

MARITIME  
FOLK  
SONGS  
FROM  
THE  
COLLECTION  
OF  
HELEN  
CREIGHTON

Ethnic Folkways Library FE 4307



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Maritime Folk Songs



PLAINS OF WATERLOO

Amos Jollimore

WHEN I WAKE IN THE MORNING

Angelo Dornan

HE'S YOUNG BUT HE'S DAILY A-GROWING

Nathan Hatt

JIMMY WENT A-HUNTING

Louis Boutilier

DRIMINDOWN

Ernest Sellick

CATHERINE ETAIT FILLE

Laura McNeill

PEGGY GORDON

Grace Clergy

WHAT HARM HAS JESUS DONE YOU?

Charles Owens

MY GALLANT BRIGATINE

Mrs. Ed Gallagher

YOUNG RILEY

Mrs. Ed Gallagher

ON BOARD OF THE VICTORY

Grace Clergy

ALL 'ROUND MY HAT

Neil O'Brien

I DYED MY PETTICOAT RED

Porter Brigley

ORAN DE CHEAP BREATAINN (Gaelic)

Jon Ranny McKeigan

A MAID I AM IN LOVE

Mrs. Stan Marshall

IN CUPID'S COURT

Grace Clergy

KELLY THE PIRATE

David Slauenwhite

HARBOUR GRACE (Diddling)

Burton Young

YOUNG BEICHAN (Lord Bateman)

David Slauenwhite

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

Issued in conjunction with the book, "Maritime Folk Songs," by Helen Creighton,  
Published simultaneously by The Ryerson Press in Canada  
and Michigan State University Press in the United States of America.

**MARITIME FOLK SONGS**



# MARITIME FOLK SONGS

*from the collection of Helen Creighton*

Issued in conjunction with the book, MARITIME FOLK SONGS, by Helen Creighton, published simultaneously by the Ryerson Press in Canada and Michigan State University Press in the United States of America.

This record gives voice to songs published in my book, Maritime Folk Songs, Ryerson Press, Toronto, and Michigan State University Press, Michigan, 1962. The book collection was made for the National Museum of Canada between the years 1948 and 1954 although an occasional one has crept in from as far back as my first year of collecting in 1928. Songs were chosen for the quality of music that accompanied them rather than for words although it often happens that where one excels, the other does too.

In selecting for a record there is always the problem of home recordings and the many interruptions that can spoil an otherwise good song. If you hear a baby cry occasionally please remember that this is one of the hazards the collector has to face, and when the singer hears the song played back and realizes that the youngest member of the family is there with him he is delighted and wouldn't have it otherwise. Perhaps the good wife who has been quiet and helpful the whole way through suddenly realizes it is time to start the fire going, and she opens the kitchen stove and puts wood in which crackles loudly on the tape. It is not always possible to repeat a song, and usually the first singing is the best anyhow. Another difficulty is caused by electricity which may be low in a rural area during a recording session although that is not evident at the time. This may cause a distortion when played where the power is strong. Sometimes the best songs are sung by singers with the poorest voices, or the good singers pitch their songs

too high. This is perhaps the most common fault because practically all our folk singing in the Maritime Provinces is done unaccompanied. Or a singer may forget half way through and need prompting. If this means he has to stop, he will likely pick the song up in a different key. For these and other reasons the singers on the record are not always those whose text is given in the book, although most of them are.

In the song of Lord Bateman you will notice that the singer speaks the last word. This is customary among the older generation and means that the song is over. Sometimes the last two or three words will be spoken. If there is a preponderance of songs from Nova Scotia that is partly because I have done most of my work here and it has yielded material for over thirty years and is not yet exhausted. The other provinces are better represented in the book although Nova Scotia there too plays the larger role. It was painful to make a limited selection for a record because there were so many singers I would have liked to share with you, and it hurt to leave any out. For instance I would have liked more local songs, but the best music comes with the older ones. In fishing vessels, on deck or fore-castle during long sea voyages, in lumber camp before the advent of radio, in the mines and in the home, these are typical of the songs our people have enjoyed through many generations.

## SIDE I, Band 1: DRIMINDOWN

In collecting folklore it often happens that a song or story may take years to find and then turn up two or three times in the same season. Perhaps I have missed opportunities for I never thought to ask for Drimindown until Captain Charles Cates when mayor of North Vancouver came to Halifax and recorded it for me along with many other songs he had learned from his father. Directly afterwards I went to Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island and, remembering the pathos with which Captain Cates sang it, asked Mr. Ernest Sellick if he knew it. I was both delighted and astonished when he produced this excellent variant which his father used to sing to the children at bedtime. This did not necessarily make it a lullaby, for fathers sang all kinds of songs to children at nighttime. However, I then recalled that a Mrs. Creelman had sung it to me in Dartmouth in the early 1930's and had said it was used both as a lullaby or as a milking song. It seems to have had a wide distribution and to have been put to a variety of uses, but to Captain Cates and Mr. Sellick it was known as a lament, but one with a touch of humour. Mr. Sellick who sings it here is now retired, but spent his earlier days as a farmer.

## DRIMINDOWN

There was an old man and he had but  
one cow  
And how that he lost her he couldn't  
tell how,



For white was her forehead and slick  
was her tail  
And I thought my poor Drimindown  
never would fail.

CHORUS:

Ego so ro Drimindown ho ro ha,  
So ro Drimindown nealy you gra,  
So ro Drimindown arha ma dow  
Me poor Drimindown nealo sko chea  
go slanigash,  
O ro Drimindown ho ro ha.

Bad luck to you Drimon and why did  
you die?  
Why did ye leave me, for what and  
for why?  
I'd sooner lose Pat and my own  
Bunken Bon  
Than you my poor Drimindown now  
you are gone.

(CHORUS)

As I went to mass one fine morning  
in May  
I saw my poor Drimindown sunk by  
the way,  
I rolled and I bawled and my  
neighbors I called  
To see my poor Drimindown, she  
being my all.

(CHORUS)

My poor Drimon's sunk and I saw her  
no more,  
She sunk on an island close down by  
the shore,  
And after she sunk down she rose  
up again  
Like a bunch of black wild berries  
grow in the glen.

(CHORUS)

Sung by Mr. Ernest Sellick,  
Charlottetown, Prince Edward  
Island.

SIDE I, Band 2:

THE PLAINS OF WATERLOO

There are several songs under this title,  
for Waterloo seems to have had a  
particular appeal to song writers of  
that day. Some stress the warlike as-  
pect of that great battle, as in Dr.  
W. Roy Mackenzie's Sea Songs and  
Ballads From Nova Scotia; others,  
like this, are purely romantic. This  
is one of that great number of songs  
so popular in the Maritime Provinces  
in which a ring is broken before the  
parting of lovers and each takes a  
half. There is usually a seven year

lapse before the young man's return,  
and he always appears in disguise so  
he may put his lady's fidelity to the  
test. After she swoons in his loving  
arrums, as many of them say, he  
reveals his identity through his half  
of the ring. A folk opera written in  
Halifax based upon this custom is  
called The Broken Ring. Mr. Amos  
Jollimore who sings it here is a  
fisherman and lives beside the beau-  
tiful waters of Terence Bay.

THE PLAINS OF WATERLOO

As I rode out one evening to view the  
fields and meadows,  
Down by a flowery garden where I  
chanced for to stray,  
I overheard a maiden making sad  
lamentation,  
I stood in silent ambush to hear what  
she might say.

The song that she sang caused the  
valleys for to ring  
And the sweet feathered songsters  
around my love did fly,  
Saying, "The wars are all over and  
peace it is proclaimed,  
And my love's not yet returned from  
the plains of Waterloo."

I boldly stepped up to her saying,  
"Alas my fair young creature,  
How could I make so bold as to ask  
your true love's name?  
For I have been in battle where  
cannons loud did rattle  
And it's by your love's description  
I might have known the same."

"Oh, William Smith, it is the name  
of my true lover,  
He's gone and he's left me in sorrow  
that is true,  
And there's none I will enjoy but my  
own darling boy  
O until he do return from the plains  
of Waterloo."

"If William Smith it be the name of  
your true lover  
It's all alone together we stood  
many's a champagne, (campaign)  
Through Portugal and Prussia,  
through Italy and Russia,<sup>1</sup>  
He was my loyal comrade through  
France and through Spain.

"Being on the sixth of March when  
we ended our great battle,  
Like bold British heroes we did  
them pursue,  
We fought them for three days till  
at last they were defeated  
Like the great Napoleon Boney on  
the plains of Waterloo."

"It being into France where we  
ended our great battle,  
Caused many's a bold hero to sigh  
and complain,  
The drums they did beat and the  
cannons loud did rattle,  
It was by a French soldier your  
true love he was slain.

"And as I passed by I saw your  
true love a-bleeding,  
I scarcely took time for to bid  
him adieu,  
With a soft and melting voice oh  
those words I head him mention  
'Fare you well my lovely Sally that  
lies far from Waterloo.'"

Now when this fair maid heard this  
sad recreation<sup>2</sup>  
Her red rosy cheeks they grew pale  
white with pain,  
I was sorry for to see her in that  
sad recreation,  
I caught her in my arms crying,  
"Sally I'm the man.

"And here is the ring that between us  
was broken,  
In the midst of all dangers it reminded  
me of you."  
Oh when she saw the ring that between  
them was broken,  
"You are welcome lovely Jimmie<sup>3</sup>  
from the plains of Waterloo."

1. pronounced Ryssia by singer.
2. lamentation?
3. Willie?

Sung by Mr. Amos Jollimore,  
Terence Bay, N. S. 1950

SIDE I, Band 3:

WHEN I WAKE IN THE MORNING

The fact that Mr. Angelo Dornan re-  
membered any songs is amazing, for  
he had stopped singing them for  
over forty years. He then returned  
to the scenes of his youth and gradual-  
ly the songs heard so often from the  
lips of his adored father came back to  
him, some in part; others in full.  
One took twenty minutes to sing and  
he did it all from memory. His tunes  
are distinguished by twirls and  
flourishes as his father must have  
done before him, and many have great  
beauty. The one given here is tan-  
talizing, for it is only a fragment,  
all that he could recall. Many songs  
returned to him as he worked on his  
hilltop farm at Elgin, New Brunswick,  
but when he had recorded one hundred  
and thirty-five he admitted he had



come to the bottom of his barrel of memory.

#### WHEN I WAKE IN THE MORNING

When I wake in the morning I go to my window,  
I take a long look o'er the place that I know,  
I'm surrounded by sorrow, will I never see to-morrow?  
O Jimmie, lovely Jimmie, if you knew what I know.

When the boys come to court they all swear they love me,  
But I like a hero I do them disdain,  
My love's gone and left me, no other man will get me,  
And I never will marry till he comes back again.

Sung by Mr. Angelo Dornan, Elgin, N. B., September 1954

#### SIDE I, Band 4:

#### HE'S YOUNG BUT HE'S DAILY A-GROWING

Nathan Hatt was nicknamed Chippy because he had a lumber mill and made the chips fly. He was over eighty when his doctor sent word that he had a patient who was always singing, for he would hear him in the waiting-room where he hummed away to himself. He had a sunny disposition and a song for every year of his long life. The characters in his songs were his personal friends, and you will notice at the end of this song how he adds his own comment, "I guess it did," as though he knew all about the story first hand.

I have five variants of this ancient song and have often wondered why Professor Francis James Child did not include it among the songs designated by him as popular ballads where it might well have found a place. In the days of early marriages it is interesting to note that the young husband was distinguished as a married man by the blue ribbon worn about his neck. These unusual words always seem to call forth from the singer an unusually beautiful tune.

#### HE'S YOUNG BUT HE'S DAILY A-GROWING

The leaves they are green and the trees they are tall,  
All those happy summer days are all past and gone;

Here I am left on the coldest winter day,  
He is young but he's daily are a-growing.

O father, dear father, you've done me much wrong  
For you have married me to a boy that's too young,  
For I am twice twelve and he's only thirteen,  
He is young but he's daily are a-growing.

O daughter, dear daughter, I done of you no wrong  
For I had married you to a rich farmer's son,  
And if you do but love him he'll be your lord and king  
He is young but he's daily are a-growing.

At the age if thirteen a married man was he,  
At the age of fourteen his oldest son was born,  
At the age of sixteen on his grave the grass grows green,  
He is young but he's daily are a-growing.

(added later)

Tie a bunch of blue ribbon all around about his neck  
For to let the girls all know that he's married.

Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River, May 1952.

#### SIDE I, Band 5:

#### AS JIMMIE WENT A-HUNTING

The Maritime Provinces are rich in stories of the supernatural, and these appear as personal experiences, as yarns told for fun, and as songs. In some, like *The Dreadful Ghost*, a girl who has been abandoned dies of grief and then follows her lover to sea where in sight of all the crew she forces him to follow her and they both disappear in the deep, a terrifying thought. In others like *The Silvery Tide* and *As Jimmie Went A-Hunting*, a mystery is solved by a dream, in the former revealing the drowned body floating on the tide, and in this one explaining the facts of an accidental death and thereby saving a lover's life. Mr. Louis Boutilier who sang it was a small sprightly man of eighty, seven whose eyes were bright and

alert, and he loved his little joke. After listening to his voice on my tape recorder, the first he had ever heard, he said, "Who sings better, that man or me?" Although this song has often been found in Great Britain and the United States as *Molly Bawn* or *At the Setting of the Sun*, I have it only from one other singer, also a Boutilier. One lived east of Halifax, the other west.

#### AS JIMMIE WENT A-HUNTING

As Jimmie went a-hunting  
With his dog and his gun,  
He hunted all day  
Till the night it came on.

By her apron being round her  
And I took her for a swan,  
And I shot Mollie Laura  
By the setting of the sun.

Away to his father  
He quicklie did run,  
Saying, "Father, dearest father  
Do you know what I've done?"

"By her apron being round her  
And I took her for a swan,  
And I shot Mollie Laura  
By the setting of the sun."

Up spake his aged father  
Whose locks have been grey,  
Saying, "Jimmie, dearest Jimmie,  
Do not you run away."

"But stay in your own countree  
Till your trial do come on,  
And you never shall be transported  
By the setting of the sun."

'Twas early the next morning  
To her uncle she did appear,  
Saying, "Uncle, dearest uncle  
See that Jimmie goes clear."

"By my apron being round me  
And he shot me in the dark,  
And it's to his great grief now  
That he never missed his mark."

"My acushla averneen,  
O it's cushla macree,  
If you were a-living  
It is married we would be.

"But since you are dead and buried  
My poor heart it will break,  
Through the lonely woods and valleys  
I will wander for your sake."

Sung by Mr. Louis Boutilier,  
Tantallon, August 1950



CATHERINE ÉTAIT FILLE

In contrast to the rest of the Maritime Provinces where men do most of the singing, the Acadian French of Pubnico have preserved their songs mostly through their women. Of these Mrs. Laura McNeil, nee Pothier, is one of the best informed, and she has passed her love of music on to her daughter Marie Catherine. I have recorded over fifty songs from this area. Here too they recall ancient folk tales brought over by early settlers in 1651, and these have been published in their weekly newspaper, Le Petit Courrier and thus saved for posterity. Mrs. McNeil says this song was learned in Quebec and brought east from there. Our singer, now retired, was a school teacher at Pubnico on Nova Scotia's south-west coast for many years.

CATHERINE ÉTAIT FILLE

Catherine était fille  
A la zim, baum baum, A la zim,  
baum, baum,  
Catherine était fille  
Était fille du roi, Était fille du  
roi,  
Et voilà, et voilà, et voilà, et  
voilà, et voilà, et voilà,  
et voilà.

Sa mère était chrétienne  
A la zim, baum, baum, A la  
zim, baum, baum,  
Sa mère était chrétienne  
Son père n'y était pas, Son père  
n'y était pas.

Un jour dans sa prière  
A la zim, baum, baum, A la  
zim baum, baum,  
Un jour dans sa prière  
Son père la trouva, Son père la  
trouva.  
Et voilà, etc.

"Que fais-tu là, ma fille."  
A la zim baum, baum, A la zim  
baum, baum,  
"Que fais-tu là, ma fille."  
Ma fille que fais-tu là, Ma fille  
que fais-tu là.  
Et voilà, etc.

"Je prie ce Dieu, mon père,"  
A la zim baum, baum, A la  
zim baum, baum,  
"Je prie ce Dieu, mon père  
Que vous ne priez pas."  
Et voilà, etc.

"Qu'on m'emporte mon sabre"  
A la zim baum, baum, A la  
zim baum, baum,  
'Qu'on m'emporte mon sabre  
Et mon grand coutelet  
Et voilà, etc.

Du premier coup de sabre  
A la zim baum, baum, A la  
zim baum, baum  
Du premier coup de sabre  
Son père la manqua, Son père  
la manqua.  
Et voilà, etc.

Du deuxième coup de sabre  
A la zim baum, baum, A la  
zim baum baum  
Du deuxième coup de sabre  
Son père l'a frappa, Son père  
l'a frappa.  
Et voilà, etc.

Du troisième coup de sabre  
A la zim baum, baum, A la zim,  
baum, baum  
Du troisième coup de sabre  
Son père l'a tua, Son père l'a  
tua.  
Et voilà, etc.

Catherine est au ciel  
A la zim baum, baum, A la zim  
baum, baum  
Catherine est au ciel,  
Son père n'y est pas, Son père  
n'y est pas,  
Et voilà, etc.

Sung by Mrs. Laura McNeil,  
August 1949.

English translation:

CATHERINE WAS A GIRL

Catherine was a girl  
A la zim, baum baum, A la zim,  
baum, baum,  
Catherine was a girl  
She was the daughter of the king,  
the daughter of the king  
And so, and so, and so, and so,  
and so, and so, and so.

Her mother was a christian  
Her father was not.

One day while at prayer  
Her father found her.

"What are you doing there, my  
daughter."  
My daughter what are you doing  
there.

"I am praying to God, my father,  
The one that you don't pray to."

"Let them bring me my sabre"  
And my big cutlaas

The first blow of the sabre  
Her father missed her

The second blow of the sabre  
Her father hit her

The third blow of the sabre  
Her father killed her

Catherine is in heaven  
Her father isn't there.

SIDE I, Band 7:

PEGGY GORDON

I have always had a particular fondness for the song Peggy Gordon, and have been surprised that our Canadian folk singer Alan Mills is the only one I know of who has recorded it from my earlier book, Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia. As printed there it is not an easy song to sing which may account for it. Here we have it from the lips of Mr. Grace Clergy, the fisherman whose picture appears on the cover of book and record of Maritime Folk Songs, seen in the full enjoyment of his song. Although like Dennis Smith he too uses twirls and flourishes, his variant may be more easily mastered and should prove well worth the effort. The song is not unlike the English O Waly Waly, and of my six versions, five were discovered in Halifax County, the most prolific part of the Maritimes for songs.

PEGGY GORDON

Peggy Gordon you are my darling,  
Come set yourself down on my  
knee,  
And tell to me the very reason  
Why I am slighted so much by  
thee

I'm deep in love and I cannot  
bear it,  
My heart is smothered within  
my breast,  
I fain would let the whole  
world know it  
For a troubled mind never has  
no rest.



I leaned my head on a cask of  
brandy  
Which is my fancy I do declare,  
And while I'm drinking I'm  
always thinking  
How I'm to gain this young lady  
fair.

I leaned my back against a  
white oak  
Thinking it was a trusty tree,  
But first it bent and then  
I broke it,  
That is the way my love did  
serve me.

I wish my love was one red rosy  
A-growing over yonder wall  
And I myself was a falling dew drop,  
It's in her bosom that I might fall.

I wish I was as far from India,  
As far as my two eyes could see,  
A-sailing over the deep blue  
waters  
Where love nor care does not  
trouble me.

The ocean's deep and I cannot  
wade it,  
Neither have I got wings to fly,  
I wish I had some jolly boatman  
To ferry over my love and I.

I will go down in some lonesome  
valley,  
There I will spend the rest of  
my life,  
Where the pretty little birds are  
always singing,  
And every one sings a different  
tune.

I wish I was in Pennslvania  
Where the marble stones are as  
black as ink,  
Where the pretty girls they would  
adore me,  
I'll sing no more till I get a drink.

Sung by Mr. Grace Clergy, East  
Petpeswick, July 1951.

SIDE I, Band 8:

WHAT HARM HAS JESUS DONE?

It was a rare treat to visit the  
home of Mr. Charles Owens at  
Bridgetown where he and his  
family at a moment's notice  
could gather together and sing  
for hours in solo, unison, or  
harmony. Sometimes they would  
accompany one another or them-  
selves on guitar or banjo, and at

other times sing in the more  
usual traditional way without any  
accompaniment. Mr. Owens was  
ninety-nine when this recording  
was made, a tall fine looking  
Negro even at that age, who still  
walked, played the drum, and  
testified for the Salvation Army.  
I recorded him again at one  
hundred and he was still singing  
at one hundred and one, the year  
of his death. Other members of  
his family have been seen to  
excellent effect in the Canadian  
television production, Land of  
the Old Songs where they sing  
sitting on a bank beyond a lily  
pond, a charming setting. They  
are slave descendants whose  
ancestors probably brought this  
Jubilee song with them in their  
great migration from the United  
States. Or perhaps he picked  
it up in his sea-going days before  
his marriage, although that is  
unlikely for he assured me he  
had never heard it from any  
group but their own.

WHAT HARM HAS JESUS DONE?

CHORUS:

Tell me what harm has Jesus done  
you,

What harm has Jesus done you,  
What harm has Jesus done you?  
Sinners all hate him so. (repeat)

The Jews they took poor Jesus  
And they nailed him to the tree,  
They hewed him out a heavy cross  
To carry up Calvary,  
Oh, to carry up Calvary,  
To carry up Calvary,  
They hewed him out a heavy cross  
To carry up Calvary.

They gave Him a cup of vinegar  
And they gave Him a cup of gall,  
He drank from the rim to the  
bottom of the cup  
He never spoke a murmuring  
word,  
No he never spoke a murmuring  
word,  
He never spoke a murmuring  
word,  
He drank from the rim to the  
bottom of the cup,  
He never spoke a murmuring  
word.

(CHORUS - twice)

You see Brother Gabriel in the  
morning  
Stretching forth his mighty line,  
With the sheep on the right and  
the goats on the left

And they never ran together no  
more,  
No they never run together no  
more,  
No they never run together no  
more,  
With the sheep on the right and  
the goats on the left  
And they never run together no  
more.

(CHORUS)

Sung by Mr. Chas. Owens and  
family, Bridgetown, June 1953.

SIDE I, Band 9:

MY GALLANT BRIGANTINE

To think of Mrs. Gallagher is to  
become dewy-eyed with the  
weight of pleasant memories. She  
was the wife of the Chebucto Head  
lightkeeper when I first knew her  
and lived, as she said, in her  
eyrie at the top of a steep cliff at  
the entrance to Halifax Harbour.  
She was a blithe person who  
radiated happiness, and there was  
always laughter and good cheer in  
her house where her songs and her  
husband's stories were a never-  
failing source of enjoyment. Mrs.  
Gallagher was one of the first  
of my folksingers to perform on a  
radio series in the years 1938 and  
39, delighting all who knew her.  
Of Scotch descent, her songs had  
been learned mostly from her  
mother. Note the tenderness of  
the last line of this song - a tender-  
ness which only a mother herself  
could feel. This final line is a  
matter for argument among our  
singers, some of whom insist it  
should be that the sailor's wife  
ran away with another man.  
Others agree with Mrs. Gallagher.

MY GALLANT BRIGANTINE

As I strayed ashore one evening from  
my gallant brigantine,  
In the island of Jamaica where I have  
lately been,  
Being tired of my wandering I sat  
me down to rest,  
And I sang a song of my native land,  
the song that I love best.

Oh when my song was ended, my mind  
was more at ease,  
I rose to pick some oranges that hung  
down from the trees,  
It was there I saw a fair maid who  
filled me with delight,  
She wore the robe of innocence, her  
dress was snowy white.



Her dress was snowy white, my boys,  
her spencer it was green,  
A silken shawl hung round her neck  
her shoulders for to screen,  
Her hair hung down in ringlets, and  
it was black as sloes,  
Her teeth were like the ivory white,  
her cheeks were like the rose.

So boldly I accosted her, "Good  
morning my pretty fair maid,"  
So kindly she saluted me, "Good  
morning sir," she said,  
"I think you are a sailor just lately  
come from sea,"  
"I do belong to yonder ship lies  
anchored in the Bay."

Then we both sat down together and  
we chatted for a while,  
I told her many a curious tale which  
caused her for to smile,  
And when she rose to leave me these  
words to me addressed,  
Saying, "Come and see my husband,  
he will treat you to the best."

Was then she introduced me to a  
noble looking man,  
Most kindly he saluted me and shook  
me by the hand,  
The wine being on the table and  
dinner served up soon,  
Oh we both sat down together, spent  
a jolly afternoon.

Now there's one thing more I have to  
say before my tale is done,  
It's Harry Rysall is my name, I am  
a married man,  
Three weeks before I left the shore  
my troubles they began,  
For by the powers above the wife I  
love brought me a baby son.

Sung by Mrs. Edward Gallagher,  
Chebucto Head, Sept. 17, 1949.

#### SIDE I, Band 10: YOUNG RILEY

Folk songs tell many stories of  
parents who gave violent objection  
to the marriage of their young  
folk and usually lived to rue the  
day. After all, this is the stuff  
that stories are made of, and  
this particular subject often be-  
comes highly dramatic as the tale  
unfolds. This song is popular in  
the Maritime Provinces and New-  
foundland, but none of my singers  
makes each word and note count  
with quite the sympathy and  
understanding of Mrs. Gallagher.  
She loved all her songs, from the  
opening to the closing note, and  
to her every word was important.

#### YOUNG RILEY

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

John Riley is my true love's name,  
lived near the town of Brae,  
My mother took me by the hand,  
these very words did say,  
"If you be fond of Riley he must  
quit this countree,  
For your father sweers he'll take  
his life, so shun his company."

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

Ellen took the money and to Riley  
she did run,  
Saying, "This very night to take  
your life, my father charged  
a gun,  
Here is one thousand pounds in  
gold, my mother sent to you,  
So sail away to Americay and I will  
follow you."  
Riley took the money and next day  
he sailed away,  
But before he put his foot on board,  
these words to her did say,  
"Here is a token of true love, we'll  
break it now in two,  
My heart and half this ring is yours,  
till I will find out you."

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

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

Sung by Mrs. Edward Gallagher,  
Chebucto Head, Sept. 1950.

#### SIDE II, Band 1:

#### ON BOARD OF THE VICTORY

Mr. Clergy lived on the shore of  
Petpeswick Harbour and like so  
many coastal people, his house  
was perched high upon a hill.  
From here he could look out upon  
the water and, although his har-  
bour was too shallow for big  
ships, he could ponder upon the  
lives of men who sailed to dis-  
tant lands. Many of his songs,  
like those of most Maritimers,  
have a sea motif and many tell of  
love. As in this song, the two  
are wedded. It is only from Mr.  
Clergy that I have heard On  
Board of the Victory, nor have I  
ever seen it in print. He learned  
it from his father, a noted singer  
in his day in the Petpeswick and  
Chezzetcook area. Although Mr.  
Clergy was entirely English-  
speaking, his name is French and  
was originally Clergie. His  
mother, named Bonang, was also  
French.

#### ON BOARD OF THE VICTORY

I am a noble lady,  
My fortune it is great,  
My tongue is scarcely able  
My sorrows to relate,  
For the courting of a young man  
Who was so dear to me,  
He's ploughing the main ocean  
On board of the Victory.

It's on my bed each night I lie  
No comfort can I find,  
The thoughts of my true love  
Still running in my mind,  
I think I can embrace him,  
And his fond company,  
My heart lies in his bosom  
On board of the Victory.

His eyes were like two diamonds  
Bright as the rising moon,  
His cheeks were like two roses  
That bloom in the month of June,  
He is so neatly composed  
And in ev-er-y degree  
My heart lies in his bosom  
On board of the Victory.

Sung by Mr. Grace Clergy,  
East Petpeswick, August 1951.

#### SIDE II, Band 2:

#### ALL AROUND MY HAT

This variant of the song, All  
Around My Hat, may have come



by way of Prince Edward Island, for Mr. O'Brien left his Nova Scotia home at Spry Bay at the age of six and lived there for the next thirteen years. He has done some fishing and mining in his day, and my regret is that I did not find him earlier. His repertoire by 1953 had become depleted and I suspect a good many cherished songs have died with him. Further words for this song are in the book, "Maritime Folk Songs", and my earlier book, "Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia." It took over fifteen years to find enough singers to put their bits and pieces together and make a complete song. A version from Petpeswick was used in the folk opera, "The Broken Ring."

#### ALL AROUND MY HAT

Young men are false, oh they are  
so deceiving,  
Young men are false and they  
seldom prove true,  
For their rambling and ranging,  
their minds is always  
changing,  
Always a-looking for some fair  
one that's new.

Seven long years th-at I have spent  
in courting,  
Seven long years th-at I have spent  
in vain,  
But since it is my fortune that I  
must marry an old man  
Never will I ramble so far, far  
again.

All around my hat I will wear a  
green laurel  
All around my hat for six long  
years or more,  
And if anyone should ask me why  
I wear that laurel  
I'll tell them I am slighted by my  
true love John.

O if I only had my own heart to  
keep it,  
O if I only had my own heart again  
I would roll it in my bosom and  
keep it there forever,  
Never would I ramble so far far  
again.

Sung by Mr. Neil O'Brien,  
Pictou, July 1953.

SIDE II, Band 3:

#### I DYED MY PETTICOAT RED

Without the words this song does

not make much sense, and even with them you are not much farther ahead. This is a tongue twister, called by Mr. Porter Brigley a comical song. Sitting on his back steps as he cleaned mackerel he hollered it out at the top of his voice, justly proud of his facility with the difficult words. It is an old Jacobite song known as Shule Aroon or Shule Agra. It is fun to sing as you will discover if you try to learn it.

#### I DYED MY PETTICOAT RED

I wish and I wish and I wish in  
vain,  
I wish I was a young maid again,  
A maid again I never shall be  
Till apples grow on an orange tree.

#### CHORUS:

Shoal, shoal, shoal de back-er-ol,  
Show de ramsack call the popatoo,  
While they call the cat the  
kiddleyack,  
A-widdley widdley wum,  
Till they niddleyack niddleyack  
night night night

I dyed my petticoat, I dyed them red,  
And around the world I begged my  
bread,  
Friends and relations think that me  
dead,  
Call the cat the kiddleyack the low.

#### (CHORUS)

I churned my butter with a bullikin  
boot  
And I churned it round with a bloody  
old scoot,  
Some friends and relations think it  
was a-cute,  
Call the cat the kiddleyack the low.

#### (CHORUS)

Sung by Mr. Porter Brigley,  
Queensland, July 1951.

SIDE II, Band 4:

#### ORAN DO CHEAP BREATAINN

This song is almost the national anthem of that part of Nova Scotia known as Cape Breton, an island settled mostly by Scots and Acadian French. It was written by Mr. Dan Alex MacDonald of Framboise who kindly gave me permission to use it. This will also be published in a book of Gaelic songs which Major Calum

MacLeod and I are preparing, and which will be a publication of the National Museum of Canada. An English translation will explain that this is a song written in praise of Cape Breton's beautiful countryside and all the natural charms that fill the heart with pride. The war, probably the first Great War is on, and there is sadness over the land for those who will not return. It is a great favourite among our Gaelic-speaking singers.

#### ÒRAN DO CHEAP BREATAINN

'S e Ceap Breatainn tìr mo ghraìdh,  
Tìr nan craobh, 's nam beanntan  
àrd';  
'S e Ceap Breatainn tìr mo  
ghràìdh,  
Tìr is àillidh leinn air thalamh.

Bho'n a tha mi anns an àm,  
Còmhnaidh ann an tìr nam beann;  
'S ged a tha mo Ghàidhlig gann,  
Ni mi rann do thìr nan gleannan.

Chan urrainn dhòmh-sa chur air  
dòigh,  
No chur sìos le briathran-beòil;  
Na tha mhaise agus glòir  
Còmhnaidh ann an tìr nam beannachd.

Àit as maisich' tha fo'n ghréin,  
Smeòraich seinn air bhàrr nan geug;  
Gobhlan-gaoithe cluich ri chéil',  
'S a nead gléidhte fo na ceangail.

Feasgar foghair àm an fheòir,  
'N uair a dhunadh oirnn na neòil.  
Ceò na mara tighinn 'n a thòrr,  
'S e 'n a sgleò air bhàrr nam beannaibh.

'N uair théid a' ghrian do'n àird an iar,  
'S a thig an dealt air an fhìar;  
'S binne leam guth nan ian,  
Seinn cho dian air bhàrr nam  
meangan.

Chluinntè bellichean le gliong,  
Air a' chrodh ri taobh a' ghlinn;  
'S na laoigh òga stigh 's na tuim,  
'S iad fo chuing na cuileig seangaich.

Anns a' gheamhradh, àm an fhuachd,  
Àm nam bannsean, àm nan luadh,  
Chluninntè gillean air cléith-luaidh,  
'S gruagaich' le guth' cruaidh 'g an  
leantainn.

'N uair bhiodh am fùcadh ullamh,  
réidh,  
Chuir' an fhidheall sin air ghleus;  
Dhannsamaid air ùrlar réidh,  
Gur e "Cabar Féidh" bu mhath leinn.



Chìte cailleach ghasda, chòir,  
Tìghinn mu'n cuairt a thomhas a chlò;  
An cromadh aice air à dòrn,  
'S cha robh dòigh ac' air a mealladh.

'S e chuir mise nochd fo bhron,  
Cuimhneachadh air làithean m'òig';  
'N fheadhainn a bhiodh leinn ri spòrs,  
Gu bheil cuid dhiubh nach'eil maireann.

'S ged a dh'fhalbh a' chuid sin bhuainn,  
Chaidh iad anns an dachaidh bhuan;  
Ann am pàileas Rìgh an t-sluaigh,  
Far' eil sòlas buan bhios maireann.

Am Framboise fhuair mi m'arach òg,  
Ann an nàbachd Chlann Mhic Leòid;  
'S tric bha sinn ri mir' is spòrs,  
Làithean sòlasach nach maireann.

Chan urrainn dhòmh-sa leth dhuibd inns',  
Na tha mhaisealachd 's an tìr;  
Stadaidh mi bho'n tha mi sgìth,  
Beannachd leibh, is oidhche mhath leibh.

Composed by Mr. Dan Alex McDonald,  
Framboise.

This is a song in praise of Cape Breton, its hills, trees, and mountains. The war is on (the first Great War) and there is sadness over the land. Sung by John Ranny McReigen.

SIDE II, Band 5:

#### A MAID I AM IN LOVE

Names like Willie, Jimmy, and John often appear in folk songs, but unusual names seldom turn up. I was therefore surprised to find the hero of this song called Jutney and one day called on Mrs. Marshall's father, Mr. Gamble of Amherst from whom she had learned it, and asked him about it. He said it should be Jimmy which seems much more likely, but when songs are transmitted solely by word of mouth the surprise is that changes occur so seldom. Jimmy rolls more smoothly off the tongue, and I suggest you use it if you sing this tuneful song. Mrs. Marshall with whom I have often conferred on the subject of haunted houses and ghost lore kindly sent it to me, and it is the only variant I have.

#### A MAID I AM IN LOVE

A maid I am in love and I dare not complain,  
For the sake of a sailor lad I have crossed the raging main,

And if I do not find him I shall mourn  
him constantly,  
And for the sake of Jutney a maid I'll  
live and die.

Blue jacket and white trousers this  
fair maid she put on,  
And loke a jolly sailor lad she boldly  
marched along,  
She bargained with the captain his  
mate all for to be,  
For to be his own companion across  
the briny sea.

One night as they were talking and  
just a-going to bed  
He smiled and said unto her, "I  
wish that you were a maid,  
Your ruby lips and rosy cheeks they  
so entices me,  
That I do wish with all my heart you  
were a maid for me."

"Oh no, oh no, dear captain, your talk  
it's all in vain,  
And if the lads should hear of this of  
you they's make great game,  
But when our barque does reach the  
shore some pretty girls we'll  
find,  
We'll dance and sport among them, we  
are both well inclined."

"Twas about a fortnight later their  
barque did reach the shore,  
"Fare thee well dear captain for I  
ne'er shall see you more,  
A sailor as I was on board, a maid  
I am on shore,  
Fare thee well dear captain for I ne'er  
shall see you more."

"Come back, come back my pretty  
fair maid and stay along with  
me,  
I have a handsome fortune that I will  
give to thee,  
Five thousand pounds all in bright  
gold guarantee on you I'll  
bind  
If you'll come back my pretty fair  
maid and say that you'll be  
mine."

"Oh no, oh no dear captain your  
talk is all in vain,  
For I'm in search of a sailor lad  
who's crossed the raging main,  
And if I do not find him I shall mourn  
him constantly,  
And for the love of Jutney a maid  
I'll live and die."

Sung by Mrs. Stan Marshall, Truro,  
Sept. 3, 1952.

SIDE II, Band 6:

#### IN CUPID'S COURT

This pleasant love song is so much in the popular tradition that I wonder it was not sung to me more often. Mr. Clergy said his father and older brother both sang it, but he himself had never heard it from anyone else, nor have I. Brief courtships and sudden marriages were quite the thing in an earlier day if we can go by the words of such folk songs as this and I have often marvelled at the speed with which supposedly demure young lasses of that time made up their minds and settled down for life with their man who until that day or the day before was a total stranger.

#### IN CUPID'S COURT

As I rode out one morning  
Down by a riverside,  
To catch some trout and salmon  
Where the streams they gently glide,  
Down by a brook my way I took  
And there I chanced to spy  
A comely maid both tall and fair  
Just as she passed me by.

The praises of this comely maid  
I mean for to unfold,  
Her hair was black as any jet,  
Blew carelessly and bold,  
Her pretty fingers long and slim  
Just like the amber whale,  
Her skin was fair as any swan  
Swam on yon purling stream.

"Are you a stranger in this part?"  
She unto me did say,  
"Was you brought up in Cupid's court,  
Or what brought you this way?  
Are you an angler, kind sir," says she,  
"Down by yon river clear,  
Or was it Cupid sent you here  
Young virgins to ensnare?"

"It was Cupid sent me here  
My fortune for to win,  
And if I could but gain you  
Would I be free from sin?  
The very first view I had of you  
My heart was in a flame,  
Publish the bann, give me your hand  
And pity me, fair maid."

"My hand and heart I give to you  
That's if you love me true,  
But I'm afraid it's policy,  
Your love it is so new,  
Young men they are deceiving  
And varying in their minds,"  
"Publish the bann, give me your hand  
And forever I'll prove kind."



Hand in hand to church they went  
And joined they were for life,  
Instead of catching salmon  
He caught a prudent wife,  
Hand in hand to church they went  
And joined they were for life,  
Instead of catching salmon  
He caught a prudent wife.

Sung by Mr. Grace Clergy,  
East Petpeswick, July 1951.

SIDE II, Band 7:

#### KELLY THE PIRATE

Since it was a quest for pirate songs that started my career in folklore, it seems fitting that one at least should have a place on this record. Other pirate songs have turned up from many sources, but this particular one has come to me only from Mr. Slaunwhite. Looking around the sheltered harbour at Terence Bay it seems likely that boats with the emblem of skull and crossbones must have sheltered here, for there are many stories of their plundering along maritime shores. The song did not originate here although you might think so from the way local place names have been neatly fitted in, such as Terence Bay quills and sailing around Canso. Dr. W. Roy Mackenzie has three variants from Nova Scotia's north shore where Kelly is described as an arch pirate who was sent to jail as soon as this engagement was over.

#### KELLY THE PIRATE

Beware of that shaft frigate  
Our ship of great fame;  
We fought these bold pirates,  
George Kelly's my name.  
Till a man from our foretop  
So loud he did cry,  
Says "Yonder there's a cutter,  
She seems to lay by."

Up aloft boys and outreefs  
And see everything clear,  
Then it's up with our helm  
And after her steer.  
Now it's all hands to quarters  
Our ship for to fight,  
In hopes to come up with  
Bold Kelly this night.

We sailed along till  
We came within shot,  
But those saucy bold pirates  
They valledied <sup>1</sup> us not.

We sailed along  
Till we came within hail,  
Then we clapped a few Terrance Bay  
Quills in her tail.

Then it's yardarm for yardarm  
So closely we lie  
Till the watch from our great gun  
Through her rigging did fly.  
Surrounding great mettle  
We peppered her main  
And around in old Canso  
We played them this game.

Now the prize we have taken  
Is all for her name,  
She's the Leo of Britain  
From Duncast she came,  
Our merchants to plunder  
To rob and destroy,  
And it's poor Captain Kelly  
Whom I do defy.

Sung by Mr. David Slaunwhite,  
Terence Bay and recorded by  
Helen Creighton, Sept. 1950.

<sup>1</sup>valued

SIDE II, Band 8:

#### HARBOUR GRACE DIDDLE

The whole Petpeswick area east of Halifax was full of songs in its day. Many are in my recorded unpublished collection, and others are in my various books. The Youngs (Mr. Clergy was also connected with this family) were particularly musical, and songs were of great importance in their lives. Mr. Berton Young had sailed for twenty-five years as mate on schooners where he had often exchanged songs and picked up many interesting customs, like that of singing for a dance when no musical instrument was available. This is called chin or mouth music in some parts of the Maritime Provinces, and cheek-music in Newfoundland. Mr. Young makes his own explanation. Like the Clergy's, this family is also thought to have a French origin.

#### HARBOUR GRACE DIDDLE (Dance Music)

Asked what they used to do for music when they wanted to dance and had no instrument, Mr. Young said:

"In Newfoundland they'd lay back and do chin music. Here (at

Petpeswick) they'd whistle and sing a tune." He demonstrates this on the tape by diddling Wilson's Clog. "One feller would do that and the bunch would be dancing. He'd be settin' down; it wasn't necessary for him to set, he'd be actin' a fool. I call that diddlin' a tune."

"In Newfoundland they did cheek (pronounced chake) music." Sings):

Harbour Grace is a pretty place  
And so is Peeley's Island,  
Daddy's going to buy me a brand  
new dress  
When the boys comes home from  
swilin'.

#### CHORUS:

Aye diddy ooden idden aye,  
Aye diddy ooden idden andy,  
Aye diddy ooden idden aye,  
Aye diddy ooden andy.

"We'd get a bunch to meet of an evening, five or six old fellers and three or four women and they'd say, 'Let's have a couple of sets,' and some old feller'd have no music and someone would say, 'Here, you go to work and give us a little cheek music,' and one old feller'd set down on the floor and haul his legs up and put his elbows on his knees, and his chin on them under his jaw, and he'd set there and sing for hours. They used to call it chake music; that's the closest they could get to cheek."

As sung and told by Mr. Berton Young, West Petpeswick, August 1951.

Swilin' (pronounced swyling) is the term used for baby seal fishing.

See Mr. John Obe Smith's variant in this volume.

SIDE II, Band 9:

#### YOUNG BEICHAN (LORD BATEMAN)

Lord Bateman, to use its more familiar title, was a long time in making its appearance in my collection but once found it has turned up many times. Mr. Slaunwhite at the age of seventy-five sang this long narrative ballad slowly and one can picture the fishermen of his day and long before sitting in fish house or country store mending their nets or whittling seagulls



from bifs of wood as the tale unfolded. In the "Land of the Old Songs" television production this song opens the program, another Terence Bay fisherman singing it as his boat is rowed gently over the waters of this picturesque harbour. The ballad has provided entertainment through many generations, and is by far the oldest song on this record. If not actually founded on the story of Gilbert Becket, father of St. Thomas the Martyr, it has at least been effected by it.

#### YOUNG BEICHAN (LORD BATEMAN)

Lord Bateman was a noble lord,  
A noble lord of high degree,  
He shipped himself on board some ship,  
'n  
Some foreign counteree for to go see.

He sailed east and he sailed west  
Until he came unto Turkey,  
There he was taken and put in prison  
Until his life it was almost gone.

The squire had one only daughter,  
An only daughter, a lady fair,  
She stole the keys of her father's  
prison  
And swore Lord Bateman she would  
let free.

She took him down in her father's  
cellar  
And treated him to the best of wine,  
And every health that she drank unto  
him,  
"I wish Lord Bateman that you were  
mine."

She took him down by the seaside,  
She gave to him a ship of fame,  
"Farewell, farewell oh," she cries,  
"Lord Bateman,  
I'm afraid I never shall see you  
again."

For seven years they made a vow,  
And seven more to keep it strong,  
"If you don't wed with no other fair  
maid,  
It's I'll not wed with no other man."

When seven years it was passed and  
over,  
And seven more it was drawing nigh,  
She packed up all her gayest clothing  
And swore, "Lord Bateman I must go  
find."

She sailed 'long until she came to  
Lord Bateman's castle,  
So loudly she rang the bell,

"Who's there, who's there?" cried  
this proud young porter,  
"Who's there, who's there, come and  
quickly tell."

She said, "Oh is this Lord Bâteman's  
castle,  
Or is Lord Bateman now within?"  
"Oh yes, oh yes," cried the proud  
young porter,  
He's just now taking his new bride  
in."

"Tell him to send me a slice of  
cake  
And a bottle of his best of wine,  
And to not forget oh this fair  
young lady  
That did release him of his close  
confine."

Away, away runs this proud young  
porter,  
Away, away, and away run he,  
And when he came to Lord Bateman's  
office  
Down on his two bended knees fell he.

"Now what's the matter, my proud  
young porter,  
What news, what news have you  
brought to me?"

"Outside the door stands a fair a  
creature  
As ever at my two eyes did see.

She has got rings onto every finger,  
And on the middle one she has got  
three,  
There's as much gay gold hanging  
round her middle  
That would buy all of North  
Cumberlee.

"She says to send her a slice of  
cake  
And a bottle of your best of wine,  
And to not forget oh that fair  
young lady  
Since Susie Pye she has crossed  
the sea."

Lord Bateman into a passion flew,  
He split his sword into splinters  
three,  
"No more I'll ramble this wide world  
over  
Since Susie Pye she has crossed the  
sea."

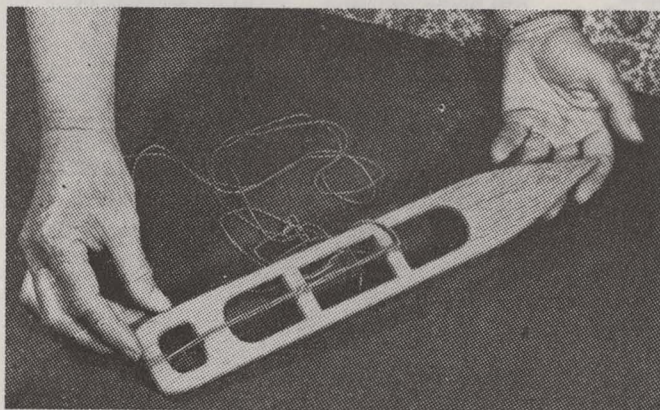
O then up speaks the young bride's  
mother  
Who never was knowing for to speak  
so free,  
"It's don't forget oh my only  
daughter  
Which out of prison has set you  
free."

"I never made your daughter my  
bride,  
She's none the better of worse  
of me,  
She came to me on a horse and  
saddle,  
She may drive back on a coach and  
three."

Sung by Mr. David Slauenwhite,  
Terrance Bay, Sept. 1950.



# Song Chaser, Helen Creighton



Nova Scotia's famed folklorist, Dr. Helen Creighton, has been chasing songs most of her adult life and in the course of a rich and rewarding career she has uncovered a wealth of musical treasure scattered throughout Canada's colourful maritime provinces. In her quest for authentic folk songs and folk tales she is a tireless traveller to the provinces' many ports and fishing villages where old-timers readily record their repertoire of old songs for her, or into sun-drenched fields where farmers sing their work songs as the golden grain is lifted onto wagons. She has scoured many of Nova Scotia's wave-lashed off-shore islands to track down a song, travelling about Bon Portage Island by ox-team, and trundelling her modern tape recorder around Devil's Island in a wheel-barrow. Above, on a jetty strewn with lobster pots, William Gilkie of Sambro, N.S., records some songs. Above, left, Helen Creighton displays a "Seaman's Puzzle"—part of her folklore collection. Sailors were given puzzle when imprisoned, kept prisoner until cord was removed.

For many years Helen Creighton's search for songs was basically a labour of love. Recent years have brought her national and international recognition as well as 3 Rockefeller fellowships and 3 Canada Council grants to enable her to continue her valuable work.



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- FX041 Sounds of African Horns
- FX042 Sounds of Locomotive 1, 2
- FX043 Sounds Steam Locomotive 2, 3
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- FC7021 Wonderful N. Y., Seeger
- FC7022 Animal Songs, 2, Mills
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