

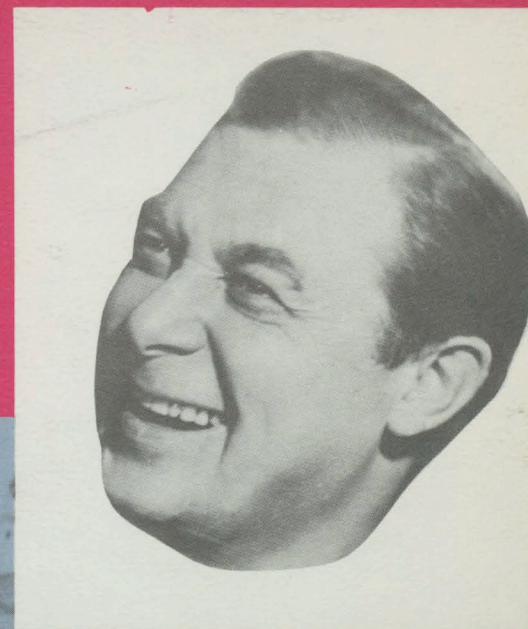
We'll Rant and We'll Roar

SONGS OF NEWFOUNDLAND

Sung by ALAN MILLS

Accompanists: Gilbert Lacombe, guitar Gordon Fleming, accordeon

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FW 8771



M
1678
M657
F666
1958

Film Board of Canada

MUSIC LP

Cover Design

SONGS OF NEWFOUNDLAND

We'll Rant And We'll Roar
(The Ryans And The Pittmans)
Jerry Ryan
Old Polina
Concerning One Summer In Bonay I Spent
The Southern Cross
The Spanish Captain
Jack Hinks
Harbour Grace
Hard, Hard Times
Feller From Fortune
Bachelor's Hall
The Star Of Logy Bay
Trinity Cake
Petty Harbour Bait Skiff
Harbour Le Cou
The Sealers' Song

FOLKWAYS RECORDS Album No. FW 8771
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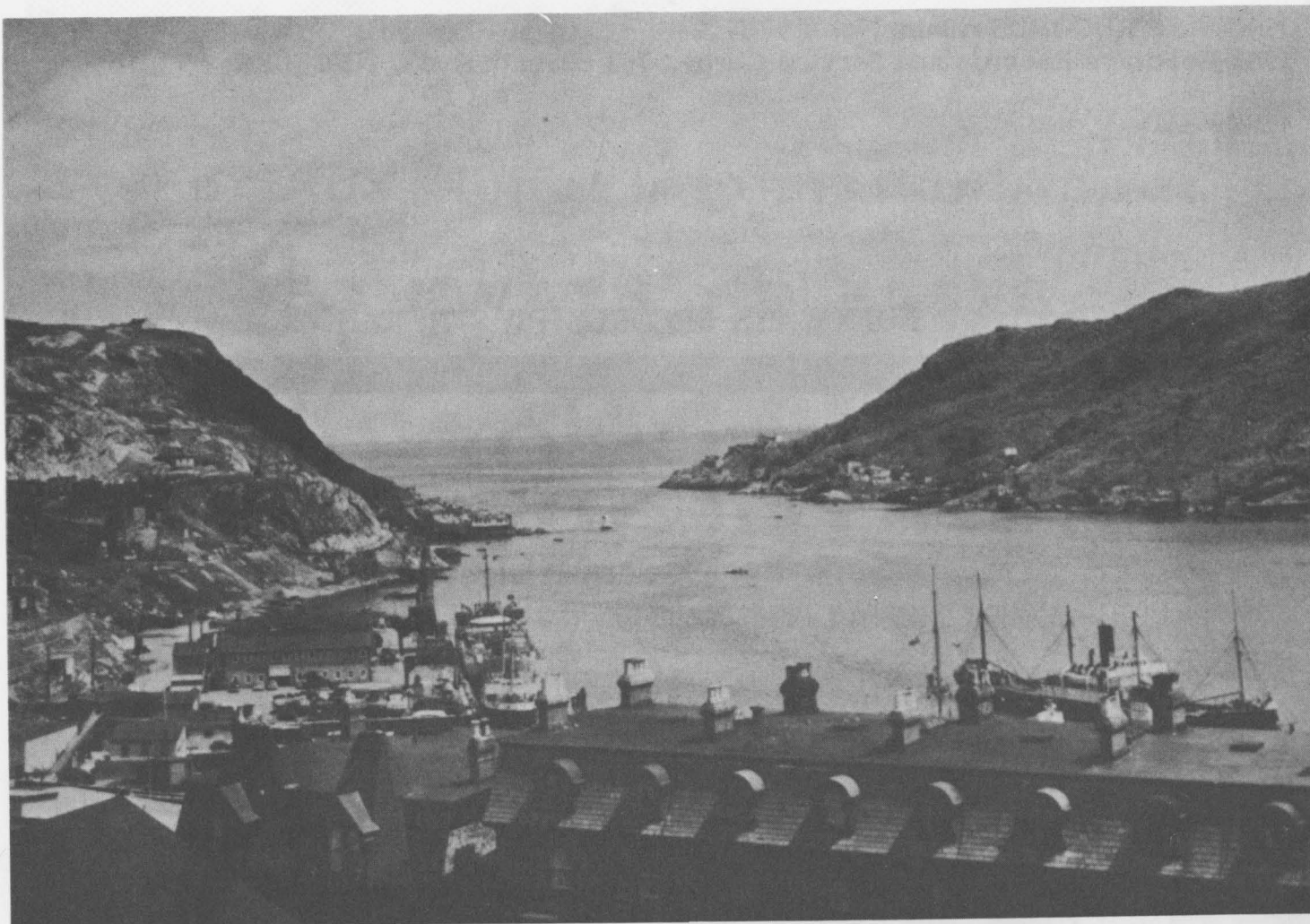
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"WE'LL RANT AND WE'LL ROAR"
(More Songs Of Newfoundland)

Notes By Alan Mills

This second album of Newfoundland folksongs and ballads is a long overdue sequel to one of my earliest FOLKWAYS albums (FP-831), a 10" LP containing a dozen other folksongs of Canada's tenth province, and it is hoped that this will be received as well as that first album, not only by Newfoundlanders themselves, but by all who love the particular lilt and flavor of their matchless songs.

I would like to feel that this album is -- in some small measure -- a tribute to the late Gerald S. Doyle, O.B.E., K.S.G., a prominent Newfoundland businessman who devoted much of his time and effort to collecting the songs and poetry of "the island's" native bards, and published them in booklets which he freely gave to anyone who asked for them. Most of the songs in this album are from the Doyle collection, although it includes several songs from other sources as well, as indicated elsewhere.

I would like to express my thanks to Mrs. Gerald S. Doyle for her permission to reprint in this booklet the words of songs collected by her late husband, and for her helpful suggestions concerning the notes.

As is written in the introduction of FP-831, nowhere in Canada is singing and song-making more loved, or

St. John's Harbour

more in evidence as a folk art, than in the curiously shaped island which became Britain's first overseas colony when it was discovered by John Cabot only five years after Christopher Columbus discovered America.

Like others who sought a new life in this "new world", the settlers who followed Cabot's trail in subsequent generations brought with them many of the traditional folksongs and ballads of the British Isles, mainly from Ireland and the west of England. A number of these inherited ballads are still sung in various forms in the many fishing villages that dot the rugged coasts of Newfoundland, but, for the most part, these older gems have been replaced in the affections of the people by "home-made" songs which grew out of the minds and experiences of native bards; songs which record local happenings and mention the names of people and places dear to the hearts of Newfoundlanders. These are the "true" folksongs of Newfoundland, loved beyond all others and little known to "outsiders".

In many cases, the authors of the songs are known, and some of them are still very much alive; and if some of their tunes have a familiar ring, what matter? The song-makers of Newfoundland (no less than such illustrious bards as Robert Burns and Thomas Moore) cared little about borrowing a melody or a phrase, as long as it served to convey the stories they had to tell; and these tune-ful stories tell us much of the land that gave them birth, and of the character of its song-loving people.

"WE'LL RANT & WE'LL ROAR"

--or--

"THE RYANS & THE PITTMANS"

This rollicking sea-ballad, which is from the Gerald S. Doyle collection, is based on the tune of the well-known English sea song, "Farewell And Adieu To You, Spanish Ladies", and has been a favorite with Newfoundlanders since the 1880's, when the verses were written by the late H. W. LeMessurier, C.M.G., onetime newspaper editor and Deputy Minister of Customs in St. John's. The first verse of the song may be sung as a chorus after each of the subsequent verses, if desired. The term "sunkers", in the third line of that verse, refers to shoals, reefs or rocks just under the surface of the water, and the names of people and places mentioned throughout the song are typical of "the island".

We'll rant and we'll roar like true Newfoundlanders,
We'll rant and we'll roar on deck and below,
Until we see bottom inside the two sunkers,
When straight through the Channel to Toslow we'll go.

My name it is Robert, they call me Bob Pittman;
I sail in the "Ino" with Skipper Tim Brown,
I'm bound to have Polly, or Biddy, or Molly,
Whenever I'm able to plank the cash down.

I'm a son of a sea-cook, and a cook in a trader,
I can dance, I can sing, I can reef the main-boom;
I can handle a jigger, and cuts a big figure
Whenever I gets in a boat's standing room.

If the voyage is good, then this fall I will do it,
I wants two pound ten for a ring and a priest,
A couple o' dollars for clane shirt and collars,
And a handful o' coppers to make up a feast.

There's plump little Polly, her name is Goldsworthy,
There's John Coady's Kitty, and Mary Tibbo,
There's Clara from Bruley, and young Martha Foley,
But the nicest of all is my girl in Toslow.

Farewell and adieu to ye fair ones of Valen,
Farewell and adieu to ye girls in the Cove,
I'm bound to the westward, to the wall with the
hole-in,
I'll take her from Toslow, the wide world to rove.

Farewell and adieu to ye girls of St. Kyran's,
Of Paradise and Presque, big and little Bona;
I'm bound unto Toslow to marry sweet Biddy,
And if I don't do so, I'm afraid of her "Da".

I've bought me a house from Katherine Davis,
A twenty pound bed from Jimmy McGrath;
I'll get me a settle, a pot and a kettle;
Then I'm be ready for Biddy -- Hurrah!

I brought in the "Ino" this spring from the city
Some rings and gold brooches for the girls in
the Bay;

I bought me a case-pipe -- they call it a
meerschum --

It melted like butter upon a hot day!

I went to a dance one night at Fox Harbour;
There was plenty of girls, so rice as you'd wish;
There was one pretty maiden a-chawing of frankgum,
Just like a young kitten a-gnawing fresh fish!

Then here is a health to the girls of Fox Harbour,
Of Oderin and Presque, Crabbes Hole and Bruley.
Now let ye be jolly, don't be melancholy;
I can't marry all or in "chokey" I'd be!

JERRY RYAN

The proper title of this song also from the Gerald S. Doyle collection is "THE FOREMAN, WELL KNOWN JERRY RYAN". We don't know whether this fellow was in any way connected with the Ryans of the foregoing song, but it's evident that he was very popular with the Newfoundland woodsmen who worked under him, tho' they weren't too happy with their general working conditions, as set forth in this typical "complaint" ballad.

Now, all you young men who go chopping,
Please listen awhile to my rhyme,
Concerning the year I was working
With that foreman, well known Jerry Ryan.

We first met this man on the journey,
Who promised us timber in store;
'Go up to the camps, boys, they're open,
And stay till the job is all o'er."

We quickly agreed with his suggestions,
And joined him in old Bishop's Falls;
Bein' eager for work, and employment so scarce,
Not knowing the wages was small.

We boarded the truck at the depot,
Our baggage went back in the rear,
'Twas little we thought, as we journied along,
Of the hardships you go through up there.

We passed by fine camps and still waters,
We were laughing and joking the while,
And then with a bound he brought her around,
Sayin: "Boys, we are up thirty miles!"

Next morning we were armed with equipment,
A buck-saw, an axe, and a rod,
With 49 men to make wages
With only scrub spruce on a bog.

Now, it's hard for a man to make money,
When there's only scrub spruce to be found,
And if you refuse, a bad chance on scale,
The word is you got to go down.

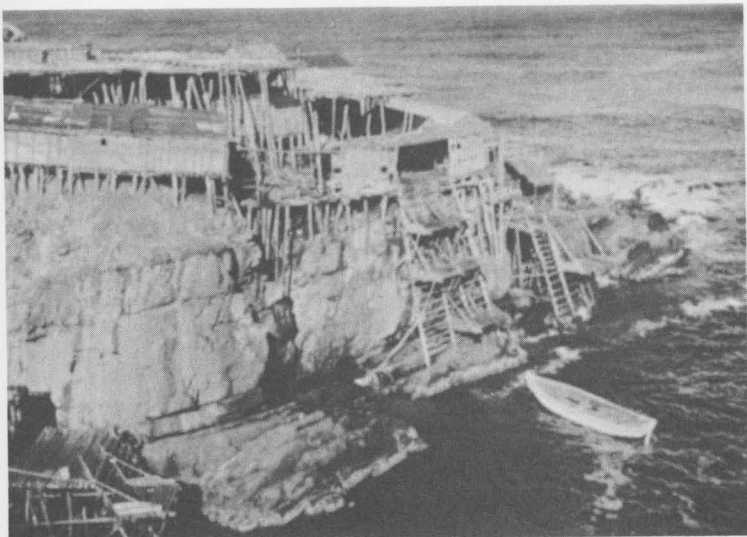
Seventy cents they would charge for a buck-saw,
And seventy cents a day for your board;
And then there's a fee for the doctor
Out of one dollar-twenty a cord.

We found no complaints with this foreman,
I think he is honest and square;
But it fell to our lot, like cattle we're brought
And yoked to a buck-saw up there.

Now, when you lay down on your pillow,
No matter if you're asleep or awake;
You'll think on the time you spent with Jerry Ryan
On the borders of old Rocky Lake.

OLD POLINA

The admiration or "ship-pride" that sailors have for any champion vessle is reflected in this very popular whaling song of Newfoundlanders. The author is unknown. It was collected by Gerald S. Doyle from Captain Peter Carter and Harry R. Burton, of Greenspond, Bonavista Bay. "Polina" is thought to be a corruption of "Polynia", a famous whaling ship that was lost in the Straits of Belle Isle in March, 1884.



Shacks for curing fish are built on side of cliff at Pouch Cove. NFB.

There's a noble fleet of whalers, a-sailing from
Dundee,
Manned by British sailors, to take them o'er the
sea
On a western ocean passage, we started on the trip,
And we sailed along just like a song in our
gallant whaling ship.

CHORUS:
For the wind was on her quarter, and the engines
working free,
There's not another whaler that sailed the
Arctic Sea
Can beat the old "Polina"; you need not try,
my sons,
For we challenged all, both great and small,
from Dundee to St. John's

'Twas the second Sunday morning, just after leaving
port,
We met a heavy sou'west gale that washed away our
boat,
It washed away our quarter-deck, our stanchions
just as well,
And so we set the whole "she-bang" a floating in
the gale.

(CHORUS)

Art Jackson set his canvas, Fairweather got up
steam,
And Captain Guy, the daring boy, came plunging
through the stream,
And Mullins, in the "Husky", tried to beat the
blooming lot,
But to beat the old "Polina" was something he
could not.

(CHORUS)

There's the noble "Terra Nova", a model without
doubt,

The "Arctic" and "Aurora", they talk so much about,
Art Jackman's model mail boat, the terror of the sea,
Tried to beat the old "Polina" on a passage from
Dundee.

(CHORUS)

And now we're back in old St. John's, where rum
is very cheap,
So we'll drink a health to Captain Guy who brought
us o'er the deep,
A health to all our sweethearts and to our wives so
fair,
Not another ship could make the trip with the
"Polina", I declare.

(CHORUS)

CONCERNING ONE SUMMER IN "BONAY" I SPENT --

"Bonay" is a Newfoundland term for "Bonne Esperance",
a popular summer fishing station on the Labrador
coast, in the Straits of Belle Isle, and this song
about it is one of the favorites of many Newfound-
land fishermen. It was collected by Mr. Doyle
from various fishermen in the 1930's.

Come all ye good people and listen to me,
A short simple ditty I'll sing unto ye,
A short simple ditty that's lately in print,
Concerning one summer in "Bonay" I spent.

'Twas late up in May, the time being advanced,
No railroad was open to give us a chance,
The Government upset, no employment at all,
We shipped down in "Bonay", the wages being small.

On the 13th of May, we arrived at "Bonay",
We went in the river the very next day,
'Twas Banbary River where we were consigned,
We had one boat for wood and another for rhind.

That job being over, the fishing began,
We had some fine boats and a fine crew of men,
To make up our wages we all were inclined,
Two boats and three cod seines, our hooks and
our lines.

The girls in our island have nothing to say,
We had them from Bryant's Cove and right round the
bay,
We had them from Pooch Cove, St. John's, Salmonier,
And I wonder to heaven what brought them all here.

The boys in the Island have nothing to do,
They wear paper collars, likewise polished shoes,
You'd swear they belonged unto some noble race,
When they go out on Sunday their damsels to face.

To tell all their names, it would cause you to smile,
We had Ham, Shem and Japhet, belonged to Belle Isle,
We had three from Brigus, the flower of the flock,
And Bertha from Topsail with her cotton frock.

I'll say nothing more till the voyage is all spent,
I'll go to St. John's and I'll put it in print,
I'll put it in print, what I lately composed,
The girls in our Island can't mend their own clothes.

THE SOUTHERN CROSS

Among the serious ballads of Newfoundland are many songs of shipwrecks and other tragedies at sea, and three of the most-beloved of these ballads are included in this album. This first one is a very moving account of one of Newfoundland's greatest sea-disasters, the mysterious loss of the steaming vessel "Southern Cross" which disappeared in a storm while homeward bound with a heavy cargo of prime "whitecoats" (baby seals) in April, 1914. Down with her went 170 men, among them the "flower of Newfoundland's youth". Among the last to see the vessel was the telegraph operator at Channel, who reported her "well down by the head", and just before the storm enveloped her she was seen by the coastwise steamer "Portia", but no trace of her or her crew could be found afterwards, and to this day nothing whatever is known of her final struggle with the sea.

The ballad is said to have been written by Lizzie C. Rose, of Fox Harbour, Labrador, in 1927, and was collected two years later in Sally's Cove, Nfld., by Elizabeth Greenleaf and Grace Mansfield.

She got up steam the twelfth of March, and shortly
did embark,
To try her fortune in the Gulf in charge of
Captain Clark,
She carried a hundred and seventy men, a strong and
vigorous race,
Some from St. John's and Brigus, and more from
Harbour Grace.

She reached the Gulf in early March, the whitecoats
for to slew,
When seventeen thousand prime young harps, killed
by her hardy crew,
All panned and safely stowed below, with colors
waving gay,
The "Southern Cross" she leaved the ice, bound
up for home that day.

She passed near Channel, homeward bound, as news
came out next day,
To say a steamer from the Gulf she now is on her way,
"No doubt it is the "Southern Cross", the operator
said,
"And looking to have a bumper trip, and well down
by the head."

The last of March the storm came on with blinding
snow and sleet;
The "Portia", bound for western ports, the
"Southern Cross did meet;
When Captain Connors, from the bridge, he saw the
ship that day,
And thinking she would shelter up in St. Mary's Bay.

St. Mary's Bay she never reached, as news came out
next morn,
She must have been all night at sea out in that
dreadful storm,
No word came from the "Southern Cross", now twenty
days or more,
To say she reached a harbor around the western shore.

The "S.S. Kyle" was soon dispatched to search the
ocean round,
But no sign of the missing ship could anywhere
be found,
She searched Cape Race and every place until she
reached Cape Pine,
But of the ship or wrecking, the captain saw no
sign.

The "Southern Cross", out twenty days, she now is
overdue;
We hope, please God, she'll soon arrive and all
her hearty crew;
But put your trust in Providence, and trust to
Him on high,
To send the "Southern Cross" safe home, and fill
sad hearts with joy.

All things do happen for the best, but if they're
called away,
The brave lads on the "Southern Cross" out in the
storm that day,
We trust they reach that heavenly land and rest
with Him on high,
Where cares and sorrows are no more, but all is
peace and joy.

THE SPANISH CAPTAIN

Another very popular tragic ballad of the sea, this song records, in narrative style, the death of a Spanish captain, along with his beautiful wife and daughter, in a shipwreck that is said to have occurred around the middle of the 19th Century. It was collected by Elizabeth Greenleaf and Grace Mansfield from the singing of Stephen John Lewis of Fleur de Lys, Nfld., in 1929, and he thought then that the song was about fifty years old.

My Muses nine, let you combine and listen to my song.
It's a mournful lamentation, it will not delay you
long,
It's of a Spanish captain, as you may understand,
That leaved his home in sunny Spain, bound out to
Newfoundland.

His wife, she stepped on board with him, dressed
up in silk so fine,
Her eyes was of the sparkling bright -- like
diamonds they did shine;
His daughter followed after her, just like some
angel bright,
She had a small and slender waist, dressed up in
muslin white.

The "Margarita" was our ship's name; she was a
handsome boat,
With lofty yards and pitch pine spars; she was
scarce nine years afloat.
By our reck'ning and good conduct, a due course
we did steer;
Our bo'sun cried: "That land ahead, I'm sure it
is Cape Spear."

We reefed our sails, braced up our yards, and hauled
her by the wind;
But, to our sad misfortune, no tug to take her in.
Says the Captain to the bo'sun: "We'll heave the
lead to sound."
No star or moon was to be seen, nor pilot to be
found.

That night was thick with heavy smoke, the seas ran
mountains high,
It was on that point, that barren rock, we ran her
high and dry.
On the twentieth day of August, O! what a dreadful
sight!
All hands was in the water about twelve o'clock
that night.

The captain, wife and daughter, no longer could they
reign
To enjoy the wealth and honor they left after them
in Spain;



But I hope the King of Glory will their precious
souls receive,
And make their bed in heaven, where St. Peter keeps
the keys.

JACK HINKS

This rollicking sea ballad about a grog-drinking sea-farer, who had the good fortune to escape death in a shipwreck, has been a favorite with Newfoundlanders for many years. It's one of the many good songs collected by the late Gerald S. Doyle, who described it properly as a "gem" and attributed its authorship to one "Johnny Quigley", who was known to Newfoundlanders in the old days as "the bard from Erin".

Ye Muses, so kind, that are guided by wind
On the ocean as well as on shore,
Assist a poor bard how to handle his "card"
Without ceasing where billows do roar.
Not of Cupid he sings, nor of country nor kings,
Or of any such trifles he thinks,
But of sea-faring, sail-making, gamboling, capering,
Grog-drinking heroes like Hinks.

When Jack comes on shore he has money galore,
And he's seldom cut short of a job;
He can dress as well, now, as many can tell,
With a good silver watch in his fob.
Poor Jack, in his life, was ne'er plagued by a wife,
Though sometimes with lasses he links;
He's a sea-faring, sail-making, gamboling, capering,
Grog-drinking hero, "John Hinks".

When inclined for to spend, he walks in with a friend,
And with pleasure he sits himself down;
He tips off his glass as he winks at the lass,
And he smiles if she happens to frown.
Like a rattling true blue, when the reck'ning comes
due,

On the table the money he clinks;
This sea-faring, sail-making, gamboling, capering,
Grog-drinking hero, "Jack Hinks".

Bound home t'other fall, we fell in with a squall
Near the northern head of Cape Freels;
We were cast away without further delay;
At the thought, how my "spirit, it chills!"
We were cast upon rocks, like a hard-hunted fox,
Then of death and destruction he thinks;
That sea-faring, sail-making, gamboling, capering,
Grog-drinking hero, "Jack Hinks".

Oh Jack, without fail, was out in that same gale,
Having drove across Bonavist Bay;
Old Neptune did rail while he handled all sail,
And they had their two spars cut away.
But Providence kind, who so eases the wind
And on seamen so constantly thinks,
Saved that sea-faring, sail-making, gamboling, capering,
Grog-drinking hero, "Jack Hinks".

Oh, Death it will come like the sound of a drum
For to summon poor Jack to his grave;
What more could he do, for you all know 'tis true
'Tis the fate of both hero and slave.
His soul soars aloft, so doleful and soft,
While the bell for the funeral clinks:
Oh, peace to that sea-faring, sail-making, gamboling,
capering,
Grog-drinking hero, "John Hinks".

HARBOUR GRACE

This lively nonsense-ditty is one of the few songs of Newfoundland that was not collected on the "Island", although Mrs. Gerald S. Doyle says it is well known there. The tune given here is one of two versions collected in Nova Scotia by Dr. Helen Creighton, of the National Museum Of Canada, who got it from John Obe Smith, of Glen Haven, N.S. (I have recorded the other version which Dr. Creighton got in FOLKWAYS ALBUM NO. SW 8744, "SONGS OF THE MARITIMES").

Harbour Grace is a very fine place,
And so is the Bay of Islands,
So we give three cheers for Carbonear
When the boys come home from swilin'.

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

I love to sit by the big hot stove
And watch the kittle a-boilin',
Daddy will buy the baby a frock
When the boys come home from swilin'.

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'.

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 swilin'.

Billy was our captain bold
And Georgie was our commander,
But a great big sea washed over he
And drowned the Newfoundlander.



SIDE II

HARD, HARD TIMES

The Newfoundlanders' sense of humor in the face of adversity is reflected in many of their songs, and this anonymous "complaint" ballad is a good example of them. Canadian musicologist Kenneth Peacock has recorded the same verses to a somewhat different tune in his FOLKWAYS ALBUM FG-3505, "Songs And Ballads Of Newfoundland". The tune recorded here is from the Gerald S. Doyle collection.

Come all you good people, I'll sing ye a song,
About the poor people, how they get along,
They'll start in the spring, finish up in the fall,
And when it's all over they have nothing at all,
And it's hard, hard times.

Go out in the morning, go on a drift still;
It's over the side you will hear the line nell;
For out flows the jigger and freeze with the cold,
And as to for starting, all gone in the hole,
And it's hard, hard times.

The fine sign of fishing we'll have bye and bye,
The fine sign of fishing we'll have a good-bye,
Seven dollars for large and six-fifty for small;
Pick out your West Indie, you got nothing at all,
And it's hard, hard times.

When you got some split and hung out for to dry,
'Twill take all your time for to brush off the flies,
To keep off the maggots 'tis more than you'll do,
And out comes the sun and it's all split in two,
And it's hard, hard times.

Then next comes the carpenter to build you a house,
He'll build it so snug you will scarce find a mouse,
With holes in the roof and the rain it will pour,
The chimney will smoke and 'tis open the door,
And it's hard, hard times.

Then next comes the doctor, the worst of them all,
Sayin': "What is the matter with you all the fall?"
He says he will cure you of all your disease;
When the money he's got you can die if you please,
And it's hard, hard times.

The best thing to do is to work with a will,
For when 'tis all finished you're hauled on the hill,
You're hauled on the hill, and put down in the cold,
And when 'tis all finished you're still in the hole,
And it's hard, hard times.

FELLER FROM FORTUNE

This lively dance song (as its collector, Kenneth Peacock, points out in his aforementioned album) -- is also known as "Lots Of Fish In Bonavist' Harbour" and is widely sung in Newfoundland, tho' some of its verses are somewhat more "salty" than those given here.

Oh, there's lots of fish in Bonavist' Harbour,
Lots of fish right in around here.
Boys and girls are fishin' together,
Forty-five from Carbonear.

CHORUS:

OH, CATCH-A-HOLD THIS ONE, CATCH-A-HOLD THAT ONE,
SWING AROUND THIS ONE, SWING AROUND SHE,
DANCE AROUND THIS ONE, DANCE AROUND THAT ONE,
DIDDLE-DUM THIS ONE, DIDDLE-DUM-DEE.

Oh, Sally is the pride o' Cat Harbour,
Ain't been swung since 'way last year,
Drinkin' rum and wine and cassis
What the boys brought home from St. Pierre.

(CHORUS)

Oh, Sally goes to church every Sunday,
Not for to sing nor for to hear,
But to see the feller from Fortune
What was down here fishin' last year,

(CHORUS)

Oh, Uncle George got up in the mornin',
He got up in a hell of a tear,
He ripped the seat right out of his britches,
Now he's got ne'er pair to wear,

(CHORUS)

Oh, there's lots of fish in Bonavist' Harbour,
Lots of fishermen in around here,
Swing yer partner, Jimmy Joe Jacobs,
I'll be home in the Spring o' the year.

(CHORUS)

BACHELOR'S HALL

Another good song collected by Kenneth Peacock is this amusing ditty in favor of bachelorhood.

Oh, the girls of this place that live along the
shore,
If they hear but one word, they will speak it
twice o'er,



And then they'll add to it as much as they can,
But the fairest of women look out for a man,
And it's Oh ---- oh, oh, oh, laddie-oh!

The boys that dress up in the very best style,
To court the young girls, sure it is their incline,
They'll go to their houses and there they will stay,
And they'll keep the girls up till it's almost day,
And it's Oh ---- oh, oh, oh, laddie-oh!

The girls go to bed and sleep all the next day;
Their mothers get up, there's the devil to pay.
"Oh mother, dear mother, sure I'm not to blame,
For when you were young, you were fond of the same!"
And it's Oh ---- oh, oh, oh, laddie-oh!

The boys they get up and they stagger and reel,
They curse on the girls, now unsteady they feel;
If this what's called courtin' I'll court none at all,
I'll live by meself and keep Bachelor's Hall.
And it's Oh ---- oh, oh, oh, laddie-oh!

Oh, Bachelor's Hall is always the best,
Be ye sick, drunk, or sober, you're always at rest;
No wife for to scold ye, no children to brawl,
Oh, happy's the man that keeps Bachelor's Hall!
And it's Oh ---- oh, oh, oh, laddie-oh!

Now, my little song, it is nearly done,
I hope that I've not offended anyone;
If there's anyone here who takes any offense,
They can go to the divil, and seek recompense!
And it's Oh ---- oh, oh, oh, laddie-oh!

THE STAR OF LOGY BAY

One of the favorite songs of all Newfoundlanders is this complaint ballad of a young man who is rejected by his sweetheart's father. The late Gerald S. Doyle printed two different tunes for the words in his booklets referred to earlier. The one recorded here, according to Mrs. Doyle, is the one her husband preferred, and it seems to be the preference of most Newfoundlanders.

Ye ladies and ye gentlemen, I pray you lend an ear,
While I locate the residence of a lovely charmer
fair,
The curling of her yellow locks first stole my
heart away,
And her place of habitation is down in Logy Bay.

It was on a summer's evening, this little place I
found,
I met her aged father, who did me sore confound,
Saying: "If you address my daughter, I'll send
her far away,
And she never will return again, while you're in
Logy Bay.

How could you be so cruel as to part me from my love?
Her tender heart beats in her breast, as constant as
a dove.
Oh, Venus was no fairer, nor the lovely month of May,
May Heaven above shower down its love on the Star
of Logy Bay.

'Twas on the very next evening, he went to St. John's
Town,
He engaged for her a passage in a vessel outward bound.
He robbed me of my heart's delight, and sent her far
away,
And he left me here downhearted for the Star of
Logy Bay.

Oh, now I'll go a-roaming, I can no longer stay;
I'll search the wide world over in every country.
I'll search in vain thro' France and Spain, likewise
America,
'Till I will sight my heart's delight, the Star of
Logy Bay.

Now, to conclude and finish, the truth to you I'll tell,
Between Torbay and Outer Cove, 'tis there my love did
dwell.

The finest girl e'er graced our Isle, so every one
did say.

May Heaven above send down its love on the Star of
Logy Bay.

TRINITY CAKE

This highly amusing song about a cake of rare ingredients was written by one of Newfoundland's favorite bards, the late Johnny Burke, and ranks with another of Burke's comic songs, "Kelligrews Soiree" (recorded in FOLKWAYS ALBUM FP-831) as an example of Newfoundland humor at its best. Like "Kelligrews Soiree" and many other songs of the "Island", it has a strong Irish flavor, heightened in this case by its tune, which was borrowed from the well known comic song "Step On The Tail O' Me Coat". It is from the Gerald S. Doyle collection.

As I leaned o'er the rail of the "Eagle,"
The letter boy brought unto me
A little gilt-edged invitation,
Saying the girls want you over to tea.
Sure, I knew the O'Hooligans sent it,
And I went just for old friendship's sake,
And the first thing they gave me to tackle
Was a slice of the Trinity Cake.

There were bird-calls, flutes and mouth-organs,
With handles of double-edged files,
And covers of clergymen's forgers,
And pieces of broken bass viols.
There was blue lights and petticoat jumpers
That would build up a fine stomach ache,
For 'twould kill a man twice after eatin' a slice
Of this wonderful Trinity Cake.

Mrs. Hooligan, proud as a peacock,
Kept smiling and blinking away,
While her daughter, Johanna, a spinster,
Was helping the boys to the "tay"
There was everything there on the table
That a man or a woman could take,
And my eyes nearly bust from their sockets
For a taste of the Trinity Cake.

Ellen Reardigan wanted to taste it,
And she struggled near ready to bust,
Two sealers attacked it with hand-spikes
To try and remove the top crust.
Then McCarthy went out for a hatchet
And Flannigan grabbed an old saw;
That cake was enough, by the powers,
To paralyze any man's jaw!

McCarthy complained of his stomach
And Morgan felt bad in the head,
And Hogan crawled near the melodeon
And fervently wished he was dead;
Then flannigan grabbed the accordeon,
And there he did wriggle and shake,
And all of them swore they were poisoned or more
From eating this wonderful cake.

There was glass-eyes, bull-eyes and fresh butter,
Lampwicks and liniment, too,
And pastry, as hard as a shutter,
That a billy goat's jaw couldn't chew;
Tobacco and whiskers of crackies,
That would give you the fever and ache,
You'd crack off at the knees if you happen to sneeze
After eating this Trinity Cake.

PETTY HARBOUR BAIT SKIFF

This poetic narrative ballad of a disaster that befell a small fishing vessel (third of the tragic sea ballads mentioned earlier) has one of the noblest tunes I've ever heard. The late Gerald S. Doyle collected the song from an old resident of St. John's, who remembered the full particulars of the tragedy, and who attributed the verses to the pen of John Grace, a native of the Riverhead of St. John's, who later died in Brazil.

Good people all, both great and small, I hope you
will attend
And listen to these verses few that I have lately
penned,
And I'll relate the hardships great that fishermen
must stand
While fighting for a livelihood on the coast of
Newfoundland.

We bid adieu unto our friends, and those we hold
most dear,
Being bound from Petty Harbour in the springtime
of the year,
The sea-gulls flying in the air and pitching on
the shore;
But little we thought 'twould be our lot to see
our friends no more.

The weather being fine, we lost no time until we
were homeward bound; .
The whales were sporting in the deep and the
sword-fish swimming round;
But clouds lay in the atmosphere for our
destruction met;
Boreas blew a heavy squall and our boat was overset.

John French was our commander, Mick Sullivan second-
hand,
And all the rest were brave young men reared up in
Newfoundland,
Six brave youths, to tell the truth, were buried
in the sea,
But the Lord preserved young Menshon's life, for
to live a longer day.

Your heart would ache all for their sake, if you
were standing by,
To see them drowning one by one, and no relief
being nigh;
Struggling with the boisterous waves all in their
youth and bloom,
But at last they sank to rise no more all on the
eighth of June.

Out of that fine young crew, you know, there was
one escaped being drowned.
He was brought to Petty Harbour where good comforts
there he found.
He is now on shore and safe once more, with no
cause to complain.
He fought old Neptune up and down whilst on the
stormy main.

Now, to conclude and finish, these few lines I write
in pain:
Oh ne'er depend out of your strength whilst sailing
on the main,
But put your trust in Providence, observe the Lord's
command,
And he'll guard you right both day and night upon the
sea and land.

HARBOUR LE COU

This amusing account of a married sailor's "extra-marital" fling, that was foiled by a fellow-seaman, is also from the Gerald S. Doyle collection. Harbour Le Cou is a small fishing village on the south coast of Newfoundland.

As I rode ashore from my schooner close by,
A girl on the beach I chanced for to spy,
Her hair it was red and her bonnet was blue,
And her place of abode was Harbour Le Cou.

O, boldly I asked her to walk on the sand,
She smiled like an angel and held out her hand,
So I buttoned me guernsey and hove way me chew
In the dark rolling waters of Harbour Le Cou.

My ship, she lay anchored far out on the tide,
As I strolled along with the maid at my side,
I told her I loved her, she said: "I'll be true."
As I winked at the moon over Harbour Le Cou.

As we walked on the sands at the close of the day,
I thought of my wife who was home in Torbay,
I knew that she'd kill me if she only knew
I was courting a lassie in Harbour Le Cou.

As we passed a log cabin that stood on the shore,
I met an old comrade I'd sailed with before,
He treated me kindly, saying: "Jack, how are you?
It's seldom I see you in Harbour Le Cou!"

Now, as I was parting with the maiden in tow,
He broke up my party with one single blow,
Saying: "Regards to the missus and wee kiddies, two,
I remember her well, she's from Harbour Le Cou!"

I looked at the damsel, a-standin' 'long-side,
Her jaw it dropped and her mouth opened wide,

And then like a she-cat upon me she flew,
And I fled from the furies of Harbour Le Cou.

Now, come all young sailors who walks on the shore,
Beware of old comrades you'd sailed with before.
Beware of the maiden with bonnet of blue,
And the pretty young damsels of Harbour Le Cou.

SEALERS' SONG

This lively account of the sealers' homecoming is sung to the well known Irish song, "The Girl I Left Behind Me", and is very popular throughout Newfoundland. The "Barbours" and the "Knees" are two of the famous sealing families of Newfoundland; the term "Jowler" given Billy Knee (in the second verse of the song) is a compliment to a first-rate sealing skipper; "Stewart's House", "Job's" and "Bowring" refer to Newfoundland trading houses; the term "prog" (in the third verse) means "grub" or food; "flippers" (in the fourth verse) are the fore-paws of the seal, considered a delicacy; the old "dog hood" (in the fifth verse) is the ferocious male seal of the "hood" species.

The author of the verses, which are from the Gerald S. Doyle collection, is unknown.

The Blockhouse flag is up today to welcome home
the stranger,
And Stewart's House is looking out for Barbour
in the "ranger",
But Job's are wishing "Blandford" first, who
never missed the patches,
He struck them on the twenty-third and filled
her to the hatches.

And Bowring, too, will bet a few on Jackman in
the "Howler",
The little kite she bore in sight with Billy Knee
the "Jowler",
The first of the Fleet is off Torbay all with
their colours flying;
And girls are busy starching shirts and pans of
beefsteaks frying.

We left, you see, with Billy Knee, bound home with
colours flying;
But were forced to stay at Trinity Bay, two weeks
or more there lying.
Though short of grog, still lots of prog to bring
us home quite hearty,
Each Trinity Dove fell wild in love with Walsh
and Luke McCarthy.

Oh, in the spring the flippers bring to lawyers,
clerks or beagle;
We fought brave Neptune up and down and carried
home the "Eagle".
Though some may sing of lords or kings, brave
heroes in each battle,
Our boys, for fat, would gaff and bat, and make
the whitecoats rattle.

They'll kill their foe at every blow, (Was Waterloo
more grander?) --
To face, who could, an old dog hood like a plucky
Newfoundlander?
We danced on shore in Bremner's store, the darling
girls were dancers;
Jemina Snooks our boys would hook at every set
of lancers.

I felt afraid of the fuss they made of each
confounded villain;

I thought the floor would leave the store at the
Trinity Bay Cotillion!

Don't talk to me of balls or sprints, you never saw
such a party,
That time on shore at Bremner's store made all
feel good and hearty.

For at a dance no girls can prance, nor dress in
style more grander
For an Irish reel that takes the heel to please a
Newfoundlander.

So here's success to Susie Bess and girls from all
outharbours,
For a kiss set in on a sealer's chin, which never
saw the barber.

photo credits :

The National Film Board
The National Museum of Canada
Canadian National Railways
Alan Mills photo by Zarov, Montreal
Album conceived by Sam Gesser
Production director : Moses Asch.



The popular Canadian folk singer, Alan Mills, has recorded a prize selection of favorite Newfoundland songs and ballads in this "long overdue sequel" (as he calls it) to one of his earliest and best-selling FOLKWAYS albums -- FP-831, a 10" LP called "FOLK SONGS OF NEWFOUNDLAND."

Mills is a former Montreal newspaperman who collected and sang folk songs as a hobby before deciding to make a career out of this specialty. He attributes much of his understanding of folk songs, and his ability to interpret them, to the noted English musicologist and singer, the late John Goss, with whose famed quintet of "London Singers" he toured and sang through Canada and the United States for two years.

Since 1947, he has been featured regularly in his own and other folk music programs of the National and International Services of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, as well as on the CBC's English and French television networks; has recorded a film of his award-winning radio series, "Folk Songs For Young Folk", for the National Film Board of Canada, and has established a reputation as a recitalist whose concerts are noted for their informality and for their emphasis on Canadian folk songs in both "official languages" of his native land.

Besides these activities, he has compiled and edited several song books, among them being a volume of 22 "Favorite Songs Of Newfoundland" (published by BMI-Canada, Ltd.) which contains most of the songs recorded in this album, as well as in his earlier FOLKWAYS LP of Newfoundland folk songs.

In addition to these two albums, his other FOLKWAYS recordings include:

- FP-3001 -- "O, CANADA" -- A 12" album of 26 rare folk songs and ballads reflecting the history of Canada. (Chosen by N. Y. Herald-Tribune as one of the "best 100 records" of 1956).
- FA-2312 -- "SONGS OF THE SEA" - A 12" album of 32 sea-shanties and ballads. (Chosen by N. Y. Herald-Tribune as one of the "best 100 records" of 1957).
- FC-7750 -- "CHRISTMAS SONGS OF MANY LANDS" -- A 12" album consisting of 25 game-songs and carols from 15 different countries, sung in English.
- FW-8744 -- "SONGS OF THE MARITIMES" -- A 12" album containing 16 favorite lumbering songs, sea-ballads and other songs from Canada's provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island.
- FW-8784 -- "SONGS OF NOVA SCOTIA" -- A 12" album of traditional and "native" ballads from one of Canada's richest treasure-houses of folklore, mostly from the 4,000-song collection of the noted Canadian folklorist, Dr. Helen Creighton.
- FP-29 -- FRENCH CANADIAN FOLK SONGS -- A 10" album of 13 favorite songs and ballads of French-speaking Canadians.
- FP-918 -- DUET SONGS OF FRENCH CANADA -- A 10" album of 16 more French-Canadian favorites; sung with Helene Baillargeon.
- FP-923 -- FOLK SONGS OF ACADIA -- CHANSONS D'ARCADIE -- A 10" album of 15 French traditional and "home-grown" songs of the eastern part of Canada that once was known as "Acadia"; sung with Helen Baillargeon.
- FP-708 -- FRENCH SONGS FOR CHILDREN -- A 10" album of 20 game-songs and other favorites, especially suitable for general participation.
- FP-7018 -- FRENCH SONGS FOR CHILDREN -- (SUNG IN ENGLISH) -- A 10" album consisting of translations of the 20 songs in FP-708.
- FP-709 -- MORE SONGS TO GROW ON -- A 10" album of 21 folk songs for children, ranging from play-songs and nonsense-songs to work-songs and carols.
- FP-721 -- FOLK SONGS FOR YOUNG FOLK. Vol. 1 -- A 10" album of 13 animal songs for children.
- FP-722 -- FOLK SONGS FOR YOUNG FOLK. Vol. 2 -- A 10" album of 16 more animal songs for children.