MARITIME
FOLK
SONGS
FROM
THE
COLLECTION
OF
HELEN
CREIGHTON

Ethnic Folkways Library FE 4307
PLAINS OF WATERLOO
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David Slauenwhite

MARITIME FOLK SONGS

Published simultaneously by the Ryerson Press in Canada, and Michigan State University Press in the United States of America.

Cover Design by Ronald Cline

Descriptive notes are inside pocket.
This record gives voice to songs published in my book, Maritime Folk Songs, Ryerson Press, Toronto, and Michigan State University Press, Michigan, 1962. The book collection was made for the National Museum of Canada between the years 1948 and 1954 although an occasional one has crept in from as far back as my first year of collecting in 1928. Songs were chosen for the quality of music that accompanied them rather than for words although it often happens that where one excels, the other does too.

In selecting for a record there is always the problem of home recordings and the many interruptions that can spoil an otherwise good song. If you hear a baby cry occasionally please remember that this is one of the hazards the collector has to face, and when the singer hears the song played back and realizes that the youngest member of the family is there with him he is delighted and wouldn't have it otherwise. Perhaps the good wife who has been quiet and helpful through the whole way through suddenly realizes it is time to start the fire going, and she opens the kitchen stove and puts wood in which crackles loudly on the tape. It is not always possible to repeat a song, and usually the first singing is the best anyhow. Another difficulty is caused by electricity which may be low in a rural area during a recording session although that is not evident at the time. This may cause a distortion when played where the power is strong. Sometimes the best songs are sung by singers with the poorest voices, or the good singers pitch their songs too high. This is perhaps the most common fault because practically all our folk singing in the Maritime Provinces is done unaccompanied. Or a singer may forget half way through and need prompting. If this means he has to stop, he will likely pick the song up in a different key. For these and other reasons the singers on the record are not always those whose text is given in the book, although most of them are.

In the song of Lord Bateman you will notice that the singer speaks the last word. This is customary among the older generation and means that the song is over. Sometimes the last two or three words will be spoken. If there is a preponderance of songs from Nova Scotia that is partly because I have done most of my work here and it has yielded material for over thirty years and is not yet exhausted. The other provinces are better represented in the book although Nova Scotia there too plays the larger role. It was painful to make a limited selection for a record because there were so many singers I would have liked to share with you, and it hurt to leave any out. For instance I would have liked more local songs, but the best music comes with the older ones. In fishing vessels, on deck or fore­castle during long sea voyages, in lumber camp before the advent of radio, in the mines and in the home, these are typical of the songs our people have enjoyed through many generations.

SIDE 1, Band 1: DRIMINDOWN

In collecting folklore it often happens that a song or story may take years to find and then turn up two or three times in the same season. Perhaps I have missed opportunities for I never thought to ask for Drimindown until Captain Charles Cates when mayor of North Vancouver came to Halifax and recorded it for me along with many other songs he had learned from his father. Directly afterwards I went to Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island and, remembering the pathos with which Captain Cates sang it, asked Mr. Ernest Sellick if he knew it. I was both delighted and astonished when he produced this excellent variant which his father used to sing to the children at bedtime. This did not necessarily make it a lullaby, for fathers sang all kinds of songs to children at nighttime. However, I then recalled that a Mrs. Creelman had sung it to me in Dartmouth in the early 1930's and had said it was used both as a lullaby or as a milking song. It seems to have had a wide distribution and to have been put to a variety of uses, but to Captain Cates and Mr. Sellick it was known as a lament, but one with a touch of humour. Mr. Sellick who sings it here is now retired, but spent his earlier days as a farmer.

DRIMINDOWN

There was an old man and he had but one cow
And how that he lost her he couldn't tell how,
For white was her forehead and slick was her tail
And I thought my poor Drimindown never would fail.

CHORUS:
Ego so ro Drimindown ho ro ha,
So ro Drimindown nealy you gra,
So ro Drimindown arha ma dow
Me poor Drimindown nealo sko chea
O ro Drimindown ho ro ha.

Bad luck to you Drimon and why did you die?
Why did ye leave me, for what and for why?
I'd sooner lose Pat and my own
Bunken Bon
Than you my poor Drimindown now you are gone.

(CHORUS)
As I went to mass one fine morning in May
I saw my poor Drimindown sunk by the way,
I rolled and I bawled and my neighbors I called
To see my poor Drimindown, she being my all.

(CHORUS)
My poor Drimon's sunk and I saw her no more,
She sunk on an island close down by the shore,
And after she sunk down she rose up again
Like a bunch of black wild berries grow in the glen.

(CHORUS)
Sung by Mr. Ernest Sellick,
Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island.

SIDE I, Band 2:
THE PLAINS OF WATERLOO
There are several songs under this title, for Waterloo seems to have had a particular appeal to song writers of that day. Some stress the warlike aspect of that great battle, as in Dr. W. Roy Mackenzie's Sea Songs and Ballads From Nova Scotia; others, like this, are purely romantic. This is one of that great number of songs so popular in the Maritime Provinces in which a ring is broken before the parting of lovers and each takes a half. There is usually a seven year lapse before the young man's return, and he always appears in disguise so he may put his lady's fidelity to the test. After she swoons in his loving arrums, as many of them say, he reveals his identity through his half of the ring. A folk opera written in Halifax based upon this custom is called The Broken Ring. Mr. Amos Jollimore who sings it here is a fisherman and lives beside the beautiful waters of Terence Bay.

THE PLAINS OF WATERLOO
As I rode out one evening to view the fields and meadows,
Down by a flowery garden where I chanced for to stray,
I overheard a maiden making sad lamentation,
I stood in silent ambush to hear what she might say.
The song that she sang caused the valleys for to ring
And the sweet feathered songsters around my love did fly,
Saying, "The wars are all over and peace it is proclaimed,
And my love's not yet returned from the plains of Waterloo."
I boldly stepped up to her saying,
"Alas my fair young creature,
How could I make so bold as to ask your true love's name?
For I have been in battle where cannons loud did rattle
And it's by your love's description I might have known the same."

"Oh, William Smith, it is the name of my true lover,
He's gone and he's left me in sorrow that is true,
And there's none I will enjoy but my own darling boy
O until he do return from the plains of Waterloo."

"If William Smith it be the name of your true lover
It's all alone together we stood many's a champagne, (campaign)
Through Portugal and Prussia, through Italy and Russia,
He was my loyal comrade through France and through Spain.
"Being on the sixth of March when we ended our great battle,
Like bold British heroes we did them pursue,
We fought them for three days till at last they were defeated
Like the great Napoleon Boney on the plains of Waterloo."

"It being into France where we ended our great battle,
Caused manys a bold hero to sigh and complain,
The drums they did beat and the cannons loud did rattle,
It was by a French soldier your true love he was slain.
"And as I passed by I saw your true love a-bleeding,
I scarcely took time for to bid him adieu,
With a soft and melting voice oh those words I head him mention
'Fare you well my lovely Sally that lies far from Waterloo.'"

Now when this fair maid heard this sad recreation
Her red rosy cheeks they grew pale white with pain,
I was sorry for to see her in that sad recreation,
I caught her in my arms crying,
"Sally I'm the man.
"And here is the ring that between us was broken,
In the midst of all dangers it reminded me of you."
Oh when she saw the ring that between them was broken,
"You are welcome lovely Jimmie from the plains of Waterloo."

1. pronounced Ryssia by singer.
2. lamentation?
3. Willie?

Sung by Mr. Amos Jollimore, Terence Bay, N. S. 1950

SIDE I, Band 3:
WHEN I WAKE IN THE MORNING
The fact that Mr. Angelo Dornan remembered any songs is amazing, for he had stopped singing them for over forty years. He then returned to the scenes of his youth and gradually the songs heard so often from the lips of his adored father came back to him, some in part, others in full. One took twenty minutes to sing and he did it all from memory. His tunes are distinguished by twirls and flourishes as his father must have done before him, and many have great beauty. The one given here is tantalizing, for it is only a fragment, all that he could recall. Many songs returned to him as he worked on his hilltop farm at Elgin, New Brunswick, but when he had recorded one hundred and thirty-five he admitted he had
come to the bottom of his barrel of memory.

WHEN I WAKE IN THE MORNING

When I wake in the morning I go to my window,
I take a long look o'er the place that I know,
I'm surrounded by sorrow, will I never see to-morrow?
O Jimmie, lovely Jimmie, if you knew what I know.

When the boys come to court they all swear they love me,
But I like a hero I do them disdain,
My love's gone and left me, no other man will get me,
And I never will marry till he comes back again.

Sung by Mr. Angelo Dornan, Elgin, N.B., September 1954

SIDE I, Band 4:

HE'S YOUNG BUT HE'S DAILY A-GROWING

Nathan Hatt was nicknamed Chippy because he had a lumber mill and made the chips fly. He was over eighty when his doctor sent word that he had a patient who was always singing, for he would hear him in the waiting-room where he hummed away to himself. He had a sunny disposition and a song for every year of his long life. The characters in his songs were his personal friends, and you will notice at the end of this song how he adds his own comment, "I guess it did," as though he knew all about the story first hand.

I have five variants of this ancient song and have often wondered why Professor Francis James Child did not include it among the songs designated by him as popular ballads where it might well have found a place. In the days of early marriages it is interesting to note that the young husband was distinguished as a married man by the blue ribbon worn about his neck. These unusual words always seem to call forth from the singer an unusually beautiful tune.

HE'S YOUNG BUT HE'S DAILY A-GROWING

The leaves they are green and the trees they are tall,
All those happy summer days are all past and gone;

Here I am left on the coldest winter day,
He is young but he's daily are a-growing.

O father, dear father, you've done me much wrong
For you have married me to a boy that's too young,
For I am twice twelve and he's only thirteen,
He is young but he's daily are a-growing.

O daughter, dear daughter, I done of you no wrong
For I had married you to a rich farmer's son,
And if you do but love him he'll be your lord and king
He is young but he's daily are a-growing.

At the age if thirteen a married man was he,
At the age of fourteen his oldest son was born,
At the age of sixteen on his grave the grass grows green,
He is young but he's daily are a-growing.

(added later)

Tie a bunch of blue ribbon all around about his neck
For to let the girls all know that he's married.

Sung by Mr. Nathan Hatt, Middle River, May 1952.

SIDE I, Band 5:

AS JIMMIE WENT A-HUNTING

The Maritime Provinces are rich in stories of the supernatural, and these appear as personal experiences, as yarns told for fun, and as songs. In some, like The Dreadful Ghost, a girl who has been abandoned dies of grief and then follows her lover to sea where in sight of all the crew she forces him to follow her and they both disappear in the deep, a terrifying thought. In others like The Silvery Tide and As Jimmie Went A-Hunting, a mystery is solved by a dream, in the former revealing the drowned body floating on the tide, and in this one explaining the facts of an accidental death and thereby saving a lover's life. Mr. Louis Boutilier who sang it was a small sprightly man of eighty; seven whose eyes were bright and alert, and he loved his little joke. After listening to his voice on my tape recorder, the first he had ever heard, he said, "Who sings better, that man or me?" Although this song has often been found in Great Britain and the United States as Molly Bawn or At the Setting of the Sun, I have it only from one other singer, also a Boutilier. One lived east of Halifax, the other west.

AS JIMMIE WENT A-HUNTING

As Jimmie went a-hunting
With his dog and his gun,
He hunted all day
Till the night it came on.

By her apron being round her
And I took her for a swan,
And I shot Mollie Laura
By the setting of the sun.

Away to his father
He quicklie did run,
Saying, "Father, dearest father
Do you know what I've done?"

"By her apron being round her
And I took her for a swan,
And I shot Mollie Laura
By the setting of the sun."

Up spake his aged father
Whose locks have been grey,
Saying, "Jimmie, dearest Jimmie,
Do not you run away."

"But stay in your own countriee
Till your trial do come on,
And you never shall be transported
By the setting of the sun."

"Twas early the next morning
To her uncle she did appear,
Saying, "Uncle, dearest uncle
See that Jimmie goes clear."

"By my apron being round me
And he shot me in the dark,
And it's to his great grief now
That he never missed his mark."

"My acushla averneen,
O it's cushla macree,
If you were a-living
It is married we would be.

"But since you are dead and buried
My poor heart it will break,
Through the lonely woods and valleys
I will wander for your sake."

Sung by Mr. Louis Boutilier,
Tantallon, August 1950
CATHERINE ÉTAIT FILLE

In contrast to the rest of the Maritime Provinces where men do most of the singing, the Acadian French of Pabineau have preserved their songs mostly through their women. Of these Mrs. Laura McNeil, née Pothier, is one of the best informed, and she has passed her love of music on to her daughter Marie Catherine. I have recorded over fifty songs from this area. Here too they recall ancient folk tales brought over by early settlers in 1651, and these have been published in their weekly newspaper, Le Petit Courrier and thus saved for posterity. Mrs. McNeil says this song was learned in Quebec and brought east from there. Our singer, now retired, was a school teacher at Pabineau on Nova Scotia's south-west coast for many years.

CATHERINE ÉTAIT FILLE

Catherine était fille
A la zim, baum, baum, A la zim, baum, baum,
Catherine était fille
Etait fille du roi, Etait fille du roi,

Sa mère était chrétienne
A la zim, baum, baum, A la zim, baum, baum,
Sa mère était chrétienne
Son père n'y était pas, Son père n'y était pas.

Un jour dans sa prière
A la zim, baum, baum, A la zim, baum, baum,
Un jour dans sa prière
Son père la trouva, Son père la trouva.
Et voilà, etc.

"Que fais-tu là, ma fille." A la zim baum, baum, A la zim baum, baum,
"Que fais-tu là, ma fille." Ma fille que fais-tu là, Ma fille que fais-tu là.
Et voilà, etc.

"Je prie ce Dieu, mon père." A la zim baum, baum, A la zim baum, baum,
"Je prie ce Dieu, mon père Que vous ne priez pas." Et voilà, etc.

"Qu'on m'emporte mon sabre"
A la zim baum, baum, A la zim baum, baum,
"Qu'on m'emporte mon sabre Et mon grand coutelet
Et voilà, etc.

Du premier coup de sabre
A la zim baum, baum, A la zim baum, baum
Du premier coup de sabre
Son père la manqua, Son père la manqua.
Et voilà, etc.

Du deuxième coup de sabre
A la zim baum, baum, A la zim baum baum
Du deuxième coup de sabre
Son père la frappa, Son père la frappa.
Et voilà, etc.

Du troisième coup de sabre
A la zim baum, baum, A la zim baum baum
Du troisième coup de sabre
Son père n'y est pas, Son père n'y est pas.
Et voilà, etc.

Sung by Mrs. Laura McNeil,
August 1949.

English translation:

CATHERINE WAS A GIRL

Catherine was a girl
A la zim, baum baum, A la zim, baum, baum,
Catherine was a girl
She was the daughter of the king,
the daughter of the king
And so, and so, and so, and so, and so, and so.

Her mother was a christian
Her father was not.

One day while at prayer
Her father found her.

"What are you doing there, my daughter."
My daughter what are you doing there.

"I am praying to God, my father,
The one that you don't pray to."

"Let them bring me my sabre"
And my big cutlass

The first blow of the sabre
Her father missed her

The second blow of the sabre
Her father hit her

The third blow of the sabre
Her father killed her

Catherine is in heaven
Her father isn't there.

PEGGY GORDON

I have always had a particular fondness for the song Peggy Gordon, and have been surprised that our Canadian folk singer Alan Mills is the only one I know of who has recorded it from my earlier book, Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia. As printed there it is not an easy song to sing which may account for it. Here we have it from the lips of Mr. Grace Clergy, the fisherman whose picture appears on the cover of book and record of Maritime Folk Songs, seen in the full enjoyment of his song. Although like Dennis Smith he too uses twirls and flourishes, his variant may be more easily mastered and should prove well worth the effort. The song is not unlike the English O Waly Waly, and of my six versions, five were discovered in Halifax County, the most prolific part of the Maritimes for songs.

PEGGY GORDON

Peggy Gordon you are my darling,
Come set yourself down on my knee,
And tell to me the very reason
Why I am slighted so much by thee

I'm deep in love and I cannot bear it,
My heart is smothered within my breast,
I fain would let the whole world know it
For a troubled mind never has no rest.
I leaned my head on a cask of brandy
Which is my fancy I do declare,
And while I'm drinking I'm always thinking
How I'm to gain this young lady's fair.

I leaned my back against a white oak
Thinking it was a trusty tree,
But first it bent and then I broke it,
That is the way my love did serve me.

I wish my love was one red rosy
A-growing over yonder wall
And I myself was a falling dewdrop,
It's in her bosom that I might fall.

I wish I was as far from India,
As far as my two eyes could see,
Where the pretty little birds are always singing,
And every one sings a different tune.

I wish I was in Pennsylvania
Where the marble stones are as black as ink,
Where the pretty girls they would adore me,
I'll sing no more till I get a drink.

I wish I was a rare treat to visit the home of Mr. Charles Owens at Bridgetown where he and his family at a moment's notice could gather together and sing for hours in solo, unison, or harmony. Sometimes they would accompany one another or themselves on guitar or banjo, and at other times sing in the more usual traditional way without any accompaniment. Mr. Owens was ninety-nine when this recording was made, a tall fine looking Negro even at that age, who still walked, played the drum, and testified for the Salvation Army. I recorded him again at one hundred and he was still singing at one hundred and one, the year of his death. Other members of his family have been seen to excellent effect in the Canadian television production, Land of the Old Songs where they sing sitting on a bank beyond a lily pond, a charming setting. They are slave descendants whose ancestors probably brought this Jubilee song with them in their great migration from the United States. Or perhaps he picked it up in his sea-going days before his marriage, although that is unlikely for he assured me he had never heard it from any group but their own.

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WHAT HARM HAS JESUS DONE?

CHORUS:
Tell me what harm has Jesus done you,
What harm has Jesus done you,
What harm has Jesus done you?
Sinners all hate him so. (repeat)

The Jews they took poor Jesus
And they hewed him out a heavy cross
To carry up Calvary,
Oh, to carry up Calvary,
They hewed him out a heavy cross
To carry up Calvary.

They gave Him a cup of vinegar
And they gave Him a cup of gall,
He drank from the rim to the bottom of the cup
He never spoke a murmuring word,
No he never spoke a murmuring word,
He never spoke a murmuring word,
He drank from the rim to the bottom of the cup,
He never spoke a murmuring word.

(CHORUS - twice)

You see Brother Gabriel in the morning
Stretching forth his mighty line,
With the sheep on the right and the goats on the left
And they never ran together no more,
No they never run together no more,
No they never run together no more,
With the sheep on the right and the goats on the left
And they never run together no more.

(CHORUS)

Sung by Mr. Chas. Owens and family, Bridgetown, June 1953.

SIDE II, Band 9:

MY GALLANT BRIGANTINE

To think of Mrs. Gallagher as to become dewy-eyed with the weight of pleasant memories. She was the wife of the Chebucto Head lightkeeper when I first knew her and lived, as she said, in her eyrie at the top of a steep cliff at the entrance to Halifax Harbour. She was a blithe person who radiated happiness, and there was always laughter and good cheer in her house where her songs and her husband's stories were a never-failing source of enjoyment. Mrs. Gallagher was one of the first of my folksingers to perform on a radio series in the years 1938 and 39, delighting all who knew her. Of Scotch descent, her songs had been learned mostly from her mother. Note the tenderness of the last line of this song - a tenderness which only a mother herself could feel. This final line is a matter for argument among our singers, some of whom insist it should be that the sailor's wife ran away with another man. Others agree with Mrs. Gallagher.

MY GALLANT BRIGANTINE

As I strayed ashore one evening from my gallant brigantine,
In the Island of Jamaica where I have lately been,
Being tired of my wandering I sat me down to rest,
And I sang a song of my native land,
the song that I love best.

Oh when my song was ended, my mind
was more at ease,
I rose to pick some oranges that hung
down from the trees,
It was there I saw a fair maid who
filled me with delight,
She wore the robe of innocence, her
dress was snowy white.
Her dress was snowy white, my boys, her spencer it was green,
A silken shawl hung round her neck her shoulders for to screen,
Her hair hung down in ringlets, and it was black as sloes,
Her teeth were like the ivory white, her cheeks were like the rose.

So boldly I accosted her, "Good morning my pretty fair maid,"
So kindly she saluted me, "Good morning sir," she said,
"I think you are a sailor just lately come from sea."
"I do belong to yonder ship lies anchored in the Bay."

Then we both sat down together and we chatted for a while,
I told her many a curious tale which caused her for to smile,
And when she rose to leave me these words to me addressed,
Saying, "Come and see my husband, he will treat you to the best."

Was then she introduced me to a noble looking man,
Most kindly he saluted me and shook me by the hand.
The wine being on the table and dinner served up soon,
Oh we both sat down together, spent a jolly afternoon.

Now there's one thing more I have to say before my tale is done,
It's Harry Rysall is my name, I am a married man,
Three weeks before I left the shore my troubles they began,
For by the powers above the wife I love brought me a baby son.

Ellen took the money and to Riley she did run,
Saying, "This very night to take your life, my father charged a gun,
Here is one thousand pounds in gold, my mother sent to you,
So sail away to Americay and I will follow you."

Riley took the money and next day he sailed away,
But before he put his foot on board, these words to her did say,
"Here is a token of true love, we'll break it now in two,
My heart and half this ring is yours, till I will find out you."

'Twas just in six months, after this young man sailed away,
When Riley he put back again and stole his love away,
The ship was wrecked, all hands were lost, her father grieved full sore.
When he found her in young Riley's arms, as they were washed on shore.

A note was in her bosom found and it was writ with blood,
Saying, "Cruel was my father, who thought to shoot my love,
So let this be a warning, to each young maiden gay,
To never let the lad she loves sail to Americay."


Folk songs tell many stories of parents who gave violent objection to the marriage of their young folk and usually lived to rue the day. After all, this is the stuff that stories are made of, and this particular subject often becomes highly dramatic as the tale unfolds. This song is popular in the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland, but none of my singers makes each word and note count with quite the sympathy and understanding of Mrs. Gallagher. She loved all her songs, from the opening to the closing note, and to her every word was important.

YOUNG RILEY
Johnny Riley was my true love's name, his age scarce twenty-one,
He was one of the finest young men, as ever you did see,
My father he had riches great, but Riley he was poor,
And because I loved that sailor lad, he would not me endure.

John Riley is my true love's name, lived near the town of Brae,
My mother took me by the hand, these very words did say,
"If you be fond of Riley he must quit this counteree,
For your father sweers he'll take his life, so shun his company."

"Oh mother dear, don't be severe, where would you send my love?
For my very heart is in his bosom, as constant as a dove."

"Oh daughter dear, I'm not severe, here is one thousand pounds,
Send Riley to Americay to purchase there some ground."

ON BOARD OF THE VICTORY
Mr. Clergy lived on the shore of Petpeswick Harbour and like so many coastal people, his house was perched high upon a hill. From here he could look out upon the water and, although his harbour was too shallow for big ships, he could ponder upon the lives of men who sailed to distant lands. Many of his songs, like those of most Maritimers, have a sea motif and many tell of love. As in this song, the two are wedded. It is only from Mr. Clergy that I have heard on Board of the Victory, nor have I ever seen it in print. He learned it from his father, a noted singer in his day in the Petpeswick and Chezzetcook area. Although Mr. Clergy was entirely English-speaking, his name is French and was originally Clergie. His mother, named Bonang, was also French.

ON BOARD OF THE VICTORY
I am a noble lady,
My fortune it is great,
My tongue is scarcely able
To the courting of a young man
Who was so dear to me,
He's ploughing the main ocean
On board of the Victory.

It's on my bed each night I lie
No comfort can I find,
The thoughts of my true love
Still running in my mind,
I think I can embrace him,
And his fond company,
My heart lies in his bosom
On board of the Victory.

His eyes were like two diamonds
Bright as the rising moon,
His cheeks were like two roses
That bloom in the month of June,
He is so neatly composed
And in ever-y degree
My heart lies in his bosom
On board of the Victory.

Sung by Mr. Grace Clergy,
East Petpeswick, August 1951.

ALL AROUND MY HAT
This variant of the song, All Around My Hat, may have come
by way of Prince Edward Island, for Mr. O'Brien left his Nova Scotia home at Spry Bay at the age of six and lived there for the next thirteen years. He has done some fishing and mining in his day, and my regret is that I did not find him earlier. His repertoire by 1953 had become depleted and I suspect a good many cherished songs have died with him. Further words for this song are in the book, "Maritime Folk Songs", and my earlier book, "Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia." It took over fifteen years to find enough singers to put their bits and pieces together and make a complete song. A version from Petpeswick was used in the folk opera, "The Broken Ring."

ALL AROUND MY HAT
Young men are false, oh they are so deceiving,
Young men are false and they seldom prove true,
For their rambling and ranging, their minds is always changing,
Always a-looking for some fair one that's new.

Seven long years th-at I have spent in courting,
Seven long years th-at I have spent in vain,
But since it is my fortune that I must marry an old man
Never will I ramble so far, far again.

All around my hat I will wear a green laurel
All around my hat for six long years or more,
And if anyone should ask me why I wear that laurel
I'll tell them I am alighted by my true love John.

O if I only had my own heart to keep it,
O if I only had my own heart again
I would roll it in my bosom and keep it there forever,
Never would I ramble so far far again.

Sung by Mr. Neil O'Brien, Pictou, July 1953.

SIDE II, Band 3:
I DYED MY PETTICOAT RED
Without the words this song does not make much sense, and even with them you are not much farther ahead. This is a tongue twister, called by Mr. Porter Brigley a comical song. Sitting on his back steps as he cleaned mackerel he hollered it out at the top of his voice, justly proud of his facility with the difficult words. It is an old Jacobite song known as Shule Aroon or Shule Agra. It is fun to sing as you will discover if you try to learn it.

I DYED MY PETTICOAT RED
I wish and I wish and I wish in vain,
I wish I was a young maid again,
A maid again I never shall be
Till apples grow on an orange tree.

CHORUS:
Shoa, shoa, shoa de back-er-oal,
Show de ramsack call the popatoe,
While they call the cat the kiddleyack,
A-widdley widdley wum,
Till they kiddleyack kiddleyack night night night

I dyed my petticoat, I dyed them red,
And around the world I begged my bread,
Friends and relations think that me dead,
Call the cat the kiddleyack the low.

(Chorus)
I churned my butter with a bullikin boot
And I churned it round with a bloody old scoot,
Some friends and relations think it was a-cute,
Call the cat the kiddleyack the low.

(Chorus)
Sung by Mr. Porter Brigley, Queensland, July 1951.

SIDE II, Band 4:
ORAN DO CHEAP BREATAINN
This song is almost the national anthem of that part of Nova Scotia known as Cape Breton, an island settled mostly by Scots and Acadian French. It was written by Mr. Dan Alex MacDonald of Framboise who kindly gave me permission to use it. This will also be published in a book of Gaelic songs which Major Calum MacLeod and I are preparing, and which will be a publication of the National Museum of Canada. An English translation will explain that this is a song written in praise of Cape Breton's beautiful countryside and all the natural charms that fill the heart with pride. The war, probably the first Great War is on, and there is sadness over the land for those who will not return. It is a great favourite among our Gaelic-speaking singers.

ORAN DO CHEAP BREATAINN
'S e Ceap Breatainn tür mo ghráidh,
Tir nan craobh, 's nam beannan 'ard;
'S e Ceap Breatainn tür mo ghráidh,
Tir is 'illidh lein air thalamh.

Bho'n a tha mi anng an ᶠᵃᵐ, Còmhnadh ann an tür nam beann;
'S ged a tha mo Ghàidhlig gann, Ni mi rann do thìr nan gleannan.

Chan urrainn dhòmhsa chur air dòigh,
No chur slos le bhiathran-bèidh;
Na tha mhaise agus gùbhir Còmhnaidh ann an tür nam beannachd.

'Àit as maisich' tha fo'n ghréin, Smèòraich seinn air bhàrr nan geug;
Gobhlan-gaoithe cluich ri cheil', 'S a ned glèidhte fo na ceangail.

Feasgar foghair ám an fheòbhr, 'N uair a dhunadh oirnn na neòbhr;
Cèò na mara tighinn 'n a dhòrr, 'S e 'n a sgleò a bhàrr nam beannaibh.

'N uair a thèid a' ghrian do'n àird an iar, 'S a thig an deaith air an fhiair;
'S binne leam guth nan ian, Seinn cho dìan air bhàrr nam meagan.

Chluinnite bellichean le gliong, Air a' chrochd ri taobh a' ghlinn;
'S na laoigh ñgá stigh 's na tuim, 'S iad fo chuign na culßeig seangach.

'Anns a' gheimhradh, ám an fhualach, Ám nam bainsean, ám nan luadh, Chluinneach gilean air cleith- luaidh, 'S gruagaich' le guth' cruaidh 'g an leantainn.

'N uair bhiodh am fìcadh uallamh, reidh,
Chuir' an fhidheadh sin air ghluais;
Dhàinnsamaid air ùrlar reidh, Gur e "Cabair Fèidh" bu mhath leinn.
A maid I am in love and I dare not
lore kindly sent it to me, and it is
the only variant I have.

For the sake of a sailor lad I have
crossed the raging main,
And if I do not find him I shall mourn
him constantly,
And for the sake of Jutney a maid I'll
live and die.

One night as they were talking and
just a-going to bed
He smiled and said unto her, "I
wish that you were a maid,
Your ruby lips and rosy cheeks they
so entices me,
That I do wish with all my heart you
were a maid for me."

"Oh no, oh no, dear captain, your
speech it's all in vain,
And if the lads should hear of this of
you they's make great game,
But when our barque does reach the
shore some pretty girls we'll
find,
We'll dance and sport among them, we
are both well inclined."

"Twas about a fortnight later their
barque did reach the shore,
"Fare thee well dear captain for I
never shall see you more,
A sailor as I was on board, a maid
I am on shore,
Fare thee well dear captain for I never
shall see you more."

"Come back, come back my pretty
fair maid and stay along with
me,
I have a handsome fortune that I will
give to thee,
Five thousand pounds all in bright
gold guarantee on you I'll
bind
If you'll come back my pretty fair
maid and say that you'll be
mine."

"Oh no, oh no dear captain your
talk is all in vain,
For I'm in search of a sailor lad who's
crossed the raging main,
And if I do not find him I shall mourn
him constantly,
And for the love of Jutney a maid
I'll live and die."

Sung by Mrs. Stan Marshall, Truro,
Sept. 3, 1952.
We sailed along
Till we came within hail,
Then we clapped a few Terrance Bay
Quills in her tail.

Then it's yardarm for yardarm
So closely we lie
Till the watch from our great gun
Through her rigging did fly.
Surrounding great mettle
We peppered her main
And around in old Canso
We played them this game.

Now the prize we have taken
Is all for her name,
She's the Leo of Britain
From Duncast she came,
Our merchants to plunder
To rob and destroy,
And it's poor Captain Kelly
Whom I do defy.

Sung by Mr. David Slaunwhite,
Terence Bay and recorded by
Helen Creighton, Sept. 1950.

1 valued

SIDE II, Band 8:

HARBOUR GRACE DIDDLING

The whole Petpeswick area east of
Halifax was full of songs in its day.
Many are in my recorded unpublised
collection, and others are in my
various books. The Youngs (Mr.
Clergy was also connected with this
family) were particularly musical,
and songs were of great importance
in their lives. Mr. Berton Young
had sailed for twenty-five years
as mate on schooners where he
had often exchanged songs and
picked up many interesting customs,
like that of singing for a dance
when no musical instrument was
available. This is called chin or
mouth music in some parts of the
Maritime Provinces, and cheek-
music in Newfoundland. Mr. Young
makes his own explanation. Like
the Clergy's, this family is also
thought to have a French origin.

HARBOUR GRACE DIDDLING
(Dance Music)

Asked what they used to do for
music when they wanted to dance
and had no instrument, Mr. Young
said:

"In Newfoundland they'd lay back
and do chin music. Here (at
Petpeswick) they'd whistle and
sing a tune." He demonstrates
this on the tape by diddling
Wilson's Clog. "One feller would
do that and the bunch would be
dancing. He'd be settin' down; it
wasn't necessary for him to set
he'd be actin' a fool. I call that
diddlin' a tune."

"In Newfoundland they did cheek
(pronounced chake) music." Sings:

Harbour Grace is a pretty place
And so is Peeley's Island,
Daddy's going to buy me a brand
new dress
When the boys comes home from
swilin'.

CHORUS:
Aye diddy ooden idden aye,
Aye diddy ooden idden andy,
Aye diddy ooden idden aye,
Aye diddy ooden andy.

"We'd get a bunch to meet of an
evening, five or six old fellers
and three or four women and they'd
say, 'Let's have a couple of sets,' and
some old feller'd have no
music, and someone would say,
'Here, you go to work and give us
a little cheek music,' and one
old feller'd set down on the floor
and haul his legs up and put his
elbows on his knees, and his chin
on them under his jaw, and he'd
set there and sing for hours.
They used to call it chake music;
that's the closest they could get
to cheek."

As sung and told by Mr. Berton
Young, West Petpeswick, August
1951.

Swilin' (pronounced swyling) is the
term used for baby seal fishing.

See Mr. John Obe Smith's variant
in this volume.

SIDE II, Band 9:

YOUNG BEICHAN (LORD BATEMAN)

Lord Bateman, to use its more
familiar title, was a long time in
making its appearance in my collec-
tion but once found it has turned
up many times. Mr. Slaunwhite
at the age of seventy-five sang this
long narrative ballad slowly and
one can picture the fishermen of
his day and long before sitting in
fish house or country store mending
their nets or whittling seagulls
from bifs of wood as the tale unfolded. In the "Land of the Old Songs" television production this song opens the program, another Terence Bay fisherman singing it as his boat is rowed gently over the waters of this picturesque harbour. The ballad has provided entertainment through many generations, and is by far the oldest song on this record. If not actually founded on the story of Gilbert Becket, father of St. Thomas the Martyr, it has at least been effected by it.

YOUNG BEICHAN (LORD BATEMAN)

Lord Bateman was a noble lord,
A noble lord of high degree,
He shipped himself on board some ship,
'n
Some foreign counterree for to go see.
He sailed east and he sailed west
Until he came unto Turkey,
There he was taken and put in prison
Until his life it was almost gone.

The squire had one only daughter,
An only daughter, a lady fair,
She stole the keys of her father's prison
And swore Lord Bateman she would let free.

She took him down in her father's cellar
And treated him to the best of wine,
And every health that she drank unto him,
"I wish Lord Bateman that you were mine."

She took him down by the seaside,
She gave to him a ship of fame,
"Farewell, farewell oh," she cries,
"Lord Bateman,
I'm afraid I never shall see you again."

For seven years they made a vow,
And seven more to keep it strong,
"If you don't wed with no other fair maid,
It's I'll not wed with no other man."

When seven years it was passed and over,
And seven more it was drawing nigh,
She packed up all her gayest clothing
And swore, "Lord Bateman I must go find."

She sailed 'long until she came to
Lord Bateman's castle,
So loudly she rang the bell,

"Who's there, who's there?" cried this proud young porter,
"Who's there, who's there, come and quickly tell."
She said, "Oh is this Lord Bateman's castle,
Or is Lord Bateman now within?"
"Oh yes, oh yes," cried the proud young porter,
He's just now taking his new bride in."

"Tell him to send me a slice of cake
And a bottle of his best of wine,
And to not forget oh this fair young lady
That did release him of his close confine."

Away, away runs this proud young porter,
Away, away, and away run he,
And when he came to Lord Bateman's office
Down on his two bended knees fell he.

"Now what's the matter, my proud young porter,
What news, what news have you brought to me?"
"Outside the door stands a fair a creature
As ever at my two eyes did see.
She has got rings onto every finger,
And on the middle one she has got three,
There's as much gay gold hanging round her middle
That would buy all of North Cumberlee.

"She says to send her a slice of cake
And a bottle of your best of wine,
And to not forget oh that fair young lady
Since Susie Pye she has crossed the sea."

Lord Bateman into a passion flew,
He split his sword into splinters three,
"No more I'll ramble this wide world over
Since Susie Pye she has crossed the sea."

O then up speaks the young bride's mother
Who never was knowing for to speak so free,
"It's don't forget oh my only daughter
Which out of prison has set you free."

"I never made your daughter my bride,
She's none the better of worse of me,
She came to me on a horse and saddle,
She may drive back on a coach and three."

Sung by Mr. David Slauenwhite,
Terrance Bay, Sept. 1950.
Song Chaser, Helen Creighton

Nova Scotia's famed folklorist, Dr. Helen Creighton, has been chasing songs most of her adult life and in the course of a rich and rewarding career she has uncovered a wealth of musical treasure scattered throughout Canada's colourful maritime provinces. In her quest for authentic folk songs and folk tales she is a tireless traveller to the provinces' many ports and fishing villages where old-timers readily record their repertoire of old songs for her, or into sun-drenched fields where farmers sing their work songs as the golden grain is lifted onto wagons. She has scoured many of Nova Scotia's wave-lashed off-shore islands to track down a song, travelling about Bon Portage Island by ox-team, and trundelling her modern tape recorder around Devil's Island in a wheel-barrow. Above on a jetty strewn with lobster pots, William Gilkie of Sambro, N.S., records some songs. Above, left, Helen Creighton displays a "Seaman's Puzzle"—part of her folklore collection. Sailors were given puzzle when imprisoned, kept prisoner until cord was removed.

For many years Helen Creighton's search for songs was basically a labour of love. Recent years have brought her national and international recognition as well as 3 Rockefeller fellowships and 3 Canada Council grants to enable her to continue her valuable work.