

THROUGH
STREETS
BROAD &
NARROW

KAREN JAMES

KAREN JAMES with guitar**Through Streets Broad and Narrow**

with additional banjo and guitar, by Peter Weldon, Vocal assistance by Peter Weldon and Jack Nissenson

MARY-ANNE**HURRAH, LIE!****MOLLY MALONE****C'EST LA BELLE FRANCOISE****LE PAPIER D'EPING****PAPER OF PINS****THE HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN****I'M GOING TO CLIMB UP JACOB'S LADDER****TAKING GAIR IN THE NIGHT****EVERY NIGHT WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN****BUT BLACK IS THE COLOUR****EL SOL Y LA LUNA****HUMAHUAQUENO****MY LOVE IS LIKE A DEWDROP****THE RYANS AND THE PITMANS**

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Descriptive Notes are inside pocket

KAREN JAMES

Through Streets Broad and Narrow

ACCOMPANYING HERSELF ON THE GUITAR

With Additional Banjo and Guitar by PETER WELDON

Vocal Assistance by PETER WELDON and JACK NISSENSON

KAREN JAMES

Karen James is a young and talented performer whose varied background has equipped her with a love and skillful knowledge of the folk songs of several countries. Born in England, and educated there and in France and Spain, Miss James came to Canada as a young teenager and soon became known in radio and television circles as an able actress. Increasingly interested in the diverse musical traditions of the Canadian people, her hobby of guitar-strumming and folk singing soon led her to serious collecting and numerous and well-received appearances in Canada and the United States. Her fluency in several languages, her highly professional stage approach, and her amusing contemporary compositions in the folk idiom give Miss James' concert appearances an added spark.

Her first Folkways Record is:

FG3549 KAREN JAMES, traditional and contemporary songs, with guitar accompaniment. A bright new folksinger; The Gypsy Laddie, The Morning Dew, The Fair Maid on the Shore, The Ghost Lover, The Dark-Eyed Sailor, Young Riley, Captain Wedderburn's Courtship, The Carrion Crow, Monday Morning, Digue Dindaine, The Story of Weldon Chan, The Ballad of Allan Rose, The Pete Seeger Song. Song texts and biographical notes.

SIDE I, Band 1: MARY-ANNE

Published in "Folk-Songs of Canada" by Edith Fulton Fowke and Richard Johnston, this song had become one of the best-known Canadian songs.

Oh fare you well my own true love,
Fare you well my dear.
For the ship is waiting and the wind blows free
And I am bound again for the sea, Mary-Anne.
I am bound again for the sea, Mary-Anne.

Oh (yonder) don't you see the little dove, setting
on a pine
Mourning the loss of her own true love
As I will mourn for mine, my dear Mary-Anne.
(bis)

The lobster boiling on the pot, and the crayfish
on the line
They're suffering long but it's nothing like,
The ache I bear for thee my dear Mary-Anne.
(bis)

Oh, had I but a flask of gin, and sugar here for two,
And a great big bowl for to mix it in,
I would mix a drink for you my dear Mary-Anne.
(bis)

(Repeat 1st verse).

SIDE I, Band 2: HURRAH, LIE!

This song was found in "American Mountain Songs", compiled by Ethel Park Richardson. I changed the words slightly.

I saw a flea heave a tree, hurrah lie,
I saw a flea heave a tree,
Well done foll.
I saw a flea heave a tree
Forty miles into the sea.
You're-all blind drunk*
And I'm a jolly fool.

I saw the wood cut the axe,
Hurrah lie.
I saw the wood cut the axe
Well done fool
I saw the wood cut the axe,
I saw a chicken chewing wax.
You're all blind drunk*
And I'm a jolly fool.

I saw a ghost on the stairs,
Hurrah lie.
I saw a ghost on the stairs
Well done fool
I saw a ghost on the stairs
I saw a bad man saying his prayers.
You're all blind drunk*
And I'm a jolly fool.

I saw a rat catch a cat
Hurrah lie.
I saw a rat catch a cat
Well done fool.
I saw a rat catch a cat
And if you can do better than that
You're all blind drunk*
And I'm a jolly fool.

*original text "You're an old blind drunkard"

SIDE I, Band 3: MOLLY MALONE

In Dublin's fair city, where the girls are so pretty
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone.
As she wheeled her wheel-barrow, through streets
broad and narrow
Crying, "Cockles and Mussels alive, alive oh."

Molly was a fish-monger, and sure 'twas no wonder,
For so were her mother and father before.
They'd each wheeled their barrow, through the streets
broad and narrow
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive oh".

Now Molly died of a fever, and no-one could save her,
And that was the end of my Molly Malone.
Now her ghost wheels her wheel-barrow through those
streets broad and narrow,
Crying "Cockles and Mussels alive, alive oh".

SIDE I, Band 4: C'EST LA BELLE FRANCOISE

When I originally learned this song it ended just as I have ended it on this record and amused me greatly with its sudden stop. In a version found in "Chansons de Quebec" - again by Edith Fowke and Richard Johnston - the young man is not quite so hard-hearted and promises to return after the war is over. Knowing the nature of some young men, I wonder whether the shorter version isn't a little more honest.

C'est la belle Francoise, lon-gai
C'est la belle Francoise.
Qui veut se marier, maluron, lurette
Qui veut se marier, maluron, lon-gai.

Son amant vient la voire, lon-gai
Son amant vient la voire.
Bientot apres souper, maluron, lurette
Bientot apres souper, maluron, lon-gai

Il la trouva seulette, lon-gai
Il la trouva seulette.
Sur son lit, qui pleurait, maluron lurette
Sur son lit qui pleurait, maluron lon-gai.

Ah, qu'avez-vous, la belle, long-gai
Ah, qu'avez-vous, la belle?
Qu'a-vous a tant pleurer, maluron lurette,
Qu'a-vous a tant pleurer, maluron, lon-gai.

On m'a dit hier au soire, lon-gai
On m'a dit hier au soire.
Qu'a la guerre vous alliez, maluron lurette
Qu'a la guerre vous alliez, maluron-lon-gai.

Cela qu'on dit, la belle, lon-gai
Cela qu'on dit, la belle
Ca c'est la verite, maluron, lurette
Ca c'est la verite, maluron lon-gai.

Translation:

It is the beautiful Francoise, lon-gai
Who wishes to marry

Her love comes to see her
Soon after supper.

He found her alone
Crying on her bed.

What's the matter,
Why do you cry?

They tell me you are going to war.

What they have told you, my dear,
Is the truth.

SIDE I, Band 5: LE PAPIER D'EPING

I learned this song from the Ethnic Folkways record "Cajun Songs from Louisiana", not only because it is a pretty song, but because of its relationship to French-Canadian folk-song and its melodic similarity to the American version of this well-known story which follows.

Je te donnerai un p'tit papier d'eping'
Si c'est comm'ca que lamitie commence,
Si tu veux t'marier avec moi, moi, moi
Six tu veux t'marier avec moi.

J'accepterai pas un p'tit papier d'eping'
Si c'est comme ca que l'amitie commence.

Je te donnerai mon carrosse
Et mes quat' beaux ch'veaux-zatteles dessus..

J'accepterai pas ton carrosse...

Je te donnerai la rob' de nocces
Qu'est tout'ourlee-z'en fil d'argent...

J'accepterai pas la rob' de noe'...
Je te donnerai la cle d'mon cof'
Et tout mon or et mon argent

J'accepterai pas la cle d'ton cof'...

Je te donnerai la cle d'mon coeur
Et tout'mon amitie-z avec...
J'accepterai bien la cle d'ton coeur...

Translation:

I'll give you a paper of pins
If that's how friendship starts.
If you will marry me, me, me.
If you will marry me.

I won't accept your paper of pins

I'll give you my carriage
and my four fine horses.

I won't accept your carriage.

I'll give you a wedding-gown
All embroidered with silver thread

I won't accept the wedding-gown

I'll give you the key to my chest
And all my gold and silver
I won't accept the key to your chest.

I'll give you the key to my heart
And all my friendship, too.

I will accept the key to your heart
And all your friendship.
I will marry you ...

SIDE I, Band 6: PAPER OF PINS

In her collection, "American Mountain Songs", Ethel Park Richardson calls this song "The Keys to Heaven". Once again, any differences between my interpretation and the original, as printed, come through constant singing to various audiences.

I'll give to you a paper of pins,
And that's the way our love begins.
If you will marry me, me, me,
If you will marry me.

I'll not accept your paper of pins,
That's not the way our love beings, etc.

I'll give to you a dress of red,
Stitched all around with golden thread...

I'll not accept your dress of red...

I'll give you a little pug dog
To follow you when you go out...

I'll not accept a little pug dog...

I'll give you the key to my heart,
You and I will never part...

I'll not accept the key to your heart...

I'll give you the key to my chest,
That you can have money at your request.

Yes, I will accept the key to your chest ...

Oh young miss if this be true,
If you love money better than a man,
Go and git it where you can.

For you love coffee and I love tea,
You love my money but you don't love me.
So I'll not marry you, you, you.
No I'll not marry you.

SIDE I, Band 7: HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN

There is a house in New Orleans they call the Rising Sun

It's been the ruin of many a poor girl, and me, oh God, for one.

If I had of listened what my Mother said, I'd be at home today.

But I was young and foolish, oh God, I let a gambling man lead me astray.

My mother is a tailor. She sews them new blue jeans
My lover is a gambling man, oh lord, and he drinks down in New Orleans.

The only thing a gambling man needs, is a suitcase and a trunk.

And the only pleasure he gets out of life is when he's bumming from town to town.

Go tell my baby sister, don't do what I have done.
Please shun that house in New Orleans, they call the Rising Sun.

I've got one foot on the platform and the other one on the train.

I'm going back to New Orleans to wear my ball and chain.

I'm going back to New Orleans, my race is almost run.

I'm going there to end my days beneath that Rising Sun.

SIDE I, Band 8: I'M GOING TO CLIMB UP JACOB'S LADDER

Jubilee song from Nova Scotia, collected by Dr. Helen Creighton.

I'm going to climb up Jacob's ladder,
I'm going to climb up Jacob's ladder one of these days, hallelujah!

I'm going to climb up Jacob's ladder one of these days.

I'm going to climb up higher and higher...

I'm going to sit at the Welcome Table...

I'm going to feast on milk and honey...

I'm going to tell God how you serve me...

SIDE II, Band 1: TAKING GAIR IN THE NIGHT

Edith Fowke collected this song from a Newfoundland sailor now living in Ontario. It is the story of fishing for "gair"-fish.

Come all you good people and listen you might,
It's only a ditty I'm going to write
It's only a ditty and I'm sure it's all right
It's all about taking your gair in the night.

John Keeping come up and he give the first call
And with a loud shout these words he did bawl.
Heave to, Jolly boys, it's a beautiful night
All hands are bound out taking gair in the night,

Sam says to Hughie "It's a beautiful night"
"Darn it," says Hughie, "No doubt it's all right
They put on their oilskins at one in the night
Those boys were bound out taking gair in the night

The next one to mention it was little Foss
He left about three o'clock to go across
The wind from the south-east it started to blow
And back to island little Fossie did go.

You can talk of your soldiers that battle do fight,
And the same of your sailors who do all their might
I'll put it in print you can do what you like.
Bravo to the man that takes Gair in the night.

They work on the sea their living to earn
And not for a squall those boys will not turn
They venture their lives, their families to keep
When stormy winds blow and the billows do leap.

My name's Jerry Fudge and 'twas I wrote this song.
I'll sing it to you now and it won't take me long.
I'll sing it to you now, it's the best I can do.
There's nobody knows the hardships I've been through.

I have been fishing and I know what it's like.
Though I never did take any gair in the night
I'm not fishing now, I'm keeping the light.
Cheerio to the man taking gair in the night.

Come all you young ladies I'll have you to know
Don't ever despise a fisherman bold.
But hugdle and cuddle fond lover's delight
He'll tell you about taking gair in the night.

SIDE II, Band 2: EVERY NIGHT WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN

Every night when the sun goes down (3)
I hang my head and mournful cry.

True love, don't weep and don't you mourn (3)
I'm going back where I come from

Wish the Lord my train would come (3)
To take me back where I come from

Wish the Lord my babe was born,
And sitting on his daddy's knee.
And me poor girl was dead and gone,
With the green grass growing over me.

SIDE II, Band 3: BUT BLACK IS THE COLOUR

This interpretation is an amalgamation of various versions of the song. It is so widely known that I half knew it before I found this lovely melody in the "Folk Songs of North America" by Alan Lomax, and also because it is so widely known I have not felt too guilty about making a very personal interpretation.

But black is the colour of my true love's hair.
His face is something wonderful fair
The dearest eyes and the dearest hands.
I love the ground on where he stands.

I love my love and well he knows.
I love the ground whereon he goes.
If you on earth no more I do see
I won't serve you and you have served me.

The winter is passed and the leaves are green
The time has passed that we have seen
And still I hope the day may come
When you and I shall be as one.

I go to the Clyde for to mourn and weep
And satisfied I never can sleep,
I'll write you a letter, and in a few short lines,
I'll suffer death ten thousand times.

Farewell my love, ah, tis well you know
How I love the ground whereon you go,
If you on earth no more I do see
I won't serve you as you have served me.

SIDE II, Band 4: EL SOL Y LA LUNA

This is a Spanish song from "Folk-Songs of Europe" edited by Maud Karpeles.

El sol se llama Lorenzo, tibiton
Y la luna Catalina
Andan siempre separados
Por disgustos de familia

CHORUS:
Con el bití, tibi, tibi, tibitibiton.

El sol le dijo a la luna, tibiton
No presumas demasiado
Que el vestido con que luces
De limosna te lo han dado

(CHORUS)

El sol le dijo a la luna, tibitón
No quiero nada contigo
Pasas la noche en la calle
Con bandidos y ladrones

CHORUS:

Con el tibi, tibi, tibi,
Con el tibitón.

The sun is called Lorenzo
And the moon, Catalina
They are always apart
Because of a family quarrel

The sun says to the moon
Don't put on airs with me.
The light you are clothed in
You borrowed from me.

The sun says to the moon
I don't want anything to do with you
You spend the whole night in the street
With bandits and other undesirables.

SIDE II, Band 5: HUMAHUAQUENO

I learned this from the Folkways record, "Argentine
Folksongs sung by Octavio Corvalan" (FW 6810).

Llegando esta el Carnaval quebradeno, mi cholita.

Fiesta de la Quebrada Humahuacua para cantar...
Erke, charango y bombo,
Carnavalito para bailar.

Quebradeno, humahuacu enito
Quebradeno, humahuacu enito

Carnival is coming,
We'll have a feast in our village,
And we'll play the erke, charango and the bombo
To dance and sing.

SIDE II, Band 6: MY LOVE IS LIKE A DEWDROP

The "Abelard Folk Song Book" has become one of my
favorite collections and this is one of the
pithiest commentaries on courting in it. Unfortu-
nately, I think I got some of the words mixed up
during recording, so I'm reprinting the verses
used, as they are in the book.

My love is like a dew-drop setting out upon a thorn.
Puts it on on Sunday night and takes it off Monday
morn.

Carries love all in his pockets and but little in
his heart.

He's a lad that loves a good many, and gives every
girl her part.

The first time that I met my love, 'twas in shady
grove,
And as he stepped forward he gave to me a rose.
He thought I would accept of it, but, no, not I
Before I would accept of it, I'd lay me down and
die.

The next time I met my love, he asked me for the
ring
He said that I had deprived him of many a better
thing.
He said that I had served him as he'd served two
or three
So I care no more about him, he may go far away.

He can go home and tell his mother, and set her
mind at ease,
For I hear she is an old woman, very hard to please.
Talking ill of me as they say she has done,
Oh, she need not fret herself, I wouldn't have her
son.

Come all you lovesick fair ones that cured cannot
be,
I'll tell you of a remedy quite satisfactory,
Take two grains of reason and three of commonsense,
A pound of resolution and lots of impudence.

SIDE II, Band 7: THE RYANS AND THE PITMANS

From "Folk Songs of Canada" by Edith Fowke and
Richard Jonnston.

My name it is Robert, they call me Bob Pitman
I sail on the Ino with Skipper Tom Brown.
I'm bound to have Dolly or Biddy or Molly
As soon as I'm able to plank the cash down.

We'll rant and we'll roar like true Newfoundlanders
We'll rant and we'll roar on deck and below
Until we see bottom inside the two sunken
When straight through the channel to Toslo we'll
go.

I'm a son of a sea-cook and a cook in a trader,
I can dance I can sing I can reef the mainboom.
I can handle a jigger and I cuts a fine figure
Whenever I gets in a boat's standing room.

If the voyage is good this fall I will do it:
I wants two pound ten for a ring and a priest
A couple of dollars for a new shirt and collars
And a handful of coppers to make a fine feast.

There's plump little Polly, her name is Goldsworthy
There's John Coady's Kitty and Mary Tibbo'
There's Clara from Bruley, and young Martha Foley
But the nicest of all is my girl from Toslow.

Farewell and adieu to ye fair ones of Valen
Farewell and adieu to ye girls in the Cove.
I'm bound to the westward to the wall with the
hole in
I'll take her from Toslow the wide world to rove.