24, 1963

Inf.: Faunce A. Bryant, Machias

B.

Machias

Muriel Watts - 14 -

420 17

Gifford Knows It

This story is told many times about Agnes Davis, daughter of Curt Morse of Kennebec. Agnes always seemed to be on the road with her children.

Agnes Davis was going up the Kennebec road pushing her young daughter, Theresa in the carriage. Her son, Gifford, was holding on the carriage trying to keep up with Agnes's long strides. His toes touched the ground just now and then. All along the way Gifford was repeating, "Gifford knows." "Gifford knows." Then Agnes said, "Gifford knows what- you damned fool." Gifford said very innocently, "Gifford knows Theresa lost her shoe way back there."

Coll.: Machias, Maine, Oct. 24, 1963

Inf.: Muriel Watts, Machias

A.

*Kennebec
Machias*

Muriel Watts - 15 -

420 18

My 11 year old son, David came home from Sunday School and informed me he knew how to catch an elephant. When I asked if he had learned this at Sunday School he said, "Yes". So I said, "Well tell me, then." This was the story.

How do you catch an elephant?

First, you dig a deep hole and put ashes in it. Put peas all around the edge. When the elephant comes up to take a pea, kick him in the "ash hole."

(It seems a young high- school boy was teaching there class for the day.)

Coll. Machias, Maine, Dec. 17, 1963

Inf. Muriel Watts, Machias
A.

Machias

Muriel Watts -16-

George McGoon

George McGoon, known not only around the Jacksonville area, but all over Washington County has become a folk in this area.

George lived in Crawford. He was noted for his cleverness and his wit. He was always trying to outsmart the game wardens.

George had a friend, Wilbur Day, who lived in Wesley. Wilbur shared in many of the experiences of George. He himself was noted for his hunting.

George was noted for the great number of moose that he shot. These he peddled from door to door or any place he could. This was not always sold for moose meat, but was sold many times for just what ever kind of meat the people happened to want.

Old George had every kind of apple in his orchard. When one visited him, he took pride in showing them and seldom did one come away without a sample of the many kinds. These apples served a dual purpose, one to make friends and the other to disguise his moose meat.

George had two sons Ray and Frank. They used to drive for George much of the time when he peddled his meat. As Clarence Berry so often says, "I remember old George best coming down the road with his old violin in his hands. One of the boys would be driving and every now and then he would play a little. George didn't play well, but he would pull up, laugh and say, "Ain't she talking of it out."

Coll.: Machias, Maine Nov. 23, 1963

Inf.: Muriel Watts, Machias

Machias
Jacksonville
Washington Co.
Crawford

Muriel Watts -17-

420 20

My son told me this joke after school one night a short time ago.

A man once had a mule that he wished to call a donkey. His friends told him to call it a mule. The man got pretty confused, so he went to a priest and said, "Father tell me what this animal is."

The Priest replied, "That is an ass."

A few weeks later the mule died and while the man was digging a hole to bury it in, the Priest went by. He stopped and looked and then asked, "What are you doing?"

The man replied, "Well sir, according to you, I am digging an ass hole."

Coll.: Machias, Maine, Dec. 2, 1963

Inf. : Muriel Watts , Machias
A.

Machias

TALL TALES

ERASABLE BOND

Muriel Watts -18-

Ira Cook said he shot fifteen partridges at one time. Someone asked,
"How did you kill so many at one time, Ira?"

Ira said, "Oh it was easy. I had one of those 56 spencer single
shot guns. I fired, split the limb they were on, That limb pinched their toes
and then I went up in the tree and got them."

Coll.: Jacksonville, Maine, Nov. 22, 1963

Inf.: Clarence Berry, Jacksonville

B.

Type 1890 A

Jacksonville

Muriel Watts -19-

420 23

It is said that old Gillie Elsmore could remember when the first mowing machine came into Township 18. That mowing machine swore vengeance on bull frogs. It clipped the heads off some, legs off others, and the remainder took off for the lowlands and were never heard tell of again.

Coll.: Jacksonville, Maine Oct. II, 1963

Inf.: Clarence Berry, Jacksonville

B.

Township 18.
Jacksonville

Muriel Watts -20-

420 24

This is a story told at the hunting camp of Mr. Bryant.

It was the last day of hunting. One of the men was watching a deer walking around the edge of a ledge. Every once in a while he would see the white of his tail. The sun was going down, so he thought he should use a little strategy. He stuck the rifle between two trees and fired. This bent the barrel. So he picked the gun up, pointed it and fired.

A week later he was out at the ledge. The deer was still going around, just as thin as a rail, with a bullet just a foot from its tail.

Coll.: Machias, Maine, Oct. 24, 1963

Inf.: Faunce A. Bryant, Machias

B.

Machias

This is another of the stories told at the hunting camp of Mr. Bryant. Some hunters were in camp on a rainy day. They found an old muzzle loaded gun. Someone would put two or three fingers of powder in it and say "Anyone dare to fire this?" Every now and then they would put a little more powder in it until it was filled. They took it down to the swamp, tied it to a fence, tied a string to the trigger, and got back and fired.

That gun knocked down 14 fence posts, parted 4 strands of barbed wire, and it was a half hour before they could get near it because it kept on kicking.

Coll.: Machias, Maine, Oct. 24, 1963

Inf.: Faunce Bryant, Machias

B.

Machias

Muriel Watts - 22 -

420 26

Gillie Elsmore had his traps set one winter. It was a bad snow storm and he went out to tend the traps. In the first one he came to, he found a crow. He picked all the feathers off the crow except the tail and wing feathers. That crow took up in the air, made three circles and took right off for the south.

Coll.: Jacksonville, Maine Oct. 11, 1963

Inf.: Clarence Berry, Jacksonville,

B.

Jacksonville

420 27

LEGENDS

Muriel Watts - 23 -

420 23

The following story has been told many times at the Coast Guard station on Cranberry Island. It has actually become a legend.

Once the Coast Guard saw a distress signal of a vessel. They launched a surf boat and started for the vessel rowing double bank. The wind was blowing and the seas were rolling high.

When they finally reached the vessel they threw a line over the stern. Each man tied the rope around his body and then he was pulled into the life boat.

Someone said, "Captain, are you sure everyone is off that vessel?" "Yes," the captain replied.

After they were well away from the vessel one man remembered and said, "There's a sick man aboard that vessel."

The captain watched his chance and with the winds still gaining force he turned and went back to the vessel, landed a man on board and got that sick man.

As the skipper was manning the helm, he looked at the sick man lying there. He thought he looked familiar. He looked closer and exclaimed, "My God, that's my long lost brother whom I haven't seen for 20 years."

Coll.: Machias, Maine, Oct. 24, 1963

Inf.: Faunce A. Bryant, Machias

A.

*Cranberry Island
Machias*

FOLK HEROS

Muriel Watts -24-

Frank Elsmore had a motor boat in Rocky Lake. One day he wanted to go up lake. He found his tank full of bullet holes. So he brought the tank down to Judson Merrill, who ran the hardware store to have it soldered.

Judson said, " Oh my gory, I could make one cheaper than I could mend this one." so Frank said, "Go ahead, make me one."

When Frank came back in two or three days, he asked, "What are you going to charge me?"

Judson said, "Let me tell you, Frank, you know I go to your camp. You furnish most of the grub, so I ain't going to charge you a cent."

"Cheap enough," said Frank. "When you get time, make me another for for a spare."

Coll.: Jacksonville, Maine, Oct. II, 1963

Inf.: Clarence Berry, Jacksonville,

B.

Rocky Lake.
Jacksonville

Muriel Watts -25-

Battle Of Ant Eat-um

Austin Alsmore, George McGoon and old man Scott were up at the head of Hadley's lake on "Burnt Knole." (So named because every spring it was always burned over.)

George McGoon and Scott argued over who could eat the most baked beans. The argument turned into a fight. George took Scott down in an ant bed and stirred up the ants. The ants began to bite George. This was known as the "Battle Of Ant Eat-um."

Coll.: Jacksonville, Maine Oct II, 1963

Inf. Clarence Berry, Jacksonville

B.

Hadley's Lake
Burned Knoll
Jacksonville

Muriel Watts -26-

420 32

George McGoon

George had two sons, Ray and Frank. Frank told this story to Clarence.

"You know I'm pretty good with gloves. One day I got the best of Ray. He swore he would get even with me one way or another. One night I was lugging wood and Ray hid behind the door. He intended to hit me when I came through with my arms loaded. Old George came through the door first with a pail of milk in his hand. Ray came out from behind the door and nailed him. After seeing whom he had hit, Ray ran up the road and didn't come back for two weeks that time."

Coll.: Jacksonville, Maine, Oct. II, 1963

Inf.: Clarence Berry, Jacksonville,

B.

Jacksonville

Muriel Watts -27-

George McGoon

Jim Frost was game warden in Cooper. George McGoon didn't like him. He wanted someone to shoot Jim and get rid of him. So George said to Wilbur, "Wilbur, you shoot him ---- shoot him low ----shoot him in the belly so he'll be along time dying. I'll prove my whereabouts. I'll be down on the meadow haying."

Coll.: Jacksonville, Maine, Oct. II, 1963

Inf.: Clarence Berry Jacksonville

B.

Jacksonville

Muriel Watts - 28 -

George McGoon

Old Ephie Farnsworth used to have a barber shop on Main Street in Machias. One day Clarence recalls being in there with George McGoon. It was early fall. A New Jersey car drove up in front of the shop and parked. The car had a big set of moose horns on it.

Clarence looked out of the window, admired the horns and said, "Quite a set of horns there. Yes sir, quite a set of horns."

Mr. Farnsworth stepped up to the window, looked out, turned and said, "Well now, Mr. McGoon what would you say those were?"

Old George cleared his throat several times, put his hands in his pockets, lifted his eye brows and said, "Well sir, now I ain't sure, but I think they are a set of moose horns."

(He was trying to make out he didn't know what a set of moose horns looked like.)

Coll.: Jacksonville, Maine, Oct., II, 1963

Inf.: Clarence Berry, Jacksonville

B.

*Machias
New Jersey
Jacksonville*

Muriel Watts - 29 -

George McGoon

George had a pig. One day the pig got out and went under the barn. George wanted his two sons, Ray and Frank, to help put it back in the pen. He stationed the boys near the barn with some boards. He said to them, "Now, I'll go under the barn and drive him out. You take the boards and when he comes through that hole, steer him back into the pen."

Old George crawled under the barn and tried to chase the pig out. He couldn't and got tired and decided to come out himself. When he stuck his old bawled head out through that hole, Ray hit him. After seeing what he had done, Ray ran up the road and didn't return for a week.

Old George went in the house and said to his wife, "Etta, I never thought I'd raise a son who couldn't tell his old man from a damned old boar."

Coll.: Jacksonville, Maine Oct. II, 1963

Inf.: Clarence Berry, Jacksonville

B.

Jacksonville

Muriel Watts -30-

George McGoon

George shot a moose. He wanted his son Frank to help him bring it out. Frank took the horses and went down to the woods road to skid the moose out. Old George stayed out on the main road waiting for him.

Templeton the game warden came along and stopped. Old George said, "Makes no difference to me which way she goes. I haven't got much longer to live. Now I've got a moose coming out of that road and I'd just as soon you wouldn't be here." Templeton turned and without saying a word, left.

(George meant he didn't care if the gun was pointing at Templeton when he fired it.)

Coll.: Jacksonville, Maine Oct II, 1963

Inf.: Clarence Berry, Jacksonville, Me.

B.

Jacksonville

Muriel Watts -81-

When the Titanic was struck by an ice-berg and sank, Old George Mc Goon wanted to tell Wilbur about it. He called Wilbur on the telephone early one morning and the conversation went like this.

"Hello, Wilbur?"

"Yes, George, what do you want?"

"You know that God damned ship the Gigantic. Well she sunk in about two hundred feet of water. Now, John Jacob Asbestos, he was on that ship, and he blowed bubbles, Wilbur."

"Now wouldn't that have been the greatest chance for us with our canoe saving his life? He'd a gived us \$200. if we took him aboard."

"When he got his hands on that gunnel, we could rap them with the paddle and say, 'Keep them clutches off!'"

"We'd keep him in the water until we'd run him up to two or three thousand dollars and then we'd take him aboard."

Wilbur said, "But when you had to paddle six or seven days-- you'd think you had earned your money."

Coll.: Jacksonville, Maine, Oct. II, 1963

Inf.: Clarence Berry, Jacksonville

B.

Jacksonville

Muriel Watts -32-

George McGoon

Old George McGoon was out on the streets in Machias calling, "Who wants to buy moose meat? Moose meat?"

Of course George was arrested and put in jail. When they had his hearing they said to him, "George, why were you out on the street selling moose meat? Didn't you know it was against the law?"

Old George replied, " That wasn't moose meat. That was a damned old cow I wanted to get rid of. I thought I'd sell it faster if I called it moose meat."

He was sentenced to 60 days in jail. After a few days the sheriff came in and said, "Well Mr. McGoon, we've decided if you will bring in a moose hide, we'll take 30 days off your sentence."

Old George sat there a while thinking and finally said, "Would you?"-- and would you take off 30 more if I should bring down two?"

Coll.: Jacksonville, Maine Oct II, 1963

Inf.: Clarence Berry, Jacksonville

B.

*Machias
Jacksonville*

Muriel Watts -33 -

420 39

Willy Racker-A Hermit

William Foss of Kennebec was an odd sort of fellow. He was known to the folks around as "Willy Racker". Willy was an illegitimate child. His mother, the former Dora Larrabee married Ralph Bryant and moved away.

Willy's father had lost a leg in the Civil War and was forced therefore to live a rather secluded life in Kennebec. His father had a handsome violin which he bought from a traveling Italian music teacher. When his father died, Willy said they had an "auctioning time"---and the violin was among the things sold. He kept track of it though and bought it back. Someone in Kennebec kept it for him. Lizzie Morse played chords on the piano and organ to accompany him when he played at homes in the village. Locally, he had quite a reputation as a musician,,based on this and also on the fact that he played at dances for many years.

Why he chose to seclude himself from those he loved and why he gave up his music was perhaps because after his father died, he had no home.

For many years Willy lived the life of a hermit. He built a one room camp at "Duck Cove" on the Kennebec River. His camp was one that ~~old~~ Nick Bryant used to live in. (Nick was also a hermit.) Willy moved the camp up the river in sections in his boat. When he was building his camp Willy nearly met his death. This is the story of that:

Ida and Faunce were down river having dinner with Mel Bryant. Ida

Kennebec
Kennebec R. Light
Duck Cove Res. B.

heard someone calling. Faunce went to the door and listened. He could hear the calling too." It must be someone in distress," he said. He took Mel's dory and he and Ida started out. "I took a good stroke on the oar," said Faunce.

When they got to Duck Cove, they found Willy hanging over the bank with his leg caught between a part of the roof of the camp and a stump. The section of roof had apparently slipped as he was pushing it up the bank.

Faunce tied a rope around the section of roof and again to a tree. Then he got Willy free. Ida and Faunce walked Willy up and down the beach to get his circulation started again.

Ida said "His legs were as black as burned alders. It was a blessing we were there to save him."

When the tide is out, Duck Cove is completely empty of water. The only time Willy was likely to have visitors was at high tide. The shore route to his camp was well over a mile.

When visiting his camp one would be aware of several pair of eyes watching. There were quite a few gray and white mice in the camp of the variety known as wood mice or field mice. On his table he kept a cracked saucer filled with scraps of food and a handleless cup filled with water. It was not uncommon to see mice come out for something to eat.

Willy's dependence upon society could be evidenced in little things around his camp. Uriah Smith and latter Austin Armstrong, used to do most of his grocery shopping for him. Every now and then Willy would row up river to get these needs. If he came up river with his boat, he would

Duck Cove

Always got back the same way--"for luck purposes" as Willy used to say.

Willy used to say this about the many winters he lived through. He admitted they were a bit rough at times, especially when the snow had nearly covered the cabin door. However, those winters were warmer than those which were open. In cold weather he kept a fire day and night in one of the two stoves that nearly filled his tiny camp.

He used various kinds of wood for different kinds of weather. For a good overnight fire, he used birch, which Willy called "powder horn birch."

In really cold weather he used to say, "I most bed in." He slept in a small loft overhead, where the heat was better. In the winter he used to sleep with his potatoes piled along side of him so that his body heat would keep them from freezing.

One winter the mice ate nearly a whole sack of potatoes, including the sack. Willy said he was sure those potatoes belonged to the mice or they wouldn't have eaten them.

When anyone came to visit Willy, he would always greet them with, "Hi, Hi, old boy! Come to spend the night? Come in old boy, come in. Have a lunch, old boy."

Everyone was welcomed to enter his camp. The interior of the camp was completely blackened by the smoky stove. If he had a stove that burned well, Willy would never leave it that way. He would always put something in it for an obstruction to restrict the drafts, so she would smoke better.

When his visitors would leave, Willy would always walk out with them, wave them a good-by and before they were out of sight, he would he would be gone---back to his own world, content with his tiny camp, the clear brook that ran past it, and the wind sighing in the pines along the shore.

Willy was loved by all of us who knew him. He will live long in our memories. We'll always have a soft spot in our hearts for him. To your children and to others from then on, Willy Racker will be pretty much of a legend," said Faunce.

Coll.: Machias, Maine, Nov.,20, 1963

Inf.: Faunce bryant, Machias

B.

Machias

Mell and Nick Bryant lived in Kennebec many years ago. During the latter part of their lives they became hermits. They lived in separate camps for a while, but during the last few years of their lives they lived together.

When Faunce was a boy, they used to hold many shooting matches in Kennebec. This one was the one that he remembers best.

While shooting off hand on one occasion, my old friend, Mell Bryant, being the best shot around, was to shoot his two rounds at a target 200 yards away, the bull's eye 3 and 1/4 inches. His brother Nick was tending the target. He could tell it was his brother as he was wearing a seal skin cap and a black overcoat.

Now, Nick had a jug of corn squeezing hid at the end of his retreat and had visited it several times. That jug gave him false courage and confidence in his brothers ability.

Old Nick laid his hand on the top of the target and shouted, "Shoot Mellie."

Mell said, "Stand back, Nickie. There may be a flaw in the bullet."

Nickie's voice rolled back, "Si, you molded them bullets, Mellie. Si, let her go."

Mell said, "Plague take it if he wants to stand there." He fired and each time Nickie put his finger on the bulls eye and said, "Right there Mellie."

That has always stood out in my mind. The confidence that one brother had in the others ability to shoot.

Coll.: Machias Maine, Nov., 20, 1963

Inf.: Faunce Bryant, Machias

A.

*Kennebec
Machias*

Side One

420 45

I 0:00 - 0:80

The Woodsman's Alphabet Song

II 0:85 - 1:93

The West Branch Song

III 1:95 - 2:93

The Sailor Boy

IV 2:95 - 4:35

Caroline - of Edinburgh Town

V 4:35 - 5:53

Home Sweet Home

VI 5:55 - 7:01

There's A Light In The Window
That Burns Brightly For Thee.

VII 7:30 - 9:80

I've A Mother Old and Gray Who
Needs Me Now.

Side Two

I 0:00 - 1:20 Slavery Days

II 1:30 - 2:80 The Black Sheep

Edinburgh
Town

The recordings were made on a
Tape - Q - Matic
Model 710-A 110V AC
Dual Speed 60CY 110W.
Recordings - timed.

The recordings were made at the home
of Clarence Berry, Jacksonville, Maine
on Dec 5th and 6th 1963.

Present at the time of the recording
was Clarence, his wife Delena, a daughter
Janice, a son Edsel, my husband and
myself.

Clarence enjoyed singing these songs.
He has others he needs to practice
a little before he'll sing.

I intend to retape these songs -
but I would like to wait until
I get my own machine.

Jacksonville

The Woodsman's Alphabet Song

1 A was our axes which was very well known

B was the boys that ^{hewed} ~~used~~ them also

C was the cutting which did begin

D was the danger we oft times were in

Chorus

So merry, so merry, are we

No mortals on earth are as happy as we

Hi derry, Oh derry, ~~Oh ay~~ ^{is} ^{and?} ^{Hidemy} away

Our bosses well in--there's nothing goes wrong.

2 E was the echo which through the woods rang

F was the foreman--the head of the gang

G was the grindingstone we sharpened our axe on

H was the handle so smooth and so round.

Chorus

3 I was the iron we marked our logs down

J was the jolly boys all in a line

K was the keen our axes would keep

L is for the lice that kept us from sleep.

Chorus

Marial Watts -39-

420 48

- 4 M was for the moss we shinked our camps with
 N was the needle we mended our pants
 O was the owl that hooted by night
 P was the pine that always fell right.

Chorus

- 5 Q was the quarrel we did not allow
 R was the river we drove our logs down
 S was the sled so stout and so strong
 T was the team that drew 'em along.

Chorus

- 6 U was the use we put ourselves to
 V was the valley we drove our logs through
 W is for the woods we left in the spring
 So I've sung all I'm going to singS.

Coll.: Jacksonville, Maine, Dec. 5, 1963

Inf.: Clarence Berry, Jacksonville

A

Jacksonville

The West Branch Song

Come all ye fellow men, from far and near,

A melancholy tale to hear.

1. One of our fellow mortals, he-

Has gone to his long eternity.

John Roberts as we understand.

It was the name of this young man

2. Whose fate we hope will ^a warning prove

To all who do these lines ^a pursue.

He hired out with Mr. Brown

To help him drive his lumber down

3. On the West Branch, where he did go

Which quickly proved his overthrow.

T'was of a lowry sky

This young man left his home to die.

4. When from his home, he did depart,

A gleam of hope, twine^d round his heart.

He ventured out to break a jam,

6. Which had began on the rolling dam,

But when he started for the shore

He sank, alas, to ^a rise no more.

6. We think he got his fatal blow

While struggling in the under tow

By some huge rock
~~But soon he dropped~~ beneath the waves

Where
~~And~~ soon he found him a watery grave.

7. We searched the stream from shore to shore
His lifeless body to secure
Trusting in God to guide the way
Unto his tent^{ment} of clay.

8. T'was on the third day at three o'clock
When Mr. Filsbee took his boat,
And with a grapple in his hand
He raised him from his bed of sand.

9. A message then was sent away
These mournful tidings to convey
Unto his tender parents dear
To tell them that they'd see their son no more.

10. And in due time a ^{bier} (b^{iar}) was made,
And on it was his body laid
Born to the grave where he shall lie
Till Gabriel's triumphs shall render ^{the} sky.

11. We fellow men, we too must die
And go to our long eternity.
So let us live while here below
^{love} ~~With~~ God and all his paths pursue
And let us live in Christian love
And go with him to reign above.

Coll.: Jacksonville, Maine Dec. 5, 1963

Inf.: Clarence Berry, Jacksonville

A

Jacksonville

The Sailor Boy

1. 'Twas a cold and stormy night, the snow lay on the ground,
A sailor boy stood on the deck, his ship was outward bound,
His true love standing by his side, shed many a bitter tear,
But as he pressed her to his breast, he whispered in her ear:

Chorus

Farewell my love, my own true love! This parting gives me pain.
You'll be my hope, my own true guiding star, till I return again.
My thoughts will be of you my love, when storms are raging high,
So fare thee well, remember me, your faithful sailor boy.

2. 'Twas in a gale ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{their} ship ^{set} ~~that~~ sail, ^{the} ~~alas~~ ^{last} was standing by
She watched the ship far out of sight, the tears they dimmed her eyes,
She prayed to God in Heaven above, to guide him on his way,
Her lover's parting words that night, re-echoes ^d o'er the ~~day~~ ^{day}:

Chorus

3. But sad to say the ship returned, with ^{me} ~~out~~ her sailor boy
For he had died while out at sea, ~~a~~ flag ran half mast high
And when his comrades came on shore, to tell her he was dead
With a letter that he sent by them, and this is what he said:

Muriel Watts - 43 -

420 52

Chorus (changed)

4. Farewell my love, my own true love! On earth we'll meet no more
I hope we'll meet in Heaven above, On that eternal shore
I hope we'll meet in that bright land, the land beyond the sky,
Where you'll never more be parted, from your faithful sailor boy.

Cell.: Jacksonville, Maine Dec. 5, 1963

Inf.: Clarence Berry, Jacksonville

A

Jacksonville

Caroline of Edinburgh Town

1. Come all ye men and maidens, come listen to my song,
'Tis of a fair young damsel, whose scarcely in her prime,
She beat the blushing roses, admired by all around,
'Tis my lovely lady, Caroline, of Edinburgh Town.
2. Young Henry, being a highland man, a courting her did come,
And when her parents came to know they did not like the same,
Young Henry was offended, and unto her did say,
"Arise my dearest Caroline, and with me run away."
3. "We'll both go to London, love, and there we'll wed in peace,
And there my lovely Carolin~~e~~, we'll have sweet happiness indeed.
Being enticed by Young Henry, she puts on another gown,
And away there floats young Caroline, of Edinburgh Town.
4. Over hill and lofty mountain, together they did roam,
In time arrived in London, far from their happy home;
Says she, "My dearest Henry, pray never on me frown,
For you'll break the heart of Caroline, of Edinburgh Town."
5. They had not been in London, more than one half a year,
When cruel hearted Henry, did prove to be severe;
Says Henry, "I'll go to sea, I'll join that fleet to fight
for kings and crowns,
So beg your way without delay, to Edinburgh Town."

*Edinburgh
England*

6. Many a day she passed away, in sorrow and despair,
Her cheeks so once like roses, had grown like lilies fair;
She cried, "Where is my Henry?" and oft times she did say,
"Sad was the day, I ran away, From Edinborough Town."
7. Oh pressed with grief without relief, this maiden she did go,
Into the woods to eat such food, as on the bushes grew,
Some strangers they did pity her, and some did on her frown,
And some did say, "Why did you stray from Edinborough Town?"
8. Beneath this spreading lofty oak, this maid sat down to cry,
While watching of the ^(gallant) gallant ship as they went sailing by;
She gave three screams for Henry, and plunged her body down,
And away there floats young Caroline of Edinborough Town.
9. A note likewise ^{her (bonnet)} bonnet, she left upon the shore,
And in the note a lock of hair, with the words - no more am I
"For fast asleep I'm in the deep, Fishes are watching round,"
What's come of lovely Caroline of Edinborough Town?
10. ^(false start) Come all tender parents, ne'r try to part true love,
^{likewise} While all young men and maidens, n'er on your frowns frown,
Think on the fate of Caroline, of Edinborough Town.

Coll.: Jacksonville, Maine, Dec. 5, 1963

Inf.: Clarence Berry, Jacksonville

A

England
Jacksonville

Come all ye men and maidens, ne'er try to part
true love

(pause) Like (pause)

Come all ye tender parents, ne'er try to part
true love.

Likewise young men & maidens, ne'er on your
lovers frown

Think on the fate of Caroline, of Ederborough
town.

"I made a slip there on that one didn't I?"

"That's alright."

420 55

England

Home Sweet Home

1. You're going to leave the old home, Jim, today you're going away,
 You're going among the city folks to dwell.
 Thus ^as~~p~~oke a gray-haired mother to her boy one summer's day.
 If your mind's made up that way, I wish you well.
 The old home will be lonely, we'll miss you when you're gone,
 The birds won't sing so sweet, when you're not nigh,
 But if you are in trouble Jim, just write and let us know
 She ~~s~~poke these words and then she said, "Good-by."

Chorus

When sickness overtakes you, and old companions shake you,
 And through this world you'll wander all alone;
 And friends you have not any, in your pockets not a penny,
 There's a mother always waiting you at home, sweet home.

2. Ten years later to the village, came a stranger no one knew,
 His steps were halt, and ragged clothes he wore.
 The little children laughed at him, as down the road he walked.
 At last he stopped before a cottage door.
 He knocked, he heard no sound, he thought, ^(controlled pause) can she be dead?
 When gently hears a voice well known to him
 'Twas Mother's voice, her hair was silver^{ed} by the touch of time.
 She said, "Thank God they've send⁺ us back our Jim."

Chorus

Coll.: Jacksonville, Maine, Dec. 5, 1963

Inf.: Clarence Berry, Jacksonville

A

Jacksonville

There's A Light In The Window That Burns Brightly For Thee

- ① There's a quaint old-fashioned homestead that stands by the sea,
With a fond loving mother, full three score and three;
Whose (sentiful) ~~little~~ eyes wanders far o'er the lee;
As her lips part to murmur, come back my laddie, to me;
Each night to the window she in silence she strays,
She places a lamp, and its flickering rays,
Are intended for one who may never return.

Chorus

There's a light in the window, burns brightly for thee,
My brave sailor laddie, so long gone from me;
Your absence and silence makes mother's heart yearn;
So brightly the light in the window shall burn.

- ② Now the story was simple, oft told in a day,
'Twas only a sailor who sailed far away,
And parted from Mother whose heart beat with care,
And a loving voice praying for winds to be fair;
But, alas, the long years came and went like a dream,
Some story of wreckage came from the Gulf Stream,
So brightly the light in the window shall gleam.
For one who lives only in dream.

Chorus

- ③ Now the light in the window, through calm and through storm,
 Was never extinguished until brightly early morn;
 A Neighbor chanced for to stray, discovered the light burning
 brightly one day;
 He knocks on the door, no answer he heard,
 He steps to the window, and peeps through the pane;
 The matron was dead, but the light still shone,
 And they still keep it burning for one far from home.

Chorus

Coll.: Jacksonville, Maine, Dec. 5, 1963

Inf.: Clarence Berry, Jacksonville

A

Woman in background comments:

"... married and lived down below, Sunday night, especially
 in the summertime I always opened
 my windows, sat by the window and listened cause Clarence
 would sit and sing the whole evening long and he
 never would sing the same song twice. First it would
 be perhaps a hymn or, you know, (something). (laughter)

Now, Muriel!"

Clarence: "A lot of these I heard my mother sing."

M. Watts: "This ends the interview with Clarence Berry for
 this evening."

Jacksonville

①

I Have A Mother Old and Gray Who Needs Me Now

When the golden sunbeams shone in all their glory,

On the river where the water lillies grow.

There two sweethearts true were whispering loves old story,

Gently gliding in a little red canoe.

Then Jack says, "Dear why are you so hesitating?

You'll say you love me I can understand."

But she answers, "Lad for me please don't be waiting

Though I'd love to go with you to Maryland."

Chorus

Jack to me you've always been so kind and true,

And you know I've ever faithful been to you,

Though 'tis fond of you I've grown,

Still I can't leave her alone,

It would only cause her head in grief to bow.

I've a mother old and gray who needs me now,

Time has brought deep furrows to her once fair brow

Thouth this parting brings regret,

Still my heart must not forget,

I've a mother old and gray who needs me now.

(defect) --- lovers hand in hand
as they reached the low roofed cottage
Jack said "Mother, come with us dear to our home in
Maryland.
There your little girl will be my queen forever
Sweetest flowers will always bloom for you

Maryland

Muriel Watts -50-

(defect not audible)

When the twilight shadows fell upon the clover

420 60

Down the pathway strolled these lovers hand in hand.

As they reached the low roofed cottage Jack said,

"Mother, come with us to our dear home in Maryland."

There your little girl will be my queen forever

Sweetest flowers will always bloom for you

For today as we were going down the river

Jinny darling, spoke these words with heart so true

Chorus

Cell.: Jacksonville, Maine, Dec. 5, 1963

Inf.: Clarence Berry, Jacksonville

A

Jacksonville

420 61

Slavery Days

1.

I am thinking today of ^{mem} ~~the~~ years that passed away.
 When they bound us up in bondage long ago;
 T'was in old Virginia state and t'was there that we were separate,
 And it filled us full of misery and woe;
 They took away my boy, he was his mother's joy,
 From a baby in the cradle, him we ~~we~~ raised;
 And they set us far apart, and it broke the old man's heart,
 In those agonizing, cruel slavery days.

Chorus

1

(Chorus Only) They'll never come again, let's give all praise to Him,
 Who looks down where the little children play;
 And every night and morn, we will pray for those ^{mat's} ~~whose~~ gone,
 In those agonizing, cruel slavery days.

2.

T'was in the month of June, when the cotton was in bloom,
 My darling wife was standing by my side;
 I'll ne'er forget that day, ^{for} t'was a sale so they say,
 When they sold her, how in agony she cried;
 My wife alas is gone, ^{and now} ~~my~~ how I sigh and mourn,
 But I'll meet her up in heaven, God be praised!
 And every night and morn, we will pray for those ^{mat's} ~~whose~~ gone,
 In those agonizing, ^{cruel} slavery days.

Chorus

Virginia

Muriel Watts - 52 -

420 62

3. But my memory t'will stay o'er, to ^{my dear old} ~~my little~~ cabin door,
 Where the shadows of the sun came peeping in;
 At night when all was dark, we could hear ^{the} ~~those~~ watch dogs bark,
 And we'd listen to the murmur of the wind;
 It seemed to say to me, "You people must be free!"
 The happy time ^(end of side one) ~~is~~ coming, Lord be praised!
 T'is then we weep and mourn, for our ^{souls were} ~~soul is~~ not our own,
 In those agonizing, cruel Slavery days.

Chorus

4. I'm getting feeble now, and old and my days are nearly told,
 I have traveled on the roughest kinds of road,
 My days of toil have passed, and I ^{'ve} ~~have~~ reached the end at last,
 And I'm resting by the wayside with my load;
 Forget now and forgive, has always been my rule,
 For that's what the Golden Scriptures surely says,
 But our memories will turn round, when our ^{they} ~~Souls~~ were tied down,
 In those agonizing, cruel slavery days.

Chorus

Coll.: Jacksonville, Maine, Dec. 5, 1963

Inf.: Clarence Berry, Jacksonville

A

Jacksonville

The Black Sheep

① In a quiet village, not so very far from here,
 Lived a rich and aged man, his hair was turning gray;
 He had three sons his only ones, both Jack and Tom were ~~six~~,
 While Ted was honest as could be, would never tell a lie;
 They tried their best to ruin him in the old man's eye,
 At last their poison began to work and Ted was much despised;
 One night the father said, "Begone, you're heartless to the core."
 But as he stood there by the door, these words they heard him say;

Chorus

"Don't be angry with me dad, don't turn me from your door,
 I know that I've been wayward but I won't be anymore.
 Give to me another chance, just put me to the test,
 And I'll prove to you the black sheep loves his dad,
 Far better than the rest."

② One night the old man ~~he~~ called his sons to him, and gave to them his gold.
 He ^{says} ~~said to them~~, "Here take this, I only need this place here by your
 fireside".

Jack one night coming home, he brought with him a bride;
 The wife began to hate the father more and more each day.
 At last one night the ^{whole} three declared, "the old fool's in the way."
 They agreed to send him to the poor house, that was near;
 When like a flash the black sheep's voice ^{came} ~~stayed~~ ringing in the
 old man's ear.

Chorus

Muriel Watts - 54

(3)

The next day a team drives up to the door, it is the poor house van,

The sons ^{my} point and says, "there is your man."

Just then a manly form appear^sed and pushe^s through the crowd;

He cries, "Stop sir, you brutes, this will not be allowed."

"You stole this old man's property, and all that he could save,

You even sold the plot containing his wife's grave;

^{For} I am this old man's son but not your kin, from now till judgement day."

Just then the black sheep's voice came ringing in his ear.

Chorus (changed)

"

Don't be angry with me lad, I turned you from my door,

I know that I was foolish, but I ^{ive}repented o'er and o'er;

I wish I'd gave to you my gold and all the rest,

^{had}For you proved to me the black sheep loves his dad ^{far}better than the rest."

Coll.: Jacksonville, Maine, Dec. 5, 1963

Inf.: Clarence Berry, Jacksonville

A

end of side at 175.

Jacksonville

This recording was made at the home of Clarence Berry on Dec 5, 1963

W=Muriel Watts

B=Clarence Berry

W He will sing the Woodsman's Alphabet Song

B Now when you're ready say so

W all right

B (sings) A was our axes which was very well known

B was the boys that hewed them also

C was the cutting which did begin

D was the danger we oft times were in

(Chorus) So merry, so merry are we

No mortal on earth are as happy as we

Hi derry, oh derry, hi derry away

Our boss is well and there's nothing goes wrong

E was the echo which through the woods rang

F was the foreman the head of the gang

G was the gringingstone we sharpened our ax on

H was the handle so smooth and so round.

(Chorus)

I was the iron we marked our logs down

J was the jolly boys all in a line

K was the keen our axes would keep

L is for lice that kept us from sleep

(Chorus)

M was ~~XXX~~ the moss we chinked our camps with

N was the needle we mended our pants

O was the owl that hooted by night

P was the pine that always fell right

(Chorus)

Q was the quarrel we did not allow
R was the river we drove our logs down
S was the sled so stout and so strong
T was the team that drew 'em along

(Chorus)

U was the use we put ourselves to
V was the valley we drove our logs through
W is for the woods we left in the spring
So I've sung all I'm going to sing.

W Now Clarence will sing the West Branch Song

B (sings) Come all ye fellow men from far and near
A meloncholy tale to hear
One of our fellow mortals, he
Has gone to his long eternity.

John Roberts as we understand
It was the name of this young man
Whose fate we hope will a warning prove
To all who do these lines persue.

He hired out with Mr. Brown
To help him drive his lumber down
On the West Branch where he did go
Which quickly proved his overthrow.

T'was of a lowry sky
This young man left his home to die
When from his home he did depart
A gleam of hope twined round his heart.

He ventured out to break a jam
Which had begun on the rolling dam
But when he started for the shore
He sank, alas, to rise no more.

We think he got his fatal blow
While struggling in the undertow
By some hugh rock beneath the waves
Where soon he found him a watery grave.

We searched the stream from shore to shore
His lifeless body to secure
Trusting in God to guide the way
Unto his tnetiment of clay.

T'was on the third day at three o'clock
When Mr. Filsber took his boat
And with a grapple in his hand
He raised him from his bed of sand.

A message was ~~XXXX~~ then was sent away
These mournful tidings to convey
Unto his tender parents dear
To tell them that they'd see their son no more.

And in due time a bier was made
And on it was his body laid
Born to the grave where he shall lie
Till Gabrial's triumph shall rend the sky

We fellow men we too must die
 And go to our long eternity
 So let us live while here below
 Love God and all his paths persue
 And let us live in Christian love
 And go with him to ræign above.

There you are.

W Now Clarence will sing the Sailor Boy

B (sings) 'Twas a cold and stormy night, the snow lay on the ground
 A sailor boy stood on the deck, his ship was outward bound
 His true love standing by his side, shed many a bitter tear
 But as he pressed her to his breast, he whispered in her ear.

(chorus) Farewell my love, my own true love. This parting gives me pain.
 You'll be my hope, my own true guiding star, till I return Again
 My thoughts will be of you my love, when storms are raging high
 So fare thee well, remember me, your faithful sailor boy.

T'was in the gale their ship set sail, the lass was standing by
 She watched the ship far out of sight, the tears they dimmed her ^{eye}
 She prayed to God in heaven above, to guide him on his way
 Her lover's parting words that night, re-echoed o're the bay.

(chorus)

But sad to say the ship returned without her sailor boy
 For he had died while out at sea, the flag ran half mast high
 And when his comrads came on shore, to tell her he was dead
 With a letter that he sent by them and this is what he said

(chorus) changes)

Farewell my love, my own true love. On earth we'll meet no more
 I hope we'll meet in heaven above on that eternal shore
 I hope we'll meet in that bright land, the land beyond the sky
 Where you'll never more be parted from your faithful sailor boy

W Now Clarence will sing "Caroline of Edinborough Town"

B (sings) Come all you men and maidens, come listen to my song

'Tis of a fair young damsel, whose scarcely in her prime
She beat the blushing roses, admired by all around,
Tis my lovely lady, Caroline, of Edinborough Town.

Young Henry, being a highland man, a courting her did come
And when her parents came to know they did not like the same
Young Henry was offended, and unto her did say
Arise my dearest Caroline, and with me run away.

We'll both go to London, love, and there we'll wed in peace,
And there my lovely Caroline, we'll have sweet happiness indeed.
Being enticed by young Henry, she puts on another gown
And away there floats young Caroline of Edinborough Town

Over hill and lofty mountain, together they did roam,
In time arrived in London, far from their happy home
Says she, My dearest Henry, pray never on me frown,
For you'll break the heart of Caroline of Edinborough Town.

They had not been in London, more than one half a year
When cruel hearted Henry did prove to be severe
Says Henry, I'll go to sea, I'll join that fleet to fight
for kings and crowns

So beg your way without delay to Edinborough Town.

Many a day she passed away, in sorrow and despair,
Her cheeks so once like roses, had grown like lilies fair
She cried, Where is my Henry? and oft times she did say,

Had was the day I ran Away from Edinborough Town.

Oh pressed with grief without relief this maiden she did go
 Into the woods to eat such food as on the bushes grew
 Some strangers they did pity her and some did on her frown
 And some did say, Why did you stray from Edinborough Town?

Beneath this spreading lofty oak this maid sat down to cry
 While watching of the gallant ships as they went sailing by
 She gave three screams for Henry and plunged her body Down
 And away there floats young Caroline of Edinborough Town.

A note likewise her bonnet she left upon the shore
 And in the note a lock of hair with the words "no more am I"
 For fast asleep I'm in the deep fishes are watching round
 What's come of lovely Caroline of Edinborough Town?

Come all ye men and maidens, ne'er try to part true love,
 Come all tender parents, ne'er try to part true love

Likewise all young men and maidens, ne'er on your lovers frown
 Think on the fate of Caroline of Edinborough Town.

I made a slip there on that one didn't I.

W That's alright. Clarence will now sing "Home Sweet Home"

B (sings) You're going to leave the old home Jim, today you're going away
 You're going among the city folks to dwell.

Thus spake a gray haired mother to her boy one summer's day
 If your mind's made up that way I wish you well.

The old home will be lonely we'll miss you when you're gone
 The birds won't sing so sweet when you're not near
 But if you are in trouble Jim just write and let us know
 She spoke these words and then she said good-by.

(chorus) When sickness overtakes you and old companions shake you
 And through this world you'll wander all alone
 And friends you have not any in your pockets not a penny
 There's a mother always waiting you at home sweet home.

Ten years later to the village came a stranger no one knew
 His steps were halt and ragged clothes he wore
 The little children laughed at him as down the road he walked
 At last he stopped before a cottage door.
 He knocked he heard no sound he thought can she be dead?
 When gently hears a voice well known to him
 'Twas mother's voice her hair was silvered by the touch of time
 She said, Thank God they've sent us back our Jim

(chorus)

W Now Clarence will sing "There's a Light in the Window That Burns
 Brightly for Thee"

B (sings) There's a quaint old-fashioned homestead that stands by the sea
 With a fond loving mother, full three score and three
 Whose (sentiful) eyes wanders far o'er the lee
 As her lips part to murmur come back my laddie to me
 Each night to the window she in silence strays
 She places a lamp and its flickering rays
 Are intended for one who may never return.

(chorus)

There's a light in the window burns brightly for thee
 My brave sailor laddie so long gone from me
 Your absence and silence makes mother's heart yearn
 So brightly the light in the window shall burn.

Now the story was simple oft told in a day
 'Twas only a sailor who sailed far away
 And parted from Mother whose heart beat with care
 But alas the long years came and went like a dream
 Some story of wreckage came from the Gulf Stream

So brightly the light in the window shall gleam
For one who lives only in dreams.

(chorus)

Now the light in the window through calm and through storm
Was never extinguished until bright early morn
A neighbor chanced for to stray discovered the light burning
 brightly one day

He knocks on the door no answer he heard
He steps to the window and peeps through the pane
The matron was dead but the light still shown
And they still keep it burning for one far from home.

(chorus)

woman-....married when we lived down below, Sunday night, especially
in the summertime I always opened my window,
sat by the window and listened, cause Clarence would sit and sing
the whole evening long and he never would sing the same song
twice.

man - I'll be darned

woman-first it would be perhaps a hymn or you know some of them

(laughter)

man-probably you heard my mother sing

woman-Now Muriel

W This ends the interview with Clarence Berry for this evening.

W Clarence will sing "I Have a Mother Old and Gray Who Needs Me Now"

B You all ready (sings)

When the golden sunbeams shone in all their glory
On the river where the water lilies grow
There two sweethearts true were whispering love's old story

Gently gliding in a little red canoe
 Then Jack says dear why are you so hesitating
 You'll say you love me I can understand
 But she answers Lad for me please don't be waiting
 Though I'd love to go with you to Maryland

(chorus)

Jack to me you've always been so kind and true
 And you know I've ever faithful been to you
 Though tis fond of you I've grown
 Still I can't leave her alone
 It would only cause her head in grief to bow
 I've a mother old and gray who needs me now
 Time has brought deep furrows to her once fair brow
 Though this parting brings regret
 Still my heart must not forget
 I've a mother old and gray who needs me now

(defect-not audible)

(When the twilight shadows fell upon the clover
 Down the pathway strolled these)lovers hand in hand
 As they reached the low roofed cottage Jack said
 Mother come with us to our dear home in Maryland
 There your little girl will be my queen forever
 Sweetest flowers will always bloom for you
 For today as we were going down the river
 Jinny darling spoke these words with heart so true

(chorus)

W Clarence will now sing "Slavery Days"

B (sings) I am thinking today of those years that passed away
 When they bound us up in bondage long ago

(chorus)

B Quite a hard one to sing though (sings)

(Chorus) Don't be angry with me dad, don't turn me from your door

I know that I've been wayward but I won't be anymore
Give to me another chance just put me to the test
And I'll prove to you the black sheep loves his dad
Far better than the rest.

One night the old man called his sons to him

and gave to them his gold

He says "here take this, I only need this place here

by your fireside

Jack one night coming home he brought with him a bride

The wife began to hate the father more and more each day

At last one night the whole three declared, the old fool's

in the way

They agreed to send him to the poorhouse that was near

When like a flash the black sheep's voice came ringing

in the old man's ear

(chorus)

The next day a team drives up to the door, it is the

poor house van

The sons they point and say, there is your man

Just then a manly form appears and pushes through the crowd

He cries, Stop sir, you brutes, this will not be allowed

You stole this old man's property and all that he could save

You even sold the plot containing his wife's grave

For I am this old man's son but not your kin from now

til judgement day

Just then the black sheep's voice came ringing in his ear

(chorus changes)

Don't be angry with me lad I turned you from my door

I know that I was foolish but I've repented o'er and o'er

I wish I'd gave to you my gold and all the rest

For you have proved to me the black sheep loves his dad

far better than the rest.

tape off