

*"The
Barley
Grain
For
Me"*

*and other traditional songs
found in Canada, sung by*

**MARGARET
CHRISTL**

and

**IAN
ROBB**

with

Grit Laskin



FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS, INC.

SHARON, CONNECTICUT



"The Barley Grain For Me"**MARGARET CHRISTL and IAN ROBB**with **Grit Laskin***Recorded by Sandy Paton*

For us, Margaret Christl and Ian Robb were the most exciting new talents to be heard at Fox Hollow, 1975. We were working (as usual) at our booth when we heard their voices and we all went rushing to the edge of the hollow to see who was singing. Edith Fowke, the noted Canadian folksong collector and our long-time friend, was standing there. "I told you that you ought to hear them," she reminded us, with a smile of satisfaction and national pride. Edith was right; they were absolutely smashing! We arranged to meet them and immediately invited them to record a collection of their favorite Canadian songs for us. This record is the result.

Actually, one should distinguish between "Canadian songs" and "songs found in Canada". Most of the songs on this album are versions of British songs that have been collected in Canada. A few may be American songs that have found their way into the Canadian folk tradition. The most important thing is that they are all truly fine songs, songs many of Folk-Legacy's friends will want to learn as soon as they hear them. That was exactly our own reaction as we recorded them.

Margaret and Ian were both raised in England and now reside in Canada, she in Toronto and he near Ottawa. Utilizing several excellent published sources, they have made a study of the songs of their new home and are now the most outstanding exponents of the Canadian tradition we have heard. Their strong voices and superb harmonies give promise of a new and highly gratifying direction in the Canadian folksong revival. They are joined on this recording by Grit Laskin of Toronto, instrumentalist, maker of fine guitars, and an excellent singer in his own right.

I've given the matter a great deal of thought and have concluded that, reluctant as I might be to pass by other good records, if my budget permitted the purchase of only one album of folksongs this year, "The Barley Grain for Me" would be my choice. To all of Folk-Legacy's friends, I can offer no stronger recommendation.

Sandy Paton
June, 1976

Side 1

CAMPBELL, THE DROVER — 4:20
HARD TIMES — 4:15
SAVE YOUR MONEY WHILE YOU'RE YOUNG — 2:22
THE CROCKERY WARE — 3:00
OH, NO, NOT I — 4:03
GREEN BUSHES — 3:40
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Side 2

JACK, THE COW BOY — 3:04
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THE BANKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND — 4:40
THE TEN DOLLAR BILL — 2:28
BY THE HUSH — 3:14

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Sharon, Connecticut 06069

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FSC - 62



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THE



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FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS, INC.

MADE IN THE U.S.A.

ABOUT THE ARTISTS

Ian and Margaret rarely get the opportunity to sing together, circumstances being what they are, which makes this joint record all the more welcome.

Margaret manages to marry the arduous twin jobs of wife-and-mother and professional singer, ranging abroad from her home in Toronto to perform at clubs and festivals all over southern Ontario and the northeastern United States. She and her husband, Rudi, a talented photographer who contributed the cover photograph for this album, have two sons.

Ian is an adept in the mysteries of the electron microscope in Ottawa, but can be frequently enticed away from his microsections and Canada's lovely federal capitol to play concertina and sing with the Friends of Fiddler's Green, that bunch of zanies who gather at Fiddler's Green Folk Club in Toronto.

Ian and Margaret both came to Canada from Britain, where they were already singers of considerable experience and ability. Ian was, for a couple of years, a resident singer at the Goat Folk Club in St. Albans, developing a repertoire and style in the company of such British folk notables as Frankie Armstrong and Brian Pearson as a part of a workshop programme modeled on MacColl's Critic's Group. Margaret only came to traditional song since her arrival in Canada. Until then, she was culling valuable lessons in Welsh choirs and Eisteddfod competitions, all the while developing the technique and powerful delivery which she has brought to the singing of traditional material, to the approval of the folk community on both sides of the Atlantic.

Neither submerge their individual styles or attitudes to affect a group identity, but when they perform together, as on this record, it works, and works well. Their decision to include Grit Laskin is particularly happy. Grit is as sure-fingered and sensitive an accompanist as you could hope to find, and a grand singer and songwriter in his own right. They are not a group, neither by twos nor threes (although Ian and Grit are the instrumental mainstays of the Friends of Fiddler's Green), but three capable musicians come together in the all too unusual enterprise of recording a few selections from Canada's vast, but relatively unknown hoard of folk song.

Jim Strickland

INTRODUCTION

The bibliography at the end of this booklet covers a good part of the wealth of collected and published material that is available to the prospective singer of Canadian songs. The likes of Helen Creighton, Edith Fowke, MacEdward Leach and Ken Peacock have supplied all the resources needed to spark a revival of traditional song in Canada, and yet followers of traditional music in English-speaking Canada seem more "turned on" to British and American songs, presumably because of the revivals that have occurred in those countries. It is this understandable but unfortunate state of affairs which prompted us to make a record of Canadian songs.

Both of us are of British origin, and our stylistic influences stem from the British folk music revival, rather than directly from traditional singers. Because of this, the songs on this record are probably not sung as our sources would prefer them to be sung, but we make no apologies for this, as we feel the difference in styles should not in any way detract from the effectiveness of the songs, most of which are of British or Irish origin anyway. However, for the singer who craves the stylistic influence of Canadian traditional singers we include a discography which should prove helpful.

Finally, perhaps we should explain the near-absence of "native" Canadian songs on this record. While we have made no conscious effort to avoid these songs, the familiar (to us) patterns and situations described in old country imported songs seem to have had a greater appeal. Our own unconscious whims should not, however, be taken as any kind of judgement; there are many fine "native" songs in the various collections, and these do not deserve to be neglected.

Our thanks to:

— Edith Fowke, Barry O'Neill and Bram Morrison for their help in finding songs for this record.

— Shelley Posen for permission to record "The Ten Dollar Bill," as yet unpublished.

— Tam and Margot Kearney, Jim Strickland, and all our friends at the Fiddler's Green club in Toronto, for their hard work and dedication in promoting traditional music in the Toronto area.

Ian and Margaret

THE SONGS

SIDE 1, BAND 1. CAMPBELL, THE DROVER

Source: Mr. Angelo Dornan, of Elgin, New Brunswick.

Collected by Helen Creighton

The story line of this song is reminiscent of a bar-room trick still practiced today, in which the unsuspecting victim is left with both hands palm-down on the table, with a glass of beer on the back of each. This is the kind of song that hardly needs a good tune, but has one anyway.

*The first day of April I'll never forget,
Three English lassies together they met.
They mounted their horses and swore solemnly
That they would play a trick on the first man they see.
And sing fol the rol daddy,
Fol the rol daddy,
Fol the rol daddy,
Sing fol the rol day.*

*Oh, Campbell, the drover, went riding one day
And soon he encountered those lassies so gay.
They reined in their horses and he did the same,
And in close conversation together they came.*

*They asked him to show them the way to the inn,
And would he drink whiskey or would he drink gin?
Then Campbell made answer and said with a smile,
"Sure, I long for to taste the strong ale of Carlisle."*

*They called in the servants and started a dance;
They ordered the landlord to spare no expense.
They danced the next morning 'til 'twixt eight and nine
And they called for their breakfast and afterwards wine.*

*They mounted their horses; alas and alack,
It dawned on the landlord they weren't coming back.
He said, "My dear Irishman, I am afraid
That those three English jokers a trick on you played."*

*"Never mind," says old Campbell, "If they've gone away,
I've plenty of money the reckoning to pay.
Just sit down beside me and, before that I go,
I'll teach you a trick that perhaps you don't know."*

*"I'll teach you a trick that's contrary to law:
Two kinds of whiskey from one cask to draw."
The landlord, being eager to learn of the plan,
Straightway to the cellar with Paddy he ran.*

*He soon bored a hole in a very short space,
And he bade the landlord stick his thumb on the place.
He then bored another, "Place your other thumb there,
While I for a tumbler must run up the stairs."*

*When Campbell was mounted and well out of sight,
The hostler came in in a terrible fright.
He hunted the house, high up and low down;
Half dead in the cellar his master he found.*

*"Go and find that bold Irishman," loudly he cried.
"I fear he has vanished," the hostler replied.
He said, "My dear landlord, I am afraid
That Campbell, the drover, a trick on you played."*

SIDE 1, BAND 2. HARD TIMES

*Source: Gordon Willis, St. John's, Newfoundland (melody and part
of first verse); Ned Rice, Cape Broyle, Newfoundland (the
rest of the text).
Collected by Kenneth Peacock.*

*This song maintained its popularity throughout the years
of the depression, for very obvious reasons. Although similar
songs have been found in the United States, the first five verses
make this version, at least for me, very Canadian. It's fine
melody, combined with a text of biting sarcasm, describes, all
too well, the average day in the life of a Newfoundland fisherman.*

*Come all you good people and listen to me song,
It's about the poor people, how they're getting along.
They fish in the Spring, finish up in the Fall,
And when it's all over they've nothing at all.
And it's hard, hard times.*

*Go out in the morning, the wind it will sing;
It's over the side you will hear the line ring.
Out flow the jigger and freeze with the cold,
And as to for starting, all gone in the hole.
And it's hard, hard times.*

Poor fishermen, we've been out all the day,
Come in in the evening, full sail up the bay,
And there's Kate, in the corner with a wink and a nod,
Saying, "Jimmy and Johnny, have you got any cod?"
And it's hard, hard times.

When you've got some split and hung out for to dry,
'Twill take all your time to brush off the flies.
To keep off the maggots, 'tis more than you'll do,
And the sun will come out and they're all split in two.
And it's hard, hard times.

And then comes the merchant to see your supply;
The fine side of fishing we'll see, bye and bye.
Seven dollars for large and six-fifty for small;
Pick up your West Indie, for you've nothing at all.
And it's hard, hard times.

The baker has loaves that get smaller each week;
He's as bad as your butcher who cuts up your meat.
They scales they fly up and the weights they whack down,
And he sings out "It's weight!" when it's short an half pound.
And it's hard, hard times.

Then next comes the carpenter to build you a house;
He claims it's so snug you will scarce find a mouse.
With holes in the roof where the rain it will pour,
And smoke in the chimney, and it's "Open the door!"
And it's hard, hard times.

The parson will tell you he'll save your poor soul;
If you stick to his books, you'll stay off of the dole.
He'll give you his blessing, or maybe a curse,
Put his hand in your pocket, walk off with your purse.
And it's hard, hard times.

Then next comes the doctor, the worst of them all,
Saying, "What's been the matter with you all this Fall?"
He claims he will cure you of all your disease;
When your money he's got, you can die, if you please.
And it's hard, hard times.

The best thing to do is to work with a will;
For when it's all over, you're hauled on the hill.
You're hauled on the hill and laid out in the cold,
And when it's all over, you're still in the hole.
And it's hard, hard times.

SIDE 1, BAND 3. SAVE YOUR MONEY WHILE YOU'RE YOUNG

Source: Mr. Jim Doherty, Peterborough, Ontario.
Collected by Edith Fowke

This song flourished wherever the shantyboy worked, though it is unlikely that its advice was ever followed. I first heard it sung by Barry O'Neill, who must take credit (or blame) for interesting me in Ontario songs.

*Come all you jolly good fellows, I'll sing to you a song.
It's all about them shantyboys and it won't take me long.
For it's now that I regret the day, while I'm working out
in the cold.*

*Save your money while you're young, me boys; you'll need
it when you're old.*

*For once I was a shantyboy, now wasn't I a lad?
And the way I spent me money, wasn't it too bad?
But it's now that I regret the day, while I'm working out
in the cold.*

*Save your money while you're young, me boys; you'll need
it when you're old.*

*And if you are a married man, I'll tell you what to do:
Just be good to your wife and family, as you have sworn
to do.*

*Stay away from all grog shops where liquor is bought and
sold.*

*Save your money while you're young, me boys; you'll need
it when you're old.*

*And if you are a single man, I'll tell you what to do:
Just find yourself some pretty young girl that to you will
prove true.*

*Just find yourself some pretty young girl that is not
over-bold,*

*That will stick to you through life and be a comfort when
you're old.*

(repeat second verse)

SIDE 1, BAND 4. THE CROCKERY WARE

Source: Mr. Everett Bennett, St. Paul's, Newfoundland.
Collected by Kenneth Peacock.

The story-line of a young girl outwitting a man whose intentions appear to be somewhat shady is not uncommon. This song seems to have travelled well (there are several Canadian

variants). A good tune, and a chorus, to boot!

In Bristol did a merchant dwell,
He courted a girl, and he loved her well.
And all he craved, in his delight,
It was to lay with her one night.
 To me rye whack fol the diddle I gee oh,
 To me rye whack fol the diddle I gee oh.

As this young maid on her bed she lay,
A-thinking on the tricks on him she'd play;
And in his way she put a chair,
And on the chair placed crockery ware.

As this young man come in the dark,
A-thinking to find his own sweetheart,
He hit his toe against a chair,
Upsetting all of the crockery ware.

The old woman ran downstairs in a fright,
And there she called for a light.
She said, "You villain, what brought you here,
A-breaking all of the crockery ware?"

He said, "Old woman, don't look so cross.
I missed my way, and I fear I'm lost.
I missed my way, I do declare;
I broke me shin on your crockery ware."

As this young maid on her bed she lay,
A-laughing at the tricks on him she'd played,
She said, "Young man, don't look so queer,
And pay me mother for the crockery ware!"

The police were sent for right away
And, sure enough, I had to pay
A dollar for a broken chair,
And one pound ten for her crockery ware.

So, come all you rakes and rambling sports
That goes a-courting in the dark,
Don't hit your toe against a chair,
Or else you'll suffer for your crockery ware.

SIDE 1, BAND 5. OH, NO, NOT I

Source: Mr. Everett Bennett, St. Paul's, Newfoundland.
Collected by Kenneth Peacock.

Peacock believes this song to be of English origin, but

is not aware of other variants. The only thing familiar to me is part of the fifth verse, which seems to have been adapted from the "A-begging I Will Go" family of songs, very popular in England and Scotland:

.... "For when a beggar's tired
He can sit him down and rest,
And a-begging I will go, will go,
A-begging I will go."

*A Newfoundland sailor was walking by the strand;
He spied a pretty fair young maid, and took her by the hand.
"Oh, will you go to Newfoundland, along with me?" he cried.
But the answer that she gave to him was, "Oh, no, not I."*

*"To think that I would marry you, on me 'twould lay the blame.
Your friends and relations would scorn me to shame.
If you was born of noble blood and me of a low degree,
Do you think that I would marry you? It's, oh, no, not me."*

*Then six months being over and seven coming nigh,
This pretty fair young maid she began to look so shy.
Her corsets would not touch and her apron wouldn't tie.
Made her think on all the times she said, "Oh, no, not I."*

*Then eight months being over and nine coming on,
This pretty fair young maiden she brought forth a son.
She wrote a letter to her love, to come most speedily,
But the answer that he gave to her was, "Oh, no, not me."*

*He said, "My pretty fair maid, the best thing you can do
Is take your babe all on your back and a-begging you may go.
And when that you get tired, you can sit you down and cry,
And think on all the times you said, "Oh, no, not I."*

*So, come all you pretty fair maids, a warning take by me:
Don't ever put your trust in a green willow tree,
For the leaves they will wither and the roots they will die.
Don't you see what you can come to by saying, "Oh, no, not I."*

SIDE 1, BAND 6. GREEN BUSHES

*Source: Mr. Richard Hartlan, South East Passage, Nova Scotia.
Collected by Helen Creighton.*

Helen Creighton says this is "an Irish song sung freely throughout England." Although it's a fairly common theme of unrequited love, the melody is rather haunting.

All early, all early, all into the Spring,
You hear the birds whistle and nightingales sing.
I spied a fair damsel and sweetly sang she,
Down by some green bushes, or chance to meet me.

"Oh, it's where are you going, my pretty fair maid?"
"I'm in search of my true love, kind sir," and she said;
"But if you will go with me, and we can agree,
I'll leave my own Jimmy and follow with thee."

"I will buy you rich dresses, fine silks and fine gowns;
I will buy you rich dresses, all flounced to the ground.
I will buy you rich dresses, all flounced to the knee,
If you'll leave your own Jimmy and follow with me."

"I don't want your fine jewels, fine silks or fine house.
Do you think I'm so foolish as to marry for clothes?
But if you will go with me, and we can agree,
I will leave my own Jimmy and follow with thee."

"It is time to be leaving, young man, if you please;
It is time to be leaving from under these trees.
But my true love is coming in yonder, I see,
A-whispering and singing, all joys to meet me."

And when he got there and he found she was gone,
He looked like a lamb and he cried out forlorn,
"She is gone and she's left me; forsaken I'll be.
Here's adieu to green bushes where'er you be."

SIDE 1, BAND 7. THE BARLEY GRAIN FOR ME

Source: Mr. O. J. Abbott, Hull, Quebec.
Collected by Edith Fowke.

John Barleycorn's death and rebirth is described here in rather more detail than in some versions. This apparently Irish variant is one of very few collected in North America.

Oh, three men went to Deroughata
To sell three loads of rye;
They shouted up and they shouted down:
The barley grain should die.
And it's tirey igery ary ann,
Tirey igery ee,
Tirey igery ary ann,
The barley grain for me.

And the winter it being over
And the summer coming on,
Sure the barley grain shot forth his head
With a beard like any man.

Then the reaper come with a sharp hook;
He made me no reply.
He caught me by the whiskers
And he cut me above the thigh.

Then the binder come with her neat thumb
And she bound me all around;
And then they hired a handy man
To stand me on the ground.

Then the pitcher come with a steel fork
And he pierced it through me heart,
And like a rogue or a highwayman
They bound me on the cart.

Then they took me to the barn
And they spread me out on the floor;
They left me there for a space of time
And me beard grew through the door.

Then the thresher come with a big flail;
He swore he'd break me bones.
But the miller he used me worse,
He ground me between two stones.

Then they took me out of that
And they threw me into a well.
They left me there for a space of time
And me belly began to swell.

Then they sold me to the brewer
And he brewed me on the pan;
But when I got into the jug,
I was the strongest man.

Then they drank me in the kitchen
And they drank me in the hall.
But the drunkard he used me worse,
He lashed me against the wall.

SIDE 2, BAND 1. JACK, THE COW ROY

Source: Mr. Peter Letto, Lance au Clair, Labrador.
Collected by MacEdward Leach.

The story of a thief outwitted (also known as "The Yorkshire Bite" or "Well Sold the Cow") is always very popular with audiences, and this song exists in a multitude of variants in Britain and North America. Child ballad #283, "The Crafty Farmer," describes essentially the same story and may represent the ancestor of many of the other variants. This Labrador text appealed to me because of its relative compactness — and the tune is very singable.

*There was a rich farmer in Yorkshire did dwell,
Had Jack for a servant, and that you know well.
The cows being gathered, he had one to spare.
Said, "Johnny, my boy, you must go to the fair."
And sing fal de da day.*

*Well, in through the glaire and out through the glen,
Jack led the cow on with a rope in his hand.
On his way there, he met up with three men,
And he sold them the cow for sixteen pound ten.
And sing fal de da day.*

*When come to an old woman, he to her did say,
"Oh, where shall I put all me money away?"
"Into your coat lining," to him she did say,
"For fear on the road some robber may be."
And sing fal de da day.*

*Well, on his way home he came to a dark lane,
And out jumps a robber, I'll tell you in plain.
"Deliver your money without any strife,
Or with this flat sword I'll take your sweet life."
And sing fal de da day.*

*Ripped open the lining, the money fell out;
All in the tall grass it scattered about.
While the robber was picking it up in his purse,
Jack made no delay, but jumped on his horse.
And sing fal de da day.*

*He yelled out, he bawled out, he bade Jack to stay,
But Jack made no answer and rode on his way.
Straight home to his master's own house he did go
With a bridle and saddle instead of a cow.
And sing fal de da day.*

*His master come out all in a great fuss.
Says, "Johnny, me boy, me cow's turned to a horse!"
"Oh, master, oh, master, your cow I have sold,
And I have been robbed of your diamonds and gold!"
And sing fal de da day.*

Ripped open the saddle and there to behold:
Five thousand pounds of silver and gold,
Besides two brass pistols, and the farmer did vow,
Said, "Johnny, me boy, you have well sold the cow!"
And sing fal de da day.

"And now, for your brave and your honourable day,
Half of this money will come to your pay,
Besides my own daughter to be your sweet wife,
And you shall have her all the days of your life."
And sing fal de da day.

SIDE 2, BAND 2. THE WEAVER

Source: Mr. O. J. Abbott, Hull, Quebec.
Collected by Edith Fowke.

Edith Fowke has recently published *The Penguin Book of Canadian Folk Songs*, and it is from that book that I learned "Willie Drowned in Ero" and "The Weaver." People, years ago, had a great knack for writing smashing songs on very 'every-day' subjects.

As I roved out one moonlit night,
The stars were shining and all things bright.
I spied a pretty maid by the light of the moon,
And under her apron she carried a loom.
To me right whack fol the diddle di do day,
Right whack fol the diddle di do day,
Too ra loo ra loo ra lay,
To me right whack fol the diddle di do day.

Says she, "Young man, what trade do you bear?"
Says I, "I'm a weaver, I do declare.
I am a weaver, brisk and free."
"Would you weave upon my loom, kind sir?" said she.

There was Nancy Wright and Nancy Wrill;
For them I wove the Diamond Twill.
Nancy Blue and Nancy Brown;
For them I wove the Rose and the Crown.

So I laid her down upon the grass,
Braced her loom both tight and fast.
For to finish it off with a joke,
I topped it off with a double stroke.

SIDE 2, BAND 3. THE FOGGY DEW

Source: Mr. Everett Bennett, St. Paul's, Newfoundland.
Collected by Kenneth Peacock.

Beautiful melodies seem to be the hallmark of this song wherever it is found, and Mr. Bennett's mixolydian air is no exception. His text has the last two verses interchanged, but I feel the reflective nature of his fourth verse makes a natural ending to the song, so I have switched them back to the order found in most British variants.

When I was young, just twenty-one,
I followed a roving trade,
And all the harm that ever I done
Was court a fair young maid.
I courted her one summer season
And part of the winter, too,
And I oft times wished her in me arms,
Out of the foggy dew.

One night, as I lay on me bed,
She came to my bedside.
The tears rolled down her rosy cheeks,
Most bitterly she cried,
A-wringing her hands and a-tearing her hair,
Crying, "Oh, what shall I do?"
"Pull off your clothes, jump in the bed,
Out of the foggy dew."

Oh, all the first part of that night,
How we did sport and play.
And all the second part of that night,
She in me arms did lay.
Until the daylight did appear,
Crying, "Oh, what shall I do?"
"Arise, fair maid, don't be afraid,
For gone is the foggy dew."

"Supposing we should have a child,
It would cause us both to smile.
Supposing we should have another,
'Twould make us think awhile.
And supposing we should have another,
And another one or two;
We'd both give up, to sow no more,
And think on the foggy dew."

*I took this girl, I married her;
I thought I'd done my part.
She proved to me a virtuous wife
And I loved her to my heart.
Oh, I never told her of any of her faults,
Nor I never intend to,
But every time she laughs or smiles,
Makes me think on the foggy dew.*

SIDE 2, BAND 4. WILLIE DROWNED IN ERO

*Source: Mrs. Eva Bigrow, Calumet, Quebec.
Collected by Edith Fowke.*

Ballads that people can "join in with" have always appealed to me, and here's a great one, if ever there was one.

*My Willie is brave, my Willie is tall,
My Willie is one that is bonny.
He promised me he'd marry me,
If ever he'd marry any.
If ever he'd marry any,
He promised me he'd marry me,
If ever he'd marry any.*

Similarly:

*My Willie is to them huntings gone;
I fear he's gone to tarry.
He sent a letter back again,
Saying he was too young to marry.*

*Last night I dreamed a dreadful dream;
I fear it will bring sorrow.
I dreamed I was reaping the heather so green
Down by the banks of Ero.*

*Well, I will read your dream to you;
I'll read it with grief and sorrow,
That before tomorrow night you'll hear
Of your Willie being drowned in Ero.*

*I sought him east, I sought him west,
I sought him through a valley.
And underneath the edge of a rock
Was the corpse of my Willie lying.*

*Her hair it was full three-quarters long;
The colour it was yellow.
And around the waist of her Willie she's turned
To pull him out of Ero.*

*They buried him the very next day;
They buried him with grief and sorrow.
They buried him the very next day
Down by the banks of Ero.*

SIDE 2, BAND 5. THE BANKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND

*Source: Mr. O. J. Abbott, Hull, Quebec.
Collected by Edith Fowke.*

Edith Fowke says she was somewhat fooled by the title of this ballad, expecting it to be the better-known song of sailor's hardship going by the same name. Fortunately, however, Edith got 'round to recording Mr. Abbott's version on the last day of her visit to Hull, and was surprised to hear a rarely-found song with an extremely fine tune. Old country variants of this song, with its interesting reference to lot-drawing, seem to be confined to Ireland.

*Oh, you may bless your happy lots,
All ye who dwell on shore,
For it's little you know of the hardships
That we poor seamen bore.
Yes, it's little you know of the hardships
That we was forced to stand
For fourteen days and fifteen nights
On the Banks of Newfoundland.*

*Our ship she sailed through frost and snow
From the day we left Quebec,
And, if we had not walked about,
We'd have frozen to the deck.
But we being true-born sailor men,
As ever ship had manned,
Our Captain he doubled our grog each day
On the Banks of Newfoundland.*

*Well, there never was a ship, me boys,
That sailed the western waves,
But the billowy seas come a-rolling in
And bent them into staves.
Our ship being built of unseasoned wood
And could but little stand.
The hurricane it met us there
On the Banks of Newfoundland.*

Well, we fasted for thirteen days and nights,
Our provisions giving out.
On the morning of the fourteenth day,
We cast our lines about.
Well, the lot it fell on the Captain's son,
And thinking relief at hand,
We spared him for another night
On the Banks of Newfoundland.

On the morning of the fifteenth day,
No vessel did appear;
We gave to him another hour,
To offer up a prayer.
Well, Providence to us proved kind,
Kept blood from every hand,
For an English vessel hove in sight
On the Banks of Newfoundland.

We hoisted aloft our signal;
They bore down on us straightway.
When they saw our pitiful condition,
They began to weep and pray.
Five hundred souls we had on board
When first we left the land;
There's now alive but seventy-five
On the Banks of Newfoundland.

They took us off that ship, me boys;
We was more like ghosts than men.
They fed us and they clothed us,
And brought us back again.
They fed us and they clothed us,
And brought us straight to land,
While the billowy waves roll o'er their graves
On the Banks of Newfoundland.

SIDE 2, BAND 6. THE TEN DOLLAR BILL

Source: Cloanna Lavallee, Nicabean, Quebec.
Collected by Sheldon Posen.

I first heard Barry O'Neill sing this song, and it wasn't till later that I discovered that Newfoundlanders often use "de" instead of "the", so the first verse sounded something like this:

"Way down in New York City,
Where the cornstalks are designed..."

Very 1976-ish, I thought. I have, however, taken the liberty

of changing some of the words, without changing the story of the song, simply because that's how I feel comfortable singing it.
A good, light-hearted song, this.

Way down in New York City,
Where the Cornstalks are the sign,
A place for the commercial men
To go and drink their wine;
A place for the commercial men,
They've always made their youth
To drink-a glass of cherry wine
And pluck the Christmas goose.

Well, they drank their glass of cherry wine
And smoked a mild cigar,
While chatting with their comrades
And people at the bar.
And not a thought of amorousness
Did enter in his head,
Until the serving maid came 'round
To show him up to bed.

Then he got familiar
And he hugged her in the stairs.
He hugged her in his chambers
Before he said his prayers.
A ten dollar bill he handed her,
To keep her from getting vexed;
Turned out the lights, jumped into bed —
Well, you know what happened next.

It was early the next morning
He was charged a little bill,
And shook dice with the landlord
Before his parting gin.
And where he went just after that,
I cannot very well say,
But, so I heard, he turned up again
The very next Christmas day.

As he stepped in so gentle,
As gentle as could be,
While other travellers like himself
Were waiting on their tea,
He ordered up the very best
The landlord could produce.
"Send back the same young serving maid,
And don't forget the goose."

The edibles were brought to him,
The edibles in store,
All by the same young serving maid
He hugged twelve months before.
And on the table by his side,
Just where the grub was piled,
Instead of a goose, she's handed him
A handsome baby child.

And as he looked, twelve others laughed;
"And what is this?" cried he.
She said, "Kind sir, don't look so strange,
And I will tell to thee."
She said, "My brave and generous man,
What makes you look so strange?
That ten dollar bill you've handed me,
So now, take back your change!"

SIDE 2, BAND 7. BY THE HUSH

Source: Mr. O. J. Abbott, Hull, Quebec.
Collected by Edith Fowke.

The theme of the Irishman leaving home because of poverty or famine, and arriving in the midst of some foreign conflict, is not uncommon. The strange thing about this one is that it has turned up in Canada, but not, as far as I know, in the United States. Perhaps the song's message persuaded a prospective American immigrant to settle further north!

It's by the hush, me boys,
I'm sure that's to hold your noise,
And listen to poor Paddy's narration.
For I was by hunger pressed,
And in poverty distressed,
And I took a thought I'd leave the Irish nation.

So, here's you boys,
Do take my advice;
To Americay I'd have youse not be coming,
For there's nothing here but war,
Where the murdering cannons roar,
And I wish I was at home in dear old Erin.

I sold me horse and plough,
Me little pigs and cow,
And me little farm of land and I parted.
And me sweetheart, Biddy McGee,
I'm sure I'll never see,
For I left her there that morning, broken hearted.

Meself, and a hundred more,
To America sailed o'er,
Our fortune to be making, we was thinking;
But when we landed in Yankee land,
They shoved a gun into our hand,
Saying, "Paddy, you must go and fight for Lincoln."

General Mahar to us said,
"If you get shot or lose your head,
Every murdered soul of you will get a pension."
Well, in the war I lost me leg,
All I've now is a wooden peg;
I tell you, 'tis the truth to you I'll mention.

Now I think meself in luck
To be fed upon Indian buck
In old Ireland, the country I delight in;
And with the devil I do say,
"Curse Americay,"
For I'm sure I've had enough of their hard fighting.

ACCOMPANIMENTS

Campbell, the Drover - Grit: long-neck mandolin.
Hard Times - Grit: guitar; Ian: concertina.
Save Your Money While You're Young - Grit: guitar; Ian: concertina.
Oh, No, Not I - Grit: guitar; Ian: dulcimer.
Jack, the Cow Boy - Grit: long-neck mandolin; Ian: concertina.
The Weaver - Grit: guitar.
The Foggy Dew - Grit: dulcimer; Ian: concertina.
Willie Drowned in Ero - Grit: guitar; Margaret: dulcimer.
The Ten Dollar Bill - Grit: long-neck mandolin; Ian: concertina.
By the Hush - Grit: guitar.

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"Anglo-Canadian Folksong" by Edith Fowke, in *Ethnomusicology*, Vol.
XVI, pp. 335-350 (September 1972).

DISCOGRAPHY

Columbia S1211 - *Canadian Folk Songs*, edited by Marius Barbeau.

Elektra EKL 23 - *Nova Scotia Folk Music from Cape Breton*, record-
ed by Diane Hamilton.

Folk-Legacy FSC-9 - *Marie Hare, of Strathadam, New Brunswick*, re-
corded by Sandy Paton; notes by Louise Manny and
Edward D. Ives.

Folk-Legacy FSC-10 - *Tom Brandon, of Peterborough, Ontario*, re-
corded and with notes by Edith Fowke.

Folkways 4005 - *Folk Songs of Ontario*, recorded by Edith Fowke.

Folkways 4006 - *Folk Music from Nova Scotia*, recorded by Helen
Creighton.

Folkways 4018 - *Songs of the Great Lakes*, recorded by Edith
Fowke.

Folkways 4051 - *Irish and British Songs from the Ottawa Valley*,
sung by O. J. Abbott; recorded by Edith Fowke.

Folkways 4053 - *Folksongs of the Miramichi*, recorded under the
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- Folkways 4075 - *Songs from the Outports of Newfoundland*,
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- Folkways 4307 - *Maritime Folk Songs*, recorded by Helen
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- Topic 12T140 - *LaRena Clark : Canadian Garland*, recorded
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*These notes were written by Margaret Christl and
Ian Robb, each contributing the headnotes for the
songs on which they sing the lead. The bibliography
and discography were compiled by Ian Robb.*

*Folk-Legacy would like to thank Edith Fowke for bringing
these artists to our attention.*

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