

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FH 5210

# Champlain Valley Songs

From the Marjorie L. Porter Collection of North Country Folklore

## Sung by Pete Seeger

Notes by Marjorie L. Porter and Kenneth S. Goldstein



COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

M  
1629.6  
C5  
S452  
1960

MUSIC LP



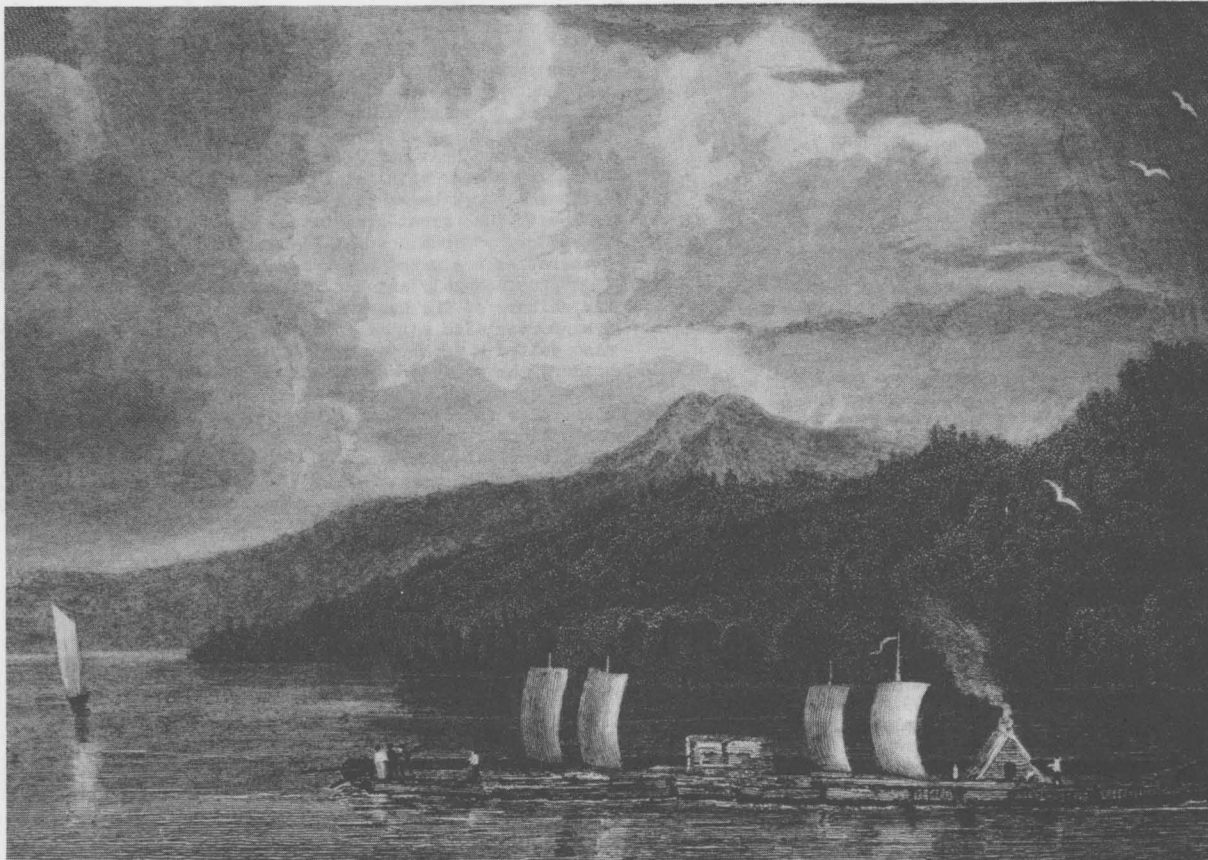
SENECA CANOE SONG  
ISABEAU S'Y PROMENEAU  
THE VALIANT SOLDIER  
ELDER BORDEE  
JOHN RILEY  
THE BANKS OF CHAMPLAIN  
Fife Tunes: ROSLIN CASTLE  
BOYNE WATER  
UN CANADIEN ERRANT  
ONCE MORE A-LUMBERING GO  
THE SHANTYMAN'S LIFE  
LES RAFTSMEN (Mother Gauthier's)  
LILY OF THE LAKE  
VIVE LA CANADIENNE  
HOW'RE YOU ON FOR STAMPS TODAY  
CLARA NOLAN'S BALL  
YOUNG CHARLOTTE  
JOHN BROWN'S BODY

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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET



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Log raft on Lake Champlain, 1823; From John Kiehl's framed print, Willsboro Point

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of North Country Folklore

### SIDE I

- Band 1: SENECA CANOE SONG
- Band 2: ISABEAU S'Y PROMENEAU
- Band 3: THE VALIANT SOLDIER
- Band 4: ELDER BORDEE
- Band 5: JOHN RILEY
- Band 6: THE BANKS OF CHAMPLAIN
- Band 7: Fife Tunes: ROSLIN CASTLE  
BOYNE WATER
- Band 8: UN CANADIEN ERRANT

### SIDE II

- Band 1: ONCE MORE A-LUMBERING GO
- Band 2: THE SHANTYMAN'S LIFE
- Band 3: LES RAFTSMEN (Mother Gautier's)
- Band 4: LILY OF THE LAKE
- Band 5: VIVE LA CANADIENNE
- Band 6: HOW'RE YOU ON FOR STAMPS TODAY?
- Band 7: CLARA NOLAN'S BALL
- Band 8: YOUNG CHARLOTTE
- Band 9: JOHN BROWN'S BODY

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## ABOUT THE NORTH COUNTRY

Perhaps there is no other section of Northeastern United States in which the wilderness flavor has persisted more strongly than it has in the Adirondacks, the "beaver hunting country of the Iroquois." Yet on the waterways which surround that region- the St. Lawrence river and seaway, the Erie canal, Lake Ontario, the Hudson and that famous highway of nations, Lake Champlain- the flavor is different and smacks of travel and commerce- of the outside world and of today's changing picture.

The "forever wild" flavor has to do with the character of the land itself, its high peaks, remote storied passes, palisade-like granite mountainsides, jutting cliffs and mysterious caves. It is an accessible yet still partially unexplored region where Stonish Giants and King Iron keep secrets unrevealed. Here, amidst primeval grandeur, streams large and small, tumble their way to lower levels seeking outlet. Here, dark clouds are driven low over green valleys or, like puffs of down, punctuate a bright summer sky above Tahawus, Wallface, the Giant and marching Adirondack ranges.

Indians - Iroquois and Algonquin, fished and hunted here, and warred for centuries up and down the 130-mile-long Lake Champlain corridor-up and down the St. Lawrence. Many place names they chose are in use today. Their legends are woven into the fabric of our history. And today, the 75-year-old New York State Forest preserve holds in trust for the people, their lands and forests, only reservations along the St. Lawrence river and elsewhere, remaining for them to call home. And still, the very genius of the region speaks of long-age times when only native Red Men and wilderness creatures roamed the Adirondacks.

The region speaks too, of Frenchmen, Englishmen and Colonial Yankees, all of whom struggled for controlled in turn the valley that is the "gate of the country" first seen by white men in 1609. Fort ruins and sites along the shores of Lake Champlain and down the Richelieu river to the St. Lawrence, tell the story. But not all -- for since the war of 1812 no armed vessel (save a Coast Guard cutter carrying a 1-lb. cannon!) has disturbed the peaceful expanse of the lake. The North Country saga has to do in large part, with the arrival of settlers from New England, the lower Hudson valley and Canada-- adventurous young fathers and mothers bent on taming the powerful waters, the inimical forests and the mineral wealth of a semi-arctic land in which speculators were sub-dividing immense tracts purchased "for a song" with one purpose in mind -- to make money.

Free of the obligations of war and military service except for annual training days of the local militia companies, communities having a toe-hold at the mouths of such rivers as the Great Chazy, the Great AuSable, the Saranae and the Boquet, all on the west side of the lake, flourished as saw and grist mills, lumber yards, iron forges, furnaces and iron works, tanneries and brick yards, supported by water power, supplied pioneer needs then reached out to market north and south. (following completion of the Champlain canal in 1823) Farther and farther up the rivers and into the wilderness people went, cutting jagged trails, laying plank roads and looking to the survey of turnpike routes. And everywhere they journeyed - by canoe, afoot, ox cart and horseback, they took their traditions, their willow slips, their strong drink and their songs!

It is good today, to find the great-great-grandsons and daughters of that doughty race, nationally intermingled, singing the ancient tunes and their variations, recounting in song the tales of Scotland, Ireland, France and England. It is good, too, to hear in song the story of lumbering and iron mining in Northern New York, of murders recalled by oldest residents, of boating on lake and river, of battles, of risible-tickling events or of smuggling along the border. Here is a folk treasure continually dissipated through the death

of such singers as John Galusha, (Yankee John) Lily Delorme, Amos Blood, Margaret Bates, Merton Delorme, Peter Wells and such lore-saturated Adirondackers as Abram Kilburne, Dana Lawrence, Edwin Mead and all those who so generously give of their time and strength so that it may all be "put down" for their descendents--living history. Our debt is to them and--our thanks!

### Marjorie Lansing Porter

Historian of the City of Plattsburgh for the past 18 years and of both Clinton and Essex counties successively, Mrs. Porter is a descendent of New England and Hudson valley people who took part in establishing three Champlain valley communities in the 1790's. She is the mother of three sons (West Point, Annapolis and Univ. of Florida) and two daughters; also grandmother of nineteen boys and girls. Her historical work began in 1940 and her newspaper work in 1941. (one great-grandfather was founder of the Essex County Republican at Keeseville in 1839, a grandfather and grandmother owners and editors of a Plattsburgh weekly and her father and mother owners and editors of The Essex County Republican, which Mrs. Porter also edited in the 1940's. Mrs. Porter also edited a weekly at Rouses Point on the Canadian border, the women's section of the Plattsburgh daily and is currently an assoc-editor of North Country Life. Her interest in folklore and ballads of the North Country became active in 1941 as one phase of her historical work, when it was still possible to find many older people willing to share their treasure of material. Mrs. Porter's headquarters is her home at Keene on the AuSable river in the heart of the high peak area of the Adirondacks.

Notes by Kenneth S. Goldstein and Marjorie Porter

#### Side I, Band 1: SENECA CANOE SONG

This Seneca canoe song was learned from the singing of Ray Fadden, teacher, Iroquois Indian historian, authority and museum keeper at the St. Regis Mohawk Reservation on the northern boundary of New York State. By his work through the Akwesasne Mohawk Organization, he has succeeded in passing on to younger generations of St. Regis Mohawks much of the traditional lore of their ancestors.

#### Side I, Band 2: ISABEAU S'Y PROMENEAU

This old French song is known in several variant forms in French Canada, from whence it came to the Adirondacks. The slow melancholy setting for this version is in direct contrast to a dance tune variant collected by Marius Barbeau in Canada.

The version sung here was collected by Mrs. Porter from the singing of Peter Wells, now of Keene, New York. Wells, lumberjack, boatman and blacksmith, was of French-Canadian extraction.

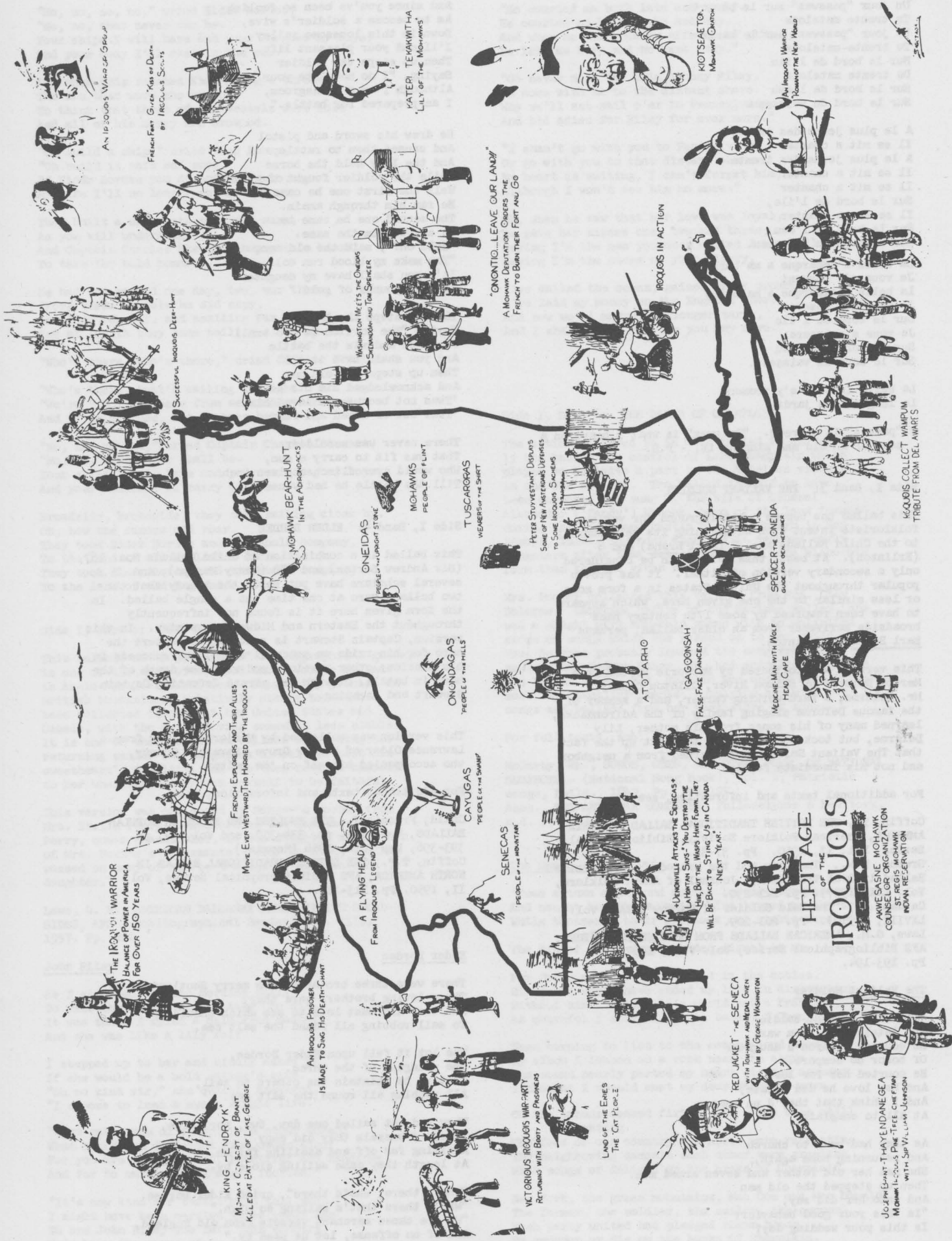
For additional texts & information, see:

Fowke, E., FOLK SONGS OF QUEBEC, Waterloo, Ontario, 1957. Pp. 74-75.  
Barbeau, M., ALOUETTE!, Montreal, 1946. Pp. 147-150.  
Gagnon, E., CHANSONS POPULAIRES DU CANADA, Montreal 1880. Pp. 37-39.

#### Isabeau S'y Promeneau

La Belle Isabeau s'y promene  
Le long de son jardin  
Le Belle Isabeau s'y promene  
Le long de son jardin  
Le long de son jardin  
Sur le bord de l'ile,  
Le long de son jardin  
Sur le bord de l'eau  
Sur le bord du vaisseau.





AN IROQUOIS WARRIOR OF 1680

FRENCH FORT GIVEN TIPS OF DEER BY IROQUOIS SCOUTS

KATERI TEMAKWITHA 'LILY OF THE MOHAWKS'

KITSEAFETO, Mohawk Orator

AN IROQUOIS WARRIOR 'WOMAN OF THE NEW MOON'

Successful Iroquois Deer-Hunt

WASHINGTON MEETS THE ONEIDAS SAGANAWOH AND TOM SPENCER

"ONONTIO...LEAVE OUR LAND!" A MOHAWK DEPUTATION ORDERS THE FRENCH TO BURN THEIR FORT AND GO

IROQUOIS IN ACTION

IROQUOIS COLLECT WAMPUM TRIBUTE FROM DELAWARES

MOHAWK BEAR-HUNT IN THE ADIRONDACKS

ONEIDAS 'PEOPLE OF THE UPRIGHT STONE'

MOHAWKS 'PEOPLE OF FLINT'

TUSCARORAS 'MEMBERS OF THE SHIRT'

PETER STUYVESANT DEPLOYS SOME OF NEW AMSTERDAM'S DEFENSES TO SOME IROQUOIS SACHEMS

SPENCER THE ONEIDA GUIDE FOR GEN. NEPHEW

MOHAWK BEAR-HUNT

ONEIDAS 'PEOPLE OF THE UPRIGHT STONE'

ONONDAGAS 'PEOPLE OF THE HILLS'

ATOTARHO

'GAGOONSAH' FALSE-FACE DANCER

MEDICINE MAN WITH WOLF HEAD CAPE

THE IROQUOIS WARRIOR BALANCE OF POWER IN AMERICA FOR OVER 150 YEARS

FRENCH EXPLORERS AND THEIR ALLIES MOVE EAST WESTWARD, TO BE HARassed BY THE IROQUOIS

A FLYING HEAD FROM IROQUOIS LEGEND

CATUGAS 'PEOPLE OF THE SWAMP'

SENECAS 'PEOPLE OF THE MOUNTAIN'

'DEMONVILLE ATTACKS THE SENECAS' LA HARTON SAYS: 'YOU DESTROY THE HILL BUT THE WINDS HAVE FLOWN, THEY WILL BE BACK TO STING US IN CANADA NEXT YEAR.'

HERITAGE OF THE IROQUOIS

AWESASNE MOHAWK COUNSELOR ORGANIZATION ST. REGIS MOHAWK INDIAN RESERVATION

AN IROQUOIS PRISONER IS MADE TO SING HIS DEATH CHANT

VICTORIOUS IROQUOIS WAR-ARTY RETURNING WITH BOUNTY AND PRISONERS

LAND OF THE ERIES THE CAT PEOPLE

'RED JACKET' THE SENECA WITH 'TOMAHAWK' AND 'MELON CROWN' He is GEORGE WASHINGTON

JOSEPH SPHAT-THAVENDANIEGA MOHAWK IROQUOIS PINE-TREE CHIEFTAIN WITH SUP WILLIAM JOHNSON

Un jour "passvez" sur le barge\*  
Te trente matelots  
Un jour "passvez" sur le barge  
Te trente matelots  
Sur le bord de l'île  
De trente matelots  
Sur le bord de l'eau  
Sur le bord du vaisseau.

A le plus jeune des trente  
Il se mit a chanter  
A le plus jeune des trente  
Il se mit a chanter  
Il se mit a chanter  
Sur le bord de l'île,  
Il se mit a chanter  
Sur le bord de l'eau  
Sur le bord du vaisseau.

La belle s'embarque a ma barge  
Je vous s'y poserai  
La belle s'embarque a ma barge  
Je vous s'y poserai  
Sur le bord de l'île  
Je vous s'y poserai  
Sur le bord de l'eau  
Sur le bord du vaisseau.

La belle Isabeau s'y promene  
Le long de son jardin.

\* "passez" is correct. "Passvez" is what I heard on a  
tape of an old man singing it. - P.S.

#### Side I, Band 3: THE VALIANT SOLDIER

This ballad has become a battleground for various folklorists intent upon determining its relationship to the Child Ballads Nos. 7 (Earl Brand) and 8 (Erlinton). At best, this ballad can be considered only a secondary version of either. It has proven popular throughout the United States in a form more or less similar to the one given here, which appears to have been reworked by some 17th century hack broadside scrivener from an older ballad, perhaps Earl Brand or Erlinton.

This version was collected by Marjorie Porter from Merton Delorme of Salmon River, Clinton County. Mr. Delorme, a hard-working farmer, and a member of the famous Delorme singing family of the Adirondacks, learned many of his songs from his mother, Lily Delorme, but took special pains to point up the fact that The Valiant Soldier was learned from a neighbor and not his immediate family.

For additional texts and information, see:

Coffin, T., THE BRITISH TRADITIONAL BALLAD IN NORTH AMERICA, American Folklore Society, Bibliographical Series, Vol. II, 1950. Pp. 37-38.  
Greene, D.M., "The Lady and the Dragoon: A Broadside Ballad in Oral Tradition," Journal of Amer. Folklore, Vol. LXX (1957). Pp. 221-230.  
Cazden, N., "The Bold Soldier of Yarrow," JAF, Vol. LXVIII, (1950). Pp. 201-209.  
Laws, G.M., AMERICAN BALLADS FROM BRITISH BROADSIDES, AFS Bibliographical Series, Vol. VIII, 1957. Pp. 193-194.

#### The Valiant Soldier

'Tis of a valiant soldier  
Who lately come from war,  
He courted a baron's daughter  
Of honor do compare.  
He courted her for love,  
And her love he did obtain,  
And I think that they'd no reason  
At all to complain.

As they had been to church  
And returning home again,  
She met her old father and seven armed men.  
Then up stepped the old man  
And unto her did say,  
"Is this your good behavior?  
Is this your wedding day?"

And since you've been so foolish  
As to become a soldier's wife,  
Down in this lonesome valley  
I'll end your pleasant life.  
Then up steps the soldier  
Saying, "I do not like your prattle,  
Although I am a bridegroom,  
I am prepared for battle."

He drew his sword and pistol  
And caused them to rattle,  
And the lady held the horse  
While the soldier fought the battle.  
Well the first one he came to  
He ran him through amain.  
The second one he came to  
He served him the same.  
"Hold on!", said the old man,  
"You make my blood run cold.  
It's you shall have my daughter  
And 500 pounds of gold."

Then up steps the lady  
Saying "The portion is too small.  
Fight on and win the battle  
And you shall have it all.  
Then up steps the old man  
And acknowledged him his heir.  
'Twas not because he loved him  
'Twas out of dread and fear

There never was a soldier  
That was fit to carry a gun,  
Who would ever flinch a given inch  
Till the battle he had won.

#### Side I, Band 4: ELDER BORDEE

This ballad is a combination of Child Ballads Nos. 167 (Sir Andrew Barton) and 250 (Henry Martyn), and several scholars have put forth the theory that the two ballads were at one time but a single ballad. In the form given here it is found not infrequently throughout the Eastern and Midwestern states. In this version, Captain Stewart is sent out to capture the hero for his raids on peaceful ships, and succeeds in his mission; other versions end with the death of the hero in battle, or with the pirate defeating Captain Stewart and escaping.

This version was collected by Marjorie Porter from Lawrence Older of Middle Grove, Saratoga County, who accompanied himself on the guitar.

For additional texts and information, see:

Child, Francis J., THE ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH POPULAR BALLADS, Vol. III, pp. 334-350, and Vol. IV, pp. 393-396, New York, 1956 (Reprint).  
Coffin, T.P., THE BRITISH TRADITIONAL BALLAD IN NORTH AMERICA, AFS - Bibliographical Series, Vol. II, 1950. Pp. 113-115.

#### Elder Bordee

There were three brothers from merry Scotland,  
Three loving brothers were they,  
And they did cast lots to see which should go  
To sail robbing all round the salt sea.

The lot it fell upon Elder Bordee,  
The youngest of the three.  
That he to maintain the others to sail,  
All robbing all round the salt sea.

They had not sailed one day, two, nor three,  
Before 3 vessels they did espy  
Asailing far off and asailing far on.  
At length they came sailing close by.

"Who's there, who's there", cried Elder Bordee.  
"Who's there that's sailing so nigh."  
"We are three merchant vessels from old England,  
And if no offense, let us pass by."



"No, no, no, no," cried Elder Bordee,  
"No, no, that never can be.  
Your ships I will have and your cargoes my boys,  
And your body I'll cast in the sea."

And when this reached King Henry's throne,  
The man that wore the crown,  
To think that three of his vessels were lost  
And all of his merry men drowned.

"Oh build a ship," cried King Henry,  
"Oh build it safe and sure.  
If Elder Bordee you do not bring to me,  
My life I'll no longer endure."

They built a ship both safe and sure,  
As you will understand.  
And Captain Charles Stewart they put on board  
To take the bold command.

He had not sailed one day, two, nor three,  
'Fore three vessels he did espy,  
Asailing far off, and asailing far on,  
And at length they came sailing close by.

"Who's there, who's there," cried Captain Charles  
Stewart,

"Who's there, that's sailing so nigh?"  
"We're 3 bold robbers from merry Scotland,  
And if no offense, let us pass by."

"No, no, no, no," cried Captain Charles Stewart,  
"No, no, that never shall be.  
Your ships I will have and your cargoes, my boys,  
And your bodies I'll carry with me.

Broadside, broadside, they came sailing close by.  
Oh, how the canons did roar.  
They took Elder Bordee and his whole company,  
To the land of old England's shore.  
They took Elder Bordee and his whole company,  
To the land of old England's shore.

#### Side I, Band 5: JOHN RILEY

This ballad, no. N 37 in Laws' bibliographical guide,  
is one of the most widespread and favorite ballads  
in Anglo-American tradition. Frequently printed on  
British broadsides, relatively stable texts have  
been collected throughout the United States and  
Canada, with the tune proving somewhat less stable.  
It is one of the best known ballads concerning the  
returning sailor who disguises himself to test his  
sweetheart's fidelity, and who then reveals himself  
to her when she has proven herself to be faithful.

This version was collected by Marjorie Porter from  
Mrs. Stella Perry of Redford on the Saranac. Mrs.  
Perry, now a grandmother, is the daughter of another  
of Mrs. Porter's informants, Peter Parrott, who has  
passed on many of his best songs to his son and  
daughter.

Laws, G. M., AMERICAN BALLADRY FROM BRITISH BROAD-  
SIDES, AFS - Bibliographical Series, Vol. VIII,  
1957. Pp. 222

#### John Riley

As I strolled out one morning early  
To view the fields and to take the air,  
It was there I spied a calm-eyed damsel,  
And she was like a lily fair.

I stepped up to her and kindly asked he.  
If she would be a bold sailor's wife.  
"Oh no kind sir," she quickly answered,  
"I choose to lead a sweet single life."

"What makes you different from other women?  
What makes you different from other kind?  
For you are young, sweet, beautiful and handsome,  
And for to marry you, I might incline."

"It's now kind sir that I must tell you.  
I might have been married three years ago  
To one John Riley who left this country.  
He's been the cause of my overthrow."

"He courted me both late and early.  
He courted me both night and day.  
And when he had once my affections gained,  
He left me here and he went away."

"Oh never mind for this Johnny Riley,  
Oh come with me to the distant shore.  
Why we'll set sail o'er to Pennsylvania,  
And bid adieu for Riley for ever more."

"I shan't go with you to Pennsylvania,  
Or go with you to that distant shore.  
My heart is waiting, I can't forget him,  
Although I won't see him no more."

Oh, when he saw that her love was loyal,  
He gave her kisses one, two and three,  
Saying I'm the man you once called Johnny Riley,  
Saying I'm the cause of your misery.

I've sailed the ocean, gained great promotion,  
I've laid my money on the English shore,  
And now we'll marry, no longer tarry,  
And I shall never deceive you any more.

#### Side I, Band 6: THE BANKS OF CHAMPLAIN

The action referred to in this ballad is undoubtedly  
the battle for control of Lake Champlain which  
played so decisive a part in the American victory  
in the War of 1812. The ballad is said to have  
been composed and sung by the wife of General  
Alexander ('Sandy') Macomb, hero of the land forces  
during the siege and battle of Plattsburgh in Sep-  
tember, 1814. The song appeared in various early  
songsters after that date in a longer more elaborate  
form than the one given here.

Mrs. Porter collected this version from Mrs. Lily  
Delorme. Longtime native of the Saranac valley, she  
was a slight wiry mountain woman with an unlimited  
store of songs which she passed on to her children.  
Mrs. Delorme probably learned the song from her  
grandfather Gideon Baker, who had actually fought in  
the War of 1812. Mrs. Delorme was one of Mrs. Porter's  
most important informants, supplying her with over 100  
songs and ballads from her vast store of songs.

For full texts, see:

McCarty, Wm., SONGS, ODES, AND OTHER POEMS ON NATIONAL  
SUBJECTS - (National Song Book), Vol. 1, Patriotic  
songs, Phila., 1842, Pp. 196-197.  
Anon., THE AMERICAN SONGSTER, Philadelphia & New York,  
n.d. Pp. 123-125.

#### The Banks of Champlain

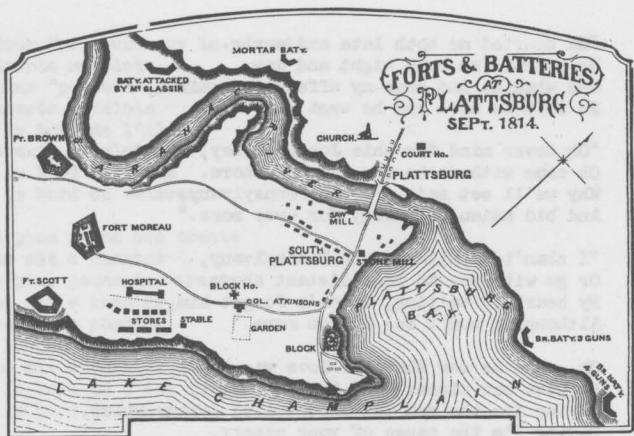
'Twas autumn and round me the leaves were descending,  
And naught but the drumming bird tapped on the tree,  
While thousands their freedoms and rights were  
defending,  
The din of their arms sounded dismal to me.

For Sandy my love was engaged in the action.  
His death would have ended my life in distraction.  
Without him I valued this world not a fraction,  
As mournful I strayed on the banks of Champlain.

Then turning to list to the canons loud thunder,  
My elbow I leaned on a rock near the shore.  
The sound nearly parted my heart strings asunder.  
I thought I should meet my dear Sandy no more.

Oh the canons ceased firing, the drums were still  
beating.  
The foes of our country far north were retreating.  
The neighboring damsels each other were greeting.  
With songs of delight on the banks of Champlain.

New York, the green mountains, Mac Com and Mac Donald,  
The farmer, the soldier, the sailor, the gunner.  
Each party united had pledged their honor  
To conquer or die on the banks of Champlain.

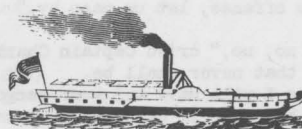


Ethan Allen

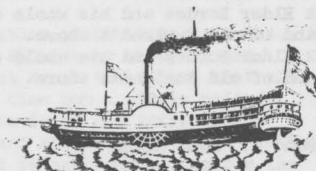


Major Donnell on the Saboteur at Battle of Plattsburg.

EARLY STEAMBOATS  
From an old print



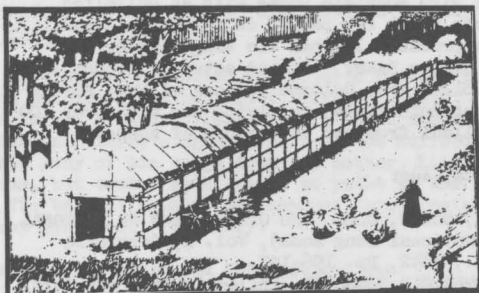
"George," built at Vergennes, Vt., in 1818. She was 108 feet long and 27 feet wide.



"General Greene," built at Shelburne Harbor, Vt., in 1825. She was 75 feet long and 22 feet wide.

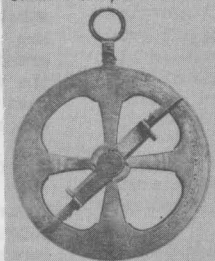


"Franklin," built at St. Albans Bay in 1827. She operated between Whitehall and St. John and was commanded by Johazel Sherman, great-grandfather of Vice-President James S. Sherman.

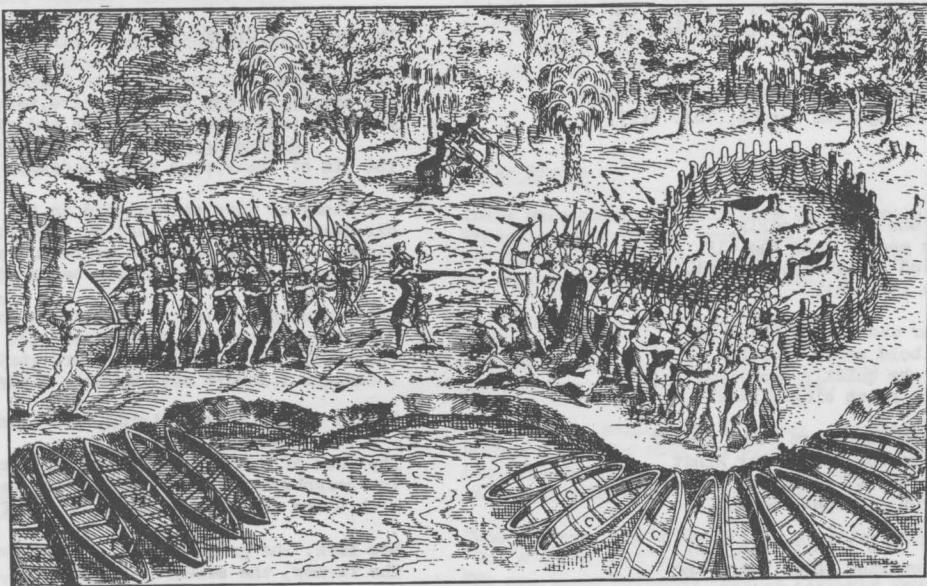


Iroquois Long House

Samuel de Champlain's Astrolabe



From 1608. Copper, 5 1/2 diameter. Lost to the Canadian Wikemess 1815. Found in the Province of Ontario 1867. On deposit New York Historical Society, New York City.

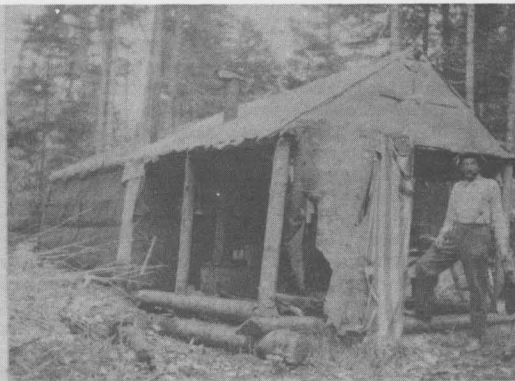


"Défaite des Iroquois au Lac de Champlain"  
Champlain's own picture plan, 1613





The Keene Valley Band en route for concert in Beede House stagecoach.

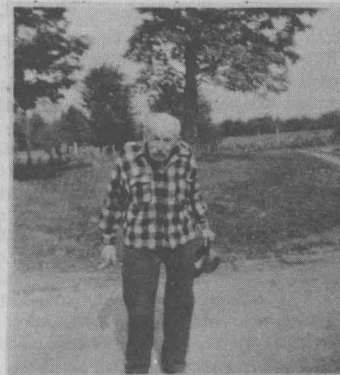


John Galusha, Adirondack woodsman, in his "goldin'" days.

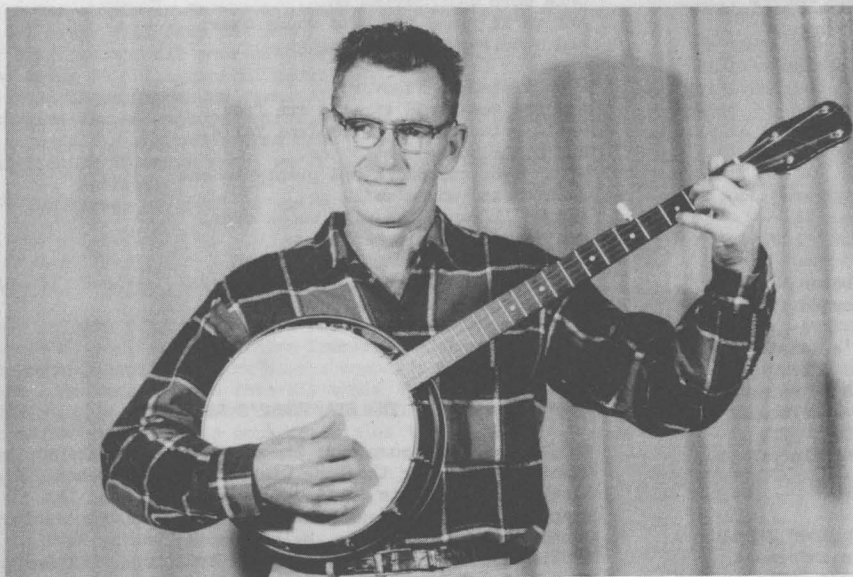


Mrs. Lily Delorme, Hardscrabble on the Saranac, Clinton County.

John Galusha, Yankee John, Minerva, Essex County, aged 90.



Old Timer's Day, Keene, Red Barn museum, 1951. Peter Wells in black coat and derby, holds an ancient lumberjack's peavey.



Lawrence Older, Middle Grove, North Country balladeer.



Side I, Band 7: Pipe Tunes: ROSLIN CASTLE and  
BOYNE WATER

These two widely known British pipe tunes come from the famous Adirondack trapper and hunter of former years, Nicholas Stoner, who played these pieces at the burial ceremonies of American and British soldiers after the Battle of Plattsburgh, Sept. 11, 1814. Stoner had served as an Indian Scout.

Such tunes were very popular with backwoods and mountain instrumentalists and might be played on fife, pennywhistle and fiddle, occasionally as set pieces for Fife and Drum groups.

Pipe tunes - Roslin Castle and Boyne Water

Side I, Band 8: UN CANADIEN ERRANT

This song dates from the Canadian Rebellions of 1837-38. Some of the leaders of the ill-fated rebellion were hung for treason, others were transported to penal colonies such as Van Dieman's Land. Those fortunate enough to escape capture fled their homes to find refuge in the United States. When a general amnesty was granted in 1849, many of the exiles returned home, but some who had built themselves a new life in the States stayed on in Upper New York.

The feelings of the exiles found brilliant expression in a song by a young student, M.A. Gerin-Lajoie, who set these words to a familiar French folk-song, SI TU TE METS ANGUILE, in 1842.

Marjorie Porter collected this version from Mrs. Charlotte Mero of Westport on Lake Champlain. Mrs. Mero learned most of her songs from her mother and father and Canadian relatives, some of whom had themselves been French-Canadian exiles from the rebellion.

For additional texts and information, see:

Gagnon, E., CHANSONS POPULAIRES DU CANADA, Montreal, 1880. Pp. 81.  
Fowke, E., CANADA'S STORY IN SONG, Toronto, 1960. Pp. 82-84.  
Fowke, E., FOLKSONGS OF QUEBEC, Waterloo, Ontario, 1957. Pp. 16-17.

Un Canadien Errant

Un Canadien errant, banni de ses foyers,  
Parcourait en pleurant des pays étrangers.  
Parcourait en pleurant des pays étrangers.

Un jour, triste et pensif, assis au bord des flots,  
Au courant fugitif il adressa ces mots:  
Au courant fugitif il adressa ces mots:

"Si tu vois mon pays, mon pays malheureux,  
Va, dis a mes amis que je me souviens d'eux.  
Va, dis a mes amis que je me souviens d'eux.

Side II, Band 1: ONCE MORE A-LUMBERING GO

This song is known across the northern lumbering belt of the United States, having been reported from Maine, Pennsylvania, Michigan and New York. Frequently the ballad is known as "The Logger's Boast". In several of the reported texts, the place names mentioned are those of Michigan rather than of Maine, and in the text given here New York places have been substituted in a fine example of localization. The earliest known text dates from before the middle of the last century.

Mrs. Porter collected this version from 'Yankee' John Galusha, probably the most important single informant in the entire Northeast. Known widely as the "Adirondack Eagle", Galusha lived most of his life in the

small hamlet of Minerva, Essex County, where he died in 1950 at the grand age of 91. As lumberjack, guide, forest ranger, farmer and fire observer, he had learned his songs and delighted in performing them to his friends and neighbors. He has been memorialized in Carl Carmer's story of the Hudson River, and through those of his songs which Frank Warner learned from him and later presented to the public in recordings and concerts.

For additional texts and information, see:

Gray, R.P., SONGS AND BALLADS OF THE MAINE LUMBERJACKS, Cambridge, 1925. Pp. 18-21.  
Shoemaker, H.W., MOUNTAIN MINSTRELSY OF PENNSYLVANIA, Philadelphia, 1931. Pp. 83-85.  
Beck, E.C., LORE OF THE LUMBER CAMPS, Michigan, 1948. Pp. 29-32.  
Barry, P., THE MAINE WOODS SONGSTER, Cambridge, 1939. Pp. 14-15.  
Eckstorm, F.H. & M.W. Smyth, MINSTRELSY OF MAINE, Boston, 1927. Pp. 41-43.  
Vincent, Elmore, LUMBER JACK SONGS, Chicago, 1932. Pp. 34-35.

Once More A-Lumbering Go

Ye hearty sons of freedom  
Who round the mountains range,  
Come all you gallant lumber boys,  
Come listen to my song,  
On the banks of the sweet Saranac,  
Where its limpid waters flow,  
We'll range the wild woods over,  
And once more a-lumbering go,  
Once more a-lumbering go,  
And we'll range the wild woods over,  
And once more a-lumbering go.

With the music of our axes,  
We'll make the woods resound,  
And many a tall and lofty pine,  
Comes tumbling to the ground.  
At night around our good camp-fire,  
We'll sing while cold winds blow,  
And we'll range the wild woods over,  
And once more a-lumbering go,  
Once more a-lumbering go,  
And we'll range the wild woods over,  
And once more a-lumbering go.

You can talk about your parties,  
Your parties and your plays.  
Well pity us poor lumber boys  
Go jouncing on our sleighs.  
But we ask no better past-time  
Than to hunt the buck and doe,  
And we'll range the wild woods over,  
And once more a-lumbering go,  
Once more a-lumbering go,  
And we'll range the wild woods over,  
And once more a-lumbering go.

When winter it is over,  
And the ice-bound streams are free,  
We'll drive our logs to Glens Falls,  
And haste our girls to see.  
With plenty to drink and plenty to eat,  
Back to the world we'll go,  
And we'll range the wild woods over,  
And once more a-lumbering go,  
Once more a-lumbering go,  
And we'll range the wild woods over,  
And once more a-lumbering go.

Side II, Band 2: THE SHANTYMAN'S LIFE

This lumberman's complaint chronicles the hardships of his life during the long winter months. It has long been a favorite in the Northern woods, and has been reported from New Brunswick, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Idaho, Michigan, Ontario, Maine, Pennsylvania, Nova Scotia and New York. The earliest text was published on a Demarsan broadside which credited authorship to "Geo. W. Stace, La Crosse Valley, Wis."



The version sung here was collected by Mrs. Porter from "Yankee" John Galusha.

For additional texts and information, see:

Mackenzie, W.R., BALLADS & SEA SONGS FROM NOVA SCOTIA, Cambridge, 1928. P. 362.  
Gray, R.P., SONGS AND BALLADS OF THE MAINE LUMBERJACKS, Cambridge, 1925. Pp. 53-57.  
Beck, E.C., LORE OF THE LUMBER CAMPS, Michigan, 1948. Pp. 33-34.  
Shoemaker, H.W., MOUNTAIN MINSTRELSY OF PENNSYLVANIA, Phila., 1931. Pp. 261-263.  
Doerflinger, W.M., SHANTYMEN AND SHANTYBOYS, New York, 1951. Pp. 211-213.

#### The Shantyman's Life

Oh a shantyman leads a wearisome life,  
Though some think him free from care.  
It's a wielding of an axe from the morning until night,  
In the middle of the forest so drear.  
Lying in the shanty, it's bleak and cold,  
Where the stormy winds they do blow,  
And as soon as the morning daylight appears,  
To the wild woods we must go.

Transported I am from the haunts of man,  
On the banks of the Hudson stream,  
Where the wolves and the owls, and the panther's ugly  
growls,  
They disturb our nightly dream.  
At 4 O'clock our noisy old cook  
Sings out it's the breaking of day,  
And e'er the morning sun appears,  
In broken slumbers we do pass  
Those cold winder nights away.

Had we ale, wine or beer, our courage for to cheer,  
Whilst in those dreary wilds,  
Or the tipping of a glass and the smiles of the lass,  
We'd forget old Erin's Isle.  
But remote from the glass and the smiles of the lass,  
We lead but a drearier life.  
While squatters live at east  
Contented for to please  
A growling and a scolding wife.

When the spring it comes in,  
Double hardships then begin,  
It's waters are so piercing and cold.  
Dripping wet were our clothes and our limbs were almost  
froze,  
And our pike poles we scarce can hold.  
Over rock, shores and dams,  
Give employment to our hands,  
And our well-banded rafts wer steer,  
And the rapids we do run seems to us 'tis only fun,  
We avoid all slavish fear.

Well the shantyman is the man that I love best,  
And I never will deny the same.  
My heart scorns all your city foppish boys,  
Who think it a disgraceful name.  
You can boast about our farms,  
But give the shantyboys charms,  
For he fairly surpasses them all,  
Until death it do us part, we'll enjoy each other's  
hearts,  
Let our riches be great or small.

#### Side II, Band 3: LES RAFTSMEN (Mother Gauthier's)

The Canadian folklorist Edith Fowke calls this "the gayest of the French-Canadian lumberman's songs." The French-Canadians were always considered first rate lumbermen, and to this day their skill is widely applauded on both sides of the U.S. - Canadian border. This song chronicles their work and play, and probably dates from the middle of the last century.

For additional texts and information, see:

Barbeau, M., ALOUETTE!, Montreal, 1946. Pp. 84-87.  
Fowke, E., CANADA'S STORY IN SONG, Toronto, 1960. Pp. 171-173.

#### Les Raftsmen

Ou sont alles tu les Raftsmen?  
Ou sont alles tu les Raftsmen?  
De dans Bytown\* sur arrettez.  
Bing sur la ring, bang sur la ring  
Laissez passer les raftsmen.  
Bing sur la ring! Bing, bang.

Dedans Bytown sur arrettez,  
Dedans Bytown sur arrettez,  
Des provision sont apportez.  
Bing sur la ring, bang sur la ring,  
Laissez passer les raftsmen.  
Bing sur la ring! Bing, bang.

Des provision sont apportez  
Des provision sont apportez  
Des porc and beans il sont mange.  
Bing sur la ring, bang sur la ring,  
Laissez passer les raftsmen.  
Bing sur la ring! Bing, bang.

Des porc and beans il sont mange  
Des porc and beans il song mange  
Apres avoir tres bien dine.  
Bing sur la ring, bang sur la ring  
Laissez passer les raftsmen.  
Bing sur la ring! Bing, bang.

Apres avoir tres bien dine  
Apres avoir tres bien dine  
Un pip' du platr' il sont fume.  
Bing sur la ring, bang sur la ring,  
Laissez passer les raftsmen.  
Bing sur la ring! Bing, bang.

Un pip' du platr il sont fume  
Un pip' du platr il sont fume  
Sont allez voir la Mer Gautier.  
Bing sur la ring, bang sur la ring,  
Laissez passer les raftsmen.  
Bing sur la ring! Bing, bang.

\* Ottawa

#### Side II, Band 4: LILY OF THE LAKE

Probably the work of some local poet, this beautiful song has not previously been reported from tradition. Set to an equally fine tune of Irish origin, the fragmentary text sung here is a combination of scenic beauty and love lyrics.

Mrs. Porter collected Lily of the Lake from 'Yankee' John Galusha.

#### Lily of the Lake

Oh there's a gallant landscape that ever and did see,  
It lies between old Canada and the Atlantic sea,  
It's covered all o'er with flowers and decked with  
bending greens.  
It is the pleasantest place to me that lies on Lake  
Champlain.

Oh, on this lake's fair bosom, sweet Mary swiftly  
glides  
Above it's sparkling waters, where playful fishes  
hide.  
The birds were singing in the air their most delightful  
glee.  
It seemed to me a madrigal directed unto me.

Oh, I sat down by Mary's side, I told her my desire.  
I clasped her to my bosom, I asked her to be mine.  
She answered me with a blinding smile, that she would  
be my mate,  
She is the lovely Mary, the Lily of the Lake.

#### Side II, Band 5: VIVE LA CANADIENNE

Set to the tune of an older French-Canadian song,  
Par Derrier, Chez Mon Pere, this 'toast' to the



Canadian girl (as Edith Fowke refers to it) is widely known in different versions and has frequently been reported from tradition since Ernest Gagnon published it 1865.

For additional texts and information, see:

Gagnon, E., CHANSONS POPULAIRES DU CANADA, Montreal, 1880. Pp. 4-7.  
Barbeau, M., ALOUETTE!, Montreal, 1946. Pp. 35-37.  
Fowke, E., FOLK SONGS OF QUEBEC, Waterloo, Ontario, 1957. Pp. 28-29. (See Sing Out)

#### Vive La Canadienne

Vive la Canadienne!

Vole, mon coeur, vole!

Vive la Canadienne

Et ses jolis yeux doux

Et ses jolis yeux doux, doux, doux,

Et ses jolis yeux doux.

Vive la Canadienne!

Vole, mon coeur, vole!

Vive la Canadienne

Et ses jolis yeux doux.

Nous la menons aux noces,

Vole, mon coeur, vole!

Nous le meons aux noces

Dans tous ses beaux atours,

Dans tous ses beaux atours, 'tours, 'tours,

Dans tous ses beaux atours.

Nous la menons aux noces,

Vole, mon coeur, vole!

Nous la menons aux noces

Dans tous ses beaux atours.

Ainsi le temps se passe,

Vole, mon coeur, vole!

Ainsi le temps se passe:

Il est vraiment bien doux!

Il est vraiment bien doux, doux, doux,

Il est vraiment bien doux!

Ainsi le temps se passe,

Vole, mon coeur, vole!

Ainsi le temps se passe:

Il est vraiment bien doux!

Vive la Canadienne!

Vole, mone coeur, vole!

Vive la Canadienne

Et ses jolis yeux doux,

Et ses jolis yeux doux, doux, doux,

Et ses jolis yeux doux.

Vive la Canadienne!

Vole, mon coeur, vole!

Vive la Canadienne

Et ses jolis yeux doux.

#### Side II, Band 6: HOW'RE YOU ON FOR STAMPS TODAY?

This delightful song, probably of music hall or vaudeville origin, dates from between 1840 and 1890 when the word 'stamps' was a slang expression for money. (See A Dictionary of Americanisms On Historical Principles, Volume II, p. 1634). The expression is now rarely heard, though occasionally cropping-up in hobo slang.

Mrs. Porter collected this song from 'Yankee' John Galusha.

#### How're You On For Stamps Today?

These by-words now are all the go,  
From everybody's mouth they flow.  
You hear them in the house and out,  
And even in the baby's mouth.  
You'll hear them spoke by old and young,  
In fact they're told by ever tongue.  
For the latest one out you'll hear them say,  
"How're you on for stamps today?"

Now the ladies they have got it too,  
They never let anything pass that's new.  
When once a thing that gets in their mouth,  
The devil can't stop it, it's coming out.

They'll show around with smiling face,  
And then put on their queenly grace,  
Saying what a fine day for a ride, they'll say,  
"How're you on for stamps today?"

Now, if by chance you've got a wife,  
The one you love as dear as life,  
Perhaps you'll buy her a bonnet new,  
Perhaps a new silk dress or two.  
To please her then you think you've tried.  
But no, she's never satisfied.  
"Oh, I want no Grecian \_\_\_\_\_" she'll say,  
"How're you on for stamps today?"

And now kind friends, I'll bid you good night,  
I hope that my song has hit you right.  
To please you all I've done my best,  
And now I'll let the subject rest.  
But I've one thing more before I go,  
That I'd like to have you all to know,  
I'm broke and all I've got to say, is  
How're you on for stamps today?

#### Side II, Band 7: CLARA NOLAN'S BALL

Another music hall or vaudeville song from the last century, Clara Nolan's Ball is one of many Irish-American songs relating the goings-on at a party or ball.

Mrs. Porter collected this song from Peter Parrott of Redford on the Saranac, a swash-buckling French-Canadian lumberjack singer.

#### Clara Nolan's Ball

Oh we're all invited with the bands engaged,  
And we're going to have some fun.  
Miss Clara Nolan gives a ball.  
Today she's twenty-one.  
We've borrowed knives and tablecloths  
From all around the town,  
And every man must bring a chair,  
If he wants to sit down.

#### CHORUS:

Oh will you come? Oh will you come?  
Oh you never will forget it if you come.  
For the bells are ringing  
And the girls are singing,  
And the fiddle and the harp do go tra la la la la.  
It's teasing, it's pleasing,  
And it's squeezing free for all.  
There's courting in the corner at Miss Clara Nolan's  
Ball.

Oh the clock strikes ten and the dance begins,  
And we keep it up till day.  
There will be no collection  
For expenses to defray.  
We'll have golden dry and lager beer,  
And Philadelphia ale. And if the keg is empty,  
Oh, we'll go and fill the pail.

#### (CHORUS)

There's Larry comes in with his Irish fight,  
Fiddling fiddling too.  
He plays the simple Irish waltz,  
Likewise the Peek-a-boo.  
Of course it's not a Northman's house  
Without pegs behind the door.  
And if there's no place to hang your hat,  
Just hang it on the floor.

#### Side II, Band 8: YOUNG CHARLOTTE

This ballad of vanity and death has been collected widely throughout the United States. It is the composition of the journalist-poet Seba Smith and was



originally published in 1843, under the title A Corpse Going to a Ball. Phillips Barry indicated that "The incident on which the ballad is based was known to the author only from an item in the New York Observer, Feb. 8, 1840, entitled A Corpse Going to a Ball, concerning a certain Miss \_\_\_\_\_ who was frozen to death, while riding with 'her partner of the evening' to a ball on the eve of January 1, 1840."

Mrs. Porter collected this version from Amos Blood, 90 year old stone mason from Fort Ticonderoga, overlooking Lake Champlain. Across the Lake narrows is the farm which his grandfather cleared after helping Ethan Allen capture Fort Ticonderoga in Revolutionary days.

For additional texts and information, see:

Laws, G.M., NATIVE AMERICAN BALLADRY, AFS Bibliographical Series, Volume I, 1950. Pp. 214-215.  
Flanders, H.H., E.F. Ballard, G. Brown, and P. Barry, THE NEW GREEN MOUNTAIN SONGSTER, New Haven, 1939. Pp. 111-115.  
Belden, H.M., BALLADS AND SONGS COLLECTED BY THE MISSOURI FOLK-LORE SOCIETY, Columbia, Missouri, 1940. Pp. 308-317.

#### Young Charlotte

Fair Charlotte dwelt on a mountain side  
In a wild and lonely spot.  
No dwelling here for three miles round,  
Except her father's cot.  
And here on many a winter's night,  
Young swains would gather there,  
For her father kept a social board,  
And she was very fair.

It was New Year's Eve as the sun went down.  
Far looked her wistful eye  
Out from the frosty window pane  
To see the sleighs pass by.  
At the village fifteen miles away,  
'Twas to be a ball that night.  
And though the air was piercing cold,  
Her heart was warm and light.

How lightly beamed her laughing eye,  
As a well-known voice she heard.  
And dashing to the cottage door,  
Her lover's sleigh appeared.  
"Oh daughter dear," her mother cried,  
"This blanket round you fold,  
For 'tis a dreadful night abroad.  
You'll catch your death of cold."

"Oh nay, oh nay," young Charlotte cried.  
She laughed like a gypsy queen.  
"To ride in blankets muffled up,  
I never would be seen.  
My silken cloak is quite enough.  
You know 'tis lined throughout.  
And there's my silken scarf to twine  
My head and neck about.

Her bonnet and her gloves were on.  
She jumped into the sleigh,  
And swiftly they sped down the mountain side,  
And o'er the hills away.  
With muffled beat so silently,  
Five miles at length were passed,  
When Charles with few and shivering words,  
The silence broke at last.

"Such a dreadful night I never saw,  
My reins I scarce can hold.  
Young Charlotte faintly then replied,  
"I am exceeding cold."  
He cracked his whip, he urged his steed  
Much faster than before.  
And thus five other dreary miles  
In silence were passed o'er.

Spoke Charles "How fast the Freezing ice  
Is gathering on my brow.  
And Charlotte still more faintly said,

"I'm growing warmer now."  
Thus they rode on through the frosty air  
And the glittering cold star light,  
Until at last the village lamps  
And ballroom came in sight.

They reached the town and Charles sprang out,  
And held his hand to her.  
"Why sit you like a monument  
That hath no power to stir."  
He called to her once, he called to her twice,  
She answered not a word.  
He asked her for her hand again,  
But still she never stirred.

He took her hand in his, 'twas cold  
And hard as any stone.  
He tore the mantle from her face  
And the cold stars o'er it shone.  
Then quickly to the lighted hall,  
Her lifeless form he bore,  
Young Charlotte's eyes were closed for aye.  
She was still for ever more.

He knelt himself down by her side,  
And bitter tears did flow.  
He said, "My young intended bride,  
I never more shall know."  
He flung his arms around her neck,  
And kissed her marble brow.  
His thought went back to the place she said,  
"I'm growing warmer now."

#### Side II, Band 9: JOHN BROWN'S BODY

Marjorie Porter calls this Union marching song "everybody's song in Essex County." John Brown, a zealous advocate of the policy of the abolition of slavery in the 1850s, took the law into his own hands in an attack on Harper's Ferry, Virginia, in order to free the slaves in the area. The expected rising of the slaves never took place and Brown was captured, tried and executed in 1859.

The origin of the song is clouded, with numerous claims for authorship having been made. The tune is that of a Methodist camp-meeting song, "Say, Brothers, Will You Meet Us On Canaan's Happy Shore." Numerous 'John Brown' songs have been written to the tune. The first stanza is generally credited to Prof. James E. Greenleaf, organist of the Harvard Church in Charlestown, Mass. The song is said to have been sung by the Boston Artillery in 1861. In December of that year Julia Ward Howe heard marching troops sing the song in Washington and by morning of the next day she had written the words of Battle Hymn of the Republic to the same tune. Pete Seeger here sings the first verse of the Battle Hymn as the last verse of John Brown's Body.

For additional texts and information, see:

Dolph, E.A., SOUND OFF! New York, 1929. Pp. 248-250. (Colonial Dames of America), AMERICAN WAR SONGS, Philadelphia, 1925. Pp. 70-75.  
Piggott, H.E., SONGS THAT MADE HISTORY, London, 1937. Pp. 44-45, 50-51.

#### John Brown's Body

John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave (3)  
But his soul goes marching on.

CHORUS:  
Glory, glory, hallelujah (3)  
His soul goes marching on.

John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave (3)  
But his soul goes marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah (3)  
His soul goes marching on.