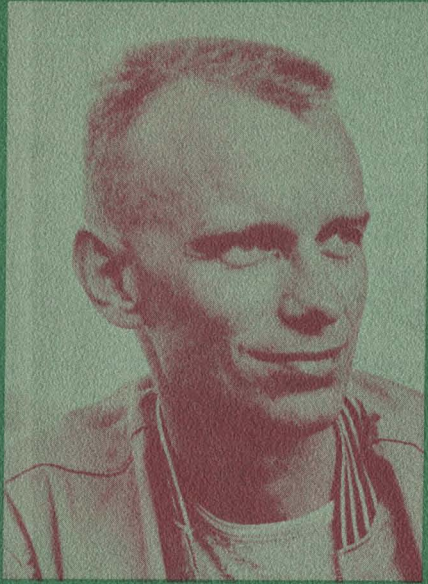


FOLKWAYS RECORDS FG 3505



songs and ballads of
Newfoundland
sung by Ken Peacock



Rosenhouse

SIDE I

- Band 1: WHO IS AT MY WINDOW WEEPING?
- Band 2: BONNIE BANKS OF THE VIRGIE-O
- Band 3: LOTS OF FISH IN BONAVIDA' HARBOR
- Band 4: BILL WISEMAN
- Band 5: HARD TIMES
- Band 6: THE LOSS OF THE "ELIZA"

SIDE II

- Band 1: WOMAN FROM DOVER
- Band 2: BROWN FLOUR, 1926
- Band 3: GREEN SHORES OF FOGO
- Band 4: LONELY WATERLOO
- Band 5: DRILL YE HEROES, DRILL!
- Band 6: JIMMY WHALEN
- Band 7: I'LL BE SEVENTEEN COME SUNDAY

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NEWFOUNDLAND
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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

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Biographical Notes

Ken Peacock's formal musical training began at the age of five when his parents discovered him at the piano playing tunes he had heard on the phonograph. At fifteen he graduated from the Conservatory in Toronto and four years later completed the Bachelor of Music course at the University of Toronto. During this period his interest in popular music continued and even at the age of twelve he had a juvenile dance combo which played at local school dances and lodge banquets. But classical music was his main interest and he continued playing, composing, and teaching while attending university. After graduating in music he re-entered the university spending two years in Philosophy and English. He also studied in Montreal and Boston. Now living in Ottawa, he says he has "spent the past nine years un-learning the past, a painful process of scraping away the dry-rot picked up in so-called institutes of higher learning." About five years ago he visited the archives of the National Museum of Canada in search of West Coast Indian poetry suitable as a libretto for a cantata. During subsequent visits he came under the influence of Marius Barbeau, Canada's dean of folklorists, and became so interested in the collections of folk and primitive music that the Museum invited him to join its staff to conduct his own researches. He has since travelled from coast to coast in Canada collecting and tape recording both folksongs and native Indian music (Folkways P464, Indian Music of the Canadian Plains). Although Peacock claims singing has always been one of his private vices it had never occurred to him to reach a larger audience until recently. Dr. Barbeau suggested he sing a few Newfoundland songs for an album of Canadian ethnic music they prepared three years ago. More recently he did a series on Newfoundland for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation appearing in the dual role of commentator and singer.

Who is at My Window Weeping?

One of a group of English and Scottish songs depicting the 'night visit', a popular theme of old songs and ballads. It seems to be an offshoot of the ancient Mediterranean legend in which the ill-fated lovers find consummation only in death.

In recent centuries the most famous protagonists have been Romeo and Juliet and, to a lesser extent, Tristan and Isolde. In this miniature English version of the curiously morbid legend William and Mary play the roles of the lovers doomed by their insatiable desires and by the inflexible wills of their "cruel parents." The tune is extraordinary in range and inflection, at times almost breaking the bonds of the Dorian modal framework. Usually a different tune is used, quite a good one, though of more modest proportions. It was quite a thrill to hear this 'new' tune, one of the most beautiful of the 200-odd I noted in Newfoundland.

"Who is at my window weeping,
Weeping there so bitterly?"
"It's I, it's I, your own true loved one,
Arise, arise, and pity me."

"Darling go ask your mother,
If thou my wedding bride will be;
If she says no return and tell me,
No longer will I trouble thee."

"How can I go and ask my mother?
For I'm her only child and dear;
Oh darling go and seek some other,"
She softly whispered in his ear.

"Darling go and ask your father,
If thou my wedding bride will be;
If he says no return and tell me,
No longer will I trouble thee."

"My father's on his bed a-sleeping,
With a shining sword placed on his breast;
All for to slay my own true loved one,
To slay the lad that I love best."

Then William took the shining sword,
And pierced it through his aching heart;
"Adieu, adieu, to all false loved ones,
Adieu, adieu, we both shall part."

Then Mary took the blood-stained sword,
And pierced it through her lily-white breast;
"Adieu, adieu, to my cruel parents,
Adieu, adieu, we both shall rest."

Collected by Ken Peacock, Sung by Mrs. Lucy Heaney,
Newfoundland, 1952 Stock Cove

Bonnie Banks of the Virgie-o

An ancient ballad from Britain which features an internal chorus or 'incremental repetition' throughout the verses. The form is more common in old French ballads found in Quebec. This English example goes beyond the English language itself, back to remote Scandinavian parent ballads. Considering its late survival in Newfoundland it is remarkably complete. The English versions collected by Child (No. 14: Babylon, or, The Bonnie Banks o' Fordie) have just one brother and give no tune. So Newfoundland can take full credit for preserving the ballad in its entirety, for it is known nowhere else in the English-speaking world. The elderly King's Cove couple who sang it for me had a wonderful time arguing about the order of the verses. Neither would let the other give his or her complete version without breaking in to insist upon a correction. After more than two hours I finally got them to compromise by singing the version I had quietly copied in my notebook. They both agreed that this was what they had in mind all the time, though they seemed disappointed that the argument had come to an end. But the next day they were in fine mettle again and I found myself playing referee once more. It finally became a habit.

Three young ladies went out for a walk,
All a-lee, and a-lone-ee-oh,
They met a robber on way,
On the bonny bonny banks of the Virgie-o.

He took the first one by the hand,
He wipped he 'round till he made her stand.

Saying, "Will you be a robber's wife,
Or will you die by my pen-knife?"

"I will not be a robber's wife,
I'd rather die by your pen-knife."

He took in his hand his own pen-knife,
And then he took her own sweet life.

He took the second by the hand,
He wipped her 'round till he made her stand.

Saying, "Will you be a robber's wife,
Or will you die by my pen-knife?"

"I will not be a robber's wife,
I'd rather die by your pen-knife."

He took in his hand his own pen-knife,
And then he took her own sweet life.

He took the third one by the hand,
He wipped her 'round till he made her stand.

Saying, "Will you be a robber's wife,
Or will you die by my pen-knife?"

"I will not be a robber's wife,
Now will I die by your pen-knife."

"If my brothers were here to-night,
You would not have killed my sisters bright."

"Where are your brothers I pray you tell?"
"One of them is a minister."

"What's the other I pray you tell?"
"He's out to robbing just like yourself."

"The lord have mercy! Look what I've done!
I've killed my sisters, all but one!

He then picked up his own pen-knife,
And there he took his own sweet life.

Lots of Fish in Bonavist' Harbor

A local song often used for dancing. There are several versions, some printable, others not. The song is also known as The Feller from Fortune, the hero who appears in the present version as well. Just as a matter of curiosity I decided to trace the origin of the song and travelled to Fortune, a fishing village on the south coast. There was no trace of the author or the 'feller' in Fortune, but I did find still another version called The Feller from Burgeo, a settlement further along the coast. Apparently the good people of Fortune don't claim the 'feller' as their own. Time didn't permit me to follow him to Burgeo so his whereabouts and even existence are still in doubt. However, I like to think his famous exploits (only touched upon in this present version) aren't entirely mythical.

There's lots of fish in Bonavist' Harbor,
Lots of fish right in around here;
Boys and girls are fishin' together,
Forty-five from Carbonnear.

Sally is the pride o' Cat Harbor,
Ain't been swung since last year;
Drinkin rum and wine and cassis 1
What the boys brought home from St. Pierre.

CHORUS:

Oh, catch a hold this one, catch a hold that one,
Swing around this one, swing around she;
Dance around this one, dance around that one,
Diddle on this one, diddle-dum-dee.

Sally goes to church every Sunday,
Not for to sing, nor for to hear;
But to see the feller from Fortune
What was down here fishin' the year.

Sally got a bouncin' new baby,
Father said that he didn't care,
'Cause she got that from the feller from Fortune
What was down here fishin' the year.

(CHORUS)

Oh, Uncle George got up in the mornin',
He got up in an 'ell of a tear,
And he ripped the seat right out of his britches,
Now he's got ne'er pair to wear.

Oh, there's lots of fish in Bonavist' Harbor,
Lots of fishermen in around here;
Swing your partner Jimmy Joe Jacobs,
I'll be home in the spring of the year.

(CHORUS)

1. blackberry brandy from the nearby French island, St. Pierre and Miquelon.

Bill Wiseman

A song of local origin collected in the Bonavista area. Its tune is of ancient extraction, a rarity among songs of this type. The words of most outport ditties are usually carried by the later type Irish tune often reminiscent of the nineteenth century music hall. The man who sang it for me was somewhat embarrassed by the presence of women, a valuable clue to the involved symbolism of both the verses and the chorus. To an outsider unfamiliar with local sexual symbols it appears obscure, though perhaps mildly suggestive. Similar songs occur in our own popular music too. Occasionally a disreputable lyric from the jazz underworld finds itself in the hit parade class and is heard and sung coast to coast for several weeks. Millions know the words but only a few know what's going on. In Newfoundland, everyone knows what's going on.

Oh Bill rode out one morning,
Just at the break of day;
He said he was sure of his bait-tub of squid,
Up here in Hiscock Bay.

Bill rose up one morning,
He was so mighty large;
He went up to George Pipp's door.
Saying, "Patience, where is George?"

Patience she jumped out of bed,
She looked just like a hound;
'Twas up to the gate both she and Bill,
All in her morning gown.

CHORUS:

And saying, tie-diddle-die, diddle-die,
And saying, tie-diddle-die, diddle-day;
Itchy kitchy-coo, kitchy-coo, it'll do,
Kitchy-coo, iddle-diddle-die-day.

Oh Bill was coming 'round the cliff,
And he met George coming in;
The very first words he said to George,
"You don't know what I've seen."

George he got so mighty vexed,
He didn't know what to take;
He went down on Bill Wiseman's room 1
And tore down his sand-flake. 2

Tom and Ethel heard the crash,
They went out for to see;
Tom hitched his toes in Ethel's nose,
And over the hill go he.

(CHORUS)

Liza she was sick one morn,
She had a sore throat;
She went up to feed the hens,
While Tom he milked the goat.

As Liza went up Rattle Hill
The wind blew mighty high;
It blew away her Advocate
Before judge Pippy got nigh.

Now my song is ended,
I have no more to say;
It's all about Bill Wiseman
Jiggin' his squids on Hiscock Bay.

(CHORUS)

1. shack by the shore where fish are hauled in and cleaned etc.
2. where fish are laid to dry.

Hard Times

Another local song of recent vintage, probably dating from the twenties or thirties. The author is unknown but obviously of the 'social significance' school. (see Brown Flour 1926) Before Confederation with Canada in 1949 Newfoundland was under the care of England who traditionally regarded her as a fortress guarding the eastern sea-board or as a convenient fishing station near the Grand Banks; never as a serious prospect for colonization. The thousands of fishermen who did choose to live in her bleak coastal communities were of little concern - except to the merchant princes of St. John's, the capital. Here, under the averted eyes of the government, the merchants directed an island-wide campaign to bleed the outports of what little wealth they had. They charged exorbitant prices for the necessities of life and paid the fishermen next to nothing for their fish. As a lovesick girl in one song puts it,

Fish is low and flour is high,
So Georgie Snooks he can't have I.

Since Confederation and the extended coverage of Canadian mail-houses, families can now get furniture, stoves, and the like for half or even a third of the former price. But memories die hard, and these songs are still sung and enjoyed, though the incentive to compose new ones has largely disappeared. Whatever the future holds they will remain the heritage of a courageous people who faced almost unbelievable hardships with dignity and a large dash of humor.

Come all you good people I'll sing ye a song,
About the poor people how they get along;
They start in the Spring, finish up in the Fall,
And when it's all over they have nothing at all,
And it's hard, hard times.

Go out in the morning go on a drift still;
It's over the side you will hear the line well;
For out flows the jigger and freeze with the cold,
And as to for starting, all gone in the hole,
And it's hard, hard times.

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

The fine sign of fishing we'll have bye and bye;
The fine side of fishing we'll have a good bye;
Seven dollars for large and six-fifty for small;
Pick out your "West Indie," you got nothing at all
And it's hard, hard times.

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

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

And now comes the parson he'll tell you he'll save your
poor soul
If you stick to his books, oh and follow the rule;
He'll give you the Book with a bless, p'rhaps a curse,
Put his hand in your pocket and walk out your purse,
And it's hard, hard times.

Then next comes the Doctor, the worst of them all,
Saying, "What's been the matter with you all the
fall?"

He says he will cure you of all your disease,
When your money he's got you can die if you please,
And it's hard hard times.

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

The Loss of the 'Eliza'

The history of marine disasters in the treacherous waters of Newfoundland is a long and sad one. From the early sailing days up to the present time the tragedies have been chronicled in numerous ballads, sometimes by eyewitnesses or survivors with a talent for versifying. Often the songs are merely banal and sentimentalized reports - a sort of rhymed journalese slowly and painfully intoned to the last syllable. But occasionally a disaster ballad is found where personal grief is not an end in itself but a means of insight into the larger issues of man's fate. In the present ballad such lines as -

Death's Angel creeps along the deep,
the strength of man is fain;
God's will be done, my son, my son,
I will never see again!

- such lines raise the ballad almost to the level of epic poetry. To us, it's amazing that this ballad with all its dramatic imagery, internal rhymes, and

philosophic insights was composed more than seventy years ago by an 'illiterate' fisherman. Literacy, in our modern, narrow sense of the term, apparently isn't a necessary prerequisite to the creation of poetry. And the ability to read newspapers, novels, and ballot sheets really has nothing to do with being literate or civilized.

Fort Amherst's hardy youthful crew
sang cheerily as they passed,
But yet Fort Amherst little knew
that sailing was their last.
Only the small birds overhead
encircling in the blue
Screamed down the wind in fear and dread
of some strange terror new.

Yet cheerily the 'Eliza's' crew
intoned their sailing song,
And merrily the good ship bounds,
with song she flies along,
The bright spray sparkling 'round her bow
gives promise fair that day.
How false that promise now we know
in sad St. Mary's Bay!

Now storms have come to Newfoundland
by stealth and treachery;
The cold nor'easter's chilly hand
is dark with tragedy,
So that wee schooner 'Eliza'
on this October day
Must match her brave unequal strength
with herons that cross her way.

Torrential rain strikes on the main
like to the hand of fate;
The waters near grow white with fear
of what may be in wait.
Then burst the gale on spar and sail,
and shocked, the 'Eliza' reeled.
And shuddered like a king in strife
who sees his doom revealed.

With riven sails before the gale
the staunch 'Eliza' flew;
Those hardy hearts have done their part
in her courageous crew.
Dark night and storm enwrap her form;
the warning billows roar;
The hurricane her timbers strain;
she'll sail in pride no more.

Death's angel creeps along the deep;
the strength of man is vain.
God's will be done. My son, my son,
I'll never see again!
Then it was learned in Riverhead
the schooner had set sail
All deeply laden fore and aft
and flew into the gale.

Long hours of deep anxiety
were by a maiden spent,
Whose fingers trembled on the keys
of every message sent

Asking for tidings of her beloved,
while her two brothers share
The terrors of that night of woe,
that night that breathes despair.

Deep shadows now o'ershade their brow,
Cape Race's message tells:
"A ship, dismayed, drifts to sea
before tempestuous swells."
And all around her office howl,
e'en at this very door,
The shrieking wind cries through the night:
"You'll see them nevermore!"

And sad to say, 'tis told today
throughout our little town
That not one word was ever heard
where this good ship went down.
Her light seen on the darkening main
by Captain Welsh and crew
From off the trasher's dauntless deck
was all we ever knew.

Gay Captain Jim, we'll think of him
when all the neighbours meet,
When tales of bravery are told
by many a fishing fleet;
But we will hear his voice no more,
or know his welcome tread
In homes that loved his presence there,
St. Mary's Riverhead.

Woman from Dover

One of a series of humorous English ditties in which the husband outwits his homicidal wife just in the nick of time. For some reason the time-honored state of matrimony is seldom treated seriously in folksong. Hundreds of songs weave beautiful fantasies around the theme of love and courtship, but once the fatal step is taken in the last verse the rest is left to the imagination. In those few songs where marriage is the central theme a comic situation nearly always results. Perhaps comedy is the essence of marriage after all. But it seems a pity that the wife has to come off second best all the time. Had women been the creators of folksongs no doubt it would be the men who always ended up in the soup - or in the river.

There lived an old woman in Dover,
In Dover she did dwell,
She dearly loved her husband,
But another man twice as well.

She went down to the doctor's
Some medicine for to buy,
Saying, "Have you any medicine here,
To make an old man blind?"

"Oh yes I have some marrow-bone,
Just grind it up so small,
And before he gets it half down,
He won't see you at all."

She carried home the marrow-bone,
And ground it up so small,
And before he got it half down,
He couldn't see her at all.

Saying, "Now you're old and feeble,
In this world you cannot see,
Now if you want to drown yourself,
Just boldly follow me."

She led him to the river,
She led him to the brim,
"And if you want to drown yourself,
Now boldly you jump in."

The little old woman she sneaked behind,
To push her husband in,
But the little old man he jumped aside,
And boldly she fell in.

She went down to the bottom,
She came up to the brim,
And the little old man with his walking cane,
He bobbed her down again.

Collected by Ken Peacock,
Newfoundland, 1952

Sung by Leslie Mahoney and
Andrew Gallahue,
Stock Cove

Brown Flour, 1926

Folksongs are still remembered and sung in a few isolated areas of English and Irish folk heritage but the tradition is fast disappearing. Only Newfoundland has continued to develop the folksong as a living tradition in the twentieth century. In fact most of the songs she is famous for were composed since 1900 and new ones are appearing each year, though in diminishing numbers. One of the wittiest and most prolific of these latter-day bards is Chris Cobb who lives in Barred Island, a small settlement off the northeast coast. He composed his first song, a political satire, at the age of thirteen. Since then scores of songs have kept his neighbors amused and informed on the latest gossip at home and around Newfoundland generally. Unfortunately his musical sense is rather weak and he has not received the same acclaim as Arthur Scammell composer of the famous Squid-Jiggin' Ground. But for sheer verbal wit Chris is second to none. Nothing is sacred in Chris Cobb's world except the 'little man', his unidentified hero who is always at the mercy of law, order, and Big Business. His theme is not man against fate, but man against himself. It's a smaller theme, but apparently a necessary one in a region where for the first time personal freedoms are being sacrificed for the larger 'freedom' of the State. Traditionally a pastoral-fishing community, Newfoundland is only now beginning to experience the stresses brought by industrialization and power politics. And to have authentic folk poets like Chris Cobb experience and comment upon this revolution

is certainly a unique development in English folk-song.

Oh boys did you hear of the shower?
From Russia we're getting brown flour;
With a mixture of bran, cornmeal, it is grand,
Guaranteed to rise in one hour.

Some say for duff it has power,
For more their bread turned out sour;
If you want to get fat, and wear a quiff¹ hat,
Just try a sack of brown flour.

Eat one slice and be merry,
You'll turn so red as a cherry;
The doctors all claim out in Holland and Spain,
It kills and it cures beri-beri.

It's far before the Diana,
It smells just like a banana;
When you lie down to rest you'll wish you went west,
Killing buffaloes out in Montana.

Do what you will in the summer,
In the winter you'll go like a bummer;
Your merchant declares you're back in arrears,
He'll send you away, he's a hummer.

In fogo there is a big station,
You have nine miles to walk for your ration;
On the door at the back of the court-house you'll rap,
Touch your cap and walk in, it's the fashion.

Be careful in answering questions,
And don't make any suggestions:
The bobby's not slack, he's right at your back,
In his pocket there's handcuff connections.

The first is: 'your family and ages',
Your accounts to show the list of your wages;
Potatoes and grass we'll bring in at last,
Are you living in houses or cages?

He will pass you a slip, here's your money,
With everything on it but honey:
Oh, sugar and spice, canned milk, and rice,
Why to get this good food it is funny

Now you've work to do for your ration,
It's harder than doing dictation:
You're a pauper you know and you must shovel snow,
This will help 'em reduce the taxation.

1. An old-fashioned top hat

Composed by Chris Cobb,
Barred Islands, 1926

Green Shores of Fogo

Love songs of local origin are quite rare in Newfoundland and, as far as I know, this example is known in only one outpost, Joe Batt's Arm on Fogo Island. Two others are widely known, The Star of Logy Bay and The Blooming Bright Star of Belle Isle. The Green Shores of Fogo was composed at the turn of the century by a sailor from parts unknown. The elderly woman who sang it for me (see

Lonely Waterloo) was reticent about giving any but the bare facts of the story. I had the distinct impression that she was implicated somehow in the love affair, was perhaps even the girl in the song. The presence of her husband, amiable though he was, did nothing to facilitate confidences. Newfoundlanders are often secretive about personal matters, their own and their neighbors' - usually an admirable quality but rather irritating in this case. I discovered the girl lived in Fogo at the time of the song's composition and that her sailor stayed only a short time until his ship, blown off course in storm, was repaired. He composed this song as a memento of his love. The speech idioms and the beautiful tune leave no doubt about his background - Irish.

Our bayque leaves this harbor tomorrow,
Across the wide ocean to go;
And Katie, a burden of sorrow,
It is more than I wish you to know.

CHORUS:

Fare you well to the green shores of Fogo,
Fare you well, Katie dear, true and kind;
For where'er I may be, I'll be true to thee,
Since old Fogo I'm leaving behind.

Now Katie, give over your sighing,
And don't be downhearted for me;
It's my fortune I'm after seeking,
In a far distant land o'er the sea.

(CHORUS)

There's a dark cloud of sorrow hanging o'er me,
There's a precious great weight on my mind;
For I know there's one loving me truly,
In old Fogo I'm leaving behind.

(CHORUS)

Lonely Waterloo

A song of English-Scottish origin. It's high musical quality lies not so much in the tune itself but in the manner of singing - the same sort of quality an imaginative jazz musician brings to a commonplace pop tune. I found this style of singing had survived in only a few isolated outposts on the northeast coast, mostly on Fogo Island. Two singers in particular were talented in the improvisatory style, both of Irish descent. The elderly woman who sang Lonely Waterloo for me also contributed the beautiful local song, Green Shores of Fogo. The absence of electricity on the northeast coast meant I couldn't use the tape-recorder I had brought, but this wasn't such a great handicap in getting the tunes for most songs. I simply copied them in a music notebook. But the highly ornate tunes of these Irish singers were a terror to get on paper. Just when I thought the melody was copied note-perfect the singer would add new flourishes in succeeding verses. It seemed to depend on the lay of the words and how they inspired the singer at the moment. The analogy to jazz suddenly occurred to me and after that it was plain sailing. The singers were merely improvising in the mixolydian mode, using a basic melodic structure. So I did the same.

A lady fair was walking
down by a river side,
The crystal tears fell from her cheeks
as I did pass her by;

I saw her heaving bosom
as up to me she drew,
"My friend I hear my Willie dear,
is slain at Waterloo."

"What sort of clothes did your Willie wear?"
the soldier made reply.
"He wore a Highland bonnet
with a feather standing high;

A glittering sword hung by his side
over his dark suit of blue.
Those were the clothes my Willie wore
on lonely Waterloo."

"If these were the clothes your Willie wore,
I saw his dying day,
Five bayonets pierced his tender heart
before he down did lay;
He took me by the hand and said
some Frenchman did him slew.
It was I who closed your Willie's eyes
on lonely Waterloo."

"Oh Willie, dearest Willie!"
and she could say no more;
She fell into the soldier's arms
those dreadful tidings bore.
"May the joys of heaven open
and swallow me down through,
Since my Willie lies a moldering corpse
on lonely Waterloo."

"If I had some eagle's wings
I would surmount on high,
I would fly to lonely Waterloo
where my true love do lie;
I would light upon his bosom,
my love for to renew,
I would kiss my darling's pale cold lips
on lonely Waterloo."

Drill Ye Heroes, Drill!

A Newfoundland version of an American railroad song. One or two verses directly imitate the original, e.g. the verse ending with "You're docked for the time you were in the sky"; but for the most part the setting is local. Newfoundlanders are great travellers and have picked up a variety of songs in New England seaports and in the logging camps of Michigan, Maine, and Eastern Canada. This song was composed by the late John Devine, best known locally for his logging song *The Badger Drive*. The King's Cove man who sang it for me remembers the author and the circumstances of its composition very well. Upon their return from "the northern railroad" the "three King's Cove boys" and John Devine spent a hilarious evening drinking and singing with some of their outport buddies. The climax came when John announced he was going to "make a song" about their experiences and began the first verse:

Now my boys I think it's time
To tell our trip on the Hall's Bay line.

Everyone clamored to get in on the fun and for the

rest of the evening John sifted and polished their ideas to fit the framework of the railroad song he was using as a model.

Now my boys I think it's time
To tell our trip on the Hall's Bay Line;
It was up to Gambo we did go,
All in the good ship 'Ivanhoe',
And drill ye heroes drill!

CHORUS:

Drill ye tarriers, drill!
You will work all day without sugar in your tea,
When your workin' on the northern railroad,
Drill ye heroes drill!

Sammy Grand was our boss man,
And Jim McCann was our second hand,
And Joseph Cain was our cook man;
And now, my boys, the truth to you,
They're just the lads could put us through,
And d-rill ye heroes drill!

(CHORUS)

It was a Codroy we pitched our tent,
We got employment as we went;
There were four of us lived in one camp,
Three King's Cove boys, and a Stock Cove tramp,
And drill ye heroes drill!

(CHORUS)

Our boss was a fine man all along,
Till he married a great big fat fall down;
She baked good bread, she baked it well,
She baked it hard (as the hubs of hell)
And drill ye heroes drill!

(CHORUS)

When poor John's pay day come around,
Two dollars short poor John was found;
"What for?" says Jack -- he can't reply,
"You're docked for the time you were in the sky."
And drill ye heroes drill!

(CHORUS)

In the morning at four the whistle will blow,
You'll snatch your duds and away you'll go;
We had to gravel in the grand tar pit,
And we had to ditch in the slope as well,
And I wish to God you were all in hell,
And drill ye heroes drill!

(CHORUS)

Collected by
Ken Peacock,
Newfoundland, 1952

Sung by
William Hollaway,
King's Cove.

Jimmy Whalen

Ghostly visitations by departed lovers are fairly common among English folksongs but the Irish examples, like this present one, are unsurpassed for sheer poetic melodrama. Every ounce of possible sentiment is extracted from the situation. Even nature is co-operative in producing just the right lighting effects. But the twentieth century habit of exposing the stage-tricks of the past, while sometimes amusing, doesn't always succeed in destroying the illusion completely. It may, in fact, reveal a new poignancy. When all the Freudian imagery and literary archetypes have been accounted for, the indestructible web which remains often has an even deeper significance. This Irish love song, for example, thrives on such treatment. No amount of

literary or musical atomization can destroy the inherent unity of image and sound. Which is just a fancy way of saying it's a good folksong.

Yonder I strayed by the banks of a river,
Watching the sunbeams as evening drew nigh;
It was onward I rambled, I spied a fair damsel,
She was weeping and wailing with many a sigh.

She was weeping for one who is lying lowly,
Weeping for one that no mortal could save;
It was onward I rambled, all along the sea-shore,
Till I spied her gazing out on her own Jimmy dear.

"Jimmy", she cried, "Won't you come to me darlin'?"
"And give me sweet kisses like you often times gave;
And enfold me once more in your loving strong
arms."

"Jimmy", she cried, "Won't you come from your
grave?"

Slowly he rose from the depths of the water,
A vision of glory so bright as the sun;
A circle of crimson around him had gathered,
And to fondly embrace him she quickly did run.

"Why did you call me from the depths of the water,
Back to this cold world of strife and pain?"
"If not for your pleas for my arms to enfold you,
In the depths of the water I would ever have lain."

"Hard, hard was the struggle I had in the water,
Nothing, nothing on earth for my troubles to hide;
But thinking on you, love, I conquered them bravely,
In hope that someday, love, you would be my bride."

Then up in the blue heavens he seemed for to go,
Leaving this poor girl alone by the shore;
Leaving this poor girl so abject and lonely,
In her earthly abode to weep ever more.

Throwing herself on the ground she cried sadly,
And these were heartfelt cries that she gave;
"Since I've lost you, my Jimmy, my own Jimmy
Whelan,
I will weep there and mourn by the side of your
grave."

Collected by Ken Peacock
Nfld. July, 1951

John Mahoney,
Stock Cove.

I'll be Seventeen Come Sunday

An English song whose origins have been traced to Sussex and Somerset. It has widespread popularity in Newfoundland and the Maritime Provinces. Forty years ago Cecil Sharpe also found several versions in the Appalachians, most of them, fragmentary. Many singers have inhibitions about singing this type of song in mixed company or among strangers and they develop expurgated versions suitable for such occasions. This version seems fairly complete, though the singer said he had heard another version which wasn't even fit to sing to himself. I took this

to mean that someone had abandoned the traditional verses altogether and had substituted his own pornographic ones. I had heard this done with another song on a previous visit and I must admit I found the original much more amusing. Pornographic versions force only one interpretation on the listener, whereas the original allows his imagination to wander just as far as his personal taste permits.

The tune is also interesting. Although pentatonic in character (CDE GA), its wide range upsets the tonality, and it seems to vacillate between C and A. Stranger still, it ends sort of up in the air on D. The tune, as well as the words, would seem to allow for a variety of interpretations.

Oh, as I roved out one May morning,
One May morning so early,
I met a dark and comely maid;
And her hair hung down her shoulder,

CHORUS:

With her roo-rye-ah, fall-a-diddle-day,
Rye-oh-fall-a-diddle die-doh.

Where are you going my pretty fair maid,
Where are you going my honey?
'Twas with a smile she answered me:
'I've a message for my mama,

CHORUS:

With my -----etc. "

How old are you my pretty fair maid,
How old are you my honey?
Quite modestly she said to me:
'I'll be seventeen come Sunday,

CHORUS:

With my -----etc. "

Oh, you are too young to take a man,
You are too young to marry;
Quite modestly she answered me:
'Why not step inside and try me

CHORUS:

With my -----etc. "

Oh, I went to her mama's house
When the moon shone bright and clearly;
And she arose and let me in,
And her mama did not hear me

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEN PEACOCK
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