

I: Edward Ives

N: Nic Underhill

S: Peter Shepheard

J: Sam Jagoe

W: Woman's voice

I: The following are some dubbings from tapes made by Peter Shepheard, S-H-E-P-H-E-A-R-D, of Glasgow Scotland at the Miramichi folksong festival , Newcastle, New Brunswick in August, 1970. These were made on a Uher machine and, ah, dubbed off here in my office on March 18, 1971. The originals are 3 and 3/4 ips and the dubs are the same.
[Microphone is blown into]

S: O.K., you start, alright?

N: Wanna hold that?

S:Yes, I'll hold it.

N: It being early in September in 1873

Was the day I left my native Isle and came to Miramichi
 I hired the day I landed for to work in Snowball's Mill
 A huge 3 story building at the foot of Sawdust Hill.

And I worked away for 3 long weeks with a discontented will
 But I soon made my acquaintance with the folks of Sawdust Hill
 On the 10th day of November when the Mill it did shut down
 Which caused a general scatter and the men go walking round.

And I heard of those who wanted men that put me in good cheer
 And then I packed my Kennebecker and for Indian town did steer.
 When I arrived in Indian town being quite fatigued from tramp
 I fell in with two poor desteems ~~as seems~~ bound for Muculum's camp.

Miramichi

*Glasgow, Scotland
 Newcastle N.B.*

They said that I might ride with them that's if I did desire
 And that if I would come along, they thought I would get hired
 So I rolled with Willy Duringham, a verse for him I'll make
 He drove a team of roans that he bought, that he brought from the
 grand lake.

The horse he weighed 12 hundred pounds and over these to haul
 And the mare she was a beauty too although she was but small
 Now we being at our journey's end and hungry, tired and cold
 The face of Billy O'Brian was the first I did behold.

And so glad I was to see him and I asked who was the boss
 He pointed to a little man whose name was Charley Cross
 So I hired the next morning and confluted for to town
 Along with Joseph Fullierton they sent me for to chop.

Charley Cross and Guy MacCullun they both cruised the woods around
 And thought they might do better down on Macinary's ground
 So we all packed up quite early and that place we did forsake
 And moved out to another camp situated by a lake.

Alo---Along [4 sec. pause]

S: What is it?

W: Along the--

S: Along the with Archie Woodworth--

N: Eh?

[Pause]

S: [Spoken quickly] Down on Macinary's ground [Unitell] that place we did forsake and moved out to the country to [Mumbles] along with Archie Woodworth there.

N: How about [5 sec. pause]

There was one big highland man along among the rest
 To feet across the shoulders in porportion round the breast
 He was very big but not all so=cute, Jim Wayland was his name
 On the second of March he cut his foot and marched off down stream.

He took with him 5 pound of gum their favors for to gain
 But all the thanks he got for it they said that he was green
 He blowed the rows upon me and said I made a song
 And proved me out a traitor for which many a man was hung.

Now we were there and set to work good lumber which we found
 The Spruce they stored in bunches both handsome, stilt and sound
 But Guy not yet being satisfied as Charley Cross did say
 And he says we must forsake this place there's no use for to slave.

And it being on our way of going out past Barney Taylor's camp
 And I fell in with Patrick MacLaughlin and I hired for to swamp
 For to work for Patrick MacLaughlin it is very hard they say
 For there's only 3 men to a team and they drive 10 turn a day.

So now the crowd has all gone out and I'm left to watch the camp
 And to watch the-- And to watch the squirrels and loose of these
 go skipping o're the swamp

The cruel winter is over and thank God we're still alive
 And if the winter proves favorable I mean to stay up and drive

So now to conclude and finish as my ballad I must end
 I hope I have said nothing wrong to anyone offend
 When those logs are in the southwest boom I hope you all to see
 Some will go to Andy Conner's house and have a glorious spree.

[Laughter with a few applause]

W: Good.

Mrs. MacDonald: That's a nice-

[Tape slides around a bit]

W: Don't have to get up.

S: Now don't-- carry on. Don;t worry about this at all I shall just hold it.

W: Don't watch that he's just holdin' it for ya.

S: I'll hold it in the right place.

W: You start now we'll listen. James Robinson .

N: O.K.

And now it being in the springtime in the year 1915

And I left my home not far to roam was plainly to be seen

We took the-- We took the train for Derby town a place known as
 the best

For to ~~cross~~ ^{sford} the divide to Chelmesport side upon the big Sou'west.

Chelmesport

Now you-- show you good and all I will recall of a high and a
low degree

Please listen to those versus that was composed by me

Concerning James Robinson, a man known as the best [Pause]

I, I can't think of it.

S: Don't worry

N: Eh?

S: Don't worry.

N: [5 sec. Pause]

This nobleman dwelt in Millertown and knew the woodsmans ways
Doth, Peter the great Peter Mitchel all in the early days

A lumberman and riverman [3 sec. pause]

I can't think of it.

W: That;s a new song he just made you know. I think they're under "U"
for Underhill [Unintell.]

N: I [5 sec. pause]

S: You;ll have to practice it.

N: Ya, I guess I will , ya [Tape jerks]

Oh Con Ragger was his pusher--

I, I can't think of that song.

S: Don't worry about it.

N: I can't think [tape slides]

W: Here Nic's a drink of Ginger Ale.

S: O.K?

N: Oh don't you see that Hawthorne that blooms on yonder green
It's snowy white blossoms are plainly to be seen
And I overheard a fair one on the banks of the Nile
She was sadly lamenting for her true love Johnny Doyle.

Millertown

And oh Johnny Doyle, oh Johnny Doyle, you're the one I do love well
And I love you far better than any tongue can tell
And oh yes I love you Johnny Doyle, You're the boy I do adore
And the only thing that grieves me is I can not love you more.

While I go to meetings and my true love goes to mass
For I could go along with him and think it no task
And oh yes I could go along and think it no tile
But my thoughts are on the ocean with you Johnny Doyle

My mother locked me in her room, a room that was so high
Where no one could see me or hear my sad cry
She threw in my clothes and bid me be gone
Through sorrow and sadness I could hide it for [them on].

500 ~~pounds~~ in pure gold my father did prepare
A carriage and 6 horses to carry us there
And 6 mounted policemen to rode by our side
Was all for to make me young Sandy Merwin's bride

We rode along to Gather's Hill we came to the first town
And out horses to repression and ourselves to lie down
While they had their pleasures and I had my pies
For my thoughts were on the ocean with you Johnny Doyle

The minister was the first one to open the door
My earrings they ~~parteth~~ and fell upon the floor

In 20 odd pieces my necklace they flew
And Johnny Doyle, dear Johnny Doyle, my thoughts were of you.

Now the wedding is being over we returned home quite soon
My mother being the first one to show me my room
There on my own bedside, too late there I found
Through sorrow and sadness I could not lie down

Oh, lock the door dear mother and don't let Sandy in
He never shall enjoy ~~he~~ though he calls me his own
He never shall enjoy me though he calls me his wife
For this very night dear mother I intend to end my life

Oh hold your tongue dear daughter what's this I hear you say
And I will send for Johnny Doyle at the dawning of the day
You will send for Johnny Doyle when you know it is too late
For death is fast approaching and sad is my fate

Now wasn't it a sad scene, a heart rendering sight
They were 4 and 20 fair maids all dressed up in white
They carried her white coffin and laid it in the place
Where there'll be no arrisal until the judgement day.

S: Good.

N: A pretty long song don't ya think?

S: 'spose so

Young w: I've never heard it.

[As the others talk Nic hums the tune a bit]

N: [Tape slides around a bit]

There was a man came from the North, who proved untrue to me
And said let us go to some foreign land and married there
we will be.

Pray give me some of your father's gold and some of your
mother's fees

And two of your best horses held out the stable where there
stands 30 and 3.

She gave him some of her father's gold and her mother's was
stored away

And away they rolled from her own father's home 2 hours before'
it was day.

They rode along to a pearly stream, Mount off, mount off said he
For it's six pretty fait maids that I have drowned here and
you the 7th shall be.

Strip off, strip off your silks and gowns and give them unto me
For they are too costly in riches my dear for to rot in the
salt, salt sea.

If I have to strip off my silks and gowns pray turn your back
to me

For I think it rude for a ruffin like you a naked woman to see.

And then he turned his back to her and viewing the trees so
green

She grabbed him by the slender waist and threw him into the
stream.

Lie there, lie there you false young man, lie there instead
of me

For it six pretty fair maids that you have drowned here and
the 7th has drowned thee.

And then she mounted a milk white steed come leading a dapple
gray

And away she rode to her own father's home 1 hour before it
was day.

The parrot was high on the window sill and this to the lady
did say

Oh lady, oh lady come tell unto me why you're riding so long
before day.

Now hold your tongue pretty polly she said and tell no tales
on me

And your cage may be made of the glittering gold with
doors of ivory.

The old man arose in the morning and this to the parrot did say

Pretty Polly, Pretty Polly, come tell unto me why you're riding
so long before day.

The parrot was here on the window sill and--
The cat was here on the window sill and she was staring at me
And that is the only reason I had for talking so long before day.

One turn, one turn the lady replied, one good turn you done
for me
Now your cage may be made of the glittering gold with doors
of ivory.

W: Well that's a good song

S: Good

N: Some call that the Doors of Ivory

W: You get , you get them better when you're alone don't ya?

Another woman: Ya , that's much better

N: You choppers like wise tenting attention to me pay
While I sing for you those versus I composed as so they say
And here's to dear ole Indian town where the Indians used to reign
But if they had their rights they should have it back again.

H-hand,h-h-and on the 2nd of October in the year of 1901
I started for the lumber woods at the rising of the sun
King Mandible was our foreman, a man you all well knew
His six husky sons are long combined the truth I'll tell to you.

And if you kindly pay attention I will reveal their names
 Experienced in the lumber woods and I can deny the same
 There's Duncan, Robert, Norse, and Dave, Hiram one of the best
 you'll see

And James there ^{who} ~~she~~ is known by far came out for to chop with me.

Two Portage teams did move us in and beautys they were too
 Those Clydedales came from PI and the truth I'll tell to you
Frank Garrish and big Henry bide friends and home adieu--
 homes adieu

Skilled and inclined for to hold their lines on the north
 branch of Renous.

When we arrived at Sprig's Hill and there sat down to rest
 And I thought on the good old days when I was in the West
 And there was William Welsh with his axe so very blunt
 And through the woods all day you'd hear the roars of many stump

Billy McDougal was our talent ^{cook} ~~clock-cook~~, served one and all
 the same

Came from the village of Lockstead, but noted for his fame
 He would sing a song or dance the clog for to amuse the crew
 We spent a jolly winter on the north branch of Renous

Now to complete, now to complete I will repeat[9 sec. pause]

W: Can't even remember the new songs for the old ones

N: Yes, it tis Ruth Annie, I

lockstead

Now to complete I will repeat

What is it, I wonder if it's a [Tape jumps]

Now to complete I will repeat and my pen I will lay down

Concerning the Richie firm resides in Newcastle town

^{They own a large}
~~The old [??]~~ store served you before also along lumber mi

And the first to pay their men in cash and cast away due bill.

Now you choppers likewise tent teams attention to me pay

While I sing for you this lumbering song I have no more to say

And God will attend those generous men, skilled bushmen you

well know

And I have long since penned those v^{ersus} for a man called

Rovin' Joe.

[chatter and applause]

N: That;s it, ya. I just wrote that lately you know and it;s not

W: Tape with the big long song

S: Yes, there's enough there.

J: Kind Christians pay attention to those lines you now will hear

And as I pursue them over you can't help but shed a tear

In 18 hundred 42 we [] the 11th day

Two little girls from Preston Road into the woods did stray

Their father and their mother both sick in bed did lay

Twas hand in hand together around the door did play

Hand in hand together I saw them leave the door

The eldest was but 6 years old and the younger only 4

Newcastle

Jane Elizabeth and Margaret Meager were those two pretty names
Two fair creatures never were born, dear nature never framed
They walked abroad together and so merry they did play
But mark what followed after how soon they lost their way.

There in that lonely wilderness they spent a dismal day
And when night came on they thought of home, their streaming
eyes gave way

The frosty wind blew bitter cold, not a star to yield them light
The beast of prey they feared by day, and the screaming owls
at night.

And when this sad and shocking news did reach the neighboring
town

Each manly heart with pity filled and was with grief aⁿtoned
Saying poor Meager your babes are lost and you are left forlorn
How true it is as Burns remarked that man was made to mourn

So early the next morning turned out 100 men
They found poor Meager and his wife searching that lonely glen
First casting their eyes to heaven and then upon the grove
Their prayers and groans and dying cries distressed them as
they roamed.

All that week they hunted but the last was all in vain
So in that lonely wilderness those infants did remain
They would oft times stop and listen but never heard a sound
At 12 o'clock on Thursday a bloody rag was found

Saying gentle people what a sight if we could but behold
Dying in those wilderness from hunger , fright and cold
No mother night to close their eye nor friend to wipe a tear
Ere a heart would surely melt those dying cries to hear

On the 17th of April turned out a volunteer crew
To search the woods and the dreary place as the hunters used
to do.

From Halifax and Darktown and also Porter's Lake
12 hundred men assembled a final search to make

Twas Peter Curry who found them at 12 o'clock that day
On a melancholy mountain lie two little lumps of clay
Their hair was dragged from off their heads, their clothes in
ribbons torn
And the tender flesh from off their bones by the prickly
thorns were gored.

The frost did stoled upon thier heads their blood had begin to
chill

Their tender nerves could not withstand when all their art
and skill

Had long they fell their souls on Willy turned back their way
And left those little bodies on a dismal rock to lay.

We left them there no longer for the beasts and birds to tear
And on that decent byer they were laid and we blessed them

Halifax
Darktown

with a prayer

We carried them to their father's house so that their Mother
may them behold

She kissed them o're a thousand times though they were dead and
cold.

Their father quite distracted was and overcome with grief
His neighbors tried to comfort him but could yeild him no relief
The cries of their poor mother was dismal for to hear
To think that death had her been lent of the ones she loved
so dear.

On the 17th of April they were in one coffin laid
Between Allen's vein and Allen's farm their little grave
was made

Where thousands did dust them both one last farewell to make
Both rich and poor lamented so for the poor dear childrens sake

The rain was fast a falling and bitter was that day
While looking upon Elizabeth I thought I heard her say
Cheer up my loving neighbors, return, dry up those tears
Let us two lay in this cold clay until Christ himself appears

5 thousand pounds were offered to the man who did them find
But Curly he refused it like a Christian, just and kind
May God forever bless him and lengthen him his days
And her humble post[Angie Byer will ever sing his praise

And now good folks of Halifax, who turned out so true and kind
 We pray in heaven here after a just reward you'll find
 Not forgetting Dartmouth who turned out both rich and poor
 and all so those of Preston and around the eastern shores.

A And now to conclude and make amends of this my mournful song
 I pray you will forgive me for writing it so long
 That [^]another thing like this may never have to pen
 This is my first and I hope my last, God grant it so Amen.

Mrs. McDonald: Isn't that an awful long song?

Wilmot: That's a long song.

J: [He laughs] It is long.

W: That;s the longest song you've--

[19 sec. pause with buzzing sound-- no voices]

S; Alright?

N: And it being in the springtime in the year 1915
 I left my home not far to roam was plainly to be seen
 WE took the train for Derby town a place known as the best
 For to cross the divide to Chelmsford ^{Good} side upon the big sou'west

You good and all I will recall of a high and a low degree
 Please listen to these versus that was penned out by me
 Concerning James Robinson with talent and all the rest
 When super of the South west boom upon the big sou'west

This nobleman dwelt in Millerton and knew the woodsman's ways
 Doth Peter the great Peter Mitchel all in the early days

Chelmsford
 Derby town
 Chelmsport
 Millerton
 Halifax
 Dartmouth
 Preston

A lumberman, a riverman owned a general store the rest
When super on the sou'West boom upon the big sou'west.

Con Reaggan was his pusher in these days known as the best
Being gifted in bush traveling and hailed from the Nor'West
Through valleys he would run his roads as you may guess the
rest

And foreman and time keeper upon the big sou'west

Here's to another great foreman who always did remain
A gallant man when in command his name was Lawrence McLean
One of Robinson's big jobbers on the log drives called the best
He would lead the way for his crew each day down to the big
sou'west.

Johnny Taylor was a gallant cook, the best that could be born
Marshall Holmes he was his cooky and at mealtimes blowed the horn
Sometimes the crew blast screamed at him when he tried to do
his best

This jolly man--this, this humorous man at our command upon the
big sou'west.

And I will mention of boom hours, likewise the rate of pay
We worked from 6 till 7 for \$1.75 per day
With plenty of small potatoes Marshall Holmes would do the rest
And would deal in beds and straw ticks to rest upon the
big sou'west

There, there were-- there were some boss--there were some bosses
of the rafting crews and their names I will reveal
William Hagen, Gordon McKinley and also Peter O'Neal
Gordie Clark and Big Jack Duffy, William Canaham one of the
best

They would rise our pay in a friendly way upon the big sou'west

George Geoffry was a talent clerk at the boom house run the store
He would clean some lovely grills for the crew on the walk
out from the shore

He would say the boss is in a hell of a stew, as a clerk one of
the best

This-- this jolly man from ^{merry}~~mett~~ England upon the big sou'west

Here's to the last but not the least 7 tugboats are in view
The James Neilson stern and Sarsail and the David Richie too
The Side Paddle Rex, the J.O.B., Mary Sullivan, one of the best
those gallant brigs were all full rigged towed down the big
sou'west

Now come listen you good Christians of a high not a low degree
while I sing for you this lumber song that was penned out by me
My name is Nicholas Underhill, you have kindly spared me room
I wrote this song by my own experience concerning the sou'west bo

[Laughter and applause]

Older woman's voice: That was good, Nic, you sing awfully clever

[Tape is turned off then on again, but with a different speed]

Woman: In Mt. George Hill one Monday morning , high upon the gallows
tree

Kevin Barry gave his young life for the cause of liberty

Just the light of 18 summers yet nobody can deny
As he walked to death that morning, proud he held his head
up high

Now he's standing at attention as he bids his last farewell
To his broken hearted mother whose sad grief no one can tell

For the cause he proudly cherished bid sad parted hearts to be
Still he walked to death still smiling so that Ireland
might be free

Shoot me like an Irish soldier do not tie me like a dog
For I fought to free old Ireland on the dark September morn

There behind that little bakery where we fought them man to
man

Shoot me like an Irish soldier for I fought to free Ireland

In his-- Just before he faced the gallows in his lonely
prison cell

British soldiers tortured Kevin just because he would not tell

*Mt. George Hill
Ireland*

All the names of his companions, other things they wished
to know

Turn in ^{former} ~~unintell.~~ we'll free you proudly Kevin answered no.

Another martyr for old Ireland, another martyr for the crown
H - Cruel love may kill the Irish but can't keep their spirit
down.

~~Lads like Barry are~~
~~Let them bury us~~ not cowards from their soil they will not fly
Lads like Barry will free Ireland for her Saints will live
and die.

Now he sleeps in his old Ireland there beneath the Irish stars
And we know that Kevin Barry's spirits lying there with God.

Who-o-o [she laughs]

[applause and a woman says something about Barry] [tape stops]

N: And in [tape slips and speed changes]

S: All set?

N: And in fair Cal~~ed~~onia there lived two lovers
And all enraptured and happy all in each others arms
Young Burns a sweet barron and - and fair and dear highland Mary
And it's fondly and sweetly he sang of her charm

Ireland
Caladonia
Scotland

(22)

Then it's long will he sing of this enchanting lassie
To be heard with delight ore his own native plains.
And it's long will the name of dear highland Mary
Who was sacred in her love and all heart melting strains

It was on a - It was on a May day and the flowers of summer
were blooming in wildness and lovely and fair
When those two young lovers met in a green bower
That grew by the banks of the clear winding air.

And now to them both was a meeting so tender
But it being the last for a while they could say
When loves purest raptures they shared there together
Till the red setting sun showed the close of the day.

Oh Mary dear Mary exclaimed the young barron
Could you carry my heart to the highlands with thee
And every bush and green bank, every bird on each flower
They will sing to the praise of my lassie and me

Then he kissed her red lips which were sweeter than wild roses
And he pressed her lily white breast to his heart
And the tears fell like dewdrops while thereas they parted
And she said my fond Robbie we never shall part

Then farewell said young Burns and he parteth from Mary
Just so-long said Mary and she flew from his side

But was little did he think they had parteth forever
When they parteth that night on the banks of the Clyde.

Yet that Summer for young Burns saw but few Sunday mornings
When Mary then blooming in her bright beauty dièd
We laid her down to rest like a blooming young flower
In greeny churchyard on the banks of the Clyde,

Now young Burns the sweet barron in his own Calidonia
Lamenting his Mary in many a sad strain
And it's long did he weep for this dear sacred lassie
And never in his short life did he love deeply again

Now bring me the - Now bring me the roses and bring me -
Now bring me the daisies and bring me the roses
And bring me the lilies grow down by the sea
And I'll sow them on the grave of dear Mary Cambell
For the sake of her young barron who did love thee.

[he chuckles while others applaud -- tape slides -- is shut off
comes back on again]

S: All right.

J: [he coughs] Now this is the Silvery Tide.

Down by the rolling ocean there lived a damsel fair
She was comely tall and handsome, she was called the village dear

Caledonia

Her heart she gave to young men far on the ocean wide
And true she was to young Henry who was on the silvery tide

Young Henry long being absent a nobleman there came
A'courting pretty Mary but she refused the same
I pray be gone there is but one, there is but one she cried
And I pray be gone there is only one and he's on the silvery tide

This nobleman was walking one evening to take the air
Down by the rolling ocean he spied this damsel fair
Now said that cruel villian, consent and be my bride
For you'll sink or swim far, far from him who is on the silvery tide

Oh no, oh no dear sir she said, my vows I dare not break
On ho, oh no said Mary I will die for his sweet sake
He took a pocket handkerchief those tender hands he tied
And while screaming she went floating out on the silvery tide

It happened not long after, Young Henry returned from sea
Expecting to be married and appoint his wedding day
Your own true love has been murdered her aged parents cried
She has proven her own destruction down on the silvery tide

Young Henry went to bed that night but no rest could he find
For the thoughts of pretty Mary kept running through his mind
He dreamt that he was sailing far on the ocean wide
And his true love she sat weeping down by the silvery tide

(25)

Young Henry arose at midnight to search those sea banks o'er
 From 3 o'clock in the morning he wandered from shore to shore
 Til 4 o'clock in the evening a lifeless body spied
 While to and fro came floating out on the silvery tide

He knew that it was his own true love by the golden ring on her hand
 He unfastened a pocket handkerchief that --- [tape runs out here]

[turn tape over]

J: Now this is this is the Silvery tide.

Down by the roaring ocean there lived a damsel fair
 She was comely, tall and handsome, she was called the village dear
 Her heart she gave to young men far on the ocean wide
 And true she was to young Henry who's on the silvery tide

Young Henry¹⁰¹⁹ being absent a nobleman there came
 A'courting pretty Mary but she refused the same
 I pray be gone there is but one, there is but one she cried
 And I pray be gone there is only one and he's on the silvery tide

This nobleman was walking one evening to take the air
 Down by the rolling ocean he spied this damsel fair
 Now said the cruel villian consent and be my bride
 For you'll sink or swim far^{far} from him who is on the silvery tide

(26)

Oh no, oh no dear sir she said my vows I dare not break
Oh no, oh no said Mary I will die for his sweet sake
He took a pocket handkerchief those tender hands he tied
And was screaming she went floating out on the silvery tide

It happened not long after young Henry returned from sea
Expecting to be married and appoint his wedding day
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Young Henry arose at midnight to search those sea banks ore
From 3 o'clock in the morning he wandered from shore to shore
Til 4 o'clock in the evening a lifeless body spied
While to and fro came floating out on the silvery tide

He knew that it was his own true love by the gold ring on her hand
He unfastened a pocket handkerchief that brought him to a stand
The name of that cruel villian young Henry quickly spied
That put an end to Mary down on the silvery tide

This nobleman was taken the gallows was his doom

(27)

For murdering pretty Mary all in her youthful bloom
 Youn^g Henry quite distraught then he wandered until he died
 And his last words was poor Mary down on the silvery tide.

Mrs. MacDonald: That is a long song too isn't it.

[tape is put off then on again]

S: That's encouraging.

N: And I heard the sleigh bells ringing and the snow is falling fast
 And I got my mule in Hannis and I got him hitched at last

~~Whoa-o-o~~ ~~Oh oh oh oh~~ I tell you, ~~Whoa-o-o~~ ~~Oh oh oh~~ I say

Watch the boards Miss Liza Jane and hang on to the sleigh

And watch his ears a flapping and see him shake his tail
 And watch the board you're sitting on as ore the drift we sail

And hang on to your bonnet, Liza do keep cool
 For I haven't time to kiss you here for I'm busy with my mule

~~Whoa-o-o~~ ~~Oh oh oh oh~~ I tell you, ~~Whoa-o-o~~ ~~Oh oh oh~~ I say

Watch the boards you're setting on and hang on to the sleigh

Now Liza could you name the date but the snow is falling fast
 While sleigh bells ring us joy to bring ore this winter road we pass

And hang on to your bonnet, Liza do keep cool

For I haven't got time for to kiss you for I'm busy with my mule

Here's your little town of countydown and the gas lights are in sight

But my mule is getting weary but he cannot tonight

There is an inn just round the bend, Liza do keep cool

But I won't have time for to kiss you there, I'll be busy with my mule

~~Whoa-o-o~~
~~Oh oh oh oh~~ I tell you, ~~Whoa-o-o~~
~~Oh oh oh~~ I say

Watch the board Miss Liza Jane and hang on to the sleigh

And there is going to be a wedding right here in your home town

There'll be mules and grays in jumper sleighs will come for miles around

There'll be styles in cloaks and bonnets too, Liza do keep cool

But I won't have time for to kiss you, I'll be busy with my mule

~~Whoa-o-o~~
~~Oh oh oh oh~~ I tell you, ~~Whoa-o-o~~
~~Oh oh oh~~ I say

Watch ~~the~~ boards your sitting on and hang on to the sleigh

Now the wedding it's all over and homeward we are bound

Liza Jane you still remain the grandest girl in town

You have cloaks and bonnets in galore, Liza do keep cool

I have ample time for to kiss you here and be fiddled with my mule

(29)

~~Whoa-o-o~~
~~Oh-oh-oh-oh~~ I tell you, ~~Whoa-o-o~~
~~Oh-oh-oh~~ I say

Watch the boards you're sittin on and hang on to the sleigh

So now to end my ditty and it's little ~~Whoa-o~~
~~oh-oh~~ tale
Concerning my mule in Hannis and ore the drifts we sailed

While you hung to the buck board [he laughs] Liza you've kept cool
I didn't have time for to kiss you for the darn confounded mule.

[they all laugh and applaud]

W: I think you should sing that secure again Nic.

S: When did you sing it last?

W: Oh it's quite a long time since he sang it isn't it?

Another woman: Gingerale Mister?

N: Why by God, Hell I could always stand a glass of ginger ale.

W: I'll get you some

N: They have some here I guess.

W: Helen

another woman: There's all kinds of ice in the ouside frig. I don't know if you know how to handle it or not, I will.

N: That's fine, thank-you.

S: Where did you learn that one from?

N: I learned, I learned that from me uncle, Sandy Underhill, oh way back it must be between 40 and 50 years ago.

W: I could listen to that all night.

S: Where do you think it comes from?

N: eh?

S: Where do you think that song comes from?

N: It came, it came, it comes from over to -- from Ireland.

S: You think it's from Ireland?

N: Ya, yes it is, ya (S: ya?) ya there was ^{Thomas} (?) Vicors ^{that's} ~~after~~ my grandfather. He, he brought a lot, an awful lot of Irish songs from

S: He was, he was from Ireland.

Ireland

(31)

N: over there. He belonged, he belonged to Limerick, ya, he come over there when he was 16.

S: Ya, I know it mentions County down but it doesn't sound like a Limerick song.

N: Ya and my father learned, learned from, you know and Uncle Sandy was his youngest brother (S: ya) and he, he, he learned it.

S: And that's the way, that's the way he sings it, that's the way

N: I have a, I have a lot of

S: he used to sing it was it?

N: Ya, I have a lot of Irish - yup the way he used to sing it, ya.
(S: uh uh) I learned from him (S: uh uh). We used be go down there in the evenings you know, we just lived over the hill and he used to sing "The Irishman's Toast" and then the "Rocky road to Dublin" and I know that,

S: [he laughs] you must get sick of those songs

N: I know that too, and I know the "Irishman's Toast" and I -- he used to sing them you know (S: and did) ya. (S: did) Limerick, where that's where they come from, old Vicer's, ya, ya Limerick - I heard Mother sayin', ya.

Limerick

(32)

S: And you have [↩] ever heard anyone else sing that song in particular?

N: No, I never did, I never heard nobody only him. Well I

W: Nic you made a real good job with that song there [shouted across the room]

N: 'Liza Jane' ya. (S: ya) Never heard nobody sing except Uncle Sandy ya.

W: Long time coming but it was worth waiting for, yup.

[tape slips]

N: The only one I met that ever knew it was Michal Vicars (S: ya) 'Banks of Sweet Dundee'. huh?

Man's voice: who is?

N: Michal Vicars, I, he, I learned from him you know, he used to sing it. And the only one I ever met that ever knew it (S: uh uh) ya.

On tape?

S: Yes, got it on.

N: And oh 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 Mantone, a sweet and comely maid
The heart of many a lumbering man I'm told she has betrayed

Miramichi

A brisk young man from ~~Fred~~^{Eric}ington 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
 And he stepped up to this pretty fair maid saying how do you do Miss

And oh go away this maid did say don't here a take me so
 For I would only fool my time if along with you I'd go
 For people they would only talk of the company I keep
 Do go away you silly Jay I hope you -- I think you need some sleep

Poor Archie has retired to rest and he lay upon the cloves
 His heart did beat like lightening sheet he could get no repose
 His heart did beat like lightening sheet as he rolled from side to side
 Saying this maid I wish I never saw since she wouldn't be my bride

And he arose by day next morning down stairs did nimbly creep
 The landlady accosted him saying young man how did you sleep
 I did not sleep dear madam he said for love torments me so
 And I am afraid your servant maid has proved my overthrow

So the landlady just laughed at him 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 out for Newcastle and what does he buy there
 But 5 dollars worth of jewelry for to win this lady fair

[voices have started up in the background]

*Frederickton
 Indian Town
 Newcastle*

(34)

W: YOU know who I am?

another woman: Yes in a kind of a way I do, Is it Mary?

N: Want me to finish it?

S: Whatever you think. [the tape shuts off]

Mans voice: Do you live in New Brunswick now? [tape slips]

W: Thomas Manning --

man's voice: What's this thing here you got, that jigger?

S: It's a tape recorder, ah this is a microphone, umm you know.

man's voice: oh?

N: And oh I'm Patty Mileson. I resply, my home is ore the sea
Oh for dancing or singing oh I hope I can please ye
I can dance or sing with any man for I did it in days of yore
On St. Patricks Day I long to wear the hat me Daddy wore

Sure it's old but it's beautiful and the best I ever seen
And it's been worn for 90 years or more on the little Isle so green
It is one of her great ancestors represented by galores

And the relics of old days [?] is the hat me Daddy wore

New Brunswick

(35)

Then I went to reap my corn for to labor I was born
 And I cut a great black thorn for to banish ghosts and goblins
 With a pail of shiny brouque sure I rattled ore the bog
 And I frightened all the frogs and I frightened all the dogs

On the rocky road to Dublin
 And oh here's to the rocky road
 Oh here's the road to Dublin
 And oh here's the rocky road
 Oh here's the road to Dublin

I take a drop of the rye for to keep my spirit from sinkin'
 And it was always an Irish man's cure when on his troubles were thinkin'
 And oh on the rocky road and my humble abode and my Maureen from Calmar
 I had popped the question twice and I'd march her to the alter if only
 I had the price

Oh here's the rocky road,
 Oh here's the road to Dublin
 And oh here's the rocky road
 Oh here's the road to Dublin

S: Good.

W: Is that all? Very good. [tape is slipped - time passes]

N: Here lies an old [he clears his throat] I haven't got the right
 tune, [he coughs a bit]

*Dublin
 Calmar*

W: Is your ginger ale all done?

man's voice: Not enough stuff in the ginger ale for her

W: Hush now Mister Burchill

N: [they laugh] I just off the tune I haven't sang this for a long time.

W: There lies a noble Steam ship

J: [he hums the tune softly] -- by name. Across the [voices]

W: That's too long.

J: Steaming out one foggy night too dark to see the land [lady hums]
[woman joins in] And by some miscalculation near (?) she did stand

singing lady: I knew I'd get him off. [she laughs]

J: [woman still singing with him]

The night being dark and stormy the outlook at his post

The first to solve the danger was the breakers on the coast

[singing alone] Just then the order was given our engines to reverse

Start board you helm our captain cried [woman again] Our ship is

off her course

(37)

But straight way to the breakers our noble ship steamed on [sung alone]
And then there came a dreadful crash most fearful for everyone
While the engineers and firemen were hard at work below
But in spite of their perseverance our ship did backward go

And when she was in deep water we saw her fate was sealed
The seas began to wash her decks and on her side she reeled
Her cabins soon

man's voice: They began to fill

J: Pardon?

man's voice: Yes you're right

J: Her cabins they began to fill and also down below
At

man's voice: Likewise

J: Likewise her -- ore compartments and down our ship did go

The saddest of my story and still it does remain

We had the lady passenger, Miss Proudly was her name
To visit some relations in the city of St. John

She ventured ore the stormy sea but now she's dead and gone

St. John

(38)

A sailor said he saw her in her cabin door stand by
 He said it grieved him to the heart to hear her mournful cry
 He offered to consol with her and said you won't be lost
 But soon this fair young maiden in the billows she was tossed

The same wave took our captain and he was seen no more
 Through stormy winds and darkness our ship - boats they lingered on
 Both engineers were also lost when our noble ship went down
 But the body of our lady fair has never yet been Found

Our cargo was for Halifax and the city of St. John

[he forgets the words here]

singing lady: And took us in to Lake Champlain (J: Lake Champlain)
 for our ship if tolled along (J: along) - and if

J: She was strongly built on the banks of the Clyde ten thousand tens
 or more

But her strength it proved of no avail to the rocks on Kent's Shore
 It's a long song.

woman's voice: Pretty well done [they laugh]

[tape is shut off here and speed changes to 7 1/2 ips]

?: I forget

W: long song! [tape goes off and changes to 3 3/4 ips]

*Halifax
St. John*

(39)

Woman: There was a wild colonial boy Jack Dubin was his name
 He was born in sunny Ireland a place called Tassel Bay
 He was his father's only pride, his mothers pride and joy
 And dearly did his parents love the wild colonial boy

At the early age of 16 years he left his happy home
 With a heart that knew no savior and a spirit that knew no heart
 He robbed a wealthy squires and their arms he did destroy
 A terror to Australia was the wild colonial boy

At the early age of 18 years he started his wild career
 With a heart that knew no savior, a spirit that knew no fear
 Oh I forgot that [?], what was that one now? What's the next line?

[a man's voice says something in answer]

Woman: Oh heavans that's awful. No, I know it ya know but

Man's voice: He robbed the rich to save the poor, he shot James Ma -- (?)

Woman: No I don't, I said that didn't I? Did I?

Voices: No, no

Woman: He robbed the rich to help the poor he shot James MacAvoy
 A terror to Australia was the wild colonial boy

*Ireland
Australia*

(40)

One evening on Australia's plains as Jackie rode along
 Listening to the mocking bird a singing his lofty song
 Up stepped three mounted troopers, Davis, Kelly and Fitzroy.
 They all turned out to capture him, the wild colonial boy
[dog starts barking]

Surrender now Jack Dubin for you see we're 3 to 1
 Surrender in the Queen's name you are a floundering son
Jack drew a pistol from his side and he raised it up on high
 I'll fight, I'll not surrender cried the wild colonial boy

He fired a shot at Davis that brought him ^{to} ~~the~~ the ground
 And as he turned to Kelly he recieved a fatal wound
 A pistol -- [spoken] oh dear what's that now

2 voices answer: a bullet which pierced

Woman: A bullet that pierced the brave young heart from the pistol of Fitzroy
 And that's the way they captured him, the wild colonial boy

Now tis many a year has passed along since men have heard his name
 But some there are that can recall the story of his fame
 He died in youth but not in truth-old Ireland's pride and joy
 And that is why we still sing of the wild colonial boy

: [laughing] Before it gets (?) my I think

: Oh my sure -- I make

*Australia
Ireland*

(41)

I: End of Shepheard's tape 70.1. Following is a dubbing of Peter Shepheard's tape made at the - at New Brunswick, Newcastle, New Brunswick, ah, Saturday the 9th of May at Louise Manney's. Ah his tape, 70.2.

[note: The following tape was made at Wilmot MacDonald's house in Glenwood, New Brunswick. There will be a notation when the scene swithces to Louise Manney's]

M= Wilmot MacDonald

B= Bob Ireland

S= Peter shepheard

W= Mrs. MacDonald

L= Lena MacDonald

F= Flo Ireland

M: But they, he sobered up and got a handout from one, the other you know. So he went into this house in Portland, you know? And ah he went into this house and he wanted a cup of tea. Indeed they know me and ah oh he says I was on a drunk+here, been on a drunk he says for a month. And he says I'm trying to get sobered up and I, I had to get out of town so he said I thought I'd get out in the country and I'd get a handout, bite to eat. They won't let a poor old poet - he always called himself a poet, see? He said they'll never let the old poet starve eh? So ah, he went to work and they made him a cup of tea and he says "you know" he says "I had a nice arrival here last night. My wife had a young son." "God bless ya" he says, the old poet says "isn't that great!" So he didn't say no more eh? So when he was going out he says to him, he says, "YOU're not going to make no little rhyme about the new arrival?" "Well yes" he says "I will." He says

*Newcastle, N.B.
Glenwood, N.B.
Portland*

→

He says "Where's the baby?" So he picked the baby up and he took him into his arms he did. [he laughs] You don't know what's coming do ya? [everyone laughs]

L: I do

M: He nursed the little baby, he says

You're welcome little stranger, you made our home so glad

You've slankened Mama's belly and made more room for Dad.

[everyone laughs most heartily]

B: Flo, that's like what you read.

F: What, like Larry Gorman used to do.

B: Precisely the same (F: same, ya) situation (F: ya) exactly.

M: Sure

F: No

B: Yes, going to the house and

F: Yes, this was going to her house and ah Lar - Larry Gorman on Prince Edward Island (M: ya) went to someone's house and ah they were going to serve a very, you know, very meager meal because he was asking for a handout (M: ya) and ah then the minister came. Oh no it was the girlfriend's boyfriends came, there were two girls in the

PEI

(43)

house, and their boyfriends came and all of a sudden the cakes and pies came out and the roast and everything else and he made -- I can't remember what the poem was -- but it was, it was something about the, the turnabout of affairs. (M: uh uh) He was asked to say grace and that's what the grace (M: oh yes) was, this poem that he made up. (M: oh yea, ya, ya)

B: A similar circumstance though.

M: Ya, ya, ya.

B: Traveling poet (F: ya)

M: Ya

B: Did anybody that you knew make their living by singing, just going from camp to camp singing?

M: No, no, we don't, no; no you couldn't make 5 cents (B: hum) no.

W: People sang themselves is that-

M: Everyone sung.

B: Did you ever have any black singers in the woods?

M: No, no. [a door squeaks open - bangs shut] Had sailors though that

(44)

was off a boat coming across from Ireland, Scotland, places like that. Used to jump the boats here you know, They used to come in to port eh? And they skipped a boat, eh. Well in them times you know there no mounted police, there was nothing like that then. And once they kept hid til the boat sailed, once the boat sailed they was ok.

(S: uh uh) They used to, we had a feller by the name of Dan the sailor, on board, nice lad. He come from the old country? Oh over here he'd make a dog laugh, ah he didn't never work in the woods in his life and he went up way the woods eh? But he got along the very best you know. He, he ah they wanted a teamster, eh? Well he didn't know what a teamster meant and he was laying in the bunk the next mornin expecting to get a job eh? So anyway, this feller come in and he guess there was about seven of them come in eh? Well Dan didn't know no one, we always called him - I don't know what his last name - we always called him Dan the sailor. So anyway, Dan was sitting there anyway, he wanted a teamster so Dan thought and thought, I might as well take that job, I don't know what it tis but - never seen a horse in his life. [he laughs] Ah he was, well he might have seen a horse but he never worked it anyway, but ah, anyway the lad took him out to hovel eh? Barn was called a hovel, maybe 6 to 8 pair of horses. So he took em in and he says ah, horse there, he said ah you gonna be a straw teamster and he said ah, I'll look after the horses but he says ah I can only drive one so he says ah, he says did you ever drive a horse before? He said no, not too much but he says I'm willing to learn eh? [unintelligible] Well the lad said nothing but anyway ^{sure} went out and he, when they - the horses are ready to go he says you ^{see} better put the bridle on your horse. Well he says, he says I didn't know what bridle meant. But he picked up this thing and he put it in

(45)

the horses face, he saw him put it in the horses face so he done the same eh with his horse and he got along all right he got the bridle on him. So he, he led his lad, he got in his back, got a leg up to the back but then Dan didn't take no chance. He just led his lad to the woods eh? Told him went out to the yard, was coming daylight eh and you know that's all done for daylight too much, coming daylight. And ah Dan was standing there and he said ah your whipple tree and tongues are standin^g up agin a tree; he seen he was awful stupid. Well he said when I looked at this whipple tree and tongue I could ah, he could a told me that was for me first lunch! [everyone laughs] But he didn't ride the horse, he, he led the horse, you know the horse knew more about it, but he got in the day with him. But then they give him a job around cutting wood, fire wood for the camp eh? And cutting wood for the cook and everything and they was eh, they used to bug him eh? And they set about the pismires, you know frozen pismires in a, i, a hollow log in the winter time in a pine stump eh? And they'd all house in there and they'd freez those pismires see? See? So there's one boy bitched him anyway and he, he wasn't he wasn't -- Dan wasn't taking this, you know, they thought you know he was that green eh that he didn't know. But he was just siding along with them eh, gonna get the time in anyway. So anyway they said about this pismire being such a great sale see? A bucket of pismires is, you know? You get a pile of money for those frozen, you get a bundle full. Dan was pulling this great big bluff in the camp yard and it was just something to talk about, pismires - frozen pismires. So he run in the camp, he says to the cook, he says me fortune is made, so he said why? He says the whole campyards alive with pismires.

(46)

[everyone laughs] His fortune was made. [he laughs] All this stuff and he'd go on and talk - ya, ya. But he was a nice lad but he could sing! Oh yes he could sing.

B: Shantys?

M: Shanty boy songs, all that kind of stuff. And tell stories? Oh something awful all together, ya. [he laughs] We used to set and listen to him talk for hours.

L: You live in Maine eh? [this to Bob]

M: Yah.

S: Do you remember any of the songs he used to sing?

M: Oh yes I, I sing one of the songs. In fact I think I sing 2 of the songs.

F: Did you learn them from him or did you know them (M: ya) oh.

M: Huh, I learnt them from him, ya. He used to sing that song ah- oh God damn it, I sung it up there 3 or 4 years ago. [6 sec. pause] Percy Baker used to sing that same song over the air, what was it? Jessie? The Pride of Glemcoe.

W: Oh, a lady singss

A:

M: Huh?

W: We know someone in Scotland who sings that too, it's a nice song.

M: Ya, ya, Percy Baker used to sing it over the air after that, after you know?

S: Uh uh?

M: Ya and I knew it for 45 -- 50 years [he laughs], ya that old song, ya. Ya, Dan's the Sailor used to sing her, ya.

B: Did he play any kind of ah, (M: No he never played) instrument?

M: Never played nothing, no.

S: You don't know where he was from?

M: No. (S: no) He just said, well, we belong over the pond. That's what he'd say. You know? [he laughs] Course they'd say that.

F: Did he stay in the woods after that?

M: Across the pond. No.'

F: No?

M: No, no he couldn't live like that, next spring, he stayed there the winter. The kind of work that we do eh, you know, it was against

Scotland

his will, eh?

F: uh

M: And then you'd come home here in the winter time, you'd come home here after the [?] broke up about the 20th of March you'd come home. Well then you get your fire wood eh, frig around like that and then the 15th of April you'd go back to the drive eh? (F: umm) Well you'd be there on the drive then laying along the bank, everything like that for 25, 35 days. So you know, if a man wasn't born and brought up to that it was a pretty hard way for to try to make a dollar, wasn't it? (F: umm) And you didn't know nothing about it. [he giggles] He said he was as good with a peavy as a cow! [they all laugh] Dan says that thing that they roll that log with, he doesn't - he used to be down on his knees rolling. [they all laugh again] Ya, ya. So that's the way it is -- ah? ya, yea.

L: So you're not going to be there the last night huh?

B: I beg your pardon?

L: You're not going to be there for the last night.

B: No (F: no) We're leaving tomorrow morning.

W: Oh

M: Uh uh.

B: Have to be back. (L: huh)

F: We should have stayed a week (L: ya) You know, something.

M: Sure

F: Next year maybe.

L: [?] working?

[tape slides around a bit -- on and off]

[This next part is at Louise Manney's House]

M: OK?

One evening in May as I rode ore creation
 By the banks of the [?] I chance for to stray
 Where the fields and the meadows and the flowers were blooming
 And the small birds sang sweet as the lambs sport and play

I beheld a poor woman she was dressed in deep mourning
 With a babe on her arm as she tenderly moaned
 As she sighed in deep murmur I have lost my dear husband
 My husband, Dan Carty, I will ne're see him o're

I said my dear woman I beg you excuse me
 You appeared overloaded with sorrow and care
 Are there any bad landlords to who you have been cruel
 Or the cause of your trouble I would love for to know

(50)

Oh yes sir she answered it's the truth now I'll tell you
 For my bosom is raked and my heart is full sore
 For Felix Parks murdered my husband Dan Carty
 Slaughtered here on this earth and I will see him no more

Oh Felix the traitor, the hard hearted deceiver
 May the ground that he walks on the grass never grow
 May his name be protected all over the nation
 And shun of mankind where ever he goes

May his long life be wrecked and his wife die a widow
 May his children go rambling on Erin's green shore
 May the curse of a widows and orphans be on him
 For he murdered Dan Carty, I will see him no more

Oh now he is gone but a short time before me
 For I hope that we'll meet on the great heavenly shore
 Where the angels in heaven, God pray does are ringing
 There I'll meet my Dan Carty and we'll part no more

S: [clears his throat] Where did you hear that one? Where did you learn that one?

Miramichi

M: I learnt that song, I learnt that song 'bout, oh it's 45 - 50 years ago. I was on the , on the South Branch Renous, that's on the main river here, Miramichi. Feller by the name of Tom Curtis, he sung it. And then the next man that sung it was ah, Ambrose Vicers and Tom Vicer two brothers that used to sing it together. And that's ah, that wasn't

(51)

yesterday, [he chuckles] when I learnt it. Ya.

S: The Esteys when they sing together they sing the same tune and so on, they sing

M: Oh ~~ya~~, (S: D, do you ever) it's the same song. (S: ya) I have a brother that umm, well I, I sing with you up there, eh? (S: umm) He looks something like me. Some of them sometimes they take us for twins, eh? (S: uh uh) But he's ah 2 years older than me. Well me and him used to sing like that together one time. (S: I see.) The song he learnt, I learnt it too eh?

S: And then you'd sing it together

M: And then we both sing it together eh?

S: Uh uh, ya - you never

W: Do you, do you ever get singing the same song but slightly different tune?

M: Oh no. (W: No?)

S: Harmony, you know

W: No, no I don't mean it shouldn't be

(52)

M: Oh yes, yes I know what ya mean.

W: Just sort of um singing (M: one singing) diff - slightly differently. But you know in, in - you get choirs and they have to (M: that's right) sing at the top. (M: yes I know) You sometimes get singers who might sing - like you and [?]

S: It's not common in, in - to amongst folk or traditional singers (M: No, no) to, to get two to sing together with variations (M: no) which they sing different things. (M: no) But it is known, it, it happens in some places you know.

M: Yes, I know it happens in places, ya.

S: And it's ah, you know like in church for example (M: that's right) you sing in harmony.

M: That's, that's right.

S: Well this kind of singing is also known sometimes for folksinging.

M: Oh yes. And it would be nice too wouldn't it.

S: Yes, it can be very nice, There's this one family in England that does it.

M: Oh yes, uh uh, uh uh.

England

(53)

W: We've never had [tape is shut off for a time]

S: OK?

M: Just a year ago tonight we were married
The happiest moment in life
When down from the church we both wandered
When you made me forever your wife

Your eyes shone as bright as the daylight
When fondly you called me your own
You promised me faithful and truly
That you would leave liquor alone

You promised tonight to come sober
And share all my sorrows and cares
But also your faults we'll so love you
If you'll only ^{let} ~~leave~~ liquor alone

Last night I awaited you coming
The same as ever before
I saw you approaching in the glooming
When I hastened to open the door

Your steps they were very unsteady
~~For~~ whisky had clouded your brain
You stumbled and fell in the doorway
So I see you've been drinking again

(54)

Your brow that it once was so mannerly
 For it tis now all haggard and warm
 Your breathe is all tainted with brandy
 And your clothes they're all shattered and worn

So think of the vows you have made love
 to your kind wife and baby at home
 But also your faults we'll so love you
 If you'll only let liquor alone

[tape off and on again]

Well I'll try her anyway. [he clears his throat]

It was late Thursday evening in the theatre hall
 Where I first met my Willy he was proper and tall
 He was neat, tall and handsome in every degree
 And his heart lies in his bosom, lies ableeding for me

Oh Willy, lovely Willy, oh Willy said she
 If ever you marry oh please marry me
 For the love lies as heavy as the stone on my breast
 And they grave to be the first place for we hope to find rest

Oh green ~~grows~~ the rushes from the top of them all
 For love is a thing that will conquer us all
 For the love lies as heavy as the stone on my breast
 And the grave to be the first place for we hope to find rest

Oh in my father's garden there grows a ^{green} tall tree
 There'll be lords, dukes and squires all come to court me
 But when they're all sleeping and all at their rest
 Meet me there oh lovely Willy, you're the boy I love best

Oh but her cruel father in ambush did lay
 On hearing those kind words from his daughter to say
 And with his sharp dagger he pierced my love through
 And the innocent blood from my Willy he drew

Oh father dearest father since you had your will
 I will pity the innocent blood for to spill
 I will lay myself down on the ground where he lies
May the heaven shine upon him, he's been my own darling boy

Oh green grow the rushes ore the top of them all
 For love is a thing that will conquer us all
 For the love lies as heavy as the stone on my breast
 And the grave to be the first place for we hope to find rest

There she goes. [he chuckles] I'm gettin horse now, see!

S: Pretty song.

M: Where'd you - where'd did you learn that one? Do you remember where
 you got that one from?

M: Oh, oh I -- my father.

S: Your father.

M: My father used to sing this song and then our old neighbor, here across the field - we lost him here about 4 years ago. He used to sing up at the festival.

S: Did he?

M: Poor old John Holland. And ah, after, after he ah died eh? Well this is the first year I've sung it eh, I told him ah. His daughter, (S: ya) his daughter met me in town one day and she asked me would I - did I know any of her father's songs and I said oh yes I know quite a few of them you know? 'Cause he lived along side of the daughter like. But ah I, I told her I'd sing her that, sing her that song this year. But it's a nice little song. Uh uh.

S: Do you know, do you know any ah, any woodsman or singers down in Charlotte County?

M: No

S: You don't. Never, never get any from there coming up this way or

M: No, no. Never, I never would - the only - well we got them from Sappho and we had them from [?] and we had them all over them places down the north shore and down this side, our side, they go right over to ~~Skinnack~~ ^{Shediac} and Bay Saint Ann and Eel River and everything. And then we had some beautiful singers from the Island. Peter

*Charlotte County
Shediac
Bay St. Ann
Eel River
PEI*

(57)

McDonald, he [he chuckles] Peter McDonald from the Island. That's who I learnt that Peter Emberly from. (S: Was it?) Ya. But ah he sung it the other night, he don't sing it the same ah Pearly Hare and he makes an awful job you know, eh? And he ah some songs he can sing awful good. (S: uh uh) Do you know even that song he sung last night, he sung it good, Pearly Hare?

S: I can't, - what'd he sing now?

W: Banks of the Clyde

S: Oh ya

M: The Banks of the Clyde

S: That's right, ya.

M: Ya, he sung them good. And the night before he sung that other one, that ah - oh I know too [he sniffs]

W: Guy Reed?

M: Guy, Guy Reed (S: uh uh) was the name of the song. He got killed on the land and - logs, putting in logs. (S: ya) [machine shut off]

M: [machine slips on again] Well (S: umm) it was a new machine eh? Well she was going to work - well then they took another one, a new one, and took it all apart (S: uh uh) and they flew the two of them

PE

(58)

in for parts. This was the one for for parts, they took the other
ma - new machine all apart (S: uh uh) and they flew them in there.
Well then they didn't want to take their helpers here from this
country, they was to get their helpers in Labrador. So he said he
had an Indian, was all Indian see, well he said he wouldn't stay with
them in the shack; they had good cook, they took the cook and all kinds
of cooking. So this guy, he, he wouldn't ah wouldn't stay at night
he'd have to go home. Now he lived 7 miles from there, and he used
to clap that little path up and down up over this snowshoe road and
everything like that. Said you could see them coming running
[someone coughs] running there all the time you know? And ah
Hayward said they had the drill shack you know and they, when you
was going to drill a hole here why they'd put a drill shack right up
eh, so it could rain or it could snow and you was under cover eh?
And you had a nile stove and all of - all kinds of canned goods and
everything and you go ahead. And Hayward said he used to watch, watch
this guy - he wouldn't eat what Hayward would eat - but Hayward said
you just turn your back on him and see what he'd do. He'd be just
watching those cans of beans and everything, you, you know kinda like
uncivilized, you know, as long as he could eat it without you seeing
him, he'd eat it and eat plenty, but then he'd want to let on to you
that he wouldn't eat that stuff, see.

S: And these are Indians you say?

M: Oh yes, these are all Indians.

Ø:

Labrador

(59)

S: But it's not just Indians up in Labrador, (M: no no) I mean there's plenty of (M: oh!) there's plenty of Newfoundland ah, basically white peo - you know, Newfoundland fishermen up there. (M: oh yea) I know they went up from Newfoundland.

M: But ah, where ah, he lost the summer that summer where Hayward worked. He was out on the North^{west}east river of Labrador where he was the last time. But he said right in June and July the fur was good the year round. This Indian used to trap the year round in that place where he was. (S: uh uh) Uh uh. And when these caribou, when the hunting seasons come, and you couldn't get them to work at all. They'd go after those caribou you know. Oh yea. [he laughs] Ya.
[the tape goes off - comes on again and a 6 second pause follows]

L: bh

S: OK?

M:

I'll tell you a tale of the Jones boys who lives in yonder hill
Two Jolly fellows ^{with} ~~with~~ the twinkle in each eye and they each do own a mill
They owned a mill in the side of the hill and Eliza she worked the kiln
Oh they worked all day and they worked all night ~~but~~ they couldn't make
the gosh darn sawmill pay
Then high tum diddle um Johnny Jones, high tum diddle um Jimmy

Labrador

(60)

Oh they'd bring their grist from far and near and early they'd arrive
And the bell will be ringing and the boys would be singing when on the
scene arrived

And Jimmy would be there to greet you and a jolly man was he
And his gallant wife Eliza, for she worked in the kiln you see

Now Oliver McKay just cross the way o' the sere in Johnny's mill
And he can set his dogs to saw his logs and his order he could fill
But sometimes he'd get tipsy as Johnny Jones would say
And on that day they'd be held for pay in the mill at Jones's brew

When the fall of the year when the leaves are down and the days are
bleak and gray

And the grist on ... [tape runs out]

(1)

[The beginning of this interview is on side II of 588.1. The continuation of the interview begun on page 16 of this transcript is at the beginning of tape 588.1]

I: This is tape 588.1, continuation of dubbings of tapes made in Newcastle, New Brunswick by Mr. Peter Shephard -- S-h-e-p-h-e-a-r-d. This will begin with the last song, The Jones Boys which was incomplete at the end of tape 588.1.

S= Shephard F= Flo Ireland
 W= Mrs. Shephard B= Bob Ireland
 M= Wilmot MacDonald N= Nic Underhill

S: OK?

Newcastle, NB

M: [sings]

I'll tell you a tale of the Jones Boys who lives in yonder hill
 Two jolly fellows with a twinkle in each eye and they each do own a mill
 They own a mill in the side of the hill and Eliza she worked in the kiln
 Oh they worked all day and they worked all night but they couldn't make
 the gosh darn sawmill pay
 Then high tum diddle um Johnny Jones, high tum diddle um Jimmy

Oh they bring their grist from far or ^{early} ~~near~~ they'd arrive
 And the bell will be ringing and the boys would be singing when on the
 scene arrived

And Jimmy would be there to greet you and a jolly man was he
 And his gallant wife Eliza for she worked in the kiln you see

(2)

Now Oliver McKay just cross the way o' the sire in Johnny's mill

He can set his dogs to saw his log and his order he could fill

But sometimes he'd get tipsy as Johnny Jones would say

And on that day they'd be held for pay in the mill at Jones's brew

When the fall of the year when the leaves are down and the days are
bleak and gray

And the grist on the ground for miles around and there's time for to feed
your hay

With the season come completed and all is safe and sound

They will close their mill in yonder hill till the spring time comes around

So it's now to conclude and to finish, my ditty I must end

And I hope I have said nothing wrong or my neighbors to offend

But when the spring ~~when the spring~~ when the robin sings and employment

I will find

I will work for Johnny Jones in the mill at Jones's brew

The Jones boys, the Jones boys, here's to the jolly Jones Boys

They worked all day and they worked all night but they couldn't make
the gosh darn sawmill pay

Then high tum diddle um Johnny Jones, high tum diddle um Jimmy

[?] go?

S: Pretty good.

M: That was just made up at a, above the mill eh? You know where ah,

(3)

ah - (woman's voice: oh yea) you know where ah, what cha call it
mill is? Fraser's mill?

S: You mean the big mill down there?

Woman's voice: right

M: The big mill up on the Fredricton road, there's a big mill at
Fraser's. They let - [?] Jones of Scotland right there, they call
it. ~~There's~~ an old mill was on that side there.

woman's voice: really? Where you turn there?

M: What it's no good?

Man: Perhaps we ah want a bigger reel?

man's voice: Well I got that feeling that [tape shut off for a moment]

M: OK?

S: Right

M: Oh good people pay attention a song I'll sing to you
Concerning Bessy Sargeant and Billy Mearner too
Twas the middle of Neve~~mber~~ber he came to Doling town
And he moved in with the Sergeants and he tried to settle down

*Fredricton
Scotland*

(3)

For he seemed to be contented and he said he liked the place
But little did poor Bessy think that he'd disgrace her place
Oh Mearner was a big man and a man both stout and tall
You'd think he was as fine a man as ever had a gall

For he planned with Wilmot MacDonald that a hunting they would go
He thought they'd leave in the morning that's if it didn't snow
They shouldered their two rifles and started for the plane
And everything that come the way was sure to be Mearner's game

They roamed the woods together both places both large and small
But Mearner was a clumsy man and sometimes he would fall
For when big Mearner he did fall he made such a terrible sound
If there was a deer within a mile he'd head for higher ground

When they got tired hunting they both returned to home

He gave his gun to Wilmot and swore a whole mud he'd roam
He ate a hearty supper and off to bed he went
He seemed to be well satisfied and called it a day well spent

Now everything went perfect about two weeks or three
Till Mearner thought he'd go to town and have a little spree
For he stayed in town for three days drinking beer and wine
But no one seemed to mind him for it was Christmas time

He came back into Bessy's feeling pretty blue
Bessy said to Mearner is your grub not filling you

(4)

He sent for all these house boys for lemon into town
 And he drunk 4 bottles of lemon and he ate a quarter of lamb

Three days after Christmas Mearner flew into a rage
 You'd think he was a lion just let out of his cage
 For the way he raised poor Bessy it surely was a sin
 And he gathered up his rigging and he left for Jimmy Quinn

Now my song is ended, I think I sang enough
 And if ~~there's~~ you'll all agree with me you'll say she's rather tough
 But any man or woman if their head is good and sound
 It's never ~~let~~ will Mearner come back to Doling town.

[he laughs] This is what they called it one time.

S: This place?

M: Ya, Doling town.

S: Why was that?

M: He was just up about the last house where he was. He stayed up there
 ah an old IRISH people that lived up there, Sergeants, you know?

[someone else speaks] Well no, no I never could ah - I have a record
 of it that ah, but you know, Bessy was alive but they're all dead now,
 both parties are all dead now. We made the song here eh?

(5)

S: Uh uh, (M: oh yea) And when did this change from being called
Lol -- Doling Town?

M: Well it ah -- oh people years ago, used to call it Doling town.
It, it got that name, I - it only got that name to Waltzing Bernie
who - there was a fellow by the name of Bernie Cook eh? And
he was the nimblest man and they called him Waltzing Bernie.
There always was a time he would go to a dance he just waltzed
eh? (S: ya) So all these girls there and my sisters, all the
sisters and all them old people they used to come up here and ah
there'd be six or seven girls from the road and they ^{called} ~~called~~ it
Doling town. Ber - he named it himself, Doling town with
waltzing Bernie, he never was married eh? But this was where they
got the name, they - see? Ya.

woman's voice: So Doling town I spose was for Doling.

M: Oh yea, sure. Now what was that other song that you want me
to sing? [Lena says something but it isn't clear] Uh uh,
how's the first verse go?

Lena MacDonald: I don't know the song, [she laughs] I know you
sung it.

M: Well there you go, see, don't appear to know any songs, eh?
[they laugh]

(6)

S: I think you know another song.

M: Sure but you don't want me to sing them at all. How did that go? [4 sec. pause] Oh I'll think of it.

Lena MacDonald: you will? [6 sec. pause]

M: Oh he came unto a place where he often did lodge in
To see what his old mistress would say unto him
You're welcome back dear Johnny, you're welcome home from sea
For last night daughter Molly was dreaming of thee

Oh what news dearest John, oh what news you bring to me
Bad news, bad news said Johnny, bad news I bring to thee
We had a stormy voyage and the ship was wrecked and tossed
And the most of her seamen was drowned and lost

Oh as Johnny got sleepy he hung down his head [phone rings]
He called for a candle to light himself to bed
My green beds they're all taken by strangers far and near
And besides you've got no money, John, you'll get no lodging here

Oh it's landlady, landlady how much then do I owe
How much then do I owe you and quickly I will pay
5 and 20 shillings John you owe me on the [?]
So with that so he hauled out a long purse of gold

Oh it's when she saw the money boys caused her old heart to rule

(7)

Saying Johnny dearest Johnny I'm not done with you
If you were in earnest John I owe I was unjust
And beside my reputation I like dear John the best

I'll bring down my daughter Molly, I'll set her on your knee
Likewise a flowing bowl and it's merrier we will be
My green beds they're all empty John and has been all the week
And it's you and daughter Molly can have a silent sleep

I will not lay in you green beds or go inside your door
For you nor daughter Molly will nere see me more
For Jacks got lots of money he can make the taverns roar
With rum, gin and brandy and whiskey in galore
Be careful of you money boys and lay it up in store
For it's when you've got no money boys
you're kicked out of doors.

[they laugh] How do you like that for an old song?

S: Good, that's good. Is that an old song?

Lena MacDonald: She found room when he had the money.

M: [laughing] Oh boy, she said

S: Tell me what - what do you mean by a green bed?

M: Well just, ah it's just the bed eh?

(8)

Lena MacDonald: it's the spare bed.

M: The spare bed eh, she had a

S: I heard, the spare bed is it?

M: Ya, see well then she called them green beds eh? She was to keep boarders eh, you know and the fellers coming eh?

S: Is this ah - is this ah I mean would you use the, do you know, is this what you'd - you, so you'd use green beds to mean a, an, an,
(M: oh ya) an empty bed is that right?

M: Ah just an empty bed would be a green bed.

S: Ya, I've heard the, I've heard the word before (M: ya) but I never knew quite what it meant, see.

M: Well this is what we call a cot today, you know, told em, you know just a green bed you see,

S: I've heard of [__?__] I to the effect - [tape goes off and makes a funny squeak for 53 sec.]

Marie Hare: I'm wholly sorry now what will I sing? What do you want me to sing Dr. Manney? Now let me see ah -- oh dear.

Last night there were 4 Marys, this night there'll be just 3
There were Mary Seaton and Mary Beaton and Mary Carmichael and me

(9)

Oh it's little did my mother think when first she cradled me
That I would go so far from home and hang in a gallow tree

They'll tie a napkin round a my eye, they'll no let me see today
And they'll never let on to my mother and father that I'm away ore the

Last night there were 4 Marys, this night there'll be just 3
There were Mary Seaton and Mary Beaton and Mary Carmichal and me

Oh I wish I were in my own church yard beneath the old Yew tree
Where we wore the gowns and did the rounds, my brothers, my sisters
and me

* Another "chorus" (last night there were 4 Marys --- etc. - 2 lines)

But little care I for a nameless grave if I hope for eternity
So pray that the faith of the dying theif may be granted through
grace unto me

Yes pray that the faith of the~~x~~ dying theif may be granted through
grace unto me

Last night there were 4 Marys, this night there'll be just 3
There were Mary Seaton and Mary BEATON AND Mary Carmichal and me

[applause] I don't know what it'll sound like cause I havem't [?]

it. It's hard to sing too, you know

Woman's voice: And where - would you sing the thing -

M. Hare: And this is the old, old way of singing it. You know you've

heard it ^{have you} on record?

S: No, I don't know the song I guess.

M. Hare: Well on record they sing it like ah - I don't want you to record this but I'll sing it my own way.

Last [she stops to clear her throat]

Last night how the wind it blew bitter, blew bitter across the wide
moor

Mary she came with her child in her arms, wandering home to her own
fathers door.

Father oh Father she cried, come down and please open the door
OR THE child in my bosom will perish and die from the wind that blows
bitter across the wide moor

But the father he heard not a sound, not a word from her lips reached
his ear

While the watchdogs they barked and the village bell tolled and the
wind it blew bitter across the wide moor

Oh how the old man must have felt when he came to the door the next
morn

And he found Mary dead but the child still alive, firmly clasped in
her dear mothers arms

In frenzy he tore his white hair while the child to its mother went so

(11)

Now there's nobody there to this day and the cottage has gone to ruin

And the villagers point out that spot where the willow weeps over the d
It was there Mary died, she was the whole village pride died from
the wind that blew across the wild moor

[applause] I wonder how - [tape is shut off]

There's a bit of family history that's been handed down to me
And has held a place of honor on our ancient family tree
It may only be a legend but we've kept it with a will
The story of my grand sire's sword, the sword of Bunker Hill

Twas in the days of long ago when men were called to stand
Ore the sacred cause of liberty and freedom of our land
And my great grand sire heard it and with a firm and steadfast will
He buckled on his trusty sword, the sword of Bunker Hill

As captain of his company he led his troops away
And there upon the immortal ground he stood from break of day
Til the lengthening of the shadows brought the evening damp and chill
Before he sheathed his mighty sword, the sword of Bunker hill

I am told that through the hours of that long and dreadful day
In a humble home in Charleston a patient woman lay
Passing through the darkening shadows never faltering until
There was born a son, an heir to him, who fought at Bunker Hill

Charleston

(12)

And that is why the ancient sword still hangs upon the wall
'Neath the picture of a soldier in his uniform so tall
But I can't forget the pride with which my bosom seemed to fill
When they told me how my grand sire fought that day at Bunker Hill

Now that's true. [5 sec. pause]

N: Oh just before the last great charge, 2 soldiers drowned the rain
With a clasp of their hands and a parting word they might never return
again

One had dark blue eyes and a curly head, 19 but a month ago
And a crest of his chin, red on his cheek, he was but a boy you know

Now the other was tall, dark, stern and proud, his faith in this world
Now was dim

And he only put trust in those who fully cared for him
They rode side by side in many a rain and they marched for many a mile
And every time they met the foe with a calm and peaceful smile.

But as they both rode down the hill in the deadly, ghastly gloom
And the tall dark man was the first to speak saying Charlie my hour
has come

We will both ride down the hill and if you ride back again

I will ask you a little trouble to take for me when I am slain

(13)

Here is a face I wear on my coat, I wear it into the fight
With dark blue eyes and a, and, and a heart of gold and a smile like the
morning light
Like the morning light she is dear to me for she gladdened my lonely life
What need I care for the troubles of life when she promised to be my wife
Ride to her Charlie when I am gone send her this fond fare face
Tell her kindly how I died and where is my resting place
Tears dimmed the blue eyes of the boy and his cheeks - and his voice
grew weak with pain
Yes I'll do your bidding comrade mine, if I ride back again
But if you ride back and I do not, you might do ~~as/night/do~~ as much for me
For I have a mother at home who patiently waits for me
She prays for me like a watching saint and her white face decked with woe
It will break her heart when I am gone, I shall see her soon I know
Oh one by one those she loves she parted with husband and son
And I being the last my country calls she kissed me and sent me on
Twas then the orders came to charge and we both clasped hand and hand
And answered aye and on we rode with a brave devoted band
From the crest of the hill where the rebels were being there with shot
and shell
It was, it was facing death in those charging ranks and they jeered us
when we fell
And when the battle was over lay the boy with the curly head
And the tall dark man that rode by his side lay there beside him dead

There was none to write to that dark eyed girl to tell her the words
 he said

And the mother at home she must bear the news that her darling boy is dead
 They will never know of their last fond thoughts that went for to ease
 their pain

Until they cross the river of death and stand by their side again

[he chuckles] That's the "Battle of Gettysburg"

Woman's voice: What was that one

S: Battle of Gettysburg

N: Battle of Gettysburg (woman's voice: oh) ya. [tape goes off - 6
sec pause]

S: Alright?

N: Oh four and four -- [?]

S: [?]

N: Oh 4 and 20 gay ladies one night was at the ball

Lord Banzerly's wife the fairest flower, the fairest of them all

He placed and eye - she placed and eye on little Moss Crow and him
 the same on she

Saying how much would you give me my ~~sweet~~ little crow one night to
^{spend}
~~stay~~ with me

One night to spend with thee lady would cause me a great deal of strife
 But ^{the} the ring on your finger small I fear you're lord Banzerly's wife

Lord Banzerly's wife although I am you I mean to beguile
 For he has to old England gone and he won't return for a while

As Lord Banzerly set on his kingly throne, and a noble king was he
 Saying I can neither eat nor sleep til my lady I go see

What noise is that said little Moss Crow, it's sounding very near
 No I fear it is Lord Banzerly's horn, it sounds so very clear

Oh turn ore, turn ore my sweet little Crow and keep me from the cold
 It is nothing but my father's herd they're driving the sheep to the fold

They had been scarcely in bed for an hour or two or yet was fast asleep
 When into the room Lord Banzerly crept and he stood at their bed feet

Oh how do you like my blanket sir and how do you like my sheet
 And how do you like my flase lady that lies in your arms so neat

It is well I like your blanket sir, far better I like your sheet
 And more better I love your gay lady who lies in my arms so neat

Here is two swords I hold in my hand they cost me very dear
 You take the best and I'll keep the worst and we'll try each other here

The very first round which they did fight he wounded the king full sore

England

But the next round which they did have little Crow he sighed no more

He took his false lady by the hand and ^{he} pierced her body through
Saying lie there, lie there you false lady for it's soon I'll follow you

So they dug a grave both wide and deep and they placed Lord Banzerly in
And they put his wife on the sunny side, she was wed to a noble king

[tape is turned off and speed changes to 7 1/2 ips]

M: When you're ready I'll sing

[tape is shut off and speed changed back to 3 3/4 ips]

[This was recorded at the home of Wilmot MacDonald in Glenwood,
New Brunswick. Present are Wilmot and Lena MacDonald, Peter and
Lena Shepheard and Bob and Flo Ireland]

M: When you're ready I'll sing her.

S: OK, right, there you go.

M: Oh the first young man came acourting me
I have no doubt that he loved me
With a false heart and a flattening tongue
He was the first to intice me when I was young

Glenwood, N.B.

(17)

For the first 6 months his love grew kind
Until one day he had changed his mind
Saying my parents call and I must obey
So it's fair you well darling I'm going away

I will hold you fast, I'll not let you go
For you are mine by right you know
Though [fiddle those] vows as you made to me
And the bright sun arose over green valley

I - Oh I forgot it now. [5 sec. pause then he laughs] that funny.

It was on this green love where we sat down
Nothing but birds came fluttering round
Changing their notes from tree to tree
And the bright sun rose over Green Valley

Now must I go bound while he goes free
Once I loved a man that don't love me
Or must I act a childish ~~depart~~
And love a man that has broke my heart

Now I'll sing one song and I'll sing no more
Since the boy has gone that I adore
I'll change my mind like the waiting wind
And I'll speak no more on false young men. [he chuckles]

(18)

F: That's wonderful.

M: That's a long time since I've sung that song, I did, I thought I was going to quit her all together. [they laugh] Sometimes you gotta memorize them in your mind.

Lena MacD: Why don't you sing that one ummm, Home from sea.

M: No I ain't going sing that big long song now.

Lena MacD: That's not long. That's not long. (M: mope) Least I don't think it's long.

M: I'll sing that other little one. She never likes me to sing this song.

Lena MacD: There is, to sing that, they going to

M: I'm going to sing it up there ~~tonight~~ the last night.

Lena MacD: Yea. well there

M: She's used to - used to going away

B: We won't be there the last =

W: No, well thats the song I'm going to sing ya, and she wo -- why she never want me to sing it - because I'll tell you sir it's

what they call the 'Alimony Song'. [he laughs]

Come all you people young and gay oh you'll hear my mournful story
That those who live in single bliss they must be in their glory
I married me a charming dame oh again my life was lonely
Then one night she left me flat and she sued for alimony
To pay her alimony, to pay her alimony
Then one night she left me flat and she sued for alimony

Oh she [?] my footsteps then I owed, oh she counted every dollar
And every time I got a dime you ought to hear her holler
My pocketbook she threw away oh I lived on stale balony
Along the line I'd bought and sold to pay her alimony
To pay her alimony, to pay her alimony
Along the line I'd bought and sold to pay her alimony

One day a letter came ~~of~~ me that she was sinking slowly
I hastened onward to her side to see what she was thinking
And in those ghostly hours of hers oh her form so lank and lonely
When she raised those weary eyes to mine and whispered alimony
To pay her alimony, to pay her alimony
When she raised those weary eyes to mine and whispered alimony

Now 7 years has past and gone oh agin my heart was gay
Then one night I chanced to pass the grave down where she lay
Out of that ghostly tomb there rose ah ah heart so -- no-o-o

[he laughs] Ah I can't sing it now. [he clears his throat]

(20)

Lena MacD: [?]

M: Out of that ghostly tomb there rose a form so lank and lonely
When a voice rang out in the midnight won't you pay my alimony
She was still after him. [he starts giggling]

F: You know what one that I always associate with you is that
Pretty Polly song.

M: Oh ya.

F: That, that's just beautiful, I really like that.

S: That's a long one isn't it?

M: Ya, that's a good long song. I - I never sung that song, I never
thought of it since Sandy Ives was here.

F: Really? (M: uh uh) huh.

W: There was a man came from the north who proved untrue to me
He said let's go to some foreign land and married there we will be
Pray give me some of your father's gold and some of your mother's
And two of the best horses out of the stable, but there stood 30
and 3

She gave him some of her father's gold and some of her mother's fee
And away she rode from her own father's home two hours before it was day

They rode along to a pearling stream, mount off, mount off he cried
For it's six pretty fair maids I have drowned here and you the 7th
shall be

Strip off, strip off your silks and gowns and give them unto me
For it would not -
For they are too costly and riches my dear to rot in the salt, salt sea

Oh as he turned his back on her and spying those leaves so green
She grabbed him by the slender waist and threw him into the stream

Lie there, lie there you false young man, lie there instead of me
For it's six pretty air maids you have drowned here, the 7th has
drowneded thee

Oh then she mounted a milk white steed, come leading a dapple gray
And away she rode to her own father's home ²~~to~~, 1 hour before it was day

The parrot being high in the window and this to the lady did say
Oh lady, dear lady come tell unto me, [he coughs] why you're riding
so long before day

Oh Polly, Pretty Polly don't tell no tales, don't tell no tales on me
And your cage shall be made of the glittering gold with doors of ivory

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The old man got up on the morning and this to the parrot did say
Oh Polly, Pretty Polly come tell unto me why you're talking so long
before day

The cat was out on the window sill and he was looking at me
So I guess that's the reason yes how I did come to be talking so
long before day

Oh one turn, one turn Pretty Polly she cried, one turn you've done for
Now your cage shall be made of the glittering gold with doors of ivory

[tape is shut off]

[End of the interview at Wilmot MacDonald's - 11 sec. pause]

Ives: That's the end of this side of the tape - go to the end and
turn it over.

Following is the dubbing of Peter Shepheard's tape 70.3

S: OK?

M: I'm going to tell you a story now about an old feller and he had a son, and ah, ah he, he grew up and ah pretty bad. Ah, he used to go to parties and drink and play poker and go with all kinds of women I don't know if they was bad or good but they was all good anyway. He figured they was all good women. But anyway, he ah, his father was a cobbler so he, he took him in and wanted to learn him to be a cobbler. You know what a cobbler is. (S: oh yes) Oh yea, well anyway he, he about learned half his trade with the old man then he started drinking and going on and oh acting pretty bad. So the old man took and turn him away from the place altogether and, and he wouldn't work nor nothing but ah. One day they was having their dinner and there was a, an old witch she comes along. ~~You've~~ You've heard tell about witches eh? They can do most anything, they have power for anything. But ah anyway he ah, he got the old witch for to tell the young feller's fortune. So ah she told him he was going to have a trade, she says you're going to become rich and you're going to be awful rich - told the young feller. And she says through your life ^{she says} you're going to have a downfall and you're going to be married, you're going to be married well off, but she says at the last of it you're going to be hung. The ~~father~~ said well. The ~~young~~ young feller he didn't believe in the like of that so the old feller says my boy you'll have to straighten up or if you don't you know what your life is ahead ~~øx/øøx~~.

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So he went back in the shop and he learnt to be a cobbler, had his light and everything. So it carried on for years he was pretty good, he was 22 years of age when he turned real bad again. So the old man put him away from the place all together. So he started to travel and he ah, traveling he got into a town. He was walking down the street he was broke, had nothin' so he see on the street there was a boot hanging out, cobbler shop, so he thought he'd go in there. So he went in there was an old man, bout my age, and he was fixing a pair of boots there so the young feller got talking to him, he asked him what he could do and he said he was stranded - he had no place to go. ^{He says} He wanted to know could he get a handout and stay for the night, til he got a job. So the old man looked at him, he was clean enough and he says ok, he said ah, stay around he said ^{I'll keep ya} for the night. So he stayed around til he closed the store and then they went to the house. Old man took him home and kept him all night and he said to him the next morning, he said ah, he says you better come on up to the shop and stay around he says I might well have a job for you. He says you look decent enough, he says and I might get a job in the town for ya. So he, he went up and with the old feller and he unlocked and he went in the shop. Young feller was going around looking at this pair of boots and he was looking at another pair you know. The old feller thought he wanted to - was going to steal them, then, he picked them up he says what are you going to do with these? O well he says I'm going to put a set of soles on them and heel them Well he says, I'll do it for you. Oh the old man says, he says you can't do that he says you'd only spoil the boots and then

I'd have to pay for them. Well he says, if I spoil them I'll pay you for them. So he grabbed the rigging eh, so he went to work and he was just twice as good a cobbler as the old man, he just fixed up the pair of shoes and polished them and threw them at him. He says ah, he says have you got a trade? He says, yes got a trade for my papers, I'm a cobbler. Well the old man says I'll give you a job meself. So away they went eh? So they was just reaping in the money! The shoes started to come in and the old man at the last of it, he was only over the counter giving the shoes out that he was fixing. Oh, it was getting along great. But one day they was cobbling around, cobbling away in the -- not too much work going on cause the boot shoes was all out, eh? And then the old man, they got talking about money. The old man says look it there's an old king up here on the hill and he's got a house and it's built on a rock. And he says in that house, he says there's all barrels - barrels of money. And he says no one can ever get a dollar of it. Well m-m - the young feller says to him, he says ah, he said we should go and get some. Oh no the old man says, wouldn't break it. He says I don't want you to go in at all. You take me up tonight he says, after 12 o'clock and he says you show me the, the place that it's in, I'll get the gold, I'll get the money. So the old feller was kind of desperate eh, for money and - they went. So they took just one of these nail bars, little pinch bar. The young feller says that's all I want if it's made of rock. So he went round and he tapped the first jeer of rock right around the bottom - it was just made round. And ah on the second tier where he started there was loose rock so he, he

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pryed it out. Young feller takes the rock out and the young feller hopped right in eh? Took a bag, he hopped right in and he ^{just} took what money he wanted and he come out, put the rock back in, and went home. So anyway it was alright. Cobbler went to the next day and the young feller says you know, he says the biggest mistake we ever made in our life that we didn't get more money when we was at it see? He wasn't satisfied with what he got. Oh the old man says I think we got enough. He says lookit, we'll go - we know right where to go tonight and he said we'll go back and we'll get another suitcase full of gold or money and he said then we'll just cobble away for bout 6 months and we'll just take your wife and [^{haul up} ?].

Now the old feller was married to a real young woman eh? So anyway, the next night they goes back. So the young feller knew the gag eh? So anyway when he took, the young feller just took the rock. The old king had sent his men and seen there was so much money gone and he didn't put up no fuss at all about it but he set the trap for them eh? Now you know this stuff that they used to have for -- we used to call it tangle's foot for killing flies eh? It was just like thick molasses eh, but you couldn't get out of it. So they put that barrel right there and when he pryed out the rock the young feller says to him, I went in last night you go in tonight see? So when the old fellow jumped in there he jumped right into that barrel of that tangle foot which he couldn't get out of and he - the young fellow knew he was caught eh? So the old fellow says, what is this? I can't get out. He said never mind that I'll get you out. Reach around for the gold. So the old feller was standing in this right to this - he reached around and he got

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what the young feller could carry eh? So the young feller just hauled the sword off his belt and he just, when he got and he just reached and he took the head right off of the old feller and he took the gold and never put the rock in or a thing, only went. So he went to the house and he told his wife see - he says lookit, he said, I had, I had to kill your old man. He says well he was going to get caught anyway and he was going to do life in prison, he was into this stuck. So he says you've got enough gold he says enough money, he said that you'll never have to want for a day in your life long as you let it go. And he said I'll live with ya. Well she thought that was good which he didn't [?] I to live with her eh, but he wanted to polish it up. So he took the old man's head and he went out into the old apple trees like what I got there and he buried the old man's head see. Now he says, tomorrow he said, we've got to be in that shop and you've got to be in there with me, fixing boots. Well we got to keep that shop open til this blows over.

So the old king sent his men the next morning and here was the body eh? And they didn't know who it was because there was - it had no head, see. So anyway that night the old king sent his soldiers, or his guards to stick this old body off of every man's head [someone coughs]. There was just a hundred house in ~~this~~^{little} town eh? To stick this old body up and whatever woman screeched that would be the man, that would be the body eh? So Johnny - they went back after supper and he took her with him and he said to her always stand behind me where I'm cobbler fear there's anything going to happen because he says we're not, we're not thru with

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this yet, that body is someplace. So anyway they come around -- the two soldiers -- and they stuck that head, or that body up on the window and when she looked she seen it eh? And she let this dying screech. So in come the two soldiers and ah, ah - ah, he says, you got me? I got you now he said - you hear that woman screeching when that ^{dead} body come up in the window, he - she said - he said what dead body? She said - he said I've caught me hand so when he seen the gag he just ripped his finger eh? Oh she says I, I, he caught himself with the knife see? Well, they couldn't do nothing with that they had go and bound the hand up and the next day he says I told you that.

So, the king had 2 pigs - the only 2 pigs in the world - and whatever he sent them out to get, they could get it. So he sent them out looking for this head, huh? So anyway, Johnny was cobbling away - no he was home having his dinner and he looked in the garden and here are the two pigs going thru the orchard with the old man's head!. See? So he grabs the gun and he shot both pigs, buried the head again, took them into this little building and scrapped them and fixed them all up. So the pigs never went home and they couldn't find who was doing this. So anyway said ah, he sent up 2 soldiers to stay at every man/s house in town. Whoever had pork, figured they'd have fried pork, this was the man that was doing it, he'd killed the pigs and everything, eh? So Johnny come home from the shop and the two soldiers at the house and ah, anyway he said ah; she had a great big pan of pork on frying. They come and said they had to stay all night - the king sent them there. And she didn't know nothing about this

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and ah she had this pork. And when he went in this was what it was. So she made them acquainted with her husband eh? Wasn't at all he was just staying with her. So anyway, Johnny says I gotta get rid of those two men. So after they had their supper - one feller looked at the other one that was eating his pork - this is it, we got em. So anyway he turned around and he said ah, me and my wifes going out now he said ah, after supper, and he says I'll show yous your room and he says if you have to want to wash or clean up you going to stay all night which you gotta stay I guess? Oh yes he says we're supposed to stay all night. So he says I'll show you your room before we go out. So when he ~~just~~ put them in the room and when he come out like that he just turned the key and locked them in - they couldn't get out. So he goes out and he goes down. So he made a hundred tickets, quite up sign eh? Like that. And he wrote, he printed in great big letter 'KILL THESE TWO MEN IN THE MORNING'. So he goes round that night and he hung it on every man's door in town. So the next morning Johnny's lads didn't get up pretty quick cause they knew they had him right? So right across the street he seen one feller piling out his dead men ^{and the next feller piling out his dead men,} so Johnny goes in and he opened the door and come out and he killed his two and threw them out so the king lost the whole army see?

S: [laughing] goodness gracious!

M: [laughing] You might think this was a lie but I was right there this is the truth! But anyway, the king couldn't do nothing,

find him at all. Well, he said the man that's doing this - if he's bad enough to do all this I'm going to have a party and I'm going to invite every man in the town and whoever don't come to the party - that's the lad that's doing it. So this was on the news and the word went around that you had to go, so he said to his wife - he said to the woman he was staying with - now he says look it, if I don't go to that party, he says, I'm in for it. Now he says, you got all the money, don't make a bit of difference whether I - they kill me, or what they do to me, you got all the money so just take it and go where^{ever} you want to go. Go away from this place all together, you'll ~~forget~~ forget about your man, you'll pick up with another man, and if I come back we'll go anyway.

So he went to the party. Now after they had their supper, there was young men and old men and anything was there eh? So he turned them out and there was field beds, see? There was a row of men sleeping there on that side and a row here and a big walk in between eh? Now in this lower corner of this shed there was a, a nice table and whiskey setting on it and a nice bed. So after he got them all laying down they was going to have a sleep eh? He got his daughter - you often heard tell of the kings daughter - he got her to walk right through and go right down to the lower end and set on a chair and start to drink liquor. And whoever was bad enough for to do all this would be bad enough to go and try and stay with her eh? So he told her to put - he said if you ever get talking to him and get him in a place like this to put a big X and he put a pencil there with a big X right on him that you couldn't rub out. So anyway, this is what she done.

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So they was all laying there, Johnny was laying there among the rest of them and in stepped this nice girl all dressed up. Walked right down through to the lower end, set down to the table, she started to drink, there so. Johnny was watching her. So he watched her for a while and he thought to himself, this is too good to for to let go, I'm going down where she is. So down he went, she says come on in. So Johnny went in and set down on a chair along side of her - have a drink - ya - she filled him up a glass, started talking to him and ah he ah, set there and had a drink and she thought she was going to get him drunk eh? But ^{he didn't,} he just drunk along with her and everything like this and he says to her, let's get ⁱⁿ bed. She said alright. So he's standing there, he said I won't get in the bed til you strip off. So he stripped her right off, she couldn't get no chance to mark him eh? So stripped her - she stripped off and they both got into bed eh? So he wrestled with her half of the night and he was pretty sleepy and half drunk and he fell asleep. So when he fell asleep she turned around, she put this X on him eh? He woke ^{up} sometime in the ^{night} ~~morning~~ and he commenced to think, boys I shouldn't a been into a place like this. This is it! So she was asleep so he sneaked out of bed so he went over and he started to fish up his collar and tie eh? He looked in the glass and he seen this big X on him eh, he said ah and he wet his finger and no sir - the more he wet it the plainer it got. And he looked and on the pillow - she was as drunk as he was - he found the pencil. So all those guys was asleep - hell - [he laughs] all those guys was asleep eh? He went around and he Xed this feller and he Xed that feller well right up that row

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and right down the other one put an X on every one of them - so he lays down too. Now at 6 o'clock in the morning she was to come out and if she marked him, she put this on him, she told him she put this X on him. So the first poor old man, about 70, he comes out ah, and he had this X. Hold on now, he says, we got ya, well their all standing there and he just looking on - another feller with an X, ^{another feller with an X -} He says to her in the name of God did you have to do with all these men last night? [they laugh] So she did - she didn't know Johnny from the rest of them eh? So they all set in at the table to have their breakfast, and all had this pretty X on, every one. Johnny sitting there with the rest of em - so anyway the old king stood up at the table. He said now look, he said whoever is doing this is the smartest man in the world and he said [the phone rings] if he'll own up and tell me who he is, he said you can have that daughter, my daughter and we'll have you married today and I'll build you a castle to stay in that you'll never have to work another day in your life. Well then he commenced to think what the witch told him see? And he says now this is, this is coming pretty close so he, he stands up - was me. Alright if it's you he said, you can have her. So he had them married that day and old king got a crowd of men and he went to work and he built the house and this went on for 2 or 3 years. He hadn't a thing to do, no more then meself - he was retired. So he was setting back one day, he was ~~set~~ setting back and he commenced to thinking - why don't ya know the last thing that one old witch told me, that I'm going to be hung. So he set there, his wife come out. She says Johnny what's the matter with you today? She said

ah, she said you don't seem the last couple of days to be the same man as when I married ya, now, she says, there's something bothering - you've got to tell me what it is. So he up and he told her. He said, 7 years ago I got me fortune told and everything that the witch told me come true but the one thing left. And she says what is it? He says I don't want to tell ya. She says you must tell me, maybe I can revide by it that - fix it up for you. Well he said,

she told me everything that I done and the last thing she told me - I'm going to be hung. Oh she says, the witch could tell you a lot of things that would come true but some would never come true. Now she said, where - why would you have to be hung? She says, just the two of us here and we've got lots of money, we don't care whether we work or not. She says I'll tell you what we're going to do right now and maybe you'll forget about it. Let's go out she said in that back kitchen and she said I'll put a rope on that beam and I'll make a hangman's knot an I'll put your head in it and then I'll take it out and maybe you'll forget all about her. Well he said maybe it would.

So she fixed him out to hang him. She tied his, his feet together and she tied his hands behind his back and she put him up on an old rickety chair eh? So she put her head in it, his head in it and there was a knock on to the door. She said in the name of goodness don't move she says til I answer that door, she said and get them away. She said they might think I'm going to hang me - me husband. So anyway, she went out to answer the door eh? And he went to swing around and the old chair flipped out from under him, when she come back he was dead.

Lena MacD: [she laughs] hung.

M: So I left there, I come home, I don't know whether she ever was married or not. [he laughs]

S: Some - that's some story.

M: [he laughs] It is. That's quite a story ain't it?

S: Uh uh, where - where did you hear that one from?

M: Well we, we used to make those stories - I was on ah Portage River. You know poor old Paul Kingston [he mumbles] with the moose horn last night? Well ah, right above there was the mouth of Portage River about a mile and a half from where Paul Kingston lives on the head of the Nor west was the mouth of Portage River. And we was over on Portage River that winter, we was working for a Will [?] - he's gone. And there was a feller by the name of Clarence Curtis who used to tell stories to see who could tell the longest one eh?

Lena MacD: Down near Dedham?

*Portage River
Dedham*

M: So we used to set and we was rollin and laughing eh? And we had a dandy laughing. It was only a 4 turn road and we were work - oh not working too hard eh? So we used to tell giant stories all the time and ah he used to tell me one and I'd tell him another

you know and we'd keep on. We got to wintering you know? And twas pretty good you know cause ah, at that time, we thought we was having a ball of a time telling these old stories.

Woman: The what happened to that other girl?

M: No way - oh she ah, she went right out of the picture. [they all laugh]

Woman: I guess she must have, I was wonderin'

M: Ah, but he was clear. He never seen her after. She had all kinds of money anyway.

S: Ya but did, did you in fact make up a good bit of that story yourself? (M: oh yes) You put it together from other stories or what?

M: Oh yes, oh yes. It was to make it longer.

S: A bit from here and a bit from there (M: oh, oh yes) another idea here and another idea there.

M: Another idea there and another one here and keep on going. Poor Sandy Ives, poor Sandy Ives oh Lord God look at him.

S: Why did you give him that story did you?

M: He oh, where I goth that, oh yes. For 73 pages I talked!

Woman: What about the one

M: That's a lot of talking!

Woman: What about the one where that glass polar bear ^{where he} took off your fingers [Wilmot laughs], that was a good one. (M: yea) That was the best one, I thought I liked the best. What, what ah what was he after? Ah something in the nest in the top there.

M: Oh the three eggs in the nest.

Woman: Oh that's what it was, ya. (M: ya) Put out your finger.
It was good after

M: It's a long story. [they all laugh]

Lena MacD: [?]

M: Huh?

?: Ah no, it can stay there it's ok there.

M: I don't know whether I could tell it to ya or not.

S: Why don't we rest for a minute anyway before you decide to,
(M: uh uh) Or not

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[tape is turned off for a minute]

M: And I could never tell it the same eh? It would be similar, the same eh? But it - I'd never have the same words in em because it would lie right straight through. You know? It was a story eh? (S: uh uh.) It wasn't a lie I was telling, it was just a story. It was just handed down from one to the other in the woods eh? (S: ya) And the, and it took a long time to tell that story eh? He was sick and tired. He never thought I was going to get done talking! [they laugh] Ya. But this one that Delaf wanted me to tell; I'm going to tell you that story. It starts out, that story started out about a, a man - he was married and he had a, one boy, one child. But ah the sad part come when the little boy was about six year old, the mother died - took sick and died. Well ah the man was working. He had a job and he wou - he couldn't, he couldn't look after the kid himself eh? But anyway he ah, his uncle, he went to his uncle and he asked him how much would he take a month and look after his son? He said I can't ah, I can't look after him meself I gotta work so I'll pay his board.

So they made an agreement anyway to pay so much a month so he took the young feller to keep him. So anyway he went along and the old uncle, after the young feller got going to school and doing good in grades and everything like that he be coming and he getting right up 6 - 7 - and 8 grade he's still there. But anyways ah, the ah, this old uncle give him a bull calf eh? This part we've had to make. He give him a bull calf and ah the calf was supposed to be his own eh? He give the boy the calf. The young feller he had nothing to give him for the calf, just the word of mouth eh? So anyway

this calf grew up and he was a purebred you know?

So after the bull was a year and a half old he used to get some cows for him. Eh, well he charged so much for a service to the bull and it was going towards - getting close for the boy and his education eh? So the bull was rolling in you know, quite a bit of money eh? But ah, anyway he - after the bull got about 3 year old he got such enormous big animal that he was much too heavy for, for breeding eh? So ah, one day he said to the young feller, he says, your bulls getting too big now, too old he says we're going to sell him to the butcher. Well it was the only thing he had eh [S coughs] was that bull calf. His mother was dead and - young feller he was, he was a man then, he was 17 or 18. But anyway the young feller said um, ah the only thing he had. Well he said your, your bull is getting too big now and it's getting too old so he says we're going to sell him to the butcher.

So the butcher come eh, and he looked at the bull and he said he'd take him such a day. Well the young feller thought an awful lot of that bull. So he went out under the apple trees and he laid down and he was half crying about the bull but he, he fell asleep and he had a dream. He dreamt he went to the barn and he screwed the right horn off of the bull and ah, just - it threaded right off. And when it - he, he took the horn off him, the bull could talk and there was everything, it was just like a big store in there. There was all kinds to eat of any kind in the bulls head, there was clothes and shoes and everything to wear he had nothing to worry about. So he woke up, he was laughing to himself - what a foolish dream he had! But he said I'm going to try him a yank anyway. So he went to the barn to see the bull, and the big bull was down there - weighed

about a ton. Well he went in and he gave the horn a yank and it started to come off eh? Oh it screwd off and screwd off then the bull started to talk to him and the young feller said lookit, they're going to sell you - they're going to kill ya, going to be sold to the butcher. And he says we gotta do something about it. Well the bull said when the butcher comes to buy me you just say that you own me and you want to take me out on the lease for the last time before - to put him in the truck for the butchers going to take ya away. And he said when I get clear of that door, he said you mount my back. Well he said they'll never see us again. So way they took off eh, the butcher come and he says to the old uncle I want to take me bull out for the last time beings you're going to sell him the old feller figures he's going to get a big chunk of the money for this bull, and the young feller going to get nothing. So when he - whenever he got him clear of the barn door the young feller hopped on his back and good morning boss they went down that road just tail over his back. So they traveled all day, traveled all day. They come to a brook that night, the first night and ah he turned around and he screwd the bulls horn off, he had his supper, he had a talk with the bull and he got all the clothes he wanted out of the bulls head and rigged em all up ah nice [?] cloth and everything. Now when they was, the bull played around and he had grass and they young feller had his supper out the bulls head and screwd the horn back on. But when he was ah - before he screwd the horn on, the bull - they heard this awful roar in the woods. The bull says to him do you hear that? He says ya. Well he says I gotta go to a bull fight tonight and he said lookit - when I/m gone he said, if that brook runs clear all night I'll be back in the

morning. But he says if that brook runs muddy you know I'm gored to death, I'm, I'm dead. And he says, when you come to me you take my track and he says if you come to me and I'm dead. He says you take a strip of skin from the butt of my horn to the butt of me tail and whirl this about. And take a rib out of me right side and take an inch of the rib - so long. And whatever you ask them two things to do it will do it and I'm going to tell you what to ask them. Now he said, this rib, he says you just say "rib, rib about". And he said the, the skin, you just say "split em belt". And he says you'll never - they'll be nothing ever on ya.

Now, the brook run clear all night, the bull come back in the morning and he had his breakfast and away they went. And they traveled for a months. And they got into a country he liked out in the west or way in the western parts where there was no snow and they traveled all around, this big bull and him. He was having a ball of a time. But anyway they come to a brook one night and ah he had his supper and the bull told him the same thing eh? This awful, desperate, roaring and howling in the wood. So he told him the same thing what to do - he'll be going to this bull fight. But he was gone about an hour and a half when the brook got muddy and she stayed, run muddy the whole night. Well he got up the next morning and nothing to eat, bull never come home and [?] . So he took to the bull's tracks. About 11 o'clock that day he found his bull gored right to death - all the bulls killed him. So he, he went to work on him and he done what the bull told him.

So he started to travel. So he got into a little town that night and, and ah went into a house, had something to eat, and he

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told his sad story. The only thing he owned was a bull and he was gored to death on the prairie, all of this. The old ~~thing~~ feller says well me boy I ain't got much but I got lots of horses. I've got all kinds of nice saddle horses here and he says, go to the corral he says and pick out what you want. You can have anything that's there for 10 dollars. So the young feller he, he picked out this nice little saddle horse, he got him - give him 10 dollars for it and ah the old man give him a nice saddle and everything and got talking to the young feller he set the saddle on this horse and he was going to go on into a town where he get a job. You know he said, the old feller says, he says there's a girl down there tied to an iron stake. And he says ah, there's a great fish coming in to kill her. But he says her father's got lots of money and ah whoever could save her can have her for his wife. Well - talked to himself - I oughta try and get working. I got my rigger [he chuckles] with me he says and I. So he went down and had a talk to her. So she had this big chain right around her leg, round her foot there; big lock and key and a big iron stake and this big fish was coming in from the sea for to kill her. So he had to talk to her and he asked her. She said yes, she said, going to put me and the fish spose to eat me. So anyway he said ah - talking to her father, well he said if you can save her he says you can have her for your wife. Well he said ah, I'm going to try it anyway. Gotta talk to her. So, his horse was standing there on the shore, he said to her you tell me when that fish is coming. So he set there and talked for a while, She says look over he's coming now, this fish. And they just looked like one of them big steamers coming in the

Mirimichi River - some fish! Anyway he jumped on the horse's back and he went out, wade out a little bit. And he thought he'd try this rib on him eh? So she couldn't say - she couldn't hear what he was saying you know and he said "rib, rib about". But ah he just turned the fish and he swam away down river. Mark ye, there was hundreds of people on the shore to watch this performance you know, so he just turned this fish and he come back and she said did you kill him? No, he says, I didn't kill him, I just turned him. So, he says you tell me when it's coming again, I'll try him again. He was going to try his belt on him eh? So he, he was kinda over anxious eh? And a little worried about this but he ah was going to say to her, ah try the belt, but he "rib, rib about" again and ah he just turned him again and he swam off down river. So it wasn't long til she got wise she said you aren't going to get him out. He says I, I play with him a while, I think I'll get him ~~next~~ next time. You tell me when they's coming again. So wasn't long til he, he coming here again with a bone in his mouth just like the Titanic. Anyway he said "Split em belt". Well the two sides come right up, he was 565 feet long and 70 feet deep. Some animal for a fish. So the two big sides just floated up and he come in and killed em. So them they took the pictures and everything, and. Now how are you going to get her clear of ~~th~~ stake eh? Oh he told em, I'll get a way, get away from the shore altogether, just leave the two of us alone. So he hauled out the chain right out, [Lena MacD's voice] out, out long you know, and he just said, "Split em belt chain". Well there was just a streak of fire just flying from that old chain, tore it right off her and him and her took the horse and walked

up on the bank. That night they was married and the old feller give em a - he says I have a nice farm out here and he says I'm going to give it to ya. Give you the deed of it and everything. He took them out and he give them the deed and fixed the house all up and him and her they had a stock of cattle and some horses there and him and her was living there. And ah he was out Christmas Eve and he was ah done up the barn work and his wife was putting the dinner, Christmas dinner on the table. So he said I'll go out and I'll feed up me stock first then we'll come in and we'll have our dinner. So when he come in there was; just lived handy to the road eh, so there's this guy walking in the road eh? Well he thought to himself, umm me my god how far do you spose that man is from home? Where is he going Christmas day, stranger. So he sung out to him. Oh he says I can't make her home he says bout a 3 day beat from here he said to get home he said I won't make her for Christmas. Now I can't get home. Well he says come on in and have your dinner with me. Me and my wife lives here all alone ~~and~~. So he went in and he set him down here was the nicest table you've ever seen in your life eh? Everything to eat on. So he had his dinner with him and after he had his dinner he said ah, well he says, a beautiful dinner. Now he says a year from today I want you for to come and have your dinner with me. So he told em such a place to go eh, where he had to go. Well he said ah if I livin' is spared he says I might take you up on that.

So the next year about a week before Christmas he said to her, Mary you know he said, do you mind that feller that had our dinner wi us last Christmas day? She said ya. He said I have a dam good notice to take an week off and go and visit em. Well she says, go on,

I'll look after the stock. She said go on for a week, you're on the farm here all the time. So he went, and ah he landed right there Christmas day. The old feller met him at the door, he says, I see you got here. He says yes, I kept me word, Well he says come on in and have your dinner. He took him out in his old back kitchen something like that old kitchen out -- an old table, nothin' - no tablecloth on it just a bare board and he said go ahead and have your dinner. Now there wasn't one thing on that table, only old carrot tops, and potatoe peelings and stuff like that. Oh just what a cow would eat you know? He says go ahead and eat it. Well, he thought you know he was kidding eh? He says, I mean you to eat it or I'll kill ya. Well he was one of these old giants eh? Well my he says to himself, what a scrape that I got myself into. You miserable son of a bitch he said to himself. So he made out he was eating some of it eh? So he said after, he come back about an hours time - how'd you like that for dinner? Oh he says it'll do. Well the giant said nothing to him anymore. He said to come on in here I'm going to show you where you're going to sleep, for your room. So he opened this door and he went in. Now in that floor there was spikes all sticking up and all ground there so he could just get his feet, work his feet in through the spikes all over - no place to sit down at all, no place to move at all he had to stand in between those spikes and them all ground eh, all up through this floor. Well my god almighty, he was in bad shape.

So anyway this daughter there, the old man, this old giant went away, she comes in unlocked the door. She says he tell us to kill ya but she says you can't leave. She come out and have your dinner.

So she took him in; him and her had their dinner together and now she says, when he comes home tonight he's going to put you in there again but she says when he goes to bed I'm going to take you out. I have a nice bed for you to sleep in. So she commenced to work with him eh? So the next morning he went in and took him out of these spikes eh? Says how'd you ~~sleep~~ put in the night there? Oh he says I've put in worse than that. Only he had slept in a good bed all night eh? Just 'bout half an hour before she come. So anyway he had his breakfast, she done this and put him in [?]. But when he was going away he said to him, a great big pasture over there and there was a white horse in it. He says lookit he says, when I come home tonight I want you to have that gray horse in the barn right there or I'll kill ya. Now them horses was trained eh that you or me couldn't get near them at all in the world. So he took the bridal and he went over about 2 o'clock and he just got up, the horse just kicking there and just when he got about 4 feet from him the horse just jumped and he run clean to the other end of the field about a mile and then started to pick again. So he walked all the way to the other end of that field and the horse done the same thing and then he come back. So anyway, she seem [S: coughs] what he was doing and down she come. Well now what did he tell ya to do? Well he told me to put that horse in and I can't seem --. She said give me the bridal I'll catch him. Oh my dear woman he says I've been after horses and handled them all my life. She says I don't care how many horses you harnessed or what you done - give me the bridal. So he just - she just took the bridal and went over and put it on the horse and led the horse over and give him - now, pit

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him in the barn. So ~~when~~ he come home the old giant went right in and he said, ah well I see you got your horse in. Oh yes he says I've put in worse horses than that.

Well the next morning now this went on eh? You know what he done, he put him in on those spikes and made him eat those old carrot tops and he - she was feeding him the very best and a good bed to lay in, but he thought he was going to kill him anyway. But anyway the next morning he was going away he said to him, come out here in the barn I want to show you something. Took him out to the barn. He said I want that barn cleaned out tonight - today you clean it out. And in that bottom on the floor when you clean that manure in that barn, you'll see a box, it's about a foot square and in that box there's another box and in that second box there's a ring. And he says you have it on your finger. That's the ring there. So anyway, away he went and he went out to clean up this barn. Well anyway when he threw out 1 forkfull of manure there was about 5 come in. At last he was standing in shit right to the waist! Anyway out she come. Out she come - now what did he tell you to do? Well he said, he told me for to clean up this barn and he says the more I fork out -. She says you wouldn't be able for to - that barn would be full of shit! She says give me the fork. Well he says, now you couldn't. Give me the fork she says, I'll clean it out. So she just put one forkfull on it and she threw it out. She said, "May the rest all follow" and there was just a rope of shit going out there. [he laugh]

Lena MacD: Oh my gosh.

M: So the box was there, Now she says don't ^{you} give him that ring, he wants that ring, but don't you give him - he won't kill ya. She says you tell him you earned the ring and you keep it. Don't ^{you} give it to him. So anyway he come home, looked the barn manure was all out eh. He said where's that ring? He says right here on my finger. He says I want it. He says no, no he says, I earned the ring. I never shovelled as much shit in my life for to get a ring and I'm not going to give it to ya. So he didn't say no more. So same thing the next night again. All over the same thing, but the next morning he was going away he said to him, do you see that lake down there back of the house? Kind of a swimming pool. Ya. Well now in the middle of that lake there's a glass pole. And on the top of that glass pole there's a birds nest and there's 3 eggs in it - 3 blue eggs - and he says you have them 3 eggs when I come home or I'll [the tape goes off for 6 seconds]

Well he says you go ^{to} you go down there and he said ah, there's a glass pole in the middle of that lake and on the top of that glass pole there's a bird's nest and there's 3 blue eggs in the nest. And he says you have those eggs when I come home tonight. So he went down after the old giant went away, him and the wife went a way, they used to travel all day on horseback. Well anyway he, he went down and he took the bucket now he was going to, he thought he was going to bail this dry. Gee he started bailing this and you know you'll never bail that dry with a bucket! Down she come. Now what did he tell you to do? So he told her what he had to do. She says you'd never bail that lake dry with a bucket! Give me the bucket. Oh my he said, you couldn't with a bucket like that, you couldn't --.

Give me the bucket she says, I can bail her dry. I can do as much of this she said, as he can. So she just took a bucket of water out of the, out of the lake and she threw it on the land and she said "may the rest all follow" and the lake was dry. Well then him and her walked out to the pole. Now how are you going to get up the pole? It's pure glass. So she says you couldn't climb that pole. She said look, you go out to that woodshed and she said there's a chopping block with an axe; bring them down to me. Oh he brought them down eh? Now she says, I'm going to tell you what you got to do before you do this to me, but she said, won't hurt you know. She says, I can't talk after you cut me fingers off til you put them back on. Now she said I want you to cut the 5 off of this hand and the 5 off there and stick them on as [?] as you're going up the post for footholds til you get to the top of the pole and then take your eggs and put them in your pocket and take the fingers off as you're coming back and then stick them on see when you come down. Jesus! He said, I couldn't do that. Now she says look, this don't hurt - this don't hurt. She says you, you do it. So he swung a big drop of bitter - nice thing to do with you wife ain't it eh? [he laughs] So anyway he cut them all off and he made foot holds, took off his shoes eh, made footholds and he went right up and he done - put the last one on and, and took the three eggs and put them in his pocket and when he come down, he come right down taking them all off, right down - doing a great job. Come right down to the bottom eh, then he sorted the fingers out and he stuck them on and when he got them all on he was one short. He looked up in the top of the pole and ~~there~~ little finger - the last one he put on and he put up the

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pole. Well she said to him I can't cut them off again, I'll bleed to death. I can only do it once a month. But she said, we'll roll it up put a rag on it. Oh this was, this was cruel.

Well the old man came home that night eh and asked him for the eggs. Now listen she said, he wants them eggs and you keep two of them. Tell him you broke two but give him one, but keep the other two. And she put them in a little box eh, made a nice box, little carton, and she says you put them in your pocket because she says you're going to need them ~~two~~ eggs and you're going to need that ring before you get out of here. Ohp, anyway, old man come home just looked for his daughter. Water was all back in the lake and everything. Showed him the egg and said the other ~~two~~ I broke, fell down the pole and I broke. By God he goes down there to the lake for to see - can he see and signs of what his daughter would be doing and when he looked he seen her finger on the top of the pole and then he come up and he made her hold her hands out and she had this one rolled up there. Well he says, you're helping. Tomorrow morning he says a sunrise he says you're going to be both shot. Both you and him. So about 12 o'clock that night she come. [in a whisper] Come on let's go, she says here's the razor. Put that razor in your pocket too. So she ^{he} put the razor in his pocket. He had the two eggs and he had the ring. They went out and they took two horses out of the barn and away they went lickety gallop.

Now they were going to try to get home eh, to his place. But the old feller got up in the morning, him and his wife, and the daughter was gone and the man was gone and the door wide open just - and the two horses gone so they, they saddled their two good horses, and they took after them. Well about 12 o'clock that day he looked

back and she says my father and mother are coming. She says where's that razor? He says in me pocket. She said give me the razor. So she just took the razor and she opened it and she threw it out on the road behind her horse. She said may this turn in to ~~th~~ be the biggest mountain that - in Canada, and as sharp as that razor on top. They looked back and there was just a big mountain behind them. But the old man's horse and the old woman's were so good they climbed that mountain and went right up that mountain and when they got to the top he took a big rock and he dulled it and he took the horses over it and about 2 o'clock that afternoon they was coming again. So anyway, they coming right up. ~~S~~He says our horses getting tired, we can't, these big wood horses, big horses, she said we can't ah, drive them too fast. But she says we might just as well slow right up and let them come up again. She says to him, you got that ring on your finger? He says ya. Take it off. So anyway he took the ting off, he give her and she threw it out behind her horse and she said turn it into the biggest lake she says in the world and when they looked back there was nothing behind them only [?] ^{and} water. But ah their two horses come right to that and right into that big lake and swam. 'Bout 6 o'clock that evening they was coming again. I wanted to let the horse walk but she says no good now. So they, wasn't long she said where are them two eggs? Right here. Now she says lookit I'm going to tell you what to do. You kill the old woman I'm going to kill the old man see? She says all you got to do is touch Mem with the egg, touch her with the egg and it'll kill her. So he was - you know? She said I'm going to let you fire the first egg. Well anyway he swung to the silly old woman with his egg and

never touched her. Egg went flying into the woods never touched the old woman and she fired the egg and she clipped the old man and rolled over and clipped the old woman and she killed the both of them/

So anyway, they took their two good horses and they took these two old woods horses and they come into the first town and they sold them two old woods horses and they went on home. And when I left there he was living it up with 2 women! He went home and had - told his wife the whole story and only for this girl he wouldn't a got home at all no time - he'd^o been killed. And when I left there he was still living with the 2 women. [everyone laughs]

S: Well that's some story too. [Wilmot laughs some more] Ya.

M: Ya.

S: Alex [?] would have a great time with you.

M: What?

S: This friend of ours, Alex [?] would have a great time telling stories with you.

M: Oh ya? Ya. (S: There's several)

Ives: That's the end of dubbing tape 588.2 and the end of the recording made by Peter Shepheard.