

SONGS FROM THE OUT-PORTS OF NEWFOUNDLAND

recorded and edited by Mac Edward Leach

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SONGS FROM THE OUT-PORTS OF NEWFOUNDLAND

ROLLING HOME
THE LASS OF GLENSHEE
THE FARMYARD
THE MURDER OF ANN O'BRIEN
LOVELY NANCY
THE DERBY RAM
THE NIGHTINGALE
THE STORY OF THE SAILING VESSEL,
THE NEWFOUNDLAND
THE GHOSTLY FISHERMEN
THE LOST JIMMIE WHALEN
FRANKLIN
THE TREE
FINNIGAN'S WAKE (Version 1)
FINNIGAN'S WAKE (Version 2)

12 songs & 1 story from the people of Newfoundland, some old, some new, but all meaningful and immediate to the singers. The out-port culture is one of the very few British folk cultures still functioning today. The Avalon Peninsula, where most of these songs were made, was settled by Irish during the Great Famine.

Descriptive Notes Are Inside Pocket

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Songs From The Out-Ports of Newfoundland

This record contains twelve songs and one story from the six hundred I collected in the out-ports of Newfoundland in 1950-51. Newfoundland was discovered by the English explorer, John Cabot, in 1497. From that time a succession of peoples used it as a fishing base and eventually made it their permanent home. English, Scotch, Scotch-Gaelic, Irish, Basque, French, Portuguese, and Channel Islanders, - all came and many stayed to recreate here their individual culture patterns, culture patterns that were gradually moulded by the force of the new environment -- sea and fishing, woods and lumbering -- to the homogeneous out-port culture we now know, one of the few British folk cultures still functioning today. (See my Folk Ballads and Songs of the Lower Labrador Coast, Ottawa, 1966, for a detailed description of this life.)

Most of the songs on this record are from the out-ports of the Avalon peninsula of Newfoundland. This section was settled by Irish during the Great Famine. Their descendants, like the Irish everywhere, are enthusiastic singers and fine singers. Many of their songs are from 'home', but many are new songs, recording and commenting on local events. All the songs are to them very meaningful and immediate. One rough, work-scarred out-port woman burst into tears as she sang for me the story of a local shipwreck in which a fishing vessel was rammed and all hands except one were lost. When I asked her if members of the crew were close relatives, she replied, "Oh no. That wrack, it happened over a hundred years ago, but it disturbs me something awful to think of all them poor boys being drowned."

On this record, I have tried to present a cross-section of Newfoundland out-port songs. It is a sampling of what one would hear if he should sit in an out-port kitchen after supper was cleared away. The neighbors would drift in, ease themselves on the benches around the walls, get pipes going, discuss all the events of the day -- the state of the weather, the luck with the fish. These subjects looked at from all angles, and finally disposed of, there would come a lull, to be broken finally by someone turning to the best singer present with the request, "Uncle Will, how about a song." The songs you would hear in that kitchen are the songs on this record

MacEdward Leach, 1966.

SIDE I

Band 1: ROLLING HOME. Sung by Morris Houlihan, Pouch Cove.

This is a sea shanty. Traditionally, it was used as a fore-castle song, but occasionally as a capstan song. Mr. Houlihan said it was the custom always to sing this song as a capstan song when the anchor was weighed preparatory to heading for home after a long voyage. All the nostalgia for home is certainly in the song. The version sung by Mr. Houlihan is very short; other versions work the vessel point by point from its distant port to the home port by naming all the important land-falls en route. "Rolling Home" was sung in English, American, German, and Dutch ships, the home port being changed to fit the situation.

As Hughill points out the song may be based on a poem written by Charles MacKay, around 1858. MacKay's poem carries the refrain:

"Rolling Home, rolling home, rolling home, dear land to thee,
Rolling home to merry England, rolling home across the sea."

I think rather that MacKay used the chantey refrain than that he contributed it. Certainly the Newfoundlanders think that this chantey is older than the middle of the last century. MacKay's poem, other than the refrain, shows little kinship with the chantey or with the sea. The best discussion and other texts are to be found in Stan Hugill, Shanties from the Seven Seas, London, 1961, p. 182 ff. See also W. M. Doerflinger, Shanty Men and Shanty Boys, N. Y. 1951; p. 155; F. P. Harlow, Chantey-ing, Barre, 1962, p. 133.

Most versions name Australian girls being left behind; Harlow's text calls them Java maidens; here Mr. Houlihan insisted on Malacca's fair haired daughters.

ROLLING HOME

Lay aloft, you hearty sailors,
See your braces are all clear,
Get your bunts and clew lines ready,
For Newfoundland we will steer.

Refrain

Rolling Home to dear Newfoundland,
Sailing Home across the sea,
Sailing home to dear old Newfie,
Coming back, fair land to dee.

To Malacca's fair haired daughters
Unto ye we'll bid adieu;
But we won't forget the good times
That we had along with you.

Lay aloft, you hearty sailors,
Now our topsails for to store;
We are now out in mid ocean
In a heavy storm and snow.

Around Cape Race on a winter's morning,
And her decks all ice and snow,
You can hear the sailors swearing
On the hardships they go through.

Band 2: THE LASS OF GLENSHEE.

Sung by Mrs. T. Ghaney, Fermuse.

John Ord, Bothy Songs and Ballads, Paisley, 1930, p. 75, gives a full version of this ballad, 12 four-line stanzas. In his note to the ballad he states, "I do not know a more popular song than this. It has been sung in nearly every farmhouse, cottage and bothy in Scotland for the past 70 years."

This song was composed by Andrew Sharpe of Perth about 1817; it has long been in oral tradition with resultant change away from sophisticated to folk tradition. It has also been popular with the broadside printers. It is interesting and instructive to compare the version that follows, a version long in oral tradition, with one of the versions closer to Sharpe's original. This is six quatrains against the original twelve. Condensing has come by eliminating the purely descriptive, the sentimental, the repetitious, and the overly-poetic. For example, the folk omitted the following stanza in the original:

"Believe me, dear lassie, Caledonia's clear waters

May alter their course and run back frae the sea;

Her brave, hardy sons may submit to the fetters,

But alter what will I'll be constant to thee."

For further information, see Malcolm Laws, British Broadside Ballads Traditional in America, p. 226.

THE LASS OF GLENSHEE.

As I walked out on a fine summer's morning
Just as the dawning came over the sea,
I spied a fair maiden as she was a walking,
And minding her flocks on the hills of Glenshee.

Said I, "Pretty fair one, if you'll be my dear one,
I'll take you over my bride for to be
And I'll dress you up in your silks and your satins,
And likewise a footman to wait upon thee."

"I don't want none of your silks or your satins,
Neither your footman to wait upon me;
I would rather stay home in my own homespun clothing,
And tend to my flocks on the hills of Glenshee."

Said I, "Pretty fair one, you don't understand me;
I'll take you over my bride for to be,
And this very night in my arms I will hold you."
She then gave consent and she came on with me.

For seven long years we've been united together;
Seasons have changed, but there's no change in me,
And if God spares to me my life and my senses,
I'll never prove false to the maid of Glenshee.

To part from my Mary -- she's my only darling, -
She's as sweet as the perfume blows over the sea,
And she's just as fair as the white robe of winter,
That spreads out its bleach on the hills of Glenshee.

Band 3: THE FARMYARD. Sung by
John Curtis, Trepassey.

This belongs to the category of accumulative songs. They seem to have been intended for children, but they were very popular with adult audiences as well. It was a feat of vocal gymnastics to get through such a song without mistakes and loss of breath. Modern audiences will recognize here a forerunner of "Old MacDonald had a Farm".

For other versions see Cecil Sharp, "Folk Songs", Novello's School Songs # 212, p. 4: Cecil Sharp, English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, London, etc., 1932. Vol 2, p. 310, and Bibliography, p. 397. This song is rare in America; this is the first recording from the North-east.

THE FARMYARD

Hi, bonny lassie, will you, will you come
To the bonny woods of ivy?

Hi, bonny lassie, will you, will you come
For to mind my father's hens?

There's a juke, juke here and a juke,
juke there,

There's a juke, there's a juke; everywhere
a juke, juke.

*Editor's Note: Due to technical problem in the last stanza we inserted the lines "here's a bow..." and "Joke, Joke there" from previous stanza.

Hi, bonny lassie, will you, will you gen
To the bonny woods of ivy?

Hi, bonny lassie, will you, will you gen
For to mind my father's ducks, sir?

There's a gibble, gibble here and a gibble,
gabble there,

There's a gibble, there's a gibble; every-
where a gibble, gabble

A juke, juke here and a juke, juke there,
There's a juke, there's a juke, everywhere
a juke, juke.

Hi, bonny lassie will you, will you gen
To the bonny woods of ivy?

Hi, bonny lassie will you, will you gen
To mind my father's geese, sir?

There's a quank, quank here and a quank,
quank there,

There's a quank, there's a quank; every-
where a quank quank.

Gibble gabble here and a gibble gabble there,
There's a gibble, there's a gibble, every-
where's a gibble gabble,

Juke, juke here and a juke, juke there,
Everywhere a juke, juke.

Hi, bonny lassie, will you, will you gen
To the bonny woods of ivy?

Hi, bonny lassie will you, will you gen
For to mind my father's dogs sir?

There's a bow wow here and a bow wow
there

There's a bow, there's a bow, everywhere
a bow wow.

(Follow pattern as indicated above)

Hi, bonny lassie, will you, will you gen
To the bonny woods of ivy?

Hi, bonny lassie will you, will you gen
For to mind my father's cats, sir?

There's a miau, miau here and a miau,
miau there,

There's a miau, there's a miau everywhere
a miau, miau

ETC.

Hi, bonny lassie, will you, will you gen
To the bonny woods of ivy?

Hi, bonny lassie, will you, will you gen
For to mind my father's sheep, sir?

There's a ma, ma here and a ma, ma there,
There's a ma, there's a ma, everywhere a
ma, ma.

ETC.

Hi, bonny lassie, will you, will you gen
To the bonny woods of ivy?

Hi, bonny lassie, will you, will you gen
For to mind my father's goats, sir?

There's a na, na here and a na, na there
There's a na, there's a na, everywhere
a na, na.

ETC.

Hi, bonny lassie, will you, will you gen
To the bonny woods of ivy?

Hi, bonny lassie will you, will you gen
For to mind my father's pigs, sir?

* There's an oink, oink here and an oink,
oink there

There's an oink, there's an oink, every-
where an oink, oink

ETC.

Band 4: THE MURDER OF ANN O'BRIEN.

Sung by Theresa White, Port au Port.

This is an example of a local murder story; such songs follow a conventional pattern, here exemplified. Famous examples are: "Pretty Polly" and "The Jealous Lover". This one is a bit more original in that the girl does not die until doctors and priests can minister to her. It has been collected in full only once before. (See Kenneth Peacock, *Songs of Newfoundland Outports*, Ottawa, 1965, p. 622) Mrs. H. H. Flanders collected a fragment in Maine under the title "James MacDonald". It is my belief that the murder took place in Longford Co. Ireland, and that, as was customary, a broadside was published at the time, and that from the broadside the song went into oral tradition, and so was brought by the Irish immigrants to Newfoundland. The garbled lines and the rather radical difference in texts suggest a considerable period in oral tradition.

THE MURDER OF ANN O'BRIEN

Come all you young, both great and small,
I hope you will draw near;
I'll tell you the truest story
That ever you did hear.

I courted a handsome, young comely girl,
Her age was scarce sixteen;
Her beauty bright would me delight
Till I brought her to shame.

I courted her in private
Till I wed her a child;
She being a farmer's daughter
And I his servant man.

And how to gain her innocent life
I schemed the planning time,
All in the County of Longford,
Confined all in her room.

It been on a Sunday's evening,
As you may plainly see,
To her I wrote a letter
And soon she came to me.

I said, "Dear Ann, if you will come back,
To Longford we will go
And there we will get married,
I am sure that no one will know."

The night being dark, they both set out
To cross the counterie;
'Twould bring the tears down from your eyes
What she had said to me.

And just before I murdered her,
I made her this reply,
Saying, "Ann you will go no fur-der,
For it's here that you must die."

"Oh, James, think on your innocent young,
And spare to me my life,
And don't you commit no murder,
This dark and dreary night.

"I promise to God here on my knees
I'll never let no one know,
Or ever come to trouble you,
Or ask to be your wife."

But all she said had proved in vain,
Till I did stalk her sore,
'Twas with a loaded weepen,
I laid her in her gore.

Her blood and brains, it stained the ground,
And her moans would pierce your heart,
And when I thought I'd murdered her,
All from her I did part.

She was alive the next morning,
Just at the break of day,
When a shepherd'd only daughter
By chance she strolled that way.

She saw her lying in her gore;
She then asked for her relief,
And told her of her guilty wounds,
And then asked for the priest.

Both priest and doctors were sent for;
They found her there likewise.
When they got information
They dressed all in disguise. *

They quickly then surrounded him,
And put him to a drill,
A prisoner he was taken
And put in Longford jail.

The judge he passed his sentence,
And this to him did say,
"For the murdering of young Ann O'Brien
Your country-boys shall see. **

On the fourteenth day of April
You'll be hung on the gallows tree.

Oh, James MacDonald it is my name,
Now from life I must part,
For the murdering of young Ann O'Brien
I am sorry to my heart.

But I hope that God will pardon me,
All on my judgment day,
And when I'm standing on this trap,
Good Christians for me pray.

Band 5: LOVELY NANCY. Sung by Jim Molloy,
St. Shotts.

This song has been collected twice before, both times by Peacock in Newfoundland. All texts are substantially the same. This suggests that behind them is a broadside from which all derive. So far I have been unable to locate it. See Peacock, p. 202. Is it the war of 1812 that is referred to or the Revolution?

LOVELY NANCY.

So late, so late one evening all in the month
of May,
We hoist our British colors, for Boston sailed
away,
Where the hills and fields were guarded with
pretty girls all round.
We had one sailor lad on board, all in his
uniform.

He wrote his love a letter, give her to under-
stand
That he was going to leave her, bound to some
foreign land.
When she received this letter, straight-way to
him did go,
Saying, "Jimmie, my love Jimmy, are you
going to leave me so?"

* The other version mentions policemen in disguise apprehending him.

** The country-boys shall witness the execution.

"For nine long months or better, I've been
courting thee,
So stay at home, dear Jimmie, prove kind and
marry me."

"If I was to stay at home, my dear, while others
go in my place,
Wouldn't it be a scandal, likewise a big
disgrace?
"For the king he wrote for seamen bold,
and I for one must go,
Not for my very life, love, would I have
answered no."

"Then I'll cut off my yellow locks; men's cloth-
ing I'll put on,
And I will go long with you, and be your
servant man,
If on some field of battle, you may receive
a ball,
I'll bandage up your bleeding wound, if on me
you will call."

"Your waist, it is too slight, my love; your
fingers, they are too small
To wait on me in battle, where many a brave
lad falls,
Where cannons loud do rattle and musket shells
do fly,
With silver trumpets sounding to end all dying
cry."

Besides they are some pretty girls from Boston,
Bristol brave, *
If I should go a-courting, what would my
Nancy say?"

"Your Nancy", she would say, "Jimmie, be kind
and true to me,
And I will be your Nancy, whatever it costs me."

"O Nancy, lovely Nancy, those words have won
my heart,
Come, let us get married, this night before
we'll part."
This couple, they got married and both crossed
o'er the main.
We wish them health and happiness, also myself
the same.

Band 6: THE DERBY RAM. Sung by Cyril O'Brien
Trepassey.

This belongs to the category of songs popularly
known as lying songs. "The Derby Ram" is a very
old song. Dozens of versions are known; it is in
almost all the major collections of English, Scots,
Irish, and American folksongs. Singers vied with
one another to add preposterous details. Perhaps
the most varied and original versions are the
sailors'. The old ram goes to sea, climbs the
masts, sits on the yards, and when he gets tired of
the sailors' life, drinks up the ocean and walks
ashore.

"This ram and I got drunk, sir, as drunk as
drunk could be,
And when we sobered up, sir, we were far
away on the sea."

In an article, "The old Tup (Ram) and its Ritual",
published in the "Journal of the English Folksong
Society," 5:23-30, Ivor Gatty gives an account of the
relation of this ballad to the mumming plays. As
many as six characters in costume acted out the

* Bristol: other version reads brisk and

narrative behind the ballad, singing the ballad words.
This suggests that the ballad in its mummers form
are vestigial remnants of an old pagan ceremony,
perhaps totemic.

For more information and more texts see: Hughill,
p. 437; Colcord, J. Roll and Go, Indianapolis, 1924,
p. 68; G. Grieg, Folksong of the Northeast, Hat-
boro, 1963, prints an interesting Scots version and
follows with a paragraph of general discussion. For
a good account of American versions see F. C.
Brown Collection of N. Carolina Folklore, 2:439.

THE DERBY RAM

As I was going to market,
'Twas on a market day,
I met as fine a ram, sir,
As ever was fed on hay.

Refrain:

To me all ringle derby, o ringle day,
Ringle, dingle derby, te de falerio day.

The ram was fat behind, sir,
The ram was fat before,
The ram was ten year old, sir,
I'm sure he was no more.

Refrain

Now the wool was on his back, sir
It was so mighty high,
The eagles built their nest
And we heard the young ones cry.

Refrain

The back-bone of this ram, sir,
It was so mighty long,
I heard a sailor say it reach
From America to Hong Kong.

Refrain

The horns on this ram, sir,
They grew so mighty high
A man went up in February
And came down in July.

Refrain

The man that killed this ram, sir,
Was to his knees in blood,
And two or three old women
Got carried away in the flood.

Refrain

The pot the ram was cooked in
Was forty fathom deep;
The spoon we had to stir it with
Fifty man could sleep.

Refrain

The man that made this song, sir,
Was neither rich nor poor;
But all I have to say, sir,
We'll kick him out the door.

Refrain

Band 7: THE NIGHTENGALE (Green Grows the
Laurel): Sung by Mike Kent, Cape Broyle.
This song has been very popular both in folk tradi-

tion and with popular audiences on record and radio. Its meaning is enigmatic. (See the thorough discussion by T. P. Coffin in "Journal of American Folklore," 1954, p. 341-51, and the extensive bibliography there. Add "Journal Eng. Folksong Soc." 18:70 for other texts and discussion. There is a possible connection between this song and "Bonnet of Blue," celebrating the bonnet of the Stuarts, and of political import during the Rebellion of 1798. The lovely tune probably accounts for its continued popularity. See in addition to the above: A. Lomax, *Folksongs of North America*, p. 332, for texts and further American bibliography. There is a particularly good old text from Scotland in Grieg, p. 70.

THE NIGHTENGALE.

Once I had a true-love, but now she is gone;
She's gone and she left me; I'm here all alone,
But since she is gone, contented I'll be
For I know she loves someone far better than me.

Green grows the laurels and soft falls the dew,
Sad was my heart when I parted from you,
But in our next meeting I'll have you to know
Young girls are deceitful wherever you go.

I passed my love's window, both early and late
And the look that she gave me, 'twould make
your heart ache;
The look that she gave me ten thousand would
kill,
But I know I'm the only one that she do love still.

I wrote her a love's letter with red rosy lines;
She wrote me back another all tangled like vine,
Saying you keep your love's letter and I will
keep mine.
You write to your love and I'll write to mine.

Once I was fair like a red flashy rose
Now I'm as pale as the lily that grows,
Like the flower in the garden all covered with
dew
Don't you see what I've come to by the loving
of one.

SIDE II

Band 1: THE STORY OF THE SEALING VESSEL, THE NEWFOUNDLAND.

Sailors over the seven seas hold to a superstition that the revenant or spirit of a sailor lost overboard will return to his ship the next time it passes the spot where he was drowned. The story which Pat Maher of Pouch Cove tells here is based on such an event, one which Mr. Maher participated in. The song which follows Mr. Maher's story is a ballad version of such an event.

THE STORY OF THE SEALING VESSEL, THE NEWFOUNDLAND.

It's always laid down in tradition that if a man is lost from a ship crossing the ocean, that when that ship comes to that certain place on the way home, his ghost will board that ship and come back in her. But in 1914 the worst sealing disaster ever happened in Newfoundland happened. There was a ship to the ice that year; her name was THE NEWFOUNDLAND, and she lost 77 men out of 200 men of a crew. The men left the ship the thirteenth morning of March and they went on the ice to kill seals. A storm came up and it lasted all the thirtieth of March and the thirty-first, and when they were discovered there were 77 dead.

The other ships came in and crews went through the ice and picked up the dead members, and they got 72, five were missing. They were never got; they were supposed to be drowned. So that ship the next year didn't go to the ice at all -- she wasn't allowed to go. She had to undergo certain repairs. So in 1916 she was repaired and went out under another name. Her name was THE SAN BLANFORD. And I happened to be one of her crew. So all spring we were separated from other ships, alone by ourselves until the thirtieth day of March. The thirtieth evening of March we steamed up alongside of another ship the TERRA NOVA. The captain of our ship and the captain of the TERRA NOVA were both brothers. So when we came up it was just dark and a foggy, thick evening and the TERRA NOVA started to blow her whistle. That was a sign that she had someone on the ice--someone that didn't get aboard. So as is the custom, our captain started to blow her whistle too, thinking that they were TERRA NOVA'S men and the TERRA NOVA blew thinking that they were our men.

They heard the men hello and sing out, away on the ice. So the blowing finally kept up until ten o'clock, and one ship stopped and then the other stopped blowing. So the next morning I was one of the men that went aboard the TERRA NOVA. And the first thing they asked me what time our men got aboard. And I said we hadn't any men on the ice that day. "Oh," they said, "Yes, ye had got men on the ice, because we saw the men. We heard them first hello and sing out and we watched them until they walked up the side of the ship and went in the boat." Well, we didn't know what to think of it at the time, but some members of the crew declare and solemnly swear that they did see certain men that they knew among what came aboard. So I think that brings the tradition true that men do come home.

Band 2: THE GHOSTLY FISHERMEN

Sung by Morris Houlihan, Pouch Cove.

In the early 1870's the schooner HASKELL, anchored on Georges Bank, parted her cable in a heavy gale and crashed into the schooner JOHNSTON, anchored near by. The JOHNSTON was cut in two and sank almost immediately with the loss of all hands. The next year the HASKELL was again fishing on Georges. On the first night, according to stories told around Gloucester, twenty-six seamen came climbing out of the deep and pulling themselves over the chains came aboard. They immediately took stations and proceeded to work the ship. They were members of the crew drowned by the HASKELL the year before.

The Gloucester poet, Harry L. Marcy in 1874 wrote a ballad based on this story. The ballad was published in "Ballads and Songs of the Sea," Gloucester, 1874. From this printed version the ballad went into oral tradition with, as one would expect, many folk changes.

"The Ghostly Fisherman" is still sung in the Maritimes and along the eastern seaboard. For other versions see: Doerflinger, p. 181; Helen Creighton, *Songs and Ballads of Nova Scotia*, p. 182; Greenleaf and Mansfield, *Ballads and Songs of Newfoundland*, p. 227.

THE GHOSTLY FISHERMEN.

You may smile, if you've a mind to, but I pray
you lend an ear,
We been men and boys together well on for
fifty years.

I've sailed around the ocean from western banks
to Grand;
I've been in herring vessels sailing out of
Newfoundland.

Now, I saw storms, I tell you, boys, when
things looked mightly blue
But somehow or another we were lucky and
pulled through.

I ain't no brag nor coward; I won't say worse
than then;
I was never easier frightened than most of
other men.

As we lay offshore one evening, 'twas on a
summer's night,
I never will forget it in all my mortal life.

I was standing on my grand dog watch and I felt
a thrilling dread
Come over me as if I heard a calling from the
dead.

When o'er our rail came climbing, so slowly
one by one,
A dozen ghostly seamen -- just wait till I am done.

Their faces looked pale with sea-weed, looked
ghostly in the night.
And each man took his station, as if he had the
right.

These were the same poor fellows, as you may
understand,
That our old ship ran over one night on George's
Banks.

The trip before the other, they were off on
George's then
Ran down another vessel, sank her and all
her men.

These were the same poor fellows -- may God
now rest their souls
That our old ship ran over, one night on
George's Shoals.

So now you have my story, the same as I have
seen
I never believed in spirits, but I always will
again.

Band 3: THE LOST JIMMIE WHALEN:

Sung by Mrs. Mary Dumphy, Tors Cove.

This ballad has not been collected outside of the
United States. It is probably based on the drowning
of James Whalen, a lumberman who lost his life
trying to break a log jam. (See F. Rickaby, *Ballad
and Songs of the Shanty-Boy*, Cambridge, 1926, p.
194.) Two ballads survive: "James Whalen" which
tells of the accident, and "The Lost Jimmie Whalen",
which tells of Jimmie Whalen's return as a revenant
to his sweetheart. For further discussion and
additional texts, see P. Barry, "Bulletin of the
Folk-song Society of the North-East," #11, p. 4-7.
I should like to echo Barry's statement about the
music: "The rare beauty of the air, one of the
loveliest we have recorded in the North-east should
inspire collectors to search for other sets."

LOST JIMMIE WHALEN.

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

She was weeping for one who is now lying
lonely,
Weeping for one that no mortal can save;
The dark mourning waters around him
encircled,
While the grass now grows green over young
Jimmie's grave.

"Jimmie", she cried, "won't you come to me,
darling?
Come to me here from your cold silent tomb;
You promised you'd meet me this evening, my
darling,
Ere death's cruel angel had stole your sad doom.

"You promised we'd meet by the banks of the
river,
You'd give me sweet kisses like often before,
You'd fold me again in your strong loving arms,
Now come to me Jimmie, dear, come as of
yore."

Slowly he rose from the banks of the river,
A vision of beauty more bright than the sun,
With his bright robes of crimson around him
a-flowing,
And unto this maiden to speak he begun:

"Now why did you call me from my realms of
glory
Back to this earth that I soon have to leave,
To hold you again in my strong loving arms,
To see you once more, love, I came from my
grave.

"One more embrace, love, and then I must
leave you;
One more fond kiss, love, and then we must
part."
Cold were the arms that did her encircle,
And cold was the bosom she pressed to her
heart.

"Adieu", then he said and he vanished before
her;
Back to his earth home his form seemed to go.
A leaving this maiden alone and distracted,
A-weeping and wailing in sorrow and woe.

Throwing herself on the ground she wept sorely,
With wild words of sorrow this maiden did rave,
Saying, "Jimmie, my darling, my lost
Jimmie Whalen,
I'll sigh till I die by the side of your grave."

Band 4: FRANKLIN, Sung by Alphonse Sutton, Trepassey.

Two songs were inspired by the luckless Franklin
Expedition. The present one, "Lady Franklin's
Lament", or "The Sailor's Dream" seems to be
older and rarer of the two. It is perhaps as much
lyrical as narrative, but it does call up the story of
the loss of Franklin and his 200 men. In May 1845,
Sir John Franklin sailed under orders of the British
Government to find a north-west passage from the
Atlantic to the Pacific. His two ships "Erebus" and
"Terror" were sighted off Greenland in July 1845.
Nothing more was heard of Franklin or the expedi-
tion until 1854 when one of the searching vessels
discovered a cairn bearing skeletons, papers and
equipment of the expedition, on the shore of King
William Land. The Eskimos said that the men who
escaped the wreck of the vessels, died trying to
walk overland to civilization. Lady Franklin posted
large rewards for information, but the mystery of
the disappearance has not been fully cleared up.

This song as well as the later one were widely published through broadsides (E. g. Such #664) and in Songsters (E. g. Deloney's Song Book, and Wehman's Collection of Songs). The version here is the only full text collected in Newfoundland. It is interesting to see folk influence of the song, especially the creation of a refrain by repeating the last lines of each stanza. For additional text see Doerflinger, p. 146.

FRANKLIN

Ye seamen bold as I have been told
Of the stormy sea and the briny flow,
If you'll listen to me, it's a song I'll sing;
It will put you in mind of a sailor's dream.
If you'll listen to me, it's a song I'll sing;
It will put you in mind of a sailor's dream.

bis We were homeward bound on the raging deep,
Locked in my hammock, I fell asleep.
I dreamed a dream, oh, I thought it true,
Concerning Franklin and his bold crew.

bis As we sailed east; oh, as we sailed west
The course of Greenland I thought it best,
With 400 seamen of courage bold,
With their hearts undone and their courage bold.

bis As we drew nigh the Humber shore,
A lady wept as she did implore;
She wept so loudly and thus did say,
"Did you see my Franklin, who was far away?"

bis "There is Captain Ross of Bower (Scarborough)
town,
And Admiral Perry of the "High Renoun,"
There is my bold Franklin like many more,
Who have often crossed o'er Arti (Artic) shore,

bis "Trying to find a passage round the North Pole,
Where lightening flashes, loud canons roar,
Where trials and dangers do now lie low
Through fields of ice where our ship get sto.

bis In Baffin Land where the whale fish blow,
The death of Franklin--there is no man know.
At last he's gone like so many more,
Who has left his home to return no more.

Band 5: THE TREE, sung by Mike Kent, Cape Broyle.

This is a somewhat mixed-up cumulative song, well-known as "The Tree in the Valley." It is a very rare song in America, and only a few versions exist in England and Scotland. The European versions follow this pattern:

There was a tree, a very fine tree,
As fine a tree as ever you did see,
And the tree was away down in the valley O.

Then follows a branch on the tree, twig on the branch,
nest on the twig, egg on the nest, chick in the egg,
leg on the chick, claw on the leg.

The song is usually found in books of nursery rhymes, like Mason's "Nursery Rhymes." It is not limited to English, being found in various European languages, perhaps introduced into England from France. The version in Grieg, p. 87, has the sequence: tree, branch, twig, bird, head, eye.

For further discussion and another version, see Jones, "Journal Eng. Folksong Soc." 13:276.

THE TREE.

Upon this hill they are a tree,
A very fine tree and a curious tree,
On this tree they are a limb,
A very fine limb and a curious limb.
The limb on the tree, the tree on the hill,
And the hill there still,
And forever, Willie, Oh, my handsome
curious tree.

On this limb they are a nest,
A very fine nest and a curious nest,
The nest on the limb and the limb on the tree,
And the tree on the hill
And the hill there still
And forever, Willie, Oh, my handsome
curious tree.

In this nest they are a egg,
A very fine egg and a curious egg,
The egg in the nest and the nest on the limb,
And the limb on the tree, and the tree on the hill
And the hill there still,
And forever, Willie, oh my handsome
curious tree.

In this egg they are a bird,
A very fine bird and a curious bird
The bird in the egg, and the egg in the nest,
And the nest on the limb, and the limb on
the tree
And the tree on the hill, and the hill there still
And forever, Willie, oh my handsome curious
tree.

On this bird they are a feather,

(Follow the pattern, as indicated above.)

On this feather they are a down.

Band 6: FINNIGAN'S WAKE (version 1 and 2) Sung by Jack Swain, Calvert.

This song did not need Joyce to make it famous in Ireland. It was widely sung as a street song; the tune was a popular jig. The singer often, as here, danced the refrain to jig time. The second "Finnigans Wake" (This is a local title; it is more generally known as Molly McGlocklin) was not so popular. Both songs are to be found in the Irish Come-all-ye's, such as Conor, Delaney. They were also frequently printed as broadsides. Finnigan's Wake I is in O'Lochlainn, Street Ballads, p. 180; Creighton, H. Ballads and Songs of Nova Scotia, p. 185.

FINNIGAN'S WAKE I.

Tim Finnigan lived in Walker Street,
A gentle Irishman, mighty odd,
Since the day that he was born,
With the risin of the morning he carried a hod.
But Tim had sort of a triplin way,
For love of liquor poor Tim was born,
And to help him through the work each day
He took a drop of the craythur every morn.

Cho: Wack fo lo la, Dance to your partner,
Welt the floor, yer trotters shake.
Wasn't that the truth I told you,
Lots of fun at Finnigan's Wake.

One morning Tim felt rather full,
His head felt heavy, which made him shake;
He fell from the ladder, which broke his skull;
They carried him home his corpse to wake.
They rolled him up in a nice clean sheet,
And laid him out upon the bed,
With a couple of candles at his feet,
And a couple of dozen at his head.

Cho.

His friends assembled at the spree;
Mrs. Finnigan then called out for lunch;
First, came in the cakes and tea.
Then pipes, tobacco and whiskey punch.
And Biddy O'Connor began to cry,
Such a pretty corpse she never see,
Arrah Tim, why did ye die?
"Ah, hold yer gab," said Judy McGee.

And Biddy O'Connor took up the job,
Says she, "Judy you're wrong, I'm sure."
But Judy gave her a belt in the gob,
And left her sprawling on the floor.

Cho:

Tim Finnigan then he ducked his head,
When a gallon of whiskey flew at him;
It missed him and it fell on the bed;
The whiskey scattered over Tim.
O, he revives, see how he rises
And Timothy rising from the bed,
Says, "Whirl your liquor round like blazes,
Thanan o' dhoul, do ye think I'm dead."

Cho:

Band 7 FINNIGAN'S WAKE II

I'm a decent, laboring youth;
I was born in the town of Donschlocklin;
I'm a widower and now I'm a youth,
Since they buried sweet Molly MacGlocklin.
I was married but once in my life;
I'll never comit such a sin again.
When I found that she was my wife,
She was fond of one Barney McFinnigan.

Cho: Whack fol ler a li dee,
Whack fol ler a li dee,
All sing fol lor de lar li dee,
To me right fe lora lala de.

Her father had castles of mud,
Of which I was fond of admiring.
They were built at the time of the flood
To keep her ancestors drying.
When they found I had Molly bespoke,
Ah, first they got fat and then they got thin
again;
In his struggle his gizzard he broke,
And that made a corpse of Finnigan.

Cho:

LEACH, MacEdward, educator; b. Bridgeport, Ill., May 23, 1896; s. Edward and Lilly M. (Madding) L.; A. B., U. Ill., 1916, A. M., 1917; student Johns Hopkins, 1920; Ph. D., U. Pa., 1930; m. Alice May Doane, Nov. 10, 1917; 1 son, Donald H.; married second, Nancy Rafetto, February 12, 1950; one son—Douglas. Instructor, Johns Hopkins, 1920-21; instructor, assistant professor, prof. English U. Pa., 1921—, chmn. grad. dept. folklore, 1962—. Fellow Am. Anthropol Assn., Am. Folklore Soc. (sec. 1940-

For convenience the corpse was put,
Along with his friend on the barn floor,
While some came to it on foot,
While some came down from Dungarnshore.
My wife, she cried and she sobbed;
I chucked her out twice; she got in again.
And I gave her a belt on the gob,
When I was knocked down by Finnigan.

Cho:

The bed and the clock was upset;
There I would come in . . . shure.
And a devil a bit of a stick I got
Until I tore a leg out of the furniture.
In faith the blood flew about,
Eyes were knocked out and shoved in again.
I got a south-western clout
Which put me on top of MacFinnigan

Cho:

How long I was dead I don't know,
I know that I was not living, shure
Till I awoke with a pain in my toe--
They were both tied with a ribbon, shure.
I opened my mouth for to speak,
She clapped up to me chin again,
"O Molly", sez I, "I'm awake."
Sez she, "Ye'll be buried with Finnigan

Cho:

I opened my eyes for to see,
I strove to get up to knock her about,
But I found my toes they were tied
Like a spoon in a bowl of thick stirabout.
I soon got the use of my toes
By a friend of the corpse, Larry Leanigan,
Who helped me get into my clothes,
And throw the grass quilt over Finnigan.

Cho:

My, she didn't come home from the spree
Full of whiskey right up to the brim shure
And she showed as much mercy to me,
As a hungry mare shows to red herring shure.
One fist I give
Which caused her to grunt and to grin again,
And six months I opened her grave,
And slapped her on the bones of Finnigan.

Cho,

Oh, now I am single again;
I'll spend my time rakin and batterin;
I'll go to the fair with the men,
And dance with the girls for a pattern.
It's where I am stuck . . .
Without himself to catch him again
Don't let them ever chuck along me
But they might be related to Finnigan.

62, pres. 1960-62), A. A. A. S.; mem. Modern Lang. Assn., Phi Beta Kappa. Author: Amis and Amilous, 1930, Methods of Editing MSS, 1925; Paris and Vienne, The Ballad Book; The Critics and the Ballad; Songs of the Labrador Outports. Contr. articles to *jours*. Home: 3003 Foxx Lane, Phila. 19144.

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