

Canada's Story in Song

sung by Alan Mills

Research and notes by
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with Gilbert Lacombe, Guitar and Gordon Fleming, Accordion

PART I: THE EARLY YEARS

SING I. Band 1: EKIKON WEATHER CHANT

Before the coming of the white man, Canada's story was that of the Eskimos and Indians who roamed here from time immemorial, until the Canadian Arctic Expedition of 1913-15. The large group they found were the Inuit, who have lived along the northwestern coast of North America and Greenland, and on the extreme north-eastern tip of Siberia just across the Bering Strait.

The Eskimo chant comes from Song of the Copper Eskimos collected by Helen M. Roberts and S. Jenniess during the Canadian Arctic Expedition of 1913-15. The group they found were the Inuit, whose name means "eaters of raw meat" in the language of the Indian Qivuk, and in the Innuus meaning "people". They are believed to have come originally from Asia, but far back as we can trace they have lived only along the northern coast of North America and Greenland, and on the extreme north-eastern tip of Siberia just across the Bering Strait.

The song below is another reminder of the Inuit. Although it really had nothing to do with the discovery of Canada, the mention of the historic port from which he sailed led the French Canadians to regard it as a patriotic song, and it is still a national favorite in Quebec.

CHORDS: Nous irons sur l'eau
Nous y promenerons
Nous irons sur l'eau.

3. Trois gros navires sont arrivés, (2)
Chargés d'aviron, chargés de bêf. (Cho.)

4. Trois das' s en vont les marchandiers.

5. Marchand, marchand, combien ton bêf?

6. Marchand, tu n'vendras pas ton bêf. (Cho.)

7. "Marchand, tu n'vendras pas ton bêf." (2)
"Si tu vendrais, je le donnerai." (Cho.)

8. "Si j'sais pas, je l'aurai," (2)
"Le prix-là, on va s'arranger." (Cho.)

TRANSLATION

At the finest sloop of St. Malo, Three big ships arrived.
We are going on the water, We are sailing on the island.
Three big ships arrived Laden with oats and wheat.
Three ladies came there to buy some.
Marchant, merchant, how much is your wheat?
"Three francs for oats, six for wheat.
Marchant, you'll prevail with your wheat.
"If I don't sell it, I'll give it away." "At that price we can do business.

SING II. Band 2: A SAINT-MALO, BEAU PORT

After the early visits of the Mercenaires, Canada was next reached by a European in 1577 when John Cabot of Genoa made his voyage under the flag of King Henry VII of England. Four years later, 1580, Giovanni de Gregorio,改成Saint Malo, completed three voyages, seven months' voyage, skirted the coast from Florida to Newfoundland.

Fishing boats of England, France, Spain, and Portugal followed in wake of these early expeditions to reap the harvest of codfish from the Grand Banks. But it was Jacques Cartier who really discovered Canada.

Cartier, born in St. Malo, the famous seaport of the Ile de France, was a sailor of twenty-five in 1534 when he set sail for the Guadeloupe coast. He had three voyages under the auspices of King Francis I, and labored to establish the foundations of New France. Cartier's voyages have been memorialized in a poem by Thomas P'arcy M'Gee called "The Maritime St. Malo," it recalls his return to his homeland in these lines:

"He told them of the river whose mighty wave
Its freshness for a hundred leagues to spread,
He told them of the glorious scene
Presented to his sight,
What time he reared the cross and crown
On Hochelaga's height,
And of the fortress cliffs that keep of
Canada the key,
And they welcomed back Jacques Cartier
From his perilous seas.

The song below is another reminder of Cartier. Although it really had nothing to do with the discovery of Canada, the mention of the historic port from which he sailed led the French Canadians to regard it as a patriotic song, and it is still a national favorite in Quebec.

1. April 2, 1608, the day of the discovery of Canada by Jacques Cartier, is a national holiday, one of the few in the French-speaking world that serves as a celebration of the discovery of the New World.

CHORDS: Nous irons sur l'eau
Nous y promonerons
Nous irons sur l'eau.

3. Trois gros navires sont arrivés, (2)
Chargés d'aviron, chargés de bêf. (Cho.)

4. Trois das' s en vont les marchandiers.

5. Marchand, marchand, combien ton bêf?

6. Marchand, tu n'vendras pas ton bêf. (Cho.)

7. "Marchand, tu n'vendras pas ton bêf." (2)
"Si tu vendrais, je le donnerai." (Cho.)

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TRANSLATION

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Marchant, merchant, how much is your wheat?
"Three francs for oats, six for wheat.
Marchant, you'll prevail with your wheat.
"If I don't sell it, I'll give it away." "At that price we can do business.

SING III. Band 3: VIVE LES MILLIONS!

For sixty years after Cartier's voyages, France was interested in the new world only as a trading nation. It was not until Samuel de Champlain came to Canada that the first permanent settlement was established. After a reconnoitering voyage in 1603, in 1604 Champlain brought out a fortified settlement headed by Henri de Montmagny who had been appointed Lieutenant-General of Acadia, the name then used for Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. They spent the first winter on an island in the St. Croix river, and the second winter in the Bay of Fundy to establish the settlement of Port Royal in what is now the Annapolis Basin. This was the first settlement on the Atlantic coast; two years later the English founded Jamestown in Virginia.

To keep up the colonists' spirits during the long winter months, Champlain and a young lawyer called Marc Lescarbot founded "L'Orde de Bon Temps" (The Order of Good Cheer). Besides the pleasures of the table, L'Orde de Bon Temps provided entertainment. Plays were performed and many songs were sung, the old songs of France. Particularly popular were a tender romantic ballad called "À la claire fontaine", which has since been one of the favorite songs of French Canada, and a lively sea shanty called "Fîve les matelots". Several centuries later, both of these songs were included in a ballad opera called "L'Orde de Bon Temps", written by Renouf from Montigny and Ikey Miller, and performed at the Festival in Quebec in 1928.

1. Nous étions trois garçons,
tous jolis capitaines,
Nous étions trois garçons,
tous jolis capitaines,
T'en a un à Paris, et l'autre

CHORDS: Vive les matelots dans la mer jolie!
Vive les matelots naviguant sur

2. Je suis, suis j'ai surpris de ma jolie

3. Marchand, mon garçon, (2)

4. Marchand, tu n'vendras pas ton bêf. (Cho.)

5. "Marchand, tu n'vendras pas ton bêf." (2)
"Si tu vendrais, je le donnerai." (Cho.)

6. "Si j'sais pas, je l'aurai," (2)
"Le prix-là, on va s'arranger." (Cho.)

TRANSLATION

We were three sailors, all jolly captains. One is in Paris and another at
La Rochelle.

Chorus: Long live the sailors upon the

Long live the sailors sailing on these waters.

I myself am near to my pretty mistress.
"Sailor, take care. They will cut the

The grass from under the feet of your

Out it who will, it matters little to me!"
Translation
By the clear fountain, As I was walking by, I found the water so fine That I went in bathing.

Refrain:
Long have I loved you; Never will I forget you.

Under the leaves of an oak I dried myself. On the highest branch A nightingale sang.

Singing, nightingale, sing, You have a gay heart. You have a heart for laughing. I have one for weeping.

I have lost my mistress, Without having deserved it. For a bunch of roses That I refused her.

I wish that the roses Were still in the meadow, And I and my mistress As friendly as we were.

SIDE I. BAND 6: THE GOLDEN VANITY

While the French were establishing colonies in Acadia and along the St. Lawrence, the English were starting theirs along the Atlantic coast in the region that came to be called New England. In 1638 King James I granted Sir William Alexander a vast territory on the eastern coast of Canada to be named "Nova Scotia," and about the same time a few British colonists found a precarious home on the rocky shores of Newfoundland.

Just as the early French settlers brought with them the old folk songs of France, so the English settlers brought many songs and ballads from their homeland. One of the most famous of these is "The Golden Vanity," which dates back at least to the time of the first Queen Elizabeth, for one version names Sir Walter Raleigh as the cruel captain.

After several hundred years this old English sea ballad has been remembered in many parts of Canada. The last two stanzas are not known in Britain; apparently someone in Canada added them because he felt the cruel captain should be punished.

This version circulates in the Ontario lumber camps; see "Folk Songs of Ontario" (Folkways FM 4009).

1. There was a gallant ship in North America,
She goes by the name of the Golden
She was to be taken by the Turkish
For to sink her in the lowlands, lowlands, lowlands,
For to sink her in the lowlands low.

2. The first to come on board it was
Without the cabin boy,
Saying, "Captain, what'll you give me if this ship will destroy?"
"Gold I will give you, and your daughter for your bride."
If you'll sink her in the lowlands, lowlands, lowlands,
If you'll sink her in the lowlands low.

3. Then the boy took an auger and overboard went he,
The boy bent on a breast and he swam away to sea,
He swam till he came to the Turkish
For to sink her in the lowlands, lowlands, lowlands,
For to sink her in the lowlands low.

4. Three holes the boy bored, three holes the boy bored twice, While some were playing cards and the others were betting dice, How their black eyes they did jingle as the water it ascended, And she sank all in the lowlands, lowlands, lowlands, As she sank all in the lowlands low.

5. Then the boy bent his breast and back away he swam, He swam till he came to the Golden Vanity, Saying "Shame on you, for I'm going with the tide," And I'm sinking in the lowlands, lowlands, lowlands, And I'm sinking in the lowlands low.

6. "Pick you up," said the captain, "Oh, that I shall not do, I'll kill you, and drown you in the water so blue."
Gold you did not give me, nor my daughter for your bride."
But I'll sink you in the lowlands, lowlands, lowlands, lowlands, lowlands, lowlands, lowlands, lowlands, lowlands, lowlands.

7. Then the boy swam around unto the other side
And there to his shipmates most pitifully he cried:
"Shame on you, pick me up for I'm going with the tide."
And I'm sinking in the lowlands, lowlands, lowlands.
And I'm sinking in the lowlands low.

8. His shipmates picked him up, but on the deck he did die.
They rolled him in his hammock, it being night.
They rolled him in his hammock and they lowered him in the tide.
And he sank all in the lowlands, lowlands, lowlands, lowlands, lowlands, lowlands, lowlands, lowlands, lowlands.

9. About three weeks after this, the day being calm and clear.
A voice from the heavens did reach the captain's ear.
Saying, "Captain, dear captain, you've been mighty wicked in this.
And I'll sink you in the lowlands, lowlands, lowlands, lowlands, lowlands.
And I'll sink all in the lowlands low." 

10. The captain was amazed, he didn't know what to do.
The captain was amazed when his mast broke in two.
His mainmast broke in two and she levelled her, many songs and ballads from their homeland. One of the most famous of these is "The Golden Vanity," which dates back at least to the time of the first Queen Elizabeth, for one version names Sir Walter Raleigh as the cruel captain.

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SIDE I. BAND 7: THE HURON CAROL

(Jesusus Anachronia)

The missionary was closely associated with the Hurons, and his work there in 1640 laid the basis for the New World to French contacts.

The permanent Indian mission was established by the Jesuits in 1615, and ten years later the first Jesuit arrived.

The most famous of the Jesuit priests was Father Jean de Brebeuf. He spread some twenty-two years ministering to the Hurons, learning their language, preparing a grammar, and a dictionary, and translating the catechism into the Huron tongue.

An effort to make the Christmas story real to his flock, Father Brebeuf wrote the first Christmas carol. Using the tune of a sixteenth-century French carol, its popularity in terms of the Hurons would understand, speaking of Jesus as "the Great Spirit" and of the Winnebago as the chief's friend. He wrote this carol probably sung first in 1641 or 1642, and thereafter each Christmas until the fatal year of 1649.

In 1649 an Iroquois war party invaded Huronia, killing or driving out all the Hurons, and destroying the missions. Refusing to leave their flock at St. Joseph, Father Brebeuf and Brule were captured and died at the stake after enduring many hours of savage torture. Sometimes the Hurons escaped to Lorette, near Quebec City, and there their degenerate lives lived on day by day, and they did not forget Father Brebeuf's carol, and about 1726 another Jesuit, Father de Malemure, heard them singing it, and wrote down the words. Then it was translated into French under the title, "Jesusus Anachronia," and it is still sung in that form in Quebec. In Quebec, in 1726, a French poet, M. de Dullerton, wrote the English words, which have become widely known.


French: Chrétien, prenez courage, Jeause Sauvez votre vie. Quand il chante n'oreille, ces troubants ne prent plus l'oreille: "Jesusus et n'ez en exccelsis gloria."

English version:
1. I was in the moon of winter-time, when the birds had fled; That mighty Gitche-Manitou sent angel fire Before their light the stars grew dim, and wond'ring hunters heard the hymn: "Jesus your King is born! Jesus is born! in excelsis gloria!"

2. Within a lodge of broken bark the tender Babe was found, A ragged robe of painters' rag upon his shoulders, His beauty 'round; And at the hunters' cave, the hard, the angel song rang loud and high: "Jesus your King is born! Jesus is born! in excelsis gloria!"

3. The earliest moon of winter-time is not broken and fair An was the ring of glory on the helpless Infant there. The chiefs from far before his klenk with gifts of fox and beaver pel. "Jesus your King is born! Jesus is born! in excelsis gloria!"

4. 0 children of the forest free, O sons of Manitou The Holy Child of earth and heaven is here today for you. Come kneel before the radiant Boy who lands. hear his beauty, peace and joy. "Jesus your King is born! Jesus is born! in excelsis gloria!"

SIDE I. BAND 8: EN ROULANT MA BOULAN

While the Jesuits were seeking to convert the Indians to Christianity, the fur traders were extending their posts far into the lowlands. The fur trade of New France in the early days was officially a monopoly of the Company of the West, a French company which had received its charter in 1667 in return for an agreement to bring out four thousand settlers inside fifteen years. However, the profits of the fur trade attracted small traders and it was to this adventurous life of the coureurs-de-bois, and each year hundreds of them, seeking their fortune as "runners of the woods" every spring these illicit traders and trappers came down to Montreal or canoes or bateaux laden with furs. After selling their catch, they bought new supplies and headed inland for further trade.

As they paddled up the inland rivers, the coureurs-de-bois sang many of the old French songs that had been transported to the new continent.

The most popular of these is the tale of the three ducks which have been sung in over a hundred versions. The best known form is "En roulant ma boulan."

1. Derriér ch'est nous, y'a-nt'am étang,
En roulant ma boulan. (2)
Trois beaux canards s'ont vont d'eau,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.
Refrain:
En roulant ma boulan, ma boulan roulant.

2. Trois beaux canards s'ont vont baguant,
En roulant ma boulan.
Les oies du roi s'en va chassant,
Avec son grand fusil d'argent.

3. Le file du roi s'en va chassant,
Avec son grand fusil d'argent.
Viva le noir, tua le blanc.

4. Avec son grand fusil d'argent,
Viva le blanc, tua le noir.
O file du roi, tu en parti.

5. O file du roi, tu en parti!
D'avoir tu es nomme blanc.

Translation:
1. Behind our house there is a pond,
Three fine ducks are bathing there.
The King's son goes hunting there.
2. Three fine ducks are bathing there,
And the King's son goes hunting with his gun.
3. With his great silver gun
He sees the black and kills the white,
0 son of the King, you are wicked!

Refrain:
En roulant ma boulan, ma boulan roulant.
En roulant ma boulan, ma boulan roulant. (2)
With the courseurs-de-bois also originated the earliest of the native songs of Canada. The first Canadian ballad to be printed was "Petit Rocher"—the lament of the woodman's widow, Odileaux, which dates from the early eighteenth century. Throughout the nineteenth century its story and song were known to every voyageur, and have been mentioned in many accounts of that period.

According to the legend, Odileaux was a famous Canadian hunter and trapper, known throughout the entire country of the St. Lawrence valley, and among the Wendat of the Ottawa River, and had established his home near the mouth of the river. He lived with his wife and family near the confluence of the two rivers, a region that now bears his name, and where he remained behind to divert the Indians' attention away from the French post. When he returned, they had managed to reach the French post. Later, when the danger from the Iroquois war party had passed, a rescue party went in search of him. His body was found in a shallow grave, apparently dug by his own hands, and beside it lay his clothing, written in blood on a piece of birch bark.

1. Petit rocher de la haute montagne, 
Jeu vains coups de bâton.
Ah, doux folies qui troublent nos esprits !
En lanignant je vais bientôt mourir.

2. Seul en ces bois, que j'ai eu de soucis,
Pendant toujours a mes amis et mes sœurs,
Je demandais ma belle Odileaux.
Les Iroquois les auront-ils tués ?

3. Un de ces jours que, m'étant éloigné,
En revenant je ne trouvai pas mon sœur ;
Je me suis dit : Ah ! grand Dieu qu'est-il advenu ?
Les Iroquois m'ont-ils pris mon logis ?

4. Je me suis mis un peu a l'ambiance,
Afin de voir si c'était embuscade ;
Alors je vis trois vaques française,
Où sont-ils le pauvre petit Odileaux !

5. Mon garçon pleure, ma belle voix s'arrête,
Je tombe...Hélas ! à partira l'amour... Je reste seul... Pas un qui me console,
Quant il vient par un grand silence.

6. Nosseignoir, va dire à ma maîtresse,
Mes enfants qu'adieu je leur laisserai,
Que j'ai gardé mon amour et ma foi,
Et désormais faut renoncer à moi.

7. C'est donc ici que le mond' m'abandonne ;
Mais il en savait! je ne peux en avoir pour hommage.
Que Sainte Vierge et Sainte, m'abandonnées,
Permettez-moi d'entendre vos bruits !

Translation:

1. Little rock of the high mountain,
I come here to finish this campaign.
Ah, sweet echoes, hear my sighs;
Leaning, I am soon to die.

2. Alone in these woods, what cares I have,
I think always of my friends so dear;
I asked: "Are they drowned?"
Have the Iroquois killed them ?

3. One day, when roaming alone,
And I was going away,
I asked myself: "Ah, great God, what frightful thing?"
Have the Iroquois taken my house?"?

4. Then I set out to investigate,
To see if it was an ambush;
Then I saw the Iroquois firing;
My heart beat with great joy.

5. My knees bend; my feeble voice fails;
I fall...Already I am going to leave;
I remain alone... No one to console me;
When death comes near one so solicite.

8. Nightingale, tell my mistress,
Oui mon Dieu que j'en ai les larmes !
I have kept my love and my faith,
And henceforth they must give up hope of me.

7. It is here that the world abandoned me,
But I seek aid from you, suffer of me;
Most holy Virgin, oh, do not abandon me;
Let me die in your arms.

During the hundred years or so before 1763, France and England were almost constantly at war in Europe, and their hostility carried over to the New World and into the conflict. In 1670 the English organised "The Company of Gentlemen Adventurers Trading into Hudson's Bay", and thenceforth competed with the French for the furs and favours of the Indians, as well as along the eastern waterways.

As the competition for furs grew keener, the courseurs-de-bois adopted many of the habits of the Indians. They were moosehunts and fur cags, leggings, and buckskin coats, with wide sashes and paint to protect them from the mosquitoes and black flies. Many of them lived with the Indians throughout the year, coming out only in the summer to take the runs on the lakes. The interspersed exclamations are apparently phrases intended to suggest the Indian dialect.

1. C'est un grand savage aussi,
Toit noir, tout barbouille, Ouchik'ah !
Avec sa vielle couverte,
It son sac à tabac, Ouchik'ah !

CHORUS: Ah ! Ah taensouc'h teignore, 
Tenaouc'h teignore, ouc'hik'ah !

2. Avec sa vielle couverte
Et son sac à tabac, Ouchik'ah.

Tom camerade est mort.
Bat mort et entreprie. Ouchik'ah.

3. Tom camarde est mort.
Bat mort et entreprie. Ouchik'ah.
C'et quare vingtes sans
Qui portent les coins du drap.

Ouchik'ah.

4. C'est quatre vieux sauvages
Qui portent les coins du drap.

Ouchik'ah.

CHORUS: Tenhauk'ah teignore, deux sauvages,
Qui chantent le lances.

5. Il c'est quatre old Indians
Who carried the corners of his pall,
And two old squaws
Who sang the parting song.

PART II: THE BRITISH TAKE OVER

In 1713 the Treaty of Utrecht, ending the War of the Spanish Succession, gave Acadia, Newfoundland, and the area around Hudson Bay to England. France retained Canada (Quebec, Labrador, Cape Breton, and St. John's (Prince Edward Island), and proceeded to build the fortresses of Louisbourg on Cape Breton. When the War of the American Revolution began, the engineer was captured by a New England raiding party, and the French of the Anya la Chapelle (1749) restored it to France.

In 1749 the first large group of English colonists headed for Nova Scotia and began to build the town of Halifax. The following year a song in praise of "New Scotland" was published in an English magazine. It contrasts conditions in Britain, where the land was owned by the lords and great landowners, with the untapped riches of the New World.

1. Let's away to New Scotland, where Plenty sits thron.
O'er as happy a country as ever was seen;
She blesses her subjects, both little and great.
With each a good house, and a pretty
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

2. There's wood, and there's water, there's
Wild fowl and tame;
In the forest good venison, good fish in the stream.

Good groves and fair castle, good land for our ploughs,
Good steam to be read'd, and a good barley to sow.

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

3. No landlords are there the poor tenants hold.

No lawyers to bully, nor stewards to tease,

But each honest fellow a landlord, and
Dares
To spend on himself the whole profit of his cares.

Derry down, down, derry down.

4. They've no duties on candles, no taxes on salt.

Nor do they, as we do, pay sauce for our meat.

But all is as free as in those times
When poets assure us the age was of gold.

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

SID II. Band 4: LA COURSE PATRIE

During the uneasy truce before war broke out again, the English and French continued to clash in North America, and the Iroquois was particularly acute in Acadia for the boundaries had never been clearly defined, and the French still claimed the area on the north side of the Bay of Fundy (later to become New Brunswick). The French government wanted their colonists to migrate to the north side or to Cape Breton, but most Acadians refused to leave their homes. They also refused to take the oath of allegiance to their new British governors, and the British military commanders feared they would be a threat to their naval bases at Halifax if war broke out.

Rising hostility against the French in New England and Nova Scotia led to the expulsion of the Acadians, one of the most tragic incidents in the history of Canada. On the order of Governor Lawrence, six thousand persons were removed from their homes, loaded on ships at Grand Pré, Annapolis, and Port Edward, and carried to ports in the English colonies. Some of the exiles made their way to Louisiana; others returned to Acadia. The tale of their wanderings has been immortalized in poetry and legend.

One of the songs popular among the Acadians was the old French ballad of the ship that spent seven years at sea. This particular version was collected by Dr. Barbeau, has an unusual refrain which the Acadians may well have sung to the old song during their ordeal of 1755. We do not know that the refrain was not part of the original song: a Cajun version of a 17th century French song resembles the Acadian version in words and tune, but it lacks the refrain.

1. Ce sont les enfants de Marais, sur
Les eaux s'en voyant,
Ont bien été sept ans sur mer, de terr
Sans pouvoir approcher.

CHORUS: Vivroux-moi toujours en tristeEase;
Aurons nous jamais liberté?

2. As bout de la septième année, de provisions
Ils ont manqués,
Les vrais chiens, je crois qu'ils ont manqué,
Jusqu'aux courrois de leurs souliers.

CHORUS

3. Ils ont tiré en courtes pâlles, savoir quel sort manqué.
Le capitaine a fait les palettes, les courrois de leurs souliers.

4. Pit appel er Prit-Jean, son page;
"Prit-Jean, veux-tu Mourir pour

"Auparavant ma que je meure, dedans
Lee han's je veux monter."

5. Il ne fut pas de demi-hune, se mit à

"Ah qu'an'tu donc, Prit-Jean, mon
Page? Quan tu a're a veer et à chanter."

6. Sertis en courtes pâlles, voire

"Auparavant ma que je meure, dedans
Lee han's je veux monter."

7. Il ne fut pas de demi-hune, se mit à

"Ah qu'an'tu donc, Prit-Jean, mon
Page? Quan tu a're a veer et à chanter."
6. "Courage, courage, mon capitaine; je vois la terre de tous côtés; je vois long de la plage, les bergères à les garder.

7. "Je vois trois jolies demoiselles, au bord de l'eau s'y promener, Et je me suis à terre à terre, la plus belle, je l'embrasserai.

Translation:

1. These are the boys from Marseille; they have all gone sailing on the sea. They've been seven years on the sea without making land.

CHORUS Must we ever live in sadness? Will we never be free?

2. At the end of the seventh year they are coming out of the sea. They have to eat their dogs, their cats, and even the soles of their shoes.

3. They have drawn the short straw to decide who would be eaten. The captain had prepared the straw; the short one fell to his lot.

4. He called little Jean, his page: "Little Jean, what's the name for me?"

5. Before I die I want to climb up to the top of the mast.

6. He wasn't half-way up the mast when he started to laugh and sing.

7. "Courage, courage, my captain. I see land on all sides. I see sheep on the plain, and shepherds-like cases guarding them.

8. "I see three pretty maidens walking along the sea shore. If ever I reach land, I'll marry the prettiest of the three."

SIDE II, Band 3: BRAVE WOLVES

The siege of Quebec was one of the decisive events of world history. In February, 1759, a large British fleet sailed for America, and by June 26th it had reached the Isle of Orleans below the city. General James Wolfe, then only 30, was in command of the army, and for twelve weeks it besieged the almost impregnable French fortress. The ancient city of Quebec was situated on a great rock on the north side of the St. Lawrence, about a mile wide at this point. Behind it was the St. Charles River. Every approach was covered by French guns and guarded by French garrisons. Then a small discovered a narrow passageway by which an army might have marched around the city. The British, under General Abraham, and Wolfe decided to take the desperate chance.

In the dead of night, behind a screen provided by the British fleet, 5,000 men crossed the broad river and silently made their way to the city. General Wolfe, who was at the head of the army, led his army out to meet them, and in fifteen minutes the fight was over. Both Montcalm and Wolfe lay dying on the field of battle.

That battle decided the future of Canada. By the terms of peace, the French were to be expelled from Great Britain and all Canada and of all her claims in North America east of the Mississippi.

The ballad-makers could hope for no more suitable hero than "Bold Wolfe." He was young and gallant, he was ill, and he died; and he died on the field of battle at the moment of victory. They said that when Pitt appointed him to lead the Quebec attack, a courtier complained to King George II that Wolfe was not up to the job. "Then I hope he'll bite some of my other generals," and they said that, shortly before the day set for the attack, he fell ill, and he told his doctors, "I know perfectly well you cannot cure me, but pray patch me up so that I may be up without pain for a few days and try my duty.

Very shortly after the battle, the ballad about its hero began to circulate. It was called "Brave Wolfe," or "Bold Wolfe," or "The Death of the Brave General Wolfe." It was sung in New England as well as in Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, and it still ranks among the greatest historical ballads of North America. This version is based on one collected by B. J. Sandell in British Guernsey in 1869.

1. Come now, young man all, and hear Of how Bold Wolfe did fall, in all his glory, On the Plains of Abraham fell this brave hero, We'll lament his loss in deepest sorrow.

2. And bold and gallant youth did cross the ocean, To Free America of her division. He landed at Quebec with all his party, To the city to attack, being brave and hearty.

3. Bold Wolfe drew up his men in a line so pretty On the Plains of Abraham before the city. On the plains where the French did meet him, In double file around, all for to beat him.

4. When, drawn up in line, for death pursuing, And in each other's face, those two armies staring, Where the canons on both sides did roar like thunder, And youth, in all its pride, was torn asunder.

5. Where the drums did loudly beat, 'mid colors a-flying, Bold Wolfe did ride valiantly, all danger defying, When shot from his horse fell that brave hero, His brave heart he left that day in sorrow.

6. The guns the ground did shake, where he was lying, Bold Wolfe he seemed to wake as he was dying. He lifted his head as the guns did rattle, And to his men he said "How goes the battle?"

7. His aide-de-camp replied: "'Tis in our favor! Quebec is ours, our pride, there is none can save her, For 'tis failing in our hands will all her treasures.

On then replied Bold Wolfe: "I died in pleasure."

SIDE II, Band 4: GENERAL WOLFE

Another ballad about General Wolfe makes an interesting contrast with the preceding one. It was less widely known in North America, but it is not in the memory of an old lady in Peterborough, Ontario, who had it from her father. She may be seen singing it on Folkways FW 4602.

1. Oh, General Wolfe to his men did say, Come, come, my boys, come follow me To you blue mountain that stands so high, You are my honor, you are my life, You lose of honor, come follow me.

2. Don't you see the French on your mountains high While we poor fellows in the valleys lie You'll see them falling from our guns, Lying dead in crowds, A-falling, A-falling from our great British guns.

3. The very first volley the French fired at us They wounded our general on his left breast Tender he set for he could not stand. "Fly, fly," he said, "fly, fly, for we are few, For while there's life I shall give command.

4. "When to old England you do return, You'll find your countrymen, but I'm dead and gone, And tell my tender old mother dear To warn my cousin, to wear the purple cloak, For I died a death that I wished to share."

5. "Twas sixteen years when I first began All for the honor of George the King, You may hear a story, but I've done before, Be a soldier's friend, my boys, be a soldier, And then you'll fight for ever more."

SIDE II, Band 5: REVOLUTIONARY TEA

Shortly after Britain added New France to her North American possessions, she faced the loss of her merchant marine. The New Englanders retaliated by restricting their trade on the tea, as it was owned by the Boston Tea Party. It was sung in New England as well as in Nova Scotia.
This unusual Acadian song (from a collection, "Chansons Acadiennes," 1,200 copies and Frère Marcell, Quebec) tells of a young fellow who, against his father's warning, decides to run away and join the "les Bostonnais" to fight against the English. He gets hung up in the war and comes back to papa who says "I told you so."

1. "Mon papa, si vous me battez, ou j'irai m'engager
A bord des Bostonnais, battre contre l'Anglais!"
A Boston il n'en est allé: "How many men fired away?"
"Voulez-vous m'engager pour un sergent garrier?"

2. "Oui, nous t'engagerons, si tu veux faire
Le bon garçon.
Nous irons t'y mener à la ter de l'armée.
Le sabre à son côté, et le pieton à la main,
François marchaît devant comme un vaillant sergent.

3. Des la première volé, les moinoirs lui ont fôlé.
Francois tomba en bas de s'écritir Nourai!
Mais il s'est relevé: "How many men fired away?"
Il n'eu pas à m'arrêter pour un sergent blessé!

4. François se lamenta son cher et bon papa
Qu'il avait été blessé par un coup d'escudier.
"Je t'eu l'avoir-tu pas bien qu'i tu perdaies le Tonnel.
Les présents te yollé, remuez-toi côme tu pourrai!"

Translation:

1. "Papa, if you beat me, I will go to
enlist
With the Bostonians, to fight against the English."
To Boston off he went: "How many men fired away?"
"Do you wish to enlist me as a fighting sergent?"

2. "Yes, we'll enlist you, if you'll be a
boy.
We're going to place you at the head of
the army.
A sword at his side and a pistol in his
hand.
Francois marched off like a brave sergent.

3. At the first volley his java were crooked.
Francois fell down, they shouted: "Hurrah!"
But he got up again: "How many men fired away?"
"You must not stop for a wounded sergent!"

4. Francois complained to his dear and
good
Papa that he had been wounded by a grenadier's
shot.
"Have I not told you that you would die
by the gun?"
Now there you are, pick yourself up as
best you can!"

SIDE II, BAND 8: THE BATTLE OF QUEENSBOROUGH

The War of 1812 was also marked by several important naval actions. The first important sea battle took place off the New England coast on August 19, 1812, when the American frigate Chesapeake defeated the British Guerrier, a battle which the Yankee sailors celebrated in song. The version given here was collected by Dr. Roy Mackenzie in Nova Scotia.

The Treaty of Ghent, which brought the war to an end on Christmas Eve, 1814, restored the country to its pre-war condition. Most historians feel that the war was unnecessary and that the British overreacted to the American threat. However, for the British it was a valuable lesson that contributed to the development of a national spirit.

1. The Chesapeake so bold out of Boston as
we're told.
Came to take the British frigate neat and handy.
And in the people all came out to see the sport.
While on board the ball played up Yankee Doodle Dandy.

2. Before this action had begun the
Yankees sung:
Said, "We'll tow her up to Boston neat and handy.
And after that we'll dine, treat our
sweethearts all with wine,
And we'll dance our of Yankee Doodle Dandy.

3. Our British frigate's name that
they sang was "Prince of Cooks.
To cool the Yankee's coarse meat and handy.
Was the Shannon - Captain Broke, all
his crew had hearts of oak,
And in fighting were allowed to be the
handy.

4. Now the fight had scarce begun when
they thought that they had worked us neat and handy.
But Broke he waved his sword saying, "Come,
you boys, we'll board,
And they boarded up Yankee Doodle Dandy."

5. When the British heard this they said they
all quickly spread and sailed.
And seized the Yankee's ensign neat and handy.
Now with all their brags, the British raised their
flags on the Yankee's missen-peak to be the
dandy.

6. Now here's to Broke and all his crew
who, in courage stout and true,
Fought against the Yankee frigate neat and handy.
O may they ever prove both in fighting and in love
That the British tars will always be the
dandy.

Sandwich, just below and across from the present city of Boston, was burned.
When feeling himself cut off, he sent out a flag of
truce and surrendered the city. The American boys carried in this first victory of the war in the triumphant ball, "Come All You Englishmen,"

1. Come all you Colonials, I'd have
you lend an ear.
Concerning a fine ditty that would make
you laugh.
Concerning an engagement that we had at
Sandwich.
The courage of those Yankee boys so
lately we pulled down.

2. There was a bold commander, brave
General Brooke,
Took shipping at Niagara and down to
Sandwich.
He says: "My gallant heroes, if you'll
bear arms.
We'll fight those proud Yankees in the
west of Canada!"

3. "Twas thus that we replied: "Along
with you we'll go.
Our knapkease we will shoulder without
any more ado.
Our knapkease we will shoulder and
forward we will steer;
We'll fight those proud Yankees without
either dread or fear."

4. We traveled all that night and a part
of the next day.
With a determination to show them
British play.
We traveled all that night and a part of
the next day,
With a determination to conquer or die.

5. Our commander sent a flag to them and
unto them did say:
"Deliver up your garrison or we'll fire
you in the round.
But they would not surrender, and chose to
be burned.
We opened up our great guns and gave them
fire in the round.

6. Their commander sent a flag to us, for
where he did call.
"Oh, hold your guns, brave British boys,
for fear you may be all.
Our town you have at our command, our
garrison in our charge.
They brought their guns and grounded them
right down before our eyes.

And now we are all home again, each man
safe and sound.
May the memory of this conquest all
through the Province sound.
Success unto our volunteers who did
fight for their rights,
And to our brave, brave
General Brooke by name!"

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they sang was "Prince of Cooks.
To cool the Yankee's coarse meat and handy.
Was the Shannon - Captain Broke, all
his crew had hearts of oak,
And in fighting were allowed to be the
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10. Now the fight had scarce begun when
they thought that they had worked us neat and handy.
But Broke he waved his sword saying, "Come,
you boys, we'll board,
And they boarded up Yankee Doodle Dandy."

11. When the British heard this they said they
all quickly spread and sailed.
And seized the Yankee's ensign neat and handy.
Now with all their brags, the British raised their
flags on the Yankee's missen-peak to be the
dandy.

12. Now here's to Broke and all his crew
who, in courage stout and true,
Fought against the Yankee frigate neat and handy.
O may they ever prove both in fighting and in love
That the British tars will always be the
dandy.

And loving friends to help him around
the hero pressed;
"push on," he said: "Don't mind net ---
are the net of run
Canadian soldiers rolled steep, the
victory was won.

4. Each true Canadian soldier lamented
the death of Broke.
His country told its sorrow in monumental
rock;
And if a few should invade our land
in future years,
His dying song doth guide us still: "push
on, brave Volunteers."
Ye tyrants from Europe our vengeance shall feel. 
Unless you are warned by the burning of the Peel.

During the summer of 1836 a United group of Canadian citizens, known as the "Saint Lawrence Union," met in Upper Canada to discuss and propose measures for the protection of the British North American colonies. The group was chaired by Robert Peel, who had recently gained prominence in British politics. Peel's eloquent speeches and persuasive arguments impressed the gathered crowd, and they elected him as their leader. Under his guidance, they organized a movement to oppose the American invasion of Canada. Peel's advocacy for the cause and his commitment to the defense of the British Empire were widely recognized, and his efforts ultimately contributed to the successful defense of Upper Canada against the American invasion.
While the Fenians were defeating Colonel Booker's troops, other Canadian troops were gathering. Colonel Peacock began to move on Fort Erie with some 2500 men, the Fenians decided to withdraw across the border.

Although the Fenian plans were wild and their raids ineffective, they did serve a useful purpose in causing Canadians to draw together in defense of their own territory. This aroused anti-Fenian sentiment and expression in these lines, set to the tune of the Civil War marching song "Drum, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching,

1. In the morning by my side sat the darling of my pride,
   And our hopes at heaven's door we were at play,
   When the arrows spread through the land
   That the Fenians were at hand.
   At our country's call we'll cheerfully obey.

2. Should this poor deluded band dare set
   foot upon our soil again,
   Or molest the rights of England's noble Queen
   They will meet with British pluck—
   With English, Irish, Scott, Canadian—
   And they'll wish themselves at home again, I ween.

Chorus: Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,
   Canadian comrades, let them come,
   For beneath the Union Jack we will
   Drive the Fenians back again.
   And we'll fight for our beloved Canadian home.

Chorus: anti-Confederation Song

By the 1860's, the various British provinces in Canada were beginning to feel that there was much to be said for joining forces on the basis of the old slogan, "United we stand, divided we fall."

The maritime provinces took the first step. In 1864 they called a conference at Charlottetown to consider the plan of Confederation, but the tiny province finally became part of Canada in 1873. However, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and Newfoundland also had a troubled history. Its land had been distributed to court favorites who became absentee landlords, forcing the real settlers to pay them rent. The landowners hoped that when they joined the Dominion of Canada, for the southern states, and other railroad promoters would improve their economic conditions.

This song, sometimes known as "The History of Prince Edward Isle," was sung in eastern lumber camps, by woodcutters and loggers, and even by the president of the United States, Ulysses S. Grant. It describes the story of the seafarers and their struggle with the elements to build an island nation to serve the Atlantic shipping lanes.

Chorus: Prince Edward Isle, Alberta

Like Newfoundland, Prince Edward Island at first resisted the idea of Confederation, but the tiny province finally became part of Canada in 1873. However, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and Newfoundland also had a troubled history. Its land had been distributed to court favorites who became absentee landlords, forcing the real settlers to pay them rent. The landowners hoped that when they joined the Dominion of Canada, for the southern states, and other railroad promoters would improve their economic conditions.

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Middleton. They travelled on the newly completed Niagara-Windsor Railway as far as possible, and then had to proceed on foot and by boat, for the insurgents were entrenched in a cluster of islands from the railroad. Engagements were fought at Fish Creek, Cut Knife, and Fago Lake, and then came the decisive battle at Batoche on May 12, where the rebels were crushed and a large number taken prisoner. He was later hanged in Regina.

This song of the volunteers who took part in the North-West Rebellion was published in the University of Toronto Song Book of 1897, two years after the events described; all three verses describe the trip out and the soldiers' life on the journey and their return home after the rebellion. They were sung by a group of soldiers when they were marching along the Saskatchewan River to Lake Winnipeg, then travelled by barge to the south end of the lake and by train for Winnipeg.

The words are set to the familiar tune of "Solomon Levi".

1. Our volunteers are soldiers bold, so say the people all, when duty calls they spring to arms, responsive to the call, with little old and rotten clothes, ill fitted for the strife, they leave their homes on starving pay to take the Gift of Life.

CHORUS: Pork, beans and hard-tack, Tra-la-la-la-la-la!
Poor hungry soldiers, Tra-la-la-la-la-la!
In rains we march the swarthy, most eager for the fray, but when the sun comes down, they always run away.
An old laborers with fat-grease each day, we dig and scrape and scrape and make forty cents a day.

2. Paint, cold and wet, we're packed on an open car, our fate is fate and grumbling, a soldier ever are, hungry and thirsty, over the C.N.R. we go.
Instead of by the all-rolling route - Detroit and Chicago.

CHORUS: Pork, beans and hard-tack, Tra-la-la-la-la-la!

3. On half-cooked beans and fat pork we eat and drink, save when we get a change of grub on hard-tack and our beef, on fat and gruel for breakfast, last day, potatoes and pickles by night.
It's thus we pay our time, our duty seems ne'er to fight.

CHORUS: Pork, beans and hard-tack, Tra-la-la-la-la-la!

4. Down the wild Saskatchewan, in river boats we go, at last Lake Winnipeg, where a tug takes us in tow, aboard the two men are shoved into the hole, like martains in a box we're packed, six hundred men all told.

CHORUS: Pork, beans and hard-tack, Tra-la-la-la-la-la!

5. Down the length of Winnipeg Lake we roll throughout the night, and on we're towed along the Lake until we're light, we disembark in double-quick time and we go board a train, we're on our way for Winnipeg, we're getting near home again...

CHORUS: Pork, beans and hard-tack, Tra-la-la-la-la-la!

THE STAND. BAND II: BETWEEN THE FORKS AND CARLTON

The Scottish half-breeds did not support the French forces in the rebellion and, indeed, some of them went off to fight with Middleton. This little song was composed by a Scottish half-breed in 1870, at Port Austin, along the St. Clair River, and the committee in charge of the music for the occasion decided that they needed to express the aspirations of the French-Canadian people. They asked Callin Lavalle (1845-1931), a well-known poet and composer then living in Quebec, to write the words to "A Canadian Leon". He did so, and the song was sung on the day of the Peace.

From Saint-Jean-Baptiste Day, June 24, 1866, the convention sang the new anthem for the first time. The song immediately caught on in Quebec but it did not reach Ontario for nearly 20 years. It was first used as a military tune in Niagara Camp, and later in a March Past at the reception for the future George V in Toronto. At least five English words were written, but the one generally accepted is by Dr. B. Stanley Weir, the Recorder of Montreal and novelist and poet of his time. Dr. Weir wrote the English words in 1904. As a comparison reveals, they were a literal translation, but the sentiment is fairly close to the original. While the strong British flavor and somewhat linguisitic phrasing of all song was unacceptable to the French-Canadians, "O Canada!" expresses a broader type of patriotism which both French and English can share.

"O Canada!" is now accepted as Canada's national song - the closest thing we have to a national anthem, next to "God Save the Queen". Many English-speaking Canadians do not know that it originated in Quebec, and that the familiar English words were not written until twenty-eight years after the French version.

In 1860 the Society of Saint-Jean Baptiste (St. John the Baptist), a national organization of French-Canadians, was planning a general festival, and the committee in charge of the music for the occasion decided that they needed to express the aspirations of the French-Canadian people. They asked Callin Lavalle (1845-1931), a well-known poet and composer then living in Quebec, to write the words to "A Canadian Leon". He did so, and the song was sung on the day of the Peace.

1. For a matin je suis levé (2) Plus matin que ma tante. (2)
2. Dans mon jardin je m'en suis allé (2) Couler la rose blanche. (2)
3. Je n'en ai pas situé ouille trou (2) Que j'ai été de roses blanches. (2)
4. "Na nie, fais-moi un bouquet (2) Qu'il soit de roses blanches." (2)
5. Elle s'est cassé la jumelle. (2)
6. Faut aller qu'i le médecin. (2) Le médecin de Bantens. (2)

PART IV: THE COUNTRY SHOW

BY 1873 Canada had acquired seven of her ten provinces, and she governed the vast areas of the North-West Territories, but her population was still less than four million. The building of the Grand Trunk brought some settlement in a narrow strip along the railway, but until the coming of the twentieth century the western plains remained for the most part the domain of the fur-traders.

The traditions of the French-Canadian coureurs-de-bois continued to dominate the fur trade long after Canada became British. When the old French companies were succeeded by British companies trading out of Montreal, the French-Canadian voyageurs operated their canoes on the annual expeditions to the interior, and after the North-West Company united with the Hudson's Bay Company in 1821, the voyageurs continued to use their trading canoes.

It seems strange to think of a lace-coffined lady walking the wilds of Canada's waterways, but the songs used by the voyageurs were transplanted from the medieval court of France. What they needed were long narrative ballads that would go on and on to relieve the monotony of endless hours of paddling.

1. Par un matin je suis levé (2) Plus matin que ma tante. (2)
2. Dans mon jardin je m'en suis allé (2) Couler la rose blanche. (2)
3. Je n'en ai pas situé ouille trou (2) Que j'ai été de roses blanches. (2)
4. "Na nie, fais-moi un bouquet (2) Qu'il soit de roses blanches." (2)
5. Elle s'est cassé la jumelle. (2)
6. Faut aller qu'i le médecin. (2) Le médecin de Bantens. (2)
1. I dreamed a dream, and I thought it
could come true.
Concernin' Frank(e)lin, and his
journey, That from old England did sail away,
To the frozen ocean in the month
of May.
2. With a hundred seamen, so brisk and
stout,
To avoid that Western Passage out,
With hearts undaunted and courage true,
Alas, 'twas more than man could do.
3. They sailed east, and they sailed west,
Off between the dangers they bravely
knew best,
Through many dangers they valiantly strove,
Till on mountains of ice their ships were
hoist.
4. In Saffins' Bay, where the whalefish blow,
The fate of Franklin I can't know,
Or of the fate of Frank(e)lin no tongue can
tell
Nor what cruel death his sailors befall.

**SIDE IV. Part 2: The Scarborough Settlement**

Many of Canada's early settlers came from
Scotland. Some were supporters of the
Stuarts and fled from their homeland
following the suppression of the Jacobite
rebellions; others were driven from their
farms when the land was enclosed by the
great landowners.

Most important of the Arctic explorers
was Sir John Franklin (1786-1847), of whom
we have spoken. He was in 1819-21
the discoverer of the Coppermine River to the
Polar Sea, extending the earlier explorations of
Humphrey Hervey. In 1845-6 he went down
the Mackenzie River (first explored by
Alexander Mackenzie in 1789) and explored the
estuary of the Bay of Baffin.

Then in May, 1845, Franklin started on
his most important ambitious project.
Equipped with three years' provisions, he
began to explore the North-West Passage through
the Arctic Ocean. After passing Baffin's
Bay, he abandoned the "Victory".

The mystery was not solved until 1859
when an expedition sent out by Lady
Franklin under Captain McClintock came
upon the spotted bones of whales. These,
while not revealing the toll the men paid,
were suggestive of the winter spent in the
cabin and the Closing of his ship. McClintock
went on to explore the Bering Sea in 1858
and the Discovery of the North-West Passage.

In 1859, McClintock's expedition
was sent out by the British government
under the command of Captain John
Franklin. The expedition sailed from
Greenland on August 11, 1859, and reached
Spitsbergen on September 1, 1859.

The expedition consisted of five ships:
the "Erebus," "Terror," "Jason," "Bulwark,"
and "Baffin." The expedition was
led by Captain Sir John Franklin.

The expedition was sent out to
search for the lost 'Voyage of the
Franklin Expedition.' The expedition
was sent out with the hope of finding
the lost ships and crew of Captain
James Clark Ross, who had
sailed on the "Erebus" and "Terror"
in 1845.

The expedition reached
Spitsbergen on September 1, 1859,
and remained there until March
1860. During this time, the
expedition explored the
northwest passage and
reached the North Pole.

In 1861, the expedition
returned to England and
reported the findings of their
journey. The expedition
was a success and
further expeditions were
sent out to explore the
North-West Passage.

The expedition of 1859
under Captain Sir John
Franklin was a
significant achievement.

The expedition of 1859
under Captain Sir John
Franklin was a
significant achievement.
4. My clothes are all ragggedy, my
language is rough.
My bread is one-hardened and solid
and you can't take them any farther.
My dishes are scattered all over the
room.
My floor gets afraids at the sight of a
broom.
5. How happy I feel when I roll into bed
The rattleing of a tune at my
head.
The little mosquito, devoid of all fear,
Grows up on my face and into my ear.
6. The little bed-bug so cheerful and
bright.
It keeps me up laughing two-thirds of
the night.
And the smart little flea, with backs
in his toes,
Grows up through my whiskers and
ticks my nose.
7. You may try to raise wheat, you may
try to raise rye.
You may stay there and live, you may
stay there and die.
But as for myself, I'll no longer

A-starting to death on a government claim.
8. So farewell to Alberta, farewell to the
West.
It's back home I'll go to the girl I
love best.
I'll go back to the east and get me a

And never eat cornbread the rest of my
life.

SIDE IV, Band 6: THE DYING OUTLAW

At this time, too, the Canadian government established the North West Mounted Police to preserve law and order in the west plains. This song recalls the days when adventurous cowboys went into gabling flights and bar-room brawls, and when the red-coated hussars were the only law west of Winnipeg. The singing outlay of this song is obviously akin to the cowboy who died on the streets of Lethbridge, and to the other who begged to be buried "on the lonesome prairie", but this particular song seems to be native to the West.

1. Come gather around me, my comrades and
friends.
The sun is setting on life's short day.
I'm wounded to die, and there's nothing
to fear.
But wait while my life ebbs away.

REFRAIN: Oh, bury me on the long prairie
Where the hooves of the horses shall trample me
Where the echoing tread falls over my head.
And a cowboy will carry me on.

2. I have reposed on the prairie by night
and by day.
No danger I've feared as I rode along,
But a red-coated foeman has written my
doom.
And a cowboy will carry me on.

3. Be kind to my pony while you he stays,
That lays him beside me when he must go.
How often I've tried him and I know
he won't fail
When we ride in that great rodeo.

SIDE IV, Band 7: THE POOR LITTLE GIRL
OF ONTARIO

While the men were heading west for the
gold and honets and homesteads and the
prairies, the girls who left behind them
were complaining because the frontier was
stealing away their beau. Their complaints
took the form of a song that was known in
many parts of Ontario and acquired
different verses to fit the circumstances.
Originally it was called "The Poor Lonesome
Girl of Ottawa", and it was sung on
Thunder Bay and Keewatin in
northern Ontario. By the beginning of the
nineteenth century, it told of the boys going out to Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and the

The song was also sung to different tunes, sometimes "The Little Brown Jug" or "Yankee Doodle", as in this version.

1. I'll sing you a song of a buggy past,
It goes by the name of the great
North west,
I cannot have a beam at all,
They all skip out there in the fall.

REFRAIN: One by one there'll all clear out,
Thinking to better themselves, no doubt,
Wandering far they go
From the poor little girls of Ontario.

2. First I got mended on Charlie Brown,
The nicest fellow in all the town.
He tipped his hat and saluted away,
And now he's settled in Manitoba.

3. Then Henry Magner with his white cravat,
His high stiff collar and plug hat,
He said if he could he'd have to beg,
And now he's settled in Winnipeg.

4. Then my long-legged druggist with his
asco on his nose,
I really thought I'd propose,
But he sold his shop and now he's
gone Clear out to little Saskatchewan.

5. I'll pack my clothes in a carpet sack,
I'll go out there and I'll never come back,
I'll find me a husband and a good one,
If I have to go through to Caribo.

SIDE IV, Band 8: THE KLODIKIE GOLD RUSH

In 1896 a prospector from Alaska crossed
over into Yukon and found gold along the
Upper Yukon river, at the mouth of a
tributary called the Klondike.
Then began a frantic period like that in
California in 1849. Crowds of gold
adventurers came up from Victoria and
Sourdough to Skagway and crossed the
white Pass through the mountainous
to float down the river to the new El Dorado.
The stamp of gold and the capital of Yukon, and a railroad was built
across the mountain.

The excitement of those gold-rush days is
caught in this song, which tells of the men
leaving Moodyville, then a small town near
Vancouver, for the rich lodes of the
Klondike river. The song was remembered
by Captain Charley Knott, long-time mayor
of North Vancouver.

1. Oh, come to the place where they struck
it rich.
Come where the treasure lies hid,
Where your hat full of mud is a five-

REFRAIN: Klondike, Klondike,
"shovel your luggage for Klondike,
For there isn't no luck in the
town today,
There ain't no work down Moody-

2. Oh, they scratch the earth and it
tumbles out
More than your hands can hold,
For the hills above and the plains
beneath
Are cracking and busting with gold.

SIDE IV, Band 9: SASKATCHEWAN

Back in the eighteen-fifties the British
government sent Captain John Palliser out
to make a survey of the plains and the
Red River and the Rockies. He reported
that the southern part of this area was an
extension of the American desert and was
unsuitable for the growing of grain. This
region, often called 'Palliser's Frindles',
was broken up for farming in spite of his
warning, and for many years yielded
bountiful crops of wheat.

Then came the 1930's and the farmers began
to run into trouble. By that time the
soil had been cultivated into fine particles,
and a succession of dry years crumbled it
down. Farming and cattle and crop
disappear in the high winds that blow
across the plains in spring, and away
that all the wind was eaten by grass

1. Saskatchewan, Saskatchewan
Where winds are always on the blow,
Where people live with frozen toes
And why we stay here no one knows.

CHORUS: Saskatchewan, Saskatchewan
There's no place like Saskatchewan,
We sit and gaze across the plain,
And wonder why we're here at all.

2. Our pigs are dyin' on their feet
Because they have no feed to eat,
Our horses, though of bronce race,
Stomach aches then in the face.

CHORUS: Saskatchewan, Saskatchewan

3. The milk from cows has ceased to flow,
We've had to ship 'em East, you know,
Our hens are cold and lay no eggs,
Our turkeys eat grasshopper leg.

CHORUS: Saskatchewan, Saskatchewan
We're proud to say we're native ones,
So count your blessings drop by drop,
For war we'll have a bumper crop.

CHORUS: Saskatchewan, Saskatchewan

SIDE IV, Band 10: QUEBEC-ONTARIO

Since the days of the depression Canada
has made great strides in industrial
production. Particularly important have
been the many mining developments, one
of the most important of which was the opening
up of the mines of the region on the border between Quebec and Labrador.
In 1950 work was started on the Quebec North Shore and Labrador Railway, running from Seven Islands on the north shore of the St. Lawrence up the Moisie River canyon into the rich iron-ore district at Knob Lake. By 1954 the 360-mile railway was completed, and Alan Mills witnessed its opening on July 15, 1954. At that time he wrote this song which he sang for a group of iron ore company officials and workers during one of the celebrations marking the official opening. He set the modern story to a familiar folk tune used for another story of iron ore—a S.A.O. Roberts—about a ship that carried red iron ore from Escanaba to Cleveland.

1. Come, ladies and gentlemen, listen to me,
I’ll sing you a song of our north counrty,
A song of the men who broccoli through Labrador.
Bound north to Ungava for rich iron ore,
In July, nineteen fifty-four.

2. In Quebec’s northern wilderness no man had trod
Till rich iron ore had been found in its soil;
To bring out this treasure, brave engineers were
To blast out a railway into Labrador
By July, nineteen fifty-four.

3. The work was begun,
And up the St. Lawrence the workmen did come;
Guardians and foremen, two thousand and more,
All joined in the battle to get at the ore
By July, nineteen fifty-four.

4. In planes and in barges, and bateau in galleys
They hauled their equipment right up to the North Shore
And from Seven Islands the bulldozers roar
Ran out through the wilderness, “Let’s get the ore!”
By July, nineteen fifty-four.

5. Through four years of hardship the workmen did toil;
In winter they froze and in summer they boiled,
But though at the frost-bite and black flies they wore,
They stuck to their Promise to get at the ore
By July, nineteen fifty-four.

6. Straight up Moisie River they blasted their way;
Through mountains of rock, by night and by day,
And then through the forests and meadows they tore,
All headed for Knob Lake to get at the ore
By July, nineteen fifty-four.

7. Three hundred and sixty miles north they did push
And laid down a highway of steel in the bush;
They called it the “North Shore and Labrador”
And, true to their promise, they brought out the ore
By July, nineteen fifty-four.

8. Now fill up your glasses and let’s drink a toast
To a wonderful achievement of which we can boast;
And when we have finished, let’s fill up once more
And drink to the workmen who brought out the ore
In July, nineteen fifty-four.

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THE NEW AMERICAN ENCYCLOPEDIA

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Thank you to Sam Gesner, Edith Fowke, Alan Mills, Hyrcan Press, the recording engineer and to all others who made this album possible. Master recording by David Hanock Production by Marea Arch.
CANADA'S STORY IN SONG

All the songs on these records may be found in a book of the same title published by W.J. Gage, Ltd., Toronto. The book was prepared by Edith Powke and Alan Mills, and has piano accompaniments by the noted Canadian musicologist and pianist Helmut Blume.

ARRIVAL OF LOYALIST VOLUNTEERS AT PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS
TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1837

From a pen drawing by C. W. Jeffers.

THE RED RIVER CART

BATTLE OF ST. EUSTACHE: 1817

The Old Church