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# SONGS AND BALLADS OF NORTHERN SASKATCHEWAN AND NORTHERN MANITOBA

Compiled by Marvin Loewen and Mrs. Shirley Davidson



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USIC LP

The Northern Trappers Rendezvous  
Old Grandpa Higgins  
Red Deere River Waltz  
Half Asleep In My Saddle  
The Old Trappers Waltz  
The Davey Winton  
When The Iceworms Nest Again  
Trout Festival Waltz  
Northern Jamboree

SONGS AND BALLADS OF  
NORTHERN SASKATCHEWAN AND NORTHERN MANITOBA

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

# SONGS and BALLADS

## of NORTHERN SASKATCHEWAN and NORTHERN MANITOBA



Besides being a very colorful event, the Northern Trappers Festival is also quite traditional, as it serves as a very realistic Flash back to the days when these Trappers of the North, were indeed Kings in their own rights. And so as one walks along the streets of The Pas, (A comparably modern Town) at any time during the Festive days, it is with a feeling as if just having stepped out of a book of Adventure, Tradition, hardship and Romance, written by those stalward men of the Lonesome Trails, the Trail blazers of Civilization, those Trappers of the Fabulous North, when we see on the one side of the street, a Buick parked along side a Parking

meter that has stopped to tick, while on the other side a Huskie Dog team tied to a Fire Hydrant lying flat in the snow, and, as if wondering how to change the color on that funny looking tree, and at the same time make it grow taller. It is during these three Festival days that the highly competitive Worlds Championship Dag races are held, and with many other attractions such as, the Fishing contest, sqwaw wrestling, rat skinning, and many, many side attraction, and each evening all this is Highlighted by the Festival Follies held in the Local Theatre, under capable direction, and professional proformance.

Also sharing the spot light is the ever popular Dance of the Season, the Trappers' own, fondly referred to, and known as THE NORTHERN TRAPPERS RENDEZVOUS which has been witnessed, written about, and recorded as follows:

THE NORTHERN TRAPPERS RENDEZVOUS

Where the Huskies Howl at the Norther Lights  
To impress the World of their Coyote rights,  
Where Maidens gay, sing and play all day,  
And every Trapper man is on his way.  
That's the place to go, and you'll surely know,  
That you've been there when you've been there, so,  
With a thousand and two, and another few,  
At the Northern Trappers Rendezvous.

Tie your Muckluks tight, you'r going out to-night,  
To where the mus's loud, and the lights are bright.  
So come what may, you'll just hav'e to stay,  
'Till the dawn of another Hectic day.  
Where the Old Timers meet, and the Young timers greet,  
And you Dance all night on the Old Trappers feet,  
You'll find this true, good luck to you,  
At the Northern Trappers Rendezvous.

Where the Trappers Rock, and the Iceworms Roll,  
And the Fur Queen climbs that Old North Pole,  
Where you shake a leg, that's if you'r able,  
And wake up under the nice'st table,  
Where you Dance all night, as man to man,  
To that Knock Down, Dragout, Ragtime band,  
Where you go to try that Tea for Two,  
At the Northern Trappers Rendezvous.

Composed by - Jack Loewen  
Sung by - Marvin Loewen

Also at Festival time, as throughout the whole year,  
many house parties are in progress at all times, and  
are in fact so popular that The Pas could easily be  
regarded as the Home of House parties, and having  
been to many of these parties it was quite easy to  
assume that many others would see them the same as  
we did, and thus were prompted the words, and music  
to OLD GRANDPA HIGGIN'S SOMETIMES ALSO REFERRED  
TO AS HOUSE PARTY.

We rigged us a Party, we had us a time,  
I sent out the invites on the old Party line,  
They all were a-comin, the Young and the Old,  
T'was a real Juggy Muggy, that's what I've been told.

The first one to come, and the last one to go,  
Was Old Granpa Higgins, a real Dude to know.  
He started us goin, and soon were half gone.  
The Party was a-roarin from that minute on.

He showed a sligh grin, as he looked at the clock,  
And pulled up his Heavey Wool Red Winter sock.  
He looked at us all, and I remember him say,  
If you can't cut it Buster by Gum, you can't stay.

GrandPa was loud, but we all got along,  
Though the coffee was weak, and the Water was strong.  
I remember it vaguely, Granpa calling for more,  
Though most of us Hombres were flat on the floor.

I could'nt distinguish 'tween Granps and the door,  
Just who it was Jiggin, and Yodelin for more.  
It seems I was Sailing, as I heard Grandpa say,  
If you can't cut it Buster, by Gum you can't stay.

Composed by - Jack Loewen  
Sung by - Ray Trafford

Both Marvin Loewen and Shirley Davidson, (Formerly Shirley Loewen) showed their interest in music at an early age, and because of their intense interest along this line, were permitted to join their Parents orchestra when each became of age. (Ten years old)

Both having been borne in the Saskatoon area, in Saskatchewan, had much to learn when their Parents left the City during the depression years, in 1939, to again take up their old trade of Ranching, to which they themselves were quite accustomed, having been borne on a Ranch in South Dakota.

Their move was to the Hudson Bay-Erwood district in North Eastern Saskatchewan, and it was here where quite a number of Ballads were written by the Group, one of which is the RED DEERE RIVER WALTZ.

CHORUS:

A million ends, a million bends,  
That's how the story goes,  
Out where the Red Deere River flows,  
As hand in hand across the sand,  
We strolled there every day,  
Right until the day you went away.  
I've been lonely bewildered, unhappy and blue,  
When you return, I'll be waiting for you,  
A million ends, a million bends,  
That's how the story goes,  
Out where the Red Deere River flows.

Men may have come, and gone to,  
But if this story is true,  
Where Palm trees replace the tall Spruce trees,  
You'll find the Red Deere there to.

Composed by - Jack and Marvin Loewen  
Sung by - Marvin Loewen

For the next fifteen years the Loewens orchestra, (Mr. and Mrs Jack Loewen, Marvin Loewen, and Shirley Loewen), were quite busy, and in addition to their Farm and Ranch duties, played at hundreds of Dances, at Weddings, Banquets, School Picnics, Farewell dances to the Soldiers about to leave for overseas, and also when they returned to their homes again in the District.

What had been a Happy, and prosperous community up until 1950 was hit by successive floods for four years, making it necessary for about eighty percent of the families to move away, and leave their homes, to try for some other place to make a living, and by 1954 very few left, and it was then that the Loewens too decided to move, and this time to The Pas, Manitoba.

It was on the Eve of their departure there that this song was written. HALF ASLEEP IN MY SADDLE.

Half asleep in my Saddle, as I ride along,  
In my mind a vision, in my Heart this song.  
Of Happy faces I used to know,  
They've left their Homeplace,  
They've had to go.  
And there were hard times for every one,  
They had to leave what they had begun.  
Now these empty houses, all alone there stand,  
Amongst the Tallweeds, and the shifting sand.  
Where children were playing from early dawn,  
There's no one left now, every one is gone.  
We shared our joys and our troubles there,  
And left the rest to our Heavenly care.  
Some day I'm hoping to meet them there,

When they return there from Heaven knows where.  
Half asleep in my saddle, as I ride along,  
In my mind is this vision, in my Heart is this song.

Composed by - Jack and Marvin Loewen  
Sung by - Shirley Loewen

After a happy Wedding celebration at which Shirley Loewen, became Mrs. George Davidson, The Loewens and the Davidsons once more moves, and this time to The Pas, Man. which they found to be a wonderful place to be, as well as the Gateway to the North, and the Home of the Northern Trappers' Festival.

Although having heard about, and having visited The Pas during Festival time before moving there, it was only after they moved there that they all realized the tremendous work, required, and the efficiency, and willingness of all the people taking part. A very capable committee is elected every year, and under the capable leadership of Wilf Cudmore, the President of many years of experience, this Festival has become well known to many parts of Canada, and the United States, as the many visitors would indicate, and could easily be regarded as the Mardi Gras of the North.

It was in tribute to the Northern Trappers Festival, that in 1958 Marvin Loewen was inspired to write THE OLD TRAPPERS WALTZ.

Every day, every night, all the week long,  
All Happy Trappers are singing this song,  
As they are Mushing down South to The Pas,  
To join in the Festival fun.  
There will be Huskies and Dusklies galore,  
And more pretty gals then ever before  
They will be Waltzing all the night long,  
To the tune of The Old Trappers' Song.

Tra-La Dum-De-Dum-De-Dum,  
Trappers each and every one,  
Come on and join us in the fun,  
Dancing The Old Trappers Waltz.

Composed by - Jack and Marvin Loewen  
Sung by - Marvin Loewen

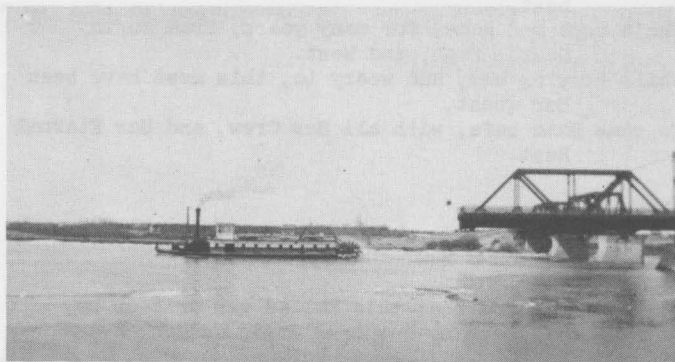
#### DAVEY WINTON

On a pleasant Summer Evening, after I walked along  
the shore,  
I sat down to rest and ponder, for an hour maybe more.  
On the banks of the old Saskatchewan, where I had  
sat before,  
To watch it flowing on, and on, and on for evermore.

Soon, I thought I heard a paddle, a splash, a chug,  
a chime,  
As I sat there watching, waiting, in a trance almost  
sublime.  
I felt this time I'd see her, finest boat along  
the line,  
As I knew the Davey Winton, was always there on time.

I heard a Siren blowing, two long, and then two  
short,  
And knew then that this river Boat, was coming into  
Port.  
The Bridge swung wide, as if to let, a King and all  
his Court,  
Pass through, and then salute, to this, the last  
report.

Then on the Dim, Dark waters, that pleasant Summer  
night,



I could see Her slowly coming, in Her cabin was a  
light.  
She was moving, slowly, surely, turning left, then  
to the right,  
And I saw the name quite plainly, it was painted  
black on white.

I could see the Davey Winton, looking trim, and  
string,  
As the Captain pulled the Siren, banging on his tin  
horn gong.  
I could hear the boatmen singing, their rusty river  
song,  
About their lonesome hardships, and the trips that  
were to long.

And as the Boat drew closer, within forty feet, or  
so,  
The singing became softer, and the lights went out  
I know.  
I could hear the Captains orders, advising all to go,  
Handing all a paddle, saying, from here on in, we row.

Then these stallward men all left her, I'm sure I  
heard a sigh,  
Like a Prayer for ones companions, as they turned and  
waved goodbye.  
No one asked, or questioned orders, they all knew the  
reason why,  
They came slowly, slowly walking, and a tear in every  
eye.

I saw the old Boat settle, gently on Her starboard  
side,  
The cabin window broken, and Her doors were swinging  
wide.  
And like some wounded animal, that is trying hard to  
hide,  
I knew then that the Winters ice, had ripped off  
half Her side.

As I got up, and looked around, stretching, blinked,  
and yawned,  
Behold that Mighty River there, seemed Peacefull as  
a Pond.  
There was no breeze, no Boat, no Crew, and from the  
far beyond,  
The Sun was rising bright, and clear, as another day  
had dawned.

The Davey Winton, She is gone, as all some day must  
go,  
Her Spirit must have gone Above, for there some Day  
to Show.  
The rust, the Grime, Her broken bow, is lying down  
below,  
And all the Tales that it could tell, we'll never,  
never know.

These many Waters She has plied, and always did here  
best,  
She's come and gone, for many years, from North,  
South, East, and West.  
While growing old, and weary to, this must have been  
Her quest,  
To come Home safe, with all Her Crew, and Her Eternal  
Rest.

Jack Loewen

#### WHEN THE ICEWORMS NEST AGAIN

It is understood that this Ballad was written by, Norma Booth, with co-authors, Joyce Colgan, Jean Carroll, Marion Williamson, Roland Langlois, Arthur LaFontaine, all of the Pas, Man. and Mona Syington of Winnipeg, Man., and Published in 1949 by WATERLOO MUSIC CO., of Waterloo, Ont. also recorded by Hallmark Music Corp. on L.P. "Folk Songs Of Canada".

It has also been recorded by Wilf Carter for the R.C.A. label "WHEN THE ICEWORMS NEST AGAIN" has been adopted as an unofficial Theme song of THE NORTHERN TRAPPERS' FESTIVAL, and it is understood that this Ballad dates back as an old Folk Song of the Yukon Gold Rush days.

There's a Husky Dusky maiden in the Arctic,  
In Her Igloo, she's waiting there in vain.  
Oh, I guess I'll put my Mucklucks on and ask her,  
If she'll Wed me when the Iceworms nest again.

#### CHORUS:

In the land of the pale blue snow, where it's ninety  
nine below,  
And the Polar bears are roamin o'r the plains.  
In the shadow of the Pole, I will clasp her to my  
soul,  
We'll be Happy when the Iceworms nest again.

Oh, the Weddin feast will be Seal oil and blubber,  
In our Kayaks we'll roam the boundless main.  
How the wallrusses will turn their necks to rubber,  
We'll be Happy, when the Iceworms nest again.

And when the blinken icebergs bound around us,  
She'll present me with a bouncing baby boy.  
All the Polar bears will dance a rumba 'round us,  
And the Wallrusses will click their teeth with joy.

By Norma Booth, and co-authors as mentioned above.

Recorded by - Loewen Orchestra

#### TROUT FESTIVAL WALTZ

This was written for the Trout Festival held every Summer at Flin Flon, Manitoba.

This Festival is to Flin Flon in the Summer what the Trappers' Festival is to The Pas, Man.

At this event, which has become extremely popular, and is well known in many parts of Canada, and the U.S.A.

It's Festival time, Trout Festival time,  
At Flin Flon again.  
All will be there, from everywhere,  
A prize to obtain.  
So leave all your worries, and bring your Fish stories,  
A merry time is on,  
You'll have to be, if you want to see,  
At Festival time in Flin Flon.

There will be wishing, there will be Fishing,  
And this is what the Old timers say,  
Some will be big ones, some will be small ones,  
But the biggest one SHURE got away.  
There will be Dancing, singing and romancing,  
And a Happy time each day,  
So just come along, the contest is on,  
And it's Festival time at Flin Flon.

Words - Jack Loewen  
Music - Marvin Loewen

#### NORTHERN JAMBOREE

The Northern Jamboree is an old Hoe Down Danced in the Northern part of Saskatchewan, and was picked up, rewritten, and played at many Dances in the Hudson Bay Saska. area for many years. It is not known to how long back this tune, and words date. It was first done as it is to-day by the Loewen Orchestra in that part of the Country as far back as 1939.

Everybody swing out, hurry boys come lets go, swing  
her high and swing her low. Alamnde left with the  
left hand around, and around the ring go, around  
and around you go.

Grand old left and right boys, left and right boys,  
come on, come on Gents lets go.

Grand old left and right boys, left and right boys,  
don't you don't you, Gents be slow.

Promenade the circle, promenade the circle, with  
Jane, Jack, and Joe.

First couple lead to the right boys,  
First couple lead to the right boys, change partners  
there to swing.

Take that lady up to the right,  
Take that lady up to the right, do it once again.

Take that Gal and home you go, and everybody,  
EVERYBODY swing.

Honor to you'r partner, to you're partners all, yes  
to you're partners all.

Swing that pretty gal,  
Swing that pretty gal, and promenade the Hall.

Words - Jack Loewen,  
Music - Jack Loewen

Recorded by - Loewen Orchestra

#### TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

This is to certify that no one of the members of our "Group" known as The Loewen Orchestra, are in any way connected with, obligated to, or solicited by The Northern Trappers Festival Committee, and that we are entirely on our own, with our personal views, comments, and best wishes of, and to all taking part in the Festival, whose welfare, friendliness, and Success we cherish in true Northern spirit.

Jack Loewen,  
Mrs. Martha Loewen,  
Marvin Loewen,  
and Mrs. Anne Loewen,  
Shirley Davidson,  
George Davidson