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Folk Songs of ONTARIO

Recorded and with Notes by EDITH FOWKE

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FOLKWAYS RECORDS FM 4005

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Folk Songs of ONTARIO

Side 1

Band 1: **The Poor Little Girls of Ontario**—
Mrs. Hartley Minifie

Band 2: **The Banks of the Don**—
O. J. Abbott

Band 3: **Johnston's Hotel**—
Mrs. Tom Sullivan

Band 4: **The Murder of F. C. Benwell**—
Lamont Tilden

Band 5: **Maggie Howie**—
Mrs. Tom Sullivan

Band 6: **The Railroad Boy**—
Martin Sullivan

Band 7: **The Hobo's Grave**—
Tom Brandon

Band 8: **The Little Indian Maid**—
Lotys Murrin

Band 9: **The Indian's Lament**—
Mrs. Tom Sullivan

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Martin McManus

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Side 2

Band 1: **The Weaver**—
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Band 2: **The Golden Vanity**—
Joe Kelly

Band 3: **A Fair Maid Walked in Her Father's Garden**—
Mrs. Wm. Towns

Band 4: **In Bristol There Lived a Fair Lady**—
Jimmie Heffernan

Band 5: **The Wintry Winds**—
Mrs. Jack Keating

Band 6: **Mary of the Wild Moor**—
Lotys Murrin

Band 8: **The Bold Privateer**—
Tom Brandon

Band 8: **General Wolfe**—
Mrs. Margaret Ralph

Band 9: **What Is the Life of a Man More than the Leaves?**—Mrs. Wm. Towns

FOLKWAYS RECORDS Album No. FM 4005

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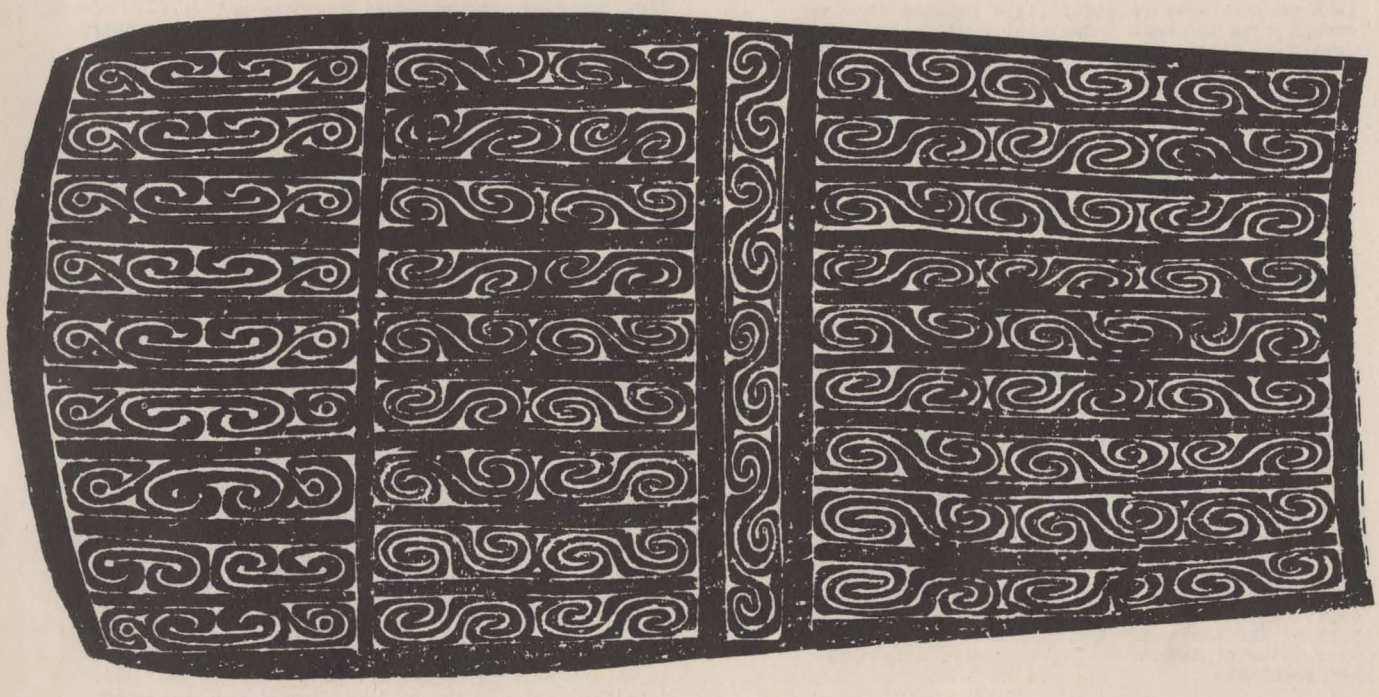


FOLK SONGS OF ONTARIO
by Edith Fowke

When Canadian folk songs are mentioned, most people think first of French-Canada, and then of our maritime provinces, particularly Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. These are the areas where collecting has been concentrated, and until recently little was known of the folk songs of Ontario. In fact, it was generally assumed that we had few folk songs and that it was too late to find the ones that might have existed earlier because Ontario is our most highly industrialized province. However, when I get a tape recorder in the fall of 1956, I decided to do a little scouting, and see uncovered enough traditional material to indicate that the only reason so few Ontario songs were known was that no particular effort had been made to find them. During the last fifteen months I've recorded over four hundred traditional songs, and the number would be much greater if I could have spared more time for collecting.

Practically ever since they began to take an interest in folk songs, collectors have been lamenting that traditional folksingers are a disappearing breed. Back in 1855 when "The Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle upon Tyne" started to collect Northumbrian ballads, they noted that so far as the words were concerned they were "half a century too late", and in 1907 Cecil Sharp wrote that "The English ballad is moribund; its account is well-nigh closed". Similary, when Dr. Roy Mackenzie started his collecting in Nova Scotia in 1909 he bemoaned "the mournful thruth that the oral propagation of ballads has in our day and generation almost ceased".

In the fifty years since we've learned that the folksinger is a much hardier type than anyone gave him credit for being, but even so I've been amazed to find how well the tradition has been preserved in this province formerly regarded as barren. It has been very satisfying to record in 1957 many ballads which Dr, Mackenzie first noted forty-odd years ago, and which he then feared were disappearing.

A large part of these songs come from the Irish-Canadians of the Peterborough region, some ninety miles north-east of Toronto. In this province the Irish settlers seem to have preserved their songs and the habit of singing them much better than people of Scottish or English desent. Peterborough is a particularly fruitful field because it's far enough from the main industrial centers to have developed slowly, and many of the people living there today are descendants of the original settlers who were brought out from Ireland in 1825 by Peter Robinson after whom the city is named. Also, as the only sizable center within fifty miles, it has become the home of many farm-folk who moved in from the surrounding country. In the little villages around it: Lakefield, Ennismere, Douro, Downer's Corners, there are many people whose forefathers carved farms out of the wilderness early in the nineteenth century.

Another reason why Peterborough has been a particularly rich source of songs is that during the nineteenth century it was a great lumbering center, and when the lumber camps moved farther north, many of the Peterborough men followed them. Until quite recent times it was the custom for the men to work their farms in summer and head for the lumbercamps in the fall. The long winter evenings in the shanties did a very great deal to preserve and spread folk songs in Ontario. Most of the older men I've recorded had gone shantying in their youth, and many of the younger ones had learned their songs from a lumberjack father or grandfather. Thus while the bulk of my collecting has been done in the Peterborough region, I believe the songs there are fairly typical of the ones known in many other parts of the province. Certainly samples from other regions show enough duplication to indicate that many songs have become part of the heritage of traditional singers all over Ontario, thanks to the diffusive effect of the shanties.

My collecting so far suggests that Ontario singers haven't preserved as rich a store of Child ballads as Dr. Roy Mackenzie and Dr. Helen Creighton have found in Nova Scotia. "The Golden Vanity", included here, is one of the most widespread. Among others are "The Gypsy Laddie", "The Farmer's Curst Wife", "Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard", "The Wife Wrapt in Wether Skin", "The Crafty Farmer", and, of course, the ubiquitous "Barbara Allen".

When we come to British broadside ballads, the stock is much more varied. I've recorded versions of seventy-odd titles listed in Professor Laws' American Balladry from British Broadsides, and some forty others that he doesn't list. Of the songs on this record, "The Weaver" and "The Fair Maid Walked in Her Father's Garden" are good examples of well known British ballads; "The Stormy Winds" and "The Bold Privateer" are rarer; and "General Wolfe" and "In Bristol There Lived a Fair Lady" do not seem to have been reported elsewhere on this continent. (For samples of other British ballads preserved here, see "British Songs from the Ottawa Valley", Folkways FG 3506)

Quite a few songs of American origin found their way to Ontario through the lumbercamps. These include bad man and murder ballads, minstrel songs, disaster ballads, Civil War ballads, hobo songs, and some of the sentimental ditties of the late nineteenth century.

Another large group is made up of the songs and ballads dealing specifically with lumbering. Most of the well known lumberjack songs are to be found here, as well as a few that are peculiar to Ontario.

In addition to the lumberjack ballads composed here, there are other local Ontario songs describing murders, accidents, or other events of interest to the balladmakers. And often songs which came from overseas have become acclimatized and acquired local references.

Because Ontario is an inland province, it was interesting to find that many sea ballads are remembered here. Most of them probably reached us from the Maritime Provinces by way of the lumbercamps. For example, several pirate ballads which Mr. O.J. Abbott sang had been learned from a man who came from Gaspé, Quebec. Other sea songs of course came from the sailors on the Great Lakes who likewise took to the woods in the winter.

I've been pleasantly surprised not only by the number and variety of the songs, but by the quality of the singers. Considering that many were recalling songs they hadn't sung for twenty, forty, or even sixty years, it was remarkable how many long ballads they could reproduce without hesitation. Of course every collector is tantalized by fragments of songs once known and now forgotten, but most of the singers I've recorded have produced complete and well-rounded versions. They also give repeated demonstrations of the traditional singer's ability to sing in key without accompaniment--a feat many professional singers find hard to emulate.

This record gives a sampling of some of the Ontario songs. I've tried to pick ones that were of interest in themselves as well as representative of the different t pes to be found here. On Side I are grouped the songs that originated in Ontario or in America; on Side II are the songs that were transplated from the British Isles.

There are quite a few types of Ontario songs that are not covered. The largest missing group is that of lumberjack songs which I hope to present in a later album. Also few of the songs that migrated here from the United States have been included, and none of the sailors' songs from the Great Lakes. Nor are there any songs from Ontario citizens of non-English-speaking origins.

I've tried to select only songs that are sung well enough to make pleasant listening, with the result that most of the singers heard here are somewhat younger than the average of the ones I've recorded The older singers are represented by Mr. McManus who is 78, Mrs. Ralph, who is 80, and Mr. Abbott who is 84. Martin Sullivan and Mrs. Minifie are about sixty, and the others range from about thirty to forty-five. However, they all learned their songs traditionally and reflect the traditional style.

As an interest in folk music seems to run in families, quite a few of the singers I've recorded are related. For example, Mrs. Tom Sullivan is the sister-in-law of Martin Sullivan, her husband is a fine fiddle player, and two of his sisters have also sung for me. Joe Kelly and Mrs. Keating are cousins, and Mrs. Ralph is their aunt. Another aunt and another cousin have also contributed songs. So have Mrs. Towns' brother and Mrs. Murrin's uncle.

SIDE 1--BAND 1

"THE POOR LITTLE GIRLS OF ONTARIO"
Sung by Mrs. Hartley Minifie, Peterborough

This little ditty circulated in Ontario in the latter part of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth, when the boys were being lured to the North-West Territories by the offer of free homesteads. The newly-developed Territories were divided into the provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta in 1905, and from that date to the outbreak of World War I the west saw its greatest influx of settlers.

Mrs. Minifie, who was born Ethel Mabee, learned these verses around 1908 in her home at Frankford, near Belleville in eastern Ontario. Her tune is very close to "Yankee Doodle".

The song must have been known over most of the province, for I collected another version in Guelph, some two hundred miles west of Frankford. It was sung by Miss Janet Armstrong to the tune of "The Little Brown Jug". Miss Armstrong, who was born in 1877, heard the song around 1890. It was then called "The Poor Lone Girl of Ontario", and the emphasis was on the boys heading for north-western Ontario, as this stanza indicates:

"My Dutchman lover, Hans Vitter Von Breut,
So lame he could hardly hobble about,
He waved his hat with a hip, hip, hurray,
And now he's settled in Thunder Bay"

Still another version had extra stanzas mentioning Keewatin (near Lake of the Woods), and Rapid City (in South Dakota).

I'll sing you a song of that lone 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 all clear out,
Thinking to better themselves, no doubt,
Caring little how far they go
From the poor little girls of Ontario.

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.

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.

Then my long-legged druggist with his specs on his nose,
I really thought that he'd propose,
But he's sold his bottle-shop and now he's gone
Clear out to little Saskatchewan.

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.

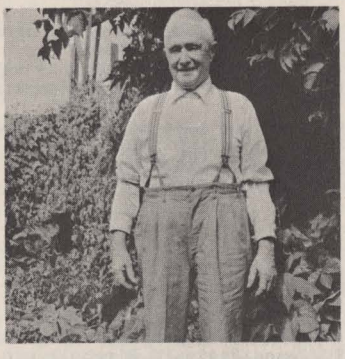
SIDE 1--BAND 2

"THE BANKS OF THE DON"
Sung by Mr. O.J. Abbott, Hull, Quebec

This song describing life in the Don Jail in Toronto, has been popular for many years in many parts of the province. Mr. Abbott learned it around 1890 from an Irish farmer in the Ottawa valley: it probably reached northern Ontario through the lumber camps. It also circulated in western Ontario: Harry Boyle, a CBC program superviser, reports that he heard it in his youth in Huron County around 1920. Mrs. Don Ewing of Burlington remembers school children singing it in a Toronto schoolyard around 1930.

The Don Jail, which was built in the 1860's, stands on the banks of the Don River in eastern Toronto. The song about it is similar in spirit to an Irish one called "The Mountjoy Hotel" about the Dublin jail. However, "The Banks of the Don" appears to be older, for "The Mountjoy Hotel" is said to have been written in 1918. They have in common a somewhat satirical tone, but the actual verses do not correspond at all. Nor is the tune the same: "The Mountjoy Hotel" uses "Villikens and His Dinah", "The Banks of the Don" uses another tune found in "Erin Go Bragh" and several lumberjack songs.

Another of Ontario's "grand institutions" is described in the next song, "See St. Mary's Jail", which describes the fate of a group of Americans who came up to Ontario and ran afoul of the law.



Mr. O. J. Abbott, 84

On the banks of the Don there's a dear little spot,
A boarding house proper where you get your meals hot,
You get fine bread and water and you won't pay a cent,
Your taxes are paid for, your board and your rent.

So turn out every man of you, all in a line,
From the cell to the stoneyard you all must keep time,
You work like a Turk till the bell it strikes one,
In that grand institution just over the Don.

If you want to get into that palace so neat,
Take tanglefoot whisky and get drunk on the street,
You'll have a fine family carriage to drive you from town
To that grand institution just over the Don.

Our borders are honest, not one of them steal
For we count all our knoves and forks after each meal;
Our windows are airy and barred up beside
To keep our good boarders from falling outside.

So turn out every man of you, all in a line,
From the cell to the stoneyard you all must keep time,
You work like a Turk till the bell it strikes one
In that grand institution just over the Don.

SIDE 1--BAND 3

"JOHNSTON'S HOTEL"
Sung by Mrs. Tom Sullivan, Lakefield

The Peterborough county jail stands on the banks of the Otonabee River, just across from the Quaker Oats plant. Dalton Johnston was governor there from about 1920 to 1950. Langley was a well-known magistrate who retired some ten years ago, and the other names mentioned were members of the police force.

This song originated in the early 1930's. I learned the name of the man who is siad to have made it up, but as he was one of the boarders at Johnston's Hotel at the time, it might be tactful not to mention him. At any rate, the verses have been sung by many subsequent "boarders" as well as by many law-abiding folks in Peterborough.

The title parallels "The Mountjoy Hotel", and it uses the same ubiquitous tune. However, the first lines indicate it was inspired by "The Banks of the Don" rather than by its Irish counterpart. Another version, sung by John Condon of Peterborough, confirms this assumption with the following lines:

"If you want free board in the Johnston's Hotel
Just ramble down George Street a-raising blue hell.
Dry bread and water don't cost you a cent;
Your lights and your water go on your back rent."

On the banks of the Otanabee there's a nice little spot,
There's a boarding house there where you get your meals hot,
And across from the Quaker comes a corn-flaky smell
To remind you you're boarding at Johnston's Hotel.

Oh, you're up in front of Langley and he's reading your charge:
"Oh my darling young boy, you've been running at large".
You're up in front of Langley, the truth you must tell,
And he gives you your pass up to Johnston's Hotel.

Oh the rooms up at Johnston's, they are heated by steam,
The finest apartments I ever have seen.
The rugs and the carpets they are simply swell,
Don't you wish you were boarding at Johnston's Hotel?

Oh the meals up at Johnston's, you get such a horde,
If you want to cut beefsteak, you borrow a sword;
It ain't much to look at, but oh it is swell
Just to be boarding at Johnston's Hotel.

Oh, there's old Johnny Dainard, not a bad scout you know,
And old Billy Wigg, he ain't bad also,
And there's Pearcy and Puffin and Mahar as well,
And they're looking for boarders up at Johnston's Hotel.

Oh there ain't much to do: just to clean up the park,
And other odd jobs from daylight till dark,
And then after that I must simply tell,
You go right to bed up at Johnston's Hotel.

SIDE 1--BAND 4

"THE MURDER OF F.C. BENWELL"
Sung by Lamont Tilden, Toronto

This ballad recalls the most famous murder case in Ontario's history. In 1890 James Reginald Birchall was tried and hanged for the murder of Frederick C. Benwell, an English boy whose body was found in the Blenheim swamp in south-western Ontario on February 21.

Birchall was himself an Englishman, the son of a clergy-man and a former Oxford student, who had come to Canada some years earlier and settled in Woodstock where he won quite a reputation for himself in sporting circles as "Lord Somerset". When his creditors became troublesome, he left Woodstock and went back to England where he advertised for farm pupils. It was then the custom for well-to-do English families to send their younger sons to Canada to establish themselves on the land, and Birchall told Benwell's father that he had a well-stocked farm near Niagara Falls.

That farm did not exist, but on the pretext of taking Benwell to inspect it, Birchall murdered him and left his body in the lonely swamp. When it was identified by a cigar case bearing his name, the police finally discovered his relationship with Birchall and established a strong chain of circumstantial evidence which led to Birchall's conviction at the fall assizes in Woodstock.

The trial aroused great interest, and thousands congre-gated in the market place in front of the town hall to see the prisoner. Birchall was sentenced to be hung on November 14, and in the interval he wrote the story of his life for The Mail and the New York Herald Tribune, to raise money for his wofe. A booklet called: "Birchall: The Story of His Life, Trial, and Imprisonment, as Told By Himself", and bearing the heading: Woodstock Gaol, October, 1890, went through many printings.

Such a celebrated tiral naturally produced ballads, and this one, supposed to have been composed by Birchall, was widely sung at the time and for many years afterwards. The story is reasonably accurate: Birchall maintained his innocence to the end, and his wife did visit him in the jail the night before he was hung. The Lord's Prayer was recited in the scaffold by Birchall's spiritual counselor, and the trap door was sprung at 8:29 a.m.--close enough to the nine o'clock mentioned in the ballad.

The words of this song have appeared in Sigmund Spaeth's Weep Some More, My Lady, and a somewhat mangled version, "The Death of Bendall", in Louise Pound's American Ballads and Songs.

While many people in Ontario remembered hearing it, I could find no one to sing it until by chance I discovered that Lamont Tilden, the CBC announcer who reads the scripts on my radio program, "Folk Song Time", knew it. He recorded it as he had learned it in his childhood in Harriston in western Ontario, with the final phrases spoken in the traditional manner. While this habit is common among old-time lumber-jacks to indicate the end of a ballad, it is particularly appropriate here as the song is supposed to be sung by Birchall--and he would have had difficulty finishing the line after the trap door flew open!

Another completely different song about Birchall also circulated in Ontario. It was told in the third person, and had six verses, two of which ran:

"John Reginald Birchall was the name of this inhuman man,
Fred Benwell was his victim, he is numbered with the slain.
He lowered him into a lonely swamp and took his life away;
Two bullet wounds he did inflict, and left his body lay.

"To get away out of the place he thought it would be best,
Till link by link they made a chain which caused his arrest.
They lodged him in the Woodstock jail his trial for to stand
Before the judge and jury, the best ones in the land."

The tune and pattern of the better-known version were borrowed from the American gallows ballad about Charles Guiteau, the assasin of President Garfield, who was executed in 1882.

My name is J.R. Birchell, that name I'll never deny;
I leave my aged parents in sorrow for to die,
For little did they think that in my youth and bloom
I'd be taken to the scaffold to meet my fatal doom.

Come all you tender Christians, wherever you may be,
And kindly pay attention to these few lines from me.
On the fourteenth of November I am condemned to die
For the murder of F.C. Benwell, upon the scaffold high.

Now Benwell was an Englishman and had not yet a wife;
He came into this country to seek an honest life.
They said that I betrayed him unto a certain spot,
And there with my revolver poor Benwell he was shot.

I tried to play off innocent, but found it would not do,
The evidence being against me, it proved I had no show.
They took me to the prison, all in my youth and boom,
And there upon the scaffold I must meet by fatal doom.

My wife she came to see me, to bid her last farewell;
She siad it was heartrending to leave me in the cell.
She said, "My dearest husband, you know that you must die
For the murder of F.C. Benwell, upon the scaffold high."

'Twas nine o'clock in the morning, and I knew my doom was near;
I gathered up my courage to prove I had no fear.
The last few words were spoken, the words, "Thy will be done:"
The trap door it flew open--and Birchall he was hung.

SIDE 1--BAND 5

"MAGGIE HOWIE"
Sung by Mrs. Tom Sullivan, Lakefield

While I had trouble finding anyone who could sing the ballad about Benwell's murder, several knew this one about the murder of Maggie Howie. The case was not as famous, but the chief figures were Irish, and so are most of the Ontario folksingers.

I have now six different versions of this ballad, all very similar, but varying a little from singer to singer. The first came from Mrs. Swann, how living in Toronto, who was born in Napanee. Her version went to the tune of "The Wild Colonial Boy", and it was the only one that included these lines which explain the parents' opposition:

"Maggie Howie was a farmer's daughter, as you have heard men tell,
She was of Protestant birth, a fact you know full well,
But I of Roman faith, but not of high degree,
Her parents interfering, she would not marry me".

The people in and around Peterborough sing the song much as Mrs. Sullivan does. Some miles eastward, out near Indian River, an old man sang a slightly longer version which had the murder committed with a stick instead of an axe, and included these lines:

"The public feeling being very hard, they acted so severe,
That day they wanted to lynch me for the murdering of my dear.
As she lay in her rosewood coffin, oh, there's hundreds come to view
The body of Maggie Howie, to bid her remains adieu."

When I wrote to the editor of the Napanee Post-Express for details of the murder, he printed the request in his paper, and from information supplied by residents of the district he compiled this report which appeared on April 11, 1957:

"One of the most startling aspects of the murder for the editor was that Maggie Howie was murdered at the site of this office. There was a barn and a hotel horse-shed here. Maggie Howie was milking a cow in the barn when Michael Lee sung his axe and killed her, apparently for unrequited love.

"All this happened about 1887. Michael had been a suitor of Maggie Howie and after his attack took to the woods where a posse found him hiding. He was lodged in the county jail and tried for murder. The jury found him criminally insane and he was sentenced to a special section of Kingston penitentiary for criminally insane convicts where he remained until his death.

"The ghost of Maggie Howie has been an institution at the offices of the Post-Express. Long-time employees Ralph S. Ham and F.J. Van Alstine have always told the printers' devils that when they are working alone in the shop late at night they can see the ghost of Maggie Howie".

The paper also reprinted a copy of "The Ballad of Maggie Howie" which was turned into the office by a descendant of Maggie's family and purported to be signed by "Mickle Lee".

I am an Irishman by birth, my name is Michael Lee.
I fell in love with a pretty girl, which proved my destiny.
I fell in love with a pretty girl, Maggie Howie was her name.
It's cruel that I have murdered her, I own it to my shame.

Maggie Howie was a farmer's daughter, the truth to you I'll tell.
She resided in Napanee, where she was known quite well.
It's true I loved her dearly, as you will understand,
For she was wearing my own gold ring upon her lily-white hand.

For a long time I courted her, I was filled with joy and pride.
For a long time I courted her, I thought she'd be my bride.
Night and day both passed away in my love's company.
Her parents interfering, she would not marry me.

It was early one Tuesday morning, my love along did stray.
I overtook my darling, those words to her did say:
"My dearest dear, I must be severe and take away your life
Unless you promise to marry me, and become my lawful wife."

She rang her hands with anger and wept most bitterly,
Saying "Michael, do have mercy and do not murder me"
But I was deaf to all her cries, no mercy could I show,
And in my hands I took the axe and struck that fatal blow.

My love she fell dead at my feet, it was a mortal wound,
And over her fair bosom the blood came pouring down.
I ran away into the woods, my sorrow to prevail,
But I was overtaken and sent to the county jail.

So it's now I am a prisoner in the town of Napanee,
It's there I'll stand my trial and the judge will sentence me.
For I know that I am guilty and I do deserve to die
For the murder of my own true love upon the gallows high.

SIDE 1--BAND 6

"THE RAILROAD BOY"
Sung by Martin Sullivan, Peterborough

This is an Ontario variant of an old Irish song usually called "The Bonny Laboring Boy". It parallels closely a version that appears in Colm O'Lochlainn's Irish Street Ballads, except of course for the final line which localizes this one very neatly.

The northern Ontario railroad line "from Ottawa to Owen Sound" was being built in the last decade of the nineteenth century.

This pattern must have been very popular in Ontario for I've also collected a song called "The Jolly Shanty Boy" whose words correspond closely to the first three verses of this one, although the tune is somewhat different, and the second verse is used as a refrain.

A similar dialogue between mother and daughter turns up in "Ye Maidens of Ontario" (see Folk Songs of Canada, p. 76) and in the American song, "The Roving Gambler", although these apparently spring from a different Irish song, "The Roving Journeyman".

It was on a summer's evening in the merry month of May,
I overheard a pretty girl, whose words I heard her say:
"It's cruel are my par-i-ents, on me they keep their eye,
And will not let me ramble with my jolly railroad boy.

"His cheeks are like the roses and he always wears good clothes,
Admired by all the pretty girls, no matter where he goes.
Of medium height and very genteel, and does his life enjoy;
If I had my will I'd wed him still, my jolly railroad boy."

"Oh daughter, dearest daughter, why do you talk so strange,
For you to marry a railroad boy this wide world for to range?
Some drygoods clerk would suit you better, with salary you'd include,
Than to throw your youthful life away with a reckless railroad boy."

"Oh mother, dearest mother, your talk is all in vain.
Some drygoods clerk would be good enough, but him I don't admire,
I mean to have a humble life and salary I'll include.
I'd rather live in poverty and I'll wed the railroad boy.

"If i had all the riches that's in my father's store,
Oh freely I would share it with the boy that I adore."
We'll fill our glasses to the brim, let the toast go merrily around,
And we'll drink to the health of the railroad boy, from Ottawa to Owen Sound.

SIDE 1--BAND 7

"THE HOBO'S GRAVE"
Sung by Tom Brandon, Peterborough

Quite a number of hobo songs have circulated in Ontario, most of them traceable to American sources. For example, such hillbilly classics as "Can I Sleep in Your Barn Tonight, Mister", and "Waiting for a Train" are widely known. This particular one is less familiar; although it also may have come here from the States, it seems to have become acclimatized in northern Ontario. I have found nothing similar in American collections, but the only "water called the Tomahawk" I can locate is Lake Tomahawk in Wisconsin.

Tom Brandon learned this from his brother who worked in the north in the early 1930's, and it has continued popular there until recent times: a Toronto friend, Jake Banky, tells me he heard it sung in a bar in the mining town of Kirkland Lake about three years ago.

The Norway mentioned is probably the Norway Maple, one of the commonest trees transplanted to America from Europe. The third verse's reference to "the money or the cheque" suggests that the dead hobo might have been a "remittance man": the name applied to the ne'er-do-well sons of respectable English families were were frequently shipped out to Canada and supplied with a small allowance to keep them from coming home and embarrassing their relatives.

It was a bright summer's day in the month of May,
By the waters called the Tomahawk flows,
Through a pinewood grove where I chanced to stroll
There I spied a hobo's grave.

Now he lies all alone in a grave unknown
Where the Norway bends and sways,
Where the bit timber wolves on the cold wintry nights
They will howl o'er the hobo's grave.

Roll on, box cars, through the midnight gloom,
Through the wild and the woolly west;
There's none to direct the money or the cheque
For the hobo lies at rest.

He may have been his father's only son,
Or his mother's pride and joy,
But he lies at rest in the land called the west,
Where no lilies bloom in May.

No stone marks the spot where the hobo lies,
There's no lilies to direct your gaze,
There's none to watch over the spot where he lies
In the lonesome hobo's grave.

SIDE 1--BAND 8

"THE LITTLE INDIAN MAID"
Sung by Lotys Murrin, Toronto

This pious ditty was apparently quite popular in Ontario at one time, and, strangely enough, it seems to have circulated in the lumbercamps. Although it's hard to imagine a husky lumberjack singing it, I first heard it from 82-year-old Michael Cleary of Doure who was a former lumberman, and Mrs. Murrin learned it from her grandfather who was a prospector in northern Ontario.

The words suggest that the song was of missionary origin, and the tune is reminiscent of various nineteenth-century hymns. However, it must have circulated fairly widely by oral tradition for there are numerous verbal differences between Mr. Cleary's and Mrs. Murrin's versions, although the general pattern is the same.

Through these dark woods and forests wild
My father roamed, wild nature's child,
With tomahawk and bended bow
To lay the bear and the red deer low.

My brother in his bark canoe
Across the waves so gaily flew,
To shoot the wild duck in the brake
Or catch the white fish in the lake.

My mother in her wigwam stayed
The various baskets for to braid,
To pound the corn or dress the skin
To sew my father's moccasin.

While I, a little Indian maid
With acorn shells or mayflowers played,
Or by my mother stayed all day
To braid the plaited baskets gay.

I could not read, I could not sew;
My Saviour's name I did not know.
My parents they I disobeyed
And to the Saviour I never prayed.

Till the white man to the forest came
And taught poor Indians Jesus' name.
They built a church and schoolhouse near,
With wildwood hymns did the wildwoods cheer.

Now I can read, now I can sew,
The Saviour's name I have come to know,
And to the Saviour I implore
To bless the white man for evermore.

SIDE 1--BAND 9

"THE INDIAN'S LAMENT"
Sung by Mrs. Tom Sullivan, Lakefield

This more pessimistic picture of the effect of the white man on the Indians makes a nice contrast to the preceding song. It also was sung in the lumbercamps, and seems to have been more widespread. While I've found no trace of "The Little Indian Maid" in printed collections, "The Indian's Lament" appears in Helen Creighton's Songs and Ballads of Nova Scotia and E.C. Beck includes it in his Lore of the Lumber Camps with the comment that it was "widely sung in the woods of the Great Lakes region".

It was also widely sung in the northern Ontario woods: in addition to Mrs. Sullivan, I found several others around Peterborough who knew it, and Mr. O.J. Abbott of Hull, Quebec, had learned it in northern Ontario lumbercamps some sixty years ago. He sang it to a quite different tune in which the last line of each verse was repeated.

Helen Creighton also gives two different tunes, which suggests that the words were originally printed and the verses were picked up and sung to various tunes which happened to fit the metre. The writer was probably a white man but some of my informants tell me they have heard Indian lumberjacks sing it in the camps.

While "The Little Indian Maid" may have originated in Canada, "The Indian's Lament" is obviously an American import, as the line "from Texas to Maine" shows.

As an Indian sat in his little bark canoe,
He sailed it right over the waters so blue,
He sang of the days when the land was their own
Long before pale faces among them were known.

When first that these red men were lord of this soil
They lived happy, contented, without trouble or toil.
They hunted the beaver , the otter, the deer,
For they thought in the wild woods there was nothing to fear.

When first that these white men they came to our land
We used them like brothers, we gave them our hand.
We knew they were weary, in need of repose,
Little thinking these white men would e'er turn our foes.

For a while we lived happy with our white friends all round
We showed them the best of our own hunting ground.
They paid us with trinkets which pleased us for a while,
And caused us poor Indians like children to smile.

They built their large cities all over the land,
And on the rich prairie their farm houses stand.
They own all the country from Texax to Maine,
And the Indian may seek for his wigwam in vain.

Oh the pride of the forest that over us bow,
The tall pine, the cedar, oh where are they now ?
The beaver, the otter, the hunters have slain,
And they've driven the red deer far over the plain.

The graves of our forefathers, where are they now?
They're rudely trodden over and torn by the plough.
Their children have wandered distracted and poor,
And the graves of our forefathers we visit no more.

For awhile we will linger around this happy place,
Our wives and our sweethearts we them embrace,
Till the Great Spirit calls us away from all pain
To that bright happy land where we will all meet again.

SIDE 1--BAND 10
"SALLY GREER"
Sung by Martin McManus, Peterborough

This is a sample of the many ballads inspired by the Irish immigration to Canada during the nineteenth century.

While there were many similar tragedies, I've not been able to locate the particular shipwreck described here. Of course, the factual details may be inaccurate: the only other version of the song reported was collected by Helen Creighton in Nova Scotia, and in it the date is given as 1843, the ship is called the Rose of Aberdeen, and the number of immigrants is set at 18, of whom 14 reached the shore. The larger tragedy described by Mr. McManus is more typical for the immigrant ships were usually overloaded.

In his book, The Great Migration, the Ontario historian, Edwin C. Guillet, describes many similar shipwrecks. For example, in 1834 the brig James was wrecked off the banks of Newfoundland, only 11 escaping death out of 267, and the barque Astra was wrecked on the rocks of Louisbourg with a loss of 208 out of the 211 on board. Mr. Guillet mentions a death list of some 700 for the three worst disasters that year, and quotes a Quebec Gazette recommendation of rigid regulations to insure the seaworthiness of emigrant ships which "in general were quite the worst in the Atlantic service. Those sailing from Ireland were commonly the most defective of all."

The site of the wreck described in "Sally Greer", St. Paul's Isle, some ten miles beyond Cape North at the mouth of the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, was described in 1847 as "a huge rock dividing at top into three conical peaks. Rising boldly from the sea, there is a great depth of water all round it, and vessels may pass at either side of it. It has been the site of numerous shipwrecks; many vessels, carried out of their reckoning by the currents, having been dashed against it when concealed by fog, and instantly shattered to atoms. Human bones and other memorials of these disasters are strewed around its base."

There are certain flaws in Mr. McManus's song: verse three is apparently a combination of two original verses, and its second line is unintelligible. However, he sings it with complete conviction, and in a style that is characteristic of the Irish-Canadian lumberjack, including the speaking of the last few words to indicate the end of the song.

Ontario singers use this same tune for the lumberjack ballad, "Peter Emery".

Oh it being in the month of August, eighteen hundred and thirty-three,
My parents they forced me to leave this counteree,
To leave this fiar island where first my breath I drew,
They forced me to Americay, my fortune to pursue.

The reason that they banished me I mean to let you know,
Because I would not break the vows I made unto my dear.
'Twas from the Monarch of Aberdeen to Belfast we set sail;
We hoisted an English color, to Quebec we were bound.

Sailing on the ocean no danger did I fear,
I started (?) and the one I love was charming Sally Greer,
Oh the wind blew from the mountains and it tossed us up and down,
For three long weeks we were floating all on those stormy waves,
Expecting every moment for to meet a watery grave.

Oh it was on Paul's Island for three long days we lay,
The cold ground being our bed and our covering were the skies.
Of three hundred and fifty passengers, only thirteen reached the shore.
The rest of them to the bottom went, they sank to rise no more.

Success attend our captain and I will praise him true,
But for him and his bravery we'd have lost our whole ship's crew.
We lost our money and clothing all by that dreadful wreck,
And were we not a sight to be seen when we landed at Quebec.

It's now I'm in strange country, my sorrows to bewail;
No friends or relation to hear my mournful tale.
But I hope to be in Ireland before another year,
In hopes to roll in splendor with my charming Sally Greer.

SIDE 1--BAND 11

"THE TWELFTH OF JULY"
Sung by Tom Brandon, Peterborough

This bloodthirsty little ballad also circulated in the Ontario lumberwoods and is still remembered by several Irishmen in Peterborough. The event that inspired it happened on the Twelfth of July back in 1877, when antagonism between Catholics and Protestants in Montreal was at fever heat.

The Gazette for July 13, 1877, carried an extensive report of the episode under headlines reading:

"TWELFTH OF JULY RIOT
An Exciting Day in Montreal
Victoria Square the Scene of a Fusillade--Revolvers Freely Used
One Man Shot and Killed--Several Others Wounded"

The newspaper account indicates that the ballad isn't quite accurate, for there was no formal Orangeman's parade that day: plans for one had been dropped because of the hostility of the United Irishmen. However, brawling broke out between a number of Catholics and Protestants in Victoria Square, and in the melée a man called Francis Hackett was shot.

The Loyal Orange Institution is an Irish Protestant society which was founded in Ulster in 1795. Its name comes from William of Orange, a Netherlands prince who married Mary, the Protestant daughter of James II of England, and became king of England when James was deposed in 1688. James fled to Ireland, and William defeated him there at the Battle of the Boyne on July 1, 1690. This victory is annually celebrated on the twelfth of July by parades of Orangemen usually led by a costumed figure on a white horse representing King William--or Billy, as he was known.

Twelfth of July parades have long been common in many parts of Canada, but in Montreal the Orangemen have always been a small minority in a predominantly Catholic city. The religious friction which created the 1877 riot was not typical of the relations between the Catholic and Protestant Irishmen in Montreal: between 1834 and 1856 the two groups had worked together in such organizations as the St. Patrick's Society, and their relations were generally so harmonious that an Irish historian speaking on the CBC recently remarked that "the history of the Montreal Irish is a lesson in toleration". In Toronto, on the other hand, where the Protestants outnumber the Catholics, there used to be ructions during the St. Patrick's Day parades.

Today of course the hostility between Protestant and Catholic Irishmen in Canada is largely a thing of the past, but in the nineteenth century feelings still ran high. Religious rivalry was embittered by the centuries when the large Catholic population of Ireland had been harshly oppressed by the largely Protestant landowners and ruling classes: a bitterness recalled by the reference to "what King Billy and did". In fact, the whole tone of this ballad echoes that of the many Irish songs of resistance during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, even though the scene is Montreal rather than Dublin.

Come all you gallant Irishmen who love your church and creed,
I hope you'll pay attention to the few lines that you read,
Corncerning your church and countrymen, your brothers one and all
It's how we licked the yellowbacks in the city of Montreal.

It was on the twelfth of last July the Orangemen did draw nigh,
And to insult the Catholics they waved their colors high;
To insult the Catholics it was their one design,
And they played the tunes King Billy played on the day he crossed the Boyne.
They marched from Vyve and Circle down to Victoria Square.
It's there that they halted for the Union boys were there.
The Fawcett drew a revolver and he let go with a ball,
And swore he'd kill every Papist dog in the city of Montreal.

So Hackett followed after him and fired just once again,
And he received a fatal ball which entered in his brain.
He cast his eyes around him as downward he did fall,
And he bid adieu to that Orange crew in the city of Montreal.

So come all you true-bred Catholics who love your church and creed,
I hope you'll pay attention to what King Billy and Cromwell did,
They tore down Catholic churches from Lewis to Donegal,
But they can't come across with no games like that in the city of Montreal.

SIDE II--Band 1

"THE WEAVER"
Sung by Mrs. Jack Keating, Peterborough

This story is widely known in both Britain and the United States as "The Nightingale" or "One Morning in May", but in all printed versions that I've seen the man who charms the lady is a soldier rather than a weaver. The Irish actor and folksinger, Tom Clancy, tells me that he's heard it sung as "The Weaver" in Ireland, and the Ontario version is almost certainly of Irish origin, although the reference to "old Denver" in the ending suggests American influence.

It seems likely that "The Weaver" is the older form, for it would date back some two hundred years to the days when handloom weavers travelled from town to town to weave the thread that housewives had spun. Other songs and tales of the eighteenth century indicate that weavers then had a reputation like that of travelling salesmen in the twentieth century (see "Will the Weaver" in English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, II, 207).

The reference to "Lager beer" might indicate that the weaver was Dutch, as many of the early weavers came to the British Isles from the Netherlands, and "old Denver" may be a new-world substitution for a Netherlands town.

Mrs. Keating, who was born Vera Monaghan and lived near Ormsby, some fifty miles north-east of Peterborough, learned her song from her father.

For comparative references see American Balladry from British Broadsides, P 14.

As I went out walking for pleasure one day
I spied a young couple all on the highway.
The one was a maiden, a maiden so fair,
And the other was a weaver with dark wavy hair.

"Good morning, good morning," the weaver he said,
"Oh where are you going, my pretty fair maid?"
"I'm going out walking by the side of a stream
To watch the silver waters gliding, hear the nightingales sing."

They walked along together for an hour or two
Till they came to a pond where the pond lillies grew,
And there they sat down by the side of the stream
To watch the silver waters gliding, hear the nightingales sing.

They sat there and talked for an hour or two
When out of his knapsack a fiddle he drew,
And he played her a tune caused the valleys to ring,
And the silver waters gliding, hear the nightingales sing.

"And now," said the maiden, "will you marry me?"
"Oh, no," said the weaver, "that never can be.
I've a wife in old Denver and children twice three;
Two wives in old Denver's too many for me.

"I'll go back to old Denver and stay there one year;
I'll drink no cold water, I'll drink lager beer,
And if I return it will be in the spring
To watch the silver waters gliding, hear the nightingales sing."

SIDE II--BAND 2

"THE GOLDEN VANITY" (Child 286)
Sung by Joe Kelly, Downer's Corners

This ancient tale is widely popular in Ontario as well as in many other parts of North America. At least two different versions of it circulated in this province: the one given here seems to have been the most popular, but I've also recorded another called "The Green Willow Tree".

The song dates back at least to the days of the first Queen Elizabeth: one early copy cited Sir Walter Raleigh as the cruel captain. This Ontario version follows the ancient pattern very closely except for the last two verses which were added by someone who felt the wicked captain shouldn't get away with his treachery. This particular form seems to be known only in Canada, but several American variants reveal the same desire to punish the captain: Belden quotes one in which the boy's ghost returns to haunt him, and Shoemaker gives one in which the crew throws him overboard.

Joe Kelly, a cousin of Vera Keating, also comes from Ormsby and learned this song from his father. Mr. Abbott of Hull, Quebec, sang a very similar version, which suggests that it circulated in the lumbercamps.

For comparative references see British Traditional Ballads in North America, p. 153.

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.

The first to come on board it was the cabin boy,
Saying, "Captain, what'll you give me if that ship I will
"Gold I will give you, my daughter for your bride, destroy?"
If you'll sink her in the lowlands, lowlands, lowlands,
If you'll sink her in the lowlands low.

The boy took an auger and overboard went he,
The boy bent his breast and he swan away to sea,
He swam till he camr to the Turkish Commune
For to sink her in the lowlands, lowlands, lowlands,
For to sink her in the lowlands low.

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 in the lowlands, lowlandsm lowlands,
As she sank in the lowlands low.

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.

"Pick you up," said the captain, "For that I shall not do,
Kill you or downd you, I'll do it with a will.
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."

The boy swam around unto the other side
And there he most pitiful did cry,
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.

His shipmates picked him up, and there on deck he died.
They rolled him in his hammock for it being long and wide,
They rolled him in his hammock and they lowered him in the
And he sank in the lowlands, lowlands, lowlands, tide,
And he sank in the lowlands low.

About three weeks after this, the day being calm and clear,
A voice from the heavens did reach the captain's ear,
Saying, "Captain, dearest captain, you've been mighty cruel
And I'll sink you in the lowlands, lowlands, lowlands/to me,
And I'll sink you in the lowlands low.

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 leveled with the tide,
And she sank in the lowlands, lowlands, lowlands,
And she sank in the lowlands low.

SIDE II--BAND 3

"A FAIR MAID WALKED IN HER FATHER'S GARDEN"
Sung by Mrs. William Towns, Douro

The lover who returns in disguise to test his sweetheart's love and then reveals his identity by producing the ring they had broken between them is one of the most popular and long-lived of all folk themes. Literally dozens of different songs have been woven on this simple plot, from "Hing Horn" to "John Riley", from "The Dark-Eyed Sailor" to "The Plains of Waterloo".

This particular example has turned up in many parts of the United States and Canada under such titles as "The Pretty Fair Maid", The Single Sailor", or "The Broken Token". Other versions parallel the Ontario story closely except that most North American versions speak of a sailor or a soldier instead of a gentleman, and omit the old-world reference to castles.

Incidentally, I was puzzled by Mrs. Towns' pronunciation of "castle" until I heard Jeannie Robertson, the great Scottish folksinger, pronounce it the same way in the same song: a convincing proof that Mrs. Towns' version has its roots far back in British tradition. She learned it from her father, Michael Cleary, who was the first traditional folksinger I recorded. He died early in 1957 at the age of 82.

For comparative references, see American Balladry from British Broadsides, N 42 and A Guide to English Folk Song Collections, p. 55.

Mrs. William Towns

A fair maid walked in her father's garden,
A gentleman he was passing by,
He stepped up to her and kindly viewed her,
Saying, "Lady, lady, won't you fancy me?"

"To fancy you, a rich man of honours,
A rich man of honours you seem to be,
You might have fancied some rich young lady,
With plenty of servants to wait on thee."

"It's look over yonder at that fine castle,
With windows around it on every side,
I'll make you mistress of that fine castle
If you'll consent, love, and be my bride."

"Oh what care I for your fine castles,
Or what care I for the stormy sea,
What care I for your gold and silver
If my dear Willie sails home to me."

"Oh since you say that your love's a sailor,
Oh since you say that your love's on sea,
Perhaps he is dead or else he is drownded,
And the stormy ocean may be his grave."

"Now if he is dead I do wish him happy,
And if he's alive he'll sail home to me.
'Tis for his sake I will never marry
Till my dear Willie sails home to me."

He put his hands into his pocket,
His fingers they being neat and small,
He drew a ring that was broke between them,
And when she saw it, 'twas down she fell.

"Stand up, stand up, my pretty fair maid,
Stand up, stand up, and unto me,
For I've brought home both gold and silver,
And the stormy ocean to cross no more."

"If you be Willie, you looks deceives me,
Your very features seem strange to me.
Seven long years makes an alteration,
'Tis seven long years since you sailed from me."

SIDE II--BAND 4

"IN BRISTOL THERE LIVED A FAIR MAIDEN"
Sung by Jimmie Hefferman, Peterborough

The origin of this ballad is a mystery to me: so far I have not been able to locate anything similar in either British or American sources.

It is obviously of English origin, and the theme and style indicate it is fairly old. The reference to a "loaded fusee" suggests a seventeenth-century origin, for according to the Oxford Dictionary, the term "fusee" was used for a light musket or firelock between 1661 and 1680.

There are, of course, a whole host of ballads in which fathers object to their daughter's choice, but in most of them the father remains adamant and the story either ends tragically or the lovers run away. This is almost unique in picturing a father capable of changing his mind in the face of his daughter's devotion.

Mr. Hefferman learned the ballad from an older Peterborough man, Jim Doherty, who learned it from his mother. He tells me that his mother's parents came to Canada from Ireland around 1830, and it seems likely that they brought this song with them.

In Bristol there lived a fair lady,
And a lady of honor was she;
She was courted by a gallant young sailor,
And she called him her handsome Jimmy.

But she had an angry old father,
And an angry old father was he,
Saying "Daughter, I hear you are courted
By a young man below your degree."

"Don't believe it, don't believe it, dear father,
Don't believe no such tales about me,
For if ever I live for to marry
'Twill marry my equals 'twill be."

"Oh, I'm glad for to hear it, dear daughter,
And, I'm glad for to hear it from thee,
For I have a good match awaiting,
And it's married tomorrow you'll be."

"Oh, it's now I must tell you, dear father,
For no longer can I hide it from thee,
Through the fires in yon forest I'd wander
For one sight of my handsome Jimmy."

She wrote her love Jimmy this letter,
All stating for him to come there,
And for fear her old father would hear them
They silently crept up the stair.

But her father he hid in the next room,
And he heard every word they did say,
He broke open the door right upon them,
And he held out a loaded fusee.

Saying "Daughter, I'll give you two choices,
And two very fine choices are they.
Would you rather see Jimmy go sailing,
Or be shot like a bird from a tree?"

"Two choices you give me, dear father,
And two very fine choices are they,
But I'd rather see Jimmy go sailing
Than have innocent blood shed for me."

"Now if that is the way you feel, daughter,
It's married tomorrow you'll be.
You'll have stages and coaches to ride in,
And servants to wait on Jimmy."

SIDE II--Band 5

"THE WINTRY WINDS"
Sung by Mrs. Jack Keating, Peterborough

While it resembles other tragic ballads of the nineteenth century, this particular ballad is rare in North America. The only version reported was collected by Mackenzie in Nova Scotia under the title of "The Fatal Snowstorm". He relates it to a Pitts broadside at Harvard, but the broadside does not seem to me to be the same song. Both the Nova Scotia and the Ontario versions are more likely to have come from Ireland. Mrs. Sarah Makem, a fine contemporary Irish folksinger who lives in County Armagh, has recorded a very similar song under the title of "In the Month of January".

It's one cold night in winter, how cold those winds did blow.
I chanced to spy a fair young maid out on the banks of snow.
With her baby in her arms, she had no place to go.
I stopped to pay attention to hear what she would say.

She said: "Cruel was my father who barred those doors on me,
And cruel was my mother who might have pitied me,
And cruel was those wintry winds that pierced my heart with cold,
And cruel was that false young man that sold his love for gold.

"I'll go o'er to yonder valley and there I will kneel down
And pray to the Almighty God for all that I have done.
And I'll forgive my father who barred those doors on me,
And I'll forgive my mother who might have pitied me,

"And I'll forgive those wntry winds that pierced my heart with cold,
But I'll never forgive that false young man that sold his love for
She kissed her baby's cold, cold lips and laid it by her side/gold."
And turned her eyes up towards the skies, and then lay down and
died.

SIDE II--BAND 6

"MARY OF THE WILD MOOR"
Sung by Letys Murrin, Toronto

This tale of a betrayed maiden who dies at her father's door parallels the preceding song quite closely, but while "The Wintry Winds" is fairly rare, "Mary of the Wild Moor" has been collected in many parts of Britain and America. In fact, Mackenzie notes that "few songs have appeared more frequently in broadsides and song books".

Mrs. Murrin learned this from her grandfather, Wesley Purdy Campsall, who died in 1948 at the age of 89. He grew up in Frontenac County near Kingston and later moved to northern Ontario.

The tune Mrs. Murrin uses for this ballad is an old Irish melody usually identified as "Old Rosin the Beau". It's turned up in many American songs including the well-known "acres of Clams", but ordinarily it's associated with lively or humorous words: its use for a tragic ballad is unusual.

For comparative references see A Guide to English Folk Songs Collections, p 87, and American Balladry from British Broadsides, p 21.

By the moor there resides an old man
Whom of all but one child was bereft,
And she 'gainst his will at the spring
Her fond loving parents had left.

But the villain forsook his fair bride
When scarcely a year had flown by,
Said she, "I'll return with my child
To the cot by the moor, there to die."

One night as the wind it blew cold,
Blew bitterly cross the wild moor,
Young Mary she came with her child,
Wandering home to her own father's door,

Crying "Father, oh pray let me in,
Have pity on me, I implore,
Or the child at my bosom will die
From the winds that blow cross the wild moor."

But the father was deaf to her cry,
Not a voice nor a sound reached the door,
Though the watchdog did bark and the wind
Blew bitter across the wild moor.

Oh how must the father have felt
When he came to the door in the morn?
There he found Mary dead, and her child
Fondly clasped in its dead mother's arms.

In frenzy he tore his grey hair
As he gathered her up in his arms,
And he called out her name in despair
As he gazed on her fast fading charms.

The father in grief pined away,
And the child to its grave was soon borne,
And no one lives there till this day,
The cottage to ruin has gone.

And the villagers point out the spot
Where the willow droops over the door,
Saying, "There Mary perished and died
From the winds that blow 'cross the wild moor."

SIDE II--BAND 7

"THE BOLD PRIVATEER"
Sung by Tom Brandon, Peterborough

This ia another sample of the sea songs that have flourished in this inland province. Although it has appeared in various broadsides and songsters in America it has not often been reported in oral tradition (See American Balladry from British Broadsides, O 32).

In Britain Kidson included it in his Traditional Tunes in 1891 with the comment that it was well known in Hull and other seaport towns. He stated that it dates "at least from our last French and American war"--presumably the Napoleonic war which overlapped the American War of 1812. Certainly "the cruel war" mentioned in the song could not have been any later for that was the last period when privateering was commonly practiced.

Mr. Brandon learned the song from his uncle, John Coffey, who lives near Kinmount.

"O Mary, darling Mary, since you and I must part,
I'm going to cross the ocean and leave with you my heart.
Since you are the mistress of ten thousand pounds a year,
I will now go on board of the bold privateer."

"Willie, darling Willie, stay at home if you can,
Many the man has lost his life since this cruel war began.
Stay at home, dear Willie, with the girl that loves you dear;
Do not venture your life on board of the bold privateer."

"Your father and your mother both owe me a great spire;
Likewise your brother has threatened my life.
Now I'm in hopes that soon from their anger I'll get clear
If I once set my foot on board of the bold privateer."

"O Mary, darling Mary, ten thousand times adieu,
My good ship lies at anchor with all her jolly crew.
We'll run up our colors till our purpose we make clear,
We will soon let them know that we are the bold privateer."

"But now this war is over and God has spared our lives.
Some men are returning to their sweetheart and their wives,
But I am returning to the arms of my dear,
For I ventured my life on board of the bold privanteer."

SIDE II--BAND 8

"GENERAL WOLFE"
Sung by Mrs. Margaret Ralph, Peterborough

While this ballad has been found in England, it does not seem to have been reported on this continent before. A different ballad on the same theme (variously titled "Brave Wolfe", "Bold Wolfe", or "The Death of the Brave General Wolfe") was quite widely known in New England and eastern Canada.

The English ballad (under the title of "Bold General Wolfe" was included in Baring-Gould's A Garland of Country Song in 1895, and has also been reported in Sussex and the Thames valley (see A Guide to English Folk Song Collections, "General Wolfe", p.58).

Mrs. Ralph learned this song from her father, Edward Drumm, who had come out to Ontario from Ireland in 1867 when he was 12 years old. He may have learned it in Ireland for I haven't located anyone else in Ontario who knows it.

The ballad is reasonably accurate as far as the historical background goes. When he was killed in 1759, Wolfe had indeed served his king (George III) for sixteen years; he acted as adjutant during the battle of Dettingen in Flanders when he was only sixteen. He did lead his men up the steep cliffs to the Plains of Abraham outside Quebec, and he was wounded in the attack. The Encyclopedia Britannia reports: "While leading a charge at the head of the Louisbourg grenadiers, Wolfe had one of his wrists shattered by a shot, but wrapping a hankerchief around it he fought on. Another shot struck him, and he still advanced, when a third lodged in his breast."

General Wolfe to his men did say,
"Come, come, my boys, come follow me
To yonder blue mountains that stand so high,
You lads of honor, you lads of honor,
You lads of honor, come follow mw."

Mrs. Margaret Ralph

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 flying from the sun,
A-falling from our great British guns.

The very first volley the French fired at us
They wounded our General in 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."

"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.

"'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,
And then you'll fight for evermore." my boys,

SIDE II--BAND 9

"WHAT IS THE LIFE OF A MAN ANY MORE THAN THE LEAVES?"
Sung by Mrs. William Towns, Douro

Mrs. Towns learned this from her father, Michael Cleary. He got it from his brother who had picked it up in a lumber camp some fifty years ago. Another singer, Sam Campsall of Toronto, heard it from an old Frenchman in northern Ontario about twenty-five years ago.

I have found no report of it in any American collection, and only one reference in Britain: in Williams' Folk Songs of the Upper Thames, where he notes that "The piece is old and was a favourite throughout the Thames valley". The version he gives is called "What's the Life of a Man Any More than a Leaf?" and it parallels this one with only minor variations in wording.

This song is unusual because of its strong philosophical tone which is quite free of religious references. Many moralistic songs circulated in Ontario during the last century, but most of them clearly pointed the path toward heaven. The realistic acceptance of death implicit in these verses seems more akin to ancient Greek than to Christian philosophy.

As I went a-walking one morning at easy,
Viewing the leaves as they fall from the trees,
They were all in full motion appearing to be,
And those that were withered, they fell from the tree.

REFRAIN:
Then what is the life of a man any more than the leaves,
For a man has his reasons and why should he grieve,
Although on this earth he appears light and gay,
Like the green leaves that wither and soon fade away.

Oh don't you remember a short time ago
The leaves were in full motion appearing to grow?
The frost it came on them and withered them all,
The rain fell upon them and down they did fall.

Look down in yonder churchyard, many graves you will see
Fell from this earth like the leaves from the tree,
Old age and affliction upon them did fall,
Death came upon them and down they did fall.

Edith Fowke with the oldest folksinger she has recorded - Mr. George Hughey of Peterborough, Ont., who is 94.

MRS. EDITH FOWKE is a well-known Canadian authority on folk songs. Born in Saskatchewan, she now lives in Toronto, Ontario. Her record program, "Folk Song Time", has been a popular feature on the CBC Trans-Canada Network since 1950, and she has prepared many other radio series based on folk songs and folklore.

She is editor of three books: Folk Songs of Canada, and Folk Songs of Quebec (with Richard Johnston), and Legging with Paul Bunyan.

She prepared the notes for three Folkways album: FW 3001: O CANADA: A HISTORY IN SONG, sung by Alan Mills; FW 3002: SONGS OF THE IRISH REBELLION OF 1798, sung by Wallace House; and FA 2312: SONGS OF THE SEA, sung by Alan Mills.

Another album based on Mrs. Fowke's field collecting is FG 3506: IRISH & BRITISH SONGS FROM THE OTTAWA VALLEY, which illustrates the extensive repertoire of Mr. O. J. Abbott. She has also prepared two other albums presemting English nursery rhymes and songs by Vivienne Stenson, and eastern square dance calls by Roy Clifton.

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NEW NUMERICAL LISTINGS

Old Numbers are in Brackets ( )

FOLKWAYS RECORDS

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AMERICANA 10"

FA2001	(1)	Square Dances, Piute Pete
FA2002		Christmas Carols, Summers
FA2003	(3)	Darling Corey, Seeger
FA2004	(4)	Take This Hammer, Leadbelly No. 1
FA2005		American Folk Songs, Seegers
FA2006	(6)	Washboard Band, Terry
FA2007		Cumberland Mountain, Clayton
FA2009	(9)	All Day Singin', Van Wey
FA2010	(10)	Lonesome Valley, Folksongs
FA2011	(11)	Dust Bowl Balads, Guthrie
FA2013	(13)	Railroad Songs, Houston
FA2014	(14)	Rock Island Line, Leadbelly No. 2
FA2019	(19)	Sea & Logger Songs, Eskin
FA2021	(21)	Seeds of Love, Summers
FA2022	(22)	Cowboy Ballads, Houston
FA2023	(23)	Solomon Valley, Jemison
FA2024	(24)	Leadbelly Legacy, No. 3
FA2025	(23/2)	Ohio Valley, Buckley
FA2028	(28)	Get On Board, Folkmasters
FA2030	(30/2)	Blues, Brownie McGee
FA2034	(34)	Easy Rider, Leadbelly No. 4
FA2035	(35)	Harmonica & Vocal Solos, Terry
FA2036	(36)	Mormon Folk Songs, Hilton
FA2037	(37)	Anglo-American, Nye
FA2038	(38)	Negro Spirituals, Hall, Reed
FA2039	(39)	Songs of Joe Hill, Glazer
FA2040	(40)	Smoky Mountains, Lunsford
FA2041	(41)	Lady Gay, Summers
FA2042	(42)	Hard Travelin', Houston
FA2043	(43)	Sampler, Seeger
FA2044	(44)	False Lady, Summers
FA2045	(43/2)	Goofing-Off Suite, Seeger
FA2046	(46)	North West Ballads, Robertson
FA2049	(49)	Courting & Complaint, Peggy S.
FA2070	(35/2)	Suite from Little Fugitive

SONGS OF THE STATES 10"

FA2106	(47/2)	Massachusetts, Clayton
FA2110	(47/3)	Virginia, Clayton
FA2112	(40/2)	North Carolina, Moser
FA2128	(47/1)	Texas, Nye
FA2134		Kansas
FA2136		Kentucky, English

AMERICAN HISTORICAL 10"

FH2151	(48/1)	Revolution 1767-75, House
FH2152	(48/2)	Revolution 1775-81, House
FH2163	(48/3)	War 1812 No. 1, House
FH2164	(48/4)	War 1812 No. 2, House
FH2175	(48/5)	Frontier Ballads, Seeger
FH2176	(48/6)	Frontier Ballads, Seeger
FH2187	(48/7)	Civil War No. 1, Nye
FH2188	(48/8)	Civil War No. 2, Nye
FH2191	(48/11)	Heritage Speeches, Kurlan
FH2192	(48/12)	Heritage Speeches, Kurlan

MUSIC U.S.A. 10"

FA2201	(601)	Country Dances, Seeger, Terry
FA2202	(602)	Creole Songs, Van Wey
FA2204	(604)	Spanish Songs, New Mexico
FA2215	(615)	Dutch Songs from Pennsylvania
FJ2290	(30)	Drums, Baby Dodds
FJ2292	(32)	Mary Lou Williams, Rehearsal
FJ2293	(33)	Art Tatum, Trio

AMERICANA 12"

FA2305		Ballads Reliques, Nye
FA2310		Anglo-Am. Ballads, Clayton
FA2312		Songs of the Sea, Mills
FA2314		Banjo, Scruggs style
FA2315		Stoneman Family, Banjo etc.
FA2319		American Ballads, Seeger
FA2320		Favorite American, Seeger
FA2324		Walk in the Sun, Robinson
FA2326		Country Blues, Broonzy
FA2333		Women's Love Songs, Marshall
FA2334		Men's Love Songs, Ross
FA2356	(56)	Old Harp Singing
FA2361	(61)	Hymns & Carols, Summers
FA2364	(64)	Unquiet Grave, Summers
FA2372	(72)	Fisk Jubilee Singers
FA2452	(85/2)	Sing, with Pete Seeger
FA2453	(85/3)	Love Songs, Seeger
FA2481	(78/1)	Bound for Glory, Guthrie

MUSIC U.S.A. 12"

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FA2605		One-Man Band, Blackman
FA2610		American Skiffle Bands
FA2650	(650)	Music from the South No. 1
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FA2652	(652)	Music from the South No. 3
FA2653	(653)	Music from the South No. 4
FA2654	(654)	Music from the South No. 5
FA2655	(655)	Music from the South No. 6
FA2656	(656)	Music from the South No. 7
FA2657	(657)	Music from the South No. 8
FA2658	(658)	Music from the South No. 9
FA2659	(659)	Music from the South No. 10
FA2671	(671)	6 & 7/8 String Band

JAZZ SERIES 12"

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FJ2802	(55)	Anthology No. 2, Blues
FJ2803	(57)	Anthology No. 3, New Orleans
FJ2804	(59)	Anthology No. 4, Jazz Singers
FJ2805	(63)	Anthology No. 5, Chicago 1
FJ2806	(65)	Anthology No. 6, Chicago 2
FJ2807	(67)	Anthology N. 7, New York
FJ2808	(69)	Anthology No. 8, Big Bands
FJ2809	(71)	Anthology No. 9, Piano
FJ2810	(73)	Anthology No. 10. Boogie, K. C.
FJ2811	(75)	Anthology No. 11, Addenda

AMERICANA 2-12"

FA2941	(241)	Leadbelly Legacy No. 1
FA2942	(242)	Leadbelly Legacy No. 1
FA2951	(251)	Am. Folkmusic, Vol. 1
FA2952	(252)	Am. Folkmusic, Vol. 2
FA2953	(253)	Am. Folkmusic, Vol. 3

WORLD HISTORICAL and SPECIALTY — 12"

FW3001		O'Canada, Mills
FW3002		Irish Rebellion, House
FW3004		Scottish War Ballads, Dunbar
FG3502		Recording Canadian Indians, Barbeau
FG3505		Ballads of Newfoundland, Peacock
FG3508		American Folksongs, John Lomax
FG3515		Folk Songs from Sussex England
FG3530		Indian Ragas, Songs of India
FG3560		Songs of French Canada, Labrecque
FG3576	(76/1)	Netherlands Songs, Kunst
FG3585		Blind Willie Johnson, story of
FG3586		Big Bill Broonzy, story of

FOLKWAYS SPECIAL 12"

FS3852		Cannonsville Story
FS3860		Music from Picasso Film
FS3861	(86/1)	Henry Jacob's Radio program
FS3862	(86/2)	Rawhide, Radio program
FS3863	(86/3)	Courlander's Almanac, Radio program
FS3864	(86/4)	Seeger & Broonzy, Radio program
FS3865		Gregorian Chants
FS3866		West Cotesville Story, TV program
FS3881	(88/1)	Anthems of All Nations, Vol. 1
FS3882	(88/2)	Anthems of All Nations, Vol. 2

ETHNIC MONOGRAPH LIBRARY 12"

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FM4008	(1008)	Folkmusic of Norway
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FH5006	Heritage Speeches, Vol. 2 (2191 & 2192)

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FD5559	(58/2)	Nueva York, Doc. Schwartz
FD5560	(60)	Millions of Musicians, Doc. Schwartz
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FX6125	(125)	Sounds of Sea Animals
FX6126	(126)	Sounds of Carnival
FX6127	(127)	Sounds of Medicine Operation, Body
FX6130	(130)	Sound Patterns, Nature, Man Made
FX6140	(140)	Sounds of Sports Car Races
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FW6833	(833)	Creole Songs of Haiti
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FW6847	(847)	Songs of Israel, Hillel, Aviva
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FW6922	(922)	German Favorite Songs, Wolff
FW6923	(923)	French Folk Songs of Acadia
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FW6927	(927)	Great Scottish Ballads, McEwan Bros.
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FW6929	(929)	French-Canadian Folk Songs, Mills
FW6930	(930)	Scottish Ballads, McEwan Bros.
FW6935	(935)	Israeli Dances, Tzabar
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FW6957	(957)	Yaqui Dances of Mexico

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FC7004	(704)	Alabama Ring Games
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FC7010	(710)	Birds Bugs & Little Fishes, Seeger
FC7011	(711)	Birds, Bugs & Bigger Fishes, Seeger
FC7015	(715)	Songs to Grow On, Vol. 0, Guthrie
FC7018		French Songs in English, Mills
FC7020	(20)	Songs to Grow On, Vol. 2, School
FC7021	(721)	Animal Songs, Vol. 1, Mills
FC7022	(722)	Animal Songs, Vol. 2, Mills
FC7023	(723)	Activity Songs for Kids
FC7026	(726)	Songs for All Year Long
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