

CANADA'S STORY IN SONG SUNG BY ALAN MILLS

Accompaniment by Gilbert Lacombe, guitar and Gordon Fleming, accordion Folkways Records FW 3000



ESKIMO WEATHER CHANT
 IROQUOIS LULLABY
 A SAINT-MALO, BEAU PORT DE MER
 VIVE LES MATELOTS!
 A LA CLAIRE FONTAINE
 THE HURON CAROL
 PETIT ROCHER
 TENAOUCH' TENAGA, OUCH'KA
 A BALLAD OF NEW SCOTLAND
 LA COURTE PAILLE
 BRAVE WOLFE
 GENERAL WOLFE
 MARCHING DOWN TO OLD QUEBEC

LE SERGENT
 COME ALL YE BOLD CANADIANS
 THE BATTLE OF QUEENSTON HEIGHTS
 THE CHESAPEAKE & SHANNON
 THE SIR ROBERT PELL
 THE BATTLE OF THE WINDMILL
 UN CANADIEN ERRANT
 A FENIAN SONG
 AN ANTI-FENIAN SONG
 ANTI-CONFEDERATION SONG
 PRINCE EDWARD ISLE, ADIEU!
 PORK, BEANS AND HARD-TACK
 BETWEEN THE FORKS AND CARLETON

THE MAPLE LEAF FOREVER
 O CANADA!
 LA ROSE BLANCHE
 THE FRANKLIN EXPEDITION
 THE SCARBOROUGH SETTLER'S LAMENT
 THE LITTLE OLD SOD SHANTY
 THE ALBERTA HOMESTEADER
 THE DYING OUTLAW
 THE POOR LITTLE GIRLS OF ONTARIO
 WHEN THE ICE WORMS NEST AGAIN
 SASKATCHEWAN
 IRON ORE BY 'FIFTY-FOUR

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CANADA'S STORY IN SONG SUNG BY ALAN MILLS

CANADA'S STORY IN SONG

sung by Alan Mills

Research and notes by
EDITH FULTON FOWKE
with Gilbert Lacombe, Guitar
and Gordon Fleming, Accordion

PART I: THE EARLY YEARS

SIDE I, Band 1: ESKIMO WEATHER CHANT

Before the coming of the white man, Canada's story was that of the Eskimos and Indians who roamed her vast territories through time unknown. The Eskimos, whose name means "eaters of raw meat" in the language of the Indian Ojibway tribe, called themselves "Innu" meaning "people". They are believed to have come originally from Asia, but as far back as we can trace they have lived only along the northern coasts of North America and Greenland, and on the extreme north-eastern tip of Siberia just across the Bering Strait.

The Eskimo chant comes from Songs of the Copper Eskimos collected by Helen H. Roberts and D. Jenness, during the Canadian Arctic Expedition of 1913-18. The largest group they found were dance songs; next came the incantations to produce fine weather. Of the one used here they noted: "This incantation was sung in earnest by an elderly man on August 20, 1915, when a heavy gale accompanied by snow confined us to our tents for the day. A few minutes afterwards his son distorted his face with a cord and, knife in hand, went out to defy the evil spirits that were responsible for the storm".

Words Spelled Phonetically

Chayunga acin uwanga acin,
Chayunga acin uwanga maluvit,
Chayunga acin uwanga acin.

Translation

Here I come again, (3)
Here I come,
Dost thou not know me?
Here I come again. (2)

SIDE I, Band 2 IROQUOIS LULLABY

The Indians, so-called because the discoverers of the New World thought they had reached India, are thought to have entered North America from Asia by way of the Bering Strait, before the dawn of history. They are of many tribes, speaking different languages, but their physical features (coarse straight black hair, dark eyes, high cheek bones, and reddish-brown skins) indicate a common racial origin.

Descendants of the Iroquois are settled today on the Grand River near Brantford and at Deseronto on the Bay of Quinte in Ontario, and at St. Regis and Caughnawaga in Quebec. It was from this last reservation, on the south side of the St. Lawrence about 10 miles west of Montreal, that Alan Mills collected this Indian lullaby.

Ho-Ho, Watanay,	Oh-oh, little one,
Ho-Ho, Watanay,	Oh-oh, little one,
Ho-Ho, Watanay,	Oh-oh, little one,
Ki-yo-ke-na,	Go to sleep,
Ki-yo-ke-na.	Now go to sleep.

SIDE I, Band 3: A SAINT-MALO, BEAU PORT DE MER

After the early visits of the Norsemen, Canada was next reached by a European in 1497 when John Cabot of Genoa made his voyage under letters patent from King Henry VII of England. Then in 1524 a Florentine, Giovanni Da Verrazana, sailing under French auspices, skirted the coast from Florida to Newfoundland.

Fishing boats of England, France, Spain, and Portugal followed in the wake of these early expeditions to reap the harvest of codfish from the Grand Banks, but it was Jacques Cartier who really discovered Canada. Cartier, born in St. Malo, the famous seaport of the Breton fishermen, made three voyages under the auspices of King Francis I, and laid the foundations of New France. Cartier's voyages have been memorialized in a poem by Thomas D'Arcy McGee called "The Mariner of St. Malo". It recalls his return

to his homeland in these lines:

"He told them of the river whose mighty current gave
Its freshness for a hundred leagues to ocean's briny wave;
He told them of the glorious scene presented to his sight,
What time he reared the cross and crown on Hochelaga's height,
And of the fortress cliffs that keep of Canada the key,
And they welcomed back Jacques Cartier from his perils over sea."

The song below is another reminder of Cartier. Although it really had nothing to do with the discoverer of Canada, the mention of the historic port from which he sailed led the French-Canadians to regard it as a patriotic song, and it is still a national favorite in Quebec.

1. A Saint-Malo, beau port de mer,
A Saint-Malo, beau port de mer,
Trois gros navir's sont arrivés.

CHORUS: Nous irons sur l'eau
Nous y prom-promener
Nous irons jouer dans l'île.

2. Trois gros navir's sont arrivés, (2)
Chargés d'avoin', chargés de blé. (Cho.)

3. Chargés d'avoin', chargés de blé (2)
Trois dam's s'en vont les marchander. (Cho.)

4. Trois dam's s'en vont les marchander (2)
"Marchand, marchand, combien ton blé? (Cho.)

5. "Marchand, marchand, combien ton blé? (2)
"Trois francs l'avoin', six francs le blé." (Cho.)

6. "Trois francs l'avoin', six francs le blé." (2)
"Marchand, tu n'vendas pas ton blé." (Cho.)

7. "Marchand, tu n'vendas pas ton blé." (2)
"Si j'le vends pas, je l'donnerais." (Cho.)

8. "Si j'le vends pas, je l'donnerais." (2)
"A ce prix-là, on va s'arranger!" (Cho.)

Translation

At the fine seaport of St. Malo
Three big ships arrived.

We are going on the water,
We are sailing there.
We are going to play on the island.

Three big ships arrived
Laden with oats and wheat.

Three ladies came there to buy some.

"Merchant, merchant, how much is your wheat?"

"Three francs for oats, six for wheat."
"Merchant, you'll never sell your wheat."

"If I don't sell it, I'll give it away."
"At that price we can do business."

SIDE I, Band 4: VIVE LES MATELOTS!

For sixty years after Cartier's voyages, French interest in the new world lagged. It was not until Samuel de Champlain came to Canada that the first permanent settlement was established. After a scouting voyage in 1603, in 1604 Champlain brought out a company headed by Sieur de Monts whom the King had appointed Lieutenant-General of Acadia, the name then used for Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. They spent the first winter on an island in the St. Croix river, and then crossed the Bay of Fundy to establish the settlement of Port Royal in what is now the Annapolis Basin. This was the first settlement on the Atlantic coast; two years later the English founded Jamestown in Virginia.

To keep up the colonists' spirits during the long winter months, Champlain and a young lawyer called Marc Lescarbot founded "L'Ordre de Bon-Temps" (The Order of Good Cheer). Besides the pleasures of the table, L'Ordre de Bon-Temps provided entertainment. Plays were performed and many songs were sung, the old songs of France. Particularly popular were a tender romantic ballad called "A la claire fontaine", which has since been one of the favorite songs of French Canada, and a lively sea shanty called "Vive les matelots". Several centuries later, both of these songs were included in a ballad opera called "L'Ordre de Bon Temps" written by Louigny de Montigny and Healey Willan, and performed at the Festival in Quebec in 1928.

1. Nous étions trois garçons,
tous jolis capitaines,
Nous étions trois garçons,
tous jolis capitaines,
Y'en a un à Paris, et l'autre
à La Rochelle.

CHORUS: Vive les matelots dessus la mer jolie!
Vive les matelots naviguant sur
ces eaux!

2. Et moi je suis auprès de ma jolie
maîtresse. (2)

"Marin, prends garde à toi!
On te coupera l'herbe. (Cho.)

3. "Marin, prends garde à toi!
On te coupera l'herbe (2)
L'herbe dessous le pied de ta
jolie maîtresse." (Cho.)

4. "L'herbe dessous le pied de ta
jolie maîtresse." (2)
"La coupe qui voudra, je ne m'en
soucie guères!" (Cho.)

Translation

We were three bachelors, all jolly captains.
One is in Paris and another at
La Rochelle.

Chorus: Long live the sailors upon the
pretty sea!
Long live the sailors sailing
on these waters!

I myself am near to my pretty mistress.
"Sailor, take care. They will cut the
grass on you --
The grass from under the feet of your
pretty mistress."
"Cut it who will, it matters little to me!"

SIDE I, Band 5: A LA CLAIRE FONTAINE

A la claire fontaine
M'en allant promener,
J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle
Que je m'y suis baigné.

Refrain:

Lui ya longtemps
Que je t'aime;
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.

Sous les feuilles d'un Chêne
Je me suis fait sécher,
Sur la plus haute branche
Le rossignol chantait.

Chante, rossignol, chante,
Toi qui as le coeur gai,
Tu as le coeur à rire,
Moi je l'ai-t-à pleurer.

J'ai perdu ma maîtresse
Sans l'avoir mérité,
Pour un bouquet de roses
Que je lui refusai.

Je voudrais que la rose
Fût encore au rosier,
Et moi et ma maîtresse
Dans les mém's amitiés.

Translation

By the clear fountain,
As I was walking by,
I found the water so fine
That I went in bathing.

Refrain:

Long have I loved you;
Never will I forget you.

Under the leaves of an oak
I dried myself.
On the highest branch
A nightingale sang.

Sing, nightingale, sing,
You have a gay heart.
You have a heart for laughing.
I have one for weeping.

I have lost my mistress,
Without having deserved it,
For a bunch of roses
That I refused her.

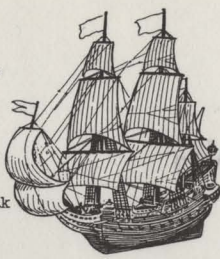
I wish that the rose
Were still on the rosebush,
And I and my mistress
As friendly as we were.

SIDE I, Band 6: THE GOLDEN VANITY

While the French were establishing colonies in Acadia and along the St. Lawrence, the English were starting theirs along the Atlantic coast in the region that came to be called New England. In 1621 King James I granted Sir William Alexander a vast territory on the eastern coast of Canada to be named "Nova Scotia", and about the same time a few British colonists found a precarious home on the rocky shores of Newfoundland.

Just as the early French settlers brought with them the old folk songs of France, so the English settlers brought many songs and ballads from their homeland. One of the most famous of these is "The Golden Vanity", which dates back at least to the time of the first Queen Elizabeth, for one version names Sir Walter Raleigh as the cruel captain. After several hundred years this old English sea ballad is still remembered in many parts of Canada. The last two stanzas are not known in Britain; apparently someone in Canada added them because he felt the cruel captain should be punished. This version circulated in the Ontario lumbercamps: see "Folk Songs of Ontario", (Folkways FM 4005).

1. There was a gallant ship in North Americay,
She goes by the name of the Golden Vanity.
She was to be taken by the Turkish Commune
For to sink her in the lowlands,
lowlands, lowlands,
For to sink her in the lowlands low.
2. The first to come on board it was the cabin boy,
Saying, "Captain, what'll you give me if that ship I will destroy?"
"Gold I will give you, and my daughter for your bride,
If you'll sink her in the lowlands,
lowlands,
If you'll sink her in the lowlands low."
3. Then the boy took an auger and over-board went he,
The boy bent his breast and he swam away to sea,
He swam till he came to the Turkish Commune
For to sink her in the lowlands, lowlands,
lowlands,
For to sink her in the lowlands low.
4. Three holes the boy bored, three holes the boy bored twice,
While some were playing cards and the others were shooting dice.
How their black eyes they did jingle as the water it poured in
And she sank all in the lowlands, lowlands, lowlands,
As she sank all in the lowlands low.
5. Then the boy bent his breast and back swam he,
He swam till he came to the Golden Vanity,
Saying "Shipmates, pick me up, for I'm going with the tide,
And I'm sinking in the lowlands, lowlands, lowlands,
And I'm sinking in the lowlands low."



Man of War
1650

6. "Pick you up," said the captain, "Oh, that I shall not do,
I'll kill you or drown you in the water so blue.
Gold I'll not give you, nor my daughter for your bride,
But I'll sink you in the lowlands, lowlands, lowlands,
I will sink you in the lowlands low."
7. Then the boy swam around unto the other side
And there to his shipmates most pitif'ly he cried:
"Shipmates, pick me up for I'm going with the tide,
And I'm sinking in the lowlands, lowlands, lowlands,
And I'm sinking in the lowlands low."
8. His shipmates picked him up, but on the deck he died.
They rolled him in his hammock, it being long and wide.
They rolled him in his hammock and they lowered him in the tide,
And he sank all in the lowlands, lowlands, lowlands,
And he sank all in the lowlands low.
9. About three weeks after this, the day being calm and clear,
A voice from the heavens did reach the captain's ear,
Saying, "Captain, dear captain, you've been mighty cruel to me,
And I'll sink you in the lowlands, lowlands, lowlands,
And I'll sink you in the lowlands low."
10. The captain was amazed, he didn't know what to do,
The captain was amazed when his mainmast broke in two.
His mainmast broke in two and she levelled with the tide,
And he sank all in the lowlands, lowlands, lowlands,
And he sank all in the lowlands low.

SIDE I, Band 7: THE HURON CAROL (Jesous Ahatonhia)

The missionary was closely associated with the explorer and the trader in opening up the New World to French contacts. The first permanent Indian mission was established by the Recollet friars in 1615, and ten years later the first Jesuits arrived.

The most famous of the Jesuit priests was Father Jean de Brebeuf. He spent some twenty-two years ministering to the Hurons, learning their language, preparing a grammar, and a dictionary, and translating the catechism into the Huron tongue.

In an effort to make the Christmas story real to his flock Father Brebeuf wrote the first Canadian Christmas carol. Using the tune of a sixteenth-century French carol, he interpreted the Nativity in terms the Indians would understand, speaking of Jesus as "the Great Spirit" and of the Wise Men as three chiefs. His carol was probably sung first in 1641 or 1642, and thereafter each Christmas until the fatal year of 1649.

In 1649 an Iroquois war party invaded Huronia, killing or driving out all the Hurons, and destroying the missions. Refusing to leave their flock at St. Joseph, Fathers Brebeuf and Lalement were captured and died at the stake after enduring many hours of savage torture. Some of the Hurons escaped to Lorette, near Quebec City, and there their descendants live to this day. They did not forget Father Brebeuf's carol, and about 1750 another Jesuit, Father de Villeneuve, heard them singing it and wrote it down. Then it was translated into French under the title, "Jesus est né," and it is still sung in that form in Quebec. In 1926, a Canadian poet, J.E. Middleton, wrote the English words, which have become widely known.

Huron:
Estalaron de tsonoué, Jesous ahatonhia.
Onna-ouadé oua d'oki n'ou ouanda skoua an tak.
An noujian skouatchi ho-tak, n'ou ouandi roun-ra chata,
Jesous ahatonhia, Jesous ahatonhia,
Jesous ahatonhia.

French:
Chrétien, prenez courage, Jésus Sauveur est né!
Du malin les ouvrages a jamais sont ruinés
Quand il chante merveille, a ces troublants appas,
Ne pretez plus l'oreille: "Jésus est né: in excelsis gloria!"

English version:

1. 'Twas in the moon of winter-time, when all the birds had fled,
That mighty Gitchi-Manitou sent angel choirs instead;
Before their light the stars grew dim, and wand'ring hunters heard the hymn:
"Jesus your King is born! Jesus is born! In excelsis gloria."
2. Within a lodge of broken bark the tender Babe was found,
A ragged robe of rabbit skin enwrapped His beauty 'round;
And as the hunter braves drew nigh, the angel song rang loud and high:
"Jesus your King is born! Jesus is born! In excelsis gloria!"
3. The earliest moon of winter-time is not so round and fair
As was the ring of glory on the helpless Infant there.
The chiefs from far before Him knelt with gifts of fox and beaver pelt.
"Jesus your King is born! Jesus is born! In excelsis gloria!"
4. "O children of the forest free, O sons of Manitou,
The Holy Child of earth and heaven is born today for you.
Come kneel before the radiant Boy Who brings you beauty, peace and joy.
"Jesus your King is born! Jesus is born! In excelsis gloria!"

SIDE I, Band 8: EN ROULANT MA BOULE

While the Jesuits were seeking to convert the Indians to Christianity, the fur-traders were extending their posts far into the interior of the continent.

The fur trade of New France in the early days was officially a monopoly of the Company of One Hundred Associates which had received its charter in 1627 in return for an agreement to bring out four thousand settlers inside fifteen years. However, the profits of the fur trade attracted many of the colonists to the adventurous life of the coureurs-de-bois, and each year hundreds of them deserted their habitant farms to seek their fortunes as "runners of the woods". Every spring these illicit traders and trappers came down to Montreal in canoes or bateaux laden with furs. After selling their catch, they bought new supplies and headed inland for further trade.

As they paddled up the inland rivers, the coureurs-de-bois sang many of the old French songs that had been transplanted to the new continent.

The most popular of these is the tale of the three ducks which is sung in over a hundred versions. The best known form is "En roulant ma boule".

1. Derrier' chez nous, y'a-t-un étang, (2)
En roulant ma boule,
Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.

- Refrain:
- En roulant ma boule roulant, (2)
En roulant ma boule.
 2. Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant,
Le fils du roi s'en va chassant.
 3. Le fils du roi s'en va chassant,
Avec son grand fusil d'argent.
 4. Avec son grand fusil d'argent,
Visa le noir, tua le blanc.
 5. Visa le noir, tua le blanc,
O fils du roi, tu es méchant!
 6. O fils du roi, tu es méchant!
D'avoir tué mon canard blanc.

Translation:

1. Behind our house there is a pond,
Three fine ducks are bathing there.
2. Three fine ducks are bathing there,
The King's son goes hunting them.
3. The King's son goes hunting them
With his great silver gun.
4. With his great silver gun.
He sees the black and kills the white.
5. He sees the black and kills the white,
O son of the King, you are wicked!

6. O son of the King, you are wicked
To have killed my white duck.

SIDE I, Band 9: PETIT ROCHER

With the coureurs-de-bois also originated the earliest of the native songs of Canada. The first Canadian song about a Canadian incident is thought to be "Petit Rocher"--the lament of the dying trapper, Cadieux, which dates from the early eighteenth century. Throughout the nineteenth century his story and song were known to nearly every voyageur, and have been mentioned in many accounts of that period.

According to the legend, Cadieux was a famous Canadian voyageur, a hunter and fur-trader known throughout the entire country of the St. Lawrence. Once he was hunting along the Ottawa River, and had established his wife and family in a camp near the cata-racts on that river known as "Le Grand Calumet". One evening he saw his camp surrounded and threatened by a band of Iroquois. Quickly he loaded his wife and children into a canoe and sent them out to run the rapids. He remained behind to divert the Indians' attention promising to join them further down the river. When he failed to rejoin them, they managed to reach a French post. Later, when the danger from the Iroquois war party had passed, a rescue party went out in search of him. His body was found lying in a shallow grave, apparently dug by his own hands, and beside it lay this song, written in blood on a piece of birchbark.

1. Petit rocher de la haute montagne,
Je viens ici finir cette campagne.
Ah! doux échos, entendez mes soupirs,
En languissant je vais bientôt mourir.
2. Seul en ces bois, que j'ai eu de soucis!
Pensant toujours a mes si chers amis,
Je demandais: Hélas! sont-ils noyés?
Les Iroquois les auraient-ils tués?
3. Un de ces jours que, m'étant éloigné,
En revenant je vis une fumée;
Je me suis dit: Ah! grand Dieu qu'est
ceci?
Les Iroquois m'ont-ils pris mon logis?
4. Je me suis mis un peu a l'ambassade,
Afin de voir si c'était embuscade;
Alors je vis trois visages français!
M'ont mis le coeur d'une trop grande joie!
5. Mes genoux plient, ma faible voix s'arrête,
Je tombe...Hélas! A partir ils
s'apprêtent:
Je reste seul...Pas un qui me console,
Quand la mort vient par un si grand
désolée!
6. Rossignolet, va dire à ma maîtresse,
A mes enfants qu'un adieu je leur
laisse:
Que j'ai gardé mon amour et ma foi,
Et désormais faut renoncer à moi!
7. C'est donc ici que le mond' m'abandonne!
Mais j'ai secouru en vous, Sauveur des
hommes!
Tres-Sainte Vierge, ah! m'abandonnez pas,
Permettez-moi d'mourir entre vos bras!

Translation:

1. Little rock of the high mountain,
I come here to finish this campaign.
Ah, sweet echoes, hear my sighs;
Languishing, I am soon to die.
2. Alone in these woods, what cares I have
had!
Thinking always of my friends so dear.
I asked: "Are they drowned?
Have the Iroquois killed them?"
3. One day, when roaming alone,
And returning I saw smoke,
I asked myself: "Ah, great God, what
is this?
Have the Iroquois taken my house?"
4. I then set out to investigate
To see if it was an ambush;
Then I saw three French faces!
My heart beat with great joy.
5. My knees bend; my feeble voice halts;
I fall...Alas! they are going to leave.
I remain alone...No one to console me;
When death comes near one so desolate.
6. Nightingale, go tell my mistress,
Carry word to the children I'm leaving,
That I have kept my love and my faith,
And henceforth they must give up hope of
me.
7. It is here that the world abandoned me,
But I seek aid from you, Saviour of men!
Most holy Virgin, ah, do not abandon me;
Let me die in your arms.

SIDE I, Band 10: TENAQUICH' TENAGA,
OUICH'KA

During the hundred years or so before 1763, France and England were almost constantly at war in Europe, and their hostility carried over to the New World where territorial claims and rivalry over the fur trade brought the English and French colonies into conflict. In 1670 the English organized "The Company of Gentlemen Adventurers trading into Hudson's Bay", and thenceforth competed with the French for the furs and favours of the Indians in the interior as well as along the eastern waterways.

As the competition for furs grew keener, the coureurs-de-bois adopted many of the habits of the Indians. They wore moccasins and fur caps, leggings, and buckskin coats, and smeared their faces with grease and paint to protect them from the mosquitoes and black flies. Many of them lived with the Indians throughout the year, coming out only in the summer to take their furs to Montreal.

This song comes from those early backwoods days. A voyageur who had been separated from his comrade meets an old Indian who tells him that his friend has died in the woods and that the Indians gave him an honourable burial. The interspersed exclamations are apparently phrases intended to suggest the Indian dialect.

1. C'était un vieux sauvage,
Tout noir, tout barbouilla, Ouich'ka!
Avec sa viell' couverte
Et son sac à tabac, Ouich'ka!

CHORUS: Ah! Ah! tenaouch' tenaga,
Tenaouch' tenaga, ouich'ka!

2. Avec sa viell' couverte
Et son sac à tabac, Ouich'ka!
...Ton comrade est more,
Est mort et enterra. Ouich'ka!
(Chorus)
3. Ton camarade est more,
Est mort et enterra. Ouich'ka!
C'est quatre vieux sauvages
Qui port'nt les coins du drap.
Ouich'ka!
(Chorus)
4. C'est quatre vieux sauvages
Qui port'nt les coins du drap,
Ouich'ka!
Et deux viell's sauvagesses
Qui chant'nt le libera. Ouich'ka!
(Chorus)

Translation:

1. There was an old Indian
All black and painted,
With his old blanket
And his pouch of tobacco.
2. With his old blanket
And his pouch of tobacco.
"Your comrade is dead,
He is dead and buried.
3. "Your comrade is dead,
He is dead and buried.
It is four old Indians
Who carried the corners of his pall.
4. "It is four old Indians
Who carried the corners of his pall,
And two old squaws
Who sang the parting song."

PART II: THE BRITISH TAKE OVER

SIDE II, Band 1: A BALLAD OF NEW SCOTLAND

In 1713 the Treaty of Utrecht, ending the War of the Spanish Succession, gave Acadia, Newfoundland, and the area around Hudson Bay to England. France retained Canada (Quebec), Louisiana, Cape Breton, and St. John's (Prince Edward Island), and proceeded to build the fortress of Louisbourg on Cape Breton. When the War of the Austrian Succession broke out, Louisbourg was captured by a New England raiding party, but the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle (1749) restored it to France.

In 1749 the first large group of English colonists headed for Nova Scotia and began to build the town of Halifax. The following year a song in praise of "New Scotland" was published in an English magazine. It contrasts conditions in Britain, where the land was owned by the lords and great land-owners, with the untapped riches of the New World.

1. Let's away to new Scotland, where Plenty
sits queen
O'er as happy a country as ever was seen;
She blesses her subjects, both little
and great,
With each a good house, and a pretty
estate,
Derry down, down, down, derry down.
2. There's wood, and there's water, there's
wild fowl and tame;
In the forest good ven'son, good fish
in the stream,
Good grass for our cattle, good land
for our plough,
Good wheat to be reap'd, and good
barley to mow.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.
3. No landlords are there the poor tenants
to tease,
No lawyers to bully, nor stewards to
seize;
But each honest fellow's a landlord,
and dares
To spend on himself the whole fruit
of his cares.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.
4. They've no duties on candles, no taxes
on malt,
Nor do they, as we do, pay sauce for
their salt;
But all is as free as in those times
of old
When poets assure us the age was of
gold.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

SIDE II, Band 2: LA COURTE PAILLE

During the uneasy truce before war broke out again, the English and French continued to clash in North America. Friction was particularly acute in Acadia for the boundaries had never been clearly defined, and the French still claimed the area on the north side of the Bay of Fundy (later to become New Brunswick). The French government wanted their colonists to migrate to the north side or to Cape Breton, but many Acadians refused to leave their homes. They also refused to take the oath of allegiance to their new British governors, and the British military commanders feared they would be a threat to their naval base of Halifax if war broke out.

Rising hostility against the French in New England and Nova Scotia led to the expulsion of the Acadians, one of the most tragic incidents in the history of Canada. On the order of Governor Lawrence, six thousand persons were removed from their homes, loaded on ships at Grand Pré, Annapolis, and Fort Edward, and carried to ports in the English colonies. Some of the exiles made their way to Louisiana; others returned to Acadia. The tale of their wanderings has been immortalized in poetry and legend.

One of the songs popular among the Acadians was the old French ballad of the ship that spent seven years at sea. This particular version, collected by Dr. Barbeau, has an unusual refrain which the Acadians may well have added to the old song during their ordeal of 1755. We do know that the refrain was not part of the original song: a "Cajun" version found in Louisiana closely resembles the Acadian version in words and tune, but it lacks the refrain.

1. Ce sont les enfants de Marseilles, sur
les eaux s'en vont naviguer,
Ont bien été sept ans sur mer, de terr'
sans pouvoir approcher.

CHORUS: Vivrons-nous toujours en tristesse?
Aurons-nous jamais la liberté?

2. Au bout de la septième année, de provisions
ils ont manqués,
Leurs chiens, leurs chats il faut qu'ils
mangent, Jusqu'aux courrois de leurs
souliers.

CHORUS

3. Ils ont tiré la courte paille, savoir
lequel serait mangé,
Le capitaine a fait les pailles, le
plus courte lui est resté.
4. Fit appeler P'tit-Jean, son page:
"P'tit-Jean, veux-tu mourir pour
moi?"
"Auparavant mais que je meurs, dedans
les hun's je veux monter."
5. Il ne fut pas a demi-hune, se mit à
rire et à chanter,
"Ah! qu'as-tu donc, P'tit-Jean, mon
page? Qu'as-tu à rire et à chanter?"

6. "Courag', courag', mon capitaine! je vois la terre de tous cotés;
Je vois les moutons dans la plaine,
les bergères à les garder."
7. "Je vois trois jolies demoiselles, au bord de l'eau s'y promener,
Si jamais je descends à terre, la plus bell' je l'épouserai."

Translation:

1. These are the boys from Marseilles; they have all gone sailing on the sea.
They've been seven years on the sea without having reached land.

CHORUS: Must we live always in sadness?
Will we never be free?

2. At the end of the seventh year they ran out of food.
They had to eat their dogs, their cats, and even the soles of their shoes.
3. They have drawn the short straw to decide which of them would be eaten.
The captain had prepared the straws; the short one fell to his lot.
4. He called little Jean, his page: "Little Jean, will you die for me?"
"Before I die I want to climb up to the top of the mast."
5. He wasn't half-way up the mast when he started to laugh and sing.
"Ah, what is it then, little Jean, my page? Why do you laugh and sing?"
6. "Courage, courage, my captain. I see land on all sides.
I see sheep on the plain, and shepherdesses guarding them.
7. "I see three pretty maidens walking along the sea shore.
If ever I reach land, I'll marry the prettiest of the three."

SIDE II, Band 3: BRAVE WOLFE

The siege of Quebec was one of the decisive events of world history. In February, 1759, a large British fleet sailed for America, and by June 26th it had reached the Isle of Orleans below the city. General James Wolfe, then only 32, was in command of the army, and for twelve weeks it besieged the almost impregnable French fortress. The ancient city of Quebec was situated on a great rock on the north side of the St. Lawrence, about a mile wide at this point. Behind it was the St. Charles River. Every approach was covered by French guns and guarded by French pickets. Then a scout discovered a narrow passageway by which an army might be led up to the Plains of Abraham, and Wolfe decided to take the desperate chance.

In the dead of night, behind a screen provided by the British fleet, 5,000 men crossed the broad river and silently made their way up the stony cliffs. When morning dawned on September 13, 1759, Montcalm found the red-coats drawn up in battle array on the Plains of Abraham before the city. He led his army out to meet them, and in fifteen minutes the fight was over. Both Montcalm and Wolfe lay dying on the field of battle.

That battle decided the future of Canada. By the Treaty of Paris (1763), France ceded to Great Britain all of Canada and all of her claims in North America east of the Mississippi.

The ballad-makers could hope for no more suitable here than "Bold Wolfe". He was young and gallant; he was ill, and in love; and he died on the field of battle at the moment of victory. They said that when Pitt appointed him to lead the Quebec attack, a courtier complained to King George II that Wolfe was mad. "Mad, is he?" said the king. "Then I hope he'll bite some of my other generals". And they say that when he was sailing up the St. Lawrence, he read Grey's famous lines about the paths of glory which "lead but to the grave", and remarked, "I'd rather have written those lines than take Quebec." And they say that, shortly before the day set for the attack, he fell ill, and he told his doctor, "I know perfectly well you cannot cure me, but pray patch me up so that I may be up without pain for a few days and able to do my duty."

Very shortly after the battle, the ballad about its hero began to circulate. It was called "Brave Wolfe", or "Bold Wolfe", or "The Death of the Brave General Wolfe". It was sung in New England as well as in Nova

Scotia and Newfoundland, and it still ranks among the greatest historical ballads of North America. This version is based on one collected by Elizabeth Bristol Greenleaf in Newfoundland in 1929.

1. Come now, you young men all, and hear my story
Of how Bold Wolfe did fall, in all his glory;
On the Plains of Abraham fell this brave hero,
We'll long lament his loss in deepest sorrow.
2. That brave and gallant youth did cross the ocean,
To free America of her division.
He landed at Quebec with all his party,
The city to attack, being brave and hearty.
3. Bold Wolfe drew up his men in a line so pretty
On the Plains of Abraham before the city.
On the plains before the town, where the French did meet him,
In double numbers round, all for to beat him.
4. When, drawn up in a line, for death preparing,
And in each other's face, those two armies staring,
Where the cannons on both sides did roar like thunder,
And youth, in all its pride, was torn asunder.
5. Where the drums did loudly beat, 'mid colors a-flying,
Bold Wolfe did bravely ride, all danger defying,
When shot from of his horse fell that brave hero,
May we lament his loss that day in sorrow.
6. The guns the ground did shake, where he was lying,
Bold Wolfe he seemed to wake as he was dying.
He lifted up his head as the guns did rattle,
And to his men he said "How goes the battle?"
7. His aide-de-camp replied: "'Tis in our favor!"
Quebec in all her pride, there is none can save her,
For 'tis falling in our hands will all her treasure!
Oh then replied Bold Wolfe: "I died in pleasure!"

SIDE II, Band 4: GENERAL WOLFE

Another ballad about General Wolfe makes an interesting contrast with the preceding one. It was less widely known in North America, but survived to the present in the memory of an old lady in Peterborough, Ontario, who had learned it from her father. She may be heard singing it on Folkways FM 4005.

1. Oh, General Wolfe to his men did say,
"Come, come, my boys, come follow me
To yon blue mountain that stands so high,
You lads of honor, you lads of honor,
You lads of honor, come follow me."
2. Don't you see the French on yon mountains high,
While we poor fellows in the valleys lie?
You'll see them falling from our guns,
Like motes a-flying, like motes a-flying,
A-falling from our great British guns.
3. The very first volley the French fired at us,
They wounded our general on his left breast.
Yonder he sat for he could not stand.
"Fight on so bravely, fight on so bravely,
For while there's life I shall give command."
4. "When to old England you do return,
You tell my friends that I'm dead and gone,
And tell my tender old mother dear
To weep not for me, to weep not for me,
For I died a death that I wished to share."
5. "Twas sixteen years when I first begun
All for the honor of George the King.
You commanders all, do as I've done before,
Be a soldier's friend, my boys, be a
soldier's friend, my boys,
And then you'll fight for ever more."

SIDE II, Band 5: REVOLUTIONARY TEA

Shortly after Britain added New France to her North American possessions, she faced the loss of her own thirteen colonies along the Atlantic coast. The New Englanders resented British restrictions on their trade, and particularly the duty on tea which led to the famous Boston Tea Party.

One of the songs inspired by the Revolution described the conflict between Britain and her colonies as a scrap between a mother and daughter. This ballad, named "Revolutionary Tea", was carried to Canada by some of the United Empire Loyalists who moved north because they wanted to continue to live under the British flag.

1. There was an old lady lived over the sea
And she was an Island Queen.
Her daughter lived off in a far country
With an ocean of water between.
The old lady's pockets were full of gold
But never contented was she,
So she called on her daughter to pay her a tax
Of three pence a pound on her tea,
Of three pence a pound on her tea.
2. "Now Mother dear Mother," the daughter replied,
"I can't do the thing that you ask.
I'm willing to pay a fair price for the tea
But never the three penny tax!
"You shall," quoth the mother, and reddened with rage,
"For you're my own daughter, you see,
And sure 'tis quite proper a daughter should pay
Her mother a tax on her tea,
Her mother a tax on her tea."
3. And so the old lady her servants called out
And packed up a budget of tea,
And eager for three pence a pound she put in
Enough for a large family.
She ordered her servants to bring home the tax,
Declaring her child should obey,
Or old as she was and almost woman grown
She'd half whip her life away,
She'd half whip her life away.
4. The tea was conveyed to the daughter's door
All down by the ocean's side,
And the bouncing girl she poured out every pound
In the dark and boiling tide!
And then she called out to the Island Queen
"Oh, Mother, dear Mother," quoth she---
"Your tea you may have when it's steeped enough,
But never a tax from me,
No, never a tax from me."

SIDE II, Band 6: MARCHING DOWN TO OLD QUEBEC

When the American Revolution broke out, its leaders naturally assumed that Quebec would be willing to join with the thirteen colonies in throwing off the yoke of England, and they prepared an address "to the oppressed inhabitants of Canada". In 1775 General Montgomery invaded Canada by way of Lake Champlain and captured Montreal and St. John's.

Joining forces with Benedict Arnold who had marched across Maine, he then besieged Quebec, but was thwarted by the vigorous defence of General Sir Guy Carleton. The arrival of the British fleet in the spring of 1776 forced the withdrawal of the American army, and thenceforth there was little chance of Canada joining the revolutionary cause.

These events apparently inspired the following short song, "Marching Down to Old Quebec", which has survived in both Canada and the United States until the present. In the United States they sing:

"The American boys have won the day
And the British are retreating,"

but the Canadians reverse these lines to celebrate the successful defence of Quebec.

We're marching down to old Quebec
And the fifes and the drums are a-beating,
For the British boys have gained the day,
And the Yankees are retreating,
So we'll turn back and we'll come again
To the place where we first started,
And we'll open the ring and we'll take a couple in,
Since they proved that they are true-hearted.

SIDE II, Band 7: LE SERGENT

Several hundred Canadians did go south with the American expedition, and throughout the war a few discontented habitants or voyageurs made their way to the States, but most of the habitants preferred to put their trust in the guarantees of the Quebec Act.

This unusual Acadian song (from a collection, *Chansons d'Acadie*, made by Père Anselme and Frère Daniel, Capucins) tells of a young fellow who, against his father's warnings, decides to run off and join "les Bostonnais" to fight against the English. He gets banged up in the war and comes back to papa who says "I told you so."

1. "Mon papa, si vous me battez, oui j'irai m'engager
A bord des Bostonnais, battre contre l'Anglais!"
A Boston il s'en est allé: "How many men fired away?"
"Voulez-vous m'engager pour un sergent guerrier?"
2. "Oui, nous t'engagerons, si tu veux faire le bon garçon,
Nous irons t'y mener à la têt' de l'armé!"
Le sabre à son côté, et le piolet à la main,
François marchait devant come un vaillant sergent.
3. Des la première volé, les mâchoir's lui ont fêlé's,
François tomba en bas; on s'écria: "Hura!"
Mais il s'est relevé: "How many men fired away?"
"Il n'faut pas s'arrêter pour un sergent blessé!"
4. François se lamenta à son cher et bon papa
Qu'il avait été blessé par un coup d'grenadier.
"Je n'te l'avais-t'y pas bien di qu'tu périrais par le fusil!"
A présent t'y voilà, remass'-toi comm' tu pourras!"

Translation:

1. "Papa, if you beat me, I will go to enlist
With the Bostonians, to fight against the English."

To Boston off he went: "How many men fired away?"
"Do you wish to enlist me as a fighting sergeant?"
2. "Yea, we'll enlist you, if you'll be a good boy.
We're going to place you at the head of the army."
A sword at his side and a pistol in his hand,
François marched off like a brave sergeant.
3. At the first volley his jaws were cracked.
François fell down; they shouted: "Hurray!"
But he got up again: "How many men fired away?"
"You must not stop for a wounded sergeant!"
4. François complained to his dear and good papa
That he had been wounded by a grenadier's shot.
"Have I not told you that you would die by the gun?
Now there you are, pick yourself up as best as you can!"

SIDE II, Band 8: COME ALL YE BOLD CANADIANS

Toward the end of the eighteenth century relations between Great Britain and the United States became very strained. The boundaries established by the treaty of 1783 were not clearly defined, and friction arose between American settlers and the British fur traders in the Ohio valley. Then the French Revolution and the ensuing war between France and England created new disputes. United States trade was growing rapidly, and England's attempt to prevent supplies reaching Napoleon's armies led her to seize some American ships.

Presidents Jefferson and Madison tried to resolve the difficulties without war, but the "War Hawks" of the American west felt that British traders were stirring up the Indians against their settlers and they pressed for war to destroy British power in Canada.

When Madison finally declared war on June 18, 1812, General Hull was to seize Detroit and invade the peninsula between Lake Huron and Lake Erie.

Sir Isaac Brock, acting governor of Upper Canada, raised a provincial militia and marched against Hull. Meanwhile Tecumseh, chief of the Shawnees and ally of the British, had broken Hull's lines of communication and forced him to withdraw to his exposed base at Detroit. Brock, with 330 regulars and 400 militia, joined forces with Tecumseh and his 600 Indians. On August 15 he summoned Hull to surrender, and when the American general refused, he crossed the river from

Sandwich, just below and across from the present city of Detroit. Hull had 2,500 men, but, feeling himself cut off, he sent out a flag of truce and surrendered the city. The Canadian boys celebrated this first victory of the war in the triumphant ballad, "Come All You Bold Canadians".

1. Come all you bold Canadians, I'd have you lend an ear,
Concerning a fine ditty that would make your courage cheer,
Concerning an engagement that we had at Sandwich town,
The courage of those Yankee boys so lately we pulled down.
2. There was a bold commander, brave General Brock by name,
Took shipping at Niagara and down to York he came.
He says: "My gallant heroes, if you'll come along with me,
We'll fight those proud Yankees in the west of Canaday!"
3. 'Twas thus that we replied: "Along with you we'll go,
Our knapsacks we will shoulder without any more ado.
Our knapsacks we will shoulder and forward we will steer;
We'll fight those proud Yankees without either dread or fear."
4. We traveled all that night and a part of the next day,
With a determination to show them British play.
We traveled all that night and a part of the next day,
With a determination to conquer or die.
5. Our commander sent a flag to them and unto them did say:
"Deliver up your garrison or we'll fire on you this day!"
But they would not surrender, and chose to stand their ground,
We opened up our great guns and gave them fire a round.
6. Their commander sent a flag to us, for quarter he did call.
"Oh hold your guns, brave British boys,
For fear you slay us all.
Our town you have at your command, our garrison likewise."
They brought their guns and grounded them right down before our eyes.
7. And now we are all home again, each man is safe and sound.
May the memory of this conquest all through the Province sound!
Success unto our volunteers who did their rights maintain,
And to our bold commander, brave General Brock by name!

SIDE II, Band 9: THE BATTLE OF QUEENSTON HEIGHTS

Two months later, on October 13, the Americans under Van Rensselaer made an attack at Queenston and succeeded in capturing Queenston Heights. Brock led a force from Fort George to attack the Heights but he was killed in the attempt. However, General Sheaffe managed to surround the Americans and captured a thousand men.

But Canadians almost forgot their victory in their sorrow over the death of Brock. His military skill and bravery had checked the invaders, and his heroism soon became part of our historic annals. These verses were apparently written some years after Brock's death, perhaps in 1824 when the "monumental rock" was raised on the heights of Queenston. We do not know whether they were sung at the time they were written, but Alan Mills has set them to a melody in the folk tradition.

1. Upon the Heights of Queenston, one dark October day,
Invading foes were marshalled in battle's dread array;
Brave Brock looked up the rugged steep and planned a bold attack;
"No foreign flag shall float," said he, "above the Union Jack."
2. His loyal-hearted soldiers were ready every one;
Their foes were thrice their number, but duty must be done.
They started up the fire-swept hill with loud resounding cheers,
While Brock's inspiring voice rang out: "Push on, York Volunteers!"
3. But soon a fatal bullet pierced through his manly breast,

And loving friends to help him around the hero pressed;
"Push on," he said, "Don't mind me! --- and ere the set of sun
Canadians held the rugged steep, the victory was won.

4. Each true Canadian soldier laments the death of Brock;
His country told its sorrow in monumental rock;
And if a foe should ere invade our land in future years,
His dying words will guide us still: "Push on, brave Volunteers!"

SIDE II, Band 10: THE CHESAPEAKE & SHANNON

The War of 1812 was also marked by several important naval engagements. The first important sea battle took place off the New England coast on August 19, 1812, when the American frigate *Constitution* defeated the British *Guerriere*, a battle which the Yankee sailors celebrated in a boastful song.

The following year, on June 1, 1813, the British ship, *Shannon*, commanded by Captain P.V. Broke, challenged the American *Chesapeake* under Captain James Lawrence. The engagement took place off Boston Light House, and after a sharp conflict lasting twelve minutes, the *Chesapeake* was defeated. The British soldiers boarded her, and towed her triumphantly to Halifax harbor.

Soon the British tars were singing their victory song neatly patterned on "The *Constitution* and the *Guerriere*". The version given here was collected by Dr. Roy Mackenzie in Nova Scotia.

The Treaty of Ghent, which brought the war to an end on Christmas Eve, 1814, restored the occupied territory on both sides. Most historians feel that the war was unnecessary and should have been avoided, but for Canadians it had one valuable effect - the successful defense of their country against a more powerful neighbor created a feeling of pride which contributed to the development of a national spirit.

1. The *Chesapeake* so bold out of Boston as we're told
Came to take the British frigate neat and handy O,
And the people in the port all came out to see the sport
While their bands all played up Yankee Doodle Dandy O!
2. Before this action had begun the Yankees made much fun,
Said, "We'll tow her up to Boston neat and handy O!
And after that we'll dine, treat our sweethearts all with wine,
And we'll dance a jig of Yankee Doodle Dandy O."
3. Our British frigate's name that for the purpose came
To cool the Yankee's courage neat and handy O
Was the *Shannon* - Captain Broke, all his crew had hearts of oak,
And in fighting were allowed to be the dandy O.
4. Now the fight had scarce begun when they flinched from their guns;
They thought that they had worked us neat and handy O;
But Broke he waved his sword saying, "Come, my boys, we'll board,
And we'll stop them playing Yankee Doodle Dandy O."
5. When the Britons heard this word they all quickly sprang on board
And seized the Yankees' ensign neat and handy O.
Notwithstanding all their brags, the British raised their flags
On the Yankees' mizzen-peak to be the dandy O!
6. Now here's to Broke and all his crew who, in courage stout and true,
Fought against the Yankee frigate neat and handy O.
O may they ever prove both in fighting and in love
That the British tars will always be the dandy O!

PART III: TWO

PART III: TOWARDS CONFEDERATION

SIDE III, Band 1: THE SIR ROBERT PEEL

Between the war of 1812 and the Rebellion of 1837-38, Canadian history was marked by a long-drawn out political struggle for self-government. The Constitutional Act of 1791 established legislative councils appointed for life by the governor, and assemblies elected on a property-holding franchise. In both Upper and Lower Canada these councils fell under the control of small ruling groups, known as the Chateau clique in Lower Canada and the Family Compact in Upper Canada, and friction arose between them and the elected assemblies.

In both provinces reform parties raised demands for economic and political changes, chief among them being land reform and responsible government to be achieved by an elective council. As the ruling oligarchies stubbornly refused to make the desired reforms, opposition gradually became more bitter, and radicals began drilling for armed revolt.

Fighting broke out first in Lower Canada, where the rebels were led by Louis Papineau and Dr. E.B. O'Callaghan. In November and December, 1837, clashes occurred between British troops and "patriotes" at St. Charles, St. Denis, and St. Eustace, but the poorly organized rebels were easily dispersed. In Upper Canada the rebels, led by William Lyon Mackenzie, attempted to occupy Toronto, but delays and errors in planning led to their defeat.

When Mackenzie and his followers fled to the United States, sympathizers there flocked to his support. At first the Patriots set up headquarters on Navy Island in the Niagara River, and an American ship, the *Caroline*, brought them supplies. On the night of December 29 a group of Canadian men led by Captain Andrew Drew captured the *Caroline*, set her afire and let her drift over Niagara Falls.

A few months later Mackenzie's American supporters got "revenge for the *Caroline*," by capturing the British steamship, the *Sir Robert Peel* when she put into Wells Island in the St. Lawrence to take on wood. This song was apparently composed by some of the men in the boarding party; it was collected in New York State by Sam Eskin.

1. In the pleasant month of May, 'twas the year thirty-eight,
At the close of the month, one night very late,
It was down in the narrows where they watched for the eel
Lay Her Majesty's steamer called the Sir Robert Peel.
2. Now it happened by chance, so it was understood,
That the steamer was forced to call there for wood.
At her prow from three rowboats so nimble of heel
Sprang a band of bold fellows aboard of the keel.
3. They says to her captain, likewise to her crew;
"Remember the *Caroline*, and remember Cap. Drew,
So pack up your baggage for now we do feel
Quite fully determined to burn down the Peel."
4. They cut loose her fastenings and out in the stream
They cast both her anchors and blew off the steam
They put in the fire and she burnt to the keel
Crying "Our wrongs are avenged by the burning of the Peel."
5. So hurrah for Bill Johnston, hurrah for his braves!
Just give him some seamen and we'll never be slaves.
If you rob him of wealth and you arm him with steel,
Then the fate of the Tories can be read in the Peel."
6. Now liberty rises and puts forth her power;
Ye tyrants she seizes and points to the hour.

Ye tyrants from Europe our vengeance shall feel
Unless you are warned by the burning of the Peel.

SIDE III, Band 2: THE BATTLE OF THE WINDMILL

During the summer of 1838 American supporters of Mackenzie organized many "Hunters' Lodges", planning to invade Canada. Early in November the Hunters concentrated across the St. Lawrence from Prescott, and on November 11 a band of 170 men crossed the river and took possession of a large stone windmill just below Prescott.

British troops stationed at Kingston and Canadian volunteers from nearby points were rushed to Prescott and attempted to dislodge the rebels. At first the attackers were driven back, but when heavy guns were brought up from Kingston the invaders were forced to surrender.

Shortly after the battle, the Canadian soldiers made up this victory song to the tune of "The Girl I Left Behind Me", and it continued to be sung for many years along the St. Lawrence.

1. On Tuesday morning we marched out
In command of Colonel Fraser,
With swords and bay'nets of polished steel
As keen as any razor.
Unto the Windmill plains we went,
We gave them three loud cheers
To let them know that day, below,
We're the Prescott Volunteers.
2. Oh, we're the boys that feared no noise
When the cannons loud did roar;
We cut the rebels left and right
When they landed on our shore.
Brave Macdonell he nobly led
His men into the field;
They did not flinch, no, not an inch,
Till the rebels had to yield.
3. He swung his sword right round and said:
"Glenagarrys, follow me,
"We'll gain the day without delay,
And that you'll plainly see!"
The rebels now remain at home,
We wish that they would come,
We'd cut them up, both day and night,
By command of Colonel Young.
4. If e'er they dare return again
They'll see what we can do;
We'll show them British play, my boys,
As we did at Waterloo.
Under Captain Jessup we will fight,
Let him go where he will;
With powder and ball they'll surely fall
As they did at the Windmill.
5. If I were like great Virgil bright,
I would employ my quill,
And I would write both day and night
Concerning the Windmill.
Lest to intrude I will conclude
And finish off my song,
We'll pay a visit to Ogdensburg
And that before too long.

Side III, Band 3: UN CANADIEN ERRANT

With the suppression of the revolts, hundreds of the rebels fled from their homes to escape vindictive punishment. Some of the captured leaders were put to death on the gallows; others were sent to prison; and those who escaped had to live in exile for many years. It was not until 1843 that a number of the leaders were pardoned, and a general amnesty was not granted until 1849.

The unhappy days of the rebellion inspired a young student, M.A. Gerin-Lajoie, to write this song, setting it to the tune of a familiar French chanson. It pictures one of the young exiles in a foreign land (presumably the United States), standing on the bank of a river that flows towards Canada and asking the stream to carry his sad greetings to his friends at home.

1. Un Canadien errant, banni de ses foyers, (2)
Parcourait en pleurant des pays étrangers. (2)
2. Un jour, triste et pensif, assis au bord des flots, (2)
Au courant fugitif il adressa ces mots: (2)

3. "Si tu vois mon pays, mon pays malheureux, (2)
Va, dis à mes amis que je me souviens d'eux. (2)
4. "O jours si pleins d'appas vous êtes disparus... (2)
Et ma patrie, hélas! Je ne le verrai plus! (2)
5. "Non, mais en expirant, O mon cher Canada! (2)
Mon regard languissant ver toi se portera..." (2)

Translation

1. A wandering Canadian lad, exiled from his home,
Wandered in tears through a foreign land.
2. One day, sad and thoughtful, seated beside a stream
To the flowing current he addressed these words:
3. "If you see my country, my unhappy country,
Go, say to my friends that I remember them.
4. "O days so full of delight, you have vanished,
And my country, alas, I will never see her again.
5. "No, but in dying, O my dear Canada,
My gaze will turn in sorrow towards you."

SIDE III, Band 4: A FENIAN SONG

The rebellions of 1837 led to the appointment of Lord Durham as Governor-General, and his report on the grievances prevailing in the provinces resulted in "an act to reunite the provinces of Upper and Lower Canada" which came into effect in 1841.

During the next twenty years Canada was developing toward her next big milestone: confederation. One strong force pressing the British colonies toward union was their mutual fear of American aggression. This fear was intensified by the strained relations prevailing during and immediately after the American Civil War.

Another factor that helped a sense of nationhood in Canada was the Fenian raids. About 1856 some Irish revolutionaries founded a secret society dedicated to the struggle for Irish freedom under the name of the Fenian Brotherhood. Many Irish rebels who had emigrated to the States fought in the Northern army during the Civil War. Some 200,000 of these Irish Americans joined the Fenian Brotherhood, and when the war ended they decided to launch an attack against Canada. The Fenians in Ireland had been suppressed, but they hoped that by invading Canada they could bring pressure to bear on Britain to grant Irish independence.

The Fenians held a convention at Cincinnati in 1865; bonds were sold, and open drilling took place in several American cities. In the spring of 1856 the Fenian troops began assembling on the Niagara frontier, and on May 31, about 1,500 men under Col. O'Neill, crossed the border from Buffalo and seized Fort Erie.

The alarm went up in Toronto, and the Queen's Own Rifles rushed to the scene. They were supposed to join forces with other troops, but through a misunderstanding, part of the Queen's Own Rifles under Lieutenant-Colonel Alfred Booker started out by themselves and clashed with the Fenians near the village of Ridgeway. The outnumbered Canadians were forced to flee, and the Fenians celebrated their victory by composing this jeering little ditty.

1. The Queen's Own Regiment was their name,
From fair Toronto town they came
To put the Irish all to shame,
The Queen's and Colonel Booker.
2. What fury fills each loyal mind
No volunteer would stay behind,
They flung their red flag to the wind,
"Hurrah, my boys", said Booker.
3. Now helter, skelter, Ohio,
See how they play that "heel and toe",
See how they run from their Irish foe,
The Queen's and Colonel Booker!

SIDE III, Band 5: AN ANTI-FENIAN SONG

While the Fenians were defeating Colonel Booker's troops, other Canadian troops were gathering, and when Colonel Peacock began to move on Fort Erie with some 2500 men, the Fenians decided to withdraw across the border.

Although the Fenian plans were wild and their raids ineffective, they did serve a useful purpose in causing Canadians to draw together in defence of their own territory. This aroused spirit of patriotism found expression in these lines, set to the tune of the Civil War marching song "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching".

1. In the morning by my side sat the
darling of my pride,
And our happy children round us were
at play,
When the news spread through the land
that the Fenians were at hand,
At our country's call we'll cheerfully
obey.

CHORUS: Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are
marching,
Cheer up, comrades, let them come,
For beneath the Union Jack we will
drive the Fenians back
And we'll fight for our beloved
Canadian home.

2. Should this poor deluded band dare set
foot upon our land,
Or molest the rights of England's noble
Queen,
They will meet with British pluck---
English, Irish, Scot, Canuck---
And they'll wish themselves at home
again, I ween!

CHORUS:

SIDE III, Band 6: ANTI-CONFEDERATION SONG

By the 1860's the various British provinces in North America began to feel that there was much to be said for joining forces on the basis of the old slogan, "United we stand, divided we fall".

The maritime provinces took the first step. In 1864 they called a conference at Charlottetown to consider a union of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island. Representatives from Upper and Lower Canada came to that conference, and a new conference was called at Quebec on October 10, 1864. Under the leadership of Brown, Galt, Cartier, MacDonald, McGee, Tupper of Nova Scotia, and Tilly of New Brunswick, a document consisting of 72 resolutions was drawn up and adopted, setting forth the various conditions for confederation.

The 72 resolutions were then debated in the various provinces, and became the basis for the British North America Act. When the B.N.A. Act came into effect on July 1, 1867, the four provinces of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick had accepted it and they became the new Dominion of Canada. Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland had also taken part in the preliminary conferences but they did not ratify the agreement at that time.

Opposition in Newfoundland sprang partly from the islanders' pride in their history as "the oldest overseas colony of the British empire", and partly from the self-interest of the St. John's businessmen who feared that confederation would bring higher taxes and destroy their favored position behind a high-tariff wall. The Newfoundland government was being financed almost entirely from customs duties which ran up the prices on everything the fisherman had to buy, so the argument that confederation would bring cheap tea and molasses had considerable validity. However, when the question was put to the Newfoundland electors in 1869, the "Confederates" were defeated by the "Anti-Confederates", and the ditty below was one of the campaign songs that helped to swing the vote.

The issue was revived during the financial crisis of the 1890's and again during World War I, but it was not until 1948 that Newfoundlanders finally voted to become Canada's tenth province. They entered the confederation on March 31, 1949.

1. Hurrah for our own native isle,
Newfoundland!
Not a stranger shall hold one inch of
its strand!
Her face turns to Britain, her back to
the Gulf,
Come near at your peril, Canadian Wolf!
2. Ye brave Newfoundlanders, who plough
the salt sea

With hearts like the eagle, so bold and
so free,
The time is at hand when you'll all
have to say
If Confederation will carry the day.

3. Cheap tea and molasses they say they
will give,
All taxes take off that the poor man
may live;
Cheap nails and cheap lumber our coffins
to make,
And homespun to mend our old cloths
when they break.
4. If they take off the taxes, how then
will they meet
The heavy expense of the country's
up-keep?
Just give them the chance to get us in
the scrape,
And they'll chain us like slaves with
pen, ink and red tape.
5. Would you barter the right that your
fathers have won,
Your freedom transmitted from father
to son?
For a few thousand dollars of Canadian
gold
Don't let it be said that your birth-
right was sold.
6. Hurrah for our own native isle,
Newfoundland!
Not a stranger shall hold one inch of
its strand!
Her face turns to Britain, her back to
the Gulf,
Come near at your peril, Canadian Wolf!

SIDE III, Band 7: PRINCE EDWARD ISLE, ADIEU!

Like Newfoundland, Prince Edward Island at first hesitated to join Confederation, but the tiny province finally became part of Canada in 1873. As a colony, the island had had a troubled history. Its land had been distributed to court favorites who became absentee landlords, forcing the real settlers to pay them rent. The Islanders hoped for better days when they joined the Dominion of Canada, for the promise of free trade and better railroads would improve their economic position.

This song, sometimes known as "The History of Prince Edward Isle", was sung in eastern lumbercamps. It may have been written by Larry Gorman, the most famous of the many men who left Prince Edward Island to work in the lumberwoods of New Brunswick and Maine, and whose many ballads made him known throughout the eastern woodlands as "the man who makes the songs".

1. Come all you hardy sons of toil, pray
lend an ear to me
While I relate the dismal state of this
our countree.
I will not pause to name the cause, but
keep it close in view,
For comrades grieve when they must leave
and bid this Isle adieu.
2. There is a band within this land who
live in pomp and pride.
To swell their store they rob the poor,
on pleasure's wings they ride.
With dishes fine their tables shine;
they live in princely style.
Those are the knaves who made us slaves
and sold Prince Edward's Isle.
3. Through want and care and scanty fare
the poor man drags along.
He hears a whistle loud and shrill;
the Iron Horse speeds on.
He throws his pack upon his back;
there's nothing left to do;
He boards the train for Bangor, Maine,
and bids this Isle adieu!
4. The reason why so many fly and leave
their Island home,
Because 'tis clear they can't stay here,
for work to do there's none;
In other climes there's better times;
there can't be worse, 'tis true;
So weal or woe, away they go; Prince
Edward's Isle, adieu.
5. In days of yore from Scotland's shore,
our fathers crossed the main;
Though dark and drear, they settled
here to quit the tyrant's chain.
With courage stout they put to rout the
forest beasts so wild;
Rough logs they cut to build their huts
upon Prince Edward's Isle.
6. The place was new, the roads were few,
the people lived content.
The landlords came their fields to
claim; each settler must pay rent.

So now you see the tyranny that drove
us to exile
Begin again across the main in our
Prince Edward's Isle.

7. But changes great have come of late
and brought some curious things;
Dominion men have brought us in, with
iron rails we ring;
There's maps and charts and towns apart,
there's tramps of every style;
There's doctors mute and lawyers cute
upon Prince Edward's Isle.
8. There's judges, too, who find a clue to
all the merchants' bills;
There's school trustees who want no fees
for using all their skill;
There's laws for dogs, for geese, for
hogs; at this, pray, do not smile,
For changes great have come of late
upon Prince Edward's Isle.
9. So here's success to all who press the
question of Free Trade;
Join hand in hand, the cause is grand,
they're plainly in the shade!
The mainland route the year throughout,
take courage, now, stand true!
My verse is done, my song is sung,
Prince Edward's Isle, adieu.



SIDE III, Band 8: PORK, BEANS AND HARD-TACK

In 1869 the newly-formed Dominion government arranged for the transfer of Rupert's Land and the North-West Territories to Canada in return for a payment to the Hudson's Bay Company of \$300,000, some 50,000 acres around the fur posts, and two sections in each township. December 1, 1869, was the date set for the official transfer, but before it took place, trouble was brewing.

Surveyors sent into the territory had marked the land off in rectangular sections. These cut across the half-breeds' farms which extended back from the river fronts in narrow ribbons as did the farms in Quebec. Fearing the loss of their land, the half-breeds, or Métis as they were called, seized Fort Garry and forced the new governor, William Macdougall, to withdraw across the border into the United States.

Under the leadership of Louis Riel, the inhabitants of the Red River country elected a council and formed a provisional government. Alarmed by the opposition, Sir John A. MacDonald's government sent in a commission to conciliate the settlers. However, a clash between the provisional government and the small English group opposing it led to the execution of Thomas Scott, an Ontario Orangeman, and this aroused the rage of Protestant groups in Ontario.

The Canadian government then sent in a military expedition of 1,200 men under Colonel Wolseley to enforce peace and order. Riel took refuge in the United States and the rebellion collapsed. Meanwhile, on May 12, 1870, the Manitoba Act was passed, giving the settlements on the Red and Assiniboine Rivers the status of a province.

At the same time the Canadian government had been carrying on negotiations which led to British Columbia entering Confederation as a province on July 20, 1871. One of the terms of the B.C. agreement was that a railroad should be built to the coast within ten years, and after many difficulties the Canadian Pacific Railway was finally completed in 1885.

As the railway advanced it opened up the North-West Territories to settlement, and by 1885 the government was faced with another rebellion. Many Métis who had moved west after the Red River Rebellion had settled along the Saskatchewan River, and once again surveying parties began to cut across their farm lines. The discontented Métis brought Riel back from Montana, and on March 26, the North-West Rebellion broke out. A provisional government was set up, and the Métis attacked and defeated the Mounted Police and Prince Albert Volunteers at Duck Lake.

When word reached the east, the Ninetieth Battalion from Winnipeg and several thousand volunteers from different parts of Canada were despatched to the scene of the rebellion under the command of General

Middleton. They travelled on the newly completed Canadian Pacific Railway as far as possible, and then had to proceed on foot and by boat, for the insurgents were entrenched at a point 200 miles from the railroad. Engagements were fought at Fish Creek, Cut Knife, and Frog Lake, and then came the decisive battle at Batoche on May 12, where the rebels were crushed and Riel captured. He was later hanged in Regina.

This song of the volunteers who took part in the North-West Rebellion was published in the University of Toronto Song Book of 1887, two years after the events described. Its first three verses describe the trip out and the soldiers' life on the plains; the last two tell of their return home after the rebellion - they were loaded on boats and taken down the Saskatchewan River to Lake Winnipeg, then travelled by barge to the south end of the lake to catch a train for Winnipeg.

The words are set to the familiar tune of "Solomon Levi".

1. Our volunteers are soldiers bold, so say the people all,
When duty calls they spring to arms,
responsive to the call,
With outfits old and rotten clothes,
ill fitted for the strife,
They leave their homes on starving pay
to take the nitches life.

CHORUS:

Pork, beans and hard-tack, Tra-la-la-la-la-la,
Poor hungry soldiers, Tra-la-la-la-la-la,
In rags we march the prairie, most eager for the fray,
But when we near the enemy, they always run away.
As Corporation laborers with fat-i-gue each day,
We dig and scrape and hoe and rake for fifty cents a day.

2. Faint, cold and weary, we're packed on an open car,
Cursing our fate and grumbling, as soldiers ever are,
Hungry and thirsty, over the C.P.R. we go
Instead of by the all-rail-route -- Detroit and Chicago.

CHORUS:

3. On half-cooked beans and fat pork we're fed without relief,
Save when we get a change of grub on hard-tack and corn beef,
On fat-igue and guards all day, patrols and pickets by night,
It's thus we while away our time, our duty seems ne'er to fight.

CHORUS:

4. Down the wild Saskatchewan, in river boats we go,
At last we reach Lake Winnipeg, where a tug takes us in tow,
Aboard a barge, two regiments are shoved into the hold,
Like sardines in a box we're packed, six hundred men all told.

CHORUS:

5. Down the length of Winnipeg Lake we roll throughout the night,
And on we're towed along the Lake till Selkirk is in sight;
We disembark in double-quick time and once more board a train,
We're on our way for Winnipeg, we're getting near home again...

CHORUS:

SIDE III, Band 9: BETWEEN THE FORKS AND CARLETON

The Scottish half-breeds did not support the French half-breeds in the rebellion - indeed, some of them went off to fight with Middleton. This little song was composed by a Scottish half-breed who lived at Macdowall, south of Prince Albert, to describe the great victory won "Between the Forks and Carleton". The "Forks" referred to the forks in an old trail, one branch of which led to Prince Albert and the other to Fort Carleton, and the battle was the final defeat of the rebels at Batoche.

1. Last Saturday night young William Tate
Enrolled his scouts, he would not wait,

But galloping up, though he was late
Between the Forks and Carleton.

2. Tom Hourie too was in the crowd,
We heard the General praise him loud:
And for the French we've made a shroud.

Between the Forks and Carleton.

3. How Hudson's son and Tomkinson
They wrote and told us how 'twas done,
How Middleton had made them run
Between the Forks and Carleton.

SIDE III, Band 10: THE MAPLE LEAF FOREVER

While those who were opposed to union were expressing their feelings in anti-confederation songs, others were writing patriotic verses in favor of the new Dominion of Canada. Most of these songs were quickly forgotten, but one, "The Maple Leaf Forever", was destined to become very popular at a later period, and is still heard today.

This famous song was written by Alexander Muir (1839-1906), who came to Canada from Scotland and became a schoolmaster, teaching at several schools in and around Toronto. He was inspired to write the words of "The Maple Leaf Forever" in the fall of 1867 when a maple leaf clung to his sleeve as he was walking through Leslie Gardens in Scarborough. His wife suggested that he find music for his poem so his students could sing it. After searching in vain for a suitable melody he wrote the tune himself and had it printed at his own expense. It did not become widely known until some twenty years later, but was very popular at the time of the Boer War.

1. In days of yore, from Britain's shore,
Wolfe, the dauntless hero came
And planted firm Britannia's flag
On Canada's fair domain.
Here may it wave, our boast, our pride,
And joined in love together,
The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwine,
The Maple Leaf forever.

CHORUS: The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear,
The Maple Leaf forever.
God Save our Queen, and heaven bless
The Maple Leaf forever.

2. At Queenston Heights and Lundy's Lane,
Our brave fathers, side by side,
For freedom, homes and loved ones dear,
Firmly stood and nobly died.
And those dear rights which they maintained,
We swear to yield them never,
Our watchword ever more shall be
The Maple Leaf Forever.

CHORUS:

3. Our fair Dominion now extends
From Cape Race to Nootka Sound;
May peace forever be our lot,
And plentiful store abound;
And may those ties of love be ours
Which discord cannot sever,
And flourish green o're Freedom's home,
The Maple Leaf forever.

CHORUS:

SIDE III, Band 11: O CANADA!

"O Canada!" is now accepted as Canada's national song -- the closest thing we have to a national anthem, next to "God Save the Queen". Many English-speaking Canadians do not know that it originated in Quebec, and that the familiar English words were not written until twenty-eight years after the French version.

In 1880 the Society of Saint-Jean Baptiste (St. John the Baptist), a national organization of French-Canadians, was planning a great festival, and the committee in charge of the music for the occasion decided that a national hymn was needed to express the aspirations of the French-Canadian people. They asked Calixa Lavallée (1842-1891), a well-known pianist and composer then living in Quebec, to write the music, and Judge A.B. Routhier (1839-1920) wrote the words. On Saint-Jean Baptiste Day, June 24, 1880, the convention sang the new anthem for the first time. The song immediately caught on in Quebec but it did not reach Ontario for nearly

20 years. It was first used as a military tattoo in Niagara Camp, and later in a March Past at the reception for the future George V in Toronto. At least five English versions were written but the one generally accepted is by Dr. R. Stanley Weir, the Recorder of Montreal. A well-known writer and poet of his time, Dr. Weir wrote the English words in 1908. As a comparison reveals, they are far from a literal translation, but the sentiment is fairly close to the original. While the strong British flavor and somewhat jingoistic phrases of "The Maple Leaf" made it unacceptable to the French-Canadians, "O Canada!" expresses a broader type of patriotism which both French and English can share.

O Canada! Terre de nos aïeux,
Ton front est ceint de fleurons glorieux!
Car ton bras sait porter l'épée,
Il sait porter la Croix!
Ton histoire est une épopée
Des plus brillants exploits.
Et ta valeur, de foi trempée,
Protégera nos foyers et nos droits.
Protégera nos foyers et nos droits.

Translation

O Canada! Land of our forefathers,
Your brow is crowned with glorious flowers!
Because your arm knows how to bear a sword
It knows how to carry the cross!
Your history is an epic
Of the most brilliant deeds.
And your valor, stamped with faith,
Will protect our homes and our rights.

Dr. Weir's Version:

O Canada! Our home and native land!
True patriot love in all thy sons command.
With glowing hearts we see thee rise
The True North, strong and free;
And stand on guard, O Canada,
We stand on guard for thee.
O Canada! Glorious and free!
We stand on guard, we stand on guard
for thee.
O Canada! We stand on guard for thee.



PART IV: THE COUNTRY GROWS

SIDE IV, Band 1: LA ROSE BLANCHE

By 1873 Canada had acquired seven of her ten provinces, and she governed the vast area of the North-West Territories, but her population was still less than four million. The building of the C.P.R. brought some settlement in a narrow strip along the railway, but until the coming of the twentieth century the western plains remained for the most part the domain of the fur-traders.

The traditions of the French-Canadian coureurs-de-bois continued to dominate the fur trade long after Canada became British. When the old French companies were succeeded by British companies trading out of Montreal, the French-Canadian voyageurs operated their canoes on the annual expeditions to the interior. And after the North-West Company united with the Hudson's Bay Company in 1821, the voyageurs continued to man the trading canoes.

It seems strange to think of a lace-cuffed tale like this waking the wilds of Canada's waterways, but most of the songs used by the voyageurs were transplanted from the medieval court of France. What they needed were long narrative ballads that would go on and on to relieve the monotony of endless hours of paddling.

1. Par un matin je suis levé (2)
Plus matin que ma tante. (2)
2. Dans mon jardin je m'en suis allé (2)
Cueillir la rose blanche. (2)
3. Je n'en ai pas sitôt cueilli trois (2)
Que mon amant y entre. (2)
4. "Ma mie, faites-moi z'un bouquet (2)
Qu'il soit de roses blanches." (2)
5. La belle en faisant ce bouquet (2)
Elle s'est cassé la jambe. (2)
6. Faut aller qu'ri le medecin, (2)
Le medecin de Nantes. (2)

7. "Beau medecin, beau medecin (2)
Que dis-tu de ma jambe?" (2)
8. "Ta jambe, ell'n'en guérira pas (2)
Qu'ell' soit dans l'eau baignante (2)
9. Dans un bassin d'or et d'argent (2)
Couvert de roses blanches." (2)

Translation:

Early in the morning I got up
Much earlier than my aunt.

Into my garden I went
To pick the white rose.

I had no yet picked three
When my sweetheart came in.

"Darling, make me a bouquet
Of the white roses."

While making the bouquet
The maiden broke her ankle.

We had to send for the doctor,
The doctor from Nantes.

"Good doctor, good doctor,
What do you say about my ankle?"

"Your ankle will not get better
Unless it is bathed in water

In a gold and silver basin
Covered with white roses."

SIDE IV, Band 2: THE FRANKLIN EXPEDITION

While the men of the Hudson's Bay Company and the North-West Company were penetrating the vast hunting ground of the interior, others were pursuing that ancient dream which spurred the early exploration of America: a water route to Asia. Convinced at last that there was no easy passage through the continent, explorers turned their hopes to the North-West Passage around the northern land mass.

Most important of the Arctic explorers was Sir John Franklin who in 1819-22 descended the Coppermine River to the Polar Sea, extending the earlier explorations of Samuel Hearne. In 1825-7 he went down the Mackenzie River (first explored by Alexander Mackenzie in 1789) and explored the coast from its mouth to that of the Coppermine.

Then in May, 1845, Franklin started on his most important ambitious project. Equipped with three years' provisions, he set out with two ships and 129 men to seek the North-West Passage through the Arctic Ocean. After passing Baffin's Bay, all vanished without trace.

Three years later, when no word had been received from Franklin, expeditions were sent out from both England and the United States, and a reward of ten thousand pounds was offered for positive information as to the fate of his party. Between 1848 and 1854 no less than fifteen rescue parties searched for them.

The mystery was not solved until 1859 when an expedition sent out by Lady Franklin under Captain McClintock came upon clothing, skeletons, and a written record preserved among the stones west of King William's Land. These revealed that the ships had become hopelessly frozen in the ice in 1846, and were still there when Franklin died in 1847. The next spring the remaining men abandoned the ship and tried to make their way south over the ice to the nearest post of the Hudson's Bay Company. The last entry was made in April, 1848. After that, an Eskimo woman told Captain McClintock, "they fell down and died as they walked".

The fate of Franklin's expedition was much discussed among sailors, and the long series of search parties kept interest alive for many years. Naturally the ballad-makers took up the subject, and the result was one of the most beautiful of sea laments. It was current among sailors on British, American, and Canadian sailing ships of the last century, and among Newfoundland fishermen and Ontario lumberjacks down to recent times. This version comes from Elizabeth Bristol Greenleaf's collection of Ballads and Sea Songs of Newfoundland.

1. I dreamed a dream, and I thought it true,
Concernin' Frank(e)lin, and his jovial crew,
That from old England did sail away,
To the frozen ocean in the month of May.
2. With a hundred seamen, so brisk and stout,
To find a Nor'western Passage out.
With hearts undaunted and courage true,
Alas, 'twas more than man could do.
3. They sailed east, and they sailed west,
Off Greenland's coast, which they knew best,
Through many dangers they vainly strove,
Till on mountains of ice their ships were hove.
4. In Baffin's Bay, where the whalefish blow,
The fate of Frank(e)lin no one do know,
Of the fate of Frank(e)lin no tongue can tell,
Nor what cruel death his sailors befell.

SIDE IV, Band 3: THE SCARBOROUGH
SETTLER'S LAMENT

Many of Canada's early settlers came from Scotland. Some were supporters of the Stuarts and fled from their homeland following the suppression of the Jacobite rebellions; others were driven from their farms when the land was enclosed by the great landowners.

The Scots settled in Cape Breton, Nova Scotia and in various parts of Ontario, notably Glengarry, Niagara, Perth, Dundas, and Scarborough. It was a Scarborough settler who gave voice to the homesickness of his kinsmen in this lament which was written in 1840. Scarborough is now a suburb of Toronto. The lament is sung to the first half of an old Scots air, "Of A' the Airts the Wind Can Blaw".

1. Away wi' Canada's muddy creeks, and
Canada's fields of pine,
Your land of wheat is a goodly land,
But ahl it isna mine;
The heathy hill, the grassy dale, the
daisy-spangled lea,
The purling burn, the craggy linn, auld
scotia's glens, ge me.
2. Oh! I wad like to hear again the lark
on Tinny's hill,
And see the wee bit gowany that blooms
beside the rill;
Like banished Swiss, who views afar,
his Alps wi' longing e'e,
I gaze upon the morning star that
shines on my countrie.
3. Nae mair I'll win by Eskdale Pen or
Pentland's craggy cone,
The days can ne'er come back again of
thirty years that's gone;
But fancy oft at midnight hour will
steal across the sea,
Yestreen, amid a pleasant dream, I
saw my ain countrie.
4. Each well known scene that met my view
brought childhood's joys to mind,
The blackbird sang on Tushy linn, the
song he sang langsyne,
But like a dream time flies away,
again the morning came,
And I awoke in Canada, three thousand
miles "frae hame".

SIDE IV, Band 4: THE LITTLE OLD SOD SHANTY

After securing the land of the North-West Territories from the Hudson's Bay Company, the Canadian government adopted the practice that had been used in the United States: it offered a free grant of a quarter section (160 acres) providing the settler lived on it for a period of three years and brought part of the land under cultivation. The only charge was \$10 for registering the claim.

In the 1880's the first great rush of settlers reached the western prairies. In one year alone some 60,000 entered Manitoba and staked out claims to some 3,000,000 acres of land. Nevertheless, in the ten years from 1881 to 1891 the population of Manitoba and the North-West Territories showed a net increase of only 70,000. This indicates very clearly that the vast majority of those who responded eagerly to the government's offer of free land were forced to abandon their homesteads. The hardships of frost, storms, drought, and grasshoppers were enough to discourage

all but the most hardy, and thousands left the Canadian prairies for an easier life in American states like Minnesota and the Dakotas, or drifted back east to the older settlements.

From 1900 to the outbreak of World War I, immigrants from Europe poured into Canada, and nearly half a million homesteads were granted. Gradually the tough prairie sod was broken and dotted with temporary shelters put up with whatever materials lay at hand. As the land was brought under cultivation, better houses were built, but most prairie settlers started with something like the little old sod shanty of the song.

The song originated in the States, but it was widely sung all throughout the Canadian West. One line only seems to have been changed: where the American settler said he was "Happy as a clam on the land of Uncle Sam", the Canadian declared he was "Happy as can be for I'm single and I'm free".

1. I am lookin' rather seedy now while
holdin' down my claim,
And my victuals are not always of the
best,
And the mice play shyly 'round me as
I nestle down to rest
In my little old sod shanty in the
west.

CHORUS:

Oh, the hinges are of leather and
the windows have no glass,
While the board roof lets the howlin'
blizzards in,
And I hear the hungry coyote as he
slinks up through the grass
Round the little old sod shanty on
my claim.

2. Yet I rather like the novelty of
livin' in this way,
Though my bill of fare is always rather
tame,
But I'm happy as can be for I'm single
and I'm free
In my little old sod shanty on my claim.

(CHORUS)

3. My clothes are plastered o'er with dough,
I'm lookin' like a fright,
And everything is scattered 'round
the room.
But I wouldn't give the freedom that
I have out in the west
For the table of the Eastern man's
old home. (CHORUS)
4. Still, I wish that some kind-hearted
girl would pity on me take
And relieve me from the mess that I
am in;
Oh, the angel, how I'd bless her if
this her home would make
In this little old sod shanty on my
claim. (CHORUS)

SIDE IV, Band 5: THE ALBERTA HOMESTEADER

Like "The Little Old Sod Shanty", the song of "The Alberta Homesteader" was also inspired by an American pioneer complaint, "The Greer County Bachelor", but here considerable changes have been made in the original to acclimatize it to Alberta. The verses go to the tune of "The Irish Washerwoman", although in Alberta they were sometimes sung to the familiar air of "Sweet Betsy from Pike".

1. My name is Dan Gold, an old bach'lor
I am,
I'm keeping old batch on an elegant
plan.
You'll find me out here on Alberta's
bush plain
A-starving to death on a government
claim.
2. So come to Alberta, there's room for
you all
Where the wind never ceases and the rain
always falls,
Where the sun always sets and there it
remains
Till we get frozen out on our govern-
ment claims.
3. My house it is built of the natural
soil,
My walls are erected according to Hoyle,
My roof has no pitch, it is level and
plain,
And I always get wet when it happens
to rain.

4. My clothes are all ragged, my language is rough,
My bread is case-hardened and solid and tough,
My dishes are scattered all over the room,
My floor gets afraid at the sight of a broom.
5. How happy I feel when I roll into bed,
The rattlesnake rattles a tune at my head,
The little mosquito, devoid of all fear,
Crawls over my face and into my ear.
6. The little bed-bug so cheerful and bright,
It keeps me up laughing two-thirds of the night,
And the smart little flea, with tacks in his toes,
Crawls up through my whiskers and tickles my nose.
7. You may try to raise wheat, you may try to raise rye,
You may stay there and live, you may stay there and die,
But as for myself, I'll no longer remain
A-starving to death on a government claim.
8. So farewell to Alberta, farewell to the West,
It's backwards I'll go to the girl I love best.
I'll go back to the east and get me a wife
And never eat cornbread the rest of my life.

SIDE IV, Band 6: THE DYING OUTLAW

At this time, too, the Canadian government established the North West Mounted Police to preserve law and order on the great plains. This song recalls the days when adventurous cowboys got into gambling fights and bar-room brawls, and when the red-coated Mounties were the only law west of Winnipeg. The young outlaw of this song is obviously akin to the cowboy who died on the streets of Laredo, and to the other who begged to be buried "on the lone prairie", but this particular song seems to be native to Canada.

1. Come gather around me, my comrades and friends,
The sun is setting on life's short day.
I'm wounded to die, and there's nothing to do
But wait while my life ebbs away.

REFRAIN: Oh, bury me on the long prairie
Where the hooves of the horses shall fall,
Where the echoing tread falls over my head
And a cowboy will carry me on.

2. I have roved on the prairie by night and by day,
No danger I've feared as I rode along,
But a red-coated foeman has written my doom,
And a cowboy will carry me on.
3. Be kind to my pony while with you he stays,
Then lay him beside me when he must go.
How often I've tried him and I know he won't fall
When we ride in that great rodeo.

SIDE IV, Band 7: THE POOR LITTLE GIRLS OF ONTARIO

While the men were heading west for the sod shanties and homesteads of the prairies, the girls they left behind them were complaining because the frontier was stealing away their beaux. Their complaints took the form of a song that was known in many parts of Ontario and acquired different verses to fit the circumstances. Originally it was called "The Poor Lone Girl of Ontario", and told of boys heading for Thunder Bay and Keewatin in north-western Ontario. Then, at the beginning of the Nineteenth century, it told of the boys going out to Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and the Caribou.

The song was also sung to different tunes, sometimes "The Little Brown Jug" or "Yankee Doodle", as in this version.

1. I'll sing you a song of a plaguey pest,
It goes by the name of the great North West.
I cannot have a beau at all,
They all skip out there in the fall.

REFRAIN:

One by one they'll all clear out,
Thinking to better themselves, no doubt,
Caring little how far they go
From the poor little girls of Ontario.

2. First I got mashed on Charlie Brown,
The nicest fellow in all the town.
He tipped his hat and sailed away,
And now he's settled in Manitobay.
3. Then Henry Mayner with his white cravat,
His high stiff collar and his new plug hat,
He said if he stayed he'd have to beg,
And now he's settled in Winnipeg.
4. Then my long-legged druggist with his specs on his nose,
I really thought he would propose,
But he sold his shop and now he's gone
Clear out to little Saskatchewan.
5. I'll pack my clothes in a carpet sack,
I'll go out there and I'll never come back,
I'll find me a husband and a good one, too,
If I have to go through to Cariboo.

LAST REFRAIN:

One by one we'll all clear out,
Thinking to better ourselves, no doubt,
Caring little how far we go
From the old, old folks of Ontario.



SIDE IV, Band 8: THE KLONDIKE GOLD RUSH

In 1896 a prospector from Alaska crossed over into Yukon and found gold along the Upper Yukon river, at the mouth of a tributary called the Klondike. Then began a frantic period like that in California after 1849. Crowds of gold adventurers came up from Victoria and Seattle to Skagway in Alaska and crossed the White Pass through the mountains to float down the river to the new El Dorado. The mining camp of Dawson became the capital of Yukon, and a railway was built across the White Pass.

The excitement of those gold-rush days is caught in this song, which tells of the men leaving Moodyville, then a small town near Vancouver, for the rich lodes of the Klondike rivers. The song was remembered by Captain Charlie Gates, long-time mayor of North Vancouver.

1. Oh, come to the place where they struck it rich,
Come where the treasure lies hid,
Where your hat full of mud is a five-pound note,
And a clod on your heel is a quid.

REFRAIN: Klondike, Klondike,
Label your luggage for Klondike,
For there ain't no luck in the town today,
There ain't no work down Moodyville way,
Pack up your traps and be off,
I say,
Off and away to the Klondike.

2. Oh, they scratches the earth and it tumbles out
More than your hands can hold,
For the hills above and the plains beneath
Are cracking and busting with gold.

SIDE IV, Band 9: WHEN THE ICE WORMS NEST AGAIN

A favourite song of the prospectors of northern B.C. and the Yukon was "When the Ice-Worms Nest Again". Later it spread to other mining regions, carried by wandering sourdoughs. A modernized form is still sung every year at the trappers' convention at The Pas in Manitoba, and it is also popular with the silver miners of Cobalt, Ontario.

1. There's a dusky husky maiden in the Arctic,
And she waits for me, but it is not in vain,
For some day I'll put my mukluks on
And ask her

If she'll wed me when the ice-worms nest again.
In the land of the pie blue snow,
where it's ninety-nine below,
And the polar bears are roamin' o'er the plain;
In the shadow of the pole I will clasp her to my soul;
We'll be married when the ice-worms nest again.

2. For our wedding feast we'll have seal oil and blubber;
In our kayak we will roam the bounding main;
All the walruses will look at us and rubber;
We'll be married when the ice-worms nest again.
When some night at half-past two
I return to my igloo,
After sitting with a friend who was in pain,
She'll be waitin' for me there with the hambone of a bear,
And she'll beat me till the ice-worms nest again.

SIDE IV, Band 10: SASKATCHEWAN

Back in the eighteen-fifties the British government sent Captain John Palliser out to make a survey of the land between the Red River and the Rockies. He reported that the southern part of this area was an extension of the American desert and was unsuitable for the growing of grain. This region, often called "Palliser's Triangle", was broken up for farming in spite of his warning, and for many years yielded bountiful crops of wheat.

Then came the 1930's and the farmers began to run into trouble. By that time the soil had been cultivated into fine particles, and a succession of dry years crumbled it into dust. Farmers watched their soil and crops disappear in the high winds that blow across the plains in spring, and any grain that escaped the wind was eaten by grasshoppers. To the rest of the world the depression years were known as "The Hungry 'Thirties", but in the west they were "The Dirty 'Thirties".

The 'forties brought increased rainfall, the dust storms diminished, and Saskatchewan once more became the granary of the world. However, the people who lived on the prairies will never forget the 'thirties, and the experiences that found expression in the song "Saskatchewan". It was written by William W. Smith, a Swift Current businessman who used to sing it to amuse his friends. He set it to the well known hymn tune of "Beulah Land", and based it on an older parody called "Dakota Land" that had circulated in the States somewhat earlier.

1. Saskatchewan, the land of snow,
Where winds are always on the blow,
Where people sit with frozen toes,
And why we stay here no one knows.

CHORUS:

Saskatchewan, Saskatchewan,
There's no place like Saskatchewan,
We sit and gaze across the plain,
And wonder why it never rains,
And Gabriel blows his trumpet sound,
He says: "The rain, she's gone around".

2. Our pigs are dyin' on their feet
Because they have no feed to eat,
Our horses, though of bronco race,
Starvation stares them in the face.

CHORUS:

3. The milk from cows has ceased to flow,
We've had to ship 'em East, you know,
Our hens are old and lay no eggs,
Our turkeys eat grasshopper legs.

CHORUS:

4. But still we love Saskatchewan,
We're proud to say we're native ones,
So count your blessings drop by drop,
Next year we'll have a bumper crop.

CHORUS:

SIDE IV, Band 11: IRON ORE BY 'FIFTY-FOUR

Since the days of the depression Canada has made great strides in industrial production. Particularly important have been the many mining developments, one of the most important of which was the opening up of the rich iron mines of Ungava, on the border between Quebec and Labrador.

In 1950 work was started on the Quebec North Shore and Labrador Railway, running from Seven Islands on the north shore of the St. Lawrence up the Moisie River canyon into the rich iron-ore district at Knob Lake. By 1954 the 360-mile railway was completed, and Alan Mills witnessed its opening on July 31, 1954. At that time he wrote this song which he sang for a group of Iron Ore Company officials and workers during one of the celebrations marking the official opening. He set the modern story to a familiar folk tune used for another story of iron ore: "The E.C. Roberts", about a ship that carried red iron ore from Escanaba to Cleveland.

1. Come, ladies and gentlemen, listen
to me,
I'll sing you a song of our north
counteree,
A song of the men who broke through
Labrador
Bound north to Ungava for rich iron ore
In July, nineteen fifty-four.
2. In Quebec's northern wilderness no man
had trod
Till rich iron ore had been found in
its sod;
To bring out this treasure, brave
engineers swore
To blast out a railway into Labrador
By July, nineteen fifty-four.
3. 'Twas in 1950 the work was begun,
And up the St. Lawrence the workmen
did come,
Canadians and for'ners, two thousand
and more,
All joined in the battle to get at
the ore
By July, nineteen fifty-four.
4. In planes and in barges, and bateaux
galore
They hauled their equipment right up
the North Shore,
And from Seven Islands the bulldozers'
roar
Rang out through the wilderness: "Let's
get the ore!"
By July, nineteen fifty-four.
5. Through four years of hardship the
workmen did toil,
In winter they froze and in summer
they boiled,
But though at the frost-bite and black
flies they swore,
They stuck to their 'dozers to get at
the ore
By July, nineteen fifty-four.
6. Straight up Moisie River they blasted
their way
Through mountains of rock, by night
and by day,
And then through the forests and muskeg
they tore,
All headed for Knob Lake to get at
the ore
By July, nineteen fifty-four.
7. Three hundred and sixty miles north
they did push
And laid down a highway of steel in
the bush.
They called it the "North Shore and
Labrador"
And, true to their promise, they brought
out the ore
By July, nineteen fifty-four.
8. Now fill up your glasses and let's
drink a toast
To a wond'rous achievement of which
we can boast,
And when we have finished, let's fill
up once more
And drink to the workmen who brought
out the ore
In July, nineteen fifty-four.

RESEARCH AND NOTES BY EDITH FOWKE

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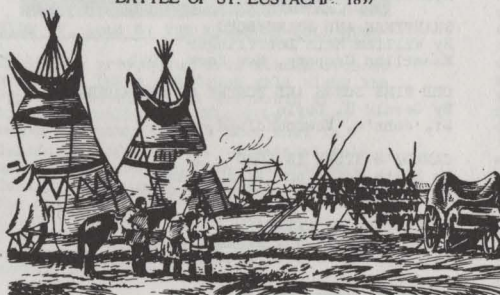
Thanks to Sam Gesser, Edith Fowke, Alan Mills,
Ryerson Press, the recording engineers and to
all others who made this album possible.
Master recording by David Hancock
Production by Moses Asch

CANADA'S STORY IN SONG

All the songs on these records may be found in a book of the same title published by W.J. Gage, Ltd., Toronto. The book was prepared by Edith Fowke and Alan Mills, and has piano accompaniments by the noted Canadian musicologist and pianist Helmut Blume.



BATTLE OF ST. EUSTACHE. 1837



THE RED RIVER CART

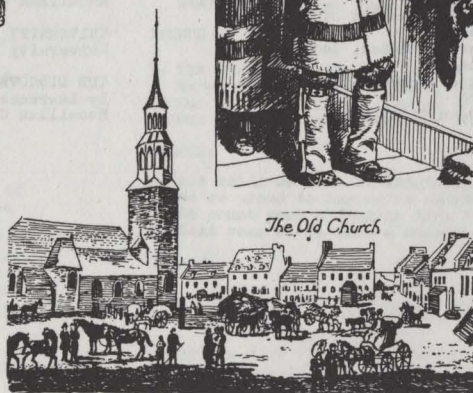
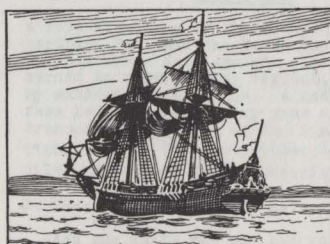


ARRIVAL OF LOYALIST VOLUNTEERS AT PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS
TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1837

From a pen drawing by C. W. Jefferys.



Used by
troops
in 1885
Rebellion



The Old Church