FOLKSONGS OF THE MIRAMICHI

Lumber and River Songs from the Miramichi Folk Festival,
Newcastle, New Brunswick

Monograph Series Ethnic Folkways Library FM 4053

SIDE I

Band 1: THE LUMBERMAN'S ALPHABET
Wilmot MacDonald

Band 2: PETER EMBERLEY
Wilmot MacDonald

Band 3: ROGER THE MILLER
Stanley MacDonald

Band 4: ROUND HER MANTLE SO GREEN
Marie Hare

Band 5: THE BANKS OF THE MIRAMICHI
Art Matchett

SIDE II

Band 1: THE SILVERY TIDE
Sam Jagée

Band 2: THE GOOD OLD STATE OF MAINE
James Brown

Band 3: PRETTY SUSAN
Angelo Dornan

Band 4: LE PETIT MOINE
Allan Kelly

Band 5: THE JONES BOYS
Nick Underhill

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

FOLKSONGS OF THE MIRAMICHI

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

FOLKWAYS RECORDS Album # FM 4053

MIRAMICHI

AND ITS FOLKSONG FESTIVAL

(Notes by Louise Manny)

The Miramichi is a great river in northern New Brunswick. Generations have fished in its waters and hunted game in its bordering forests. Its lumber has furnished a livelihood for its inhabitants for two hundred years, as they successively produced pine square timber, sailing ships, long lumber, lathwood, pulpwood, pit props and spoolwood.

The name Miramichi is used to include the whole district, the river and its branches, the river valley, the towns and villages, the seaports and the great forests. People say, "I come from Miramichi", "I live in Miramich". Vessels clear "for Miramichi", meaning any one of the ports. People "go hunting in Miramichi", meaning the woods, and so on.

Miramichi is the oldest place name in Eastern Canada which is still in use. It is probably a Montagnais Indian word, meaning "Micmac Land". Alas! since the Montagnais hated the Micmacs, the name also means "The Country of the Bad People".

The earliest inhabitants of Miramichi in recorded history were the Micmac Indians. It is not known precisely when white men first visited our shores. Some historians hold a plausible theory that we were Leif Ericcson's Vinland of 1000 A.C. French and Basque fishermen were almost certainly here from very early times, but we first appear in historical records in 1534, when Jacques Cartiers sailed by what he described as a "triangular bay surrounded with sands", and perhaps landed at Escuminac.

In the seventeenth century, Miramichi was part of the seigniory of Nicolas Denys, Vicomte de Fronsac, whose Acadian grant extended from Canso to Cap Rosier.

Little is known of the scattered French settlements after the death of Denys and his son Richard. French traders and fishermen visited our shores in the eighteenth century, but we have no record of their activities.

In 1765, six years after the end of the French regime in Canada, two ambitious Scots, William Davidson and John Cort, received a grant of 100,000 acres at Miramichi, chiefly for the fishing. Scottish and Irish settlers came to work for Davidson, and after the American Revolution came Loyalists and disbanded soldiers. After the Loyalists we had immigrants from Britain. There were Scottish shipbuilders from Dumfries, out of work after the Napoleonic Wars, Scots from Ayr, Moray and Inverness. There were waves of Irish when times were bad in the Old Country. Americans came for the lumbering in the 1820's and some stayed. Besides the immigrants there were scattered Acadian settlers. Some had escaped the Expulsion, and some made their way back after it. Industries on the river were lumbering and fishing, with farming a poor third. From 1790 to 1870 we had the now lost industry of shipbuilding.

All these people who settled in Miramichi had their own folklore and folk culture, which expressed itself mainly in song. They had brought some very old ballads from Britain and France. The English-speaking settlers also brought contemporary songs, such as the Irish street songs and come-all-ye's and the so-called "goodnight songs" heard at Execution Dock when the hanging of a criminal was popular entertainment.

The settlers often made up rhymes about local happenings, which were modelled on the earlier songs, with the same words and phrases and sung to an old tune.

A mixture of old and nex songs is still sung in remote country districts. Many of our singers can remember when entertainment in the lumber camps, before the days of radio and television, consisted of songs, dances, fiddle tunes and stories, all given by the woodsmen themselves. But even with the advent of modern ways, it is surprising how much of the folk entertainment has survived. Songs which were sung here a hundred years ago are still sung.

Our Miramichi songs are performed entirely without accompaniment, by one singer alone, as they always have been. They tell a story in a sort of rhythmic chant with no formal tempo. An extra syllable in a line gets an extra note, and bars of three-four and four-four time are mixed together. The pitch is sometimes intentionally altered as the song progresses, to heighten the dramatic effect. But still the singer in the old style must not project his personality. He is to create a mood, <u>not</u> to show off.

The serious collecting of Miramichi folksongs began with Lord Beaverbrook, who suggested to me fourteen years ago in 1944 that an effort should be made to save the local songs. Lord Beaverbrook always acts with lightning speed, and almost before I could catch my breath, there was a huge

disc-recording machine from England established in a hall in Newcastle, and Stan Cassidy of Fredericton was engaged to make records. Miss Bessie Crocker and I went out on the highways and byways in the Country, and gathered in such willing singers as we could find. The Lord Beaverbrook Collection was underway!

This regional collection turned out to be an interesting reflection of the Miramichi life from the earliest times to the present day. With Lord Beaverbrook for sponsor it revived interest in our local culture. CKMR, the local radio station, has carried a weekly program of our songs for many years.

In 1958 we inaugurated the Miramichi Folksong Festival, sponsored by the Newcastle Rotary Club and the New Brunswick Travel Bureau, and offically opened by the Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick, J. Leonard O'Brien. Ken Homer, the well-known CBC free-lance broadcaster, is Master of Ceremonies. Guest artists in 1959 were Alan Mills, CBC folk-singer, and Sandy Ives of the University of Maine. Judges in the past two years were Dr. Helen Creighton, whose work with folksongs and folklore is outstanding, Dr. Carmen Roy of the National Museum of Canada, Dr. George MacBeath of the New Brunswick Museum, Alan Mills, Sandy Ives, and Mr. Harry Brown, a local lumberman.

For the festival, singers come from the four corners of Northumberland County, and from Gloucester, Kent and Albert Counties. The singing lasts for three evenings. Except for our occasional guest artist, it is non-professional --a get-together for the singers and their friends. What we have achieved in the folksong collecting and in the festival is the preservation of a segment of folk culture, an encho of New Brunswick's past.

The ten songs in this album represent a mere morsel of the wealth of our folk songs. They were recorded during the actual festival of 1959, which was extended to four evenings instead of the usual three, in order to aid the Escuminac Disaster Fund. About 25 traditional singers took part in this festival and contributed, in all, nearly a hundred songs.

The quality of the singing and of the recording may not come up to "professional" standards, but the packed and appreciative audiences on each of the four evenings were testimony to the love our people have for their traditional songs, as well as to their admiration of the singers.

The outstanding woods singer at every festival to date has been Wilmot MacDonald, of Glenwood, who is heard in two songs, and it already has become a tradition (by unanimous consent) for him to open and close each Miramichi Folksong Festival with the first of these songs, "The Lumbermen's Alphabet", a purely local version of a wide variety of alphabet songs which have been sung by lumbermen all over this continent, as well as by soldiers and sailors all over the world, for many years.

SIDE ONE, Band 1: THE LUMBERMAN'S ALPHABET

A for the Axes, and that youse all know,
B for the Boys that can use them also;
C for the Chopping, which now began,
And D for the Danger that we do stand in,
And how merry are we,
No mortal on earth is as happy are we,
Tell me hi derry, ho derry, hi derry down,
Give the Shanty Boys whiskey, there's
nothin' goes wrong.

E for the Echo that rings through the woods,
F for the Foreman that bosses the job;
G for the Grindstone we grind our axe one,
and H for the Handle so smooth wore around,
And how merry are we,
No mortal on earth is as happy are we,
Tell me hi derry, ho derry, hi derry down,
Give the Shanty Boys whiskey, there's
nothin' goes wrong.

I for the Iron we mark at our pine,
J for the Joble that's laways inclined,
K for Keen Edges we all have to sleep,
and L for the Lice, boys, that o'er our
shirts creep,
And how merry are we,
No mortal on earth is as happy are we
Tell me hi derry, ho derry, hi derry down,
Give the Shanty Boys whiskey, there's
nothin' goes wrong.

M for the Moss we stog in our camps,
N for the Needle as we sew our pants,
O for the Owl that screeches by night,
and P for the tall Pine that we do slay right
And how merry are we,
No mortal on earth is as happy are we,
Tell me hi derry, ho derry, hi derry down,
Give the Shanty Boys whiskey, there's
nothin' goes wrong.

Q for the Quarreling that we don't allow,
R for the River where we make our bow,
S for the Sled Sills so sout and so strong,
And T for the big Team that hauls them along,
And how merry are we,
Tell me hi derry, ho derry, hi derry down,
Give the Shanty Boys whiskey, there's
nothin' goes wrong.

U for the Uses we put ourselves to,
V for the Valleys we run our load through,
W is for the Woods we leave in the spring,
So no I've sung all that I'm going to sing,
There's three more letters I can't bring

in rhyme,
So if you can tell me, please tell me in time,
And how merry I'll be,
No mortal on earth is as happy are we,
Tell me hi derry, ho derry, hi derry down,
Give the Shanty Boys whiskey, there's nothin' goes wrong.

SIDE 1, Band 2: PETER EMBERLEY

Peter Emberley (properly Amberley) tells the true story of a youth from Prince Edward Island who was fatally injured in the lumber woods near Boiestown, on the Sou'West Miramichi, while "loading two sleds from a yard". He was buried in the Roman Catholic graveyard at Boiestown, where his carefully tended grave is marked by a plain white cross with the words, "Peter Amberley, Died 1881".

There was great sorrow at Peter's untimely death, and John Calhoun, a local farmer with the gift of rhyme, expressed the feelings of the whole community in the ballad, which is the best loved of all the Miramichi woods songs. The ballad was set to a mixo-lydian modal tune by one of Calhoun's friends, Abraham Munn (pronounced Moon). The poem itself is very reminiscent of other old songs.

Mr. Calhoun employed many familiar phrases and even lifted a whole verse from the "Queen Maries" to adorn his composition. But this is the usual practice of ballad makers -- "gold is where you find it -take it"! No doubt, his listeners were fascinated by the neat way in which the customary phrases were woven into a tapestry describing the sad tale they already knew. Seventy-eight years after the tragedy Wilmot MacDonald sang Calhoun's song in the Miramichi Folksong Festival. The slow-paced style of Wilmot's singing is typical of the Miramichi. The story is the important thing, and the audience wishes to savor every word.

1. My name, 'tis Peter Emberley,
As you may understand,
I was born in Prince Edward's Island,
Near by the ocean strand.

2. In eighteen hundred and eighty-four
When the flowers were a brilliant hue,
I left my native country,
My fortune to pursue.

2. I landed in New Brunswick,
That lumbering country,
I hired for to work in the lumber woods,
On the Sou'west Miramichi.

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.

3. 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 oft times drives him from his home,
When he is far too young.

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

5. Here's adieu unto Prince Edward's Isle,
And the isle along the shore,
No more I'll walk its flowery banks,
Or enjoy a summer's breeze.

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.

6. But it's now before I pass away,
There is one more thing I pray,
That some good heavenly father,
Will bless my mouldering grave.

Near by the city of Boiestown,
Where my mouldering bones do lay,
Awaiting for my Savior's call,
On that great Judgement Day.

SIDE I, Band 3: ROGER THE MILLER

This amusing 18th Century song, various versions of which were sung in Colonial America as "Tid the Grey Mare", or "Young Johnny the Miller", is sung here by another of the "singing MacDonalds", Wilmot's brother-in-law, Stanley, of Black River Bridge, and this Miramichi version, which was probably brought from Scotland, is one of the most complete variants found in North America.

Roger the Miller came courting of late
The farmer's young daughter called
Beautiful Kate.
She had to her fortune fine ribbons and rings
She had to her fortune full five hundred
things
She had for a fortune fine ribbons and gowns
She had for a fortune, she had for a fortune,
yes five hundred pounds.

O, the wedding being ready, the supper
sat down,

O, what a fine fortune is five hundred pound
When up speaks young Roger, "I vow and declare,
"Although that your daughter is charming and fair,
I won't have your daughter, I vow and declare
I won't have your daughter, I won't have your daughter, without the grey mare."

O, up speaks her father unto him a steed,
"I thought that you'd marry my daughter indeed,
Now since that I find out that things are so,
Once more in my pocket my money shall go,
You won't have my daughter, I vow and declare
You won't have my daughter, you won't have my daughter, nor yet the grey mare."

O, the money being vanished, went out of his sight,
And so did Miss Katie his love and delight,
And Roger the scoundrel was kicked out of doors,
And told to begone and return there no more,
So away he went, tearing his long yellow hair,
And wished he had never, and wished he had never spoke of the grey mare.

O, the years passed and gone, till one day on the street
O, who did he chance but his Katie to meet?
"Good morning, Miss Katie, do you knot know me?"
"O yes sir", she said, "I have seen you before,
Or one of your likeness with long yellow hair,
Who once came a-courting, who once came a-courting my father's grey mare."

"O, indeed Miss Katie, you are much to blame,
It was for the courting of you that I came,
For though that your father would not have dispute,
To give unto me a grey mare for boot,
Before he would part with his lovely sun,
So now I am sorry, so now I am sorry for what I have done."

"O your troubles", said Katie, "I value them not,
There is plenty more in this town to be got,
For to think that a man would be in despair,
To marry a girl for the sake of a mare,
The price of a mare it was never so great,
So fare-you-well, Roger, so fare-you-well Roger, go mourn for your Kate".

SIDE 1, Band 4: ROUND HER MANTLE SO GREEN

This was the favourite song of Mr. and Mrs. Neville Whitney of Strathadam, and their daughter, Mrs. Marie Hare, sings it exactly as she learned it as a child from her parents. The last two words are spoken to show the song is ended.

The theme of "Round Her Mantle So Green" appears again and again in English balladry--the tale of the lover who returns from the wars, and is not at first recognized by his sweetheart. In "Hind Horn" he came back from the Crusades. In the "Mantle So Green" he returns from famed Waterloo. The story consists of a dialogue between the two young people, and a surprise ending when Nancy recognizes her lover.

1. 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.

2. 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."

3. "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 refused,
Through those green fields I will wander, I'll shun all men's view,
Since the boy that I loved died in famed Waterloo."

4. "O, 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,
It was neatly embroidered round her mantle so green.

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

6. 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 view,
Since the boy that I loved died in famed Waterloo."

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

8. Now this couple they got married, so
I heard people say,
And great 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."

SIDE 1, Band 5: THE BANKS OF THE MIRAMICHI

Miramichi is pronounced locally "Meerimashee" or "Mair'mashee". The song was written by Pat Hurley, a homespun poem of the Nor'West river. Art Matchett of Strathadam, who sang the song at the Festival, had learned it from the late Jared MacLean of Strathadam, who recorded it for the Lord Beaverbrook Collection.

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 splendors,
There's none that I can see
Like the rolling tide that flows 'longside
The banks of the Miramichi.

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 bank of the Miramichi.

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 Miramichi.

SIDE II, Band 1: THE SILVERY TIDE

William M. Doerflinger identifies this as a British broadside ballad. It has been found in Nova Scotia by Helen Creighton. The theme is another favourite of the ballad-singers and their audiences -- how a murder was revealed in a dream, and how doom overtook the murderer. Sam Jagoe of Newcastle, who sang this New Brunswick version at the Miramichi Festival, is noted for his fondness for long, sad songs. He creates a mood and holds his audience literally frozen in their seats.

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

2. Young Henry long being absent, a nobleman
there came,
A-courting pretty mary, but she refused
the same.
"I pray, begone! There is but one! There
is but one!" she cried,
"And I pray begone! There is but one,
and he's on the silvery tide."

3. This nobleman in a passion, those words
to her did say,
"To prove your separation, I will take
your life away,
I will watch you late and early, till
alone you I will spy,
And you'll sink or swim, far, far from
him who's on the silvery tide."

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

5. "O, no! O, no! dear sir", she said, "my
vows I will not break,
O, no! O, no! " said Mary, "I will die
for his sweet sake".
He took a pocket handkerchief, her tender
hands he tied,
And while screaming she went floating,
out on the silvery tide.

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

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

8. Young Henry arose at midnight to search the sea banks o'er,
From three o'clock in the morning he wandered from shore to shore,
Till four o'clock in the evening, the lifeless body spied,
While to and fro came floating out on the silvery tide.

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

10. That nobleman was taken, the gallows was his doom,
For murdering pretty Mary, all in her youthful bloom,
Young Henery quite distracted, he wandered until he died,
And his last words were "Poor Mary" down on the silvery tide.

SIDE II, Band 2: THE GOOD OLD STATE OF MAINE

James Brown of South Branch, Kent County, New Brunswick, is a typical old time woods singer. In "The Good Old State of Maine" (and "that's by Larry Gorman", say the woodsmen proudly) he presents a satiric song about a lumber firm which treated its men none too well. Two provinces and a State lay claim to Larry Gorman, the greatest of all the woods balladeers, whose satires were the terror and delight of his employers and fellow workmen.

Larry was born in Prince Edward Island, and was "run out of there", they say, for the "Gull Decoy", a lampoon on his own uncle. For twenty years or so he roamed the Miramichi lumber woods, "making up a song for every day in the year", neatly impaling pompous employers, silly young men, flirtatious girls, toadies and pretentious people on the sharp prongs of his wit.

Then he wrote "Donahue's Spress", and was run out of Miramichi too, or so they say, and went to exercise his talents in Maine. Wherever he went, Larry became a legend and a folk hero. After ninety years, he has found a serious biographer in Sandy Ives, of the University of Maine.

SIDE II, Band 3: PRETTY SUSAN

This charming Canadian version of an old Irish ballad is sung in fine style, with traditional "grace-note" embellishments, by another old-timer named Angelo Dornan, one of Helen Creighton's finds in Albert County, New Brunswick, who came to the Festival with a wealth of traditional Irish and English ballads.

When first from sea I landed I had a roving mind,
I rambled undaunted my true love to find.
Then I met pretty Susan with her cheeks like the rose,
And her skin was like the lilies fair or the flower that grows. (2)

O, a long time I courted her till I wasted my store,
Her love turned to hatred because I was poor
She said, "I have another one whose fortune I'll share,
So begone from pretty Susan, the Pride of Kildare." (2)

Broken hearted next morning as I strolled by the way,
I met pretty Susan with her young man so gay,
And as I passed by her with my heart full of care,
I sighed for pretty Susan, the Pride of Kildare. (2)

Once more to the ocean I'm resolved for to go,
I'm bound for the east'rd with my heart full of woe.
It's there I'll see pretty girls with jewels so rare,
But there's none like pretty Susan, the Pride of Kildare. (2)

SIDE II, Band 4: LE PETIT MOINE
(The Little Monk)

This comical French song, which has remained in New Brunswick along with many other French folk songs that were brought over from old France by the early Acadian

settlers many generations ago, tells the amusing story of a well-meaning monk who tries to help a dairy-maid milk a cow. The cow kicks over the pail, drenching the monk, then kicks the would-be Samaritan into a ditch, whereupon he vows that he'll never again help anyone to milk a cow.

The song is sung in the typical Acadian fashion of many such songs, wherein the singer provides his own foot-tapping accompaniement, by one of the finest French folk singers in the Miramichi region, Allan Kelly of Beaver Brook, the small village which loaned its name to become the title of an English peer, the first Baron Beaverbrook.

1. J'ai trouvé la belle sur son lit qu'elle pleurait,
   Qu'avez-vous donc, la belle, qu'on vous entent au long?
   Tir la lire
   Qu'on vous entent de ouiche tant ouiche,
   Qu'on vous entent de ouiche tant bais,
   Qu'on vous entent pleurer (3)

2. J'ai sept vaches à tirer, et j'ai grand mal au long,
   Tir la lire
   Et j'ai grand mal au ouiche tant ouiche,
   Et j'ai grand mal au ouiche tant bais,
   Et j'ai grand mal aux doights. (3)

3. Que donneriez-vous, belle, qu'on vous les tire au long?
   Tir la lire
   Qu'on vous les tire au ouiche tant ouiche,
   Qu'on vous les tire au ouiche tant bais,
   Qu'on vous les tirerait, (3)

4. Un doux baiser sur la joue, et l'autre sur le long,
   Tir la lire
   Et l'autre sur le ouiche tant ouiche,
   Et l'autre sur le ouiche tant bais,
   Deux s'il le fallait, (3)

5. Le moine a pris les pots, aussi les pintes au long,
   Tir la lire
   Aussi les pots au ouiche tant ouiche
   Aussi les pintes au ouiches tant bais,
   Aussi les pots au lait. (3)

6. So, So, So, So, Rougette, que j'aille de ton long
   Tir la lire
   Que J'aille de ton ouiche tant ouiche
   Que j'aille de ton ouiche tant bais,
   Que j'aille de ton lait, (3)

7. La vache était ginguette, elle a donne une kicque au moine
   Tir la lire
   Le dos dans le uoiche tant ouiche
   Le dos dans le ouiche tant bais,
   Le dos dans le fossé. (3)

8. Son habit qui était noire, elle était blanche de long
   Tir la lire
   Elle était blanche de ouiche tant ouiche,
   Elle était blanche de ouiche tant bais,
   Elle était blanche de lait. (3)

9. Le moine a fair serment, jamais d'autre au long
   Tir la lire
   Jamais d'autre vache de ouiche tant ouiche
   Jamais d'autre vache de ouiche tant bais,
   Jamais d'autre vache qu'il tirait. (3)

SIDE II, Band 5: THE JONES BOYS

In Nick Underhill's song, the Jones Boys, Johnny and Jimmy, lived at Jone's Crossing on the Millstream, Nor'west Miramichi, where they each had a mill. Johnny owned a saw mill, to saw logs into lumber, and Jimmy's was a grist mill which ground grain for the farmers. Apparently both the Jones boys worked in the saw mill, which never piad. It is said that this song was written by Millet Salter, a clerk for one of the Miramichi lumber firms. Lord Beaverbrook has a version of the "Jones Boys", and his singing of his pet verse has passed into Miramichi folklore.

O, the Jones Boys, they built a mill
on the side of a hill
And they worked all night and they worked all day,
But they couldn't make the gosh-darned saw mill pay.

A verse added later describes how the Jones Boys built a still on the side of a hill; "they worked one night, and they worked one day, and how that little old still did pay!"

Lord Beaverbrook's version is used for the quarter-hour chimes at the University of New Brunswick. With his inimitable gift for ice-breaking, His Lordship used his "Jones Boys" as a theme song at all sorts of gatherings in World War II. It is said that he taught it to every diplomat from Churchill to Molotov, and that many a tense meeting on which the fate of nations depended was eased by the rousing song of the Miramichi boys and their lucky saw mill.

Nich Underhill's version of the "Jones Boys" is obviously from the same original song. Its e xtraordinary technique of cliff-hanging on his high notes is the delight of Miramichi audiences.

(Note: in verse 3, "set his dogs" means to set the piece of machinery which grips the log for sawing. In verse 4, "feed your hay", means that summer is over and it is

time to deed the farm livestock with hay, instead of the grass the grazed on in the summer time.)

1. I'll tell you a tale of the Jones Boys
   Who lives in yonder hill,
   Two jolly fellows with a twinkle in each eye,
   And they each do own a mill.
   They own a mill in the side of the hill
   And Eliza she worked in the kiln,
   They worked all night and they worked all day,
   But they couldn't make the gosh-darn sawmill pay.
   Then hi dum diddl um Johnny Jones,
   Then hi dum diddle um Jimmy.

2. They bring their grist from far and near,
   And early they'd arise,
   And the bell would be ringing and the boys would be singing
   When on the scene arrived,
   And Jimmy would be there for to serve us,
   And a jolly man is he,
   And his gallant wife, Eliza,
   For she works in the kiln you see.

CHORUS:
   O the Jones Boys, O the Jones Boys,
   Here's to the jolly Jones Boys,
   They worked all night and they worked all day, etc.

3. O Oliver McKay just cross the way,
   The sawyer in Johnny's mill,
   He could set his dogs for to saw his logs,
   And the orders he could fill,
   But sometimes he'd get tipsy,
   As Johnny Jones would say,
   And on that day there were hell to pay
   In the mill in the side of the hill.

CHORUS

4. Late in the fall when the leaves are down,
   And the days are bleak and grey,
   And the grist all ground for miles around,
   And it's time to feed your hay,
   With the season's cut completed
   And all is save and sound,
   They close their mills in yonger hill
   Till the springtime comes around.

CHORUS:

5. So now to conclude and finish,
   As my ditty I must end,
   I hope I have said nothing wrong
   To those noble boys offend,
   But in the spring when the robin sings,
   For employment I will look,

   I would work for Johnny Jones
   In his mill in Jones's Brook.

CHORUS

LOUISE MANNY

Louise Manny, of Newcastle, New Brunswick, Canada, the originator of the Miramichi Folksong Festival, was born in Gilead, Maine, and moved to New Brunswick with her parents when she was a small child. She was educated in the local schools, Halifax Ladies College, the Ursuline Convent in Quebec City, and McGill University, Montreal. From McGill she received an honours degree in French and English.

After graduating from McGill, she taught school for two years in Halifax, and then returned to Newcastle, where she was for many years secretary to a Spoolwood business for which her father was manager. She is now librarian of The Old Manse Library in Newcastle.

Louise Manny has always been much interested in Miramichi history. She has written many articles on the subject, and her history of Miramichi shipbuilding will soon be published by the New Brunswick Museum. She superintended the preservation and landscaping of The Enclosure, a historic site and picnic ground given by Lord Beaverbrook to the people of New Brunswick. This she regards as her most important work. Of late years, under Lord Beaverbrook's sponsorship, she has collected local songs which reflect the history and culture of Miramichi.

LITHO IN U.S.A.