

Ann MacCullough

Ann MacCullough, sail away with me
We can join the others traveling overseas
The new world beckons, adventure awaits
This is our chance to get out of this place
There's a ship in the harbour, we must make haste
Sail away with me

Ann MacCullough, will you marry me?
We can send for your mother and your family
I could work the shipyards in Calais, Maine
Or at Bartlett's Mills, to me it's all the same
I'll take good care of you if you'll just take my name
Sail away with me

My love for you knows no bounds
And there's nothing for us in this old Irish town
So let's move to New Brunswick and settle down

Ann MacCullough, sail away with me
Cross the ocean together, meet our destiny
The new world beckons, adventure awaits
This is our big chance to get out of this place
There's a ship in the harbour, we must make haste
Sail away with me

Ann's Letter

My dearest Mother, I just read your letter
With all the news from away
It made me miss you and likewise dear Father
And even young brother James
It's been 16 years since I first arrived here
To start a new life of my own
John's a kind husband, he's good with the children
And worked hard to build us this home

I can't say it's easy, we're always so busy
There's so much work to be done
There's corn to be husked and wood to be chopped
And piled up before winter comes
John's got a bad shoulder from years hauling lumber
Some days he can't stand the pain
But that's never stopped him from going out and helping
Whenever there's a barn to be raised

I like to go wander down by the river
And watch all the ships sailing by
It helps me remember back home in Antrim
Sometimes it makes me want to cry
I can still recall the day when I first sailed away
And all those words that were said
But I knew in my heart it was time to depart
So I'll never regret what I did

We've now seven children, they help tend the garden
We named our first son after James
Sarah's now 14, the lads have been courting
Like John did when I was that age
And so dearest Mother I thank you for your letter
I'm glad that you're doing alright
And that you still love me though you'll never forgive me
You're still in my prayers every night

The Charlotte County Fall Fair

Are you going to the county fall fair?
Ain't no tellin' what (*who*) you're gonna see (*meet*) there
It's the biggest show this time of year
The charlotte county fall fair

Let's head on down to Todd's Point Road
There's lots of goods there being sold
With rugs and quilts there on display
And games for kids to play
There's livestock on the auction block
Just listen to old Harold talk
One thing I can't wait to see
Is the horse back race at three

Mrs. Simpson's famous fixin's
Are something you should not be missin'
Her jams and spreads and fresh baked breads
Are the best you've ever had
I'll tell you something James MacFarlane
I know you're sweet on Miss MacLellan
I heard she's baking berry pies
And I bet she'll take first prize

If you can grow it they will show it
Some come and bring your biggest turnip
My favourite contest of them all
Is who makes the best moose calls
They end it all with a big square dance
One last chance to make romance
If you don't go well there's no tellin'
Who will dance with Miss MacLellan

The Maxwell Crossing Bridge

'Twas a warm summer's evening
The sun was sinking low
Young Joseph fetched the carriage
And I knew where we would go
There's an old covered bridge
On Maxwell Crossing Road
That offers couples darkness
When they want to be alone

Joe strapped on my harness
And hitched me to the cart
We left to pick up Nancy
Down at the Bartlett farm
We rode for half an hour
Out towards old ridge
Kept going 'til we came upon
The Maxwell Crossing Bridge

Joseph slowed me down
As we entered the abyss
And stopped inside that covered bridge
For them to steal a kiss

Then after a few minutes
He pulled upon my reigns
Giving me the signal
To take us on our way
And as we left he asked her
When they could meet again
"At church on Sunday morning
The service is at ten"

And so on Sunday morning
They hitched me up again
The whole family in the carriage
To get to church by ten
We headed past the Bartlett farm
And out towards old ridge
Kept going 'til we came upon
The Maxwell Crossing Bridge

I'm an old mare now
Sometimes I get confused
And don't think about my actions
Just what I'm trained to do

By habit I slowed down
As we entered the abyss
And stopped inside that covered bridge
For them to steal a kiss
Joe's family was bewildered
Why I halted like I did
'Til Joseph started blushing
And his father turned beet red

So now when Joseph's courting
His father tags along
As we go to pick up Jane
Down at the Peacock farm
With his father as a chaperone
We ride out past old ridge
But turn back when we come upon
The Maxwell Crossing Bridge

Hallelujah (*Katherine Wheatley*)

He'll be whistling while he works
He'll be whistling while he works
He'll be whistling, he'll be whistling
Whistling while he works

She'll be tending their garden green
She'll be tending their garden green
She'll be tending, she'll be tending
Tending their garden green

Hallelujah!

She'll be holding their little lamb
She'll be holding their little lamb
She'll be holding, she'll be holding
Holding their little lamb

He'll be singing lullabies
He'll be singing lullabies
He'll be singing, he'll be singing
Singing lullabies

Hallelujah!

She'll be making sugar pie
She'll be making sugar pie
She'll be making, she'll be making
Making him a sugar pie

He'll be kissing her each night
He'll be kissing her each night
He'll be kissing, he'll be kissing
Kissing her each night

Hallelujah! (x2)

Inchcailloch

Grandpa was a quiet man
He worked hard with his hands
And spent hours tucked away inside his shed
He made swords for us to play
And a crokinole game
But the most amazing thing he ever did
Was a red cedar sign
With two words inscribed
“Loch Sloy” – I wondered what it meant
He hung it on the barn
Of our old family farm
Saying ‘tis something you must never forget

Be proud of where you came
Live by your family name
Our roots run deep from shore to shore
From the hills of the highlands
To our home in the Maritimes
The MacFarlanes will live forever more

Grandpa liked to read
He’d save articles he’d seen
Telling stories how life was way back when
He gave me a poem
About where we came from
And our struggles back in the mother land

I took that old poem
And turned it into song
I'd sing of centuries gone by
Of the battles we had
And the gathering of the clan
Along the rugged banks of Loch Sloy

And now here I am
On this isle in Loch Lomond
In a graveyard of ancient tombstones
In amongst the ruins
The legends ring true
For here lie my ancestors' bones

I remember the year
I first flew over here
And the feelings that it stirred inside of me
I bought Grandpa a plaque
Of our old MacFarlane crest
He hung it up for everyone to see
And when he passed away
My dad gave it back to me
I nailed it to the hall inside my home
And the words inscribed within
"This I'll defend"
Will remain with me my whole life long

Dad's Accordion

Dad got an accordion when he left home
A shiny black Hohner all covered in chrome
He joined the armed forces, his case in his hand
They asked him to join their band
He played it at dances on Saturday nights
Up on the stage under the lights
The Beer Barrel Polka and Lady of Spain
They'd play every song you could name

He could play it sad he could play it sweet
Make them clap their hands and tap your feet
They'd sing and dance and have so much fun
With Dad's accordion

Twenty years later I'm only 12
It's there in closet on the top shelf
I wiped off the dust and I opened the case
Oh to see the grin on my face
I slipped on the straps and I fingered the keys
Opened the bellows, pushed air through the reeds
And when I heard those opening chords
I got goosebumps I've not felt before

I would play it sad and play it sweet
Make them clap their hands and tap your feet
Sing and dance and have so much fun
With Dad's accordion

This was my calling, this was my muse
To make beautiful music like Dad used to do
Something inside of me changed that day
I knew I was born to play

Dad took me to practices three times a week
Playing all kinds of music with all kinds of beats
I listened to songs on the radio
There was so much I needed to know
Day after day my obsession grew
I bought a guitar and harmonicas too
I wanted to write I wanted to play
Just like Dad did back in the day

Now forty years have come and gone
A lifetime devoted to music and song
Spreading the joy that was passed onto me
Through my musical family tree

The other night I'm back home with Dad
Reliving old days and the good times we had
I bring out my guitar and before too long
The accordion's back in his arms
It felt so good to hear it again
That sound that inspired me way back when
The Beer Barrel Polka and Lady of Spain
We played every song we could name

We played them sad we played them sweet
We clapped our hands and tapped our feet
A musical night with father and son
And Dad's accordion

We played them sad we played them sweet
We clapped our hands and tapped our feet
A musical gift passed from Father to Son
Through Dad's accordion

The "A" That Got Away

Once upon a time, in Scotland long ago
The MacFarlanes would strike fear everywhere we'd go
We were cattle rustlers, infamous as thieves
But now we've been robbed, there's no "A" before our "C"

There's an A that got away
There's an A that got away
I don't know where it went
But it sure ain't here today

I went to the police to report my missing vowel
They handed me a form asking for my name in full
I told them that's the problem, I know my name is Glenn
But after that I don't know what to put after my M

My dad was born a "Mic" but they all called him "Mac"
Nobody ever bothered to worry about that
They thought it a good nickname that it fit him to a "T"
Guess no one ever noticed there's no "A" there with his "C"

My dad grew up with cousins right across the street
With our original name spelling, our prefix was complete
And so he asked his father why he cut it like he did
"There's too many letters" were the only words he said

Now in this computer age they're messing with my mic
For now my name appears without a superscript
As if that weren't enough I've an even bigger mess
For my email at work won't capitalize my "F"

There's an "A" that got away (repeat)
It must have gone astray
That "A" that got away
I don't know where it went
But it sure ain't here today

Bringing It All Back Home

There's a duotang stored in my dresser drawer
My grandfather gave me in eighty four
With places and names of the people who came
Since we first set foot on this shore

And the stories within of life way back when
Have Bayside's history inscribed
How it all began from beginning to end
A book full of family pride

I'm bringing it all back home
I'm bringing it all back home
Our lives and our stories played out in song
I'm bringing it all back home

Between the St. Croix River and Chamcook Lake
Our family farm has always remained
Since Ann married John and had their first son
To carry the family name

And with each passing of each generation
Our family legacy thrives
Just like this old farm standing firm on the ground
It's such a strong part of our lives

I'm bringing it all back home
I'm bringing it all back home
Our lives and our stories played out in song
I'm bringing it all back home

There's a plaque down yonder overlooking the river
Four hundred years since Champlain spent the winter
Makes me reflect on our time in New Brunswick
I wish we could stay here forever

While I've moved away our history remains
To Bayside we'll always be tied
Six generations of McFarlane tradition
Fills me with family pride

I'm bringing it all back home, I'm bringing it all back home
Our lives and our stories played out in song
(2nd time: it's where we come from, it's where we belong)
I'm bringing it all back home