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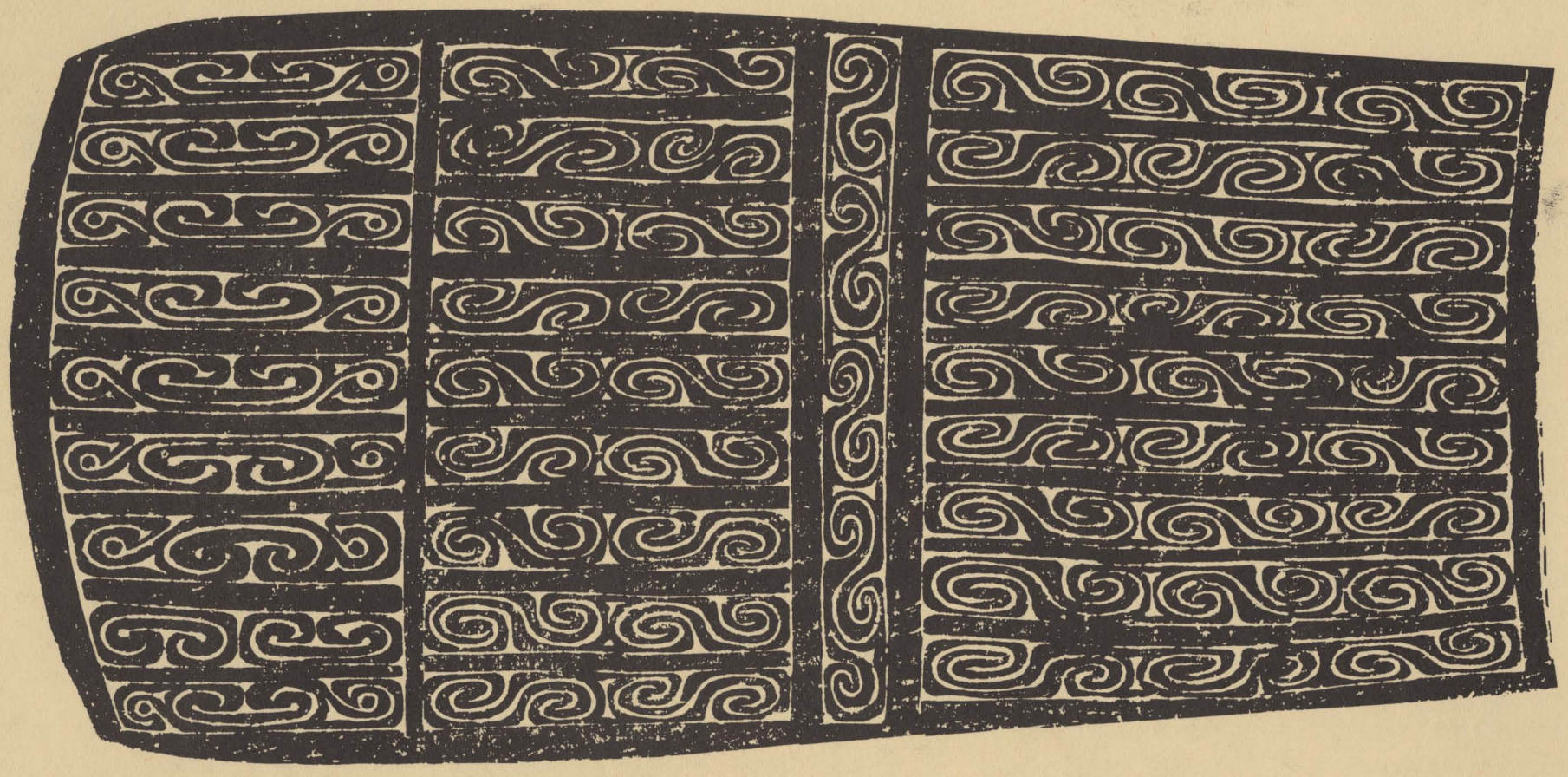
# MONOGRAPH SERIES *of the Ethnic Folkways Library*

## FOLK MUSIC FROM NOVA SCOTIA

**Recorded by HELEN CREIGHTON**

**Notes by Helen Creighton**



Descriptive notes are inside pocket

Cover design by Ronald Clyne

# MONOGRAPH SERIES *of the Ethnic Folkways Library*

FOLKWAYS RECORDS Album No. FM 4006

43 W. 61st St., NYC, USA

# Folk Music From Nova Scotia

## Recorded by Helen Creighton

HELEN CREIGHTON RECORDING FISHERMEN AT SEABRIGHT. PHOTO BY "CHATELAINE".

FOLK MUSIC FROM NOVA SCOTIA

The province of Nova Scotia lies on the eastern coast of Canada and would be an island except for a thirteen mile isthmus which connects it to the neighboring province of New Brunswick. Since island folk are known to be highly individualistic, this may in part account for the fact that this small province has provided me with folk material ever since I began to collect in 1928. Our people are mainly of British stock, and most of our songs have come from the British Isles either with early immigrants or by way of visiting seamen. They range from "Child" ballads (we have forty-six of these with variants) to songs locally composed. Their themes embrace many subjects, but the most popular is that of the sea. Even in the lumber woods where songs were a regular feature of camp life, the sea motif predominated. Examples are given on this record.

Besides the English, we have Acadian French settlements in the south-western end of the province and on the island of Cape Breton to the north-east. The French not only make music, but they tell folk tales brought over by early settlers. Their story of Cinderella goes on far beyond the marriage when the prince goes to war and Cinderella returns to her stepmother to that cruel woman's ultimate destruction. No other Nova Scotians seem to have retained their old tales likethe French. On Cape Breton island living beside the French, and to a lesser degree on thepeninsula, there are still many people who "have the Gaelic." Here milling songs used to be sung in the old days at the festivity of shrinking newly woven cloth. Milling songs are seldom used for that purpose to-day, but they are often sung for tourists' enjoyment. The Scots are proud of their ancient tongue and its use is being perpetuated in a Gaelic College which gives classes every summer.

We also have a Negro population centred mostly a few miles from our capital city, Halifax. Like most of their race they are musical, and particularly relish what they call their jubilee songs. In the county of Lunenburg, German was the mother tongue of most of the settlers. Now that is a thing of the past. The accent of this county bespeaks of its heritage, but it is almost impossible to find any resident who can still speak the German of their forefathers. This county is particularly rich in folklore. Finally there are the ancient Micmac Indians who retain some of their legends, but have discarded their songs in favour of music from the Roman Catholic mass which they sing in Micmac.

Instrumental music may be found anywhere, with the fiddle leading in popularity. Players for country dances are largely self-taught, or have learned from the older people. The mouth organ, accordian, guitar, Jew's harp, and banjo have their place too, and at present the bagpipes are enjoying an unprecedented vogue. Many young people without a trace of Scots blood in their veins are taking up this instrument. The bagpipes are no longer the perogative of the men in Nova Scotia. Many young girls dress in elaborate highland costumes play the pipes, and some have travelled to Toronto and Washington to perform.

In my collection I have over 4000 songs from these various racial groups as well as other music. Of my publications, "Song and Ballads From Nova Scotia," J. M. Dent & Sons, Toronto, 1932, contains 150 songs with tunes and variants; "Twelve Folk Song From Nova Scotia," Novello, London, 1940, has piano accompaniments by Miss Doreen H. Senior. Until recently, collecting was done more or less as a hobby. In 1943-44 the Library of Congress in Washington loaned me recording equipment and the Rockefeller Foundation provided a fellowship to cover field expenses. In 1948 I recorded again for the Library of Congress, with the National Museum paying expenses. Since 1947 I have been employed by the National Museum and we have our own equipment. Discs and tapes are housed in these two depositories.

Band 1. JOCKY TO THE FAIR

Although Jocky to the Fair has enjoyed wide popularity and been much published in England, I have only taken it down from the Henneberry family of Devil's Island. It seems strange that so pleasant a song should not have been found more often, and I would have expected it from an English rather than an Irish source. The singer is Edmund Henneberry. The song is published in "Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia."

Was on the morn of bright May day
When nature painted all things gay,
Taught birds to sing and lambs to play
And guide the meadow air,
Then Jocky early in the morn
He rose and tripped it o'er the lawn,
His Sunday suit he did put on,
For Jenny had vowed away to run
With Jocky to the Fair.

The village parish bells had rung,
With eager steps he trudged along,
His flowery garment round him hung
That shepherds used to wear,
Tapped at the window, "Haste my dear,"
When Jenny impatient cried, "Who's there?"
"It's me my love, there's no one here,
Step lightly down, you need not fear
With Jocky to the Fair."

"My dad and mother is fast asleep,
My brothers are up and with the sheep,
So will you still your promise keep
That I have heard you swear?
Or will you ever constant prove?"
"I will by all that's good my love,
I'll never deceive my charming dove,
Return those vows in haste my love
With Jocky to the Fair."

Then Jocky did his vows renew,
They pledge their words and away they flew
O'er cowslip bells and balmy dew
And Jocky to the Fair,
Returned there's none so fond as they,
They blessed that kind perpetual day,
The smiling month of blooming May
When lovely Jenny ran away
With Jocky to the Fair.

Band 2. THE BANKS OF CLAUDY

Folk songs are usually sung in Nova Scotia unaccompanied although an occasional fiddle or guitar is used. The singer of The Banks of Claudy is a farmer of Scotch Irish descent who learned most of his songs from his father who was also a farmer. His daughter Finvola, named for the heroine of one of his favourite Irish songs, often sings with him, and sometimes as in this instance, improvises an accompaniment on the piano. The singer is Mr. Fred Redden of Middle Musquodoboit.

The Banks of Claudy

In youth I craved adventure,
To Australia I did stray,
I left my home and mother
For a fortune far away,
She bade me not to leave her
Or to return some day
To the banks of far off Claudy
Ten thousand miles away.

Chorus

On the banks of far off Claudy
Ten thousand miles away
I have an aged mother
Whose hair is turning grey,
Then blame me not for weeping,
O blame me not I say,
For I long to see my mother
Ten thousand miles away.

Last night while I was sleeping
I had a happy dream,
I dreamed I saw dear mother
Praying there for me,
Saying, "Now I'm going to leave you,
I can no longer stay
On the banks of far off Claudy
Ten thousand miles away."
Cho.

To-day,I got a letter,
It came from sister dear
Telling me of my old mother
And wishing I were there,
She tells me they have laid her
In a grave so cold and grey
On the banks of far off Claudy
Ten thousand miles away.
Cho.

Sung by Mr. Fred Redden, Middle Musquodoboit, accompanied on the piano by his daughter Finvola.

Band 3. MO DHACHAIDH (My Home)

Every summer a Gaelic Mod is held on the island of Cape Breton where competitions are held in fiddle and bagpipe playing, singing, and highland dancing. When I attented in 1954 Mr. Malcolm Angus McLeod was there, an old friend who first sang for me long before the time of portable recording equipment. We hear him now in My Ain House or, in Gaelic, Mo Dhachaidh. If the words do not entirely agree, that is because they were not taken down from his singing, but from a printed text.

Chorus

Seinn ìribh o, hùraibh o hì,
So agaibh an obair bheir togail fo m'chrìdh,
Bhi sitùradh mo chasan do m'dhachaidh bhig fhìn,
Air crìochnachadh sao hair an la dhomh.

Seall thall thar an aiseig, am fasgadh nan creobh,
Am bothan beag glan ud, 's e gealaicht' le aol;
Siod agaibh mo dhachaidh - 'si dachaidh mo ghaoil,
Gun chaisteal 'san t-saoghal a's feàrr leam.
Cho.

Air ciaradh do 'n fheasgar 's mi seasgair fo dhìon.
Mu 'n cuairt air a' chagailt bidh aighear gun dìt,
Na pàisdean ri àbhachd, 's am màthair ri sniomh;
'S mo chrìdh-'s air a lìonadh le gràdh dhaibh.

Air falbh uam a'mhòrchuis, an t'òr agus cliù;
Cha 'n 'eil annta ach faoineas 'us saobh-ghloir nach fhiù;
Cha 'n fhàgainn mo dhachaidh 's bean-chagair mo ruin,
Gu bhi sealbhachadh lùchairt le ban righ'nn.
Cho.

This is about a woman who married and had a little house. Though it was not a castle she loved it, for it was more than a castle, it was a home. She had a house by a meadow and green grass all around.

Sung by Mr. Malcolm Angus McLeod, Birch Plains.

Band 4. CAPTAIN CONROD

When songs are composed locally the custom is to take a well known tune and make up words to fit it. Local songs tend to be very gloomy or very gay. The sad ones tell of wrecks at sea and disasters in the mines or lumber woods. The gay ones usually poke fun at some locality or individual, and the subject of the song is never spared by any consideration of his feelings. Starr was the name of a Halifax firm, and Captain Conrod was a Halifax man. The song is sung by Edmund Henneberry of Devil's Island.

Captain Conrod

Come all you young fellows that follow the sea,
Bring your ship to an anchor and listen to me,
Three weeks in the hollows I lay drunk on the shore,
Like some frolicksome youth I have wasted my store.

Chorus

And sing fal the diddle earal, diddle earal I dey.

Some frolicksome youth put an end to my fun,
My friends were darn scarce when my money's all gone,
I drawed my advance for to finish the ball
And to drink with my friends like a good-hearted soul.
Cho.

I put my bag on my back and down I did wag
With a bottle of brandy so snug in my bag,
In a brig called the Mary belonging to Starr
I went down blazing drunk like a jolly Jack Tar.
Cho.

Was on Monday morning we gave her full sail,
The wind from the northwest did blow a sweet gale,
My heart with the horrors did beat pitty pat,
And a tear in my eye like a ferry-house rat.
Cho.

When eight bells did struck I went down for to steer,
All sorts of strange voices they rang in my ear,
With whispering all by me I dare not look round,
And there I stood trembling while the cold sweat run down.
Cho.

Says I, "I'll go down get a wee sup of grog,"
My head then was going nine knots by the log,
But when I got there just as sure as you're born,
Not a sup in the bottle, not one blessed horn.
Cho.

The mate like myself being a darn drunken beast,
While I was ashore on my brandy did feast,
But when I got there just as sure as you're born
He never left a sup in the bottle, not one blessed horn.
Cho.

Oh now we are ploughing all on the rough sea,
The horrors are over, thank God we are free,
And since I am here and got nothing to do
I'll sing of our captain just one verse or two.
Cho.

Our captain an old Methodist preacher had been,
One of the stingiest old beggars that ever was seen,
Salt cod and religion he gave us to eat
And then once a week just a small chunk of meat.
Cho.

When twelve o'clock comes he goes down for to eat,
Like a hard-dying angel he stretched out his feet,
He turned up his eyes to the blessings of God
With a plate of boiled rice and a junk of salt cod.
Cho.

When he is tired of reading his book
He goes down forward and fights with the cook,
He walks on the quarter-deck smoking his pipe
With his face griddled up like an old piece of tripe.
Cho.

Now our voyage is over, our voyage is up,
In Halifax Harbour we'll coil up our ropes,
We'll let go both anchors with moor stem and stern,
With a plentiful table we'll spin then the yarn.
Cho.

All things shall be ready, all things shall be right,
There'll be roast beef and mutton to eat day and night,
There'll be no short allowance on rusty salt cod,
So to hell with Starr's Mary and Captain Conrod.
Cho.

Sung by Mr. Edmund Henneberry, Devil's Island.

Band 5.

As the original German of the settlers is so difficult to find in Lunenburg County to-day, I was fortunate in getting this small portion from Mr. Danny Slauenwhite of Northwest. He was stone deaf when recorded, and couldn't make out a word I said. That is why he is questioned by Mr. Eleazer Nauss, a friend of his from Mahone Bay. He was over eighty when recorded, and jumped from one thought to another with great rapidity. He began with a story for children which he interpreted briefly. I have put down their words as closely as I could get them, beginning with his explanation.

"The pig wouldn't jump over the style and the ox wouldn't drink the water and butcher wouldn't kill the ox and oh, I don't know what it was all." (Sentences frequently stop with the word all, where most people say "all about")

"I got Dutch." (The local word for deutsch, meaning German.)

"When did you say it always? That was just a skit. When you used to say that?"

"Pretty often. Now an again."

"In the evening?"

"Sometimes the women came to have a little time here (celebration) and we had no rest till we had to sing it. Ye seen Baffie when she was down here? I couldn't get in there without she would torment me to sing that stuff, you know."

Band 6. THE WELCOME TABLE

There are Negro settlements on the fringe of many Nova Scotia towns. Negroes are mentioned in documents as early as 1750, and many are descended from slaves. After the War of 1812 some 2000 Negro slaves sought and obtained freedom here. They were a musical people, as we see here from the Owens family upon whom I paid an unexpected call. They spent the whole afternoon recording their jubilee and other songs which they sing as a family unit. Their patriarch, Mr. Charles Owens who was then 99, took the solo parts. I have recorded him since at the age of 101, and hope to add another year this summer. He still walks a mile to town every day when weather permits

and he sings in the Salvation Army.. The Welcome Table, a jubilee song, is sung in other parts of the province too. The guitar accompaniemtn is by Isabel Owens.

I'm a-going to climb up Jacob's ladder,
I'm a-going to climb up Jacob's ladder some of those days, hallelujah,
I'm a-going to climb up Jacob's ladder,
I'm a-going to climb up Jacob's ladder some of those days.

I'm a-going to climb up higher and higher,
I'm a-going to climb up higher and higher some of those days, hallelujah,
I'm a-going to climb up higher and higher,
I'm a-going to climb up higher and higher some of those days.

I'm a-going to sit at the welcome table,
I'm a-going to sit at the welcome table some of those days, hallelujah,
I'm a-going to sit at the welcome table,
I'm a-going to sit at the welcome table some of those days.
I'm a-going to feast on milk and honey,
I'm a-going to feast on milk and honey some of those days,
I'm a-going to feast on milk and honey,
I'm a-going to feast on milk and honey some of those days.

I'm a-going to tell God how you served me,
Yes, I'm a-going to tell God how you served me some of those days, hallelujah,
I'm a-going to tell God how you served,
I'm a-going to tell God how you served me some of those days.

Band 7-1.

In 1944 when I recorded these songs, they were only known by the older men. Here William Paul of the Shubenacadie Reserve who was chief for 35 years sings a Micmac Indian war dance. He is joined by Indians Martin Sack and John Knockwood.

Band 7-2.

Chief William Paul sings a war song of a Micmac Indian, Stephen Joseph, whom he describes as a great warrior.

Band 8. LULLABY

Pubnico is the oldest village continuously inhabited by Acadians, the name given to the French in the Maritime Provinces, the only break in the continuity being ten years of exile between 1756-66. There is more peace and content among the 2000 people living here than in any place I know, and at their tercentenary celebrations in 1951 they were able to produce costumes and relics from their past as well as a knowledge of family history which they displayed as a pageant. Their songs and tales were recovered just in time. This lullaby, sung by Mrs. Laure Irene McNeil, came over with the early settlers. The singer usually lets her voice grow softer as the song is sung and the child is lulled to its sleep.

Lullaby

Dors dors le p'tit bibi,
C'est le beau p'tit bibi à mamam,
Dors dors dors dors,
Dors dors le bibi à mamam.

Demain s'y fait beau j'irons su grand père,
Dors dors le p'tit bibi,
Dors dors dors dors,
Dors le beau p'tit bibi à mamam.

Band 8 sung by Mrs. Laure Irène McNeil, West Pubnico.

This is a mother's lullaby to her baby.

Band 9 and Band 10. UN MATIN JE ME LEVE
CHANSON D'UN SOLDAT

The French in the next two songs is that of the Acadians at Pubnico. In their speech to-day many English words creep in and it is not at all unusual for a sentence to start in French and end in English. Our singers had never sung together before, which I only learned after the recording had been made. It is more customary to sing as Mrs. Sephora Amirault does in her song, Chanson d'un Soldat. They sang together because they thought I wanted it that way and I am well pleased that they did. Our next song is Un Matin Je Me Lève, and it is followed by Chanson d'un Soldat. Mrs. Louis Amirault sings with Mrs. Sephora Amirault.

Un Matin Je Me Lève

Un matin je me lève plus matin que le jour,
Au chateau de la belle, j'm'en va y faire l'amour,
Belle, dormez-vous, sommeillez-vous?
Chère Nanon, si vous dormez, réveillez-vous,
C'est votre amant qui parle à vous.

Elle allume sa chandelle et prend son jupon blanc,
Elle va ouvrir la porte à son fidele amant,
Elle se jeta dedans ses bras en lui disant,
Oh! c'est-ti toi mon cher amant
Qu'es revenu du régiment?

Retire-toi, la belle, car tu me fais mourir
Le régiment m'appelle, il faut y obéir,
Je suis engagé pour six ans en Orient,
Je suis engagé pour six ans,
C'est pour servir le régiment.

Six ans, mon cher amant, six ans c'est trop longtemps,
Qui conteras mes peines, mes chagrins, mes tourments,
Je m'en irai dedans ces champs, toujours pleurant,
Toujours pleurant mon cher amant,
Celui que mon coeur aimait tant.

Les garçons du village sont de bons enfants,
Ils vous feront l'amour tandis que j'serai absent,
Ils vous diront de temps en temps,
Pleurez pas tant pour votre amant,
Car il est mort au régiment.

Les garçons du village ne pensent qu'à faire l'amour,
Ils ont toujours le même discours
Toujours le même language,
Ils ne sont pas comme toi hélas mon cher amant,
A toutes les fois que tu reviens,
Il y a toujours du changement.

Sung by Mrs. Louis Amirault and Mrs. Sephora Amirault, West Pubnico.

A young man is being sent with his regiment to the Orient for six years and he comes to the chateau of his beloved to tell her his intentions. Confronting her despair he consoles her by saying that other young men in the village will entertain her during his absence, but she replies that they will never take his place in her heart.

Chanson d'un Soldat

Je me suis engagé pour l'amour d'une brune
C'est pas pour l'anneau d'or que je lui ai donné
Mais c'est pour un doux baiser que ma brune m'a refusé.

Dans mon chemin faisant, rencontré mon capitaine
Il m'a dit: "Mon ami, où vas-tu par ici?"
"Là-bas dans ces vallons, loin de ma garnison."

Là-bas dans ces vallons, là-bas dedans ces plaines,
J'ai mis mon habit bas, j'ai pris mon sabre en mains,
Je me suis battu là, comme un brave soldat.

Du premier coup frappant, tua mon capitaine,
Mon capitaine est mort, et moi, je vis encore.
Avant qu'il soit trois jours ça sera à mon tour.

Celui qui me tuera, sera mon capitaine,
Qu'il me bande les yeux avec un mouchoir bleu,
Qu'on me fasse mourir plutôt que de languir.

Que l'on prenne mon coeur dedans une serviette
Qu'on l'apporte à Paris devant ma chère amie,
Sitôt qu'elle le verra, son coeur repentira.

Soldats de mon pays, ne dites pas à ma mère
Dites lui seulement que je suis engagé.
A bord des Hollandais qu'elle me verra jamais.

Sung by Mrs. Louis Amirault, West Pubnico.

In this Acadian song a soldier deserts his army for the love of a brunette. On his way to desertion he kills his captain. Afterwards he is caught by his comrades and, before being shot by them, confesses his love for the lady and his lost hopes.

Band 11.

Mr. Hilaire Pothier is the fisheries inspector at Pubnico, and a quiet man in middle age. I had gone to his house to hear his mother sing. Late in the evening the family suggested that he get out his fiddle and the atmosphere suddenly became festive. To my surprise, for I didn't know that she played, his sister, Mrs. Laure Irène McNeil sat at the piano and accompanied him and the following tune is the result. They told me it is an Acadian dance tune but its name is unknown.

Band 12.

A dance in the Maritime Provinces is never spoiled because no musical instrument is available. When this happens somebody sings a dance tune while he and others keep time with their feet. This is known as cheek music, chin music, mouth music, or jigging. A good performer in practice can keep it up all evening. Here it is demonstrated by Mr. Angelo Dornan of Elgin, New Brunswick. It is a very old custom.

Band 13.

Mr. Kenneth Faulkner was a lightkeeper for some years and is the son and grandson of lightkeepers, all at Devil's Island at the mouth of Halifax Harbour. They used to hold dances in the island lighthouse especially during the Christmas season, and this is where he learned to play the fiddle. Hearing the recording some years after he had made it, his comment was, "That's not bad for unaccompanied playing." The tune is Lord Gordon's reel, and is played for the polka.

Band 14.

The polka quadrille was a favourite dance at Devil's Island and Rafferty's Reel a favourite dance tune. Here it is played by Ken Faulkner, with Edmund Henneberry calling the figures. Note how the time is kept with the feet. This is customary practice.

Band 15.

For the plain set or lancers, the Devil's Islanders liked to dance to the tune of Paddy in London. Here it is played on the fiddle by the lightkeeper, Mr. Kenneth Faulkner.

Band 16.

It frequently happens that a player learns a tune from the older men without ever knowing its name, as Mr. Edmund Henneberry did with this tune which he plays on the mouth organ. The Henneberrys, by the way, are of Irish ancestry, as many people are in this province.

Band 17.

Mr. Fred Redden of Middle Musquodoboit who sings the Banks of Claudy on this record lives on a farm far enough away from his neighbors to practise his bagpipes in peace. Passers-by often stop to listen. His tunes are Scottish and Irish and this, which is one of his favourites, is called Lady Gowrie. Mr. Redden wears the tartan of the clan MacPherson.

Band 18. MOOSE AND BEAR CALLS

Mr. Sandy Stoddard of Ship Harbour was born on an island off the Nova Scotia coast where his father was a lightkeeper. He later moved to the mainland where he became well known among sportsmen as a guide, folk singer, and raconteur. Here he tells about the custom of calling moose during the hunting season which he demonstrates on a horn improvised from wall paper.

"Mr. Stoddard, will you give a moose call like you used to do in the woods, or do you still do it?"

"Oh yes, when I'm in there. I've tried a moose call every time I'm in the woods. Even now I try to call a moose up."

"How long do you do that?"

"You stop for four or five minutes mebbe if you don't hear anything, and try again. When you get an answer you'll go according then to how he's comin', and how close he is."

"What does the answer sound like?"

Demonstrates answer of buck. "You'll hear the buck like that, you know." He demonstrates again. "Sometimes it seems like someone choppin' a tree, sittin' right beside a tree. A young one don't - a big old one of course - a young one's pretty sharp, a different sound from an old one, a big old buck."

He demonstrates again.

"What's that, a young one?"

"No, that's an old one. The younger ones have a finer voice."

"Can you do a young one?"

"No, it's about the same." He demonstrates again. "Very seldom they'll answer at all. A young one will creep up on you. Creep up, creep up. If the buck is

not comin' soon she'll winge, you know, whine." He demonstrates this. "Hear her go. You wouldn't actually know what it was. But her call - she makes the call, you see - it's the buck that answers, blats. She makes the call, the long call." He demonstrates. "That's the cow's call. The buck just gives a grunt. You know when you hear it, right well."

"Do you call for any other animal?"

"No. You can call for a bear."

"How do you call a bear?"

"Oh that's an ugly noise. I used to be able to do that right well, but I don't know whether I could now. I'm sure. The bear, you could hear him a long way off."

"I was going to try this to see if I get the right sound." He tries, says yeah, and calls again. "You'll hear him and then you go out and make about the same sound and he'll come. I've had them come right down by the camp."

Moose and Bear calls by Mr. Sandy Stoddard, Lower Ship Harbour, with questions by Helen Creighton.

Band 19-1. SALLY AROUND THE CORNER O

By both words and tune, Sally Around the Corner O appears to be a different sea chanty from the one known as Round the Corner Sally. It has come to me from three singers, all of whom sailed on ships out of Luneneburg and Liverpool on the south-western shore. None of the singers knew many verses. It is sung here by Joseph Hyson of Mahone Bay who sailed as cook. He also sings the capstan chanty that follows, the Rio Grande.

Sally Around the Corner O

Sally O, Sally O,
Sally around the corner O,
All day we'll heave away
And it's Sally around the corner O.

That was used for heaving up the ship's anchor. There'd be a whole crowd and there'd be a verse, and then we'd join in on that chorus. I can't remember the verses.

Sung by Mr. Joseph Hyson, Mahone Bay.

Band 19-2. RIO GRANDE

And away to Rio,
Away to Rio,
Then far you well my bonny brown gal
And we're bound for Rio Grande.

Sung by Mr. Joseph Hyson, Mahone Bay.

Band 19-3. LEAVE HER JOHNNY, LEAVE HER

Mr. Leander Macumber, formerly sailor and how farmer, sailed on vessels out of the Nova Scotia ports of Cheverie and Parrsboro, and the New Brunswick port of St. John. It was then that he learned the capstan chanty, Leave Her Johnny, Leave Her.

Leave Her Johnny, Leave Her

A leaky ship and a lousy crew,
Leave her Johnny, leave her,
A leaky ship and a lousy crew,
It's time for us to leave her.

Leave her now or leave her never,
Leave her Johnny, leave her,
O leave her now or leave her never,
Leave her Johnny, leave her.

Sung by Mr. Leander Macumber, Cheverie.

Band 19-4. GOODBYE, FARE YOU WELL

The next three chanties were sung by Mr. William Smith, the last man of the sailing ship era to remember chanties as they were sung on ships out of Liverpool, N.S. The capstan or windlass chanty, Good-Bye, Fare You Well, was popular with Liverpool sailors whose cargo on the return voyage from the West Indies was, as the chanty says, sugar and rum.

Goodbye, Fare You Well

We're homeward bound and I love that sound,
Goodbye, fare you well, goodbye, fare you well,
We're homeward bound and I love that sound,
Away my boys, we're homeward bound.

I thought I heard the old many say
Goodbye, fare you well, goodbye, fare you well,
To-morrow is our sailing day,
Away my boys, we're homeward bound.

Farewell ye girls of this warm countree,
Goodbye, fare you well, goodbye, fare you well,
I can no longer stay with you,
Away my boys, we're homeward bound.

We're homeward bound with sugar and rum,
Goodbye, fare you well, goodbye, fare you well,
We're homeward bound with sugar and rum,
Away my boys, we're homeward bound.

Sung by Mr. W. H. Smith, Liverpool.

Band 19-5. HANGMAN JOHNNY

Of Hangman Johnny, Mr. Smith said it was sung by all sailors and was used for hoisting topsail yards, mainsail, or anything in the nature of a halliard.

Oh they call me Hangman Johnny,
Away hey hey,
But I never hung nobody,
Oh hang boys hang.

Oh they've hung poor Bully Ranger,
Away hey hey,
Oh they hung poor Bully Ranger,
Oh hang boys hang.

Oh we'll haul and hang together,
Away hey hey,
Oh we'll haul and hang together,
Oh hang boys hang.

Band 19-6. HAUL THE ALABAMA BOWLINE

Haul the Alabama Bowline was a West Indies Negro work song, an adaptation of an English sea chanty. It was used for warping rafts of lumber on kedge anchor and so forth.

Haul the Alabama Bowline

Haul away on de Alabamy bo'line,
Haul away on de bowline, haul,
Oh de bo'line, de bo'line, de Alabamy bowline,
Haul away on de bowline, haul.

Sung by Mr. William Smith, Liverpool.

Band 20. RAIN RAIN THE WIND DOES BLOW

Local names have been used in this singing game which came from the fishing village of Indian Harbour not far from Halifax. The singer, Mrs. Grant Covey, said that the players formed up in couples and went around in a ring. A boy chose a girl, then the girl chose a boy and so on until they were all taken. She has known the game since childhood.

Rain Rain the Wind Does Blow

Rain rain the wind does blow,
Stars are shining to and fro,
Marie Richardson says she'll die
If she don't get a fellow with a rolling eye.

She is handsome, she is pretty,
She is a girl from the Halifax city,
She has lovers one two three
Please and tell us who they be.

Gordie Isnor says he'll have her,
All the boys are fighting for her,
Let the boys say what they will
Gordie Isnor will have her still.

Sung by Mrs. Grant Covey, Indian Harbour, Nova Scotia.

Band 21. THE FALSE KNIGHT UPON THE ROAD

The ballad of The False Knight Upon the Road is one of the oldest versions of any English or Scottish popular ballad found anywhere. It is an excellent example of the riddle ballad. In olden times a suitor often won a lady's hand by clever solving of riddles, and occasionally a lass has won a crown by solving difficult riddles of state for her king. In this ballad as I found it in the year 1928, the chorus was usually sung. Mr. Ben Henneyberry, father of Mr. Edmund Henneberry our present singer, used to step dance it. Now Mr. Kenneth Faulkner plays the chorus on his fiddle.

"Oh what have you in your bag, oh what have you in your pack?"
Cried the false knight to the child on the road,
"I have a little primer and a piece of bread for dinner,"
Cried the pretty little child only seven years old.

"What is rounder than a ring, what is higher than a king?"
Cried the false knight to the child on the road,
"The sun is rounder than a ring, God is higher than a king,"
Cried the pretty little child only seven years old.
Cho.

"What is whiter than the milk, what is softer than the silk?"
Cried the false knight to the child on the road,
"Snow is whiter than the milk, down is softer than the silk,"
Cried the pretty little child only seven years old.
Cho.

"What is greener than the grass, what is worse than women coarse?"
Cried the false knight to the child on the road,
"Poisin is greener than the grass, the devil's worse than women coarse,"
Cried the pretty little child only seven years old.
Cho.

"What is longer than the wave, what is deeper than the sea?"
Cried the false knight to the child on the road,
"Love is longer than the wave, hell is deeper than the sea,"
Cried the pretty little child only seven years old.
Cho.

"Oh a curse upon your father and a curse upon your mother,"
Cried the false knight to the child on the road,
"Oh a blessing on my father and a blessing on my mother,"
Cried the pretty little child only seven years old.
Cho.

Sung by Mr. Edmund Henneberry, Devil's Island with the chorus played on the fiddle by Mr. Kenneth Faulkner.

Band 22. I'M GOING TO GET MARRIED

Every young girl looks forward to her marriage and some express their happy thoughts in song. I have two variants of this in "Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia." One was from Mr. Enos Hartlan of South-East Passage who sang it with relish, proving that one is never too old to sing of romance. It is sung here by Mrs. Edward Gallagher of Chebucto Head.

I'm Going To Get Married

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

Chorus

Monday morning, Monday morning,
I'm going to get married on Monday morning.

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

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

"You talk like a madman, a man has no skill,
Five years I've been waiting against my own will,
But now I'm determined to have my own fling,
I'm going to be married next Monday morning."
Cho.

"Next Monday morning I begin with my care
To comb down my locks and to curl up my hair,
And six pretty maidens all dressed in green
Shall dance at my wedding next Monday morning."
Cho.

"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."
Cho.

Sung by Mrs. Edward Gallagher, Chebucto Head.

Band 23. THE RED MANTLE

To get the next song I went to the neighboring province of New Brunswick where Mr. Angelo Dornan sang and recorded ninety songs in one week. He is now up to one hundred and thirty-five. I liked the Red Mantle immediately, for the story is so essentially human. I have never heard it anywhere else nor seen it in print. Obviously it was imported from Britain.

The Red Mantle

"O husband dear husband my wardrobe is bare
And it's scarcely three weeks to the big county fair."

Chorus

With my down derry down,
With my down derry dey.

"O times they are hard and wages is low,
Provisions are scarce as you very well know."
Cho.

"O husband dear husband grant me my desire,
Get me a red mantle to wear to the fair."
Cho.

"Between now and harvest I will do my best
To get you a red mantle as well as the rest."
Cho.

He got me the mantle so costly and rare
And I gayly set out for the big county fair.
Cho.

I thought that the likes of me wouldn't be seen there
that day
But green mantles were worn and carried the sway.
Cho.

The costly red mantle in shreds I did tear
And I went home in tears from the big county fair.
Cho.

Sung by Mr. Angelo Dornan, Elgin, New Brunswick.

Band 24. HIS JACKET WAS BLUE

Mr. Nathan Hatt used to run a lumber mill at Middle River, Lunenburg County, and he is of German descent. When the lumbermen came from the woods they would sing him their songs. He was illiterate but he committed them easily to memory and at 87 years of age he had sung 87 songs. He makes up fantastic yarns about the people he sings about, for they are real characters to him. "He was a nice fellow, honest and hard-working, and she was a good girl. She didn't go running around the streets at night but stayed at home with her parents," and so on. Until lately when both health and memory have been failing him he sang all the time. His Jacket of Blue, like most of his songs, originated in Britain.

His Jacket of Blue

A ship's crew of sailors as you may understand
Bound for the East Indies on a passage did steer,
There was one lad amongst them that I wish I never
knew
He was a jolly, he was a jolly sailor, and his jacket
was blue.

I said, "My bold laddie I will buy your discharge,
I'll free you from the man o' war, I will set you at
large,
And if you will always love me and to me prove true
I will never put a stain onto your jacket of blue."

"O no no my fair one, oh that never can be,
For I have a sweetheart in my own counteree,
She is one that will always love me and to me prove
true
And she'll never put a stain onto my jacket of blue."

I will send for an artist in old England all around,
I will have his picture taking, yes taking in large,
I will hang it all in my chamber right close to my
view
For to let them know that I had a sweetheart and his
jacket was blue.

Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River.

Band 25. THE GAY SPANISH MAID

The title, The Gay Spanish Maid, belies the sad story of this song which enjoys a fair popularity in Nova Scotia. The tune is practically the same wherever it is found. Here Edmund Henneberry of Devil's Island is joined by his daughter Sadie who knows most of the song but has to leave a few verses to her father to sing alone. Among the English-speaking population it is not often that members of the same family sing folk songs together.

The Gay Spanish Maid

'Twas a gay Spanish maid at the age of sixteen,
Through the valley she roamed far and wide,
Beneath a beech tree she sat down for a rest
With her gay gallant youth by her side.

"My ship sails to-morrow my darling," he cried,
"And together we'll ramble no more,
So to-night when your parents retire to rest
Will you meet me to-night love on shore?"

That night when her parents retired to rest
Lovely Annie stepped out the hall door,
With her hat in her hand she ran down to the sand
And sat down on a rock by the shore.

The moon was just rising from over the deep
Where the sea and the sky seemed to meet
When a loud murmuring wave it came over the sea
And broke on the shore at her feet.

Her hand soft and white she pressed to her heart
When he told her how long he would stay,
"God bless you my dear and your parents at home
When from you I am far far away."

Her hand soft and white she pressed to her heart
And her sorrow no mortal can tell,
He kissed her again as he stood on the beach
And bade her a loving farewell.

That night it arose in a terrible storm
And the good ship went down in the storm,
I swam to a plank that escaped from the wreck
While the rest met a watery grave.

He returned to his love that he left on the shore,
How she thought of her boy in the storm!
She died like a rose that is called by the frost
And she left me in sorrow to mourn.

Sung by Mr. Edmund Henneberry, Devil's Island, Nova Scotia, and his daughter Sadie.