

Songs and Ballads of the Maine
Lumberjacks

With other Songs of Maine

Collected and edited by Roland P. Gray

Handwritten by Marion Gray

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Handwritten by Marion Gray
before she was married to Harry
Stanhope September 9, 1926.

Original composition book in pocession
of Harriet Stanhope Burke.



Marion Alice Gray



Marion Gray Stanhope

1906 - 1994

You Parliament of England
You parliament of England,
You lords and commons, too,
Consider well what you're about,
and what you mean to do;
You're now at war with Yankees—
I'm sure you'll rue the day,
you roused the sons of liberty,
in North America.

You first confin'd our commerce,
You said our ships shan't trade
You then impress'd our seamen,
and us'd them as your slaves,
You then insulted R. I. J. gers,
while cruising on the maine,
and had we not declared war,
You'd done it o'er again.

3 you thought our frigates were butts
and Yankees could not fight,
Until bold Hull the Guerrier took,
and banished her from sight;
The Wasp next took your Frolic,
You nothing said to that,
The Porpoise being off the coast,
Of course you took her back.

4 Next your Macedonian,
No finer ship could swim,
Decatur took her gilt work off,
and then he took her in;
The Java by a Yankee ship
Was sunk, you all must know
The Peacock fine, in all her pride
By Lawrence down did go.

5 Then you sent your Boxer,
to beat us all about,
But we had an Enterprising Brig,
that beat the Boxer out,
'lun Box'd her up to Portland,
and mov'd her off the town
's show the sons off liberty,
the Boxer of renown.

Then upon lake Erie,
Brave Perry had some fun,
You own he beat your naval force,
and caused them to run;
While Chauncey on Ontario,
the like never known before,
A British squadron beat complete;
some took, some ran ashore.

7. Then your "Brave Indian Allies?"
You styl'd them by that name
Until they turn'd the tomahawk,
then "Savages," became;
Your mean insinuations
They despised from their sou
And join'd the sons of liberty,
That scorn'd to be controll'd

8. Now remember, you Briton,
Far distant is the day,
That all you gain'd by British
You lost in America
Go tell your king and parliam
By all the world its known
That British force by sea and
By Yankees is o'erthrown.

9. Use ~~or~~ my endeavour

to try to cause a peace.
For Yankee ships are building fast,
their navy to increase;
They will enforce their commerce;
These laws by Heaven were made,
That Yankee ships, in time of peace,
to any port might trade.

10. Grant us free trade and commerce
don't impress our men,
Give up all claims to Canada,
then we'll make peace again;
Then, England, we'll respect you,
and treat you as a friend;
Respect our flag and citizens,
then all these wars will end.

11
Our Rodgers, in the President,
will burn, sink and destroy,

The Congress on the Brazil coast
Your commerce will annoy,
The Essex on the South Sea, [✓]
will put out all your lights,
The flag she wears at her mast head,
"Free Trade and Sailor's Rights!!!"

My Grand mother sang this song
to me when I was a child. and
as I write this here she is a British
Battle Ship lying in the St. Louis
right accrost from here so you see
the war is over.

You Parliament of England

Admiral Suze who prints a very imperfect text of this song in the Naval songs makes the following interesting note
"Ye Parliament of England," was published, from an old Mss. copy, in the Portland, Me. Advertiser, in 1880 coupled with the request that anyone knowing the air would kindly furnish it. For the Enterprise brought her prize, the Boxer, into Portland where the song was for years very popular. ~~The~~

The date of the song may be rather accurately fixed as between the latter part of Sept., 1813 (when Perry's Victory of Sept. 11 became known: Stangor) and the end of the year for the Essex reached Portsmouth on Dec. 13/13, on her return from her cruise.

Fair Charlotte

Phillips Barry, has traced the history of this song for nearly a hundred years, and ascribes it to William Carter, who was a blind poet of Bennington, Vermont 1935

My Grand Mother Taylor also sang this song.

1. Young Charlotte dwelt by the mountain side

In a rude and lonely spot;
There was no house for three miles round
Except her father's cot.

2. And yet on many a winter eve
Young suitor would gather there;
For her father kept a social adobe,
And she was very fair.
- - - - - bit

He liked to see his daughter dressed
Just like a city belle.
For she was the only child he had.
And he loved his daughter well.

Her hair was black as raven's wing,
And her skin like lilies fair,
And her teeth were like the pearls so white:
No with her could compare.

At the village inn fifteen miles off
There's a merry ball tonight.
Although the air is freezing cold
Our hearts are warm and light.

How eager was her restless gaze
Till a well known voice she did hear
And driving up to the cottage door
Charles Leslie did appear.

7. "O daughter dear," the mother said,
"This blanket around you fold,
For it is a dreadful night abroad,
You'll catch your death of cold."

8. "Oh nay! Oh nay!" young Charlotte said
And she laughed like a gypsy queen
"To ride in blankets muffled up
I never would be seen."

9. "My silken cloak is quite enough,
You know 'tis lined through and through
Besides I have a silken shawl
My face to tie about."

10. Her gloves and bonnet being on,
She jumped into the sleigh,
And away they rode to the mountain
And over the hills away.

11 There is music in the sound of merry bells
As over the hills they go.
What a reeking wake those runners make,
As they bite the frosty snow!

12 Then a way they rode so silent
Till five cold long miles were past,
When Charles with these few frozen words
The silence broke at last:

13 "Such a night as this I never knew;
My reins I scarce can hold."
Young Charlotte exclaimed with a
feeble voice,
"I am exceeding cold."

14 He cracked his whip and he urged his stud
Much faster than before,
Till at length five more cold miles

In silence was passed o'er.

15. "Oh! how fast the freezing ice.

Dost gather on my brow."

Young Charlotte exclaimed with a frown
"I am growing warmer now."

16 Then away they rode through the
frosty air.

And by the cold starlight,
Until at length the village inn
And the ball room have in sight.

17. They reached the inn, and Charles
sprang out

And gave his hand to her.
"Who sit you there like a monument
That hath no power to stir?"

18 He asked her once, he asked her twice;
But she said not a word;
He asked her for her hand again,
But still she never stirred.

19 He tore the muffle from her face,
And the cold staid on her show;
And quickly in the lighted hall
Her lifeless form was borne.

20 They tried every means they could
Her life to restore;
But Charlotte was a frozen corpse
And never ~~could~~ speak more.

21 He sat himself down by her side,
And the bitter tears did flow;
He said, "My dear intended bride
I never more shall know."

22. He threw his arms around her neck
And kissed her marble brow,
And his thoughts went back to the place
Where she said, "I'm growing warmer now;

23. He bore her back in to the sleigh
And with her he rode home,
And when he reached her father's house,
Oh! how her parents mourned!

24. They mourned the loss of the daughter dear
And Charles mourned o'er his doom,
Until at length his heart had broke;
Now they slumber in one tomb.

Mary Adom

Recited by J. F. Shedd of Mattawamkeag Me.
and taken down by Roland P. Gray 1916.

It was afterward sung by Mr. Shedd and
his daughter. Mr. Shedd, who was over
twenty years old, had taught it to his
daughter when she was a little girl.

Come all you young lovers draw near,
And the truth unto you I'll unfold.
In sorrow I am fitt here bewailing;
No comfort have I to behold.

Three women in a sad situation,
Confined in cold irons 'tis true
And for nothing but loving a fair one.
I fear I must bid you adieu.

It was down by a green shady harbor
Where the flowers were blooming so

gay;
There I met with a charming young creature;
She exceeded the fairest Queen of May.

4 When Venus discovered her beauty.
False Cupid he did me annoy.
And now for this squire's young daughter
In cold chains in prison I lie.

But Mary, being constant and loyal
Straightway to my trial did come
My Parents were weeping, for ~~for~~ forming
He said, "Now I will protect you
dear son."

6. She was dressed like some lady of
honor.
The best of gold robes she did wear.
And all the great judges were sur-
prised
And all the grand jury did stare.

7 She kindly saluted those nobles
And unto to them she did say,
In case that he loved a fair female,
Why should he be banished away?"

8 For it is seven long years we've been courting
Down that I gave him my heart,
And there's nothing but death can
lose me,
If Jamie and I have to part.

9 And now for to make a conclusion
And thanks to the powers above,
And likewise to young Mary Adon,
For she wears the armor of love.

10 Her father he thought to transport me
Far away from my own country,
But she has released me from bondage

And set me at sweet liberty.

11 And now we are married and happy.
Our fortunes on both side paid down,
Our parents are like wise contented,
Although it caused many a frown.

12. We dwell on the banks of the Shannon
In love and in sweet unity,
And I think of the squire's young daughter
And so loyal she has proved to me!

Fair Rhoe and Her Dark-Eyed Sailor

I give the complete song from a broadside
Printed by Fosth, Pocklington Yorkshire
No. 78. Grand mother sang this
many times.

1. It's of a comely young lady fair,
Was walking out to take the air,
She met with a sailor upon her way,
So I paid attention to hear what they did say.

2. Said William - lady why roam alone?
The night is coming and day near gone,
She said while tears from her eyes did fall
It's a dark-eyed sailor that's proving my
downfall.

3. It's two long years since he left the land
I took a gold ring from off my hand,
We broke the token - her's part with me,
And the other's rolling at the bottom of the
sea.

4. Said William drive him self from your m
Some other said as good you'll find.
Love turns aside, and soon cold does grow
Like a winter's morning when lands are
Cloth'd with snow.

5. These words did Phoebe's fond heart inflame
She said on me you shall play no game
She drew a dagger and then did cry,
For my dark ey'd sailor a maid I'll
And die.

6. His cold black eye, and his curly hair
And pleasing tongue did my heart inspire
Gentle he was but no rake like you
To advise a maiden to slight the
taken.

7. But still said Phoebe, I'll murder him
A tarry sailor, but treat the same
So drink his health — here's a piece of
coin.

But my dark-ey'd sailor still claims this
heart of mine.

8
Then half the ring did young William show,
She seem'd distracted 'midst joy and woe
Oh welcome William, I've lands and gold
For my dark-ey'd sailor, so manly, true and bold.

9
Now in a village down by the sea,
They're joined in wedlock, and well agree,
All maids be true when your love's away,
For a cloudy morning oft brings a pleasant day.

The Flying Cloud

1 My name is Edward Hollohan,
As you shall understand,
I belong in the country of Waterford
On Erin's happy land.

2 When I was young and in my prime
Kind fortune on me smiled,
My parents doted on me
I being their only child.

3 My father bound me to a trade
In Waterford's own town,
He bound me to a cooper there
By the name of William Brown.

4 I served my master faithfully
For eighteen months or more
When I shipped on board the Ocean Queen
Bound to Bermuda shore.

5. When I arrived at Bermuda shore,
I met with Captain Moore,
The commander of the Flying Cloud,
Belonging to Trimore.

6. So kindly he requested me
On a ¹slaving voyage to go,
To the burning sands of Africa,
Where the sugar cane doth grow.

7. We all agreed, excepting five,
And those we had to land,
Two of them being Boston men,
And two from Newfoundland.

8. The other was an Irishman,
Belonging to Trimore,
Oh, I wish to God, I had promised this
And returned with them on shore.

9. The Flying Cloud was as fine a ship
As ever swam the seas.
Or ever hoisted a main topsail
Before a lively breeze.

10. I have oftentimes seen our gallant,
As the wind lay abaft her wheel,
With the royal and skysail set aloft,
Sail nineteen by the reel.

11. Oh, the Flying Cloud was a Spanish ship
Of five hundred tons or more.
She would outsail any other ship
I ever saw before.

12. Her sails were like the drifting snow
On them there was no stain,
And eighteen brass nine-pounder guns
She carried abaft her main.

13 We sailed away without delay
Till we came to the African shore,
And eighteen hundred of those poor slaves
From their native isle sailed o'er.

14 For we marched them all along our decks,
And stored them down below,
And eighteen inches for a man
Was all that they could go.

15 The very next we sailed away
With our cargo of slaves,
I would have been ^{much} better for those poor
slaves
Had they been in their graves;

16. For the plague and fever came on board,
Swept half of them away;
We dragged the dead up on the deck

And threw them in the sea.

17 We sailed away without delay
Till we came to the Cuban shore.
We sold them to a planter there
To be slaves forever more,

18 The rice and coffee field to hoe
Beneath the burning sun,
To lead a long and wretched life
Till their career was run.

19 And when our money it was all gone
We put to sea again.
Then Captain Moore he came on board
And said to us his men:

20 "There is gold and silver to be had
If with me you will remain:

We will hoist aloft a pirate flag
And we'll scour the raging main:

1. We robbed and plundered many a ship
In the Spanish Main,
And many's the widowed orphan
Child
In sorrow must remain.

2. For we made their crews to walk the plank
And gave them watery graves;
For the saying of our Captain was:
"A dead man tells no tales."

3. At length, to Navarre we were brought,
Bound down in iron chains,
For robbing and plundering
Merchant ships
Down on the Spanish Main.

24. It was drinking and bad company
that has made this wreck of me.
Now, let young men a warning take
And a curse to Piracy!"

Peter Ambelay

^{Amerly}
Peter Ambelay," sung by a lumberjack in
Maine and taken down in 1916 by
student at the U. of M.

1. My name is Peter Amerly.

As you may understand
Born on Prince Edwards Island
Close by the ocean strand.

In eighteen hundred eighty two,
When the flowers were in full anther
I sailed away from my native land
My fortune to pursue.

I landed in New Brunswick
That lumbering countree;
I hired to work in the lumber woods
In the North West Maximack.

4. I hired to work in the lumber woods
Where they cut those tall spruces
And I was loading two sleds on a yard
I received a mortal wound.

5. Here's adieu unto Prince Edward's Isle,
That garden in the sea;
No more I'll walk its flowery banks
To enjoy a summer's breeze.

6. No more I'll watch those gallant ships
As they go sailing by..
With their streamers floating in the air
Far above the canvas high.

7. Here's adieu unto my father.
'I was him who sent me here;
I thought he used me most unkind
His treatments were severe.

8 It is not right to press a boy
Or try to keep him down;
For it oft times drives him from his house
When he is far too young.

9 Here's adieu unto my greater friend,
I mean my mother dear.
She raised a son, who fell as soon
As he left his mother's care.

10 For little did my mother know,
When she sang lullaby
What countries I might travel in,
Or what death I might die.

11 There's danger on the oceans,
Where the waves roll mountain high;
There's danger on the battle field,
Where the angry bullets fly.

12. There's danger in the lumberwood,
For death lurks even there;
And I have fella victim now
Unto this monster's

13 And when I'm dead and gone to rest
There's one thing more I see,
That the kind heavenly Father
May bless my peaceful grave;

14. For it's in the village of Bois Town
My mouldering corpse they'll lay,
To wait the Saviour's calling
Until that great Judgment Day.

The Days in Old Penobscot Stream

1. Out in Boston City

In the middle of July
When five and twenty lumberjacks
To the loved ones bid good-bye,

2. We landed in Sukhomack,

All feeling pretty mean;
But on we went and pitched our tent
On old Penobscot stream.

3. Our work was cutting dry logs,

To clear a right of way.
The hours were long, but we were strong
And worked hard day by day.

4. The Sukhomack once was beautiful,

Its mountains and scenery grand;
The fish that's in the rivers
Is the best that's in the land.

5. The work went rolling nicely
For just about one week,
And somewhere in Suhomuck
The sky began to leak.

6. For eating we had plenty
Of ~~those~~ grand and glorious beans,
Lots of ham behind the dam,
On old Penobscot stream.

7. Our boss he was a good fellow;
Our cook was a Cockereen;
We never forget the boys
We left in old Penobscot stream.

8. Now the days are all gone past,
It seems but all a dream.
We'll never forget the friend,
We left in old Penobscot stream

Mell Whitten

"While-head Bob," is supposed to be the principal author with Heyward and Marshall assisting.

1. In the month of October eighteen eighty-two Mell Whitten from Bangor he started a crew. A crew of young fellows with him he did take, And he landed them safely upon Mooshead Lake.

Sing fol-de-diddle, darrow
Li-turrol-a-day.

2 When he arrived at the North West Carry, There he met our boss and we got on a spree. We put up our storehouse and struck for the camp. But we lost one of our bushmen all on that wild tramp.

Sing fol-de-diddle, darrow
Li-turrol-a-day.

3 When we got there the boss he did say;
There's a ~~vest~~ to gund and there's no time
for stay,
For next Monday morning to the woods
you must go,
And it's forty-five spruce every day you
must throw.
Sing fol-di-diddle, darow
Li-throl-o-day.

4 They hired an Englishman in Bangor Ma.
To go up and swamp, Bill Williams by name
When he got there, "I'm a chopper," says he;
But the best he could do was to lodge every tree
Sing fol-di-diddle, darow.
Li-turel-o-day.

5 Says Whitten to Williams, "I know what I'll do
I'll send you to ~~lumber~~ with bold 74 when two;

Spack up your dunnage and the tote
road you take,
For I know that Mr Mannan will find
you a mate."
Sing fol-de-diddle, darow.
Li-turrol-o-day.

6 They hired a cook, from Orneville came he,
And a dirtier old cook you never did see.
Raw beans and cold dough he would give
us to eat,
And about once a week a big feed of corned beef
Sing fol-de-diddle-darow
Li-turrol-o-day.

7 They bought an alarm clock, this cook for to wake
He sometimes wouldn't hear it until it was late
And then he'd get up in a terrible stew.
Raw beans and cold dough he would feed to the
crew.

8 About six in the morning the cook he was
shout;

"Come bullies, come bullies, come bullies, roll on
if we wouldn't mind him and back we
we would lay.

The boss would sing out: "Are you going
to sleep all day?"

Sing fol-de-diddle darow.
Li-turrot-o-day.

9. About twelve at noon, when the sky it was
clear

All through the woods would be "Luncheon"
you'd hear.

But when you got there, 't was all you
Was a dirty old cook and a lousy cook.
Sing fol-de-diddle darow
Li-turrot-o-day.

10. About six in the morning for the camp we
would start,

"I board the grindstone" was all you could hear.

"I board the grindstone" for the turns they would
fight,

And they'd keep that old grindstone a-whirling
all night.

Ling-fol-de-diddle darrow

Li-tur-et-o-day.

11 And now to conclude, and to finish my
song.

'I was composed upon Sunday, I hope
it's not wrong.

There was Heyward the chopper,

And White-headed Bob, and Marshall
the sled-tender

Who would not bark a log.

Ling-fol-de-diddle darrow

Li-tur-et-o-day.

Johnny Holmes

Assung and written by Jack McGinnis
of Bangor, Maine, in John Ross's camp,
at Lobster Lake, Me., 1902. Just how much
help he had in the composition of the
song is not known.

1. Come all you jolly lumbermen
Whenever you may be
I'll have you pay attention
And listen unto me.

2. It's of a jolly barber
Which I am going to tell.
It's on Penobscot where
This man is known right well.

3. He shaved three years for Hunter,
A year for Slippery Sam,
He shaved a crew for Ross one year
Down on Chesuncook Dam.

4 Then he went to Canaan
To see what he could do;
He got in co with Weeks,
And he shaved another crew.

5. He shaved six years for Loveland,
For Smith a year or two,
And now he's back to Lobster
To shave John Roland's crew.

6 If he begins a-shaving there,
The crew will let him know
That they will surely kill him
Or down river he must go.

7. When Loveland land hired the barber,
He gave him to understand
He was to shave all the crew,
Each and every man.

8. He shaved the crew, the bosses too,
And all around the place;
But the next he shaved was Loveland,
And he done it before his face.

9. When Loveland found that he was getting
These words to him did say;
"I think I've had you long enough,
I'll settle with you to-day."

10. "I think I've had you long enough,
Your pockets you did fill;
They say you built two houses
Down on the Baptist's hill."

11. He shaved the crew, the houses too,
And all around the farm;
They say he built two houses
Where Loveland built a barn.

12 The year he shaved for Isaac Terrell
When Gibbons was the boss
He shaved the crew a little mite
To pay for the money they lost.

13 He shaved the crew a little mite.
The boys they did complain;
The one he shaved the worst of all
They call him Bill McLean.

14 About the first of April,
When Ross he did arrive
He said unto his barber;
"Come let us take a drive.

15. "Bring your razor with you,
And see what you can do;
We will go up to Lobster Lake
And shave John Rolands crew."

16 When he got up to Lobster
He met with a surprise;
It was there he met the little cook
That blackened both his eyes.

17 Johnny stood and gazed on him
With his squinted eyes,
Saying, "Micky, I'll be square with
And that before I die."

18. About this jolly barber
I'm going to unfold,
He belongs on St. John river
And his name is Johnny Hol

19 It's on the St. John river
He begun his wild career;
He robbed and stole, so I've been to
And that's what drove him he

20. About this jolly barber,
He's of a medium size,
His face is very narrow,
A squint in both his eyes.

21. His face is very narrow,
On his nose there is a crook;
The Devil ain't a match for him
For charging on a book.

22. These verses are not many,
But I think they're very true.
He never was in a concern,
But he always shaved the crew.

23. He cut your hair and shaved you
Without either shears or comb;
The Devil an't a match at all
For squint eyed Johnny Holmes.

24. If he shaves John Roland's crew,
The truth to you I'll tell
He'll waken up some morning
And find himself in hell.

25. With the Devil dancing round him ^{say}
"Johnny, I've got you here;
So you must go far down below
And suffer most severe."

26. These verses are not many,
But I think they are complete.
When we get down to the city, boys,
On it we'll have a treat.

27. We'll raise her and we'll roll her,
With courage bold and brave
And with his poisoned razor
Give us all a shave.

The Boy of the Island.

A was sung in John Ross's camps, Lobster Lake, Maine 1902 and taken down by Sidney Sykes, clerk of the Camp. B is a fragment of a variant of I picked up by Mrs. Fannie Eckstorm in 1897.

A

1. You roving young heroes
of Prince Edward's Island,
Give ear to my ditty
and I'll tell you the truth;
From a lumberman's calling
it is my intention
To turn every honest
and sensible youth.

2. The lumberman's life
'tis of short duration,
It's mingled with sorrow,
hard work and bad rum;

And if the hereafter is
According to Scripture,
The worst of our days
are yet to come.

3. The boys of the Island,
on their farms not contented.
They say, "Let us leave here,
We're doing no good;"
Their minds never easy,
Continually crazy
To get over to Bangor
to work in the woods.

4. A new suit of clothes
to prepare for the journey,
A new pair of boots made by
Sheslock or Chapp,
A large Ken ~~re~~ becker all stuffed

with good homespun
And the brave Islander
he will then unbark.

5 The boys of the island
in the woods are Contented;
The old bushmen gaze on them,
With a keen eye;
"Just look at the homespun
the lad is a ~~w~~reaking!
Isn't that enough to tell you
that he's a B.C.?"

6. The boys of the island
are ofttime in trouble,
God, man, and the devil
to them's all the same,
Such up-river ~~tearing~~
blaspheming and swearing.

Drinking and fighting,
it is there down river, gas

7. Brade Kelley will poison
a man on bad whiskey,
For a past time they will banish
their lager and ale;
Then on the corner,
When he ^{does} gets frisky,
They will call for Jim Carey
to take him to jail.

8 The mother of Moses and the law
of this country,
I've seen better laws
Amongst the heathen Chinese
On your little P. d.
a man can get drunk
And then sober up

under the shade of a tree.

9. It's true I'm a native
of Prince Edward's Isle,
I left my dear parents
when eighteen years old;
It was my intention
for all to do better
And to return unto them
with great handfuls of gold.

10. 'Tis true, my brave boys,
I've made lots of money,
But the curse of all bushmen
being on me,
Also my money it flew
like the snow in June,
And back to the woods
every fall I must go.

1. Oh, the boys of the Island
they fell discontent,
The times there are hard
and they can't make a cent;
As says Rory to Angus,
"Here we're doing no good:
Let's go over to Bangor
and work in the woods."

2. Now the boys of the Island
will work cheap you bet,
Fifteen dollars a month
is the wages they get.
See their socks and their mittens
All knitted three-ply,
You can tell by their dues
that they come from P. I.

Sherlock and Clapp may be bootmakers
in P. E. I. or some other province of Canada.
Not known in Me. Apparently.

A Kennebecker is a carpet-bag
such as the men from the Kennebec
used to carry into the woods. Generally
Maine men were contented with a
meal-sack tied up with a string.
To use a carpet-bag was regarded as
"high-brow" and effeminate.

The Dying Hobo

Taken down by Sol Madison, an insurance agent, Kingman, Mo., 1914 who writes concerning the source:

I was in a lumber camp one evening four years ~~ago~~ past and there was one of the drifters of wood came in and recited the enclosed. I took it down in shorthand and when I got home I made a number of copies. He did not know who the author was, he picked it up in the northern lumber camps years ago.

1. Beside a western water tank

One cold November day,
Inside an empty box car
A dying Hobo lay.

2. His partner stood beside him,

with a slow and drooping head
And listened to the last words
The dying Nobs said:

3. "I'm going to better land,
Where everything is bright,
Where long necks grow on bushes,
And you sleep out every night."

4. "Where you do not have to work at all
Nor even change your socks,
And little streams of alcohol
Come trickling down the rocks."

5. "Tell my sweetheart back in Denver
That her fair face no more will view
Tell her that I've jumped the fast freight
And that I am going through."

6 "Tell her not to weep for me,
In her eyes no tears must sink,
For I've gone to a better land,
Where I won't have to work.

7 "Hark, I hear a whistle;
I must catch her on the fly.
Farewell, partner it's not
so hard to die."

8 The Hobo stopped, his head fell back
He had sung his last refrain.
His partner swiped his hat and sho
And jumped the east-bound train

When the Taters Are all Dug

This broadside was contributed by Mr. Chadburn of Mattawamkeag, Maine, in 1916. He bought it from a young fellow who had finished work in the potato country and was without money. Mr. Chadburne thinks him the author of it, but is not certain. The young man thus paid his way.

"When The Taters Are all Dug"

"June of Mother's Appeal to Her Boy"

Composed by E. J. Sullivan

1. Way up in Aroostock County

Where in Winter falls the snow,

Where in the short hot summer months

The big potatoes grow;

Where the farmers cuss and talk about

Their big potato bugs.

There's a smile all o'er the County,
Till them 'taters are all dug.

2 In the village stores there's tater talk
About their monstrous size;
Some of these yarns they sound like truths
But a lot of them are lies;
There is no whiskey to be had,
Spring water in a jug
But there'll be an awful racket
When them 'taters are all dug.

3. When the farmers start in digging
They will stop you on your way,
They will smoke and Chew tobacco
While they talk about the pay;
They say, "fill up your baskets,
Just as much as you can dig,"
For they're always in a hurry

Till them 'taters are all dug.

4 From East to West from North and South
The tater pickers come,
Some had no cash for railroad fares;
But they got there just the same;
And how they sweat and cuss and pull
And at the big potatoes tug
For the farmers have no use for them,
When the m'taters are all dug.

5 And sometimes, too a country girl
Will pick up in the field,
Some love-struck tater pickers
May cause her heart to yield;
And in the evenings they
bequile the time
With a stolen kiss or hug;
There is bound to be a wedding

When the 'taters are all dug.

C. And when them 'taters are all dug
And the pickers come to town,
While the dollars in their pockets last
They never get a frowne;
Some of them go to the Line House,
For to fill their little mug
'Tis then they drop clean out of sight
For the 'taters are all dug.

Bay Billy

This spirited poem recounts an unusual incident in the history of the 22d Maine at Fredericksburg. It was printed originally in the San Francisco News Letter. The author is Frank H. Gassaway.

1. You may talk of horses of renown,
What Goldsmith Maid has done,
How Dexter cut the seconds down,
And Zellerbach's great run.
Would you ~~hear~~ about a horse that once
A mighty battle won?

2. 'T was the last fight at Fredericksburg
Perhaps the day you seek
Our boys, the Twenty-second Maine,
Kept Early's men in check.
Just where Wade Hampton couched away
The fight went neck and neck.

3 All day we held the weaker wing,
And held it with a will.
Five several stubborn times we charge
The battery on the hill.
And five times beaten back, reformed,
And kept our column still.

4 At last out the centre fight
Spurred up a general to aid,
"What battery must silenced be!"
He cried as past he sped.
Our colonel simply touched his cap
And then, with measured tread

5. To lead the crouching line once more
The grand old fellow came.
No wounded man but raised his head
And strove to gasp his name.
And those who could not speak nor st

"God blessed" him just the same.

6 For he was all the world to us,
That hero gray and grim.
Right well he knew that fearful slope
We'd climb with none but him,
Though while his white head led the way
We'd charge hell's portals in.

7 This time we were not half way up,
When, 'midst the storm of shell,
Our leader, with his sword upraised,
Beneath our boy's nets fell,
And, as we bore him back, the foe
Set up a joyous yell.

8 Our hearts went with him. Back we swept,
And when the bugle said,
"Up, charge again!" no man was there

But hung his dogged head.
"We've no one left to lead us now,"
The sullen soldiers said.

9. Just then before the laggard line
The colonel's horse he spied,
Bay Billy with his trappings on,
His nostrils swelling wide
As though still on his gallant back
The master sat astride.

10. Right royally he took the place
That was of old his want,
And with a neigh that seemed to say
Above the battle's brunt,
"How can the Twenty-second charge
If I am not in front?"

11. Like statues rooted there we stood
And gazed a little space,
Above that floating mane we missed
The dear familiar face.
But we saw Bay Billy's eye of fire,
And it gave us heart of grace.

12. No bugle call could rouse us all
As that brave sight had done;
Down all the batter'd line we felt
A lightning impulse run.
Up! Up! the hill we followed Bill,
And captured every grin!

13. And when upon the conquered height
Died out the battle's hum,
Vainly 'mid living and dead
We sought our leader dumb.
It seemed as if a spectre stood

To win that day had come.

14 And then the dusk and dew of night
Fell softly 'er the plain.
As though o'er man's dread work of death
The angels wept again,
And drew night's curtain gently round
A thousand beds of pain.

15 All night the surgeon's torches were
The ghastly rows between --
All night with solemn step & pace
The torn and bloody green.
But who that fought in the big war
Such dread sights have not seen.

16 At last the morning broke, the bells
Sang in the merry skies,
As if to rouse the sleepers there

It bade, Wake, and arise!
Though naught but that last trump of all
Could open their heavy eyes.

17 And then once more, with banners gay,
Stretched out the long brigade;
Firmly upon the furrowed field
The troops stood on parade,
And bravely 'mid the ranks were closed
The gaps the fight had made.

18 Not half the Twenty-second's men
Were in their place that morn,
And Corporal Dick, who yester-noon
Stood six brave fellows on,
Now touched my elbow in the ranks,
For all be twixt were gone.

19 Ah! who forgets that dreary horse
When, as with misty eyes,
To call the old familiar roll
The solemn sergeant tries,—
One feels that thumping of the heart
As no prompt voice replies.

20. And as in full ring tone and slow
The last few names were said,
Across the field some missing horse
Toiled up with weary tread,
It caught the sergeant's eye, and, quick,
Bay Billy's name he read.

21 Yes! there the old bay hero stood,
All safe from battle's harms,
And ere an order could be heard,
On the bugle's quick alarms,
Down all the front from end to end

The troops presented arms!

22 Not all the shoulder-straps on earth
Could still our mighty cheer.
And ever from that famous day,
When rang the roll-call clear,
Boy Billy's name was read, and then
The whole line answered, "Here!"

The Jam at Gerry's Rock

This ballad is widely known among lumberjacks. It had its origin in Maine but has travelled far from home. It has also made its way to Scotland. Jam at Gerry's Rock as taken down by Mrs F. H. Eckstrom, of Brewer, Me, in 1915 who has several copies all practically identical.

1. Come all you brave shanty boys,
And list while I relate
Concerning a young shanty boy
And his untimely fate;

2. Concerning a young river man,
So manly, true and brave;
'T was on a jam at Gerry's Rock
He met his watery grave

3rd I was on a Sunday morning,
As you will quickly hear,
Our logs were piled up mountain high
We could not keep them clear.

4 Our foreman said, "Come on, brave boys,
With hearts devoid of fear:
We'll break the jam at Gury's Rock
And for Agonistown we'll steer."

5. Now some of them were willing,
While others they were not,
All for to work on Sunday
They did not think they ought;

6. But six of our brave shanty boys
Had volunteered to go
And break the jam on Gury's Rock
With their foreman, young Monroe.

7. They had not rolled off many logs
Till they heard his clear voice say,
"I'd have you boys be on your guard,
For the jam will soon give way."

8. These words he'd scarcely spoken
When the jam did break and go,
Taking with it six of those brave boys
And their foreman, young Monroe.

9. Now when those shanty boys
This sad news came to hear
In search of their dead comrades
To the river they did steer.

10. Six of their mangled bodies
A-floating down did go,
While crushed and bleeding men
Say the foreman, young Monroe.

11 They took him from his watery grave,
Brushed back his raven hair;
There was a fair form among them
Whose cries did send the air;

12. There was a fair form among them,
A girl from Saginaw town,
Whose cries rose to the skies
For her lover who'd gone down.

13. Fair Clara was a noble girl.
The river-man's true friend;
She and her widowed mother
Lived at the river's bend;

14. And the wages of her own true love
The boss to her did pay,
But the shanty boys for her made up
A generous sum next day.

15 They buried him quite decently;
I was on the first of May.
Come all you brave ^{young} shanty boys
And for your comrades pray.

16 Engraved upon the hemlock tree
That by the grave does grow
Is the aged date and the sad fate
Of the foreman, young Monroe.

17 Fair Clara did not long survive,
Her heart broke with her grief,
And less than three months after
Death came to her relief;

18. And when the time had come
And she was called to go,
Her last request was granted,
To be laid by young Monroe.

19 Come all you brave young shanty boys
I'd have you call and see
Two green graves by the river side
When grows a hemlock tree.

20 The shanty boys cut off the wood
Where lay those loves so true—
'Tis the handsome Clara Vernon
And her true love, Jack Monroe.

John Fergusson's Crew

1. There once was a man
On Howland did dwell;
His name was John Fergusson
You all know him well.
2. He had a small crew
Upon Meadow-Brook.
He was always a-rowing
With the crew and the cook.
3. The first cook had been
Was Llewellyn Bean..
The next was John Brown,
Who wouldn't keep the camp clean
4. Their supplies in the winter
Was beans and cod fish,
And a roll of old butter.
That wouldn't stay in the dish.

5 The codfish and beans
Took the place of fresh meat;
And the butter was strong enough
To walk on the street.

6 Put a piece on the table
It would begin to walk round,
And it took a cord of rock maple
To hold the thing down.

7. The first to go out
Was Milton and Jack;
They made a big kick,
And they never came back.

8 The crew that was there
You could n't count 'em a song;
And one roll of spiced beef
Lasted all winter long.

9. Now we leave the old camp
All covered with straw,
When the squirrels do chitter
And the hedgehogs do grow.

10. The lice in the bunks
Do merrily crawl
And they'll welcome the P. O.'s
Who come back in the fall.

11 And now to conclude,
And to finish my song,
I'll bid a farewell
To poor little John.

12 If any jolly sportsman
Do come to explore,
They'll know Ferguson's camp
By the pork rind on the door.

Before the Toy Window

They stood before it, hand in hand
I sat in the cold, while the keen wind fanned
His pale cheek and her dark hair -
~~Two~~ Little waifs in the wintry air,
A tattered coat and a ragged dress
And hunger was full of wistfulness,
And a sigh in each heart that you might see
Two little Orbs, hand in hand,
Looking into the wonderland.

Looking into the wonderland, where
They saw a doll with flaxen hair
And eyes of blue that opened wide,
With a big, white, woolly dog at her side,
There were automobiles and a train of cars
There were wagons and horses and spangles
and stars,
There were trumpets and drums and birds
that flew,

And lions and tigers, and elephants, too,
That bowed their heads with a how-de-do!
And brownies and elfins as if fairies
Had planned

The wonderful things in this Wonderland.

The day was closing, it was time to leave;
The window was lighted, 'twas Christmas eve
And still they lingered, with look intent,
And forgot their home in the tenebrous,
Down on the East side, cheerless and cold,
In this wonderful scene of glitter and gold.
So they warmed their cold bitter finger-tips
With the breath of their chilled and blue
little lips,

That quivered and trembled as when on ice
night.

They looked on their mother, so still and so
white.

I'm a box that was long and was covered
black.

When they took her away and she never came
back.

But, instead, a strange woman took her
place.

Who was ugly and cross, with a scar on her face.
They forgot their home with its rough
stairs,

The cold, cheerless room, with its rickety chair
And a table so broken it could hardly
stand.
They saw only before them the wonderful

Outside, by the curb in her limousine
That shone like a jewel with polished
lata a lady of wealth with a face that was
fair.
But I noticed that traces of sadness were
And the shouts of the money makers seemed
drowned.

At the thought of the little wind-swept mound
Of a child far away, 'neath the whirling snow,
When her life went out in the long ago.

When suddenly she said in the window's glass
These two little waifs that were standing there.
And a strange new feeling tugged and stirred
At her heart string till it seemed she heard
As she sat in her sables and comfort ease,
These words, "Into one of the least of these,"
And before she knew it she had each little hand,
And she led them into the wonderland.

Then Oh! what a wonderful time they had—
This little maid and this little lad—
With this fairy godmother so rich and so grand
She bought trumpet and drum, she bought the
Whole band;
And the nice big doll, with its eyes of blue

And the elephant that howled with a howdy,
And a sled and some candies and
some other things, too.

Then with pockets that bulged and little hands
filled,

Somehow the heart-hunger that cried was still

And when she looked down on a little child
A wan little face looked up and smiled.

And somehow to her, when the presents were
given,

It seemed that each smile held a sweet bit
Heaven.

And that night when later she went to her bed.

Her sadness had vanished, there was peace there
instead.

As she thought of the little ten soldier gran
Held tight in a dirty, bare little hand

Oh! we baggards with pride and power and

who look for our happiness centered in self,
who follow it far through pleasure or pain,
And seek it in wealth, so often in vain—
We who are poor and hungry and blind
And give up in despair at last we may find
Like the prodigal son from a far-away land,
That happiness oft dwells quite close to our
hand:

That in hungry hearts and wishful eyes
To clear and relieve the pathway lies;

A pathway not flowered with dogmas and
Creeds.

'Tis a pathway of love and daily it leads
Through a world of suffering, a world of
needs.

In a wonderful way we can't understand
Till it seems as if heaven itself were
spanned.

Oh we thereaters for greed who struggle and then
On the alters of gain where our life-blood is
poured,

Who faint as we run, though still we pursue
The phantom of happiness - if only we knew
For brighter than glitter of bauble or gem
Is the scepter of king or his diadem
It may shine in the eyes of a friendless
Child.

From the wan little face that looked upward
And smiled.

It may cost but a doll with eyes that are blue
Or the elephant that bows with a bowdy do!
And here's wishing a Merry Christmas
to you.

And then - who knows? - we, too,

By and by,
"With our hearts a-hunger and
wishful eye"

May see far away on a golden strand
The Christ Child to greet us and take our old
hand

And leads us - into the Wonderland..

The Patch-work Quilt

The white dress she was married in,
The onyx ear-rings and the pin
Of coral, and the chain of gold,
The point lace kerchief, rare and old.
The robin's-egg-blue silk her breezy
Her satin slippers, tiny things!
Daguerreotype and cameo
Are treasured keep-sakes now, but

Of all the treasures I can boast
I love the patchwork quilt the most.
She pieced it in the long ago,
With patient stitches, fine and slow,
Each block devised of dark and light
Small diamond pieces, looking quite
Like piled-up boxes, or like stairs
To lead you upwards, unawares.

Even today I know so well

The little

story she would tell
About each piece: "That pink and white
Batiste was auntie's, and the bright
Red cashmere was a dress of mine
When I was only eight or nine
That piece was grandpa's dressing gown
My polonaise was that dark brown.

That little gingham bed was yours.

That white piece was your pinafore.
Your best sunbonnets were that blue,
A lovely cambric, ruffled too,
And stiffly starched: that turkey red
Your little aprons when your head
Scarcely reached my waist: this pink and
brown

Was your small Mother Hubbard gown.

That dark blue challie with the spray.

If yellow roses had a train,
And Watteau-plaits; this apple-green
~~My~~ ^{My} ~~ore~~ ^{ore} was; the brown satin
Was auntie's basque, and all the black
~~That~~ ^{That} forms the edges, and the back
Was grandma's gown of silk brocade.
She gave me when the quilt was made

I almost hear her voice once more.

And see the quaint old things ^{show}
The dolman, and the Paisley shawl,
Myself a child again, and all.
My childish faith and love surge up
To fill my worn heart's empty cup;
Of all the things she once possessed,
I love the patch-work quilt the best.

When the Kettle Starts to Sing
Oh, the culling winds may blow
From an icy, northern sky,
And the whirling flakes go by:
Through the snow-creeks' meath the tread
Let Boreas have his fling.
Zero holds for me no dread
When the kittle starts to sing.

Starts to sing upon the hearth,
(Where the good fire's glowing red)
Hissing with a steamy mirth
Till the lingering chill has fled.
Frost may lie upon the panes,
Warmth and him is comforting.
Comfort grows as daylight wanes
And the kettle started to sing.

Rocking chair before the stove,
Feet within the oven door,

Books enough - a treasure - trove -
Cat beside me on the floor
Purring like a house afire
Winds may "howl like anything!"
"What care I for winter dire?"
When the kettle starts to sing.

A bit of Fiction

One afternoon in berrytime he stepped aboard
his car.

His wife said "Where now, hubbie?" He replied,
"Not very far."

"In a return I'm going to call at every man's
adobe."

He had some raspberries to sell, some
eight quarts or more.

Three boxes all were filled up well just
picked the day before.

He wished his better half what he had
learned to do.

Then grasped the wheel, stepped on the
gas and down the road he flew.

He knew the Newcomb ladies of berries
were not shy.

And that Mrs. Bulmer also did not

have to buy.
He knew that Mrs. Randall had
raspberries to spare.
And he knew without inquiring
he could sell no berries there.

At Mrs. Lola Humphries' he found
nobody in
He thought she and Austin had gone
out for a spin;
And since he had new time to spare
And she had gone away.
He quickly decided he would call
some other day.

Away he went from Humphries
for better or for worse
He stopped his auto in the street
to call on Maudie, the nurse.

But when he went to ring the bell
he met a lady pale
Instead of being Maude, the nurse.
'Twas Mrs. Lew McPhail.

He stopped at Captain Crosley's that
day in late July
Knowing he had more berries than the
Captain wished to buy!
But he knew Jim had the money
and could buy them if he would
And the resolution seized him to sell
him all he could.

The Captain being not at home,
he showed them to his wife,
Who said, "They exall anything I've
seen in all my life,
Exapt a lot the Captain bought in

minate twenty-three.
And they were good enough for him
and ^{naice} enough for me.

He sold her all she wanted, and she
paid him on the spot.
She paid him silver money for the
berries which she bought;
With lifted cap he turned around and
bade her then good day.
And stepped aboard his auto and
quickly sped away.

He called on Mrs. Adams and there
he made a sale
Then on Mrs. Sullivan and Mrs. ^{Trut}
Mc Phail.

The last two mentioned ladies he
could not then supply

They had their leavies purchased,
that was the reason why.

For Vin & Gove's he sped away along
the dusty road
In twenty-seven seconds he stopped
at her adobe
Sold her all she wanted and she paid
him, then and there
And then he went across the bridge to
try his luck elsewhere.

On Mrs. Fremont Pottle he made a
hasty call
And at Mrs. Annie Hibbard's he
didn't stop at all.
The reason why he didn't, he had
called there once in vain
She said her fruit and jam would last

till berries came again.

At Captain Daniel Hibbard's he found
Mrs. Johnson there
He knew she was a Hibbard by
the color of her hair.
He sold her all she wanted, —
some twenty quarts or more
She said, "If I don't use them all
Bob will sell them in the store."

At Mrs. Vera Sherburne's he could not
make a trade,
Offering all inducements and
suggestions ever made.
He parleyed while he tarried
and when he turned to go,
He said, "You'd better buy some."
But she wisely answered, "No."

Down at the railroad station he called
on Agent Brown
Sold him all he wanted and he paid
him money down.

Now ye that he's a scholar and a
penman of renown
In whatever light you view him,
He's a credit to the Town.

He knew that Mr. Leighton for a while
had lived alone.

He also knew the shrewd old gent had
bushes of his own.

But he stopped his car out in the
street and passed him out a feed.

The old gent thanked him saying,
"You're a gentleman indeed."

He ran along the highway like a

squirrel on a rail

But very soon he stopped and
called on Mrs. Sam McPhail
At Mrs. Admiral Watson's he
made a hasty call
if they wished to make a purchase
he had berries for them all.

The next on Mrs. Justin Gove and
Mrs. Little too

I've forgotten just how many, but
he sold them all a few.

He called on other people, their
neighbors living near
if he stays in the business
he'll call there every year.

He still had berries in his car he
wanted to close out.

And hadn't motored very far before he
turned about.

For he thought of Parker Ricker
he had been ^{up} there once before.

Down the hill and around the Mill
then up to Ricker's door.

"I 've fifteen boxes left," he said, "I'd like
for you to buy."

The wife said, "I will buy them if the
price is not too high."

The trade was made, the money paid,
he bade her then, good day.

Then he circled around and homeward
he went his flying way.

In his hasty flight to Ricker's he
had when he passed the busy Mill
Whenever week in summer old

Farmer gathers swift
He forgot to call on Balkam and give
him less or more.
But he'll pay him with cucumbers
As he'd often done before.

In less than half an hour he has
reached his humble shack
He took away the berries but
brought the money back;
He pulled out twenty dollars
And passed them to his wife
She said, "That's the best day's
work you've done in all your
life."

"You've just been gone an hour," she
said, "your auto looks sublime
There's nothing equals power for
getting round on time!"

And her blue eyes beamed with
pleasure when he handed her
some more;
She said, "You are a treasure, you're
the lad that I adore."

1927

By A. B. Randell.

Perry
Maine.

Be True

Thou must be true to thyself,
If thou the truth wouldst teach
The soul must overflow, if thou
Another's soul wouldst reach,
It needs the overflowing heart
To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thought
Shall the world's famine feed;
Live truly, and each day of thee
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall
A great and noble deed.
H. B. OWEN