

Silvery Tide

It's of a pretty fair maiden who dwelt by the sea side
 She was comely fair and handsome, she was called the village pride.
 A young and brave sea captain pretty Mary's hand did gain
 And true she was to Henry whilst on the raging main.

Young Henry being long absent this nobleman he came
 He tried to win pretty Mary's heart but she refused the same.
 "Whilst all alone he's on the main you'll love in vain" she cried
 I'll wed no one but young Henry and he's on the Silvery Tide.

With wrath and indignation this nobleman did say,
 To gain your separation your life I'll take away.
 I'll watch you late and early down by the blue sea side
 And I'll send your body afloat along with the Silvery Tide.

As this nobleman went walking to take the pleasant air
 Down by the rolling ocean he spied the damsel fair
 Cried this hard hearted villain "Consent and by my bride,
 Or I'll send your body afloat down on the Silvery Tide."

With trembling lips cried Mary, "My vows I'll never break,
 I'll wed no one but young Henry, I'd die all for his sake."
 With his handkerchief he bound her and threw her o'er the side
 And screaming went pretty Mary along with the Silvery Tide.

In the course of a few days after young Henry came from sea
 He went down unto his own true love to appoint the wedding day.
 "I fear your love is murdered" the wretched parents cried
 "She has proved her own destruction on the banks of the Silvery Tide."

Young Henry went to bed that night no comfort could he find
 The thoughts of pretty Mary kept rolling through his mind.
 He dreamed as he went walking pretty Mary's corpse he spied
 And there came along afloat by the banks of the Silvery Tide.

It's well he knew his own true love by the gold ring on her hand
 He first untied the handkerchief which brought him to a stand.
 For the name of her cruel murderer young Henry he espied
 Who caused the death of Mary along on the Silvery Tide.

This nobleman was taken, the gallows was his doom,
 For the murdering of this fair one all in her tender bloom.
 And noble hearted Henry he mourned until he died
 And his last words were for Mary who died on the Silvery Tide.

dictated and sung by John Roche

The last fierce charge
A tale of the Civil war

8610006

'Twas just before that last fierce charge two soldiers drew a rein
With the clasp of a hand and a parting word they might never meet again
One had blue eyes and sunny curls nineteen but a month ago
With the red on his cheeks and down on his chin, he was only a boy you know.

The other he was dark and stern, his faith in this world was dim
He only loved and cared for those who loved and cared for him.
They had ridden together in many a raid and marched for many a mile
But never before had they met the foe with a calm and cheerful smile.

But now they looked in each others face with an awful ghastly gloom
And the dark stern man was the first to speak saying Charlie my hour has come
We'll ride together down the hill and if you ride back again
You must promise a little trouble to take for me when I am slain.

You'll find a face upon my breast I'll wear it in the fight,
With dark blue eyes and sunny curls and a smile like the morning light
Like the morning light was her love for me and gladdened my lonely life
Oh what cared I for the powers of fate when she promised to be my wife.

Write to her Charlie when I am gone, send back that fair fond face
And tell her tenderly how I died and where's my resting place.
Tears dimmed the blue eyes of the boy and his voice grew low with pain
I'll do your bidding comrade mine if I ride back again.

But if you ride back and I do not, you must do the same for me.
I've a mother at home who must hear the news, write to her tenderly.
She has prayed at home like a watching saint, her fair face white with woe
'Twill break her heart when I am gone, I'll see her soon, I know.

One after another of those she loved she parted with husband and son
I was the last my country called, she kissed and sent me on,
Just then the orders came to charge, for an instant hand clasped hand
They answered "Aye" and on they rode those brave devoted men.

They rode unto the brow of the hill where the rebels shot and shelled
Poured rifling death on those toiling ranks and jeered them as they fell.
And among the dead that was left behind was the boy with the curly hair
And the dark stern man that rode by his side lay dead beside him there.

There was no one to write to the blue eyed girl, those words that her
lover had said
And the mother at home could not hear the news that her darling boy was
dead
Nor could she know the last fond words that were said to soothe their pain
Until she crosses the river of death and stands by his side again.

--dictated and sung by John Roche

Jack Hegarty

I'm a heart broken raftsmen from Greenville I came
 Through hardship and sorrow my heart ceased to pain;
 It's the strong darts of cupid caused me so much grief
 My heart sank within me I can find no relief.

My occupation is a raftsmen, where the dark billows roar
 My name is engraved on the rocks of Sand Shore
 From House to Bricktop I'm very well known
 And they styled me Jack Hegarty, the pride of this town.

I was sober and steady, I ne'er played the rake
 I was the boy that stood up right by the dark purling stream;
 And my thoughts were on Hannah
 For she haunted my dreams.

But a story I'll tell you without much delay
 Of a neat little damsel my heart stole away;
 She's a blacksmith's daughter from Flat River Side
 And I always intended for to make her my bride.

I decked her with jewels and the costliest of lace
 And the finest of sating her form did embrace;
 I gave her my wages each week for to save
 I refused her of nothing that I had on this earth.

One day on this river a letter I received.
 And she said from her promises she'd soon be relieved;
 For to wed to another she had long been delayed
 And the next time I'd see her she would not be a maid.

On her mother Jane Tucker I lay all the blame
 She's the cause of her leaving me, going back on my name;
 She'd cut loose the rigging that God soon would tie
 And she's left me a rambler til the day that I'll die.

Here's adieu to Flat River for me there's no rest
 I'll shoulder my peavey and I will go west;
 I'll go to Muskegon new friends there to find
 And I'll leave my old girl and Flat River behind.

So come all you jolly raftsmen with a heart brave and true
 Don't depend on those young girls, you get left if you do.
 And when you are tempted by dark chestnut curls
 Just think of Jack Hegarty and his Flat River girl.

dictated and sung by John Roche

Greenville
 Flat River
 Muskegon

PETER EMBERLY

My name is Peter Emberly as you may understand

I was born upon Prince Edward's Isle near to the ocean strand.
In eighteen hundred and eighty~~en~~ when flowers were in brilliant hue
I left my native country my fortune to pursue.

I landed in New Brunswick that lumbering country.

And hired to work in the lumbering woods which proved my destiny
I hired to work in the lumbering woods where they cut the tall trees down,
And while loading teams around the yard I received my deadly wound.

There's danger on the ocean, where the seas roll mountain high
There's danger on the battlefield where the angry bullets fly.
There is danger in the lumbering woods where death lurks always there
For I did fall a victim into the monster's snare.

I know my fate seems very hard since fortune proved severe
But a victims eath the worst can come to a man who knows no fear
It will allay those deadly pains and liberate me soon
I'll sleep that long and silent sleep called slumbering in the tomb.

Here's adieu unto my father, was him who sent me here
I thought he used me cruelly and his treatment was severe
It is not right to press a boy or try to keep him down
For you cause him for to leave his home when he is far too young.

Here's adieu unto my dearest friend, I mean my mother dear
She raised a son that fell as soon as he left her tender care
It's little did my mother know when she sang lullabies
What country I might travel to or the death that I might die.

Here's adieu to my younger friends and the Island girl so true
Long may they live to grace that Isle where first my breath I drew
But the world will go on just the same as before I passed away
What signifies a mortal man when he's beneath the clay.

Here's adieu unto Prince Edward Isle that garden in the sea
No more will I roam it's friendly shores to enjoy the summers breeze
No more will I watch all those galliant ships as they go sailing by
With streamers floating in the wind far above their canvas high.

There is one word more that I must say before I pass away
I hope some Holy Father will bless my peaceful grave
So near that city of Boiestown my mouldened bones do lay
To await the Saviour's calling on the GREAT JUDGMENT DAY.

Dictated & Surg by
John Roche

P.E.I.
New Brunswick
Boiestown

The Burning of the Granite Mill

In this world of care and trouble many accidents occur,
I'll sing to you the latest which perhaps you all have heard.
Twas at Fall River City, where the people were burned and killed
In that cotton manufacturing known as the Granite Mill.

The fire bell rang at eleven o'clock but then twas all too late
For the flames were spreading rapidly and burning at a terrible rate.
The villains who had barred the doors and told them to keep still
Were the overseers and bosses of the burning cotton mill.

The first scene was a touching one, was a boy quite young in years
He was standing in the firelight and his eyes were filled with tears.
The firemen tried to save him but they only tried in vain
May the Lord have mercy on his soul as he fell back in the flames.

But I hope his soul has gone to rest in a place far better still
Far away from here in heaven above from the burning cotton mill.

The next scene was a feeling one, was a girl quite young in years
She was standing by a window and her eyes were filled with tears.
Oh save me mother, she did cry but she only cried in vain
May the Lord have mercy on her soul as she fell back in the flames.

But I hope her soul has gone to rest in a place far better still
Far away from here in heaven above from every cotton mill.

The only means they had at all was sliding by a rope
When just as they got about half way the fiery strand it broke.
Crash, crash right down they all did fall, some mangled, some
bruised, some killed

Six stories high, they fell to die, from the burning Granite Mill.

So come all you good people, if with me you'll agree
I did my best to sing this song to please the company
But this was my opinion and is my opinion still
That there ought to be a fire escape on every cotton mill.

dictated and sung by John J. Roche

Fall River City

As I went awalking one evening of late
 The flowers green mantle did the fields decorate;
 I carelessly wandered not knowing where to go
 By a clear crystal fountain that flows in Glencoe.

I spied a fair maiden as fair as the sun
 The first time I saw her she had my heart won;
 I said, "My pretty fair one, if with me you'll go
 You will bless the happy hour we met in Glencoe."

"Oh no, sir, oh no, sir, your suit I disdain
 For I once had a true love, young Donald by name;
 But he's gone to the wars about six months ago
 And a maid I'll remain til he returns to Glencoe."

"Oh depend not on Donald or any of the name
 Perhaps he is courting some other fair maid.
 Perhaps he is married for all that you know
 Quite forgotten the bonnie lassie he left in Glencoe."

"Oh no, sir, my Donald from his promises went part
 For love and for honor I'd a place in his heart;
 And if he is married it's single I'll go
 I'll wait for young Donald til he returns to Glencoe."

When he saw her so loyal he pulled out the glove
 A token she'd gave him, a token of love;
 She clung to his bosom while the tears down did flow
 Saying, "Could this be my Donald safe back to Glencoe.?"

"Yes, this is your Donald, your troubles are o'er
 And since we have met here we'll n'er part no more;
 The roadstone wild billows at a distance do flow
 And in peace and contentment we'll dwell in Glencoe."

dictated and sung by John J. Roche

Glencoe

The Old Oak Tree

Dark and stormy was the night and fast did fall the rain
 When Eliza left her own sweet home, never to return again.
 She heeded not the drenching rain, the angry billows roared
 She wrapped a cloak around her form and walked quickly from the door.

At ten o'clock that very night beneath the old oak tree
 She promised James her own true love that with him she would be.
 That night passed on and morning came but Eliza was not to be found
 Which caused her friends to wonder much where Eliza she had gone.

Until her mother started out and that in anguish wild
 Saying I'll search this country round and round til I find my darling child
 Three weeks had passed and gone and the country was searched all around
 The journey proved a failure, Eliza could not be found.

So then to reach her own dear home this poor old widow tried
 So crushed in grief she then lay down and broken hearted died.
 But on the scene the very same day the owner of the grounds
 The Aquire McCallum he rode out to hunt with all his hounds.

Up hill, down dale the gallant went in joyous company
 Until by chance the dogs they met beneath the old oak tree.
 For they began to howl and bark and scratch away the clay
 And all the whip or horn could do could not drive them away.

The gentlemen soon gathered round and called for pick and spade
 They dug the ground and there they found the innocent murdered maid.
 They found the knife all in her breast much to his grief and shame
 For on the handle of the knife was Squire McCallum's name.

I did the deed, the villain he cried, my soul is fit for Hell
 I hid her cold clay corpse away, the truth to you I'll tell.
 It's true I loved young Eliza, but with an evil heart
 I swore I'd take her very life that night before we'd part.

It's true I loved young Eliza, and she grew fond of me
 But the devil whispered in my ear, take her life and you'll go free.
 And ever since I did the deed she appeared before my eyes
 I think I see those bleeding wounds and hear her dying cries.

He looked at her lying in her grave with an angry look of shame
 And drew a pistol from his side and fired it through his brain.
 They buried him where he did fall, no Christian grave found he
 They cursed the spot and left him there beneath the old oak tree.

dictated and sung by John J. Roche

Tis of a comely young lady fair
 Was walking out for to take the air
 She met a sailor upon the way,
 So I paid attention--so I paid attention to hear what they did say.

Fair Maid, said he, why roam along? For the night is coming, and the
 day's far gone?

She said, while tears from her eyes did fall,
 It's my dark-ey'd sailor, It's my dark-ey'd sailor that's proving my
 downfall.

These two long years since he left this land, a gold ring he took from
 off my hand;

He broke the token; here is half with me,
 And the other is rolling--and the other is rolling at the bottom of the sea.

Cried William, Drive him from your mind; As good a sailor as him you'll
 find

Love turns aside, and cold does grow, like a winter's morning
 Like a winter's morning, when the hills are covered with snow.

These words did Phoebe's fond heart inflame
 She cried with me you shall play no game
 She drew a dagger and then did cry, for my dark ey'd sailor,
 For my dark-ey'd sailor, a maid I'll live and die.

His coal black eyes and his curly hair and flattering tongue did my
 heart ensnare

Genteel he was, no rake like you, to advise a maiden
 To advise a maiden to slight the Jacket Blue.

But a tarry sailor I will never disdain, but always I will treat the same
 To drink his health here's a piece of coin,
 But my dark-eye'd sailor--but my dark-ey'd sailor still claims this
 heart of mine.

When Willie did the ring unfold, she seem'd distracted midst joy and woe
 You're welcome, William, I have lands and gold
 For my dark-ey'd sailor--for my dark-ey'd sailor, so manly, true and bold.

In a cottage down by the river side, In unity and love, they now reside
 So, girls, be true while your lover's away,
 For a cloudy morning--for a cloudy morning oft brings a pleasant day.

A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers
There was lack of women's nursing and dearth of women's tears;
But a comrade stooped beside him as his life's blood ebbed away
And bent with pitying glances to hear what he might say.

The dying soldier faltered as he caught his comrades hand
I never more again shall see my own, my native land;
Take a message and a token, to some distant friends of mine
For I was born at Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine.

Tell my mother that he other sons shall comfort her old age
I was a boy, a truant bird, who thought his home a cage;
My father was a soldier and even when a child
My heart leaped for to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild.

And when he died and left us, to divide his scanty horde
I let them take what'er they would but kept my father's sword;
With boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine
On the cottage walls of Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine.

Tell my sister not to weep for me or sob with drooping head
And when the troops are marching back with glad and gallant tread;
To look upon them proudly with a clear and steadfast eye
For her brother was a soldier and not afraid to die.

And if a comrade seeks her love I ask her in my name
To listen to him proudly without regret or shame;
And to hang the old sword in its place, my father's sword and mine
For the honor of old Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine.

There's another, not a sister, in the happy days gone by
You'd have known her from the merriment that shone within her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry, too fond for idle scorning
Oh friend, I fear the lightest heart sometimes makes heaviest mourning.

Tell her the last night of my life for ere the moon be risen
My body shall be out of pain, my soul be out of prison;
That I dreamt I stood with her and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine clad hills of Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine.

I saw the blue Rhine sweep along, I heard, or seemed to hear
The German songs we used to sing with chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river and up each slanting hill
The echoing chorus sounded on the evening calm and still.

Her glad blue eyes were on me as we passed with friendly talk
Down many a path beloved of yore and well remembered walk;
Her little hand lay lightly, confidently in mine
But we'll meet no more at Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine.

Tell my brothers and companions when they meet and crowd around
To hear my mournful story in the pleasant vineyard ground;
We fought the battle bravely and when the day was done
Full many a corpse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting sun.

*Algiers
Bingen on the Rhine*

The moon had climbed the highest hills
That rises o'er the source of the Dee
And from its eastern symmetry
Shed silver light on town and trees.

As Mary laid her down to sleep
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea
When soft and low a voice she heard
Saying, "Mary, weep no more for me."

And from her pillow gently raised her head
To ask who there might be
And sighing Sandy shivering stands
With pallid cheeks and hollow brow.

Oh, Mary dear cold is my clay
I lie beneath yon stormy sea
For far in death I sleep from thee
So Mary, weep no more for me.

Three stormy days and stormy nights
We were tossed upon that raging main
Long, long we strove our bark to sail
But all our striving was in vain.

Til a horrid shock it chilled my blood
My heart was filled with love for thee
The storm has passed and I'm at rest
So Mary, weep no more for me.

Oh Mary dear, thyself prepare
And come with me unto that shore
Where love is free from grief or pain
And you and I will part no more.

Loud crew the cock, the shadow fled
No longer Sandy could she see
And as his passing spirit said
"Oh, Mary, weep no more for me."

--dictated and sung by John Roche

8610015

November 27, 1973

Miss Rose B. Roche
29 Mexico Avenue
Mexico, Maine 04257

Dear Miss Roche:

It took you two years to write me. Now it's taken me two months to write you. Honors can be easy between us on this score, right?

Yes, I'd very much like to have the tape and the words of your father's song. We could copy the cassette and return the original to you.

Thank you for the tune to the "Shan Van Vogh" too.

~~Edward~~ely yours,

Edward D. Ives
Director, Northeast
Archives of Folklore
and Oral History

EDI/lr

Mexico

Shon Van Toqk

8610016

Handwritten musical notation on three staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 3/4 time signature. The notation consists of a series of quarter and eighth notes across the staff. The second and third staves continue the melody with similar note values and rests. The notes are written in a simple, hand-drawn style.

8610017

29 Mexico Avenue
Mexico, Maine 04257
Sept. 4, 1973

Prof. Edward D. Ives
University of Maine
Orono
Maine

Dear Prof. Ives:

This is a much delayed letter regarding folk songs and ballads. A couple of years ago I said I'd see that you had a copy of a tape plus words to songs from P.E. Island. Just never got to it.

My father is still living at the age of 82 plus. A couple of weeks ago I had him sing a fresh tape on my cassette and it is just grand. At the present time I have five songs by him plus myself singing Jam on Gerry's Rock.

Are you still interested in these songs? If so, let me know and I'll mail the copy of tape plus words for your collection. My father has forgotten some of the songs he knew but I'm going to set down the words he does know and hope he will remember the others.

Also, I recently got your Larry Gorman book from the Maine State Library and noted that you did not have the music of the tune Shan Van Vogh, as Gorman had once sung it. I'm enclosing the notes to the song I know as my grandfather was a great writer of parodies, etc. I wish someone had set down his works because from what I have heard they are incomparable.

When I hear from you I'll send out the songs.

Thank you

Rose B. Roche

(Miss) Rose B. Roche

Mexico
P.E.I.