


# KAREN JAMES



*accompanying herself on guitar*

FOLKWAYS RECORDS  
FG3549

THE GYPSY LADDIE  
THE MORNING DEW (JAMES McHREE)  
THE FAIR MAID ON THE SHORE  
THE GHOST LOVER  
THE DARK-EYED SAILOR  
YOUNG RILEY  
CAPTAIN WEDDEBURN'S COURTSHIP

THE CARRION CROW  
MONDAY MORNING  
DIGUE DINDAINE  
THE STORY OF WELDON CHAN  
THE BALLAD OF ALAN ROSE  
THE PETE SEEGER SONG

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## accompanying herself on the guitar

### A NOTE ABOUT KAREN JAMES

When I first met Karen James it seemed to me that she, unlike so many new singers of folksongs, had chosen a very definite role as an artist. By her refusal to concentrate on the well-known popularized folk songs, and by her choice of a repertoire that reflects the traditions and happenings of our country, she has marked out for herself a true folk-singer's job.

While critics may disagree with her changing of the musical mode of many of the old ballads (and I think she does this unconsciously), her interpretations never fail to retain depth and meaning and balance. Her attention to contemporary events shows still further her belief that songs are meant to record history and emotion as well as to entertain. After listening to this record I am certain that you too will follow with interest the career of Karen James.

Samuel Gesser,  
FOLKWAYS, Canada

Karen James was brought up in a musical environment with a solid tradition of folk-music at its core, and as a result an early hobby grew into a

fulltime career. This career was given full impetus by an appearance on Tabloid late in 1959, and from there followed rapid success in Toronto's many folksong clubs. The Bohemian Embassy, The Purple Onion, The First Floor Club, Marios's Basement Club, The Village Corner Club, and the Clef Club.

Along with steady engagements at these local clubs over the past eighteen months have been many private shows and appearances on "701", "On the Scene", and "Midnight Zone".

Karen's repertoire has a wide and selective grouping including folksongs from Spain, France, South America, Mexico, Greece, Israel, The British Isles, the United States and she is currently engaged in collecting a large selection of Canadian material to take overseas and south of the border.

Her knowledge and feeling for folk-music has also enabled her to compose and arrange a few contemporary Canadian folk-songs - including "The Pete Seeger Song", "The Ballad of Alan Rose", and "The Song of the High-rigger".

Karen has sung at various hoote-nannys in and out of town, and late-

ly at the Hart House Concert sponsored by The Guild of Canadian Folk Artists, where she received very favorable press attention.

SIDE I, Band 1: THE GYPSY LADDIE

from Karpeles' Folk Songs of Newfoundland Book I

Seven Gypsies came to my door,  
And they sang so sweetly through the air.  
They sang so sweet and so very very sweet  
They charmed the heart of my lady fair.

She was sitting in her castle high,  
Smiling on those gypsies oh  
When a jealous thought came into her mind,  
She would go with the dark-eyed Gypsy-oh.

When the lord came home that night,  
Enquiring for his lady-o  
I'm afraid, I'm afraid said the old kitchen maid,  
That she's gone with the dark-eyed Gypsy-o.

Saddle my horse and saddle my team  
Brace my pistol by my side

That I may ride till the broad  
daylight,  
And follow the dark-eyed gypsy-o.

He rose west and he rode north,  
Until he came to a farmer's door  
And it's "Farmer, farmer won't you  
tell me the truth  
Have you seen the dark-eyed  
Gypsy-o.

You ride on the farmer cried,  
Till you come to yonder valley-o  
And there you'll find your  
dark-eyed bride  
In the arms of the gypsy laddie-o.

Last night you slept in your own  
feather bed  
With the blankets around you white  
as snow  
Tonight you'll sleep on the cold  
damp ground  
In the arms of the dark-eyed gypsy-o.

Won't you come home my lady fair?  
Won't you come home my honey-o  
Or will you forsake your own native  
land  
For the sake of the dark-eyed  
gypsy-o?

I'll forsake my castle  
And I'll forsake my native land  
I'll eat of the grass and drink of  
the dew,  
And I'll go with the dark-eyed gypsy-o.

SIDE I, Band 2: THE MORNING DEW  
(JAMES MACHREE)

Maud Karpeles' Folk Songs from New-  
foundland, Book I

The pink the lily and the blooming  
rose  
Grow in the garden where my love  
goes  
The little small birds they do  
rejoice  
When they think they do hear my  
love Jimmy's voice.

Oh, James Machree I do love thee  
well  
I do love thee more than tongue  
can tell.  
There's not one drop of morning  
dew,  
Tastes half so sweet as one kiss  
from you.

SIDE I, Band 3: THE FAIR MAID ON THE  
SHORE

Folk Songs from Newfoundland collect-  
ed by Maud Karpeles Book I

There was a sea-captain who sailed  
the salt sea,  
The seas were fine calm and clear,  
oh.  
A beautiful maiden he chanced for  
to spy  
As she walked all alone on the shore,  
shore,  
She walked all alone on the shore.

Oh what will I give my sailors so  
bold?  
Ten guineas I vow and declare, oh,  
If you'll bring me that maiden on  
board of my ship,  
That walks all alone by the shore,  
shore,  
Walks alone by the shore.

So the sailors did hoist out a very  
long boat  
And straight for the shore they did  
steer, oh.  
Saying "Ma'am if you please for to  
enter on board  
And view a fine cargo of ware, ware,  
View a fine cargo of ware.  
With long persuading she entered on  
board  
The seas were fine calm and clear oh,  
She seated herself in the stern of the  
boat and straight for the ship  
they did steer, oh.  
Straight for the ship they did steer.

When they drew alongside the ship the  
captain he ordered a chair oh  
Saying first you shall lie in my arms  
all this night,  
And next you shall marry me, dear  
dear,  
Next you shall marry me dear.

She seated herself in the stern of  
the boat.  
The seas were fine calm and clear  
oh,  
She sang so neat, sweet and complete,  
She sang sailors and captain to  
sleep, sleep,  
She sang sailors and captain to  
sleep.

She robbed them of silver, she robbed  
them of gold  
She robbed them of fine costly ware  
oh.  
The captain's broadsword she took for  
an oar,  
And she paddled away for the shore,  
shore,  
She paddled away for the shore.

When he awoke and found she was gone,  
He was like a man in despair, oh.  
He called up his men and commanded  
a boat,  
And steered stright away for the shore,  
shore,  
And steered straight away for the  
shore.

He seated himself in the stern of  
the boat,  
The seas they were fine clam and  
clear, oh.  
She saluted the captain as well as  
the crew  
Saying I'm a maiden once more on the  
shore, shore,  
I'm a maiden once more on the shore.

SIDE I, Band 4: THE GHOST LOVER

Maud Karpeles' Folk Songs from New-  
foundland, Book II

Johnny he promised to marry me,  
But I fear he's with some fair one  
and gone.  
There's something bewails him and I  
don't know what it is  
And I'm weary of lying alone.

Johnny he came there at the appointed  
hour  
And he tapped on the window so slow  
This fair maid arose and she hurried  
on her clothes  
And she bade her true love welcome  
home.

She took him by the hand and she laid  
him down  
She felt he was clod as the clay  
She said "My dearest dear, if I only  
had my way  
This long night would never turn to  
day."

Crow up, crow up, my little bird  
And don't crow before it is day  
And your cage shall be made of the  
glittering gold,  
And your doors of silver so gay.

Where is your bed of soft down my  
love?  
And where is your white holland sheet?  
And where is the fair maid who watches  
over you  
As you lie in your long dreamless  
sleep?

The sand is my soft bed of down, my  
love,  
The sea is my white holland sheet,  
The long hungry worms they do feed  
off of me,  
As I lie every night in the deep.

Oh when shall I seem you, my love,  
she cried,  
And when shall I see you again?  
When little fishes fly and the seas  
they do dry  
And the hard rocks do melt in the  
sun.

SIDE I, Band 5: THE DARK-EYED SAILOR

Folk Songs and Ballads from Nova Scotia  
collected by Dr. Helen Creighton

It was of a comely young lady fair,  
Who was walking out to take the air,  
She met a sailor upon her way,  
So I paid attention, I paid attention  
to hear what they might saw.

Says he "Fair maid, why walk alone?  
When night is coming and day is gone?  
Says she, while tears from her eyes  
did fall

"Tis my dark-eyed sailor, my dark eyed  
sailor  
That's proving my downfall.

"Tis two long years since he left his  
land  
A ring he took from off his hand.  
He broke the token, here's half with  
me.  
The other lies rolling, the other lies  
rolling at the bottom of the sea.

Says William cast him off your mind.  
There's better sailors than him you'll  
find  
Love turns aside and cold does grow,  
Like a winter's morning, like a  
winter's morning, when the hills  
are clad in snow.

These words did Phoebe's heart inflame  
She cried "On me you'll play no game.  
I will be true to my own dear love  
For my dark-eyed sailor, my dark-eyed  
sailor  
A maid I'll live and die.

But a dark-eyed sailor I'd never  
disdain,  
And I would always treat the same.  
To drink his health here's a piece  
of coin,  
But my dark-eyed sailor, my dark-eyed  
sailor still claims this heart  
of mine.

When William did the ring unfold,  
She seemed distracted midst joy and  
woe,  
Saying you're welcome William, I've  
lands and gold,  
For my dark-eyed sailor, my dark-eyed  
sailor, so manly and bold.

SIDE I, Band 6: YOUNG RILEY

Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia  
by Helen Creighton and Doreen H. Senior

John Riley was my true love's name,  
his age scarce twenty-one  
He was one of the finest young men  
as ever you have seen.  
My father he had riches great, but  
Riley he was poor  
And because I loved that sailor lad  
he would not me endure.

My true love was a fisherman, lived  
on the banks of the Brae,  
My mother took me by the hand these  
words to me did say,  
"If you be fond of Riley he must  
quit this counterree,  
For your father swears he'll take  
his life, so shun his company."

Oh mother dear, don't be severe,  
Where would you send my love?  
For my heart is in his bosom as  
constant as a dove.  
Oh daughter dear I'm not sever,  
Here is one thousand pounds  
Send Riley to Americay, there to  
purchase some ground.

So Ellen took the money and Riley she  
did run,  
Saying this very night to take your  
life, my father charged a gun.  
Here is one thousand pounds in gold,  
my mother sent to you.  
So sail away to Americay and I will  
follow you.

Twas on the very next day, young  
Riley sailed away.  
But before he set one foot on  
board these words to her did  
say.  
Here is a token of our love I now  
will break in two.  
By heart and half this ring are  
yours till I will find out you.

Twas scarce in six months after this  
young man sailed away.  
When Riley he came back again and  
stole his love away.  
The ship was wrecked, all hands were  
lost and her father grieved  
full sore  
When he found here in young Riley's  
arms as they were washed ashore.

A note was in her bosom found and it  
was writ in blood,  
Saying "Cruel was my father who  
thought to shoot my love,  
So let this be a warning to all young  
maidens gay,  
To never let the lad you love sail  
to Americay."

SIDE I, Band 7: CAPTAIN WEDDERBURN'S  
COURTSHIP

This song is taken from Dr. Helen  
Creighton's book "Songs and Ballads  
from Nova Scotia". The reference to  
Melchisidecas being a priest unborn  
comes from St. Paul (Hebrews VII)  
and is apparently a variant on later  
versions which give Caesarean birth  
as an answer to that particular riddle.

As I went out one May morning, all  
down by a shady lane,  
I met with Captain Woodstock the  
keeper of the game,  
He said unto his servant if it was  
not for the law,

I would have that maid in bed with  
me, as she lay next to the wall.

Before I'd lie one night with you,  
you must answer my questions  
six,  
What is rounder than a ring? What  
is higher than a tree?  
What is worse than a woman's tongue?  
What that is deeper than the sea?  
What tree blooms first and what bird  
sings best?  
You must answer my questions all.  
Before I'd lie one night with you at  
either stock or wall.

The world is rounder than a ring,  
Heaven is higher than a tree.  
The devil's worse than a woman's  
tongue. Hell is deeper than  
the sea.  
The oak blooms first and the thrust  
sings best.  
I have answered you questions all  
So shake you up that old straw bed  
you must lie next to the wall.

Oh for my breakfast you must get me  
cherries without stones,  
And for my dinner you must get me  
chickens without bones  
And for my supper you must get me  
a bird without any gall,  
Before I'd lie one night with you  
at either stock or wall.

When a cherry is in blossom, I'm  
sure it has no stone,  
And when the chicken is in the egg  
I'm sure it has no bone,  
The dove she is a gentle bird, she  
flies without any gall,  
So shake me up that old straw bed,  
we must lie next to the wall.

Oh bring to me some summer fruit  
that in December grew<sup>1</sup>  
And you must bring me a silken gown,  
a web that never went through  
And you must bring me a priest unborn  
who will join us one and all  
Before I'd lie one night with you at  
either stock or wall.

My father has some summer fruit that  
in December grew<sup>1</sup>  
And my mother has a silken gown, a  
web that never went through  
Melchisidec is a priest unborn who  
will join us one and all,  
So shake you up that old straw bed,  
you're going to lie next to the  
wall.

1. These two lines were not in the  
version of this song found in this  
collection, but are to be found in  
other, similar, versions in the  
Maritime provinces and have been  
added to give the verses balance.

SIDE II, Band 1: THE CARRION CROW

Traditional Songs from Nova Scotia by  
Helen Creighton and Doreen H. Senior

The Carrion Crow sat upon a oak,  
Derry derry down, derry ding-o  
A carrion crow sat upon an oak  
Watching a tailor sew on his cloak

CHORUS:  
Heigh ho, the carrion crow  
Derry derry down, derry ding-o.

Wife said he bring to me by bow  
Till I go shoot that carrion crow

Tailor shot and he missed his mark  
And he shot the old sow through the  
heart.

Now the old sow is dead and gone  
And the little ones go waddling  
on.

(This is an amalgamation of two Nova  
Scotia versions of this well-known  
song)

SIDE II, Band 2: MONDAY MORNING

Traditional Songs from Nova Scotia,  
collected by Helen Creighton and  
Doreen H. Senior

Early one morning, one morning in  
spring.  
To hear the birds whistle and  
nightingales sing.  
I heard a fair maiden and sweetly  
did sing  
I'm going to be married next Monday  
morning.

CHORUS:  
Monday morning, Monday morning  
I'm going to be married next  
Monday morning.

How old are you my pretty fair  
maiden,  
Whilst here in this valley, this  
valley so low  
How old are you my pretty fair  
maiden  
I'll be just sixteen years old next  
Monday morning.

Sixteen years old is too young to  
marry,  
So take my advice two years longer  
to tarry.  
For marriage brings trouble and  
sorrows begin.  
So put off your wedding next  
Monday morning.

(CHORUS)

You talk like a madman, a man has  
no skill,  
Four long years I've waited against  
my own will  
And now that I'm ready to have my  
own fling  
I'm going to get married next  
Monday morning.

Next Monday morning the bells they  
shall ring  
My husband will buy me a guinea  
gold ring  
Likewise he will buy me a new silken  
gown  
To wear at my wedding next Monday  
morning.

(CHORUS)

Next Monday morning I'll begin with  
my care  
To curl up my locks and comb down  
my hair  
And six pretty maidens all dressed  
in green  
Shall sing at my wedding next Monday  
morning.

(CHORUS)

Next Monday night as I lie in my bed,  
I'll turn around to the man that I  
wed.  
Around his middle my two arms I'll  
fling.  
I wish in my heart it was Monday  
morning.

SIDE II, Band 3: DIGUE DINDAINE

Quand j'etais de chez mon pere  
Digue dindaine  
Jeune fille a marier  
Digue dinde

Il m'envoie de sur ces plaines  
Pourre les moutons garder

Moi qu' etai'-t-encore jeunette  
J'oubliai mon déjeuner

Un valet de chez mon pere  
Est venu me l'apporter

Tenez, petite brunette  
Voila votre déjeuner

Que voulez-vous que j'en fasse?  
Mes moutons sont egares

Que donneriez-vous la belle  
Que vous les ramenerit

Ne vous mettez point-z-en peine  
Jes aurai bien vous payer

Il a pris son tirelire  
Il se mit a turluter

Au son de son tirelire  
Les moutons s'ont assembles

Jene fille a marier....

When I was at my father's house

A young girl ready to marry

He sent me to the fields  
To look after the sheep

I, being very young  
Forgot to take my lunch

A valet from my father's house  
Has come to bring it to me

Here, little dark one  
Here is your lunch

What do you think I should do?  
My sheep are lost

What will you give, pretty one  
To the one who brings them back

Don't you worry one little bit  
I will know well enough how to pay you

He seized his little flute  
He began to play

At the sound of his little flute  
The sheep came back

A young girl ready to marry....

SIDE II, Band 4: THE STORY OF WELDON CHAN

Ellen Fairclough, Canada's Progressive Conservative minister and her department decided a few years back to investigate the methods by which many Chinese were immigrating illegally to Canada. She found many irregularities, and one of the people her department has been unable to find is Mr. Weldon Chan, who had been living in Vancouver, British Columbia. This song was written by Arthur Hughes, a student at the University of British Columbia for Mr. Chan. Wherever he is.

There was an enterprising man, he lived  
in old Hong Kong.

He thought he'd move to Canada, but  
here's what he did wrong.  
He falsified a statement, that's where  
the fuss began  
Now he's an outlaw, that wicked Weldon  
Chan.

CHORUS:  
Oh Weldon Chan, where are you hiding?(3)  
Don't you know that mounties always  
get their man?

Did he import bags of opium. Did he  
smuggle mainland rice?  
Did he bribe a poor young lawyer? Did  
he run a den of vice?  
Did he play a crooked Mah-Jong game,  
or cheat while at Fan-Tan?  
No. He falsified a statement, that  
wicked Weldon Chan.

(CHORUS)

Oh, Mummy, Mummy where is Dad. Our  
home is incomplete.  
Why must you run this grocery store  
way out on Fraser Street?  
Yes, Weldon dear, you must return and  
face it like a man.  
It's never been so peaceful, says  
cunning Weldon Chan.

(CHORUS)

They've looked for him in Newfoundland,  
and in the Yukon too  
They're searching in Nanamio and up  
in Cariboo  
I hear they're going to Frisco next,  
and afterwards Japan.  
If it take a century, they'll find you  
Weldon Chan.

(CHORUS)

So listen all you immigrant, don't do  
it on the sly,  
Be sure to check with Interpol, or  
maybe FBI  
Be nice to Ellen Fairclough, make sure  
there is no ban,  
Or else you'll end up hiding like  
poor old Weldon Chan.

SIDE II, Band 5: THE BALLAD OF ALLAN ROSE

The words for this song were brought to  
me by a writer whose works have been  
read at one of the after-hours clubs in  
Toronto where I sing. Barry Baldaro  
usually writes in a comic vein and has  
a neat gift for satire, but was moved  
by the tragedy of the young miner from  
Lancashire who was caught in a mine  
cave-in in Timmins, Ontario. His wife  
and very young son were flown to  
Canada by a local newspaper to be by  
his side while a team of expert doctors  
fought for his life. For twenty-six  
days he put up an incredible battle,  
but shortly before Christmas, 1960  
he died. Barry has put into words the  
feeling of the Canadian people who had  
been following his story hour by hour  
with the deepest sympathy.

They were praying in the churches, when  
the word was quickly spread,  
And soon they were a-mourning, the  
Englishman was dead. (2)

The news spread through the city that  
Alan Rose was dead,  
That young and gallant miner at last  
could rest his head. (2)

Six and twenty days he lay before he  
had the yen

To go and join those others caught,  
the noble Springhill men. (2)

Six and twenty days he lay, while  
torn his body bled  
He was the pride of native Lancashire.  
No braver life was led. (2)

Six and twenty victories over death  
at dawn.  
Now Alan Rose we mourn. Now Alan Rose  
we mourn.

SIDE II, Band 6: THE PETE SEEGER SONG

Gather round children, I'm going to  
tell you a story  
One man's pride, his pride and his  
glory,  
Pete Seeger, an American.

The way that I tell it won't take much  
time  
What was Mr. Seeger's incredible crime?  
The judge says he's un-American.

CHORUS:  
Hey, Pete hey! What do you say?  
The judge wants to send you far,  
far away?  
Hey, Pete hey! Here's what we  
say.  
We're behind Pete Seeger all the  
way.

One thing Mr. Seeger finds very ominous  
Is the way the Powers seem to plan on  
bombin' us  
After all, he's a family man.

Those ban-the-bomb ballads they tell  
me you sing  
Now they sound to this court like  
they're might left-wing  
And left-wing is un-American.

(CHORUS)  
Left-wing they tell me smack of  
Socialism  
And socialism they tell me is the  
same as communism  
And any "ism" is un-American

Judge says to Pete, "Well, what do  
you say?  
Who were your friends? What did  
they say?  
And were they un-American?

(CHORUS)

Judge says to Pete "Better make a  
full report,  
Otherwise I'll have to hold you in  
contempt of this court  
And Contempt of Court is un-American."

Pete says to the judge "I'm sorry to  
retort  
There's a little thing I'll have to  
show you in this court,  
That's how to be a free American.

(CHORUS)

He came to hear his sentence, he was  
carrying a banjo  
He asked to play a tune, but the  
judge, he says "Oh no,  
That would be un-American."

And that folks is just about the  
end of my story  
Never mind, Pete Seeger, we'll carry  
on your glory  
We'll sing it out just as loud as we  
can.

(CHORUS)