

# Munroe

by Don Miller

I am enclosing a song called "Monroe." This is a very old song about a murder that occurred in Cape Breton and a bit different from the usual line of murders. I got it from a tape copy that I have in my collection of Gordon Kendall who lives here in Yarmouth but was originally from Newfoundland. I can't give you any information on the location or any other news regarding the song. I have never seen it in any folk song collection. Another Newfoundlander, John Park who also lives in Yarmouth was helping me with this song as he used to sing it when he was a boy but had forgotten the words to it.

## MONROE

Ye men of Cape Breton I'll have you to hear  
These strange stories where the lands have not changed  
Among them in number was Daniel Monroe  
And over the ocean he was forced to go.

He had boys, his two sons with their uncle to stay  
Cause the price of their passage he could not well pay  
Cause the price of their passage he knew it was dear  
For his two boys, his sons for to stay with them there.

The boys got uneasy and troubled in mind  
Cause the thoughts of their father ran strong in their minds  
They shipped themselves over the ocean to go  
In hope they would find their father again

Going up a little farther till they came to a grove  
And those green woods and bushes they all seemed to  
move  
Two highway robbers were lost in the woods  
And pointing their pistols where the two brothers stood.

They fired a bullet into each brother's breast  
Then they ran through the bushes like raging wild beasts  
They searched for their money and stripped off their  
clothes  
And when they found none they gave them cruel blows.

Then one of the youths had opened his eyes  
Then one of those youths these words he replied  
You hard hearted villians, you blood thirsty hounds  
And why did you kill us before we have found.

We're in search of our father he's the one we love dear  
Cause we have not seen him for seven long years  
He left us in Scotland, twelve months ago  
Perhaps you might know him, his name is Monroe.

Who is that young fellow lying dead by your side  
Who is that young fellow their father replied  
That's my youngest brother, I'm your oldest son  
It wouldn't have been so bad if it was only the one.

Their father looked on them with tears in his eyes  
Their father looked on them with wonder and surprise  
He cursed himself over for the crime he had done  
He cursed his right arm for shooting his son.

Don't tell our dear mother if we two don't live  
We are a-dying and she's not to grieve  
Don't tell our dear mother if we two don't live  
We are a-dying and she's not to grieve

While looking for the words to "Monroe" in some of my folk song folios, I found two others, although I'm not enclosing them as I thought perhaps you may have the book where I found these titles, "Folk songs from Southern New Brunswick" by Helen Creighton. The two songs are "Monro's Confession" which took place in Saint John, N.B. in 1868 and the other "Peter Wheeler." A murder that took place in Nova Scotia around the Bear River area in 1895. Peter Wheeler was hanged for murder at Digby, N.S. in Sept. 1896.