

Songs of the Maritimes

Lumbermen Songs, and Songs of the Sea, from
Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island

Sung by Alan Mills

With guitarist Gilbert Lacombe and accordionist Gordon Fleming

Square rigged ship loading at Sinclair's Mill at Newcastle, New Brunswick, in the 90's.

From an Ole Larsen negative in the Lord Beaverbrook Collection, supplied through the courtesy of the New Brunswick Travel Bureau.

Cover design by Ronald Clyne.



M
1678
M657
S698
1959

MUSIC LP

The Winter Of '73
Tomah Stream
Beware of Larry Gorman
In Byrontown
Scow On Cowden Shores
The Boys Of The Island
Peter Emberley
Rufus's Mare
Duffy's Hotel
The Jones Boys
In The Month of October
The Ghostly Sailors
Harbor Grace
The Banks of Newfoundland
The Mary L. MacKay
Corbitt's Barkentine

Songs of the Maritimes

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

FOLKWAYS RECORDS Album No. FW 8744

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Photo: Crews and teams in a lumber yard on the lower Miramichi. Left to right, first team, Con Kennedy, Richard Hutchinson, Capt. Barker, William A. McGrath, Robert Vanderbeek. Left to right, second team, in background, Tim McGinnis, Pat Dawson, Tom Tobin, Dick Gulliver. (From an Ole Larsen negative in the Lord Beaverbrook Collection, supplied through the courtesy of the New Brunswick Travel Bureau.)



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

References used for notes and texts of the songs contained in this album were:-

SHANTYMEN AND SHANTYBOYS

By William Main Doerflinger
Macmillan Company, New York, 1951.

SONGS AND BALLADS OF NOVA SCOTIA

By Helen Creighton
J.M. Dent & Sons Limited, Toronto, 1932.

TRADITIONAL SONGS FROM NOVA SCOTIA

By Helen Creighton and Doreen H. Senior
Ryerson Press, Toronto, 1950.

BALLADS AND SEA SONGS FROM NOVA SCOTIA

By W. Roy Mackenzie
Harvard University Press, 1932.

BALLADS AND SEA SONGS OF NEWFOUNDLAND

By E.B. Greenleaf and G.Y. Mansfield
Harvard University Press, 1933.

The compiler of this album thanks the foregoing collectors and publishers and would like to express particular gratitude to Dr. Helen Creighton, of the National Museum of Canada, and to Miss Louise Manny, curator of The Old Manse Library at Newcastle, N.B., for their personal interest in helping to select these songs and, in some cases, for providing texts and information as yet unpublished.

He would also like to thank the family of the late Mr. Frederick William Wallace, of Ste. Anne de Bellevue, Que., for permission to print the words of his poem, The "Mary L. Mackay".

SONGS OF THE MARITIMES
(Notes by Alan Mills)

The eastern coastal area of Canada commonly referred to as "The Maritimes", consisting of the three provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, originally was known as the land of Acadia, which was immortalized by the American poet, Longfellow, in his great epic, "Evangeline".

Much of Canada's history was born in that area of the country. It was at Port Royal (now Annapolis, N.S.) that the French explorer Samuel de Champlain founded the first permanent colony of French settlers on the North American continent in 1604. It was here, too, that the English established their first foothold in the "New World" a generation later, thus beginning a long struggle between the two great European powers -- a struggle which was to last nearly 150 years, and which culminated in the battle of the Plains of Abraham at Quebec, in 1759, when Britain's "Red Coats", led by young General Wolfe, defeated the French forces of General Montcalm and thereby placed Canada under British rule.

A few years later, it was to The Maritimes -- largely Nova Scotia -- that the first United Empire Loyalists, not wishing to give up their allegiance to Britain, fled the newly-formed "United States" after the American Revolution; and it was in The Maritimes -- at Charlottetown, in the small picturesque "garden province" of Prince Edward Island -- that Canada's "Fathers of Confederation" held their first conference in 1864, sowing the seed of union that bore its first real fruit in the British North America Act of July 1, 1867, whereby Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec and Ontario joined to become the new "Dominion of Canada"; tho', oddly enough, Prince Edward Island itself did not join the union until five years later.

The people of the Maritime Provinces, totalling roughly one-and-a-quarter million, are mostly of English, Scottish and Irish ancestry (about 850,000); approximately 290,000 are of French descent, and the remainder is made up of various other smaller groups, including nearly 60,000 people of German and/or Dutch descent, most of whom live in and around the famed fishing and ship-building district of Lunenburg County.

Fishing and lumbering (including the manufacture of pulp and paper products) are the principal industries of the Maritime Provinces as a whole, tho' agriculture is most important in Prince Edward Island and in the rich soil of the Annapolis Valley of Nova Scotia. Coal mining once held a high place in Nova Scotia's economy, too, but this has decreased with the slackening of demand for coal in recent years.

The people are a hard-working, religious folk, conservative in their behavior and in politics, with a rich sense of humor that is reflected in many of their songs; and these songs number in the thousands. They include many traditional ballads (and variants thereof) from the British Isles and France, and a great number of "native" songs reflecting their work and life on land and sea.

This album does not deal with the traditional ballads inherited either from the British Isles or France. (For French songs of this region, see FOLKWAYS Album FP-923, "FOLK SONGS OF ACADIA" or "CHANSONS D'ACADIE", recorded by Helene Baillargeon and myself; and for a variety of other songs from parts of this area, see FOLKWAYS Album P-1006, "FOLK MUSIC FROM NOVA SCOTIA", recorded by Dr. Helen Creighton, Album P-450, "SONGS FROM CAPE BRETON ISLAND", recorded by Sydney Robertson Cowell).

The songs in this album consist of the "home-grown" ballads of native bards; sailors, fishermen, woodsmen and others who had stories to tell of real experiences, and who told their stories in song. The names of some of these song-makers have been forgotten; many are remembered and revered,

and through the years they have left a rich heritage of Maritimes folklore that has provided a veritable treasure for musicologists and collectors.

In Nova Scotia, the most important collector is Dr. Helen Creighton, of the National Museum of Canada, who has amassed well over 4,000 native and traditional ballads, as well as an extremely large variety of folk-tales, legends and ghost stories. Some of her songs have been published in two books, "Songs And Ballads From Nova Scotia" (Dent), and "Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia" (Ryerson), while many of her folk-tales have been published in a third book called "Bluenose Ghosts" (also by Ryerson). Prior to Dr. Creighton's work in this field, the only important publications concerning Nova Scotian folk songs (to my knowledge) were "The Quest Of The Ballad" and "Ballads And Sea Songs From Nova Scotia", both by the late W. Roy Mackenzie, and both out of print for some years.

In New Brunswick, a vast store of Woodsmen's songs and other ballads has been collected in recent years by Miss Louise Manny, curator of The Old Manse Library, Newcastle, N.B., under the sponsorship of that province's distinguished son, Lord Beaverbrook, and while Miss Manny has yet to publish her important findings in book form, at this writing, a glimpse of some of her work may be seen in William M. Doerflinger's excellent collection of songs of sailors and lumbermen, called "Shantymen And Shantyboys", published by the Macmillan Company.

If there is one figure that towers head and shoulders above any other among the native song-makers of The Maritimes, it is that of Lawrence E. (Larry) Gorman, a Prince Edward Islander whose phenomenal output of good songs led Doerflinger to refer to him in his book as "the most appealing and most important figure in Eastern woods minstrelsy from the 1870's on into the present century... (whose) ... songs are still being sung by old-time woodsmen from northern New Brunswick to the Androscoggin River in Maine."

Gorman was still in his 'teens when he left Prince Edward Island in 1873 to seek work in the lumber camps of the Miramichi River region of New Brunswick. He worked in many camps on both sides of the border, and wherever he went he made songs that told of his experiences and those of the people with whom he came in contact. It was said that he could make or break a camp with his songs, for they reflected in no uncertain terms which camps treated their men well or not, and -- as testimony to the effectiveness of his balladry and his personal popularity -- Doerflinger points out that "the news that he was working in a camp was enough to make shantyboys for miles around decide they wanted to join the same crew".

Six of Gorman's songs are included in this album, one of the earliest of which tells how he found his first job in a sawmill owned by J.B. Snowball, who later became a member of Canada's Senate and subsequently resigned this office to become Governor of New Brunswick. At the time Larry worked for him, Snowball's stumpage was said to be one-seventh of all the territorial revenue of the province.

Larry's job at the mill, as he reports in the song, lasted only a month, until the mill closed down for the winter, as was customary, so he decided to see if he could find work further down the line at Indiantown (now known as Quarryville). Arriving there, he met a couple of kindly teamsters who gave him a lift to a camp owned by Guy McCullam, where he was hired.

It was only natural that Larry should make a song of this, his "first experience on the Mir'michi", and to include in it the names of the two friendly teamsters who helped him find a job, as well as a description of their horses.

THE WINTER OF '73 (McCullam Camp)

On the eighteenth of September, in eighteen seventy-three,
I left my native island and came to Mir'michi,
I hired the day I landed to work in Snowball's mill,
That large two-storied building at the foot of
Sawdust Hill.

On the eighteenth of November, the mill she did
shut down,
Which caused a general scattering, the men went
walking round.
I heard of those that wanted men, that put me in
good cheer,
I packed my Kennebec and for Indiantown did
steer.

When I arrived at Indiantown, being much fatigued
from tramp,
I fell in with two portage teams bound for McCullam
Camp.
John Ingraham, Bill Derringham were both of these
men's names,
Belonging to McCullam Camp and drove two portage
teams.

I drove with Billy Derringham, a verse for him
I'll make,
He drove a gray and a roan that he bought from
the Grand Lake,
The horse he weighed twelve hundred, and a noble
beast to haul,
The mare, she was a beauty too, although she was
but small.

When we arrived at McCullam Camp, being hungry,
tired and cold,
The face of Billy Bryenton was the first I did
behold.
The crew they were as fine a bunch as ever I did
see.
That was my first experience upon the Mir'michi.

Testimony of the devastating effect that a Larry
Gorman song had on any lumber camp that didn't
provide proper care or meals for its men may be
seen in the bitterly satirical complaint ballad
which follows. According to Doerflinger, it was
composed around 1895 when Gorman, having long
since left the Miramichi to work across the
border in Maine, found himself signed up for the
season with a contractor named "Natty Lamb" in a
dismal camp on Tomah Stream, where the work was
hard and the food and living conditions miserable.

This ballad was his revenge on the tight-fisted
operators of the camp, and as soon as it got
around to other woodsmen, which was inevitable,
they steered clear of Natty Lamb and Tomah Stream.

TOMAH STREAM

Come all you Milltown rowdies, that drink and have
no fear,
I'll have you not to touch a drop in the fall of
the year;
For if you do, you'll surely rue, likewise myself
I've seen;
Be careful, do not hire out to work on Tomah Stream.

For the last fall that ever was, I was drunk and
on a spree,
I swore that I would hire out, the very first
sight I'd see.
The first it was old Natty Lamb, and up to him I
steered,
I hired to work on Tomah and to drive six little
steers. (oxen).

He said the chance for lumbering was the best I
ever did see.
"The spruce they stand upon a ridge, as thick as
thick can be.
The provisions I'll provide for you, and of the
very best kind!
The cook will dish 'er up for you and have your
meals on time."

But when I got to Squirrel Point, 'twas there I
was struck dumb
To see the load of provisions that into camp did
come.
There was three little loaves of bread, as black
as the Ace of Spades,
And about a quarter-of-a-pound of tea, and an
old bull's shoulder blade!

We packed up our provisions and put them on a
sled,
We hitched behind an old grey mare that had a
broken leg.
We all marched up the turnpike behind this fancy
team.
This is the fate of any man who works on Tomah
Stream.

At length we got to Tomah; 'twas there we made a
stop.
We hitched the old mare to a tree and cast about
the lot.
The way we had to travel, it was a muddy tramp.
Each man he had to sack a load that night into
the camp.

At length the camp it hove in view; it was a sight
to see.
There laid an old dead porcupine, 'twas full as
large as me!
A piece of old hemp carpet, 'twas wore as thin as
gauze,
This was the bedding that Natty had for to keep
out the frost!

We rested hard that night, my boys, we shivered with
the cold,
We rose by day in the morning, a sight for to
behold.
We kindled up a fire, and the frost was cutting keen.
I cursed the day I hired out to work on Tomah Stream!

About ten o'clock in the morning, old Natty he
appeared.
And we all rushed to the door to greet him with a
cheer.
He said, "You look quite happy, all in your little
abode.
A pox upon the devil, boys! Why didn't you skid the
road?"

(The term "skid the road", in the last line of the
song, refers to laying logs across swampy spots to
make them more passable).

Gorman's biting humor was not confined to lumber camps
alone; almost any experience he had sparked his rare
song-writing talent, and he was very much aware of
his reputation, as is indicated in the very brief
tune that follows. It was inspired, Doerflinger re-
ports, by a small incident that happened one day when
he was on his way to a job in New Brunswick and
stopped at a farmhouse to get a meal. The farmer's
wife gave him some stale bread and weak tea, but
Gorman was kinder to her than he was to Natty Lamb.
At least, he was gentleman enough not to mention her
name.

BEWARE OF LARRY GORMAN

And when they see me coming,
Their eyes stick out like prongs,
Sayin', "Beware of Larry Gorman!
He's the man that makes the songs!"

I told her that her bread was good,
Likewise her tea was strong;
But little she knew I was Gorman,
The man who made the songs!

Far less gentlemanly to women in general were the thoughts expressed by Gorman in a ballad called "Byrontown", which he wrote after he went to Maine to (as he says) "speak my mind on womankind". This ballad was collected by Louise Manny in 1949 from one of her singing woodsmen, Jared MacLean of Strathadam, N.B., who in turn had learned it from another woodsmen named Jerry Hanley 35 years earlier.

BYRONTOWN

Oh, in Byrontown, of high renown, that's where I do belong,
And to speak my mind on womenkind, now I've composed a song,
And I hope with me you'll all agree, mind what I say is true,
And young ladies gay I will betray, and give them all their due.

Now the first of all, there's big and small, as you may understand,
The tall and slim, the thick and thin, all in our glorious land,
The black and white, they lace up tight, our young men to beguile,
There's the young and old, the hot and cold, there's every shade and style.

Now, these girls you'll meet upon the street, they seem so blithe and gay,
With a form and face that would disgrace the blooming flowers in May.
And a ruby lip -- some nice young slip -- they seem so gay and shy;
And they'll kindly speak and look so meak, sayin', "I'm mother's pride and joy!"

Now, such thoughts as these, they do me please, and set my heart on fire.
To be some man's wife, yes, all through life, it is their whole desire.
But love has blinded all mankind from the days of Adam down,
So that's the way in the State of Maine, likewise in Byrontown.

Oh, it's now you know to a dance they'll go; next day they can scarcely crawl,
And if our young men could see them then, in love they'd never fall.
Like a lousy pup, they're all used up, their sex they do degrade;
They should lead their life as no man's wife, but die a poor old maid.

They raise at nine, or dinner time, to get their morning meal.
"Oh, mother dear, I feel so queer. You don't know how I feel!
My head does ache, it will surely break; my back it pains again.
I wished last night I was in my grave, and the grass growin' o'er me green!"

But they'll marry a man -- that's if they can -- and to keepin' house they'll go.
They'll pile on style, yes, all the while, let the wages be high or low,
A loaf or cake they cannot bake; you'd laugh to see their pies.
They'd declare the flour was old and sour, and the dough it would not rise!

It's an organ new, you must pursue all for your lady bright,
And a sewin' machine to hem and seam, to keep their hands so white,
And a great big hat, sure she'll sport that, no matter what you say,
And a brand new shawl she'll have next fall, when you your debts can't pay!

"The Scow On Cowden Shore", which follows, is one of Larry Gorman's best and most popular ballads (in New Brunswick, at least,) and it again is typical of his sharp and satirical sense of humor.

"Cowden Shore" is a well-known strip of farmland bordering the southwest branch of the Miramichi, above Newcastle, N.B., one of the large mill centres of the area, and it was here that woodsmen and river-drivers hailing from all parts of the Maritimes set up camp for the night after their long and hazardous job of driving their marked logs into the big booms.

While they waited for the logs to be sorted and claimed by their owners, the men slept in tents on the shore, getting their meals from the cook's scow, or "wangan", that was moored off-shore, plus whatever alcoholic spirits they could get from obliging vendors (in this case, an attractive widow), and spending their leisure hours in celebrating the end of the driving season by raising general shenanigans and partaking of such pleasures as had not been easily available to them during their long winter months in the woods.

There are several different tunes to "The Scow", as there are for most of the songs in this album. At least two versions are given in Doerflinger's book. The one recorded here, which incidentally has more verses than the others, was collected by Louise Manny in 1948 from the singing of Fred McMahon of Chatham, N.B., a well-known Miramichi character who worked in the woods for fifty years, taking time out to serve in two World Wars.

The last phrase of this song, as well as of one other song in this album, "Peter Amberley", is SPOKEN instead of SUNG, which is a traditional way of ending many folk ballads.

THE SCOW ON COWDEN'S SHORE

My name is Larry Gorman, to all hands I mean no harm,
You need not be alarmed for you've heard of me before.
I can make a song or sing it, and in good metre bring it.
And the title that I'll give it is "The Scow On Cowden's Shore".

I have got many a foe, and the same I do know so,
Amongst them all I go, and it grieves their hearts full sore,
For I know that they could shoot me, 'criminate or prosecute me,
But they kind-e-ly salute me 'round the Scow on Cowden's Shore.

There was men from many places, of many different races,
With pale and swarthy faces, I cannot name them o'er,
Island men and Restigouchers, Nashwakers and Pugmooshers,
All assembled here together 'round the Scow on Cowden's Shore.

There's men from Oromocto, some more from Richibucto,
From Fredericton and Bathurst, and MacDonalds from Bras d'Or,
Night ramps and gallivanter, swift runners and fast canter,
All work for daily wages 'round the Scow on Cowden's Shore.

There was the two young Joyces with their onhuman voices
Kept makin' peculiar noises till their throats got quite sore,
Oh, a wolf or Indian devil, they would be far more civil
Than those uncultivated rubbish 'round the Scow on Cowden's Shore.

Dan Brown and Billy Buggy one night got very
groggy,
The night bein' dark and foggy they set up a
tedious (hideous) roar,
They were somethin' intoxicated, and got some-
what agitated,
All hands they did "upright it" 'round the Scow on
Cowden's Shore.

There was the Widow Whinney, she sold ale and
cockaninny (home brew),
To get the poor fools' pennies she sold apples
by the score,
She sold whiskey, gin and fly-beer, some odd
porter, ale and cider,
Which made them whoop and stagger 'round the Scow
on Cowden's Shore.

Dan Brown's a splendid singer, and in dances he
will swing her,
Good tidings he will bring her of a new bank bill
or more,
Oh, she'll laugh and she'll be funny, for she
knows he's got the money,
She'll call 'im her darlin' honey from the Scow on
Cowden's Shore.

Some blokes, they spends good dollars in fine
shirts and paper collars,
And in good whiskey wallers till they fight and
gits them tore,
Oh, they'll curse and they will wrangle, and each
other they will mangle,
They're called hard men to handle from the Scow
on Cowden's Shore.

Oh some, they goes a-courtin', while other's they
goes a-sportin',
They go into a circus to view scenes of days gone
o'er,
In the like I take no pleasure, so I sit down at my
leisure,
And I daily take their measure 'round the Scow on
Cowden's Shore.

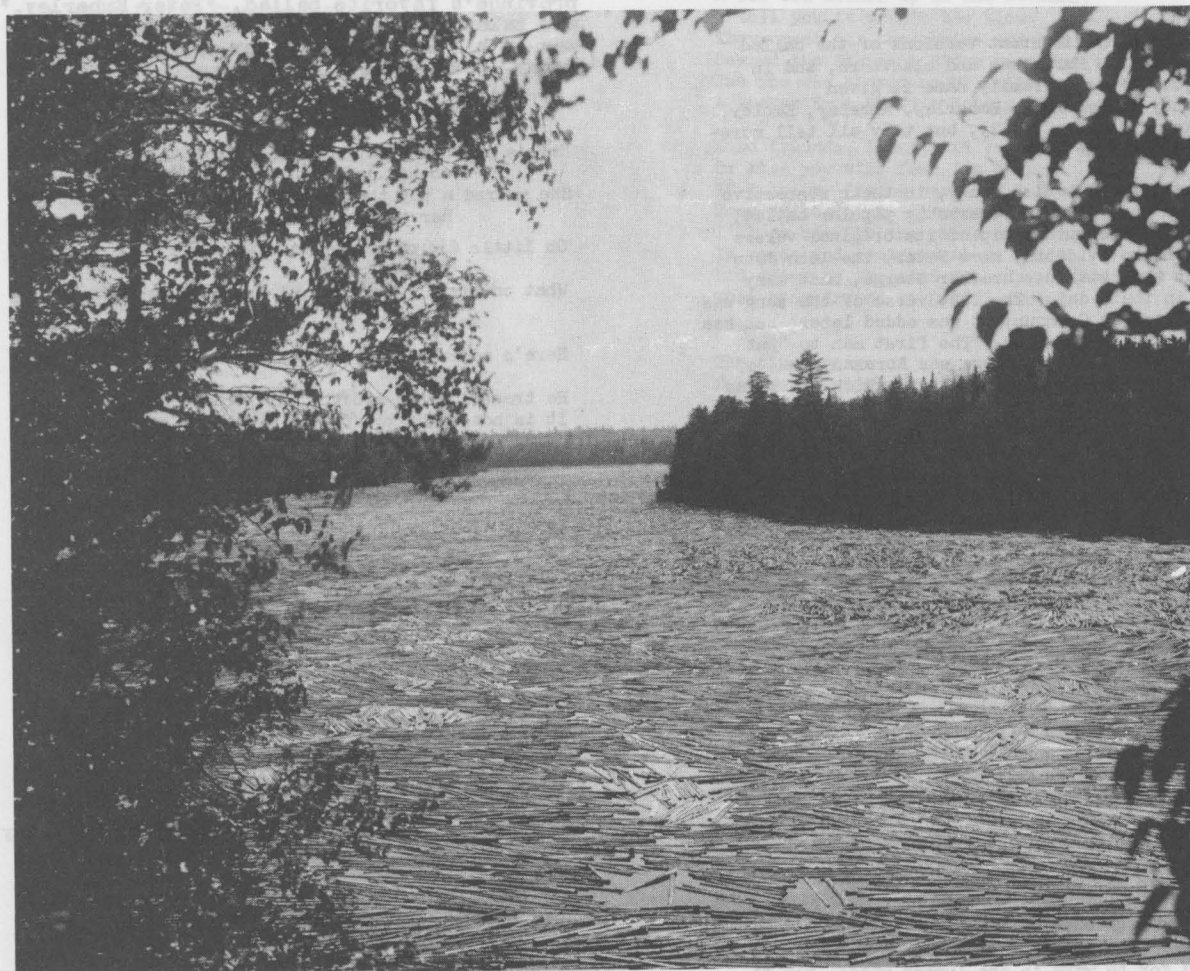
Oh now my song is ended, and I hope no one's
offended,
The like I never intended, and yer pardon I'll
implore,
So ye humble, mild and witty, I pray on me take
pity,
And join me in my ditty from the Scow on Cowden's
Shore.

The last of the six Gorman songs included in this
album, also collected by Louise Manny from the
singing of Jared MacLean, reflects his own summing-
up of the hard life of a lumberjack, coupled with
a warning to the youth of his native Prince
Edward Island to stick to the farm.

BOYS OF THE ISLAND

Come all ye young fellows of Prince Edward Island,
Come list to my song and I'll tell ye the truth,
It's true I'm a native of Prince Edward Island,
I'll advise every young and sensible youth.

Now, the boys on the Island, they say they're not
happy
To work on the farm; they say it's no good.
They talk foolish nonsense, they're rambunctious
crazy
To go off to Bangor and work in the woods.



LOG-JAM

Photo courtesy Canadian National Railways

Now, a new suit of clothes is prepared for the journey,
A long pair of boots made by Sherwood and Clark,
And a fine Kennebecker filled up with good homespun,
And then the young Islander takes his embark.

When he reaches Bangor, he gits off at the station,
Old woodsmen gaze on him all with a keen eye,
For they know by the clothes that the youngster is wearing,
'Tis easily seen that he came from P.E.I.

Now, a lumberjack's life is of short duration,
Made up of tobacco, hard work and bad rum,
But according to Scripture there are a hereafter,
And the worst of your days, boys, has yet got to come.

So, come all ye young fellows that want to leave farmin'
And go to the woods where you're sure to meet harm,
Just take my advice and give heed to my warnin',
Stay home on the Island and work on the farm.

Larry Gorman's advice would seem to be borne out in the favorite of all tragic ballads of Maritimes woodsmen, for it involves a P.E.I. youth like himself who left his Island home a few years after Gorman did, his "fortune to pursue" in the woods of New Brunswick. But his career was cut short on his first job in a Boiestown woods yard when, while loading logs onto a sled, he was struck by a yarded log which slipped from a pile.

The victim of this unfortunate tragedy was buried in a small Catholic cemetery just outside of Boiestown, where his neatly-kept grave may be seen today, marked by a cross which reads simply: "Peter Amberley. Died 1881."

There are many different versions of the ballad throughout the Maritimes and elsewhere, and in them young Peter's family name is given variously as Amberley, Emberley, Ambelay, Embley, Rambelay and, even, Emily, but they all tell more-or-less the same story.

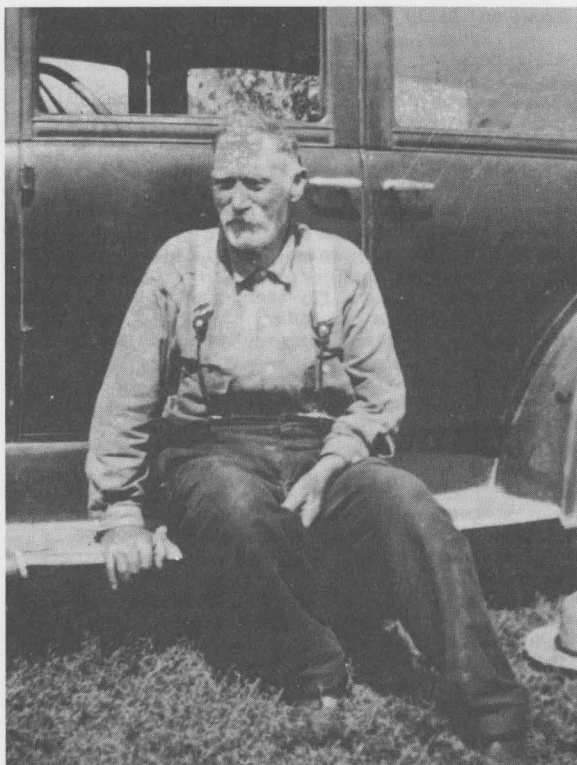
Doerflinger and Louise Manny, in their respective research work on this remarkably popular ballad, both attribute authorship of its original verses to a man who evidently knew Peter, the late John Calhoun who, with his brother George, made many songs in their day. The last verse of the song was not written by Calhoun; it was added later, but has become part of the song. "The first man to 'put a tune' to Calhoun's verses was Abraham Munn, of Holtville, N.B., but the tunes to which the words are sung today are as varied as the words themselves."

As Doerflinger points out, whatever the victim's surname was, most Maritimes singers pronounce it "Emberley", and the version I happen to prefer is one collected by Miss Manny from one of her finest singing woodsmen, Wilmot MacDonald, of Glenwood, N.B. It is the same version I had the good fortune to hear subsequently in Nova Scotia, from one of Dr. Helen Creighton's best folk-singers, Nathan Hatt, who has since died.

PETER EMBERLEY

My name is Peter Emberley, as you may understand,
I was born in Prince Edward's Island, close by the ocean strand,
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one, when the flowers were all in view,
I left my native counteree, my fortune to pursue.

I landed in New Brunswick, that lumb'rin' counteree,
I hired for to work in the lumber woods on the sou'west Mir'michi,
I hired for to work in the lumber woods, for to cut the tall spruce down,
While loadin' sleds all in the yard, I received my deathly wound.



This rare photograph of one of New Brunswick's most famous "native bards," the late John Calhoun, who wrote the original verses of that province's favorite ballad, "Peter Emberley," was taken in the 1920's when the balladeer was in his 90's. (Courtesy of Miss Louise Manny, Newcastle, N. B.)

Here's adieu unto my dearest friend, I mean my mother dear,
She reared a boy that fell as soon as he left her tender care.

Oh little did my mother know when she sang me a lullaby,
What country I would travel in, or what death I would die.

Here's adieu unto my father, 'twas him who sent me here.
He treated me so cruelly, his treatment was severe.
It is not right to oppress a boy, or try to keep him down,
For it will make him leave his home when he is far too young.

Here's adieu to Prince Edward's Island, that garden in the sea,
No more I'll walk its flow'ry banks to enjoy the summer's breeze,
No more I'll view those gallant ships as they go skimmin' by,
With their flags a-flyin' in the breeze, above the canvass high.

Now there's one thing that I ask of you, and that I humbly crave,
To have a holy father to bless my peaceful grave.
All in the city of Boiestown, where my crushed remains do lay,
To await the Saviour's coming on the Resurrection Day.

Although the foregoing "top favorite" was written by John Calhoun, his older brother, George, also had a reputation as a song-maker, and one of his best songs, collected by Doerflinger, is a satirical ditty concerning a man named Rufus Woodcock, who had a small farm near Campbellton, N.B., and who had a knack for curing horses and

other animals of various ailments, although his own horse had died and he hadn't enough money to buy another.

As Doerflinger tells the story, a neighboring preacher named Tozier owned a little bay mare that went lame, and "considering her past help, and not worth her feed", he decided to give the animal to Rufus. In time, the latter cured the mare of her lameness and had her working for him, but as soon as Rev. Mr. Tozier heard of this he contrived to get her back. Once he managed to borrow the mare from Rufus, intending to keep her, but Rufus got her again. But then Tozier came with his son-in-law and claimed the mare once more, this time for good.

Now, poor Rufus, he has come to town,
No wonder that he is cast down,
It's the first time in many's the day
That he has walked here all the way.

Come listen to his tale of woe,
And then the truth you soon shall know.
The reason why he walks today:
Old Tozer stole his mare away.

"When Tozer gave that mare to me,
A useless brute she seemed to be.
Upon three legs she had to go,
The fourth one dangling to and fro.

"Her hooves then I did oil and pare,
I tended her with watchful care.
Before the year was at an end,
My little mare began to mend.

"When she was well and free from pain
And fit to take the road again,
I lent her to that damned old clown
To go as far as Fredericton.

"He drove to Estey's that same day
And there he traded my mare away.
A Central note* that would not pass
He gave to bind the bargain fast.

"It's when I heard what he had done,
I soon resolved to stop his fun.
I quickly followed on his track.
My little mare I soon brought back.

"As I was in my field at work,
It's there I saw this useless Turk
Coming toward me thru' the field.
His son-in-law was at his heels.

"They never stopped to shake my hand;
My little mare they did demand.
Being two to one, I was forced to yield,
And so they led her from the field.

"Her empty stall, I view it now;
She used to stand beside the cow.
No stall between them did divide;
To kick the cow she never tried.

"Her harness hangs up by the wall,
I have no use for it at all.
The pung* in which I took delight,
It now seems hateful to my sight."

At length I heard this villain preach,
His words my heart could never reach.
Of going to Heaven I've heard him boast,
But down in Hell he'll surely roast!

(* "Central note", in verse 6 above refers to a worthless note issued by the defunct Central Bank. "Pung" in verse 12 is a rough country sled.)

Another popular woodsmen's song from the Doerflinger collection concerns two favorite hangouts in Boiestown, N.B. "Duffy's must have been a very cheerful place", writes Doerflinger, "but it wasn't as cheerful as the nearby house, humorously known as 'the Mansion', where rum could always be had by a thirsty shantyboy just out of the woods. You could count on finding such places where the boys went through on their way downriver."

At any event, "The Mansion" evidently was the scene of many a good-natured row, but the one referred to in this song must have been something special to have deserved recording for posterity by some anonymous woodsmen.

DUFFY'S HOTEL

If you're looking for fun and enjoyment,
If you want to go out on a spree,
Come along with me over to Boiestown
On the banks of the Miramichi.
You'll meet with a royal reception,
The truth unto you I'll relate.
On the eighteenth of May I arrived here
From Fred'ricton, came by the freight.

That night I was out on a racket,
I tell you 'twas something immense.
We collared a Shanghai rooster
And he just cost us seventeen cents.
He was sick with the croup and the measles,
They said he was too poor for to sell,
But I guess he'll make hash for the boarders
That hang out at Duffy's Hotel.

One night I was out on a party,
'Twas held in The Mansion below.
A row was kicked up in the kitchen,
I tell you it wasn't too slow.
They upset all the chairs and the tables,
Caused the Pleasant Ridge pigs for to yell.
The row was kicked up by Delaney,
A sucker from Duffy's Hotel.

Kind friends, I must bid you good evening,
Or else you will fear I'm a Turk.
If I loiter 'round here any longer,
Some fellow might give me a jerk!
I'll go back to the place of my childhood,
In peace and contentment to dwell,
Bid adieu to the kind friends and boarders
That hang 'round at Duffy's Hotel.

The first verse of the strange little song that follows is widely known outside the Maritimes, and certainly throughout the eastern woodlands. I got the second verse from Louise Manny, and there may be others; I don't know. But the song seems to be complete enough with only the two verses which, in just a few lines, give us a graphic picture of an economic situation that must have been evident to many at one time.

I do know, through Miss Manny and other sources, that it was one of the favorite songs of New Brunswick's Lord Beaverbrook who, as stated earlier, sponsored Miss Manny's research into the folklore of his native province, and that its tune rings out at noon every day from the "Clock" which adorns the Lady Beaverbrook residence of the University of New Brunswick, in Fredericton, so named in memory of the late Lady Beaverbrook, who also was said to be very fond of this song.

THE JONES BOYS

Oh, the Jones boys!
They built a mill on the side of the hill,
And they worked all night, and they worked all day,
But they couldn't make that gosh-darn sawmill pay!

Oh, the Jones boys!
They built a still on the top of a hill,
And they worked one night, and they worked one day,
And Lord! - How that little old still did pay!

The following version of another widely-known woodsmen's song comes from Helen Creighton's collection of "Songs And Ballads From Nova Scotia", as sung by Allan Hartlan of South-East Passage, N.S. The same complaints, as well as others, are sung to several different tunes, and concern a variety of logging camps and their operators.

IN THE MONTH OF OCTOBER

In the month of October, eighteen eighty-two,
Billy Williams, from Bangor, he scared up a crew,
And forty brave fellows of us he did take,
And he landed us over and across Head Moose Lake,
Singin' fol-the-diddle-derro, right-toodle-I-day.

Oh, we have a cook, and from Bangor came he,
The dirtiest old beggar you ever did see.
Cold beans and raw dough he gave us to eat,
And about twice a week a big feed of salt meat,
Singin' fol-the-diddle-derro, right-toodle-I-day.

At five in the mornin' our boss he would shout:
"Come, bullies; come, bullies; come, bullies,
roll out!"

But when you roll out was all you could see
Was a darn dirty cook and that lousy cookie!
Singin' fol-the-diddle-derro, right-toodle-I-day.

Turning now to some of the sea ballads of the Maritimes, the following tale of "ghostly sailors", who clamber out of the sea to board the vessel that sank their own ship, is well known all along the eastern seaboard in one form or another. Doerflinger attributes the original words to one Harry L. Marcy, as printed in 1874 in "Fishermen's Ballads And Songs Of The Sea", by a Gloucester stationery house called Procter Brothers, but the author is not identified in other publications of the song.

This particular version was collected by Helen Creighton in 1928 from the singing of Gordon Young at Devil's Island, N.S., who claimed its story as the true experience of a Gloucester fishing vessel on its way to Newfoundland for spring and summer bait.

However, in her excellent book, "Bluenose Ghosts", published in 1957, Dr. Creighton identifies the vessel as a Boston ship named the "Charles Haskell" and the vessel she rammed as the "Andrew Jackson" of Salem. The accident happened in a hurricane that blew up on the night of March 7-8, 1866. Both vessels were among 300 ships anchored on Georges, she reports, when an unidentified schooner got adrift and -- out of control--was being hurled by the storm directly towards the Haskell. In order to save their ship, the Haskell's crew cut her rope, thus evading the runaway vessel, but she herself was driven by the wind right into the Andrew Jackson. "She ran through it like cheese, standing the shock herself without losing a rope arm."

On a later trip to the same fishing grounds, Dr. Creighton's account continues, as the Haskell sailed over the spot where they had rammed the Andrew Jackson, the crew of the sunken vessel came up over the sides in their dripping oilskins and manned the Haskell.

"After that," she writes, "the Haskell became known as the 'Ghost Vessel', and the owners were unable to obtain a crew. She was finally purchased by Captain David Hayden of Port Wade, Nova Scotia, for whom she sailed out of Digby... As far as I can gather, she never went to Georges again, and therefore had only the one visitation. I have talked to men who had heard the story personally from the crew, and I too heard it confirmed from one who saw it happen, Capt. Ammon Zinck of Lunenburg. The song, however, is perhaps the best source of information."

THE GHOSTLY SAILORS

You may all smile if you want to, but perhaps you'll
lend an ear.
For men and boys together, well on for fifty years,
I've sailed upon the ocean in summer's pleasant
days,
And through the stormy winter when the howling
winds do rage.

I've been tossed about on George's Shoals, been
fishing in the Bay,
Down south in early seasons, most anywhere would
pay.
I've been in different vessels on the western Banks
and Grand,
I've been in herring vessels that went to Newfound-
land.

There I saw storms, I tell you, when things looked
rather blue,
But somehow I was always quite lucky and got
through.
I will not brag, however; I won't say much, but
then
I'm not much easier frightened than most of other
men.

Last night, as we were sailing, we were off shore
aways.
I never will forget it in all my mortal days.
'Twas in the grand "dog-watches" I felt a thrilling
dread
Came over me as if I heard one calling from the
dead.

Right over our rail there clambered, all silent,
one by one,
A dozen dripping sailors. (Just wait till I am done).
Their faces, pale and sea-wan, shone through the
ghostly night.
Each fellow took his station, as if he had a right.

They moved about before us till land was most in
sight,
Or rather, I should say so, the lighthouse shone
its light.
And then those ghostly sailors moved to the rail
again,
And vanished in an instant before the sons of men.

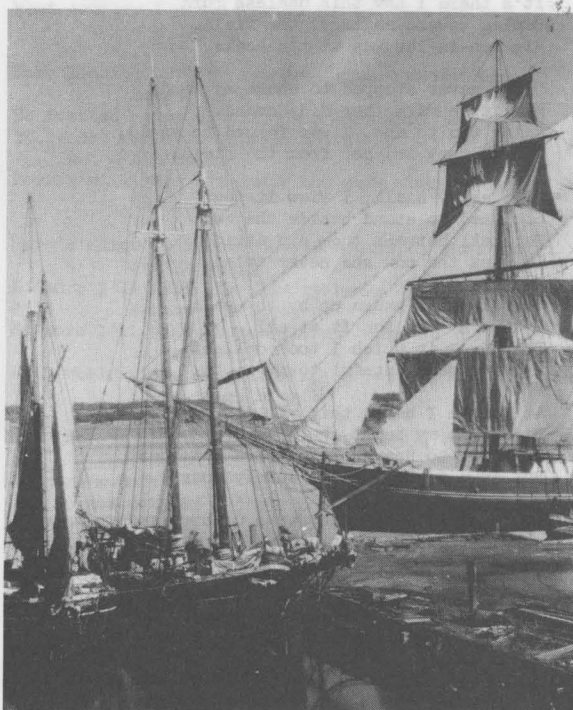


Photo courtesy Canadian National Railways

We sailed right in the harbor, and every mother's
son
Will tell you the same story, the same as I have
done.
The trip before the other, we were on George's
then,
We ran down another vessel, and sank her and
her men.

These were the same poor fellows -- I hope God rest
their souls --
That our old craft ran over and sank on George's
Shoals.
So now you have my story; it is just as I say.
I do believe in spirits until this very day.

With song-rich Newfoundland so close to the other
provinces of Canada's Atlantic coast, it's
inevitable that there should be an interchange of
songs between them; thus, it's not unusual to
find a common favorite between the fishermen of --
for example -- Newfoundland and Nova Scotia.
One such song is the amusing nonsense-ditty which
follows. Dr. Creighton has collected at least
two versions of the song in Nova Scotia, the one
given here having been passed on to her recently
by Berton Young, of West Petpeswick, N.S. The
term "swillin'" means hunting for baby seals,
which are called "swiles".

HARBOR GRACE

Harbor Grace is a pretty place
And so is Peeley's Island,
Daddy's goin' to buy me a brand new dress
When the b'yes come home from swillin'

REFRAIN:

Aye-diddy-ooden-iden-aye,
Aye-diddy-ooden-iden-andy,
Aye-diddy-ooden-iden-aye,
Aye-diddy-ooden-andy.

Georgie, he could build a boat
And he's the boy could drive her,
He's the boy could catch the fish
And take them home to Lizer.

(REFRAIN)

O, Uncle George, he went to town
To buy-I-aye some cotton,
If he don't bring the flowery stuff
He needn't bring I nuttin'.

(REFRAIN)

O, now we're bound for Carbonear
With our bright colors flyin',
The girls will wear new sealskin pants
When the boys come home from swillin'.

(REFRAIN)

Billy was our captain bold
And Georgie was our commander.
But a great big sea wash'd over he
And drowned the Newfoundlander.

(REFRAIN)

The following tragic ballad, which tells the moving
story of a ship's crew that sailed from one port
to another in a vain attempt to save their young
captain from death by small-pox, has at least three
versions in Nova Scotia; one collected by Dr.
Creighton from one of her finest and most prolific
folk-singers, the late Ben Henneberry of Devil's
Island; another collected by the late Prof. W.
Roy Mackenzie at Tatamagouche, N.S., and the third
by Prof. M. M. MacOdrum.

The tune and most of the words given here are from
the Creighton collection, with a few lines borrowed
(for clarification) from the Mackenzie version.



Photo courtesy Canadian National Railways

THE BANKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND

On St. Patrick's Day in 'sixty-five, from New York
we set sail,
Kind fortune, it did favor us with a sweet and
pleasant gale,
We bore away from Americay, the wind being off the
land,
With courage brave we ploughed the wave, bound down
for Newfoundland.

Oh, Nelson was our captain's name, just twenty years
of age.*
As true and brave a sailor lad as ever ploughed the
wave,
The "Eveline" our brig was called, belonging to
McLean,*
With courage brave we ploughed the wave, bound down
for Newfoundland.

When three days out, to our distress, our captain he
fell sick,
And shortly was not able to show himself on deck;
The fever raged, which made us fear that death was
near at hand,
We bore away from Halifax, bound down for Newfoundland.

We made the land, but knew it not, for strangers we
were all,
Our captain being not able to come on deck at all;
So then we were obliged to haul our brig from off
the land;
With laden hearts we put to sea, bound down for
Newfoundland.

All that long night we ran our brig till nine o'clock
next day;
"Our Captain's getting worse," - we all with one
accord did say.
"We'll bear away for Cape Canso; now boys, come lend
a hand,
And trip your topsail to the wind, bound down for
Newfoundland."

At three o'clock we sighted a light, which we were
glad to see;
The small-pox it being raging, for that it proved
to be.
And at four o'clock in the afternoon, at God's just
command,
We anchored her safe in Arichat*, bound down for
Newfoundland.

Unto the board of health we then for medical aid
 did go,
 Our Captain at the point of death, the symptoms he
 did show,
 At five o'clock in the afternoon, at God's just
 command,
 In Arichat he breathed his last, bound down for
 Newfoundland.

All that long night we did lament for our departed
 friend,
 And prayed to be protected from what had been his
 end.
 Be with us and protect us, God, by Thy almighty
 hand,
 And guide us safe while on the seas, bound down to
 Newfoundland.

(* In Prof. MacOdrum's version, the captain's first
 name is given as "Stafford", and his age, "scarce
 sixteen"; also, the name of the ship in the same
 verse is given as "Abeline", belonging to
 "Maitland". The port of Arichat, mentioned later
 in the song, is on the south-east tip of Cape
 Breton Island, across from Cape Canso.)

The rousing sea-ballad that follows, which describes
 how the rum-fortified crew of a fishing schooner
 rode out a wild storm across the mouth of the
 treacherous Bay of Fundy from Portland, Me., to
 Yarmouth, N.S., reflects the "ship-pride" that
 is typical in most sailors, as well as their appre-
 ciation of rum.

The song was collected by Dr. Creighton, early in her
 career, from the singing of "Old Ben" Henneberry's son,
 Edmund, who inherited many of his father's songs, and
 his talent for singing them.

In her notes accompanying the ballad, Dr. Creighton
 points out that her singers had attributed its
 authorship to a resident of the little village of
 Chezzetcook, N.S., until she learned from the late
 John Murray Gibbon (whose interest in Canadian
 folklore spanned most of his many years with the
 Canadian Pacific Railway head office in Montreal)
 that it had been written originally as a poem by the
 late Frederick William Wallace, and had been published
 in the "Canadian Fisherman" in 1914. Mr. Wallace
 became well known later as the author of "Wooden
 Ships And Iron Men", a most comprehensive history
 of the "Square-rigged" ships of Canada's Merchant
 Marine, as well as of their owners and of the men
 who sailed them. He also published a novel and two
 volumes of short-stories about the sea and sailors,
 as well as a book of his memoirs under the title
 "Roving Fishermen".

His poem, which became well known as a song all
 along the coast of Nova Scotia, was based on his
 own experience aboard a fishing schooner called
 the "Effie Morrissey" which, under the command of
 Captain Bartlett, became famous in numerous
 expeditions in the Arctic, among them being the
 Palmer Putman Expedition. The trip described in
 the song was made in December, 1913.

THE MARY L. MacKAY

Oh, come all you hearty haddockers, who winter
 fishing go,
 And brave the seas upon the Banks in stormy winds
 and snow,
 And ye who love hard driving, come listen to my lay
 Of the run we made from Portland on the Mary L.
 MacKay.

We hung the muslin on her as the wind began to hum,
 Twenty hardy Nova Scotia men, most full of Portland
 rum.
 Mainsail, foresail, jib and jumbo on that wild
 December day
 As we passed out Cape Elizabeth and slugged for
 Fundy Bay.

We slammed her by Monhegan as the gale began to
 scream,
 Our vessel took to dancing in a way that was no
 dream.
 A howler o'er the toprail we steered sou'west away,
 Oh, she was a hound for running, was the Mary L.
 MacKay.

"Now, storm along and drive along, and punch her
 thru' the ribs,
 Don't mind your boarding combers as the solid green
 she dips.
 Just mind your eye and watch the wheel!" - Our
 skipper, he did say.
 "Clear decks, we'll sport tomorrow on the Mary L.
 MacKay!"

Oh, the seas were looking ugly and the crests were
 heaving high,
 Our vessel simply scooped her till our decks were
 never dry.
 The cook, he mouthed his pots and pans, and unto
 us did say,
 "You'll get nothing else but mugups on the Mary L.
 MacKay!"

We slammed her to Matinicus, the skipper hauled the
 log,
 "Sixteen knots! Lord Harry, ain't she just the gal
 to jog?"
 The half-canned wheelsman shouted as he swung her
 on her way,
 "Just watch me tear the mainsail off the Mary L.
 MacKay!"

The rum was passing merrily and the gang was feeling
 grand,
 Long necks a-dancing in her wake from where we left
 the land.
 Our skipper he kept sober for he knew how things
 would lay,
 And he made us furl the mainsail on the Mary L.
 MacKay.

Under foresail and her jumbo we tore wildly thru'
 the night,
 The foaming, surging whitecaps in the moonshine made
 a sight
 Would fill your hearts with terror, boys, you'd
 wish you were away
 At home in bed, and not aboard the Mary L. MacKay.

Oh, over on the Lurcher Shoals the seas were running
 strong,
 The roaring, angry breakers from three to four miles
 long,
 And in this wild inferno, boys, we soon had hell to
 pay,
 We didn't care a hoot aboard the Mary L. MacKay.

We laced our wheelsman to the box as he steered us
 thru' the gloom,
 A big sea hove his dory mate right over the main
 boom.
 It tore the oil pants off his legs and you could hear
 him say,
 "There's a power of water flying o'er the Mary L.
 MacKay!"

Our skipper didn't care to make his wife a widow yet,
 He swung her off to Yarmouth Cape, with just her
 foresail set,
 We passed Forchu next morning and shut in at break
 of day,
 And soon in sheltered harbor lay the Mary L. MacKay.

From Portland, Maine, to Yarmouth Sound, two twenty
 miles we ran
 In eighteen hours, my bully boys, now beat that if you
 can.
 The gang said 'twas seamanship, the skipper he kept
 dumb,
 But the force that drove our vessel was the power
 of Portland rum.

Another reflection of "ship-pride" is evident in this final song, about a Nova Scotian barkentine called the "George E. Corbitt", one of the smartest vessels ever engaged in the West Indies and coastwise trade, according to William Doerflinger.

The vessel was built, he says in his much-quoted "Shantymen and Shantyboys", at Digby, N.S., about 1875, for her namesake, an Annapolis merchant, and his co-owners, among whom were John G. Hau and Company of Boston.

"The handsome barkentine earned a reputation for speed during a successful career that ended when she was abandoned at sea in 1890," Doerflinger continues. "One of her voyages from Annapolis to Demerara, British Guiana, in 1883, was immortalized in what is doubtless the best song of the West Indies trade."

He refers to the sailors who manned the windjammers of the West Indies and coastwise trade runs as "forgotten heroes", whose sterling achievements "have been overshadowed by those of the better-publicized deep-water men," and maintains that their ballads, "largely overlooked by folk-song collectors, form an unusual saga of men against the sea."

The song given here, which Doerflinger secured from the late Mr. Corbitt himself in 1937, was written by the "Corbitt's" cook, Tom Reynolds, of Port Lawrence, N.S., and was extremely popular on Bluenose vessels and in the Bay of Fundy area.

A slightly different version of the song was collected by Dr. Creighton and was published in the Journal of American Folklore, April-June, 1950.

CORBITT'S BARKENTINE

Come all you brave Annapolis boys, I'll tell you what I've seen,
On a voyage to Demerara in a fancy barkentine.
The thirtieth day of August, in 1883,
The "Eva Johnson" took our lines and towed us out to sea.

The mates did pick their watches and unto us did say,
"If you can't do your duty, boys, she's the hottest out of the Bay!"

"Oh Lord, oh Lord, what have I done," so bitterly one did scream,

"That I should be shanghaied on board of Corbitt's barkentine?"

The rising sun next morning shone on six seamen bold,

And one big dog named Rover made seven hands all told,

Oh, he was chum of the second mate, for when his watch was done,

Instead of going forward he would lie out in the sun.

I think they were connected, if rightly I may guess,
For neither one spoke English, and they both said "ja" for "yes".

The wind is to the west'ard, she heads across the stream. (Gulf Stream)..

The angry waves are rolling over Corbitt's barkentine.

Our Captain on the quarter, while thirteen days passed by,

A speck to the head and windward one morning did espy,

"Now, mind your hel-m carefully, don't let her swing about,

And if the wind holds steadily we soon shall make her out."

It proved to be the "Myrtle", with three long days a start,

And with a fair and lively breeze that drove her like a dart,

But now we exchange signals, she's to leeward of our beam,

She dips her colors gracefully to Corbitt's barkentine.

Oh, now we're shoving lumber, and the sweat like rain does pour,
Wishing for the night to come so we can get on shore,
And then we're up to Tibert's Bay upon some drunken spree,
Or else we're off a-dancing, upon our dignity!

But if our friends could see us now, you bet that we'd be shy,

For we have sweethearts fore and aft, although they're on the sly.

Then down there comes a yaller gal, dressed up just like a queen,

Inquiring for the steward of Corbitt's barkentine.

We're loaded now with sugar, and for Boston we are bound,

We'll take our sand and canvas and we'll wash and scrub her down,

And after that is finished, to painting we will go.

We are in hopes when that is done to get one watch below.

Old Neptune he has favored us with a fair and lively breeze,

And like a thing endowed with life she bounds across the seas.

Old Scotty caught a dolphin that turned yellow, blue and green.

The blood lies spattered on the deck of Corbitt's barkentine.

Our course being west-nor'west, my boys, if I remember right,

With everything all sheeted home she heads for Boston Light.

The sun upon the State House dome so brightly it does gleam,

It glitters forth a welcome to Corbitt's barkentine.

Now we sight Nova Scotia's shores, with outstretched hands exclaim

Like William Tell, "Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again."

Then up along that Granville shore majestically we sail,

We pass Goat Island on our lee all through the rain and hail.

Oh now we lie at anchor abreast this gay old town,
We'll run aloft Saint George's Cross, the wreath and Tory Crown.

The people are all remarking -- it is their only theme --

"There lies the George E. Corbitt! She's a handsome barkentine!"



One of Canada's outstanding interpreters of folk songs, Alan Mills lives in Montreal, where he started singing and collecting his vast library of folk songs as a hobby in the early thirties, while working as a police reporter for Montreal newspapers.

He left newspaperwork to join the noted English musicologist and singer, the late John Goss, and his quintet of "London Singers", with whom he toured Canada and the United States for two years, during which time his "hobby" became his "profession".

Since 1947, he has been a regular broadcaster of folk songs in Canada's two "official languages" (English and French) on the network of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, has transcribed many of Canada's folk songs for the International Service of the CBC, and has appeared frequently in both French and English television programs, as well as in a variety of films of the National Film Board of Canada.

He has compiled and edited several song books, including "FOLK SONGS FOR YOUNG FOLK", published by Canadian Music Sales Corp., Ltd., Toronto; "FAVORITE SONGS OF NEWFOUNDLAND", published by EMI-Canada, and "SING A LITTLE", a volume of 30 French-Canadian folk songs for children with his own English translations, also published by EMI-Canada.

Other FOLKWAYS records by this Canadian singer include:-

- FW6929 FRENCH-CANADIAN FOLK SONGS -- 10"
- FW6831 FOLK SONGS OF NEWFOUNDLAND -- 10"
- FW6918 DUET SONGS OF FRENCH CANADA -- 10"
(With Hélène Baillargeon)
- FW6923 FOLK SONGS OF ACADIA -- 10"
(With Hélène Baillargeon)
- FC7208 FRENCH FOLK SONGS FOR CHILDREN -- 10"
- FC7018 FRENCH FOLK SONGS FOR CHILDREN,
SUNG IN ENGLISH -- 10"
- FC7009 MORE SONGS TO GROW ON -- 10"
- FC7021 FOLK SONGS FOR YOUNG FOLK - Vol. 1 -
Animals -- 10"
- FC7022 FOLK SONGS FOR YOUNG FOLK - Vol. 2 -
More Animals -- 10"
- FC7750 CHRISTMAS SONGS OF MANY LANDS,
Sung in English -- 12"
- FA-2312- SONGS OF THE SEA -- 12" -
(Selected as one of "best hundred
records of the year" by New York
Herald Tribune).
- FP-3001- "O. CANADA" - A History In Folk Songs -- 12"
(Selected as one of "best hundred
records of the year" by New York
Herald Tribune).
- FW8771 "WE'LL RANT AND WE'LL ROAR" --
More Songs Of Newfoundland -- 12"