

# MARIE HARE

of Strathadam,  
New Brunswick, Canada



**FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS, INC.**

**HUNTINGTON, VERMONT**





FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS, INC.

FSC-9

# MARIE HARE

*Recorded by Sandy Paton**Notes by Dr. Louise Manny and Dr. Edward Ives*

Marie Hare has been one of the stellar performers of the Miramichi Folksong Festival in Newcastle, New Brunswick, since the annual festival began six years ago. Her songs are almost all from her own family tradition—her great-great grandfather was Ebenezer Whitney, who came to New Brunswick from New England in the 1770's—although a few were added to the family songbag by her brothers who learned them while working in the Canadian logging camps.

Marie is the second youngest of a family of thirteen children. Both of her parents were fine singers and Marie fondly remembers the family gathering in their cozy kitchen for many evenings of singing. Chairs were drawn up near the stove and her parents would teach the children the words of the songs, drilling them in the airs they knew so well. *Marie not only learned the songs, she also learned the fine, clear style in which they were sung.* She is, indeed, a superb traditional singer.

## Side 1:

GREEN VALLEY  
PATRICK O'DONNELL  
GREEN GROWS THE LAUREL  
MAID OF THE EAST  
THE JAM ON GERRY'S ROCKS  
THE BANKS OF THE MIRAMICHI

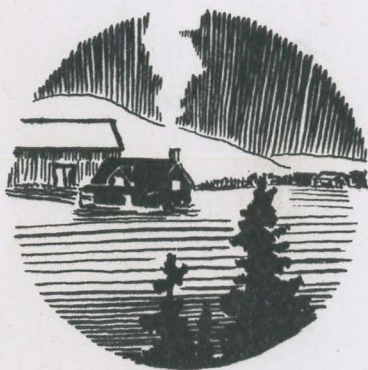
## Side 2:

THE WEXFORD LASS  
BILLY GRIMES  
JENNY DEAR  
PETER EMBERLY  
HER MANTLE SO GREEN





MIRAMICHI  
SONGS and BALLADS



Marie  
Hare

Strathadam, New Brunswick  
Canada

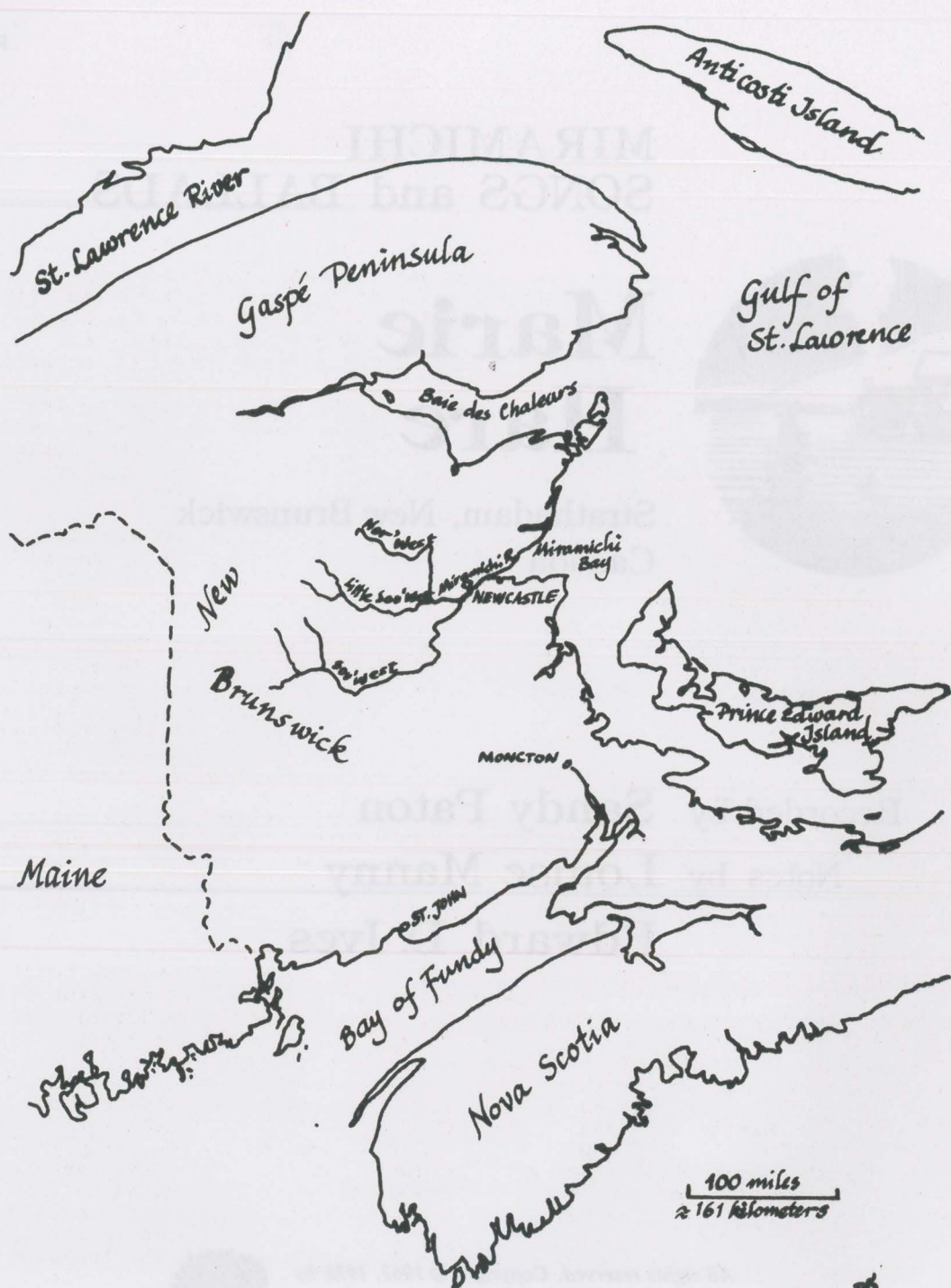
Recorded by **Sandy Paton**  
Notes by **Louise Manny**  
**Edward D. Ives**

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## Miramichi: Historical Sketch

by Louise Manny

The 250-mile Miramichi in northern New Brunswick is our province's second longest river. Its two branches, the Nor'West and the Sou'West, unite three miles above the town of Newcastle, and from this point the river widens steadily until it is 30 miles wide at the mouth of Miramichi Bay, 50 miles below.

The name is accented on the first and last syllables. The last syllable is pronounced "shee." Generations of school teachers have tried to persuade us to pronounce the first syllable as it is spelled, but the local pronunciation remains in the variants of 200 years ago, and we have Merry-, Merrra-, Murry-, or even Mair-mashee. I find the singers are inconsistent, and the same singer will use first one pronunciation and then another. Possibly the first singer of any particular song mentioning the river "set" the pronunciation for those who followed.

The name of our great river has various meanings. It may be used for the whole valley area, or the river and its branches, or the river and bay. It may be used to describe the seaports, or the lumber woods, or to refer to the people who live here.

So inhabitants say: "My great-grandfather settled at Miramichi," or "in Miramichi," meaning the district. Vessels arrive chartered "for Miramichi," meaning they are to load at any one of the ports on the river. When we built sailing ships, Lloyd's registered them as "Miramichi" in the column "where built." People go hunting or lumbering "in Miramichi," meaning in the woods here. In later years people have come to use the phrase "on the Miramichi," but you can always tell an "old residenter" by the various ways he uses "Miramichi," without any "the."

The name *Miramichi* goes back at least to the 16th century, and is said to be the oldest place-name still in use in eastern Canada. There are great discussions about its derivation. One fanciful historian a hundred years ago invented the theory that it was a Micmac Indian word, and signified "Happy Retreat." I don't know who think this the funnier — the Micmacs,

whose language has no letter "r," or students of Algonkian folklore who find such a definition completely foreign to aboriginal thought. The most likely derivation is that favored by the New Brunswick historian, Dr. William Francis Ganong, who thought the name was given to the territory by the Montagnais Indians, and means "Micmac Land," or, since the Montagnais hated the Micmacs, "The Country of the Bad People."

Our earliest recorded history shows that Miramichi was inhabited by the Micmacs, an Algonkian tribe, in the 16th and 17th centuries. They were a nomadic people, who had various temporary settlements according to the seasons, by the seashore in summer, in the woods in winter. The Micmacs were never very numerous, and there are probably as many living in New Brunswick now as there were 300 years ago.

We have a first-hand account of northern New Brunswick and the Indians from Jacques Cartier, who arrived at Bay Chaleur in 1534. It is quite probable that Basque and French fishermen had frequented our shores before that, but we have no definite report of these activities.

We have much more information about Acadia in the 17th century, the territory which included the present provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Missionaries of five different religious orders sent reports home to France. The seigneur, Nicolas Denys, and the missionary, Cretien Le Clercq, wrote books about us. Monsieur Denys had established several fishing stations in the early years of the century, and in 1654 he was granted an enormous seigneurie, extending from Canso to Cap Rosier. These early settlements were principally devoted to the fisheries and to christianizing the Indians. There were apparently not many settlers, but it is interesting to find that there are some descendants of those Acadians of over 300 years ago, living on the lands their ancestors cleared and farmed.

Acadia changed hands many times during the 17th and 18th centuries, as first the French and then the English were in the



ascendant. Finally the fall of Louisbourg in 1758 and the battle of the Plains of Abraham in 1759 ended French rule in Acadia and Canada. After the Treaty of Paris was signed in 1763, the English began their settlement of what had been Acadia.

In 1765 the Scots, William Davidson and John Cort, received from the Crown a Township Grant of 100,000 acres at Miramichi. The granted land extended up both sides of each branch of the river. It was given to Davidson and Cort primarily to prosecute the fisheries, to catch and salt salmon and cod for export to Europe, Britain, and the West Indies. Fishermen were brought in from New England and from Scotland. They were to work at the fishing for wages, save their money, buy lots in the Grant, clear the land, and begin farming. As these fishermen graduated from the nets to the farm, more fishermen were to be imported.

As early as 1773, Davidson built a 300-ton schooner in which to export fish. He launched several others in the next two or three years. In fact the settlement was well on the way to prosperity when the American Revolution broke out. American privateers raided the coasts of what is now New Brunswick. The Indians turned hostile. Davidson was forced to move his "family" of relations and workmen inland to the Saint John River for the duration.

They returned in 1783 to find their settlement in ruins. John Cort had died. Davidson made a valiant effort to reorganize his Miramichi business, and to keep possession of the 100,000-acre grant which the Government had decided to escheat, since various conditions of settling and clearing land had not been fulfilled. In any case, the whole plan for settling the country had changed. Instead of favoring large Township Grants, to be managed by one entrepreneur, the British Government now wished to provide for Loyalists and disbanded members of His Majesty's forces who had served in the Revolution. So grants of 200 to 400 acres direct to individuals were favored.

After a three-year struggle, Davidson's grant was escheated, and he was left with little more than a tenth of his former holdings. The business of allotting individual grants was proceeded with, and the permanent settlement of Miramichi had begun. Davidson still had his fishing rights, his shipyard, a saw mill, and, what was his greatest pride, a contract to furnish white pine masts for the King's Navy. His energy and ability might have

turned all this to success, but in four years he was dead at the age of 50, worn out by hardship and frustration.

Other firms established themselves in Miramichi to fish, export lumber and moose hides, and to build ships. There were Fraser & Thom from Inverness, Scotland; Francis Peabody of a well-known New England family, some of whom had emigrated earlier to the Saint John River; Gilmour, Rankin & Co., allied to a great shipping firm established in Glasgow and Liverpool; Joseph Cunard of Halifax, of Loyalist descent, brother of Samuel who later founded the Cunard Line; Joseph Russell, a Scot who had been a midshipman with Nelson at the Battle of the Nile; William Abrams of Plymouth, England.

Shipbuilding slumped in the Old Country after the Napoleonic Wars. Shipwrights out of work came from Scotland to Miramichi to build vessels for our lumber trade. The district was forging ahead when the Great Miramichi Fire of 1825 laid waste 6,000 square miles of timber land in northern New Brunswick, and wiped out half the settlements along the Miramichi River. The towering pines which had furnished masts for the King's Navy were destroyed, but there were some unburned areas on which enough timber was found for shipbuilding. In the 1850's the forests had recovered sufficiently to supply wood to build fine merchant ships. Shipbuilding was encouraged by the great demand for vessels. They were needed to bring guano from South America, to take troops to the Crimean wars, to go round the Horn for the California Gold Rush, to take immigrants to Australia and New Zealand.

The lumber business, always highly speculative, moved from "square timber" and masting before the Fire to deals, long lumber, lathwood, spoolwood, pulpwood, pit props, and other wood products from the middle and later years of the 19th century and up to the present day. It has made, and sometimes lost, fortunes for the "lumber lords."

Miramichi's most stable industry has always been the fisheries. Our unrivalled salmon, smelt, lobsters, oysters, and some less esteemed fish provided us with a steady income. Shipbuilding expired, lumbering had its ups and downs, but the fisheries were always with us.

In the 1880's sport fishing and big-game hunting began to be a profitable industry in the upper reaches of the Nor'West and Sou'West branches of the Miramichi. Men



who had provided for their own families by fishing and hunting found an incredible profit in guiding the "sports" who came from the States.

Since the Second World War, the immense base metal shield in our area has been explored, and another Miramichi industry is on the way.

While one industrial era succeeded another, we have always had farmers. In many settlements the same families still farm the land granted to their forefathers 200 years ago. Miramichi in its 300-year recorded history has been a land for pioneers.

These pioneers were a singing people. They sang in the woods and on the drives, and at their farm work. They sang in the fishing shanties on the ice, where they waited to lift their nets at the turn of the tide. They sang at their work in the shipbuilding days when the whole river resounded with the clank of hammers.

Mrs. Jared MacLean, who used to live in Strathadam on the Nor'West, tells me that you could hear the men singing as they walked by to their work at the mills, the drives, or the fishing. They sang at home, too, women as well as men. Some lumber camps had women cooks, and girl cookees as young as twelve, who would share in the singing in the evenings, and sing at their work during the day.

The frequent country social gatherings were enlivened by songs, and on these occasions there was a good deal of singing in chorus, unlike the evenings in the woods, when one man usually sang alone to entertain his fellows.

Where the songs came from, it is hard to tell. As any folksong collector knows, you can find anything anywhere. After a year or two of collecting, one is no longer surprised to discover the ancient ballads of "Hind Horn" and "The False Knight upon the Road" lurking in farmhouse kitchens. There are songs which came across the sea with the earliest settlers, plaintive songs of local tragedies, following in style the older ballads, witty and pointed satires composed by men like Larry Gorman, songs which wandered up from Louisiana with the railway workers, come-alleyes from Ireland, and long chanted narratives from western lumber camps, or from harvesting excursions.

Tradition had long preserved these songs. They passed orally from generation to gen-

eration. Singers sometimes wrote them out, or "worded" them for each other. In the later 19th century and the early 20th, the great treasure house of folksong was the *Family Herald* of Montreal. This was the most popular newspaper ever published in Canada. It had, and still has, a department called "Old Favorites," in which the old ballads were printed for its readers. Many of them were sent in by the readers themselves. Almost every country home in Miramichi has its box of clippings from the *Family Herald*. May MacLean of Strathadam pasted hers in a scrapbook, along with some clipped from a Boston paper. The book was much consulted by Strathadam singers. It served to revive half-remembered songs, and to provide new ones.

A celebrated singing family of Miramichi is that of the Whitneys of Strathadam. Their progenitor was Ebenezer Whitney, who came from New England to the Saint John River in the 1770's. He was a skilled millwright. In 1785, when William Davidson was trying to reorganize the remnants of his various businesses, he brought Ebenezer to Miramichi to manage the large saw mill which sawed planks for the British Government. Ebenezer Whitney was probably employed by another firm after Davidson's death, but, like all those pioneers, he was not dependent on a single trade. By 1804 he had cleared and cultivated about 40 acres of wilderness land. He raised a family of seven sons and five daughters. "An honest, sober, quiet and industrious man, and a Loyal subject, whose family were likely to become useful members of society," so his neighbors and a Justice of the Peace testified. By 1809, eleven of the Whitney family were "well settled for themselves in Life." Eight of the twelve were married. By that time, the Whitneys had cleared and cultivated 20 more acres. In that year, Ebenezer stated to the Governor that 57 of his descendants, children and grandchildren, were settled in New Brunswick. Some others had gone to Ontario. There are many descendants still living on portions of Ebenezer's property. The story of the Whitneys is a Miramichi saga. They farmed, fished, went to the woods in the winter, worked on the drives in the spring, moved with the lumbering to Michigan, Wisconsin, Oregon.

Marie Whitney Hare was born in Strathadam, Nor'West Miramichi, where she has lived all her life. Her father was Neville Whitney, a grandson of one of Ebenezer's seven sons. Hear Neville when he was over eighty, reminiscing to some callers: "I worked in the woods all my life, and I



followed the logging wherever it took me. Once a gang of us went to the West, by train. I made up a song about it and all of us on the trip. Every day I made up another verse, till I came to my journey's end, out Seattle way, where they pluck oranges off the trees in the winter time. Every year I went somewhere for the logging — what a grand time it was!"

Neville Whitney married Janey Jones, of a neighborhood family. Compared to the Whitneys, the Joneses were "newcomers." Two brothers, James and John, emigrated from Cornwall about 1840. They settled on the Nor'West Miramichi, where they established a grist mill and a saw mill, valuable contributions to the growing community. There is a song about the Joneses and their mills, too.

Neville and Janey Whitney had thirteen children, some of whom died in infancy. One son, Edward, died when he was about fourteen. Marie, who was the second youngest of the family, remembers eight of the children gathering to sing in the cosy kitchen in the evenings. Gertrude, Florence, Margaret, Robbie, Willie, Irene, Marie, and Harold, all of them musical to their fingertips, were apt pupils of their

father and mother. Marie likes to remember the winter nights, the black kitchen stove gleaming with polish, the kitchen floor scrubbed velvet white, the whole room glowing warm from the hardwood fire. Chairs were drawn near the stove, the Whitney parents would teach the children the words of the songs, and drill them in the airs they knew so well. As the evening went on, neighbors would drop in and join the singing. When we asked Marie where she learned her songs, she scarcely knew. They had been all around her ever since she could remember.

*Old residenter:* one of the "ancient and original inhabitants" of Miramichi, someone who came before the Loyalists of 1785.  
*Square timber:* round logs, squared by cutting off the rounded sides.

*Sports:* people, usually Americans, who came for the hunting and fishing. You may be a garage mechanic, or the Governor of Pennsylvania, or an English peer, but Miramichi refers to you as a "sport."  
*Worded:* wrote out, or recited the words of a song.

*Newcomers:* people who came to Miramichi after the fire of 1825.



## General Remarks on Marie Hare's Singing

by Edward D. Ives

Of the eleven ballads and songs appearing on this record, seven are part of the common British-American tradition. Of the four remaining, three — "Gerry's Rock," "Billy Grimes," and "Peter Emberly," are from general native American tradition (unless we want to call the last one a local song), and one, "The Banks of the Miramichi," is by a local song writer. The imported songs are all of the later or "broadside" tradition; there are no Child ballads. Child ballads are found in tradition along the Miramichi, but they are not popular; I have had several men sing versions of them for me and then tell me they "don't much care for that sort of song." The broadside tradition is clearly the norm, and Marie's record shows this well. Then, too, it shows the preference for story-songs, in that all but three (numbers 1, 2, and 6) are ballads and even the first two lyrics imply a narrative background.

Love is the great theme, and tragic love of some kind is the norm. Only one ("Billy Grimes") could be called a cheerful song. Death is not far behind as a favorite topic. Of the three murders we have here, one man kills his daughter, and another his true love, both to avoid an impending marriage. Two of the ballads are "woods songs," and they both deal with violent death — one in the lumberwoods, the other on the river-drive. Love and death! Only Pat Hurley's little lyric, "The Banks of the Miramichi," does not touch either of these two strings. Again, Marie's repertoire is normal.

In prosody, seven of the ballads make use of the double stanza (four 7-foot lines rhyming *aabb*). Two, "The Maid of the East" and "Billy Grimes," use the ballad stanza (4343, *abcb*), while the two love songs use a long metre stanza (4.4. 4.4. *aabb*). In "Green Grows the Laurel" a trisyllabic foot is used; the poetic metre is duple in all the other pieces, but this metre is often cross-cut by the triple metre of the music.

Moving on to the music itself and taking up scales first, we find that six of the pieces are clearly major. "Gerry's Rock" is hexatonic. There are no pure (*i.e.*,

uninflected) modal tunes. "The Banks of the Miramichi" has a mixolydian feel to it, but it is hexatonic and has the raised seventh in places. "Peter Emberly" is mixolydian except for the raised seventh in the cadence. There are two pentatonic tunes: "The Maid of the East" and "Billy Grimes."

However, it should be pointed out (as it was pointed out to me by Norman Cazden) that such mechanical scale-counts may obscure as much as they reveal. A good number of hexatonic and heptatonic tunes show a basic pentatonic structure by emphasizing certain degrees of the scale and frequently skipping others, and this fact may be much more important than the mere presence of, say, the raised seventh in any of them. (See, for example, "Green, Grows the Laurel," "The Jam on Gerry's Rock," "The Banks of the Miramichi," and "Peter Emberly.")

As for range, only three pieces exceed a minor ninth (actually, the octave plus the leading tone).

All but three of the tunes are built of two phrases, and the favorite arrangement of these phrases is cyclic (*ABBA* or *ABCA*). The upbeat opening is everywhere, and the cadential pattern in which the final is anticipated in the next-to-last measure (usually followed by the leading tone) is present in every song but two ("The Maid of the East" and "Billy Grimes"). Wilson noticed this pattern and attributed it to the strong Irish heritage of Miramichi singers (see Bibliography; his p. 105).

This record also shows us some of the "workhorse" or general utility tunes popular in the Northeast. "Peter Emberly" and "The Banks of the Miramichi" are popular tunes that are used for several other songs, but we have some extremely interesting problems when we come to the tunes for "Patrick O'Donnell," "Gerry's Rock," "The Wexford Lass," and "Jenny Dear." The notes will go into more detail, but only measure-by-measure comparison can show how complex the interrelationships can be. Questions will inevitably ask themselves: At what point can we say we are dealing



with separate tunes and not merely with different sets of the same tune? When does a singer (or a community) consider one tune as different from or the same as another? How do singers identify tunes? Do singers have "personal" utility tunes in the same way that areas do? And so on.

There are several traditional formulae that I might point out. Three of the ballads are in straight confessional form, two of them having the opening "naming" stanza. And "Mantle So Green" and "Jenny Dear" begin with the beloved "As I walked out" formula, also popular in French folksong. About a third of the pieces end with a moral stanza, and several more hint at it.

Everything I have said documents a conclusion we could pretty safely jump to: Marie's repertoire (insofar as this record is any sample of it, and it is) is heavily in debt to the later or British broadside tradition, whose favorite pattern is a double stanza with a cyclic tune (usually ABBA) on the subject of love or violent death, with a formulistic opening and a moralizing close. Although it is harder to prove, the evidence also indicates a strong Irish element within this tradition. The two pieces that fit this stereotype least well (at least formally) are, of course, "The Maid of the East" and "Billy Grimes," which thus seem to owe allegiance

to quite a separate tradition from that of the others. I am tempted to say English as opposed to Irish tradition, but I don't think it is all that simple.

A few comments on Marie's singing style. She keeps a rather steady rhythm, occasionally getting over toward parlando-rubato, but I would not call it her basic style. She uses ornamentation sparingly, limiting herself to single grace notes and slides, usually up to and away from high notes. I find it interesting that she speaks none of her endings on this record, while she used to do it all the time in her Festival performances. (Louise Manny says that Marie sang the endings for the Patons, instead of speaking them, because she thought the Patons would like the songs better with the endings sung.) It is no less interesting to see her break away from traditionally dramatic performance in "Billy Grimes." In the 1962 Festival, the expression was not only in her voice, she all but acted the song out on the stage.

Marie also often sustains the opening upbeat of a stanza to upwards of a full measure, a common feature in lumber-camp style as I have heard it. If this upbeat is a vowel, she is likely to precede it with an "n," so that "as" will become "nnas," for example, and this too seems to be a usual enough feature of woods style.



## Green Valley

(Ives) The girl who sings of her faithless lover and her broken heart is certainly a folksong fixture, but, while the stereotype is common, this particular song does not seem to be common at all. The only published variants I know of are the two in Helen Creighton's *Maritime Folk Songs* (p. 86), one of which came from Nova Scotia, the other from New Brunswick. Both have the stanzas in different order, and stanza 5 appears in neither. That stanza appears in other contexts, though, particularly in a song known as "The Blue-Eyed Boy" (see Brewster, p. 339; Henry, p. 51). There is a song, "Green Valley," collected by Alan Lomax in Beaver Island, Michigan, in 1938 (LC 2297 A1), and Bascom Lunsford sings a version of a song called "Must I Go Bound" (LC 1784 A3). Wilson (pp. 23, 67) prints a variant of the song as sung by Marie's brother, Harold Whitney, which, while obviously the "same song," is different enough in both words and tune to make an interesting comparison. Marie also sang this song in the 1958 Festival (see ATL 2175.5), the only important difference being that she spoke the last words.

(Manny) This song of the forsaken sweetheart was a great favorite of the Whitney family, and it was much sung by others in Strathadam. Marie's brother, Willie, who died in 1925, was fond of singing it, but Marie is not sure where he learned it. Every year the young men of Strathadam went west for the harvesting, and brought home songs, but this is not necessarily one of them. May MacLean, Jared's sister, sang it.

*O, the first young man that came  
courting me,  
I'll make no doubt that he loved me,  
With his false heart and his flattering  
tongue,  
He was the first to entice me when I  
was young.*

*O, the first six months his love proved  
kind,  
Until at last he changed his mind,  
Saying, "My parents call, and I must  
obey,  
So it's goodbye, love, I am going away."*

*"I will hold you fast, I'll not let  
you go,  
For you are mine by right, you know;  
Fulfil those vows that you made to me  
As the bright sun rose on Green Vallee.*

*"It was on this book, love, you made me  
swear,  
And those few lines you soon shall hear,  
That no other marriage was I ne'er to  
make,  
With no other young man, all for your  
sake.*

*"Now, must I go bound while he goes free?  
Must I love a man that don't love me?  
Or must I act a childish part  
And love a man who has broke my heart?"*

*"O, I must not think of his curly hair,  
His cherries lips nor his wav'ring curls,  
With his fond heart and his flattering  
tongue,  
He was the first to entice me when I  
was young.*

*"It was on the green, love, where we  
sat down,  
Nothing but small birds came fluttering  
round,  
Changing their notes from tree to tree,  
As the bright sun rose on Green Vallee.*

*"I will sing one verse, and I'll sing  
no more,  
Since the boy has gone that I adore.  
I will change my mind like the wavering  
wind,  
And I'll depend no more on false mankind."*

## Green Grows the Laurel

(Ives) Taking Cox's "A" text as representative of the earlier British version of this song in which "a man who has left his sweetheart is concerned, but not really worried, over the possibility of unfaithfulness," Coffin goes on to show that the laurel and rue are traditional symbols of faithful love, while the "origin blue" symbolizes marriage:

*Then green grows the laurel and so does  
the rue;  
How sad's been the day I parted from you!  
But at our next meeting our love we'll  
renew;  
We'll change the green laurel for the  
origin blue.*

(Cox, p. 417)

However, Marie's variant is a fine example of the later Scottish and American versions, in which the certainty is replaced by mere hope and the flower symbolism has been pretty well obscured. Then, too, the four stanzas she sings are the ones most frequently found in this version. Boni



(Green Grows the Laurel, cont.)

(p. 174) calls it an Irish song (which it probably isn't) that was so popular in Texas that a "colorful fable" exists that the Mexican word "gringo" is derived from the first two words of the refrain of this song they heard the Americans singing. I have heard elsewhere (and consider it a fable in three colors) that the significance of "red, white, and blue" is that the singer hopes to make the beloved an American citizen by marriage. Coffin's study contains an adequate bibliography, to which I will only add a variant I collected from Spurgeon Allaby, Passekeag, N.B., in 1957 (ATL 2150.4), which has the "violet so blue" refrain, and the one in Grover (p. 75), which does not.

The tune has an ABBA pattern, is in tri-ple time, and is major. Notice, though, how often the seventh degree is skipped.

(Manny) The song has wandered all over North America, and has been picked up in widely separated places by folksong collectors. Marie says her father, Neville Whitney, was fond of singing it, and so was her uncle, John Keating, of Strathadam, a game warden, guide, farmer, and fisherman. Whether this song came to Miramichi from the lumber camps of Maine or the western United States, or whether the railway workers who built the Intercolonial Railway in the 1860's brought it here, is unknown now.

*I once had a sweetheart, but now I have  
none,  
She's gone and she's left me to weep  
all alone;  
She's gone and she's left me; contented  
I'll be,  
For she loves another far better than me.*

*O, it's green grows the laurel all  
sparkling with dew;  
Sad-hearted I've been since parting  
with you,  
But by our next meeting I hope you'll  
prove true,  
And change the green laurel to the  
red, white, and blue.*

*I pass my love's window both early and  
late;  
The look that she gives me would make  
your heart ache,  
The look that she gives me ten thousand  
would kill,  
For she loves another, but I love her  
still.*

*I wrote my love letters in rosy red  
lines;  
She wrote me an answer all twisted en-  
twined,  
Saying, "Keep your love letters, and  
I will keep mine;  
You write to your true love, and I'll  
write to mine."*

*Ofttimes I have wondered why women  
love men;  
More times I have wondered why men do  
love them.  
But by my experience I now ought to know,  
Young maids are deceivers wherever you go.*

Side 1, Band 3

### Patrick O'Donnell

(Ives) Here is another of those pieces that one is "sure he's heard before," but can't in fact find easily. There is an Irish variant (more complete than the one we have here) in O'Lochlainn (pp. 210-11), but all that does is allow us to document what we already know in our bones — that this is an Irish "come-alleye." Though I cannot produce court records, and it is not entirely clear from the ballad just what has happened, the event chronicled is surely a real one. However, art, says Yeats, "is but a vision of reality," and this particular vision is through the cracked looking-glass of the traditional formulae and morality of the broadsides. It is customary to speak of this kind of verse as trash, or doggerel, a view that is elegant, but not helpful.

The only other variant I know of was sung at the 1959 Festival by George ("Herby") McKay of Strathadam (see ATL 2190.3 for his singing of it).

The triple-time tune is major with an ABBA pattern. It is quite a well-known tune in the Northeast, where it is probably best known as the tune for "The Wild Colonial Boy." Wilson prints sixteen parallels (pp. 16-19) and cites six more. He distinguishes it from the tune Marie uses for "Gerry's Rock," but the difference is entirely in the B phrase. Interestingly enough, George McKay's tune is closer to Marie's "Gerry's Rock," though I hazard he would call it the same tune. See also Norman Cazden's "Regional and Occupational Orientations of American Traditional Song," *Journal of American Folklore*, LXXII (1959), 310-44, tunes 47, 56, and 93.



(Manny) This Irish Rebel song tells the story of a fight to the death on an immigrant ship. Although Patrick killed his assailant in self-defense, he was condemned to be hanged. Marie says this was her father's favorite song, and from the authoritative way she sings it I am sure she heard her father sing it many times. However, Marie actually got the wording from the George ("Herby") McKay mentioned by Sandy Ives.

O, my name 'tis Patrick O'Donnell,  
I came from Dinnygal;  
I am, you know, a daring foe,  
A traitor one and all.  
I shipped on board of the Melrose  
On August, 'eighty-three,  
And on my way to Cape Town  
He was known to me.

When he heard I was from former Kerry,  
We had angry words and blows;  
The villyun tried to take my life  
On board of the Melrose.  
But I stepped up in my own defense,  
To fight before I die,  
My pocket pistol I drew forth,  
And at him I let fly.

I fired at him that second shot,  
Which pierced him through the heart;  
I gave him the third volley  
Before he did depart.

Now his wife and son came running in  
That cabin where he lay,  
And when they found him in his gore  
It filled them with dismay.  
"O'Donnell, you shot my husband!"  
Mrs. Kerry loudly cried.  
"Yes, I did, in my own defense,  
Kind madam, sir," said I.

O, the jury had me taken,  
And I was strictly bound;  
They took me as a prisoner  
When I landed in Cape Town.  
It is there I lie a-waiting  
Till my trial has begun.  
The prosecutor of my trial  
Was Kerry's wife and son.

Now, I wish I was a free man,  
To live another year;  
All traitors and informers,  
I would have them shout with fear.  
For St. Patrick drove the serpents  
Far from off the Irish ground;  
I would have you run before me  
Like a hare before a hound.

So now this is my parting word —  
Kind Christian, lend an ear.  
I hear those death bells tolling,  
And, kind Christian, for me pray,  
And when that blessed Virgin  
On her bended knee doth fall,  
She will pray for Patrick O'Donnell,  
In the town of Dinnygal.

Side 1, Band 4

## The Maid of the East

(Ives) I can find only one version of this song in print (*Journal of American Folklore*, VIII [1895], 230), where it is called "The Lady in the West." It was sent in by Mrs. E. Allen of West Newton, Massachusetts, who says: "as sung in Massachusetts before 1800." I have never heard it sung by anyone but Marie. Its essentially single rather than double stanza form is more common in the earlier Child ballad than with the later broadside, yet the story is one that has many parallels in broadside balladry (see Laws' entire Section M: "Ballads of Family Opposition to Lovers"). What sets this piece apart from others is that the father kills the daughter rather than the suitor. "William and Dinah" (Laws M 31A) is a reasonably close parallel, in which the girl kills herself and Willie commits suicide. In "Young Sailor Bold" (Laws M 19) a father accidentally kills his daughter who dressed in sailor's clothes to go warn her lover of her father's anger. The father kills himself for grief, as does the lover. Obviously the ballad-maker can load a bed as tragically as ever did Iago, but this particular loading appears to be, while similar to others, unique.

The tune pattern is ABCD; the scale is pentatonic, lacking the fourth and seventh degrees (Bronson's "Pentatonic I"), which is the most common pentatonic scale in this part of the world. Notice that the range is from the fifth below to the sixth above, and the sixth below is important enough to be the cadence point of phrases A and C.

(Manny) Marie learned this fine old ballad from her friend, Mrs. Florence Bateman, who had it from her father, Joseph Arsenau. Mrs. Bateman thinks her father, who was a woodsman, probably learned the song in one of the lumber camps in the 1870's. Mrs. Bateman, now 75 years old, persuaded Marie to sing it with her at the 1962 Festival. It was a charming little scene as the two women sang, the younger



(The Maid of the East, cont.)

one standing beside her seated friend,  
against the stage background of Miramichi  
birches and evergreens.

*There was a maid lived in the East,  
Her age was scarcely twenty,  
And she had sweethearts of the best,  
Duke, lords, and squires plenty.*

*And she had sweethearts of the best,  
And they doted on her,  
But she loved her Jimmy ten times best  
Than all those men of honor.*

*One day as she walked through the hall,  
Her father chanced to meet her:  
"Why do you throw yourself away,  
You beautiful fond creature?"*

*"To go and marry a servin' man  
Who has neither house nor breeding,  
Not one pound portion shall you have;  
Let this be your proceeding."*

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

*There was a table in that room,  
And a fowling piece lay on it;  
He picked it up into his hands  
And through her bosom fired.*

*The first came in was her mother dear,  
Just as her child lay bleeding;  
The fainting fits came on so fast,  
They caused her mother's ruin.*

*The next came in was her Jimmy dear,  
His snow-white hands a-wringing;  
He kissed his darling's naked breast,  
From whence the blood was springing.*

*"Why did you serve my darling so?  
How could you be so cruel?  
Why didn't you lay the blame on me,  
And spare to me my jewel?"*

*He took his penknife in his hand,  
Saying, "Here I'll stay no longer.  
I will cut the slender threads of life,  
And with my darling wander."*

*The two were buried both in one grave,  
Just like two lovers loyal.  
May God above look down on love  
And grant us no such trial!*

Side 1, Band 5

## The Jam on Gerry's Rock

(Ives) Without question this ballad is the all-time lumber-woods favorite. If a woodsman knows any songs at all, he knows this one. Although it is best known in the great lumbering areas of the Northeast and Middle West, it has spread well beyond them and is now part of general Canadian-American tradition. Greig found it in Aberdeenshire, and Morris published a variant that had at least three removes of independent tradition in Florida. It has been butchered on the altar of art by more folksingers than I care to mention.

Eckstrom and Smyth's study of the facts behind this piece is well known (pp. 176-98). The part about the girl being buried beside her lover beneath the hemlock tree (a part which Marie omits, by the way) is certainly fiction, but the rest of the ballad just as clearly had its inception in a real river-driving accident that probably took place in Maine in the second half of the 19th century. It may, of course, have been written in Michigan or Wisconsin. If it originated in Maine, it travelled west and returned east again with the addition of "Saginaw Town," a phrase common in Northeast variants. If it originated in the Midwest, then it came to the Northeast with the many woodsmen from Maine and the Maritimes who had gone west to find work. In that case, its history would parallel that of, say, "The Banks of the Little Eau Pleine," which was written in Wisconsin by W. N. Allen (who, incidentally, was born in St. Stephen, N. B.) and is well known in the Maritimes (Marie sings a splendid variant of it).

The tune has the typical broadside ABBA pattern in triple time, and is hexatonic (lacking the fourth degree). It is one of the general utility tunes I spoke of earlier. See my notes to "Patrick O'Donnell" and "The Wexford Lass." Wilson prints seventeen parallels (pp. 36-38). For further reference, see Laws, NAB, p. 143 (C 1); Barry, BFSSNE, No. 12, pp. 2-6.

(Manny) Many listeners who have often heard this song will be surprised to hear it sung by a woman. However, women sang the woods songs much more than is generally supposed. "The Jam" is a man's song, and in a mixed gathering it would be left for a man to sing, but women often sang such a song at their housework, to lighten the tedium of hanging out clothes, kneading bread, scrubbing floors,



or to entertain the children, or at knitting parties. Marie sang it in her home, following her father's style of singing.

"Why," my listeners often ask me, "are the folk so fond of death and disaster?" The men who worked in the woods and on the drives were doing a dangerous job. They faced death every day, and they knew it. A woman whose husband was a woodsman told me of the mounting dread that assailed the woodsmen's families when the lumbering was nearly over for the season, and the log drives were about to begin. No wonder the lumberman was the folk hero of so many songs.

*Come all of you bold shanty boys,  
And list while I relate  
Concerning a young riverman  
And his untimely fate,  
Concerning a young shanty boss,  
So handsome, true, and brave;  
It was on the jam on Gerry's Rock  
That he met his watery grave.*

*It was on a Sunday morning,  
As you will quickly hear,  
Our logs were piled up mountains high;  
We could not keep them clear.  
Our foreman said, "Turn out, brave boys,  
With hearts devoid of fear,  
And we will break the jam on Gerry's  
Rock,  
And for Sagina Town we'll steer."*

*Now, some of them were willing,  
While others they were not —  
To work on jams on Sunday  
They did not think they ought.  
But six of our Canadian boys  
Did volunteer to go  
To break the jam on Gerry's Rock  
With our foreman, young Munroe.*

*They did not roll up many logs,  
Till they heard a young voice say:  
"I want you, boys, be on your guard;  
The jam will soon give way."  
These words were scarcely spoken  
When the jam did break and go,  
And it carried off these six brave  
youths  
And their foreman, young Munroe.*

*When the rest of the brave shanty boys  
The sad news they did hear,  
In search of their brave comrades  
To the river they did steer.  
Meanwhile their mangled bodies  
A-floating down did go,  
While dead and bleeding near the bank  
Was our foreman, young Munroe.*

*They took him from his watery grave,  
Brushed back his raven hair.  
There was one fair form among them  
Whose sad cries filled the air;  
There was one fair form among them,  
A girl from Sag'na Town,  
Whose moans and cries rose to the skies;  
Her true love had gone down.*

*Fair Clara was a noble girl,  
The riverman's true friend;  
She lived with her widowed mother,  
Lived near the river's bend.  
The wages of her own true love  
The boss to her did pay,  
And the shanty boys made up for her  
A general purse next day.*

*They buried him in sorrow, grief,  
'Twas on the first of May.  
On a green mound by the riverside  
There grew a hemlock gray;  
Engraved upon that hemlock  
That by the grave did grow  
Was the name and date of that sad fate  
Of their foreman, young Munroe.*

Side 1, Band 6

### The Banks of the Miramichi

(Ives) Pat Hurley of Trout Brook (on the Nor'West) wrote the lyric to this little song. I have no date for it, but it is probably from the early 1900's somewhere. The late Jared MacLean of Stratham used to sing this piece, and there is a recording of his singing of it in The Beaverbrook Collection (for a transcription, see Wilson, p. 24). Art Mat-chett learned it from him, and his singing of it is also available (ATL 2176.4).

The tune is something of a utility tune in the area, where it is used as the tune for "Howard Carey" by Joe Scott, and "Kate Dennis," which has been attributed (wrongly, I'm sure) to Hurley. I have collected "The Texas Rangers" (Laws A 8) to a set of this tune in Maine. The phrase pattern is interesting, in that it is progressive (ABCD) yet has the feel of a cyclic tune. If we divide each phrase in half and represent the tune schematically, we can see why:

A - a b  
B - 2 c  
C - d c  
D - d b

(Manny) I hope the beautiful last lines in Pat Hurley's verses were his own composition. I know that, like any other balladist, he would have taken gold where he found it, but so far I have never



(The Banks of the Miramichi, cont.)

found these lines elsewhere. In Miramichi parlance, this was "Jared's song." The collecting and preserving of our songs had no stauncher supporter than Mr. MacLean. I am sure that this lovely rendering of his "own song" would have delighted him. James Reginald Wilson finds that many songs written by local people are sung to this tune.

*It's now I will take up my pen  
Those verses for to write,  
Concerning of this river  
I mean for to recite,  
For all through nature's splendor  
There's none that I can see  
Like the rolling tide that flows  
'longside  
The banks of the Merr'mushee.*

*Its little trout and salmon  
Are playing night and day;  
The feathered throng assemble,  
Their beauties to display,  
And sportsmen there do gather,  
And all delight to see  
Where the rolling tide it flows  
'longside  
The banks of the Merr'mushee.*

*If I had gold and silver  
Brought from some foreign place,  
And royal robes put on me,  
And a crown set o'er my face,  
I would yield it all with pleasure,  
For sooner would I be  
Where the rolling tide it flows  
'longside  
The banks of the Merr'mushee.*

Side 2, Band 1

### The Wexford Lass

(Ives) So much has been said about this murder ballad already (and definitive work is in the offing) that there is very little I can add at this point. It is an all-time favorite wherever there is traditional singing. It has had wide broadside circulation in both this country and Britain, and since the late '20's it has been given even wider circulation by such recording artists as Asa Martin, James Roberts, the Blue Sky Boys, the Carter Family, and the Louvin Brothers, usually as "The Knoxville Girl." As a matter of fact, in August 1961 I collected a variant of "The Knoxville Girl" sung in close harmony with guitar accompaniment by Aube and Edmund Duplessis of Eel River Bridge. When I asked them where they learned it (since it was clearly different

from all other versions I had collected in Miramichi) they said, "Grand Old Opry — from the Louvin Brothers."

Marie's version is what I would call the normal version of the ballad for Miramichi (see, for example, Wilson, pp. 36, 90-91). All agree on the charming point that one should not murder one's own true love, "whoever she may be." Marie's tune is very close to the others for the first two stanzas; then she changes the B phrase to the one she used for "Gerry's Rock," and it stays that way for the rest of the song. In fact, in stanzas 3, 4, and 5, she even changes the final phrase to bring it closer to "Gerry's Rock," but she gets back to the "correct" pattern for this phrase in the last three stanzas. We have here a good example of how a ballad can shift from one tune to another without anyone being really very much aware of what is happening.

For further references, see Laws, *ABBB*, pp. 104-122, 267 (P 35). Wayne Smith, now at Indiana University, is doing a full-scale study of this ballad.

(Manny) Helen Creighton says that songs of this type, in which the condemned criminal on the scaffold tells of his crime, are called "goodnight songs." I don't know of any Old Country song that is as popular or as much sung in Miramichi as this one. Old-time lumbermen know it, and young boys and girls. Its blood-curdling quality has a universal appeal, and it is easy to sing. At one of our Festivals a family of six, Wilmot MacDonald, his four daughters, and a son, sang it verse about. At a children's festival, two small girls, aged 10 and 11, stood up and belted out the song with lusty enthusiasm. Marie gave the criminal's birthplace as "Boston," and, like many of our other singers, spoke of "Waxford."

*I was born in Boston,  
But not of a high degree;  
My parents reared me tenderly,  
They had no child but me.  
I fell in love with a Waxford lass,  
With a dark and a roley eye,  
I promised for to marry her,  
The truth I'll not deny.*

*I went to her father's house  
'Bout eight o'clock that night,  
But little did the fair one think  
I held to her a spite.  
I asked her for to take a walk,  
To view those meadows gay;  
Perchance we'd find a little spot  
To 'point our wedding day.*



We walked like doves together  
Till we came to a rising ground.  
I picked a stake from off the fence,  
And with it I knocked her down.  
As she fell on to her bended knee,  
In mercy she did cry,  
"O, do not murder me, Jimmy dear,  
I'm not prepared to die."

He grabbed her by those yellow locks,  
He threw her on the ground,  
He threw her into that river  
That flows through Waxford town.  
"Lie there, lie there, my pretty fair  
maid!  
With me you'll never be tied,  
You never shall share my wandering life,  
You never shall be my bride!"

I went to my father's home,  
'Bout twelve o'clock that night,  
But little did my father think  
To see such a fright'ning sight,  
Saying, "Son, dear son, what have you  
done?"

There's bloodstains on your clothes."  
The answer that I made to him  
Was "Bleeding from the nose."

At first I asked for a candle  
To light my way to bed,  
And then I asked for a handkerchief  
To tie around my head.  
A-twisting and a-turning,  
No comfort could I find,  
For the gates of Hell was open,  
Before my eyes did shine.

About nine days after,  
This Waxford lass was found,  
A-floating down that river  
That flows through Waxford town.  
Her sister swore my life away,  
But not a word of doubt,  
He had me for suspicion  
For having this fair one out.

So come all you lads and lassies,  
A warning take by me:  
It's never murder your own true love,  
Whoever she may be.  
But, if you do, you're sure to rue  
Until the day you die;  
You'll hang a public scandal  
Upon some gallows high.

Side 2, Band 2

### Billy Grimes the Drover

(Ives) Belden says that this is "presumably a stage song, but I have not been able to find its origin. So far as I know, it is only American" (p. 251). He cites five other occurrences of the

ballad, including the one in Sharp (Vol. II, p. 248), which has a tune very similar to Marie's. Morris gives two variants from Florida (pp. 144-47), one with a very different tune, the other with a much more extensive text in which the daughter strings the mother on a bit more by telling her how Billy buys her cake and candy.

The tune is pentatonic (Pentatonic I), having really only the one phrase that is repeated over and over. For further comment, see the introductory remarks, where it is suggested that this ballad and "The Maid of the East" may belong to a different tradition from the other pieces.

(Manny) Marie says her mother taught her this song. Marie and her friend Laura used to sing it at school concerts, acting the parts of mother and daughter. It seems to have been considered their special property — at least no one remembers anyone else singing it.

Tomorrow morn I'm sweet sixteen,  
And Billy Grimes the drover  
Has popped the question to me, Ma,  
And wants to be my lover.  
Tomorrow morn, he says, Mama,  
To be up bright and early  
And take a pleasant walk with him  
Across the fields of barley.

"You must not go, my daughter dear,  
It's no use now a-talkin'.  
You must not go with Billy Grimes  
Across the fields a-walkin'.  
To think of his presumption too,  
The dirty ugly drover!  
I wonder where your pride has gone,  
To think of such a lover."

Old Grimes is dead, you know, Mama,  
And Billy is the only  
Surviving heir to all that's left,  
And that, they say, is nearly  
One hundred thousand dollars, Ma,  
One hundred thousand nearly.  
"I did not hear, my daughter dear,  
That last remark quite clearly.

"But Billy is a clever boy,  
And he no doubt loves you dearly;  
Remember now, tomorrow morn  
To be up bright and early,  
And take a pleasant walk with him  
Across the fields of barley."  
O, yes, I will, I will, Mama,  
I'll be up bright and early,  
And take a pleasant walk with him,  
Across the fields of barley.



## Jenny Dear

(Ives) The story of the girl who changes her mind only to discover too late that the young man has also changed his is a familiar one in balladry. This one is a variant of "Nancy" (Laws P 11), but compare it with "A Rich Irish Lady" (Laws P 9), "The Rejected lover" (Laws P 10), and "The Lonesome Scenes of Winter" (Laws N 12). All tell essentially the same story, as do the many ballads of girls dressing in men's clothes to follow their lovers, or those of the disguised lover's return (see "Mantle So Green" below). Yet each is a distinct ballad with its own tradition. The ballad of "Jenny Dear" is not so well known in this country as the others, the only other published variant I know of being that in Creighton and Senior (p. 189), where there is a longer text and an entirely different tune.

(Manny). This light-hearted and sophisticated theme of "Gather Ye Rosebuds" makes a pleasing contrast to the songs of tragedy and gloom. This song, they say, was much sung in Strathadam, but the Whitneys claimed it. Perhaps they were the first to sing it.

*As I rode out one evening  
All in the month of June,  
The birds were sweetly singing,  
The flowers all in bloom.  
'Twas there I met my Jenny dear,  
The girl that I adore;  
She was my joy and fancy,  
And I could love no more.*

*"O," I said, "my pretty Jenny,  
O, won't you marry me?  
I have no stores or riches,  
But love I have for thee.  
You might get better men than me,  
But there's none can love you more,  
And if I had gold and riches,  
It would be yours in store."*

*"For to wed you in my prime," she said,  
"It would be a wrong thing,  
For I'm engaged to no young man,  
And I can dance and sing.  
For I'm engaged to no young man,  
And I'll have you to beguile,  
That riches would suit me far better,  
And your love it would soon prove cold."*

*It was but a short time after,  
This fair one changed her mind.  
She wrote to me a letter,  
Saying, "I hope that you'll prove kind.  
I'm sorry now for what I have said,  
And I'll ask you to forgive,  
And grant to me one favor,  
My heart and hand receive."*

*I wrote her back an answer,  
All in a scornful way,  
Saying, "I can let you know, Miss,  
That I can dance and play,  
For I have another more pleasing,  
And she can take your place;  
I will let you know I can dance and sing  
If I never see your face."*

*Now, come all of you, young maidens,  
A warning take from me:  
Don't ever slight your first true love,  
No matter whom he may be,  
For gold will melt and silver fly,  
Beauty will fade away,  
But the slighting of your first true  
love  
Will surely rue the day.*

## Peter Emberley

(Ives) Peter Emberley's grave is easily found in the Roman Catholic cemetery two miles east of Boiestown. And out on Prince Edward Island the old Amberly house, from which young Peter ran away in the fall of 1880, still stands (though it is a wrecked shell) on the Dock Road not many miles from Campbellton. Peter died near Boiestown when some logs he was helping load onto a two-sled (a long sled which put runners under both ends of a load of logs) fell on him. John Calhoun was working in the camp at the time, and he composed a ballad about the death that made that poor Island boy's name familiar to woodsmen all over the Northeast. With the possible exception of "Gerry's Rock," this is the best-known ballad in the Northeast, but it has not spread much beyond. If, for some anthology, I had to choose one song that would "represent" Maine and the Maritimes, it would be this one.

Very complete accounts, and the most complete texts, of this ballad will be found in Doerflinger (pp. 225-33) and in Manny, *The Atlantic Advocate*, July 1963, pp. 67-74. The text as Marie gives it in the present variant is a typical one. Several singers have the date (incorrectly) as 1884, but it is more common to hear



it as 1880 or 1881. Stanzas are sometimes added, sometimes left out, but the ones we have here form what I would call the "hard core" of the ballad.

The tune-text relationship is very stable, and, while the tune is used for other pieces, I think most singers would identify it as the tune for "Peter Emberley." At the same time, it is one of the general utility tunes in British-American tradition. Wilson prints twenty-one variants of the tune as it is used for thirteen different songs, and he has by no means exhausted the list (pp. 30-34, 45). Further west, from New York on, the tune is best known as that of "The Shanty-Boy and the Farmer's Son" (Rickaby, p. 48) and "Gerry's Rocks" (Cazden, pp. 6-7). Marie's set of the tune is essentially mixolydian with the raised seventh in the cadences of phrase A, and this too is normal in this area. Elsewhere (and on both sides of the ocean), it may be sung this way, it may be pure mixolydian, or it may be sung as straight major. With Wilson's study and Cazden's notes (p. 115), we have wonderful materials for a study of what happens to a tune in tradition. All that is needed is the student, and, when he comes along, I'll send him a dozen references.

(Manny) Marie says she learned this song from her brother Willie, who learned it in the woods. "Amberley" is probably the correct spelling, for that is how the family in Prince Edward Island spell it, but the Boiestown pronunciation is "Emberley," and that is how it appears on the present tombstone. The black granite stone reads:

(1)                EMBERLEY  
                    PETER EMBERLEY  
                    BORN ALBERTON 1863  
                    DIED AT  
                    PARKER'S RIDGE 1880

(2)                PETER EMBERLEY INJURED  
                    IN THE WOODS FOR  
                    DAVID McLELLAN  
                    DIED SEVERAL DAYS LATER  
                    AT DAVID McLELLAN'S  
                    HOUSE ON PARKER'S RIDGE

This monument was erected by Margaret and Cyril McCarthy to commemorate the dead Island boy, and to honor their brother, Henry, who had for many years cared for the grave. It replaces Henry McCarthy's wooden cross, painted white, with the legend:

Peter Amberly  
Died 1881

As you see, there is a discrepancy in the spelling of the name, and in the date of Peter's death. This is *the* great song of Miramichi. Although accidents and deaths in the lumber woods were not uncommon, there was something in the universal sorrow felt by the community that testifies to the appealing nature of the young man who had gained their sympathy and affection. John Calhoun expressed their feelings when he wrote the ballad. The ballad is a simple narrative, with lines and sometimes whole stanzas borrowed from other poets, as he needed them — a common folksong practice. When the verses were completed, he sent them to a neighbor, Abraham Munn (pronounced "moon"), who found the plaintive melody to adorn the simple tale. Every singer in Miramichi sings "Peter Emberley." Marie's rendering is especially touching. It follows that of her father and her brother Willie. An odd thing occurred in Marie's singing. The version she sang read "And now before I pass away" in the first line of the second-to-last verse. This song, as Marie sings it, was issued in a mimeographed form by the New Brunswick Travel Bureau, and, through a typist's slip, read "And now before I padd away." For some reason, our singers have great respect for the printed word, so Marie felt the Travel Bureau's line must be correct, and she sings "padd."

The ballad of "Peter Emberley" has been treated with great respect by our singers, except in one particular. Someone added the last two verses, which he considered appropriate. John Calhoun strenuously objected to this addition, but his wishes were defeated by singers who thought the prayer for a holy father to bless the mouldering grave was most suitable, and so they have kept on singing the last verses in spite of the Calhoun family's protests. I think perhaps this shows that the folk felt they owned the song, even if John Calhoun had composed it, and it was theirs to improve.

*My name 'tis Peter Emberley,  
As you may understand;  
I was born in Prince Edward's Island,  
Near by the ocean strand.  
In eighteen hundred and eighty-four,  
When the flowers were a brilliant hue,  
I left my native countree  
My fortune to pursue.*



(Peter Emberley, cont.)

I landed in New Brunswick,  
That lumbering countereee;  
I hired for to work in the lumber woods  
On the Sou'West Mairmushee.  
I hired for to work in the lumber woods,  
Where they cut the tall spruce down;  
It was loading two sleds from a yard,  
I received my deathly wound.

Here's adieu unto my father —  
It was him that drove me here;  
I thought it very cruel of him,  
His treatment was severe.  
For it is not right to impress a boy  
Or try to keep him down,  
For it oftentimes drives him from his home  
When he is far too young.

Here's adieu unto my greatest friend,  
I mean my mother dear,  
Who reared a son that fell as quick  
When he left her tender care.  
It's little she thought not long ago,  
When she sang sweet lullaby,  
What country I might ramble in,  
Or what death I might die.

Here's adieu unto Prince Edward's Isle,  
And the isle along the shore;  
No more I'll walk its flowery banks  
Or enjoy the summers o'er.  
No more I'll watch those gallant brigs  
As they go sailing by,  
With their white sails sailing in the  
wind,  
Far above their canvas high.

But it's now before I padd away,  
There is one more thing I pray:  
That some good heavenly father  
Will bless my mould'ring grave.  
Near by the city of Boiestown,  
Where my mould'ring bones do lay,  
Awaiting for my Savior's call  
On that great Judgment Day.

Side 2, Band 5

### Round Her Mantle So Green

(Ives) "No group of broadsides is more stereotyped," says Laws, "than those in which the returned lover poses as a stranger and attempts to make love to the one who is waiting for him" (Laws, *ABBB*, p. 18). To make his point, he lists sixteen separate ballads on this theme in the Appendix (*N* 28 through *N* 43). Several of them have the lover returning from Waterloo, but this one (*N* 38) is distinguished from the rest by the device of

having the lover's name embroidered on the girl's mantle. The ballad is a great favorite.

Marie's tune is different from most of the published tunes I have seen. However, Wilson (p. 28) has a variant from Billy Price of McNamee (on the Sou'West Miramichi) that has essentially this tune, as does a variant I collected in Minnegash, Prince Edward Island, from Edmund Doucette (ATL 2163.2). Marie's phrase pattern of BBBA raises an interesting point. The first time I heard her sing this song was in the first Miramichi Folksong Festival in 1958. Here her phrases went ABBA, and, incidentally, she spoke the last two words (see ATL 2171.1). At the 1959 Festival, she switched over to this BBBA pattern, but she still kept the *declamando* ending (see ATL 2196.2). In the present record she has dropped that. Obviously these changes are intentional ones. Since Marie learned many of her songs from her father, it would be interesting to know if she made the change because she remembered that that's the way her father sang it (i.e., the 1958 version was "wrong") or because she personally likes it better this way. For further references, see Laws, *ABBB*, pp. 222-23; Ord, pp. 155-56; Grover, p. 109. This ballad should be compared to "The Banks of the Little Eau Pleine," which spoofs the stereotype. See Norman Cazden's series of four articles, "The Riley Songs," in *Northern Jun- ket*, IV (1954) for further information.

(Manny) This ballad of the disguised lover follows the usual pattern, but, crowning glory of an Old Country ballad, great nobles attend the wedding. This Waterloo ballad was a great favorite in the Whitney family. To hear Marie's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Neville Whitney, singing it together in their sweet, true, old voices was an unforgettable experience of my early collecting days. Many Miramichi people sang this ballad as a walking, driving, or milking song.

There are rather simple reasons for Marie's changing her tune, and for dropping the *declamando* ending. Her brother Harold came home for the 1959 Festival, and persuaded Marie that she should alter the phrasing. Then, when Marie recorded for the Patons, she thought they wouldn't want the spoken endings — I am glad to say she has gone back to them.



As I rode out one evening,  
one evening in June,  
For to view those green meadows  
and the flowers in bloom,  
I espied a fair damsel,  
she appeared like some queen  
In her costly rich robes  
round her mantle so green.

As I stepped up beside her,  
and it's this I did say,  
"We will join hands together,  
and it's married we will be.  
I will dress you in rich apparel,  
you'll appear like some queen  
In your costly rich robes  
round your mantle so green."

"O, it's no, kind sir," she answered,  
"you must be refused,  
For it's I'll wed with no man,  
and you must be excused;  
Through those green fields I will wander,  
and I'll shun all men's do,  
Since the boy that I loved  
died in famed Waterloo."

"Now, if you have a sweetheart,  
pray tell me his name,  
For it's I've been in battle,  
and I might know the same."  
"It was Willie O'Reilly,  
all plain to be seen,"  
For it was neatly embroidered  
round the mantle so green.

"I was your Willie's comrade,  
I saw your love die,  
And as I passed him dying,  
these words he did cry,  
Saying, 'Nancy, lovely Nancy,  
if you were standing by  
For to breathe your last on me,  
contented I'd die.'"

As I told her the story,  
in anguish she flew,  
And the more that I told her,  
the paler she grew:  
"Through those green fields I will wander,  
and I'll shun all men's do,  
Since the boy that I loved  
died in famed Waterloo."

"O, it's Nancy, sweet Nancy,  
it was I gained your heart.  
It was in your father's garden  
where we had to part,  
It was in your father's garden  
where we were unseen,  
There I rolled you in my arms  
round your mantle so green."

Now, this couple they got married,  
so I heard people say,  
And bright nobles attended  
on their wedding day.  
Now the war it is over,  
and the trouble it is o'er;  
"You are welcome to my arms,  
lovely Nancy, once more."



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(Note: I would like to thank Norman Cazden for looking over my notes and making many valuable suggestions.

Edward Ives)



## Edward D. Ives

Dr. Edward D. ("Sandy") Ives is professor of folklore in the Department of Anthropology and Director of the Northeast Archive of Folklore and Oral History at the University of Maine in Orono.

He grew up in White Plains, New York, and received his B.A. in English from Hamilton College in Clinton, New York, and his Master's degree in medieval history from Columbia University in 1960. Between degrees he taught at Illinois College in Jackson, Illinois, and returned to the Midwest to earn his doctorate in folklore from Indiana University in 1962.

His primary interest has been the folklore of the Northeast, including Maine and the Canadian Maritimes. He is one of the founders of the Northeast Folklore Society and is the editor of the journal *Northeast Folklore*.

Sandy Ives has written a number of important books: *Larry Gorman, the Man Who Made the Songs* (Bloomington: University of Indiana Press, 1964); *Lawrence Doyle, the Farmer-Poet of Prince Edward Island* (Orono: University of Maine Press, 1971); *Manual for Field Workers* (first published as an issue of *Northeast Folklore* in 1974; to be reprinted in 1979 by the University of Tennessee Press); *Joe Scott: Woodman Songmaker* (to be published by the University of Illinois Press). His work on Joe Scott was supported by a 1965 Guggenheim Fellowship award.

He became interested in singing and guitar-playing during his college years and is a fine classical guitarist. His long association with and dedication to Maritime singers have helped him to become an accomplished interpreter of woods ballads, with a rough and robust style appropriate to the genre.

## Louise Manny

Dr. Louise Manny was born in Gilead, Maine, in 1890, but soon moved with her family to New Brunswick, Canada, where she was to spend most of her long and active life. She graduated from McGill University and became the librarian at the Old Manse Library in Newcastle, a post she was to hold for many years. She was one of the earliest collectors of folksong in New Brunswick, putting together the Lord Beaverbrook Collection of New Brunswick Folksong in 1947. This collection is now at the National Museum of Man in Ottawa.

Dr. Manny published many articles and books, the most important of which is *Songs of Miramichi*, co-authored by Jim Wilson and published by the Brunswick Press in Fredericton in 1968. She was the recipient of two honorary LL.D. degrees, one from St. Thomas University and one from the University of New Brunswick.

In 1958 Dr. Manny started the Miramichi Folksong Festival, and directed it personally until 1968, two years before her death. This annual event, which continues to this day, provides an opportunity for local traditional singers to perform for their own community.







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