

1963

# Northeast Folklore volume 5: Twenty-One Folksongs From Prince Edward Island

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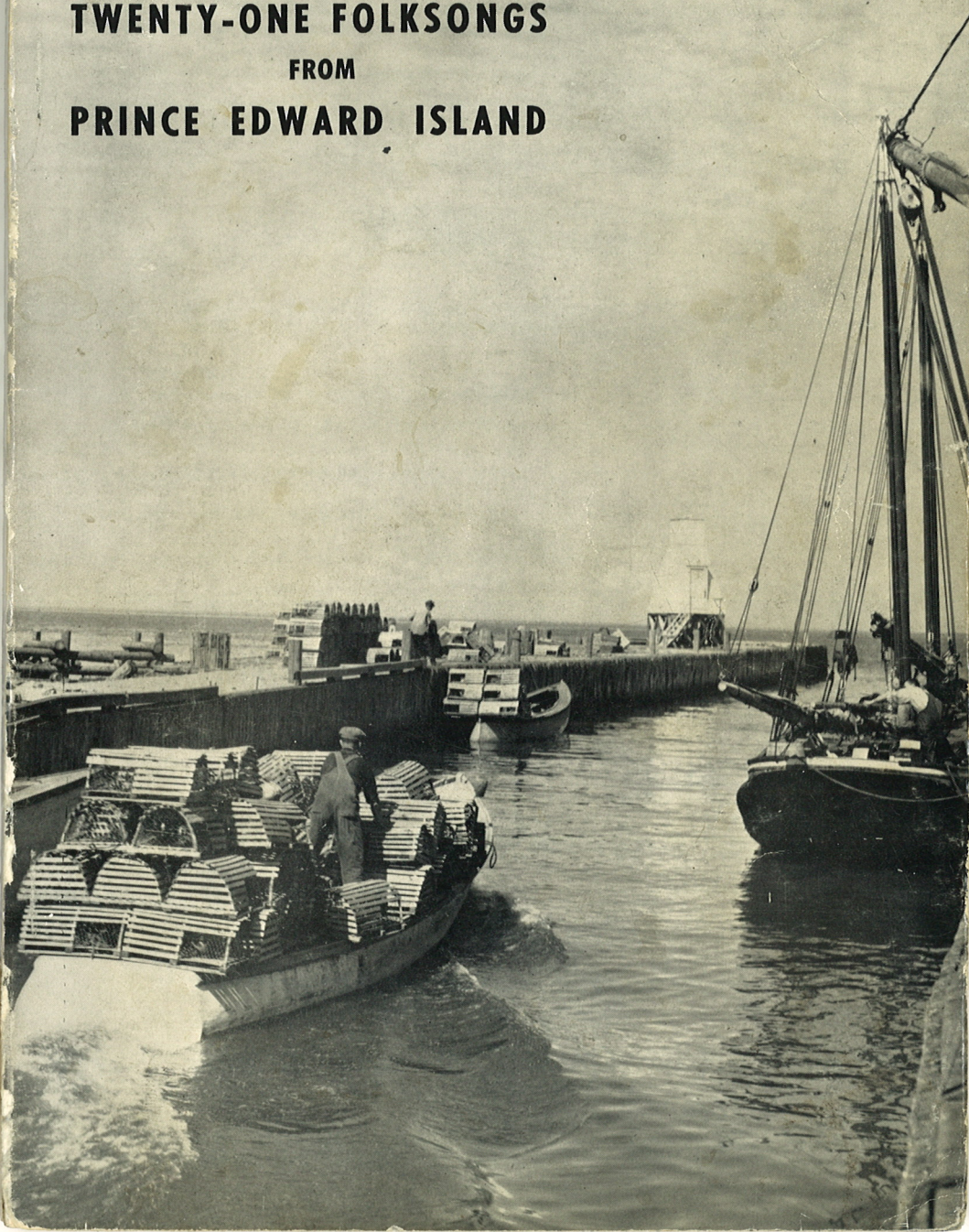
## Recommended Citation

Twenty-One Folksongs From Prince Edward Island, special issue of Northeast Folklore, Edward D. Ives, ed., vol. 5, The Northeast Folklore Society, Department of English, University of Maine, 1963.

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NORTHEAST  
FOLKLORE **V** : 1963

**TWENTY-ONE FOLKSONGS**  
FROM  
**PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND**



NORTHEAST FOLKLORE

Volume V

1963

Published annually by the Northeast Folklore Society,  
under the auspices of the Department of English, Uni-  
versity of Maine, Orono, Maine

Edward D. Ives, Editor

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TWENTY-ONE FOLKSONGS FROM  
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

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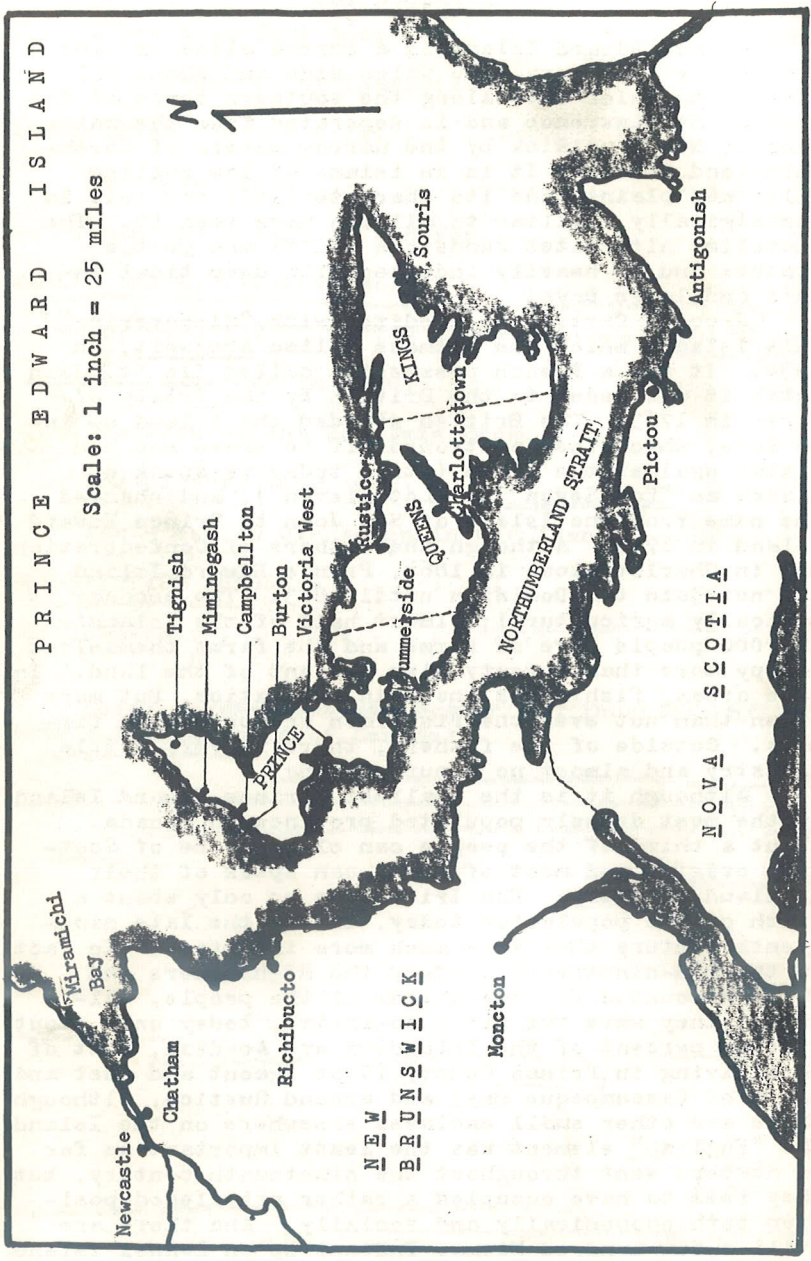
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Cover photograph; Miminegash Run (courtesy of National Film Board of Canada).

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Scale: 1 inch = 25 miles



Western Prince County (or "West Prince," as it is called) was among the latest parts of the Island to be settled, the land there being less good and not as easy to get at. Hence it was the poor and late-coming Irish who got what amounts to this Hobson's Choice of the land. This is not to say that there are no Scottish or English in West Prince, but once one gets beyond Portage he is struck by the predominance of Acadian and Irish names, especially along the North Shore. Down around Victoria West, however, the English and Scottish names become more common. The whole area is one of small farms, even along the shore, although in villages like Ebbsfleet (Miminegash), most of the men are fishermen.

The twenty-one songs printed in this little volume are a representative sample of the songs I collected on Prince Edward Island during the summers of 1957, 1958, and 1963. None of my sojourns were long ones; in 1957 I was there for something less than a month, in 1958 for about a week, and in 1963 for exactly two days! Nor were my travels wide; almost all of my work was done in West Prince, and even here I spent most of my time along the North Shore from Waterford to Cape Wolfe. As a matter of fact, I wasn't even "collecting songs" in the usual sense of that term; I was very specifically looking for songs by Larry Gorman and for biographical information about him, and when I wasn't asking about Larry Gorman I was asking about Joe Scott. Thus the present collection is neither the result of my general acquaintance with the traditions of the whole Island nor of intensive research in a limited area. It is made up mostly of the songs people sang me while I was looking for something else.

There are perfectly adequate reasons for publishing this small collection in a journal devoted to regional material. First of all, it contains some fine songs. Some are published here for the first time; some are variants of items not widely recorded. Then too, the arrangement by singer rather than by genre can give us a few insights into the relationship of these songs to the lives of those who sang them. Two of these "insights" are worth special mention.

First, there is a close correspondence between the songs in this collection and the songs found along the Miramichi River in New Brunswick and in woods tradition in Maine. This will hardly come as a surprise, especially since by the nature of my work I was seeking out old woodsmen wherever I went, yet what I

found emphasizes the heavy impress of woods tradition on local tradition. These men went to work in the woods, and there was a singing tradition in the camps. They learned the songs that were sung here and took them home. Then, as Edmund Doucette points out, the home people would make a real effort to learn these "new" songs. Thus Wesley Smith learned "Guy Reed" before he ever left the Island, and I have already printed elsewhere William Bell's singing of "Ben Deane," which he learned back on P.E.I. almost sixty years ago (I recorded the ballad at his home in Brewer, Maine).<sup>1</sup> Both songs are from woods tradition, but both were learned by the singers from local tradition. This is not to suggest that there was no local tradition as such. The very fact that the "P. I.'s" were generally acknowledged to be the best singers in the camps is evidence that they came from a strong singing tradition at home; but this local tradition was heavily in debt to woods tradition. And Charlie Gorman's singing of "The Banks of the Little Eau Pleine" makes it clear that this woods tradition extended clear out to the Middle West; the song was written in Wisconsin by a man who came originally from New Brunswick, but Charlie learned the song in Maine.

A second point that the arrangement by singers can help to make is that these songs no longer play an important part in the lives of the Islanders. It is perfectly clear that often enough the only time the songs were sung was when they were asked for by junketing and bright-eyed folklorists. Richard M. Dorson says that my study of Larry Gorman demonstrated that a "vigorous tradition of composing and singing satiric verses flourishes in the Maine-Maritimes area."<sup>2</sup> The word should be flourished, and the same can be said of other types of traditional song in this area. I do not wish to join the antiquarian requiem over the last remains of folksong; the stuff is tenacious of life and we will be finding people who recall old songs for at least another generation and perhaps more (we may even find new songs cropping up occasionally). But we are not dealing with a vigorous tradition that plays a vital part in people's lives, even in the lives of those who still remember the songs well.<sup>3</sup> Rural electrification, a sort of vanguard of urbanization, brings with it improved radio reception (better than the old and expensive battery radio), television, and (not to be discounted) good reading light. Thus the occasions when people used to sing are more and more taken up by television-watching and (God wot!) reading. None of this should

be taken to mean that we cannot still learn a great deal about the function of traditional song from continued collecting in this area; only that the most useful things we will learn will come from a reconstruction of the past. There was a time (not so very long ago) when what we now call the "old songs" were so important that the young people would seek out those who knew them and encourage them to sing so that they in turn might pass them on.

There is one other good reason for publishing this collection: small as it is, it is the first collection of songs to be devoted entirely to Prince Edward Island, and as such I hope it will encourage others to collect in an area where much remains to be found. A start has been made, though. The most thorough collecting has been done among the Acadians. So far as I know, the earliest collection is that referred to by Luc Lacourcière as La Collection Arsenault et Gallant, which was made around 1923 and is now in the National Museum of Canada. It contains 110 songs from the Island with both their texts and melodies.<sup>4</sup> M. Lacourcière himself has made three collecting trips during which he has visited all of the centers of Acadian culture on P.E.I., chiefly on the west end. Carmen Roy of the National Museum of Canada, accompanied by Mlle. Maguy Andral of Paris, made a short but profitable collecting trip to the Island in the summer of 1963, Mlle. Andral collecting music, Dr. Roy collecting recipes. They did their work among the Acadians of Lot Fifteen (Mont-Carmel, Egmont Bay, and environs), Tignish, and Rustico.

Collectors of material in English have not really even begun their work on Prince Edward Island. As might be expected, Dr. Helen Creighton has been the most active worker, having made at least two trips to the Island, the last of them in the summer of 1962, when she did collecting work in various communities in all three counties. Christopher Gledhill, Provincial Director of Music for Schools (Charlottetown), has started to do some collecting work and has gathered about thirty items to date in both English and French, especially in West Prince County. And while I have heard of some other small collections, I can find out nothing further. Obviously, then, a great deal of collecting remains to be done, particularly among English-speaking people. Most of the work to date has been done in Prince County, leaving Kings and Queens virtually untouched, but even in Prince the ground has barely been broken.

Prince Edward Island offers some wonderful opportunities for the study of folklore. First of all, to



what extent is it possible to speak of a distinct "folklore of Prince Edward Island" at all? I am willing to bet that the folklore of Kings County has more in common with the North Shore of Nova Scotia (particularly Pictou County) than it does with that of Prince County and the west end of the Island. In addition, continued collecting will, I believe, support the evidence I already have of the close relationship between West Prince and the parts of New Brunswick that lie directly across Northumberland Strait from it: Kent County and the Miramichi Bay and valley. To broaden this question, if we are going to study regional folklore, what constitutes a region? As a footnote to this problem, to what extent did the special nature of my search influence even my serendipitous discoveries? For instance, is that why I found only two Child ballads? Then, too, Prince Edward Island offers numerous and varied opportunities to observe what happens when the Acadian and Anglo-Irish traditions confront and compete with each other. Finally, I will mention once again the problem of woods tradition as compared with local tradition.

One final word to future students of the folklore of Prince Edward Island, Andrew Hill Clark, Professor of Geography at the University of Wisconsin, has published a book entitled Three Centuries and the Island (Toronto, 1959). It is, to quote its subtitle, "A Historical Geography of Settlement and Agriculture in Prince Edward Island, Canada," and it contains not only a very readable history of the Island but also (and these are even more valuable) 155 maps illustrating such matters as population distribution, cultural origins of the settlers, and specific characteristics of farming operations. For example, we are given separate maps showing the distribution of population by cultural origin (Scottish, Irish, English, Acadian) for the years 1798, 1848, 1881, and 1921; maps showing the various types of holdings, sizes, crops, and values of the farms in different parts of the Island; maps showing increase and decrease of rural population, numbers of men engaged in the fishery, etc. The text also contains very helpful commentary on most of the maps. Armed with Clark's book, "Meacham's Atlas,"<sup>5</sup> and whatever linguistic material is available, the folklorist on Prince Edward Island is in an excellent position to attack some of his discipline's most fascinating problems.


#### Some Notes on the Editing


The singers are arranged in geographical order, starting from Miminegash and working down the shore to


Victoria West. Directly under the title of each song appears the date it was collected and the place where the item can now be found. If the item is in the Archives of Folk and Primitive Music at Indiana University, the Archives Tape Library (ATL) number is given; if the item is in my own collection, the reel number is given.

In the headnotes, quoted material marked with an asterisk is given verbatim from the taped interviews. All omissions are marked. Material in brackets is of two kinds: italicized words are those I have added to make the sense of a passage more clear; otherwise bracketed material indicates that the recording is not clear but the words given are as close as I can come to what I heard. Where I quote an informant but do not mark his statement with an asterisk, I am reconstructing from notes what he said. The texts of the songs are given as accurately as possible. All omissions and editings are marked in the same way as I have marked these matters in other quoted material.

Rather than try to present some sort of tune outline or other generalized form of the melody, I have given a sample stanza from each song in some detail, hoping that this method would give the reader both "the tune" and some idea of how that tune was presented, which is to say the "style." This sort of transcription raises many problems, not the least of them being whether a particular note should be given metrical value or whether it should be put in only as a grace note. I can only hope I have been reasonably consistent. On several of the tunes I have made no attempt at establishing a consistent meter but have simply marked the piece as parlando-rubato and used dotted bar lines to indicate the ends of phrases. Most of the signs used in transcription are standard, but the following exceptions should be noted:

 a breath pause of irregular length.

 Note slightly shorter than written.

 Note slightly longer than written.

For convenience in comparison, all tunes have been transposed to end on g, but before each tune there appears a catch-signature giving the original key and opening pitches.

## Notes

1. See "'Ben Deane' and Joe Scott: A Ballad and its Probable Author," JAF, LXXII (January, 1959), 53-55. For an excellent study of this lumbercamp tradition, see Norman Cazden, "Regional and Occupational Orientations of American Traditional Song," JAF, LXXII (1959), 310-344.

2. Richard M. Dorson, Buying the Wind (Chicago, 1964), p. 24.

3. For an interesting discussion of the definition of tradition, one that makes a distinction similar to mine, see Américo Paredes, "The Ancestry of Mexico's Corridos; A Matter of Definitions," JAF, LXXVI (1963), 231-235.

4. Luc Lacourcière et Felix-Antoine Savard, "Le Folklore Acadien," Annual Report of the National Museum of Canada for the Fiscal Year 1950-51, Bulletin No. 126 (Ottawa, 1952), p. 101. M. Lacourcière will give a full account of his collecting on the Island in a paper to be read at a meeting of the Royal Society of Canada in Charlottetown in June, 1964.

5. Illustrated Historical Atlas of the Province of Prince Edward Island (n.p., J. H. Meacham & Co., 1880).

## EDMUND DOUCETTE

Miminegash, P.E.I.

The proper name of Miminegash is Ebbsfleet, or at least that is the name of the post office now, but I notice that most of the Islanders still call it Miminegash, Miminegash Run, or, even more familiarly, "The Run." The most striking feature as you approach it from the south is the line of fishing stages you see against the sky out by the dunes. There is the one main road leading down to the shore (it is now paved), and the rest of the houses are set back from it on either side. The economy is almost entirely fishing, but people also rake sea moss when they can.

Edmund Doucette and I had been writing back and forth for some time before we actually met, and when he opened his door to me that June morning, he took one look and said, "No!" He had expected a professor who looked more like what a professor ought to look like, grey beard and all, and while I am getting to look that way more every day, I fitted the description even less in June of 1957 than I do now. Once Edmund got things turned around enough to accept the fact that I was "the old man" (that's what his friends had been calling me), we walked over to Joe Tremblay's place to record a few songs. Joe had electricity at that time; Edmund did not, though when I went back in 1963 he did.

Edmund's father was the first Doucette to move to Miminegash (he came there from Tignish), and Edmund was born there in 1894. I was interested in the fact that while there were many Acadian names in the town, and while I was quite sure I could detect some speech patterns that were certainly French, yet the song tradition in the village, according to Edmund, was English. He made the following comments:

\*Well, we were brought up French home at the house. . . . Oh there's places where they don't speak anything else. You take along between here and St. Louis--all French mostly. But they are acquainted with English, but still they hung on to their language. Well I can speak French with anybody but my woman can't; she can talk a little all right, but she understands it good. But [my] family, there's none can talk it at all and they don't understand it. . . because we never speak it here. . . . They do get on me, the kids sometimes, [that] they'd like to learn it, but I can't get on to it, you know, to talk French in the house.

If he had been brought up French at home, I wondered, where and how did he learn his English:

\*Well, we learned it some about the house 'cause there was English neighbors, but mostly in school. The majority [of people around here] is French, and there's not one of them speak French. Oh they're all French people, [except for] three or four families of Irish descent, but they're married in with the French.

"Do you remember any French songs?" I asked.

\*Oh yes, I used to sing them for the kids sometimes. They'd get a great kick out of it. . . . I sung one for Miss Creighton when she was here that time. That's about the only one probably I know. It's about a sporty guy; he's going along and this girl was in a garden, and he wanted to get acquainted with her. And he took his hat in his hand and he went and he introduced himself, but she had no interest in him. He was dying to make love with her and she refused him, and I guess he was pretty disappointed. And he took his hat under his arm and he bade her good-bye.

It's very seldom you hear a French song [around here]. There was some darned nice ones too-- songs made up about fellows killed in the lumberwoods and things like that. . . . There was an old lady [and] she used to sing one. . . . It's a terrible nice song, about a fellow by the name of Jerome something. He was killed by a hanging limb that fell on his head. And on his dying bed he tells about when he left home. It was pitiful, it was sad; nice song, awful nice air to it too. [He was] killed here on the Miramichi.

Not only do the foregoing passages give some interesting insights into the local tradition and tastes, but that "here on the Miramichi" is a clue. Edmund had spent many winters as a young man working in the woods along the Miramichi River, and he learned a lot of songs there. Nor was he unique in this way; many young men, both before and after his time went this same way. I was asking him about when people used to sing:

\*Well, young fellows and girls, that was their only pastime-- sing songs like that. No such thing as television, radio or anything like that. . . . And then a lot of the boys used to go to New Brunswick in the lumberwoods. We'd always look forward for when some of them would come home; they'd learned some of those new songs, you know. [The fellows and girls] would all gather into this one house where this fellow was . . . and he'd sing the

song and that's the way they learned them. He'd have to repeat them until some of the rest would know them, see? . . . And it was surprising too; you'd hear one of them long songs (you know how long they are, some of them), well you'd hear them a couple of times and you'd know them. Now if I heard one of those songs forty or fifty times and I wouldn't know them. But them times you'd learn so quick!

As Edmund suggests, it has been a long time now. The radio and the television set have had their impact, and the old songs are not much sung anymore. Yet when Edmund does sing them, for me or occasionally for friends, his voice is still a good one. I would describe it as tenor in range and sharp and tense in quality; and when he sings he puts tremendous pressure on his voice. He also uses more ornamentation than any other singer in this booklet. He uses the spoken ending consistently. He doesn't exactly slow down at the end; it is rather a hesitating, a falling off in volume, a throwing away of that last word. It is not a dramatic way of ending, but it is very final.

#### John Ladner

June 30, 1957. ATL 2157.6

John Ladner was killed in a logging accident in Madison, Maine on Thanksgiving Day, November 29, 1900. He was just over thirty-three years old, single, and a native of West Prince County, P.E.I. The Madison Bulletin for Thursday, December 6, reported the accident as follows:

#### A Fatal Accident

About 9 o'clock last Thursday morning John Ladner was killed while at work at the log pile on the bank of the river just above this village. He was one of a crew who were breaking down one of the huge piles of logs and rolling them into the river for use at the pulp mill. Mr. Ladner and Lockie McDonald went up the pile to break down some logs. They ran back to escape the falling logs and dodged in front of another pile that had not been broken into. The logs as they came down, struck the pile they were in front of, and started three logs, which rolled down onto them pushing them down the bank onto the river. The first log struck both men, and Ladner who wore calk shoes was knocked down, while McDonald had on a pair of rubber boots which caused his feet to slip and he was shoved clear. Ladner's feet broke through the crust of

snow and he could not get away and all three logs rolled over him, the third one stopping about half way of his body. He fell face down and his skull was crushed between the ice and logs. Blood passed from his ears, nose, and mouth and from several gashes in his face. He lived twenty-five minutes but was unconscious.

Mr. Ladner was 33 years of age and unmarried. He was a fine young man and had many friends in this place who are deeply saddened at his terrible death.

The body was taken to Allen Copp's boarding-house where he had made his home. He has a brother in Bangor and one at home and one in British Columbia, also two sisters in Boston.

Funeral services were held at the house, Friday at one o'clock, Rev. W. W. Hayden officiating. The remains were sent to his home, in Prince Edward Island on the Friday afternoon train. Services will also be held at his late home.

The late William Bryant recalled that John had a fine big funeral in Victoria West. Certainly the stone that marks his grave is one of the most impressive in the little cemetery adjoining the United Church in Victoria West.

There were two entirely separate ballads about the death of John Ladner. One (See Barry, 72-73) has come down to us only in a single broadside from a Madison resident who claimed it was sung "to an old Prince Edward Island tune" and had been written by one Jimmie McRee from Prince Edward Island. The other, the one presented here, has obviously had a rather extensive oral tradition in Maine, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. It would be too much to say that it is well known, but it is widely recognized; many people know the tune and little sketches of the words, but only a few people, even among singers, know the whole song. The only other complete variant I have was sung by Stanley MacDonald of Black River Bridge, New Brunswick. Roy Lohnes of Andover, Maine, recited me several stanzas of it in August, 1958. No-one knows who wrote it; I have heard it attributed to Joe Scott, but at present there is very little to support that attribution.

The tune is one of the general utility tunes in Northeastern tradition, although it is generally recognized as "the air to 'John Ladner.'" It is also known in Scotland and Ireland.

♩ = App. 60 parlando rubato



You sym- pa- thet- ic friends draw near and



lis- ten to my song, 'Till I re- late the cru- el fate



of a young man dead and gone, Who now lies si- lent



in his tomb, with- out a care or pain, Prince



Ed- ward Isle his na- tive soil, John Lad- in- er by name.

1.

You sympathetic friends draw near  
and listen to my song,  
Til I relate the cruel fate  
of a young man dead and gone,  
Who now lies silent in his tomb  
without a care or pain;  
Prince Edward Isle his native soil,  
John Ladiner by name.

2.

When very young he left his home  
relations far behind;  
He hastened on o'er to St. John  
employment for to find.  
For work he tried but was denied,  
he searched but all in vain,  
In deep despair he paid his fare  
up to the State of Maine.



3.  
Arriving at the State of Maine  
a job was easily found,  
His willing ways soon won the praise  
of strangers all around;  
He toiled and slaved, his earnings saved,  
not a foolish cent he'd spend,  
'Twas little did he ever think  
his short life soon would end.

4.  
It's to the town of Madison  
young Ladner he did go,  
He labored there three months or more  
through winter rain and snow;  
Contented mind, no faults to find,  
successful every way,  
With willing heart he done his part  
up to his dying day.

5.  
Thanksgiving morn brought joy to some,  
to others it brought woe,  
Poor John arose, put on his clothes,  
and up to work did go;  
To roll down logs piled up so high  
with steady nerve and skill,  
And land them in that narrow stream  
that floats them to the mill.

6.  
In dangerous roads he often stood  
but watched with careful eye,  
This fatal morn he drove the same,  
they said who saw him die;  
A dash, a crash, a fearful smash,  
the logs came tumbling down,  
A treacherous blow soon laid him low  
and he in death was found.

7.  
His comrades they all gathered round  
and drove the logs away,  
With aching hearts in sorrow cried  
they mourned his loss that day;  
The doctor came but was too late,  
for he in death was cold,  
His race was run, his time had come  
at twenty-three years old.

8.  
Now, comrade, mark that bloodstained place  
in memory of the dead,  
Look down with pity on his sad face,  
rise up his bleeding head;

Look down with pity on his sad face,  
watch danger if you can,  
For unexpected it might come  
to each and every man.

9.

Now fare you well, dear comrade John,  
in bitter tears we say,  
Your lifeless form is boring on  
to that isle so far away;  
You're leaving friends and those you love  
who once on you did smile,  
A lonesome grave for you is made  
down on Prince Edward's Isle.

10.

The eyes that once did sparkle bright  
are closed in death today,  
The voice that oftentimes rejoiced  
lies silent in the clay;  
The heart that once did beat so true  
has ceased to beat no more,  
For God has called him from us all  
to his bright celestial shore.

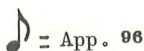
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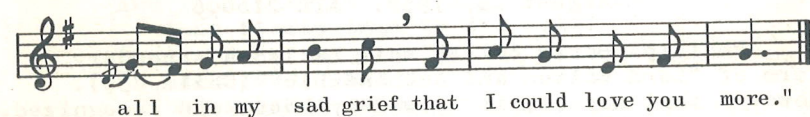
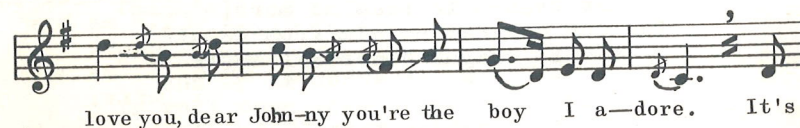
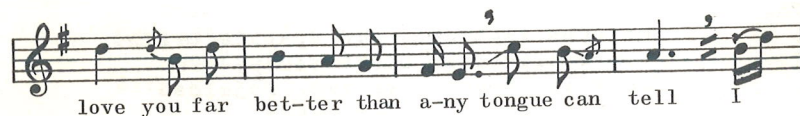
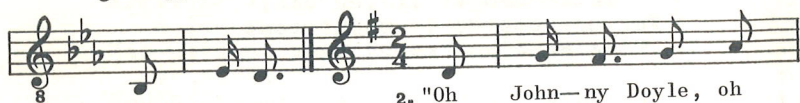
Johnny Doyle

August 16, 1958. ATL 2160.6

Phillips Barry called this ballad a secondary form of "Lord Salton and Auchanachie" (Child 239). However that may be, it is widely known and recognized. Many people who do not know the ballad remember that it is "the one where her earrings bursted." It is not limited to the Northeast but is part of general Anglo-American tradition.

I have always been fascinated by the easy way this ballad shifts its point of view. It begins with a version of the traditional broadside formula: a man walks out to view the flowers or fields and overhears a maiden talking (or meets her and talks to her). As the song goes along, it becomes evident that we are now watching the action ourselves. In the last stanza, the shift is back to the observer, but at a later time. So long as we look on balladry as sub-literature, such matters are "bad." For the ballad-maker and singer, they are of no importance at all. The "mounted policemen" of stanza 4 is, to be sure, a Canadian touch.

 = App. 96



1.  
Oh don't you see that altar that grows in yonder dale  
Its snowy white blossoms for anyone to see;  
I overheard a maiden cry in notes of [renial],  
She was sadly lamenting for her true love Johnny Doyle

2.  
"Oh Johnny Doyle, oh Johnny Doyle, you're the boy I  
adore,  
I love you far better than any tongue can tell;  
I love you, dear Johnny, you're the boy I adore,  
It's all in my sad grief that I could love you more.

3.  
"My father he confined me to a room that was high  
Where no-one could see me or pity my sad cry.  
He gave me my clothes and bid me be gone,  
So slowly and sadly, 'twas then I put them on.

4.  
"Five hundred pounds in gold weight my father did  
prepare,  
With horses and coaches that we might ride there;

With six mounted policemen for to ride by our side,  
All for to make me young Sandy Murray's bride.

5.  
"We drove along together till we came to the first town  
Our horses to refresh and ourselves to sit down,  
While they had their pleasure, I had my toil,  
My heart was on the ocean with you, young Johnny Doyle.

6.  
"The minister was the first man that entered the door,  
My earrings they bursted and fell on the floor;  
In twenty-four pieces my necklace it flew  
'Twas then, my dear Johnny, I thought upon you.

7.  
"The wedding being all over and we all rode home.  
It was my old mother that showed me to my room;  
'Twas there on my bedside, twas there I sat down,  
So lonely and sadly, there was no-one around.

8.  
"Oh, shut the door dear mother, and don't let Sandy in,  
For he shall ne'er enjoy me, although he calls me his  
dear;  
For he shall ne'er enjoy me, although he calls me his  
wife,  
For tonight I do intend for to quickly end my life.'

9.  
"Oh, daughter dearest daughter, oh what is that you say?  
We'll send for Johnny Doyle at the dawning of the day.'  
'You'll send for Johnny Doyle when you know it is too  
late  
For death is approaching and sad is my fate.'"

10.  
Oh wasn't it a sad and a melancholy sight  
To see five and twenty fair maids all dressed up in  
white;  
They buried her fair body and buried her in the grave,  
May the Lord have mercy on her soul for ever and a day.

The Old Beggar Man *Hind Horn*  
July 14, 1963. Ives 63.12

Here is a splendid variant of the old ballad  
"Hind Horn" (Child 17). As Bronson points out, "Var-  
iants of this tune-family with a 'Hind Horn' text are  
pretty well confined, so far as the record shows, to  
Scotland and the Northeastern seaboard of North America,  
taking in Maine, New Brunswick, and Newfoundland."  
(p. 254). If we accept that statement, we must ignore  
the two versions that John Jacob Niles prints in his  
Ballad Book, and I suggest we do just that for now.  
The "Hind Horn" ballad is a marvelous example of how

stable a tune-text relationship can be; wherever this ballad is found, in Scotland or America, it is sung to the same tune, although the tune is also found with other words ("The Birds' Song," for example).

It is always a temptation to speak of this ballad as "ancient" or "medieval," and it may indeed be either or both. However, no extant variants can be dated earlier than 1810. The exact relation of this ballad to the thirteenth century romance of King Horn is problematic, and certainly there is no proof of the ballad's antiquity as a ballad. Yet if any of our extant ballads go back to the Middle Ages, this one surely does. We are on very solid ground, however, when we point out that this is simply one of a vast repertoire of ballads that develop the theme of the lover who returns and is unrecognized.

Edmund has sung the ballad for me three times; once in 1958 and twice on the same day in 1963. The variant I give here is the last one he sang for me, but to show how fixed in his mind the text is I give the variant passages in the notes. Remember, too, that until he sang the song for me in 1958, he had not sung it in twenty or thirty years, and that since then (with one possible exception) he had not sung the song at all except when I asked him to.

Once again we have a ballad that shifts its point of view, the shift coming here in stanza seven.

$\text{♩} = \text{App. } 72$

8 "Where were you born and where were you bred?"

"In Scot-land town in a for-iegn coun-ter-ee.

"In Scot—land town where I was born, 'Twas

there were a maid and she gave to me a ring."

1.  
"Where were you born and where were you bred?  
In Scotland town in a foreign countereee?"  
In Scotland town where I was born,  
'Twas there were a maid and she gave to me a ring.
2.  
"If this ring proves bright and clear,  
You'll know that I'll be true to you, my dear,  
But if this ring proves pale and worn  
You'll know that your true love is with another man."
3.  
I shipped on board and away sailed I,  
I sailed away to a foreign countereee;  
I looked at the ring, it was pale and worn,  
I knew that my true love was with another man.
4.  
I shipped on board and back sailed I,  
I sailed back to my own countereee;  
One day as I was a-riding along  
Whom did I meet but a poor beggar man.
5.  
"What news have you for me today?  
What news have you got for me today?"  
"Sad news I have for you today,  
Tomorrow is your true love's wedding day."
6.  
"Come and take my riding suit,  
And I will take the beggar's suit."  
"The riding suit is not fit for me,  
The beggar's suit is not fit for thee."
7.  
"Never mind if it's right or wrong."  
The beggar's suit he did pull on.  
He toddled away at a weary rate,  
He laid his sack at yonder gate.
8.  
He begged from parlor he begged from the hall,  
He begged from the poorest and the richest of them all;  
But as for wine he'd drink none at all  
Unless he got it from the bride's own hand.
9.  
Down came the bride skipping downstairs,  
With rings on her fingers and gold in her hair,  
And in her hand a glass of wine  
To give it to this poor old beggar man.
10.  
Out of the glass he drank the wine  
And into the glass he slipped the ring.  
"Did you get it by sea or by land?  
Or did you take it off a drowned man's hand?"

11.  
"I didn't get it by sea or by land,  
Or I didn't take it off a drowned man's hand.  
I got it from my true love on our courting day,  
And given it back to her on her wedding day."

12.  
Rings from her fingers she did pull off,  
And gold from her hair she did let fall.  
"I'll follow my true love wherever he goes,  
Although he begs my bread from door to door."

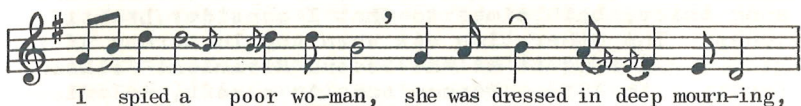
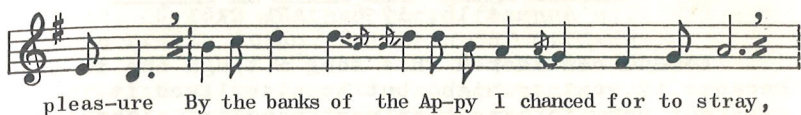
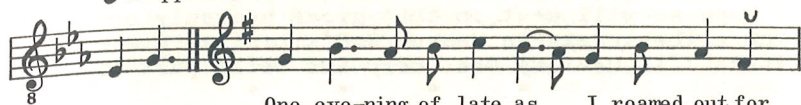
13.  
Between the kitchen and the hall  
The beggar's suit he did pull off;  
The gold and shone the brightest of them all,  
And he was the finest young man in the hall.

\* \* \* \*

Dan Curry  
August 16, 1958. ATL 2161.3

Is this a local ballad or is it an Irish import? So far there is no way of telling for certain, but I know of no record of it aside from the following variant and three from the Miramichi valley in New Brunswick. James Wilson collected a seven-stanza variant from Billy Price of McNamee, N.B.; Mrs. Alan MacDonald of Black River Bridge, N.B., sang it at the Sixth Miramichi Folksong Festival in August, 1963, and I have a three-stanza fragment from Mrs. Herschel Jardine of Barnetville, N.B., which I collected July 18, 1961. All were sung to the same tune. There is no question about the ballad being traditional; it begins with the formulistic "As I walked out" stanza, and moves on to a conversation, which is really more of a monologue. The distinctive point about this ballad is that it devotes two stanzas to a curse on the murderer and then closes without any clear resolution of the action. It is more a lyric outburst against a narrative background than it is a "story song." My educated guess is that it is Irish.

♩ = App. 112 Parlando rubato



1.  
One evening of late as I roamed out for pleasure  
By the banks of the Apy I chanced for to stray,  
I spied a poor woman, she was dressed in deep mourning,  
With a babe on her bosom she tenderly bore.

2.  
I asked this poor widow the cause of her weeping,  
"You seem overloaded with sorrow and woe.  
Are they any bad landlords to you have proved cruel,  
Or the cause of your trouble I'd like well to know."

3.  
"Oh yes, kind sir, it's the truth I now tell you,  
My bosom is raked and my heart is full sore;  
For it's Felix Parks murdered my husband Dan Curry,  
Suffered here on this earth and I'll see him no more.

4.  
"Oh Felix the traitor, the hard heart deceiver,  
May the ground that he walks on the grass never grow;  
May his name be detested all over the nation,  
For he murdered Dan Curry and I'll see him no more.

5.  
"May his short life be raked and his wife die a widow,  
May his children go rambling on Erin's green shore;  
May the curse of a widow and orphan be on him  
For he murdered Dan Curry and I'll see him no more.



6.

"It's now he is gone but a short time before me,  
 I hope we will meet on that great heavenly shore,  
 Where the angels in Heaven God's praises are singing,  
 There I'll meet my Dan Curry and we'll part no more."  
 \* \* \* \*

Pretty Susan, The Pride of Kildare  
 August 16, 1958. ATL 2161.4

Edmund considered this song a tough one to sing because it went so high, but he also liked it. It does not seem to have been very popular, although it could not be considered rare either. I have heard it sung twice, both times to what I consider beautiful tunes. The other time was when Angelo Dornan of Elgin, N.B., sang it at the Second Miramichi Folksong Festival in 1959. Dornan sang in a soft, melodious voice, using a parlando-rubato style so heavily ornamented as to make Edmund's singing sound like the most straightforward tempo-giusto imaginable.

♩ = App. 104 parlando-rubato

8 2. We kept on—e-lie court-ing

'Til I was-ted my store; then my love came to

hate me be—cause I was poor. She said,

"I love an-oth-er whose for—tune will share."

So be-gan prèt—ty Su-san, the pride of Kil-dare.

The musical score is written on five staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature. It includes a tempo marking 'App. 104 parlando-rubato' and a measure rest of 8 measures. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words connected by a long horizontal line to indicate a sustained note. The score ends with a double bar line.

1.  
When first from sea I landed I had a roving mind,  
Undaunted to ramble a true love to find;  
Till I met with pretty Susie, her cheeks like the rose,  
Her bosom far fairer than the lily that grows.

2.  
We kept only courting till I wasted my store,  
Then my love came to hate me because I was poor;  
She said, "I love another whose fortune will share,"  
So began pretty Susan, the pride of Kildare.

3.  
What grieved me more next morning when alone I did stray  
For to meet pretty Susie with a young lord so gay;  
It's when they passed by me, my heart full of grief,  
My cry for pretty Susie, the pride of Kildare.

4.  
'Tis back to the ocean I'm resolved for to go,  
Till see if I'll forget my true love or no;  
If e'er I'll see damsel with jewels so rare,  
But there's none like pretty Susie the pride of Kildare.

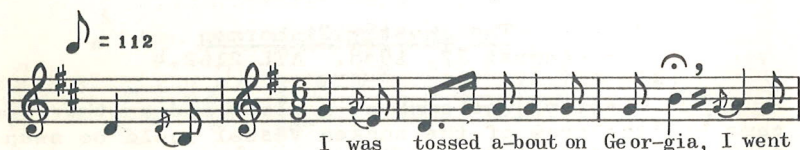
\* \* \* \*

The Ghostly Fishermen  
August 17, 1958. ATL 2162.4

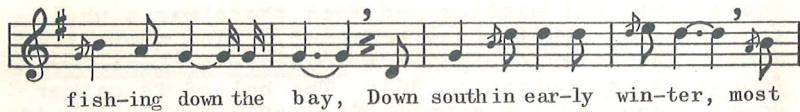
"If a vessel was sunk at a place and another one came by, the crew of the sunken vessel would be seen. One stormy night there were four men on watch and the first thing they would see somebody coming in over the rail in oil clothes and soon there was a whole crew aboard. That often happened." The quotation comes from Helen Creighton's Folklore of Lunenburg County, Nova Scotia (p. 30). The belief is rather common, and it is a special form of a much more widespread belief that, for one reason or another, certain of the dead cannot rest in their graves. The ghosts in this song behave in every way like the perfectly normal ghosts they are. That the ballad may have been instrumental in spreading the legend can be seen in the fact that it has been told about at least two different ships. Horace Beck tells us in The Folklore of Maine that somewhere in the 1870's the schooner Haskell ran down another vessel on George's Bank. After that, "Every time the Haskell put to sea and went to George's the ghastly crew came aboard. Eventually, as a result of these visitations, no one could be found to ship in her and the Haskell lay alongside a pier in Gloucester till she went to pieces." (p. 203) And Elizabeth Bristol Greenleaf had talked to a Mr. James Gillespie of Fortune Harbour, Newfoundland, who "had seen the ship which the ghostly seamen

boarded. 'They hove the sails off her and let her rot at the wharf in St. John's Harbour, because they could never get a crew to sign on her, after the trip when the spirits was seen.'" (pps. 228-229). Finally, anyone who has collected such material will recognize the opening stanza of this song as just one more example of what is almost a formulistic opening for a legend today: "You may not believe this, but . . ." Earlier balladry took its ghosts for granted; this ballad anticipates skepticism and in so doing uses it to heighten its effect.

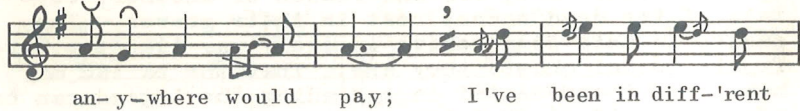
Doerflinger reports that the "original words, by Harry L. Marcy, appeared in 1874 in Fishermen's Ballads and Songs of the Sea, a collection of songs, poems, yarns, and useful facts compiled for the fishermen by a Gloucester stationery house, Procter Brothers." (p. 180). Where the words picked up the tune, there is no way of telling, but it is another one of those pieces where the tune-text relationship is very stable. The song has not been found outside the Maritimes, and even here it has not traveled very far from the sea.




I was tossed a-bout on Geor-gia, I went



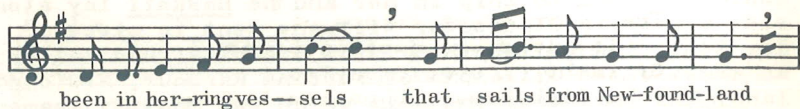
fish-ing down the bay, Down south in ear-ly win-ter, most



an-y-where would pay; I've been in diff-'rent



pla-ces on the West-ern banks and Grand, I've



been in her-ringves--sels that sails from New-found-land

1.  
You may smile if you're a mind to,  
perhaps you'll lend an ear,  
We're men and boys together  
well on for fifty years,  
Have sailed upon the water  
in summer's pleasant day  
And through the storms of winter  
where the howland winds do rage.

2.  
I was tossed about on Georgia,  
I went fishing down the bay,  
Down south in early winter,  
most anywhere would pay;  
I've been in different places,  
on the Western Banks and Grand,  
I've been in herring vessels  
that sails from Newfoundland.

3.  
If they're ice or storms I tell you  
when things looked rather blue,  
But somehow or another  
was lucky and got through;  
I'm not to brag, however--  
I won't say much, but then,  
I ain't as easily frightened  
as most of other men.

4.  
Oh this night as we were sailing,  
we were off shores a ways,  
I'll never shall forget it  
all in my livelong days;  
Twas on those dark night watches  
I felt a chilling dread  
Crept over me as if I heered  
one calling from the dead.

5.  
Right over the rail they climbed her,  
in silence one by one,  
A dozen dripping sailors,  
just wait till I am done;  
Their face was pale and seaworn  
shone ghostly through the night,  
Each fellow took his station  
as if he had a right.

6.  
They move about before us,  
the land was just in sight,  
Or rather I should say so,  
a lighthouse shone its light;

And then those ghostly sailors  
moved to the rail again,  
And vanished in an instant  
before the sons of men.

7.

We sailed right in the harbor,  
and every one of the crew  
Can tell you the same story,  
the same as I now do;  
The trip before the other,  
we were on the Georgia then,  
Ran down another vessel  
and sank her and her men.

8.

These were the same poor fellows,  
I hope God bless their souls,  
That our old ship ran under  
that night on Georgia's shoals;  
So now you've heered my story,  
it's just as I now say,  
I do believe in spirits  
from that time and today.

\* \* \* \*

Mantle So Green

August 17, 1958. ATL 2163.2

This ballad uses two favorite themes to insure its success: the disguised lover and Waterloo. In addition it employs the popular "As I walked out" opening, tells its story as a conversation, and ends happily. The combination is about as sure-fire as a story about Abraham Lincoln's doctor's dog would be.

Law lists sixteen separate ballads (N-28 through N-43) that use the disguised lover motif. The only thing that distinguishes our ballad from the others is the device of the green mantle with the loved one's name embroidered on it. Again using Laws, a quick count reveals that seven ballads use the Waterloo theme, three of them in combination with the disguised lover returning.

There is more than one tune used for this ballad, but Edmund's tune is the same one we find the ballad sung to along the Miramichi. Of course it is quite possible, even probable, that Edmund learned the song while he was working in the woods. Under any circumstances, it is one more example of the close correspondence we find in the folklore of the Miramichi and West Prince County.

♩ = 76

And as I drew nigh her

those words I did say, "Now let us get

mar-ried and we'll both go a——way. I will

dress you in rich at——tire-ment, you ap-

-pear like some queen, with your cost-ly rich

robes round your man-tle so green."

1.

As I went out walking  
 one evening in June,  
 For to view those green meadows  
 and the flowers in bloom;  
 I spied a pretty fair maid,  
 she appeared like some queen,  
 With her costly rich robes  
 round her mantle so green.

2.

And as I drew nigh her  
 those words I did say,  
 "Now let us get married  
 and we'll both go away;

I will dress you in rich attirement,  
you appear like some queen,  
With your costly rich robes  
round your mantle so green."

3.

"Oh no, dearest young man,  
you must be refused,  
For I'll wed with no other man  
so I must be excused;  
Through the green woods I'll wander,  
and shun all men's view,  
Since the boy that I love went  
to the plains of Waterloo."

4.

I said, "Dearest fair maid,  
what is your love's name?  
I've been in those battles  
and I might know the same."  
"Draw nearer to my garment  
and it's there you will see  
His name is embraided  
on my mantle so green."

5.

And as I drew nigh her  
'twas plain to behold  
His name and his surname  
in letters of gold;  
Young William O'Reilly  
this met in my view.  
"He was my chief comrade  
on the plains of Waterloo."

6.

"I was standing close by him,  
I heered his last cry,  
Saying, 'Nancy, lovely Nancy,  
were you standing by,'  
Saying, 'Nancy, lovely Nancy,  
if you were standing by,  
For to breathe my last on you  
contented I'd die.'"

7.

It's when I had told her  
I was struck with surprise;  
The more that I told her,  
the more she did cry,  
"Through the green woods I'll wander  
and shun all man's view,  
Since the boy that I love died  
on the plains of Waterloo."

8.

"Cheer up, lovely Nancy,  
it was I won your heart,

In your old father's garden  
 where we had to part;  
 In your old father's garden  
 where we were unseen,  
 There I rolled you in my arms  
 and your mantle so green."

9.

Now this couple is married,  
 so I hear people say,  
 Great nobles attended  
 on their wedding day;  
 The wars are all over,  
 and peace do proclaim,  
 "Now you're welcome to my arms  
 lovely Nancy again."

\* \* \* \*

The Shepherd

July 14, 1963. Ives tape 63.12

Although this ballad bears strong resemblances to other ballads of family opposition to lovers, especially those in which the father of the girl either kills the young man or has him killed, the only other variant of it I have been able to run down is in Helen Creighton's Maritimes Folk Songs (p. 108). That variant comes from Nova Scotia and has two more stanzas than Edmund's, but it is sugn to what is certainly a set of the same tune. Edmund learned the song from his mother-in-law, and he thought that he was about the only person around who knew it now. He liked the song; so do I.

♩ = App. 72

In Lon-don's fair  
 ci-ty there lived a rich squire. He  
 had but one daugh-ter, m'a beau-ty so



fair; She was cour—ted by a shep—herd of  
 a low—er de—gree, which caused her mis—  
 —for—tune and sad mis—er—y.

1.

In London's fair city there lived a rich squire  
 He had but one daughter, a beauty so fair;  
 She was courted by a shepherd of a lower degree,  
 Which caused her misfortune and sad misery.

2.

When her father came to hear this his passions grew high  
 And with a loaded pistol her shepherd he shot;  
 As he lie a-bleeding his true love passed by,  
 It's weeping and wailing, most bitterly she cried.

3.

"My curse unto riches since my true love is slain,  
 Through the green fields I'll wander and shun all men's  
 view."

"Oh hold your tongue, jewel, my life you can't save  
 It's wonders you'll see when I'm cold in the clay.

4.

"The flock that I herd, love, my share is but small,  
 You can take them and herd them to every green plain;  
 They will be your companions through hail frost and rain."

5.

She picked up his crook, his hat and his [glive],  
 Like a faithful young shepherd through the valleys did  
 glide;

It's when that they seen her, around her they came,  
 It's [reeting] and bleating her love to remain.

6.

"I might have been happy in my father's right home,  
 But it's been the cause of my sorrow downfall;  
 Through the green fields I'll wander 'til death ends all  
 pain,

I will mourn for my shepherd 'till the day I will die."

JOSEPH DOUCETTE  
Miminegash, P.E.I.

"Long Joe" lives out of the village on the St. Louis Road. As might be expected, the nickname comes from his being tall, for he stands a rawboned six-foot-three. He is Edmund's younger brother by six years, which means he is sixty-four this year. Although he has fished some and has worked in New Brunswick too, he has spent much of his time working with the track maintenance crews for the Canadian National Railroad, and that's what he does now. It is a pleasure to hear this man sing. He has a big, deep voice, and he comes down strong on the beat.

The Miramichi Fire  
August 17, 1958. ATL 2161.5

This song has become a legend in itself here in the Northeast. That there is such a song is well known. Everyone has "heard it," and many people can tell you who used to sing it or who you should go see "because he has the whole of it." A bit of a tune here, a few lines or a couple of stanzas there, but rarely more than that and never the whole song-- never, that is, the full twenty-one stanzas found in the series of printed versions.

Perhaps we can reconstruct the history of the song something like this: The Great Fire took place October 7, 1825. Beginning on the Northwest Miramichi and aided by heavy winds and tinderbox conditions, it swept down to the Main River, where it raged along both banks, destroying four thousand square miles of timber and several towns, among them Newcastle. Shortly after that, John Jardine of Black River wrote a ballad about it, which he almost certainly had printed and sold. Either he or, what is more likely, later singers put tunes to it and it caught on, especially in the lumbercamps, through which it spread over to the State of Maine. The original broadsides have now entirely disappeared, but we have newsprint copies (and copies of copies) that surely represent the original rather well. Because it was long, plotless, and very circumstantial, the song was hard to remember, and however much they may have jogged people's memories the printed copies also reminded them that they didn't know it all. Thus we have an oral tradition somewhat awed by a sublimentary one.

Odd as it may seem, such a conclusion seems to fit the facts. If we take the six variants I have found

where the singer knew half-a-dozen stanzas or more, we find that in every case he got through the first five stanzas in an order that squares with the printed variants (let's call it "correct order"). From there on in nothing is certain, however. "Long Joe" sang the song for me on two different occasions over a year apart. Each time, he got as far as stanza 6 and stayed right with what I have called correct order. From there on in, though, the sequence of the stanzas in neither case bore any relation to "correct" order nor are the two sequences entirely consistent with each other; they were simply a series of individual stanzas on a common theme. This is not "Long Joe's" fault but the fault of the ballad, which develops along no clear plan, making any consistent sequence a feat of pure memory. It is nothing short of amazing that the piece has survived at all, let alone for almost 140 years. And so far as I know, no-one has preserved it better than "Long Joe."

Comparison of all the extant tunes compounds the chaos. The majority are single-stanza tunes, but I have two that cover two stanzas. There does not seem to be anything that can be called the "right" or "original" tune, but Long Joe's tune bears strong resemblances in contour and phrase progression to those sung for me by James Brown of South Branch, N.B. (near Richibucto) and Stanley MacDonald of Black River Bridge, N.B. (near Chatham). At the moment, then, no tune has a better right to be called, if not the original, "at least the most widespread."

Joe learned "The Miramichi Fire" from a friend who lives in Tignish. The first time he sang it for me was in Joe Tremblay's living room in Miminegash, June 30, 1957. There were a lot of people in the room at the time, and Joe was nervous. He made two tries at it; the first time he sang five stanzas, the second fourteen, but he still did not feel he had give me all he knew. When I saw him again on August 17, 1957, we were at his home, and, since he did not have electricity at the time, we made the recording using the power converter in my car. Brother Edmund sat in the back seat, Joe and I up front. This time Joe sang fifteen stanzas, and to illustrate my point of what a difficult song this is to remember, I give this variant of it with all the breaks and promptings.

♩ = 112

8

2, (Hm) In the eighteenth eve-ning

of Oc—to-ber, eight-een hun-dred and twen-ty five,

Two hun-dred peo-ple fell by fire,

In-jured those who did sur—vive.

1.  
This is the truth that I now tell you  
For my eyes in part did see,  
What had happened to the people  
On the banks of the Miramichi.
2.  
In the eighteenth evening of October  
Eighteen hundred and twenty-five,  
Two hundred people fell by fire,  
Injured those who did survive.
3.  
Oh some said it was because the people's  
Sins did raise like mountains high,  
Which did ascend up to the heavens;  
He would see them justify.
4.  
In order to destroy their lumber  
And their country to disgrace,  
He sent a fire in a whirlwind  
From the howling wilderness.
5.  
It was on the Northeast first discovered  
Where twelve men there did die;  
Then it swept its ways o'er the meadows  
To Newcastle it did fly.
6.  
Oh while the people were all sleeping  
Fire seized upon the town;

All was done--

Oh, no. See? I got balled up!

Ives: . . . "Fine and handsome were the buildings?"

Joe: Though how handsome was the village  
It soon tumbled to the ground.

7.

Then it swept to Black River  
Where it did burn forty more,  
And it swept its way with fury  
Till it reached the barney shore.

8.

Oh twelve young men both smart and active  
Were at work on the Northwest;  
When they saw the fire coming  
To escape they tried their best.

9.

But six miles from where this great camp stood  
Those six young men they were found,  
And to paint their sad appearance  
I can't do with tongue or pen.

10.

It burnt new ships that we were building  
And two more at their anchors lay;  
Many that did see the fire  
Thought it was the Judgment Day.

[Pause]

Ives: As I have spoken of things--," is that part of it?

Joe: No that's not--

Edmund: Isn't it about that woman?

Joe: No, no, no, just a minute.

11.

Twelve more men were burnt by fire  
In the compass of the town;  
Twenty-five more on the water  
In a scow upset and drowned.

12.

As I have spoken of things collective,  
Now I will stop and personate,  
And to speak of some acquaintance  
And to whom I infirmate.

13.

A lady was driven to the water  
Where she stood both wet and cold,  
Not resisting her late illness,  
She had a babe but three days old.

14.

It killed the wild beast of the forest  
And of the rivers many's the fish;

Such another horrid fire  
See again I do not wish.

15.

I hear the cries and the screams and the groaning,  
See the falling of the tears;  
By me it shall not be forgotten  
Should I live one hundred years.

Joe's June 30, 1957, variant arranged the stanzas in this order, including the extra stanzas given below: 1,2,3,4,5,6,7,16,8,9,12,13,10,17.

16.

Forty-two miles by one hundred  
This great fire did extend;  
All was done within eight hours,  
Not exceeding over ten.

17.

Sister crying for her brother,  
Mother weeping for her son;  
And with bitter heartfelt sorrow  
Says the father, "I'm all done."

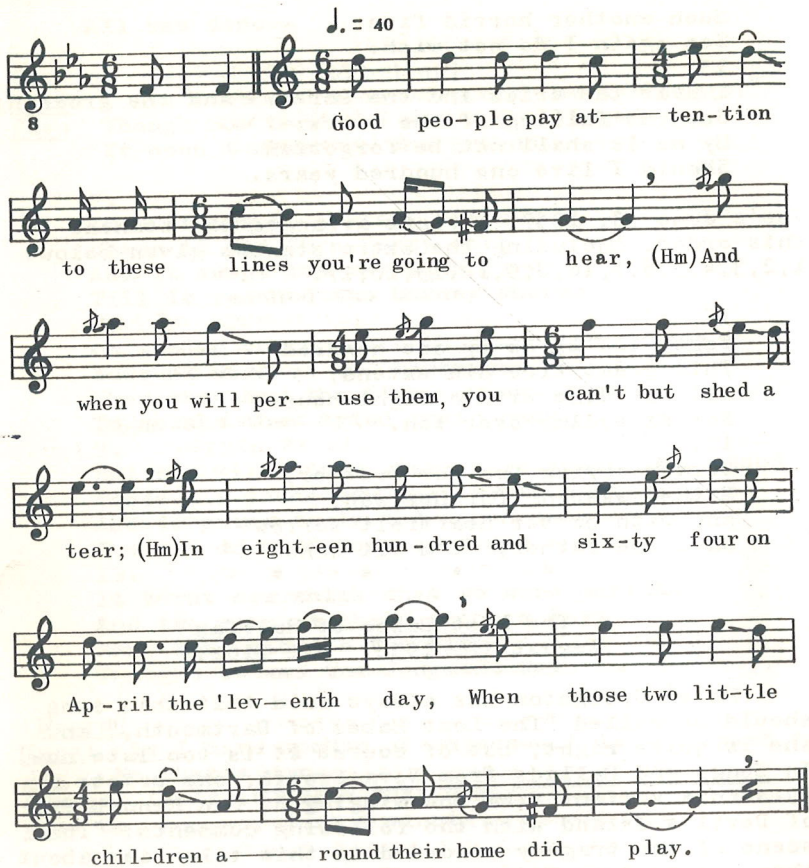
\* \* \* \*

The Lost Babes of Halifax  
August 17, 1958. ATL 2162.1

Helen Creighton has always said that this song should be called "The Lost Babes of Dartmouth," and she is quite right, but of course it is too late now! In Songs and Ballads from Nova Scotia, she prints a 19-stanza variant from the singing of Ben Henneberry of Devil's Island with the following comments: "The scene of the tragedy recorded in this tale lies about three miles from Dartmouth, N.S. . . . The facts recorded in the ballad are historically correct, and may be found in Mrs. Lawrence's History of the Township of Preston." (p. 296). The following facts in that variant are different from the facts in the one presented here: the date was April 22, 1844; Peter Curry found the bodies; and the girls' names were Jane Elizabeth and Margaret. The ballad is also evidently known as "Meagher's Children," and that name is pronounced "Marr" or Mahar."

Joe learned this ballad in New Brunswick. His tune is the same as that used by Sam Jagoe of Newcastle, N.B. and quite different from the two tunes I have seen from Nova Scotia. It is interesting to note that Joe does not speak his ending; he simply fades out or, figuratively, turns away from his singing of it. The break in stanza four comes from an accidental erasure; I supply the words from memory.

♩. = 40



8 Good peo-ple pay at-ten-tion

to these lines you're going to hear, (Hm) And

when you will per-use them, you can't but shed a

tear; (Hm) In eight-een hun-dred and six-ty four on

Ap-ri-l the 'lev-enth day, When those two lit-tle

chil-dren a-round their home did play.

1.  
 Good people pay attention  
 to those lines you're going to hear,  
 And when you will peruse them  
 you can't but shed a tear;  
 In eighteen hundred and sixty four  
 on April the 'leventh day,  
 When those two little children  
 around their home did play.

2.  
 Their father and their mother  
 both sick in bed did lay,  
 While those two little children  
 around the doors did play;  
 'Twas hand in hand together,  
 they saw them leave the door,

3.  
Sarah and Maggie Marr  
was those two pretty names,  
Two fairer creatures never was,  
no nature seemed to [lays];  
'Twas hand in hand together  
how merry they did play  
But mark what followed after,  
how soon they lost their way.

4.  
Twas in the lonedly wilderness  
they spent a lonesome day,  
When night came on they thought of home,  
their screaming cries gave way;  
Those forest gales blew very hard,  
no stars to show them light,  
And beasts of prey they feared by [day  
and] screaming howls at night.

5.  
Early the next morning  
turned out one hundred men  
With Teddy Somers and his wife  
a-searching the lonely glen;  
With eyes cast up to heaven  
and down upon the grove  
The cries of those two people  
was dreadful as their woes.

6.  
We searched all that evening  
but alas 'twas all in vain,  
While those two little children  
in the forest did remain;  
We oftimes stopped to listen  
but could not hear a sound,  
At four o'clock next eveing  
a little rag we found.

7.  
Early the next morning  
turned out a volun [i.e. valiant] crew  
To search the hills and lonely glen  
as hunters used to do;  
From Halifax to Denmark,  
from Perth to Portland line,  
Turned out one thousand five hundred men  
for final search to mind.

8.  
But Peter Skerry found them  
at twelve o'clock that day,  
On a melancholy mountain lay  
two little lumps of clay;  
The hair was torn from off their heads,  
their clothes in ribbons torn,



The tender flesh from off their bones  
by prickle thorns was [gone].

9.

We dare no longer left them  
for birds and beasts of prey  
But in a decent burial  
we greeted them with our tears;  
We took them to their parents,  
their mother to behold,  
She kissed them o'er one thousand times  
though they were dead and cold.

10.

Early the next morning  
they in one coffin lay,  
And in the yard of St. Paul's Church  
their little grave we made;  
The rain it fell in torrents  
and dreadful was the day,  
That we conferred their bodies  
down in the dark cold clay.

11.

Five thousand pounds was offered  
to the man who did them find,  
But Skerry he refused it  
like a Christian meek and mild;  
May God reward him for his care,  
show him the light of day,  
And poor (i.e. power?) David grant him  
may ever sing his praise.

\* \* \* \*

MARY COUSINS  
Campbellton

Harry Thomson of Glengarry and I were just returning from a drive up to Waterford one afternoon in June, 1957, and as we drove through the village of Campbellton he suggested that we stop and see a friend of his who he was sure would know some songs. I was agreeable, so we drove up into Elbridge Cousins' doorway. It was Mrs. Cousins we wanted to see, and it was she who came out to greet us. She and Harry traded good natured insults, I was introduced, the purpose of my visit was explained, and we went into the house to set up the tape recorder. She sang in a very straight style in a clear soprano voice. There was nothing of the hard, head voice, nothing of the ornamental parlando style here at all; she just sang very pleasantly the two songs I reproduce here.

Why did she choose these two songs? At the time I was gathering material for my book on Larry Gorman, and while she said she knew nothing much about Gorman, she did know some songs by a local poet named Dan Riley. I asked if she would sing them for me, and she did. Once again, then, we find a good example of the folk-poet composing songs about local events and, in the present instance, one of the songs has spread to the mainland.

Recently I wrote Mrs. Cousins, asking for some information both about herself and about Dan Riley. Her answer covers the ground rather well:

My maiden name was Mary Mackay. Born 1912 and lived all my life here in Campbellton. In 1934 I married Elbridge Cousins. We have 4 sons and 5 daughters. The Millman and Tuplin song and Uncle Dan were both composed by Dan Riley approximately 75 years ago; he was my father's uncle (my great uncle). He died in 1933 at the age of 84. He composed quite a few songs and used to sing them for us when we were children. He was a lover of folklore--could tell ghost stories all night. He was a good man, an elder in the United Church here for over fifty years, and due to his kindness to young and old he was called Uncle Dan by all his neighbors for miles around. He was born in Malpeque, a few miles from the place where the Millman-Tuplin murder took place. He moved with his parents to Campbellton at the age of 8 years and lived here all the rest of his life. He was never married.

The Millman and Tuplin Song  
June 25, 1957. ATL 2156.4

Mary Pickering Tuplin was killed on June 28, 1887. Her body was found shortly thereafter in the Southwest River near Margate. William Millman was indicted for her murder and brought to trial before Mr. Justice Hensley on January 24, 1888. Counsel for the prosecution included the Attorney General of the Island, Mr. (afterwards Sir) Wilfred Sullivan. Counsel for the Defense were Mr. Hodgson and a Mr. Wyatt. Forty-eight witnesses appeared for the Crown, eighteen for the defense. The jury brought in a verdict of "Guilty" and on February 9 the prisoner was sentenced to be hanged on April 10, 1888.

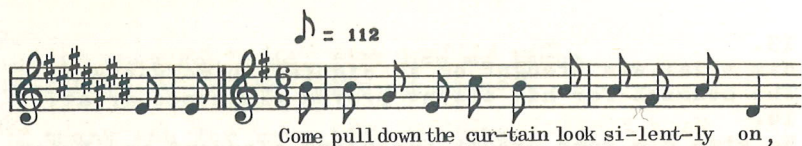
So far I have found three separate songs written about this murder, and it may be there were more, since the trial caused a considerable amount of talk. Ben Henneberry of Devil's Island, Nova Scotia, sang a song he called "The Prince Edward Island Murder" for Helen Creighton, claiming that a Mrs. C. A. Barren of Halifax wrote it (See SBNS, pp. 306-308). William Doerflinger collected a second song on the murder from Herbert Hinchey of Boiestown, New Brunswick (pp. 285-286). Charlie Gorman recited me a couple of lines from this version, claiming he had heard the song but did not learn it because he never cared for murder ballads at all. The third ballad is the one printed here, and this version is known over on the Miramichi too (and to the same tune). Curiously enough, while all three are clearly separate ballads, all three contain a common motif: the all-seeing eye of God. In Doerflinger's version:

Alone? Oh, no. All-seeing eyes  
was watching from on high,  
And God is just; the murderer must  
from His great vengeance fly. (p.286)

In Creighton:

But O the eye of God was on  
his every movement there  
And soon before the neighbors  
all traces did lay bare. (p. 307)

Compare these with stanzas 9 and 10 below. The motif is not common in murder ballads. Might not its occurrence in the three Millman-Tuplin ballads suggest that ballad may have grown from ballad?



1.  
Come pull down the curtains, look silently on,  
While I sing you the Millman and Tupelin song.
2.  
It's a tale of deep sorrow and suffering great,  
Of a crime that was committed at a place called Margate.
3.  
On the eighteenth of June on a calm summer's night,  
When the moon in the heaven shone a pale ray of light,
4.  
Young Mary walked out from her own cottage door  
Little thought she had gone to return there no more.
5.  
And o'er her young spirit spread a deep ray of gloom,  
For she mourned for her brother just laid in his tomb.
6.  
Went to meet her young lover, who a few nights before  
Said he'd make all things right when they'd meet on  
that shore.
7.  
But a crime he committed that will ne'er be forgot;  
In his hand a revolver, and the fair maid he shot.
8.  
Took her out on the river, sunk her body deep down,  
And he prayed in his heart she would never be found.
9.  
But the Judge he looked down from his throne up on high,  
And he said, "For this crime now young Millman you'll  
die.
10.  
"For my watchmen tonight I have stationed all 'round,  
And when you're tried for murder your guilt will be  
found."
11.  
So young Millman was taken just a week from that day,  
And put into prison his trial to await.
12.  
And there in close confinement he was left to repine  
For the space of six months when he'd be tried for the  
crime.

13.

His trial was brought on in eighteen ninety-eight;  
The counsel for his client proved eloquence great.

14.

We give him some credit for being eloquent and bright,  
But it's a hard thing, you know, to make wrong appear  
right.

15.

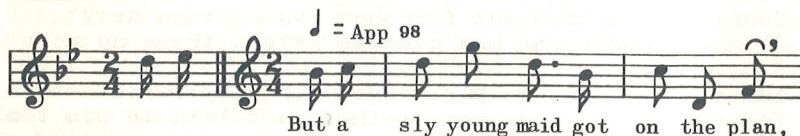
So friends all take warning before it's too late  
And think with a shudder of that night at Margate.

\* \* \* \*

Uncle Dan

June 25, 1957. ATL 2156.5

The story told here is ostensibly true: Dan Riley was tipped off that that widow was a-scheming, and he was grateful for the intelligence. This type of satire was quite common; anyone interested in pursuing the subject further can find a discussion with copious examples in my book Larry Gorman: "The Man Who Made The Songs."



1.

Oh she minced around and waved her fans  
And set her cap for Uncle Dan.

2.

But a sly young maid got on the plan  
And she broke the news to Uncle Dan.

3.

Saying, "I'd really like to see you wed,  
But not to her, for you're better dead.

4.

"She's pulled the sod o'er one good man,  
So now beware of her, Uncle Dan."

5.

He answered with a cheerful laugh,  
"This bird's too old to be caught with chaff.

6.

"For I've often met the likes of her  
And fended off with beak and spur.

7.  
And if that don't do, I'll use my lance  
If I have to run to Spain or France.
8.  
"I thank you for revealing the plan,  
And I hope some day you will get a man.
9.  
"Be good to him, be kind and true,  
And perhaps the same will be said of you.
10.  
"And if he should die and you want another man,  
Just clear the road for Uncle Dan."

\* \* \* \*

CHARLES GORMAN  
Burton, Lot Seven

Charlie Gorman died on December 12, 1962, in the Western Hospital in Alberton, just two days before his eighty-eighth birthday. I know of no better way to describe him than to quote his obituary from the Summerside Journal-Pioneer:

Charles Bernard Gorman

The residents of Burton, Lot 7, and surrounding districts were saddened when they learned of the recent death in the Western Hospital, of Charles Bernard Gorman, in his 88th year.

He was born in Tyne Valley on Dec. 14, 1874, the son of the late James Gorman and Henrietta (Brown) Gorman. At the age of 15, he moved with his parents to Glengarry. Here, by hard and honest toil, he helped to build a home. He also spent some years in Bangor, Me.

Returning to Glengarry in 1912, he married Mary Gallant, Locke Road, who predeceased him in 1929. In 1931 he married Mrs. Emma Dalton, Burton, whom he tenderly cared for during her declining years. She predeceased him in 1957.

The late Mr. Gorman was a man of integrity, always interested in his community advancements. At different periods of his life, he served as secretary of the Lot 7 Telephone Company, as a member of the St. Mark's Credit Union on the loan committee, and as president of St. Mark's Church Holy Name Society. In politics, he was a staunch Conservative.

He was a devout member of the Roman Catholic Church. During the last months of his life, he had

the consolation of receiving Holy Communion almost every day and also received the Sacrament of Extreme Unction, administered by Rev. Phalen McKenna. He was visited during his last illness by his beloved pastor, Rev. David McTague.

As one who has spent many pleasant hours with Charlie, I can agree that "his art of relating happenings of the past and present was unsurpassed." He was not a story teller in the grand manner, but when he told of an event in the life of his notorious uncle he told it with conviction and in great detail. He sang in a true traditional style: the words came through clearly, the rhythm was relatively strict (especially within the phrase), and the melody was unadorned. However, I only heard him when he was well beyond his prime; he tired very easily and he felt he was forgetting songs he had no business forgetting.

Many of Charlie's songs came to him through his family (his father is reputed to have been a splendid singer), and certainly he learned others through friends and while he was working as a fisherman along Lot Seven shores. But by his own admission no small part of his repertoire was learned from his several excursions into the Maine lumberwoods around the turn of the century. He hired to work in several different places out of Bangor, but the only ones I recall his mentioning specifically were up around Sherman, Sherman Station, and Stacyville.

Drive Dull Care Away

August 18, 1958. ATL 2163.3

I know nothing about this song at all. I have never heard it before, nor have I found it in any published collection. The more I ask for it the less I find it but the more I sing it the better I like it. Let's hope that someone reading through this little collection will recognize it and enlighten me and all the puzzled multitude of my friends. There are, of course, plenty of similar folksongs-- perhaps we can even speak of a tradition of "convivial homiletics." Sometimes the homily gets the upper hand, as in "Pulling Hard Against the Stream;" sometimes the conviviality as in "When Jones' Ale was New." In the present song, the two elements are in almost perfect balance.

In June of 1957 my wife, son Stephen, and I were to go on a picnic with Charlie and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dalton. We had to cancel it, however, and when we stopped by to say we couldn't make it, Charlie said he'd been planning to sing a song for us and would we

mind if he sang it now? The memory of that singing will always be with us. He sang it for me again a year later, so I could record it, but it is the dignity and sincerity of that first singing that I always hear.

$\text{♩} = 112$

Oh why should we at our  
lot com—plain or grieve at our dis—tress; Some  
think if they could rich—es gain 'twould be true hap—pi—  
ness. But a—las how vain is all their strife,  
Life's cares it will not al—lay And while we're  
here with our friends so dear we'll drive dull care a—way.  
(Chorus:) A—way a—way a—way a—way we will  
drive dull care a—way and while we're here with our  
friends so dear we'll drive dull care a—way.  
all the same; we're all made of one clay And



1.  
Oh why should we at our lot complain  
or grieve at our distress?  
Some think if they could riches gain  
'twould be true happiness.  
But alas how vain is all their strife,  
Life's cares it will not allay,  
And while we're here with our friends so dear  
we'll drive dull care away.

CHORUS:

Away, away, away, away--  
we will drive dull care away  
And while we're here with our friends so  
dear  
we'll drive dull care away.

2.  
Why should the rich despise the poor,  
why should the poor repine?  
For we will all in a few short years  
in equal friendship join.  
They're both to blame, they're all the same;  
we're all made of one clay,  
And while we're here with our friends so dear  
we'll drive dull care away.

CHORUS:

3.  
The only circumstance in life  
that ever I could find  
To conquer care and temper strife  
was a contented mind.  
With this in store we have much more  
than all things else will convey,  
And while we're here with our friends so dear  
we'll drive dull care away.

[CHORUS:]

4.  
Then let us make the best of life,  
not rendering it a curse  
But take it as you take a wife,  
for better or for worse.  
Life at its best is but a jest,  
like a dreary winter's day,  
And while we're here with our friends so dear  
we'll drive dull care away.

CHORUS:

\* \* \* \*

The Banks of the Little Eau Pleine  
August 18, 1958. ATL 2163.4

This ballad is a classic. There is nothing else

quite like it. Franz Rickaby spoke of it as a "peculiar composite of humor and pathos. . . . In singing it in public," he went on to say, "I have noted the varying reaction, a sort of ebb and flow of emotions, in the audience." (p. 197). Rickaby also gives us a sketch of the author, W. N. "Billy" Allen, and one of his variants was sung for him by the author himself.

The ballad is a parody, to begin with. Compare it, for example, to "Mantle So Green" and you will see how artfully Allen has played variations on the "As I walked out" opening, the meeting of the "fair maiden," the description of the lover, and the news of his demise. Then comes the expected reaction on her part but nothing has prepared us for the soaring anticlimax that comes with,

I scooped up my hat full of water  
And poured it all over her head.

Following this comes her curse on the river, which may or may not be funny (depending on how you feel about things that day), but the last two lines have an entirely different quality about them that keep the whole song from being a simple joke.

The Little Eau Pleine flows into the Wisconsin River about fifteen miles above Stevens Point, Wisconsin, and the "Dell" is the famous Wisconsin Dells about seventy-five miles down-river from that town. Billy Allen wrote the song sometime in the seventies while he was living in Wausau, Wisconsin. Thus we know a good deal about the origin of this song, and we can record its spread over the three states of Wisconsin, Michigan, and Minnesota. And here we find it on Prince Edward Island. It has enjoyed considerable popularity in New Brunswick as well, and while Charlie Gorman told me he had learned this song in Maine, I have yet to collect a variant of it here. Charlie's tune resembles Rickaby's "B" tune (from Minnesota), and some set of this tune is standard for the ballad in New Brunswick.

Before Charlie would let me record the song, he sang it through just to make sure he "could put it together right." He sang it with no hesitations at all, but once I turned on the recorder he stalled at the end of stanza five for about thirty seconds (where I have the row of dots). Once I jogged his memory he sailed right along again. For the final part of this stanza, by the way, repeat the second half of the tune.

♩. = 52

I bold-ly stepped up to this  
 fair one, And this un-to her I did say: "Oh  
 why do you weep here so sad-ly, When na-ture  
 all round looks so gay?" "Tis all for a jol-ly young  
 rafts-man, I fear I shall ne'er see him more;  
 He is out on the Wis-con-sin Riv-er,  
 He is pul-ling a fif-teen foot oar."

1,  
 One evening last June as I rambled  
 the meadows and valleys alone,  
 The mosquitos their notes were melodious  
 and sweetly the whipoorwill sung;  
 The frogs in the marshes were croaking,  
 the tree toads were whistling for rain,  
 The partridge all round me were drumming,  
 on the banks of the little low plain.

2.

The sun was declining to westward  
and filling the treetops with red;  
My [wearyless] feet they trod onward  
not caring just which way they led.  
Till at length I espied a young maiden  
who complained in a pitiful strain;  
She mourned for the loss of her lover,  
far away from the little low plain.

3.

I boldly stepped up to this fair one,  
and this unto her I did say:  
"Oh why do you weep here so sadly,  
when nature all round looks so gay?"  
"'Tis all for a jolly young raftsman,  
I fear I shall ne'er see him more;  
He is out on the Wisconsin River,  
he is pulling a fifteen foot oar."

4.

"Since your lover works on the Wisconsin,  
describe him as well as you can;  
For years I have worked on that river,  
and perhaps I have seen the same man."  
"He was both broad-shouldered and manly,  
his height it was six foot and one,  
His hair was inclined to be sandy,  
and his mustache as red as the sun.

5.

"He wore a broad sash round his middle  
with the fringe hanging down at one side;  
His shoes number twelve were of cowhide  
with a heel about four inches wide.  
His trousers were made of two mealsacks  
with a patch a foot square on each knee;  
His jacket and waistcoat were colored  
with the bark of a butternut tree.

• • • • •  
He wore a large open face ticker  
with about half a yard of steel chain;  
On the case was engraved 'Johnny Murphy  
from the banks of the little low plain.'"

6.

"Since this was the style of your lover,  
a story quite sad I must tell;  
For it will be six weeks tomorrow  
that your raftsman was drowned in the dell.  
We buried him 'neath a scrub Norway,  
you never will see him again;  
A stone marks the grave of your lover,  
far away from the little low plain."

7.

When this fair one she heard this sad story  
she fainted as though she were dead;  
I scooped up my hat full of water  
and poured it all over her head.  
She opened her eyes and looked wildly,  
sayin' "I'll never teach school anymore,  
But I'll go unto some foreign country  
where I'll ne'er hear the creak of an oar.

8.

"Here's my curse to the Wisconsin River:  
may its ravines and rapids to roar;  
May its lumber go down to the bottom  
and rise to the surface no more.  
I'll go unto some foreign country,  
to Italy, to France or to Spain,  
But I'll never forget Johnny Murphy  
from the banks of the little low plain."

\* \* \* \*

ANGUS ENMAN  
Spring Hill

In the spring of 1958, Arthur and Ivan Nisbet of Augusta, Maine, both Islanders by birth, had told me that Angus Enman was a good singer and story-teller. I said I'd look him up that very summer.

Angus was out in the barnyard when I drove up about noon one August day. I introduced myself and told him who had sent me. "They tell me you spent a lot of time working in the Maine woods," I said.

"Yes," he said ruefully, "and much to my sorrow. I lost the sight of this eye there. Wood chip came back and hit me."

It didn't sound to me as though I had chosen the best of all possible openings. I asked about Joe Scott. His face lighted up. "Yes," he said, "I knew Joe Scott, and do you know how he came to start writing songs?" I said I did not. "Well, let's go inside and sit down and I'll tell you," he said. The story is worth repeating:

\*Well, Joe Scott and a fellow I knew was working in the lumberwoods. He was a Dutchman from River Herbert, [i.e. River Hébert], Nova Scotia. . . And Joe was a terrible wicked man. And. . . in them times there was no saws much; we done all with axes, see? We chopped those great big mountain spruce with an axe. And there was a head chopper and a second chopper, and Joe was head chopper. He was the man that led the tree. . . . You had to understand leading. If you didn't they'd lodge in a big birch or something. . . . Well, Joe hung this tree up. . . and he got right under it and he defied the Lord to fall it on him. And he went on. . . calling the Maker names. . . And this man said that the limb broke like that [slapping hands] and Joe just got away with his life. He just took his axe and said, "I'm all done in the woods." He never worked another day in the woods. And he went out and started making those songs. And then he'd come in boarding and we all knew him and he had copies, and he made some awful nice songs.

Angus sang "Ben Deane" for me, and bits of "Guy Reed and "The Plain Golden Band." Then he sang "The Dark-Eyed Sailor," and we talked some more about Joe Scott. "Was he a good singer?" I asked.

\*"Oh great! Ohhh great!" he said. "Well, you

know; it wasn't what it is now, singing. Most singers now gotta have a guitar, but then there was no music at all. Saturday night you see, when we'd come into the camp after supper you had to tell a story or sing a song or dance. If you didn't, they'd ding you; they'd put the dried codfish to you."

"They'd do what?" I asked.

\*"They had these old dried codfish and if you wouldn't sing or dance or do something . . . they'd take the dried codfish and two or three would throw you down and whale you with it, and boy oh boy--"

"You mean they'd hit you with it?" I said.

\*"Hit you! Hard! Yeah!" He laughed. "You take one of them old Cape Bretoners, great big old Scotchmen; or them Dutchmen, one of them big buggers from River Herbert, Nova Scotia!"

He remembered those nights well. \*"If you couldn't sing, you could tell a good story, [or] perhaps you could dance. There'd be a fellow have a fiddle there, see, and give a tune. Old [David] Dymment used to dance, and he was a good song-singer, old David, and he could step-dance pretty good. Oh yes, [somebody] he'd go round: 'Now boy, come on. Do what you're going to do.'"

Angus himself always avoided the salty slap of the split cod by singing. He was seventy eight when he sang for me, and he had not sung for a long, long time but his voice still had real authority. It was a hard, sharp voice, with a lot of head quality in it, and while his control of pitch was not as good as it had been, he kept on tune very well. After singing and telling stories most of the afternoon, he apologized for having forgotten so much. He sang one more song: "When the Battle it is Won," and we said good-bye for then.

Benjamin Deane

August 19, 1958. ATL 2164.3

Benjamin F. Deane shot and killed his wife on May 4, 1898, in Berlin, New Hampshire (then known as Berlin Falls). Deane's wife had left him. Here is the newspaper account of what happened that afternoon:

About 3:45 on Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Shaver, Mrs. Deane and John Garland were sitting in Mrs. Shaver's sitting room when Deane quietly entered, and approaching his wife said to her, "Lizzie, are you coming home with me?" She replied, "No, Ben, never." Deane then stepped toward his wife, drawing a revolver. She cried out, "Oh, God, don't Ben, don't." Garland, who by this time was on his feet, grappled with Deane. In the struggle, a shot was fired, and Mrs. Deane cried, "Oh, my God, you've killed me," reeled and fell on the lounge, and died in about five minutes.

Deane was ultimately allowed to plead guilty to second degree murder; he was sentenced to twenty-five years, served less than ten, returned to Berlin, remarried, and died there in 1924. He now lies buried by the side of the wife he had shot twenty-six years before.

Joe Scott was the author of this ballad, which has had wide circulation in Maine and the Maritimes. Interestingly enough, when I have found it in Maine, or when I have heard reports of its being sung in Maine, it seems to have come here by way of the Provinces. William Bell of Brewer, Maine, for example, knew the ballad as he had learned it some fifty or sixty years ago on Prince Edward Island (near Enmore), and his tune is essentially the same as Angus Enman's.

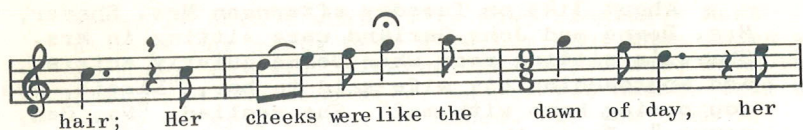
Angus had known Joe Scott and claimed at one point that he had learned the ballad directly from him. Since he had not sung it for many years, he sang it over before we recorded, and in the "rehearsal" I prompted him at just the points where he needed prompting the second time.

♩. = 76

The musical notation consists of three staves of music in 6/8 time, with a tempo marking of quarter note = 76. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff. The lyrics are: "That com—ing year I". The second staff continues the melody with lyrics: "wed with one, fair—est of the fair. Her eyes were". The third staff concludes the melody with lyrics: "of the heavn'ly blue and light brown was her". The music features various rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests.

That com—ing year I  
wed with one, fair—est of the fair. Her eyes were  
of the heavn'ly blue and light brown was her





1.

Oh my name is Benjamin Dee-un and  
my age is forty-one,  
I was born in New Brunswick near  
the city of St. John;  
Nearby the Bay of Fundy where  
the seagulls loud do call  
As they rock with pride the silvery tide  
as the billows rise and fall.

2.

My parents reared me tenderly,  
having no other child but me,  
Till I became a sporter at  
the age of twenty-three;

Enman: Now there's where I'm goin' to. . .

Ives: O.K. That's all right.

Enman: Now where do I start in now?

Ives: "When I arrived in Berlin Falls?"

3.

When I arrived in Berlin Falls  
some twenty years ago,  
The town was then about one half  
as large as it is now,  
And laboring men of every  
nationality were there,  
For work was plenty, wages good,  
each man could get his share.

4.

The businessmen of Berlin then  
were making money fast,  
And I too thought I would invest  
before the boom had passed;

A building leased on Mason Street,  
and into business went,  
I ran a fruit and candy store,  
likewise a restaurant.

5.

My business proved successful,  
I did the right by all;  
I gained the favor of the great,  
the rich the poor and small.  
To my surprise before one year  
had fully rolled its rounds,  
In glittering gold I had possessed  
more than two thousand pounds.

6.

That coming year I wed with one,  
fairest of the fair;  
Her eyes were of the heavenly blue  
and light brown was her hair.  
Her cheeks were like the dawn of day,  
her form graceful and fair;  
Her smiles were bright as morning light,  
her step was light as air.

7.

She was brought up by good parents  
and reared most tenderly,  
'Twas little did they ever think  
she would be slain by me;  
The night I gained her promise,  
her hand to me she gave,  
It would have been better far for her  
had she laid in her [grave.]

8.

I own I loved this fair young bride,  
which proved a prudent wife,  
'Twas little did I think one day  
that I would take her life;  
But as the years rolled swiftly on  
upon the wheels of time,  
I found the paths of pleasure that  
led to the fields of crime.

9.

My wife would oft times plead in vain  
my footsteps to retrace  
She told me that the paths I trod  
led to death and disgrace;  
Had I to heed her warning I  
would not be here now,  
And she might yet be living with  
no brand upon her brow.

Enmen: What did you say that other was?

Ives: Uh, "I soon began?"

10.

I soon began my wild career  
caused by the thirst for gold;  
The property on Mason Street  
for a goodly price I sold.  
I bought a building on Main Street  
which cost a handsome sum;  
I ran a free-and-easy house  
and went to selling rum.

11.

My former friends of decent vein  
my company did shun,  
But still I was content to lead  
the life I had begun;  
For gold and silver like a brook  
came flowing in to me,  
By its glitters I was blinded and  
my danger could not see.

12.

My fair wife she had fled to one  
whose name I will not write,  
Whose character was darker than  
the blackest hour of night;  
To persuade her to return to me  
it was my whole intent,  
And to the house where my wife dwelt,  
my steps I quickly bent.

13.

I cautiously approached the house  
and opened the hall door;  
I found the way to my wife's room  
upon the upper floor.  
The sight that fell upon my gaze  
is stamped all on my mind,  
For on the bosom of a man  
my wife's head reclined.

14.

I drew a loaded pistol and  
I aimed it at her breast,  
And when she saw the weupon it  
was loudly she did cry,  
"For God's sake do not shoot me, Ben,  
I am not fit to die."

15.

The bullet pierced her snowy breast,  
in a moment she was dead;  
"My God, Ben, you have shot me," were  
the last words that she said.

The trigger of me weepon  
either pulled too hard or slow,  
Or else another soul'd a' passed  
with hers to weal or woe.

16.

The last time that I saw my wife,  
she lay upon the floor;  
Her long and wavy light brown hair  
was stained with crimson gore.  
The sun shone through the window  
on her cold and lifeless face,  
As the officers led me away  
from that polluted place.

17.

I have two daughters living and  
they're orphans in a way,  
And should you meet them treat  
them kindly I pray;  
Don't chid them for their father's sins,  
for on them there will rest  
A crimson stain long after I  
am mouldering back to dust.

18.

And now young men a warning take  
from this sad tale of mine:  
Don't sacrifice your honor for  
bright gold and silver fine;  
Let truth and honor be your shield,  
and you'll be sure to climb  
The ladder of success and fame  
and not be stung by crime.

\* \* \* \*

When the Battle it Was Won  
August 18, 1958. ATL 2165.2

Sometimes known as "Young Jimmy and the Officer," this ballad has a rather complicated plot which may, in the variant given here, be a bit hard to follow. I have punctuated stanzas three through six to show that they are Jimmy's last speech before he is shot--his explanation of what has happened. The third-person pronouns of stanza four are probably the results of long oral tradition, which is not always logical when dealing with internal quotations and is apt, as we have already seen, to be marvelously unconcerned with consistent point-of-view.

Once again, we have a ballad which does not seem to be known outside the Maritimes: Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, and now Prince Edward Island.

♩ = 120

8 You ten-der heart-ed Chris-tians,  
 come lis-ten un—to me, A mel-an-cho-ly  
 sto-ry and plain-lye you shall hear. I'ts of an a-ged  
 cou-ple that had one on-ly son, He was shot as  
 a de—ser-ter when the bat-tle it was won.

1.  
 You tender-hearted Christians,  
 come listen unto me,  
 A melancholy story  
 and plainly you shall hear;  
 It's of an aged couple  
 that had one only son,  
 He was shot as a deserter  
 when the battle it was won.

2.  
 He being proper, tall, and handsome,  
 his complexion it was fair,  
 His eyes were of the deep blue  
 and dark brown was his hair;  
 And as he gazed up to the crowd,  
 he gave a heavy sigh,  
 "For the honor of my country  
 I'm not ashamed to die.

3.  
"We'd been scarcely three weeks absent  
all on the battle field,  
When a letter came into my hand  
and deep black was the seal;  
I quickly tore it open,  
those words came to my eyes:  
'Come back, come back, dear Willy,  
this once before I die.'

4.  
"Tis hard to slight the dying wish,  
of a faithful mother dear,  
'Before the morning it will dawn,  
my mother I'll stand near;'  
Scarce had he [i.e.I] time to speak those words  
when an officer he [i.e.I] spied,  
Saying, 'Begone, you cowardly rascal,  
from the battle field you run,  
You'll be shot as a deserter  
when the battle it is won.'

5.  
"He called his men around me  
and snatched me right away,  
He put me in a guardhouse  
where many has been before;  
My dear old dying mother  
I will never see no more.

6.  
"The officer that put me here,  
he swore me right away,  
Because he wanted Mary,  
who's going to be my bride;  
Perhaps he thinks he'll gain her  
when I am dead and gone,  
To her soldier boy she will prove true,  
yes, truer than the sun."

7.  
The officer took Mary,  
a-courting he did go,  
Which proved his own deception,  
the cause of all her woe;  
She says, "You have shot dear Willy,  
and me for to be your bride."  
She fired and shot the officer,  
he fell dead by her side.

\* \* \* \*

WESLEY SMITH  
Victoria West

At the same time that Arthur and Ivan Nisbet told me about Angus Enman, they also said that I should see Wesley Smith, who lived in nearby Victoria West.

I found his farm with no trouble at all. Wesley came up from the barn at his wife's call. We talked about Arthur and Ivan for a moment; then I asked about old songs. Well, it had been a long time, he hesitated. "You knew Joe Scott, didn't you?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, "and I know two of his songs."

"Will you sing them for me?"

He laughed. "They're awful long. Have you got anything to drink?"

"No," I said, quite honestly, "but will you give it a try?"

"Well," he said doubtfully, "I suppose I could."

There was no electricity, so we went out to the car and I ran the recorder off the converter. As we sat there, a storm came across the valley and buffeted the car with wind and rain (I can hear it quite pleasantly on the tapes today). After he sang me "Guy Reed" and "Howard Carey" we talked for a few minutes about Joe Scott; then Wesley recalled two more songs, but he didn't know whether I'd be interested in them. I said I was, and he sang "The Lumberman in Town" and "The Maid of the Mountain Brow."

I didn't see Wesley again until the summer of 1963, when I spent the better part of an afternoon with him and heard about a dozen more songs. However, since he now had electricity, we were able to record right in the parlor. And the traditional "couple of drinks" we shared there certainly did no harm.

Wesley was a woodsman for many years. Born in 1892, he started traveling over to Maine when he was about twenty, and he worked in the woods there off and on for about twenty years. Most of his work was over around Rangeley; in fact, it was during his first year there that he met Joe Scott "over in Wildwood there across the lake from Oquossoc." At the last of it, though, he went up into the Cuxabaxis region, which the Great Northern Paper Co. was just opening up then. "Ed Enman, he was a neighbor boy here; he took charge for the Northern and pretty near all the P.I.'s from around here, that's where they'd head for." And, of course, he learned a lot of his songs in the woods. "If I heard a song twice then," he said, "I could learn it all."

How long had it been since he'd done much singing, I asked. "It'd be quite a number of years," he said.

"You know, the radio and the television they've taken [it all over]. You never hear any of them old songs now around here. . . . Years ago, you know, you'd just meet in places and anybody could sing, why you'd have all these old songs. . . . But it's different altogether now. . . . Before the radio. . . that's all the entertainment you had."

Wesley's voice is strong and open, reminding me of "Long Joe" Doucette's in quality, though it is considerably higher, and he makes even less use of ornamentation than Joe does. When I first recorded him, he spoke all his endings, but in 1963, he did not. However, this tendency away from the declamando ending is something I have noticed elsewhere when I have gone back to re-record a singer after some years.

Guy Reed  
August 18, 1958. ATL 2165.4

Wesley learned "Guy Reed" before he ever went to Maine, which means that he must have learned it before 1912. That first winter he met Joe Scott and bought the printed song from him, "and," he said proudly, "I had it perfect!"

Guy Reed, son of Joseph and Remember Mitchell Reed, was killed just a few miles above Livermore Falls, Maine, on September 9, 1897, in a logging accident very similar to the one that killed John Ladner. Tremendous quantities of logs were decked up along the bank of the Androscoggin River, where they stayed until they were needed at the International Paper Company's mill downriver. "Breaking in a landing" required first of all that someone pull the keylog that held the whole pile; then if all the logs did not go, someone had to take a peavey and pry loose the recalcitrant logs holding back the rest. Needless to say, it could be extremely dangerous, but like most dangerous jobs, it became routine. For what happened to twenty-three year old Guy, here is the account (or part of it) from the Rumford Falls Times, September 17, 1897:

#### A SAD ACCIDENT

Guy Reed Instantly Killed.  
While at Work at Riley.

Thursday of last week as Guy Reed was at work breaking a landing of logs at Riley with other workmen, he was instantly killed. They were at work rolling logs from the top of a high landing when Mr. Reed lost his footing and was carried down over the log pile. One stick which scaled about 350 feet



struck him on the chest, crushing it in. Another hit him on the back of the head, crushing the skull. One of the workmen, who was working with him, informed the TIMES that Mr. Reed had been feeling very much depressed in spirits all the morning and expressed himself as not feeling at all like work, and not long before the accident occurred he remarked "They won't have me here much longer."

Ed Filardeau informs the TIMES that the night previous he dreamed of seeing Mr. Reed walking on drift wood and saw him killed. All the morning he had a presentment (sic) that something was going to befall some of them and tried to laugh off the feeling, calling it childish.

. . . . .

Mr. Reed was a member of Metalluc Lodge, Knights of Pythias, and this order attended the funeral services in a body and accompanied the remains to Byron, where the burial services of the order were observed at the grave. The floral tributes were many and beautiful. . . .

Joseph Reed of Roxbury, Maine is a nephew of Guy's, and while neither he nor his wife can recall Guy himself, they recall hearing the story of his death over and over. Guy's father did say that his son had had a premonition of his death. According to the story Mr. and Mrs. Reed had heard, the crew had been breaking in landings all day and wanted to quit, since it was getting dark. But the foreman wanted to break in just one more. Young Guy was annoyed, and, angrily grabbing a peavey from another man, charged out to free the key log. He evidently yanked too hard, or else he slipped, and the whole landing went over him, killing him instantly.

"Guy Reed" achieved wide circulation, not only orally but through newspapers. There need be little doubt that Joe Scott wrote the song at the time of the accident, perhaps (as I have suggested elsewhere) refurbishing a song he had written earlier. It was known as far away as Prince Edward Island in about ten years, because that is when and where Wesley Smith learned it. It was first published in the Rumford Falls TIMES for March 30, 1901, over the byline "By Joe Scott," and reprinted in the same paper (with an explanatory head-note) November 20, 1915. It has also been printed at least once in the FAMILY HERALD, and Robert W. Gordon published it in his series in the magazine Adventure for March 30, 1925. Needless to say, these clippings

are everywhere, but they do not account for the fact that wherever we find the song, it is sung to the same tune, which Barry called "a slightly zersungen traditional set of George F. Root (Wurzel's) air to 'Little Nell of Narragansett Bay.'" Evidently "Little Nell" was well known in the woods, and it may well be, as Barry goes on to suggest, that Scott "followed an old usage of his craft by taking over nearly verbatim the first line of the song from which he borrowed the air to signify to all and sundry that 'Guy Reed' was 'to the tune of Little Nell of Narragansett Bay.'" (Flanders-Barry, 57-58).

$\text{♩} = 120$

2. The post brought me a let-ter I  
 has-tened to per— use, 'Twas writ-ten by a  
 friend of mine but bore me start-ling news, Of  
 one I knew a fine young man as you would wish to see,  
 In an in-stant he was hurled in to e-ter-ni— ty.

The musical score is written on five staves of a single treble clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The time signature is 4/8. The tempo is marked as quarter note = 120. The score begins with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes. The melody is simple and characteristic of a folk or traditional song.

1.  
    . . . [hum] I remember  
        one dark and stormy night,  
The rain it fell in torrents and  
        the lightning flashed so bright;  
The moon and stars above me  
        did not their light reveal,  
The dark clouds so gloomy did  
        their welcome light conceal.
2.  
The post brought me a letter  
    I hastened to peruse,  
Twas written by a friend of mine  
    but bore me startling news  
Of one I knew, a fine young man  
    as you would wish to see  
In an instant he was hurled  
    into eternity.
3.  
He and his companions  
    where the waters load do roar  
Were breaking in a landing on  
    the Androscoggin shore;  
They had picked the face of one of them  
    from bottom to the top,  
Full thirty feet this landing had  
    one perpendicular drop.
4.  
To work this face much longer  
    'twould be a foolish part,  
A jar so slight you see it might  
    this lofty landing start;  
There were a few among them  
    did volunteer to go  
To roll a log from off the top  
    to start the logs below.
5.  
Those logs they quickly started,  
    the landing creaked below,  
And on it sped unto the verge  
    but would no farther go;  
This young man now approaches  
    the verge of landing high,  
While all the crew with pallid cheeks  
    and trembling limbs stood by.
6.  
Up went the shout of warning,  
    to warn him of his fate,  
And just an instant he did pause,  
    he seemed to hesitate;

He rolled the log just halfway o'er;  
the landing broke like glass,  
And quick as thought he disappeared  
into that rolling mass.

7.

Those logs they rolled carefully  
from o'er his mangled form,  
The birds were sweetly singing and  
the sun shone bright and warm;  
Strong men knelt down beside him  
who could not their grief command,  
Unbidden tears burst from their eyes  
and fell into the sand.

8.

His remains were buried  
by the order of K.P.,  
A funeral more attended you  
would seldom ever see;  
The church and yard were crowded  
with people young and old,  
Once more to see that face once fair  
in death now pale and cold.

9.

His casket was decorated  
with roses rich and fair,  
His pillow too with every hue  
of flowers bright and rare;  
His brothers of the order  
as they marched two by two,  
On the casket they let fall  
a token of adieu.

10.

This young man's name was Guy Reed,  
his age was twenty-three,  
On September the eighth was killed  
in the town known as Riley;  
In the little town of Byron  
he sleeps beneath the earth,  
He sleeps beside his kindred near  
the spot that gave him birth.

11.

His mother she died early  
when he was but a child,  
They laid her down to slumber near  
a forest fair and wild;  
His brother and a sister is  
now sleeping by her side  
In the quiet country churchyard near  
the river's dancing tide.

12.  
His poor old feeble father  
    is stricken now with grief,  
The joys of earthly pleasures  
    can bring him no relief;  
For untold gold or silver,  
    possession, wealth in store,  
Sunny skies or music sweet  
    cannot the dead restore.

13.  
The cuckoo and the swallow,  
    the sunshine and the rain,  
The blackbird and the thrushes in  
    the spring shall come again;  
The robin and the swallow  
    from foreign lands will soar,  
But they who that in death doth sleep  
    shall ne'er return no more.

14.  
Kind friends and loving kindred  
    of him who's dead and gone  
To a better land in heaven  
    far away beyond the sun,  
The ones that you love dearly  
    you shall ne'er again see more,  
'till you pass through death's dark valley  
    to that bright celestial shore.

\* \* \* \*

The Lumberman in Town  
July 15, 1963. Ives 63.12

This is one of the songs Wesley says he learned in the Maine woods, but he does not recall who he learned it from. He first sang this song for me on August 18, 1958, and a transcription of this performance was published in Northeast Folklore, II(1959), 58-59. The present variant is one stanza longer; he did not sing stanza 3 the first time.

There is a sea-going version of this song, which is called "Jack Tar." One stanza from a variant published in Creighton and Senior will make the kinship of the two songs clear:

This game was carried on till Jack's money was all gone,  
The old dame began for to frown,  
Saying, "Rise, Jack tar, arise and your pretty girl  
likewise,  
I think it's high time that you were going." (p. 168)

The tunes have their similarities too, and I'm willing

to call them sets of the same air. Of the two versions, certainly the sea song is the older, and doubtless it is the forbear of the woods song.

♩. = 72

When the lum-ber-man comes

down ev'-ry pock-et he has a crown, And he ram-bles some

pret-ty girl to find; And if she is not too

shy with a dark and roll-ing eye,

Then the Lum-ber-man is pleased in his mind.

1. When the lumberman comes down, every pocket he has a crown;  
And he rambles some pretty girl to find.  
And if she is not too shy with a dark and rolling eye,  
Then the lumberman is pleased in his mind.
2. So the lumberman goes on 'til his money's all spent and gone,  
And the landlady says with a frown;  
With her wicked glaring eye which shall ever be her pride,  
Says she, "Lumberman it's time that thou art gone."
3. She'll give him to understand there's a boat for to be manned  
And away up the river he must go;

With good whiskey and a song, boys, come hitch your  
horses on,  
Bid adieu to the girls of St. John.

4.  
To the woods he must go with his heart full of woe,  
There he wanders from tree unto tree;  
When six months is gone and passed, he'll forget it all  
at last,  
Saying, "It's time that I had another spree."

5.  
When old age doth alarm, he will settle on a farm  
And for comfort he'll marry a young wife;  
But to his sad mistake the broomstick to him she'll take  
'Til old age will cut the tender threads of life.

The Maid of the Mountain Brow  
August 18, 1958. ATL 2166.2

Also known as "The Foot of the Mountain Brow,"  
this ballad is well-known in Northeastern tradition and  
seems to have spread westward to Michigan and Minnesota  
by way of the lumbercamps. The words are almost al-  
ways sung to some set of the present tune.

$\text{♩} = 66$

The musical score is written on five staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a 6/8 time signature, and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked as quarter note = 66. The lyrics are written below the notes. The second staff continues the melody and lyrics. The third staff continues the melody and lyrics. The fourth staff continues the melody and lyrics. The fifth staff continues the melody and lyrics. The key signature changes to one flat (F) in the fifth staff.

Come all ye lads and las-sies, come  
lis-ten to my song; If you will pay at-ten-tion  
I'll not de-tain you long. It's of a weal-thy  
far-mer I'm a-bout to tell you now, Who late-ly  
came a - court-ing the maid of the Moun-tain Brow.

1.  
Come all ye lads and lassies,  
    come listen to my song;  
If you will pay attention  
    I'll not detain you long;  
It's of a wealthy farmer  
    I'm about to tell you now  
Who lately came a-courting  
    the maid of the mountain brow.

2.  
He said, "My dearest loved one  
    if you'll come along with me,  
We'll go and we'll get married  
    as quick as we can be;  
We'll go and we'll get married  
    as quick as we can now,  
And I'll labor late and early for  
    the maid of the mountain brow."

3.  
She being a young and foolish girl,  
    not knowing what to say,  
At length she picked up courage  
    those words to him did say:  
"I hope that me you will excuse  
    for I can't go with you now,  
I must tarry another season at  
    the foot of the mountain brow."

4.  
"Look down in yonder meadow,  
    my crops they gently grow,  
Look down in yonder valley,  
    my horses and my plow;  
There they labor late and early for  
    the maid of the mountain brow."

5.  
"If they labor late and early,  
    kind sir 'twill be not for me,  
The character I hear of you  
    is not of the best, you see;  
There is an inn where you go in,  
    I hear the people say,  
Where you drink and call and pay for all  
    and go home at the break of day."

6.  
If I drink and call and pay for all  
    my money it is my own,  
I'll spend none of your fortune, love,  
    for I hear that you have none;  
You thought you had my poor heart won,  
    but I'm going to tell you now  
I will leave you where I found you  
    at the foot of the mountain brow."



7.

"Oh Henry, dearest Henry,  
 how can you be so unkind?  
 The girl you once loved dearly  
 you're going to leave behind;  
 The girl that loves you dearly  
 you're going to leave her now,  
 And you leave her broken hearted at  
 the foot of the mountain brow."

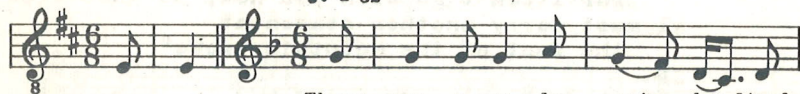
\* \* \* \*

The Silvery Tide

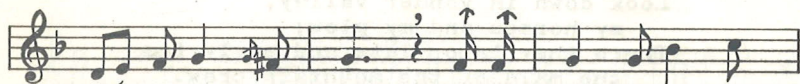
Wesley Smith, Victoria West,  
 July 15, 1963. Ives 63.12

While this ballad seems to be best known in northern tradition (particularly in the Northeast), it has also been found in Tennessee and Missouri. British variants are reported from both Scotland and England. The tune Wesley uses for the ballad is not one I have seen for it elsewhere. Wesley's shifting of the heroine's name from Molly to Polly and back to Molly again is accidental.

♩. = 52



There was a come-ly mai—den lived



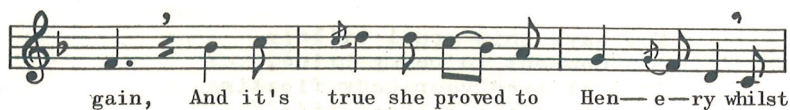
down by the sea—side; She was com—e-lye and



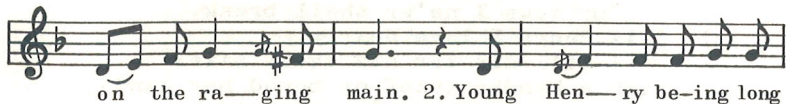
hand—some, she was called the vil—lage pride. There



was but one sea cap—tain whose Mol—ly's heart did



gain, And it's true she proved to Hen—e—ry whilst



on the ra—ging main. 2. Young Hen—ry be—ing long



ab—sent, a no—ble-man there came, a...

1.  
There was a comely maiden  
lived down by the seaside,  
She way comelye and handsome,  
she was called the village pride;  
There was but one sea captain  
whose Molly's heart did gain,  
And it's true she proved to Henery  
whilst on the raging main.

2.  
Young Henry being long absent,  
a nobleman there came  
A-courting pretty Molly  
but she refused the same;  
"Your vows are vain for o'er the main  
there is but one," she cried,  
"So now begone, I love but one;  
he's on the silvery tide."

3.  
This nobleman in a passion flew  
and unto her did say,  
"To cause your separation  
I will take your life away.  
I'll watch you late and early  
'til all alone," he cried.  
"Then I'll send your body floating  
out on the silvery tide."

4.  
This nobleman went walking  
one day to take the air;  
Down by the rolling ocean  
he espied this maiden fair.

Now says this cruel villain,  
"Consent to be my bride,  
Or I'll send your body floating  
out on the silvery tide."

5.  
"Oh no," says pretty Polly,  
"my vows I ne'er shall break.  
'Tis Henry I love dearly,  
I will die for his sweet sake."  
With a handkerchief he bound her hands,  
then threw her o'er the side,  
And screaming she went floating  
out on the silvery tide.

6.  
It was not a great while after  
young Henry arrived from sea,  
Expecting to live happy  
and name their wedding day;  
"Your own true love is murdered,"  
her aged parents cried,  
"Or has proven her own destruction  
down on the silvery tide."

7.  
That night in his bed chamber,  
young Henry could find no rest;  
The thoughts of pretty Polly  
disturbed his aching breast.  
He dreamed that he went walking  
down by the ocean side,  
And his own true love sat weeping  
on the banks of the silvery tide.

8.  
Young Henry arose from his chamber  
for to search the sea banks o'er,  
'Til four o'clock next morning  
he roamed from shore to shore;  
At four o'clock next morning  
pretty Polly's corpse [did] find,  
That to and fro went floating  
out on the silvery tide.

9.  
He knew it to be his own true love  
by a gold ring on her hand,  
And when he untied the handkerchief  
it brought him to a stand;  
The name of her base murderer  
was there before his eyes,  
Who had put an end to Molly  
out on the silvery tide.

10.

This nobleman was taken,  
the gallows was his doom,  
For murdering pretty Molly  
all in her youthful bloom;  
Young Henry was so dejected that  
he wandered 'til he died,  
And his last word it was, "Molly",  
who died on the silvery tide.  
\* \* \* \*

There Was an Old Woman in Our Town

Wesley Smith, Victoria West

July 15, 1963. Ives 63.12

I don't know that I ever saw a man get more fun out of singing a song than Wesley got out of singing this one. \* "It's just a foolish thing," he said; "maybe you ought not to put it on the machine." But we went ahead and recorded it anyhow, and while it was obvious that he was having great difficulty keeping a straight face while he was singing, he only broke out laughing once. A few minutes later we were talking about how much singing he'd done recently, and he said he hadn't done any of late. \* "Oh well," he added, "I said 'not of late' but I was down to a birthday party at my sister's-- she's eighty this year-- and they wanted me to sing. I sung that song I just sang you. . . . They wanted it." Evidently the song has been a great favorite, not only with Wesley Smith's friends but all over the United States (not to mention the British Isles) too; variants have been found from Texas to Illinois and from North Carolina to Maine. A second and equally popular song, "Johnny Sands," tells the same story, except that the man's wife ties his hands instead of "blinding" him, and when she falls in the water he says he'd be glad to help her "but you see my hands are tied." The moral of all this is that once in a while it is a good idea to drown your wife.

♩. = 104





1.  
There was a woman in our town,  
in our town did dwell;  
She loved her husband dearly  
but another man twice as well.

CHORUS:  
Marsh'n tie, hiddly high,  
hurray me boys for me.

2.  
She went to the doctor  
to see if she could find,  
To see if she could find something  
for to make her old man blind. [laughter]

CHORUS:

3.  
"Just feed him on cheese and marrowbone  
and feed it to him all,  
And he will get so gosh darned blind  
he'll not see you at all.

CHORUS:

4.  
She fed him on cheese and marrowbone  
and fed it to him all,  
And he did get so gosh darned blind  
he couldn't see her at all.

CHORUS:

5.  
One day the old man said to her,  
"I'm tired of this life;  
I think I'll go and drown myself  
and that will end all strife."

CHORUS:

6.  
They walked along and they talked along  
'til they came to the river's brim;  
The old man said to her, "My dear,  
I wish you'd push me in."

CHORUS:

7.  
 She ran back some paces  
 and ran to shush him in;  
 The old man stepped to one side  
 and she went tumbling in.  
 CHORUS:
8.  
 She screamed and she hollered,  
 she cried and she bawled;  
 The old man said, "I'd help you dear,  
 but I can't see you at all."  
 CHORUS:
9.  
 She swam around, she swam around,  
 'til she came to the river's brim;  
 The old man grabbed a cedar pole  
 and shoved her farther in.  
 CHORUS:
10.  
 So now my song is ended  
 and I can sing no more,  
 But wasn't she a gosh-darned fool  
 she didn't swim ashore?  
 CHORUS:  
 \* \* \* \*

#### NOTES

The notes are arranged alphabetically rather than in the order in which they appear in the text. When I could refer to Laws' or Coffin's indices, I have done so, although I have occasionally repeated their references. Through correspondence I have been able to check the songs in this collection against the holdings of the Archives of American Folksong, Library of Congress, Washington, D.C. and the folksong archives of the Human History Branch of the National Museum of Canada, Ottawa. For the Archive of American Folksong, I have consulted the published Check-list of Recorded Songs in the English Language in the Archive of American Folk Song to July, 1940; for entries since that time I am indebted to Mrs. Rae Korson, Head of the Archive, and Joseph C. Hickerson, Reference Librarian. Special thanks are due to Mr. Hickerson for his careful checking of the Robert Winslow Gordon Manuscript Collection, which is also on file at the Archives; these are the texts Gordon received in the 1920's in response to his column in Adventure magazine. It should be added that the title index for songs received at the Archive after 1940 is only about twenty percent com-

plete. The information from the National Museum of Canada was sent me by Dr. Carmen Roy, to whom thanks. The following abbreviations are used in the Canadian entries to indicate collectors:

- MAN- Dr. Louise Manny, Newcastle, New Brunswick. (Much of her material will be published in her forthcoming Folk-songs of Miramichi.)
- FO- Mrs. Edith Fowke, Toronto, Ontario.
- CR- Dr. Helen Creighton, Dartmouth, Nova Scotia. Some of the entries in her several published works.
- PEA- Mr. Kenneth Peacock, Ottawa, Ontario, (Most of Mr. Peacock's items have been published in his "Songs of the Newfoundland Outports.")
- LEACH- Dr. MacEdward Leach, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa. (To be published in his forthcoming Folksongs and Ballads of the Labrador Coast).
- BO- Laura Bolton, Columbia University, New York.

Much of my own collectanea is on deposit in the Archives of Folk and Primitive Music (AFPM), Maxwell Hall, Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana. Wherever possible I have given references to it. This is the only material that has been cited from this major archive.

#### BANKS OF THE LITTLE EAU PLEINE, THE

In print: See Laws, NAB, 144 (C-2), but see especially Rickaby, 25-34.

Archives: Lib. Cong.: Check-list: Michigan, to which add Gordon Mss. 419, learned from a Canadian in a Michigan lumbercamp about 1875 or 76. AFPM: New Brunswick (ATL.2149.3; ATL 2199.5). In my own collection (not yet archived) a variant from Harry Keenan, Woodstock, N.B., tape 62.1.

Tune: hexatonic (6th lacking) D/A; Phrase pattern: AABC (or AABA'). For parallels to the tune, see Greenleaf and Mansfield, 268; Wilson, 28; O Lochlainn, 114. See also Cazden, 86, 111-112 (parallels for Rickaby's "A" tune).

Misc.: For further material on this song and on Billy Allen, see Rickaby, xxiv-xxxviii, 196-198.

#### BENJAMIN DEANE

In Print: Ives, JAF, LXXII (1959) 53-55 (Maine);

Creighton, MFS, 189-191 (Nova Scotia); Wilson, 14, 48-50 (New Brunswick).

Archives: NMC: Nova Scotia (CR 68-622, pub. in MFS; CR 94-929).

Tune: Hexatonic (lacking 3rd), D/M; phrase pattern: ABBA. For a parallel, see Cazden, ii, 46 ("The Island of Jamaica") and notes on 117. See also Wilson, 23 (tune 16). The tune Wilson reports as used by Billy Price is the same as one I collected from Chester Price in Blackville, N.B.

Misc. For more on Joe Scott, see "Guy Reed" in this volume, and my JAF article of 1959.

#### DAN CURRY

In Print: Wilson, 19, 55.

Archives: none.

Tune: Major; phrase pattern: ABCD (but compare first half of B and C, and last half of A and C). Wilson points out a parallel in Korson, Pennsylvania Songs, 381, "The Shoofly."

#### DRIVE DULL CARE AWAY

In Print: None

Archives: None

Tune: Dorian; phrase pattern: AABA', (chorus)BA'.

Misc.: Charlie Gorman omitted the chorus after stanza 3 when I recorded the song, but he had it after every stanza when he first sang it to me.

#### GHOSTLY FISHERMEN, THE

In Print: Beck, The Folklore of Maine, 204-205; Creighton, Creighton, SBNS, 254-256; Doerflinger, 181-182 (2 variants, both from Nova Scotia); Greenleaf and Mansfield, 227-229 (Newfoundland).

Archives: NMC: Nova Scotia (CR 22-215; CR 99-1, 007; CR 153-1, 882); New Brunswick (CR 193-2, 211); Newfoundland (PEA 75-673; PEA 90-733; PEA 130-903; LEACH 12-83). Lib. Cong.: None in Check-list but add two Nova Scotia variants collected by Helen Creighton (AFS 7124A, AFS 9192B).

Tune: Hexatonic (lacking 4th). 7th is weak, occurring only in passing in measure 13. Phrase pattern ABCA'.

#### GUY REED

In Print: Flanders-Barry, 55-57 (N.H. via Maine); Gray, 24-28 (Maine).

Archives: NMC: Nova Scotia (CR 1-5; CR 96-156); New Brunswick (MAN 23-76). Lib. Cong.: none in Check-list, but add Gordon Mss. 773 (New Brunswick), 928 and 950 (the last two are letters explaining author-



ship and publication).

Tune: Major; phrase pattern ABCD. In stanza 5, Smith sang the tune as ABAB, almost certainly an error on his part. Perhaps I should have marked this piece parlando-rubato, yet the music meter seemed too clear for that, after the first two phrases.

Misc.: See my article "Ben Deane and Joe Scott," especially 61-62 for further information.

JOHN LADNER

In Print: None.

Archives: NMC: New Brunswick (MAN 5-15; MAN 22-74); AFPM: ATL 2171.2, 2158.5, 2159.2. The last two entries are recited by Roy Lohnes; the first three are sung by Stanley MacDonald.

Tune: Pentatonic; phrase pattern ABBA. For parallels, see Doerflinger, 222 "Harry Dunne;" Rickaby, 89 "Driving Saw Logs on the Plover;" Rickaby, 164 "The Persian's Crew"; Joyce, Old Irish Folk Music and Song, 9, No. 13 "The River Roe"; O Lochlainn, 28 "The Smashing of the Van." All entries here taken from Wilson, to which add the following records: Columbia Library of Folk and Primitive Music, Folk Songs of Scotland (SL 209), "Come All Ye Tramps and Hawkers"; Paddy Tunney (Folk-Legacy, FSE-7), "The Hills of Glenswilly" (Eire); From Donegal to Galway Bay with the Little Gaelic Singers (Decca, DL-8435), "The Faughan Side."

Misc.: For the other John Ladner song, see BFSSNE, No. 11 (1936), 19. The same version is reprinted in Barry, 72-73, with the air to an entirely different song.

JOHNNY DOYLE

In Print: See Laws, Broadsides, 180-181 (M-2).

Archives: NMC: Ontario (FO 4-35); Newfoundland (PEA 85-712; PEA ms.58; PEA ms.59; LEACH 5-32); Nova Scotia (CR 47-433; CR 65-600). Lib. Cong.: Check-list: Va., Fla. (2), Miss., Tenn., Ark. ("Johnny Dyers"), Tex. ("John O'Doyle"), N.C. ("Young Johnny Doyle"). To which add: Gordon Mss. 1103 (sent in from Ontario).

Tune: Major; phrase pattern ABCA.

LOST BABES OF HALIFAX, THE

In Print: Creighton, SBNS, 292-296; Creighton, MFS, 204-205 (Nova Scotia). H.P. Beck, 103-105 (Maine).

Archives: NMC: Nova Scotia (CR 50-464; CR 95-942; CR 151-1817) New Brunswick (CR 200-2392; CR 116-1277).

Lib. Cong.: none in Check-list but add 2 Nova Scotia texts collected by Helen Creighton (AFS 7168 B1; AFS 9218 B1, 9219 A & B). AFPM: ATL 2170.3

Tune: Mixolydian (with raised 7th in cadence);  
Phrase pattern: ABCA' (although representing it as  
ABB'A' would indicate similarities of Phrase 2 and  
3).

#### LUMBERMAN IN TOWN, THE

In Print: Eckstorm and Smyth, 96-97 (Maine);  
Barry, MWS, 61 (the same variant, with a tune); Gray,  
58-59 (same variant again); NEF, II(1959), 58-59.

Archives: Lib. Cong.: None in Check-List, but  
add Gordon Mss.263, "The Lumberjacks of Maine (When  
the Woodsmen Come to Town)." Contributed by W. E.  
Steeves in 1923 as learned in the Maine woods in 1909.  
AFPM: ATL 2166.1 (Wesley Smith's 1958 variant).

Tune: Major; phrase pattern ABCD.

Misc.: See Laws, Broadsides, 161 (K-39); Eck-  
storm and Smyth, 97, for further notes.

#### MAID OF THE MOUNTAIN BROW, THE

In Print: Greenleaf, 153-54 (Newfoundland); Mac-  
kenzie, 124-125 (Nova Scotia); Cazden, ii, 68-69, 120;  
See Laws, Broadsides, 251 (P-7). For an Ontario var-  
iant collected by Edith Fowke, see Tom Brandon (Folk-  
Legacy Records, FSC-10).

Archives: NMC: Newfoundland (PEA 90-734; PEA ms.  
76; LEACH 15-107); Nova Scotia (CR 33-26). AFPM: New  
Brunswick (ATL 2150.9); Maine (ATL 2204.3, 2207.3).  
Also Ives 62.2 (New Brunswick via Hampden, Maine).

Tune: Essentially Mixolydian, but with a very  
clear raised 7th in measure 2 of Phrase A. Phrase  
pattern: ABBA.

Misc.: In Cazden's variant, the man repents of  
his harshness in the last stanza and the couple go off  
to get married.

#### MANTLE SO GREEN

In Print: See Laws, Broadsides, 222-223 (N-38),  
to which add Grover, 109; Huntington, 122-23; Ord,  
155-56; Wilson, 28, 78-79 (Billy Price, McNamee, N.B.).  
Also add the following records: Marie Hare (Folk-Legacy,  
FSC-9); Folksongs of the Miramichi (Folkways, FM 4053).  
These are both recordings of the same woman, the for-  
mer made in 1962, the latter in 1959; the differences  
are interesting, and I have commented on them at some  
length in my notes to the Folk-Legacy album.

Archives: NMC: Ontario (FO 22-10); New Brunswick  
(CR-116-1271; CR 129-1527; CR 200-2393, Marie Hare  
again, in 1958; MAN 24-81); Newfoundland (PEA 175-1088;  
LEACH 22-149). Lib. Cong.: None in Check-list under  
that name, but probably some of those listed as "Lovely  
Nancy" are our ballad. Add AFS 11,888 B9, a Missouri  
version.

Tune: Major; Phrase pattern: ABBA. The meter could be described as straight 3/4, but Edmund's rests were even enough to warrant representing them this way.

MILLMAN AND TUPLIN SONG, THE

In Print: Wilson, 41, 96-97 (New Brunswick). For the other Millman-Tuplin ballads see Doerflinger 285-286; Creighton, SBNS, 306-308.

Archives: NMC: P.E.I. (CR 230-2, 518; Mrs. Frances Larter, Alberton).

Tune: Major; Phrase pattern AB

Misc.: Dorothy Cullen, Librarian of the Prince Edward Island Libraries, Charlottetown, mentions the following booklet (85 pages) in the Legislative and Public Library, Charlottetown: Verbatim Report of the Millman Tuplin Murder Trial, Supreme Court, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island. (Charlottetown: George Gardiner, 1888). I am indebted to her for a brief account of the affair.

MIRAMICHI FIRE, THE

In Print: Barry, BESSNE, No. 11 (1936) 21-23 (two traditional variants from Maine; printed text from Bangor Daily Commercial, July 29, 1907); Barry, MWS, 46-47 (Composite taken from foregoing sources). H. P. Beck, 251-254 (no source given). Creighton, MFS, 201-202 (New Brunswick). Printed version in Hartland (N.B.) Observer (no date, but sometime in late fifties). Unidentified and undated newspaper clipping (somewhere in New Brunswick), in Northeast Folklore Society Archives, giving words and tune.

Archives: NMC: New Brunswick (CR 117-1282; CR 199-2387; CR ms.13); Nova Scotia (CR 147-1747); P.E.I. (CR 227-2461, Hector Richard, Tignish, 1962). AFPM: ATL 2143.8 (Me.), ATL 2158.1 (Me.), ATL 2157.8 (Joe Doucette, P.E.I.). In addition the following in my own collection: MR.5 (Stanley MacDonald, Black River Bridge, N.B.), 62.1 (Harry Keenan, Woodstock, N.B.), 63.10 (James Brown, South Branch, N.B.).

Tune: Dorian, but with 3rd consistently raised in unaccented position in measure 12. Phrase pattern: AA'BC.

Misc.: "The Loss of the New Columbia," as sung by Carrie Grover, Gorham, Me. (AAFS 103A; also on LP record L21); see also Grover, 127-128) makes an interesting parallel both in structure and tune. Dr. Louise Manny is my authority for calling John Jardine the author. Elsewhere the name is given as Thomas M. Jordan.

### OLD BEGGAR MAN, THE

In Print: See Coffin 41-42.

Archives: NMC: Nova Scotia (CR4-45; CR 107-1131); New Brunswick (CR 230-2, 527). Lib. Cong. None in Check-list but add Nova Scotia (AFS 7142B, AFS 9278B4, coll. Helen Creighton). AFPM: New Brunswick (ATL 2190.1, sung by Joe Estey, Sevogle, Second Miramichi Folksong Festival in 1959).

Tune: Dorian; phrase pattern ABCD; for a full discussion, see Bronson, I, 254-264.

Misc On 8/16/58 (ATL 2161.1) Edmund sang the song for me, differing in the following ways from the text given above: 2.2 . . . that I'm true to you. . .; 2.3 And if . . .; 4.4 . . .poor old beggar man; 5.1 What news, what news have you today; 5.3 Sad news I've got . . .; 7.2 . . .slip on; 8.1 . . .from the parlor. . . from hell; 8.3 . . .he drank. . .; 10.3 . . . by land or on sea; 11.1 . . . on land or on sea.

On the afternoon of July 14, 1963, he sang the song with the following variations: 5.1 What news, what news have you today?; 5.3 Sad news I've got. . .; 7.2 . . .slip on; 8.1 . . .begged in the hall; 13.3 The gold that shone; 13.4 He was . . . .

### PRETTY SUSAN, THE PRIDE OF KILDARE

In Print: See Laws, Broadsides, 251 (P-6), to which add Huntington, 131-133 (a variant taken from the manuscript book of William Histed, who sailed on the whaleship Cortes in 1847). See also the record Folksongs of the Miramichi (Folkways FM 4053), for Angelo Dornan's singing of it at the 1959 Festival.

Archives: NMC: Nova Scotia (CR 159-1, 915; CR 124-1, 435).

Tune: Major; phrase pattern ABBA'.

### SHEPHERD, THE

In Print: Creighton, MFS, 108.

Archives: None.

Tune: Essentially dorian, but the third is raised in measures 7 and 11, although only in unaccented positions, and the sixth only appears in an unaccented position in measure 1. Phrase pattern: ABBA'.

### SILVERY TIDE, THE

In Print: See Laws, Broadsides, 244 (0-37), to which add Grover, 9-10; Huntington, 125-127 (manuscript book of Wm. Histed, ship Cortes out of New Bedford, 1847). For a recording of Sam Jagoe's singing of it at the 1959 Miramichi Folksong Festival, see Folksongs of the Miramichi (Folkways FM 4053).

Archives: NMC: Nova Scotia (CR 36-346; CR 71-648;

CR 106-1129; CR 109-1177; BO 34-299); New Brunswick (CR 116-1278). Lib. Cong.: Check-list: Michigan, North Carolina; to which add 2 Nova Scotia texts collected by Helen Creighton (AFS 7118A and 9282A2). Gordon Mss. 283. AFPM: Maine (ATL 2139.6; 2159.8).

Tune: Dorian, but with raised 7th in cadence. Phrase pattern: ABBC. The first stanza has an opening phrase that is slightly different from the opening of any other stanza; every succeeding stanza begins like stanza 2. Since the last halves of phrases A and C are identical, perhaps we should identify the pattern as ABBA'.

#### THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN IN OUR TOWN

In Print: See Laws, Broadsides, 274 (Q-2), to which add Doerflinger, 281; Creighton, MFS, 122.

Archives: NMC: Newfoundland (PEA ms.113; PEA 81-698; PEA 186-1127). Lib. Cong.: Check-List: N.J., Mich. to which add Pa. (LWO 3323); Ohio (LWO 2627 R12 B6); Ark. (LWO 4180 R5 A13).

Tune: Mixolydian (raised 7th in cadence). Phrase pattern: AA'ACD(refrain).

Misc.: For "Johnny Sands" see Laws, Broadsides 274-275 (Q-3).

#### UNCLE DAN

In Print: None.

Archives: None.

Tune: Pentatonic (lacking 2nd 6th but with flatted 7th); Phrase pattern: AB

#### WHEN THE BATTLE IT WAS WON

In Print: Mackenzie, 297 (Nova Scotia); Greenleaf, 361 (Newfoundland). See Laws, Broadsides (J-23), 139.

Archives: NMC: Nova Scotia (CR 66-613; CR 118-1321); Newfoundland (PEA 76-674).

Tune: Major (7th appears only in cadence); phrase pattern: ABBA. In stanza 4, ABBA; in stanza 5, ABA.

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Acknowledgment: All of these songs were collected on field trips made possible by several grants the Editor has received from the Coe Research Fund Committee of the University of Maine.



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