SURVIVALS OF THE ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH POPULAR BALLADS IN CANADA: A STUDY IN THE WAYS OF TRADITION WITH VERSE.

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A Thesis submitted to the University of Glasgow in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Ph.D. Degree.

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S T A T E M E N T.

This is to certify that the work embodied in this Thesis is original and of my own hand.

This Thesis has never been presented to any University for the purposes of a higher degree.

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Collections of ancient, national song are valued to-day not for their intrinsic appeal alone, but as fertile sources of knowledge. The trustworthiness of history as enshrined in tradition, the influence of story and of song upon social development, the explanation of literary and musical origin puzzles will be found, in treatment, to demand recourse to various bodies of long forgotten folk-song. The scholars of France, Germany, the Scandinavian countries, Scotland and England - of almost all nations, in fact - have made it their concern to hunt to earth and to tag every song and catch formerly known within their confines. And perhaps the ballads of the English and Scottish borders permit the most excellent example of an ancient body of song caught and held in print.

The presentation, then, of a thesis having to do with the English and Scottish popular ballads might well be adjudged presumptuous,

in this day, had not chance and labour combined to fit one for the enlargment in some real, if slight, degree of the slender stock of ballad knowledge. New opinions upon any of the multifarious ballad problems are likely to be of as little interest as value to living scholars: there can be value and interest only in new material. With new opinions, therefore, this study will deal but lightly, and that burden which it will take up is weighted rather with a mass of new evidence in support of old thoughts. Nothing of a startling nature here falls to be disclosed, yet it is hoped that such revelations as are made will be found of sufficient worth to deserve record in the history of that particular genre to which they pertain.

"Placent admodum sibi sua Musica, et Rhythmicis suis cantionibus, quas de majorem suorum gestis, aut ingeniosis predandi, precandive, stratagematibus ipsi confingunt..."(1) So wrote Lesley of

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(1) vide, "The Poets of Dumfriesshire." Miller, Maclehose, 1910.

the rude Borderers. Their times are past and the Border ballads are no longer made, yet are we the poorer for their full record? When the Border songs were already slipping from sight, Border scholars sprang to their rescue. Later, in the North Countrie, Aberdonians[1] fell to a similar task and gave to the world their harvest. Now in Scotland as in England[2] the task of ballad collection is a task virtually completed. There is little hope that any scrap of considerable value remains to be found in the Kingdom. The British ballad book would seem to be closed.

What, though, of those communities of British culture into which so many people of this Island found their way long before any organized attempt at the gathering of their lore was conceived? It is one purpose of this essay to bespeak a place for those songs which have strayed with their possessors to the lonely and remote hamlets and homesteads of the British

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(1) Peter Buchan, Gavin Greig, and others: vide, Alexander Keith's "Last Leaves etc."

(2) vide, English Folk-Lore Journal. vol. 35, p. 284. Article by Miss L.E. Broadwood.

people in their farthest venturings and settlements. Surely the story of the nurture of such song is entitled to recognition. In that belief, the attention of this present study will be focussed upon the legacy of song and ballad to which Canada has fallen heir.

The general field of this study, then, is folk-lore; the sub-division of particular relevance is balladry, while the final and intensive burden of endeavour is the observation of the ballad and the ballad-making process as discovered in the provinces of Canada. In the beginning, attention must be called to the fact that we shall deal not merely with the very ancient bodies of balladry--these form the material with which the most erudite scholars have dealt throughout the years with but indeterminate success--but with the present day song possessions of a living people. Interest

is here centred upon what the French have styled, somewhat naively, an "oral literature"; by which is meant a body of traditional story and song of veritable mother to daughter, father to son, generation to generation preservation, altogether independent of the use of writing or printing in so far as the possessors know.

A word must be spoken as to the method of exposition here employed. The long protracted controversy which has raged about this peculiar folk product, styled the ballad, renders it imperative that the true sense of that name be first established. In so far as is possible, controversial statements concerning actual origins will be avoided, for this study has to do with the present rather than with the past. Yet some ground work is essential and, if dispute becomes not too fierce, the various pieces of evidence deemed essential will be given place and treatment 'en passant'. The chief endeavour of the first chapter will be in the care that all

may be gathered about particular centres of interest, thus supplying some principle of organization. Again, in the heterogeneous compilation to be arranged, some is new and some is old; every effort will be made to differentiate between the two, and make the new predominant the old subordinate.

In sifting my evidence, I have worked back in as many instances as possible to ultimate sources, thus gradually uncovering the principles for testing applied by the most famous ballad scholars. These, when employed, sometimes reveal decided differences in opinion upon important questions: notably, on the fundamental issue of ballad origin - in the individual author theory, but represented by A. W. Schlegel[1] in early criticism and by Louise Pound in modern; and in the communal authorship theory with its first exponent Jakob Grimm[2] and its latter day leaders Gummere and Kittredge.

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(1) A.W.Schlegel's "Briefe über Poesie, Sylbemaas und Sprache," reprinted in the "Charakteristiken und Critiken," I, 318 ff.

(2) Jakob Grimm's, "Mythologie." 3 Bde.Berlin.1875-78.

In such cases and in every case where a single authority of recognised value differs from all others in his judgment on evidence presented, I have assumed that there was good reason for the division, and paused accordingly.

Finally, I hope that I have avoided undue exaggeration of ballad importance in general, and of personal predilections in particular. The justification of my attempt lies in the fact that no scholarly contribution has yet been made to the study of the English and Scottish ballad tradition in Canada. Old songs and even the actual ballads have, it is true, been collected; but in every case, if published at all, their editing has been effected in a desultory and useless fashion.(1) This work, then, is original endeavour in a field that is absolutely new. On the other hand, labour such as this has proceeded apace in

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(1) The "Montreal Weekly Herald" carried for some years an "Old Song Column" in which ballads made occasional appearances.

recent years within the United States, and an enormous quantity of confused matter confronted me when I turned to observe the results of ballad questing in that country; for, because of an outward similarity in the social development of our neighbouring civilizations, these results I am compelled to consider. This circumstantial obstruction will certainly be noticeable in effect, yet it is hoped that the study has been worked out satisfactorily. For advantages, too, have been mine, quite commensurate with my hindrances. Above all, the example set by faithful workers of other times in like fields has urged me to the fulfilment of a task which, I have been brought to believe, is incumbent upon me - as one to whom chance has revealed, or perhaps rather only half revealed, a literature in retirement.

Great though the names be of those who have given labour in thought to the study of traditional song, their serious followers have been but few; and, whatever the explanation may be, it is certain that no erroneous belief has wider currency than this - that folk-song is not of any serious worth for scholarly endeavour. And to the casual reader of ballad criticism, especially, will this belief seem to be not without foundation, for in what branch of literature are the issues so confused and the learned so much at variance? Since the day when Saxo Grammaticus gave to Europe his enormous collection of Scandinavian folk matter, Western scholars have battled vigorously about the heights of poetry and the depths of verse to establish each his peculiar tenet. The world has been told that ballads enshrine history and that ballads do nothing of the kind; that ballads were sung first by kings

and ,to the contrary,first by vagrants. The controversialists were,in time,infected with the virus of French neo-classicism--noble or ignoble? Worthy of serious study or beneath all scholarly contempt? France answered in characteristic fashion by collecting,under state supervision,every extant version of French folk-song.

The German brothers Grimm worshipped their native Volkslieder to such excess as moved the aristocratic Schlegel to disgust. Olaus Wormius, Racenius,Sandveg and Grundtvig show a long continued Scandinavian interest. Ramsay,Mallet, Herd and Scott tell the Scottish studies to the end of the last century,while the modern school under Aberdonian guidance is the most vigorous and productive in existence. Englishmen also, for the most part and since the days of Addison, have spoken well for balladry. Child,Gummere, Kittredge and Pound uphold American interest. All these agree upon this one thing at least--the worth of balladry as a fit and proper subject for diligent study--and with such sanction is my choice of subject made.

CHAPTER ONE.

THE RISE OF BALLAD SCHOLARSHIP.

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Prior to the year 1800, few European scholars regarded the tales of popular literature as worth the trouble of investigation. Such collections of folk material as were made - and collections began to make their appearance as early as the second decade of the sixteenth century - were gathered and set forth rather from idle curiosity than from scholarly interest. In England, from the latter years of the sixteenth century and so throughout the whole of the seventeenth, a great flow of printed ballads issued from an hundred presses.(1) Narrative songs, which had been held in the native tradition since the language first found form, were caught and enslaved by the jobbing printer. Thus, with the advent of the printing press, died

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(1) For a list of the broadside printers, see "The Roxburghe Ballads" as edited by Wm. Chappell and J.W.Ebsworth. London, 1871-93.

true folk-song in every country: for, of a ballad it might almost be said that with its first writing vanishes its strength. The black-letter broadsides in which such a busy trade was plied are poor things and dull. Even where the verses are those of traditional song, the life is gone. Ballads were made to be sung and to be cherished - not to be sold and coldly read. Before the days of printing if a man liked a song and its story, he set himself to the mastery of it: from the singer he took some real part of enthusiasm for the piece; and throughout his remaining days he prided himself upon his accomplished feats of memorization and rendition. With the packman, and his inexhaustible store of songs each for its halfpenny, desire for the plain old tales was glutted. There arose a vociferous public clamour for the strange, the incredible, and the exaggerated.

Wretched attempts at imitation of the old manner in songs met with every encouragement from ~~xxx~~ pandering printers, the country was flooded with broadside rubbish, and popular taste sank to the level of the worst.

Only when the public had abandoned the ballad, did the scholar subject it to his scrutiny. The first edition of Pills to Purge Melancholy[1] included the texts of several good ballads, and in 1705 the Thesaurus of Northern Languages[2] indicated a further interest in things popular. Yet the editors were diffident and apologetic, half ashamed to be found dealing with such vulgar material as peasant song. It was Joseph Addison upon whom devolved the championship of the popular ballad, and with characteristic daring he proceeded to sketch and to compare the great ballads with the great literary epics.[3] Nor could anything show more

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(1) "Wit and Mirth," or, "Pills to Purge Melancholy," London, 1699.

(2) Hickes' "Thesaurus of Northern Languages," 1705.

(3) "The Spectator," Chevy-Chase Papers.

clearly the poor opinion in which the popular poetry was held, than the raillery with which the Town Wits greeted the Chevy Chase papers. And is it not significant that it was just previous to the Romantic Revival that the famous Bishop Percy found so much of interest in a chance find of ballads in MSS - interest sufficient to ensure their publication, duly effected in his "Reliques of Popular Poetry", 1765? From the publication of Percy's Reliques, interest in ballad issues has gone on from strength to strength. Percy has been much criticised for liberties taken in the restoration of his incomplete pieces, but had it not been for his peculiar treatment of the Folio it may be doubted whether the English public would ever have had their attention drawn to the old ballads. Andrew Lang puts Percy's case well when he writes: "the publication of the old and famous MSS folio by Bishop Percy not only gave a new and popular

source of pleasure in ballads and old relics, but caused a noisy controversy which again led to close research. Percy 'restored', altered, added to and omitted from his materials as taste and fancy prompted, arousing the wrath of the crabbed antiquary Joseph Ritson, who denied that the MSS folio existed. Had Percy published it as it stood (which Hales and Furnivall at last succeeded in doing) the book would have been unread except for a few antiquaries. Arranged by Percy the ballads became truly popular."[1] When Percy is considered as a scholar of his age, he is seen to be quite as diligent and quite as scholarly as most. The folio MSS was in a hand of about 1630; the bundle contained 191 songs and ballads, many of them in a fragmentary state: of these Percy took 45 for publication. Other originals he derived from MSS in the Pepsyian, Ashmolean and Bodleian libraries. A few broadsides[2] and

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(1) A. Lang's "History of English Literature," p.483.

(2) Known to the Germans as "fliegende Blätter;" to the French as "feuilles volantes."

some texts furnished by the Society of Antiquaries through Wharton and Dalrymple completed his stock. That he did restore generously and fill in lacunae with a free hand is indisputable, for the liberties he took were revealed by the first edition of the nucleus folio, by Furnivall in 1868.

Lang's mention of "the crabbed antiquary Ritson" calls attention to the progress of ballad scholarship in Scotland. So early as 1724 Allan Ramsay had completed and published the famous Tea Table Miscellany, which was closely followed, in 1725, by Thomson's Orpheus Caledonius. Yet neither in Edinburgh nor in London were these publications, and less important ones of their kind, seen in their true significance: their contents were regarded as merely amusing examples of ephemeral, rustic song. In these possessions of the people no development was seen, no continuity of tradition, nor any

connection between the ancient and the modern - and far less between geographically separated bodies of folk-lore, English and Scottish, Greek and Scandinavian. The existence of an extensive popular poetry was realized, it is true; it was even drawn upon for material from which finer stuff might be woven; this was the attitude that Percy understood, and James MacPherson also. MacPherson's Ossianic Poems[1] took Europe by storm. The story of their compilation is too familiar to require even the slightest recapitulation. Suffice it to say that from the date of their publication the importance of folk song to national literatures has never been seriously questioned in all Europe. Scotland was yet to contribute many scholars of great note to balladry, but they must be dealt with as their theories are mentioned, for they are moderns.[2]

It is not strange that the Germans have done, at once, more to clarify and more to

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(1) Published in 1760-61.

(2) English Folk-Lore Journal, vol.36, pt.4.

obscure ballad issues, than have the men of England and of Scotland. MacPherson was such a perfervid Celt, Percy was such a positive editor, and the disciples of both were so violent im disputations that truth was obscured in prejudice. An impartial judgment seemed impossible to obtain. Events in Germany had so shaped German thought that at this very time German scholars were ready and eager to speak and to write upon ballad matters. The national consciousness was keen and Germans were on the lookout for anything that might make them feel all one in the Fatherland. In the early nineteenth century a large body of popular song and story had been discovered. This store of popular narrative song was found to be quite independent of any literate accomplishment. A true possession of das Volk , the Germans pronounced it, of which education had already begotten neglect. The long folk narratives were

no longer remembered; only by accident had the higher classes come upon it, for low-born scholars were ashamed of its despised associations with illiteracy. Yet the stuff was unmistakeably German, and of the good old-time Germanic Volk. It must be preserved; it must be studied ; it must be explained. Thus Germany, Scotlan d and England were faced with the one problem, with the explanation and classification of folk-song.

Now because this is a discussion of the ways of tradition with verse, it is necessary here to insert sketches of the chief theories as to ballad development. Which of these the present discoveries support may then be judged. Avoiding the quick-sand of origins, it may be possible to find a way to some solid ground by close observation of general tendencies in the paths of balladry through the nineteenth and into the twentieth centuries. In earlier days two theories held favour, to-day there may be said to be three; namely (though names are dangerous these will suffice), the theories of Individual, Communal, and Modified Communal[1] or Cumulative[2] composition.

(1) The phrase was first used in this sense at the 1923 meeting of the American F.-L. Society.

(2) The phrase most favoured by the latest and best of British editors of ballad material, Alex. Keith.

As with the commmm law, so with folk-song, said one school. It was to be regarded as an anonymous product of antiquity. Religious rituals and peasant customs were called in as analagous. The more primitive conditions of the lower classes enabled them to retain material which the cultured classes lost from mind. Then, as time raised from amongst the Volk those destined to be their princes and rulers, those

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relinquished their share in the common traditional stock. The purest myths and narrative legends, it was argued, had already disappeared under the influence of education, but these surviving tales were their detritus. Survival of the material was not consonant with progress; the epic memory common to primitive peoples had already died out. Much of the material seemed to bear a heathen impress, and as the Teutonic conversion from paganism was a late one, this seemed reasonable enough: the folk tradition held its beliefs and myths tenaciously against the Christian influence. So this school established the property right of the newly discovered material in das Volk; and das Volk, it seems, may be described as a body bound together by ties of real or supposed kinship in a social condition which ensures to all a similar grade of culture, thoughts, ideals, and a common stock of knowledge. Individual

ability of course, would vary - as would physique, but the homogeneity would be none the less substantial, and the differentia of living conditions, the outward marks of culture, nil. In this way a country village may be thought of as possessed of far more homogeneity than a city.

It is in this discussion of the traditional aspect of a literature in which the advocates of the communal origin theory find their first argument. They regard folk literature as a survival, derived by a later culture from antiquity, living on among contemporary, and usually superior institutions and methods. Thus before metals, stones were used; but religious ceremonies in the age of metals often demanded the use of stone knives in traditional rites. So, too, it was suggested that our ghost beliefs are survivals of a more primitive religious culture. Grant, as a pure assumption, a mode of poetical composition in antiquity different from the

modern, and from which the latter is derived. In this case something of the older mode would be likely to survive. View the popular narrative songs as such vestiges. Assume them to represent the product of the technique of antiquity. Thus viewed is their origin not enshrouded in much the same sort of mystery as the origin of language? The communalists proceed to draw the analogy, somewhat as follows. Out of general effort language emerged. Whitney[1] pronounced the dominant factor in language development to be convention (and although Max Müller[2] denied it, his denial hinged upon a fallacious conception of the word "convention" - for parliaments are not held to ordain convention, in the sense of "fashions"). Granted that any particular innovation in technique may be an individual's, yet all particular innovations are poured into the general pot-pourri, and are swallowed up by convention. Convention seems all powerful.

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(1) Dwight Whitney: "Life and Growth of Language."

(2) See Max Müller on "Literature before Letters," Nineteeth Century, Nov. 1899.

Perhaps the analogy to language is closest and truest in this connection - we can watch the methods of language; we see it changing, gradually but amazingly: where is the individual ? We lose sight of him, as he loses control of his gift of a word change, in the all-absorbing process. Individual initiative exists, but it is indistinguishably merged in the crowd movement. If a leader appears it is only for a brief space and he is swept away. So there may be a leader of song who may in time develop into a leader composing independently of the crowd: but the original mode of composition was of the multitude, it seems reasonable to suppose.

To the Grimms mystery was quite compatible with truth, and it is to the Grimms[1] we go for the earliest effectual presentation of the case for communal origin. But there were naturally those who demanded greater clarity and upon August Wilhelm

(1) Jakob Grimm: Deutsche Mythologie, 3 Bde. Berlin, 1875-78.

Schlegel devolved the presentation of the case for the individualists. In temper an intellectual aristocrat, a worthy protagonist he proved to be, by whom art and literature were regarded as the distinguishing marks of high intelligence. To him the methods of the Grimms were deprecable and their results questionable to a degree. Mass, he said, is commonplace; only by individual efforts of exceptional persons is progress made and excellence achieved. That is the premise employed by the whole of his school to this day. "The extraordinary work", said Schlegel again "is the achievement of the extraordinary man - a lofty tower suggests at sight the Entwurf of the architect, not the accumulation of the materials by the labourers". So with folk poetry: the material was doubtless available, but only the genius conceived and realised its artistic expression.

Between these two conceptions of origin

no decision worthy of acceptance was made. E. K. Chambers, however, makes this comment: "The earliest Teutonic poetry, so far as can be gathered, knew no scop ... It was communal in character, closely bound up with the festal dance, or with the rhythmic movements of labour. It was a genuine folk song, the utterance of no select caste of singers, but of whoever in the ring of worshippers or workers had the impulse and the gift to link the common movements to articulate words. At the festivals such a spokesman would be he who, for whatever reason, took the lead in the ceremonial rites, the vates, germ at once of priest and bard".(1) The reference made to a select caste of singers bears upon the minstrels, who were deemed by many scholars both in Britain and in Germany to have the best property right in this so called folk material. Certainly if the songs were of individual production, then the makers were the minstrels. But notions of what likeness these minstrels were

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(1) E. K. Chambers, "The Medieval Stage," Vol.I, p.25.

differ. Bishop Percy thought them to have been men of high attainment, and as such duly honoured by their contemporaries. He called attention to the subject matter of the songs; often enough they treat of kings, knights, ladies castles, courts, hounds and palfreys. The "crabbed Ritson", however, heatedly attacked Percy's view, insisting upon the vagabond nature of minstrel life and status. Scott gave thought to the minstrels, but evaded a direct opinion, leaving their place and manner ill defined. The minstrel therefore is a somewhat uncertain quantity.(1) Rationalist critics came to the support of the individualists with the thought that the simplest way to deal with the problem of folk-song origin was to deny the problem; to explain folk material as identical in origin with conscious literature in general. Most works of art, they would say, have an author more or less known or anonymous: this is universally admitted fact; it is therefore reasonable that

(1) vide, LAST LEAVES OF ABERDEENSHIRE BALLADS, for the latest statement of two modern positions upon the matter. p.27.

this folk-matter is merely anonymous--it need present no puzzle. At this point the communalists c countered cleverly,drawing attention to the fact that a difference between the poetry of the folk and the usual literary product was a difference universally felt and acknowledged,whatever was thought of origin. The explanation of the difference must lie at the source with the originators of the material.

Ballad scholarship reached its finest flower in the work of Francis James Child,and his work is of monumental importance. Sure of his ground, unswerving in his devotion,almost infallible in judgment,his work "The English and Scottish Popular Ballads"(1) included every genuine version of each extant ballad,together with critical notes far surpassing any previous effort at clarification of the whole ballad problem. Unfortunately Child died with his projected final essay unfinished,in which he had planned to arrange in plain view his tests and the reasons for their formation. Two students of his took up his task--George Lyman Kittredge and Francis Barton Gummere. It is highly

(1) In five volumes,1882-98.

significant that both these pupils of the master should prove to be in their own writings so much more dogmatic than their teacher. Neither of them exercises any appreciable restraint of his theorizing, not even to the extent of acknowledging any handicap as a ballad authority through their dearth of actual collecting experience. Gummere, undoubtedly the less prominent figure in recent controversy, is in reality the more logical expositor, his premises accepted. Kittredge, for all his confidence, resorts to argument of very dubious foundation in that essay which purports to be an interpretation of Professor Child's views on balladry. Upon the stone of Child's fashioning it is quite possible to grind other axes than that of the communal authorship notion, which Kittredge would wield.

Two of Child's favoured collaborators were Svend Grundtvig and Andrew Lang. Both were closely akin to him in ballad spirit. Along what lines of investigation did they lay their courses? An answer may give a more reliable indication of Child's probable trend than does the Kittredge effort. Lang was deeply engrossed in a study of ballad imitation: he seems to have felt, rather than thought in a conscious reasoning process, that the explanation of

ballads might be found in such a study. Grundtvig, on the other hand, found his greatest delight in uncovering instances of ballad dissemination.

Take first the matter of imitation. Our Chapter Four will deal with instances of its methods in Canada and in the United States of America, but that chapter would lose in value were a survey of the problem here omitted. Although self-restraint, cleverness and extensive knowledge may fit a man to write a poem apparently of the true ballad feeling, yet the test which would include satisfactory evidence of sources would find what was deficient. Lang's

imitations, while uncommonly successful, yet contained lines and stanzas which bewrayed them: for imitation involves abandonment of the processes of composition requisite to the genuine ballad's production. Our very originality betrays us. We are unable to exclude personality. "Le style c'est l'homme"- the old dictum enables us to distinguish the so called "artistic literature", and reveals a self consciousness which strives even in ballad imitation to make points by piling up dramatic events and thrills, or indulging in the sentimental, the reflective, the explanatory - by appealing, in fine, to the reader's brain or emotional sensibility. The genuine ballad is seraphically free from all this. No clearer light upon the difference between the popular and the literary ballad is afforded us, than that shed in the exposure of imitative attempts. Not once has an attempt met with success. Surtees,(1) Lang and

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(1) "Surtees..... is the name of the one modern poet who has written ballads fit to be named and able to hold their own with all but the best of our ballads."
from A.C.Swinburne's Draft of a Preface to "The Ballads of the English Border."

Scott have come nearest the mark. Hogg, Jamieson, Motherwell and Swinburne made some approach. The ballad Kinmont Willie has been claimed for Scott, and its right to the name popular ballad has been questioned; but undeniably it passes the ballad tests, and if Scott wrote it he succeeded in doing what no other man has been able to do by deliberate imitation. There are difficulties, though, in the way of belief. If a fabrication, it has neither trace nor sign of the workman's personality; the materials, stanzas and style are of the orthodox ballad requirement; the vocabulary is found in popular ballads entirely and alone. If Scott wrote it, therefore, the only explanation of his achievement is that he had saturated himself in ballad lore, steeped himself in the ballad spirit, and so was enabled to make the utmost use of his almost uncanny ingenuity and dexterity in textual legerdemain. But, on thought, the most probable hypothesis of this ballad's being is that it is in

reality a genuine ballad of the Borders touched up by him, and by him assigned to the notorious Kinmont Willie.

Scott, then, felt the difference between the popular and the literary ballad.(1) Perhaps he was the first to discern the pernicious effects wrought by imitation upon genuine ballads. Bishop Percy, ignorant of ballad ways, and trusting what only he knew it safe to trust, documentary evidence, was obliged to look down upon balladry. He felt it his duty to improve the rough matter of the Folio, to make it acceptable to his generation. In a later day, R.Chambers was a victim of Percy's disease; he could not bring himself to believe that the great ballads were the work of any "blind crowder" - so he laid them at the feet of the gentle Lady Wardlaw.

All this shows that a simple analogy of the ballads with conscious literature is altogether unsatisfactory. The difference is present and is felt, although its isolation of the popular muse does constitute a baffling problem. Many confusing approaches are apparent in particular

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(1) vide Scott's "Essay on Imitation of the Ancient Ballad." Also Andrew Lang's "Walter Scott and the Border Minstrelsy."

particular cases, but taken as a whole balladry has characteristic features foreign to all consciously artistic literary forms. A ballad possesses a style that is most distinct when most inexpressible. Impersonality is one quality of that style, but the highest drama has that also. Simplicity is another quality, but the truest art always has that. Unconsciousness of having an audience is a third quality, but that too is known in art. So it would seem that the essence of the popular ballad cannot be isolated. Yet although it is impossible to define the difference, it is perhaps allowable to postulate it as worthy of investigation. It may be argued that the conviction of a difference is merely mystical; or, granting the difference, it may be held that the difference does not profoundly affect the theories of origin. That the conviction is none the less real, even if mystical, is conclusively shown in the failure of attempts to imitate the ballad method of narration. With few exceptions - such as may be examined

in Scott and Wardlaw--poets fail to see into the ballad style: Swinburne[1] is possibly the most offensive of all imitators. Gray was acute enough to sense the difference and in his Letters discusses the elusiveness of the ballad style, instancing Gil Morrice. "You may read it twothirds through without guessing what it is about," he says, "and yet, when you come to the end, it is impossible not to understand the whole story."[2] There is art without artistry.

The effect of a decision upon theories of origin may be put in question form. If, as is undeniable, the influence of oral tradition is strong, why should it always operate upon the ballads in the same way? Where did the peoplle get the technique which it unconsciously uses to temper its stories? The ballad must be classed with fairy-tales, folk-tales and true epics in its difficulties for imitators. These can hardly be imitated. Southey does indeed make a near approach to perfect imitation in

(1) vide, Ballads of the English Border, by A.C. Swinburne. London. Heinemann. 1926.

(2) Gray's Letters. Bohn Library, vol. 1, p. 336. G. Bell and Son. 1900.

his Story of the Three Bears; and the failure of folk-tale imitation is plainly seen in the Andersen stories: the tales have charm but their artistry is evident; they display sentiment; they lack artlessness. The Andersen tales are not, as the Grimm tales are, the real thing. There is a difference and its explanation demands a theory of origin disentangled from ordinary theories of the evolution of conscious literature. The popular ballad has always differed from artistic literature. The scribe of the text of the ballad Judas[1] was not the author, even if possibly the first writer of it. Why, then, did he write it down? Not as a craftsman nor yet as a scientist, but because it interested him. He cared not either for its genre or authorship, but valued it for its intrinsic appeal. The text of the ballad Stephen[2] is in similar case, and there are others. The few early ballad texts in our possession are found to deal with Biblical characters: this is easily understood when we consider the tremendous advantage held by the

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(1) MS. B 14, 39, of the 13th century, library of Trinity College, Cambridge.

(2) Sloane MS., 2593, fol. 22b, British Museum.

sacred subject over the secular in 12th century England. There were probably a vast number of ballads in oral circulation yet only these few remain. The secular ballads suffering under inherent disadvantages did not survive in text at all. And it is interesting to note, at this point, the fact that men much later than Percy were unwilling to give record to any ballads other than those of adjudged "literary" worth. The historical method, however, must discount traditions not substantiated by documents; and, logically if not psychologically, the literary historians are in the right when determined to date, say, a Middle English Romance with the earliest MS. extant. Launfal affords an example. There are two English versions and the longer and older MS. is that of Thomas Chestre's adaptation from the French lai; but the shorter and later MS. may preserve a ballad older than the Chestre version from the French. Both the English versions of the romance have been pronounced translations of the French piece, which is credited to Marie de France. The two versions are, at least, so similar in phrasing that there

is no doubt of their relationship, direct, to one another. If we assume the second, Percy's, version to be a reduction of Chestre's - as strictest critics will have it - then, because it is a closer translation, we must also assume it was put in comparison with the original lai. Thus viewed it is a version of that lai and a corrective of Chestre's too free translation. Yet that seems scarcely so remarkable as the alternative thought, namely, that Chestre worked rather on the short English version, even though the latter is preserved in a later M.S. Thus the literary historians argue, and this acceptance of the earlier MS. (Chestre's) as containing an older version than that contained in the later (Percy) MS. exemplifies the prevalent tendency to discount literary tradition in all investigation, and to place greater value upon documentary evidence, however hazardous. Is it not quite possible that Launfal (the English Percy version) may be derived not directly from that lai of Marie de France, but

but even from an older, simpler French version of the same tale? This need not startle, for the relation of mediaeval English romances to Old French romances on the same themes was almost invariably conceived as a borrowing from the French until the discussion of Libiaus Desconus warranted a different view. The possibility that the English poem might derive from an older, simpler French poem than the existing one, turned out to be fact. Similar cases have been made out for the English Havelock and the English Percival (Perceval li galleois). So often, indeed, has the English poem represented an older state of the poem that scholars are not now dogmatic about sources, and various lost versions are inferred. Investigation of all this is difficult, and one may easily err, but it should be understood that a MS. gives us only one terminus - and that often enough the date of the MS. is not that of the poem. Each case must rest on its merits: yet it would seem that historians too much neglect tradition.

Evidence, then, of ballad sources is to be

arranged under two heads. MSS. evidence is slight in body and of limited value, inasmuch as the popular ballad is not a thing literary, not a thing written, but a thing remembered and sung. The few ancient MSS. that we have (e.g. the Judas and the Stephen MSS.) are obviously already far from the ballad's original sources. There may have been older written versions, now lost. (This is difficult of proof: the strong argumentum ex silentio must be faced - de non apparentibus et de non existentibus eodem est lex?) Even without the lost versions, material for conjecture is as plentiful and as valuable in this problem of poetry's history as in the more recondite biological investigations of primeval humanity. Actual evidence of near aïeux in human parentage is usual and plentiful, but of our very remote ancestors we actually know but little. Oliver W.Holmes in a quizzical letter to de Quincey asked "Did your remote ancestors exist?" It is thus with ballad evidence, and the more surprising to find so much evidence of any ballad date - for tradition is at best unreliable despite its general value. So it is

as unfair as unwise to hang too great importance upon documentary evidence, even although this argumentum ex silentio be quite ambiguous. But on the other hand, occultists are also wrong in claiming silence as positive evidence of old versions. The silence may be simply because there were no Walter Scotts and Mrs. Brownes to make record of twelfth century song. At any rate the silence proves nothing conclusively; it merely encourages interesting speculation.

Closely allied to the problem of imitation is that of the influence exerted on traditional matter by works of literature proper; and, conversely, the alleged influence of tradition upon consciously composed artistic pieces. All study of avowed attempts at imitation of the ancient ballad has gone but to prove the elusiveness of the genre. Can it be shown that unconscious imitation of this popular stuff fails because baffled by the same obstacles? Child certainly thought so--witness his comment upon the ballad of Young Ronald (Child 304) with its spurious stanzas. (There, too, he refers to Grundtvig as more lenient in the admission of suspected lines: for this

there may be a good reason as"the Danish and Scandinavian ballads appear to have been more influenced by recorded literaure than the English"(1) The unfortunate Peter Buchan has been pilloried time and time again for the careless editing of the verses given to him by the man Rankin,whose compositions (if they were his,which there is every reason to doubt in many cases)were surely not deliberately concocted,as most editors nd critics insist.(2) If Rankin's verses be regarded as unconsciously imitative of the ballad manner--those verses of his,that is to say,which really can not be accepted as genuine and popular(1)--then what is proved,if it be not the difficulty which even men but a short distance removed from ballad days experience in reproducing a song form foreign to their period? These latter day ballads recovered from tradition by English,Scottish and American collectors do but serve to set forth the death struggle of a dying compositional method. Ballads can not now be composed,either by writers who wish to recover the spirit of them or by the people whose fore-fathers sang and cherished both their words and music. In Chapters Four and Five these statements will be recalled,for it can be shown that in the field in which I have gathered the process of dying parallelled that of the ballad's disappearance

(1) over page.

in England and in Scotland. The influence of recorded literary works upon balladry in its decadent stages is not to be ignored; in fact it has not been, viz., Child on King Arthur and King Cornwall (Eng. and Scot. Ballads, 1, p. 275; Homes's Douglas and Childe Maurice; Forsaken and Jamie Douglas; Burns's Lord Gregory and the ballad of that name--and an hundred other cases; but the attempts of unlettered people to revive in a later day the song forms of their ancestors should shed quite as effective a light upon the difficulties of this imitative composition.

So much for the clues which imitative attempts may be expected to reveal. The second hope lies in a survey of such folk material, ballads chiefly, as may be shown to be of wide and consistent dissemination. This is dangerous ground, for the persistence of continuous tradition is not a matter of unanimous agreement; yet, in face of the fact that the great bulk of our ballad stock has actually been brought down to our time as traditional matter, rather than in text, it would seem perverse to ignore a study, say, of epic memory in its bearing upon ballad survival.

Notes from p.44a

(1) J.J. MacSweeny in Eng. Folk-Lore Journal. vol. 30, p. 309.

(2) see my notes on the ballad Barbara Allen

Indeed the force of epic memory cannot be overlooked, so startling a vitality has it shown. Before the development of our habit of quite indiscriminate and omniverous reading, people remembered better. Immense masses of information, especially in verse, were handed down through generations. All ancient peoples knew this of their Laws and of their Sacred Books. Not so long ago, be it noticed, did Socin and Prym gather stores of Arabic material, finding in most villages professional "reciters" capable of declaiming poems of thousands of lines. The "reciters" had their words from fathers, grandfathers and more remote ancestors, and only in a very few cases was the purport of their chant intelligible to themselves. The two scholars, greatly impressed by such respect for unintelligible texts, succeeded in working out translations. As memory is a matter of attention and retention all this is quite explicable. Our memories are not employed now as formerly. There is disagreement, too, on the extent to which tradition, even if continuous, remains pure. It is claimed

with some reason, that corruption is inevitable. But there are two kinds of traditions, formless and formed, and these may develop quite differently. The märchen may have long histories, but almost certainly they have been transformed in descent, and have assimilated much foreign matter; whereas the formed sagen and ballads remain largely the same. Tradition is deserving of considerable importance in view of the knowledge that formed tradition is carefully guarded even when unintelligible to its possessors; and that even formless tradition preserves its essential features though hidden in a mass of accumulated accretions. It follows from this that a wide dissemination of song themes among all peoples would imply unity in traditional material. Dissemination does in fact take the place of much uncertain conjecture as evidence. No test could be more applicable for ballad source study. And whether the disseminated ballad versions are actual borrowings, things of fortuitous resemblance, or what not, matters little - the fact of dissemination is the thing.

This is the secret of Professor Child's great work: he has established the essential unity of balladry. As an illuminating instance of his accomplishment, glance at one of his studies: the ballad of Lady Diamond. The story has been traced, it was thought, to a literary source in Boccaccio's Decameron, to the tale of Gismonda. Gismonda by oral corruption to Dismond, then to Diamond, ran the theory. True, as far as it went; but, said Child, let it be noticed that the story was a popular one long before Bocaaccio's time. In fact, also, it is known as a motif among peoples so distantly apart as Asiatic tribes and American Indians. The ballad of "Hind Horn" yields much the same results upon investigation. In fine, for those who would refer to literary sources as solely responsible for ballads, there are many obstacles to destroy. Often there are cases of what may be called secondary traditional process. A traditional ballad is given a fresh impetus by migration, or even by print.(1) Numerous instances of this might be chosen from among the effusions of the 17th and

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(1) See Chapter Three.

18th centuries' broadside press. A large proportion of the published texts in Child's collection have fallen into the hands of this secondary tradition. Kittredge in his preface to the abridged edition of Child's work lays emphasis upon this fact--that the contents of the collection are not claimed as product s of the primary traditional process, to be that is, of a purely communal origin. But neither Kittredge nor Gummere will leave matters where they lay at Child's demise. Despite the fact that the original stimulus to authorship is unknown, Gummere and Kittredge refuse to believe that it can not be known. That, at least, is to their credit. But for all Gummere's intelligent striving the origin of the ballad form remains to all appearances an insoluble mystery. Keith is altogether correct in stating as a first principle for the guidance of all who dabble in the work of discovery "that the foundations of all ballad theories are dug in sand." He might indeed have written "quick-sand" for the toiler is, often as not, engulphed; omly those who stand upon the crusted rim are safe. Not only is the original method of ballad composition a mystery, it is a mystery made complete by envisaging, as of a piece

with it, the puzzle of the origin and development of the earliest known folk tales. Why are the same folk tales known the world over? Almost certainly their origin is independent, though frequently derivative. If the ballads are the debris of literature, what must be said of the popular tales? The rationalist attitude must envision these also. Further, let it be again stated that the debate hitherto has concerned itself too exclusively with English and Scottish popular balladry; Child's primary lesson has not been learned--the whole field of popular possession is involved, not a small part. The Journals of the English and American Folk-lore and Folk-song societies have been engaged for years in the collection of traditional fragments of song, superstition and rhyme as held by people of the present day: in the following chapters variants of ballads and songs, both English and Scottish, will be recorded as current today in the several provinces of Canada. It will be endeavoured so to set these forth that their recent development, whether of independent or of migrant nature, may be disclosed. This will not be possible

in all cases, but every comment will be made in the light afforded by such guiding facts as those which this chapter has indicated. In imitation and in dissemination, the ways of the ballad will be sought.

In conclusion, one word. It is a fact that nowadays we assume the public as merely receptive to an author, but conditions change. The original stimulus to authorship is unknown, for the method of composition usual to antiquity is unknown. Yet is it necessary to an understanding of that song-verse body which we know as English and Scottish popular balladry, that the ways of antiquity should be known? That it is desireable there can be no dispute, yet hardly essential, for the great mass of these old songs is probably explicable in a knowledge of conditions prevalent, let it be said, throughout the last five centuries. Now there is little of antiquity in that. The intimate acquaintanceship of present day historians with the social habits of those years gives much to work upon. In fine, the word "communal" is treacherous and to be avoided in all modern ballad discussion.. It is quite possible that the method by which ballad texts, as extant, were composed, may yet be worried out; it is altogether improbable that more

will ever be known than is known to-day of the compositional ways of that much-mooted "communal-group" of our ancestors. In the heat of debate both communalists and individualists have followed too far the ways of their respective wishes. On the one hand,no individualist has been able to bring forward any one person capable of giving to the world such things as ballads are: while, on the other hand,no communalist,even on the broadest anthropological basis,has been able to show a musical and poetic,racial,tribal or grou p product of folk improvization at all comparable in narrative,lyric or epic power to the ballads as known. When the songs and ballads of this collection are read,the inevitable conclusion must be that these were composed(1) not,certainly,in any purely communal fashion,or even under purely communal conditions; (2) not,quite as certainly,by any one individual,even as a fore-singer or leader, much less independently creating; but (3) by a process to which both the communal and individual

elements contributed. The group desiring, urging, and even influencing composition, while an individual or a number of individuals achieved the actual cumulative advance. If any thing of value is to be discerned in a study of such variants and versions as are here set down, it is that genuine ballads undergo continous modification in the mouths of individual singers emerging from different social groups. It is not the static form of any text which is of importance, but this successive refashioning of the familiar narrative songs in their adaptation to the needs and wishes of the particular community which levies them for service.. Our study then concerns itself not, primarily with any of the elaborate notions of ballad origin, but reather with the actual methods of song composition as these fell under the eye of the observer. Only those who actually collect from word of mouth the songs of the people can be of service in a judgment of results. Obviously, little can be accomplished by the unaided labours of a single investigator, be he ever so earnest, and with that thought in mind every effort has been made to bring such things as were recorded from Canadian tradition into line with the discoveries already made in England, Scotland and America, as set forth in the journals most hospitable to the folk-lorists and ballad scholars of these several countries.

Sufficient has now been said to warrant conclusion of this chapter. The rise of ballad scholarship from out the general confusion in which the earliest folk-lorists and philologists wallowed, has been sketched, and it may now be postulated as distinct from the literary or artistic product. The names of many men, such as Görres, Wolf, Lachmann, Herder, - to take Germany alone - have not received that consideration to which they would be entitled in a more exhaustive study; but reference to them will be made as occasion demands in the uncovering of my collected material. Likewise many problems incidental to the main theme have been here slighted: that, for instance, of the degree of intimacy in which song and dance stand in balladry; that of ballad-singing in its teleological purport - the verse and music of rhythmic labour and accomplishment, and so forth. Such matters as these must be discussed as evidence is aligned. Enough has been said, however, to show the somewhat chaotic state of ballad scholarship, to show that although some gaps have been closed, deep cleavage is still apparent in many places and to indicate the views which fresh evidence may best support.

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CHAPTER TWO.

CANADA AS A FIELD FOR THE COLLECTOR.

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Chapter II. Canada as a field for the Collector.

"Isolation is a prime preservative in popular verse", wrote F.B.Gummere,(1) and the quest of the ballad in a dozen countries has proved his dictum sound. In almost every instance in which whole communities of ballad folk have been discovered, their habitat has been made for generations in remote, secluded, sometimes almost inaccessible regions; usually, too, they have been found leisurely, simple people, going about the humblest daily tasks in a contented, quiet way, born of immunity from the continuous, grinding mental pressure of the modern world. No better example could be found, for present illustration, than the communities discovered by the English folk lorist Cecil J. Sharp,(2) hidden away in the rugged Appalachian region of the eastern United States. Their very language, wisdom, manners and graces of life were almost racial attributes, he found, handed down from generation to generation, each generation adding its quotum to that which it received, uninfluenced by any considerable contact with the outside world. Yet, had there not existed in Sharp's mind some such notion as Gummere has expressed, these communities would not have yielded their ballad evidence so early.

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(1) F. B. Gummere's "The Popular Ballad," p.23.
(2) vide, Index B.

With the culmination in England of a most intensive period of ballad research and collection, Sharp found his field apparently exhausted, with the last variant labelled and the last air transcribed. He himself explains thus his advent to the American field:

> "It was pardonable, therefore, if those who, like myself, had assisted in the task, had come to believe that the major portion of the task had been completed. So far as the collection in England itself was concerned, this belief was no doubt well founded. Nevertheless, in arriving at that very consolatory conclusion, one important, albeit not very obvious consideration had been overlooked, namely, the possibility that one or other of those English communitiesthat lie scattered in various parts of the world might provide as good a field for the collector as England itself, and yield as plentiful and rich a harvest." (1)

Fortunately for ballad students, Sharp was able to pursue his task and finally succeeded in compiling one of the most valuable collections of folk song in existence. In the course of his search he found that throughout the whole region of the Southern Appalachians were living a folk who were the direct descendants of English and Scottish settlers of that region in the latter part of the/

(1) Introduction to "English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians." 1917, by Cecil J.Sharp. G.P.Putnam and Sons, N.Y. p.3.

the eighteenth century. Thanks chiefly to the isolated nature of the place, he found them in surer possession of their homelands folk-lore than their contemporaries in the old land itself.

Evidence from other sources corroborates this testimony, and Canada affords a two-fold yield. The first is a result of a study of French folk-songs known in Canada;(1) the second the burden of this work. The colonization of Quebec Province dates, for all practical purposes, from the year 1632, when twenty-nine families had established themselves. From 1535 to 1608, there was some exploring done, but no lasting settlement made; the years from 1608 on saw the development of the great fur companies, but the voyagers were of no permanent abode. Recent collection of the French songs traditional in Canada showed that the remote, "back-woods" parishes yielded the richest crops, both in quantity and quality of song. The airs and language are of old France, France of the seventeenth century. The people of New France preserved upon the banks of the St.Lawrence the narrative songs of their ancestors in the dialect of Normandy - for Quebec drew her early population from North of the Loire. In/

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(1) vide, P.Gagnon's "Folk Songs of French Canada." Also C.M.Barbeau's articles in "Folk-Lore," the organ of the American Folk Lore Society.

In the Maritime Provinces, in Acadie, were found the songs not of the Loire, but of the South - for Acadie was settled by people from about the Bay of Biscay. Both these French peoples, Canadians and Acadians, have been in very real isolation since the fall of Quebec, and that isolation has preserved their popular song. Indeed, only with the destruction of it have their very languages changed appreciably. Quite apart from their narratives, the celebration in appropriate ceremonial song of May-day, the New Year, and marriage festivals would convince the most sceptical observer of the strength of tradition, thanks to isolation, in French Canada. The famous Guignolle festival would seem indeed to have living roots in pre-Christian days and could be recognised to-day from the words of Caesar's description.(1)

Texts or fragments of some eighty of the three hundred and five ballads included in the Child collection have been recovered in the United States. The Appalachian region, to which attention has already been drawn, remains the best hunting ground for collectors, but other regions have yielded valuable results. Exceptionally worthy of note is the work of the Virginia folk-lore Society, which/

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(1) Caesar's Commentary de B.G., 6: 13, 14.

which seems to be a model of its kind. Founded in 1913, its purpose has been "to collect and thus to preserve the words and music of the English and Scottish ballads that have drifted across with our first settlers and that have been transmitted from century to century by oral tradition." (1) One feature of its work is unique. It organised the teachers of the State schools, and a recent report of the Society avers (1) "that Virginia has found and rescued more of these old world treasures than any other single State", and that this is ascribable to the employment of the schools as media of collection - "is due rather to the interest, perseverance and intelligence of the teachers than to any or all other causes." Certainly few better records than Virginia's have been written in the annals of folk-lore study. What a splendid tribute to efficiently directed literary and patriotic enthusiasm is contained in the tenor of this closing sentence: "It is with peculiar pleasure and pride that I (the Secretary) announce the finding of ballads or ballad fragments in every one of the one hundred counties of Virginia." It is pleasant also to know that similar societies scattered throughout the United/

(1) Report of the Virginia Folk-Lore Society, 1923.

United States have done their share. The American Folk-lore Society has done a great work for ballad preservation. Very notable individual collectors, too, are at work in the Cumberland mountains, Kentucky, the Carolinas, Missouri, Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, and the New England States.

What of English-speaking Canada, then? Many parts of British North America were held by communities of settlers as long ago as "the latter part of the eighteenth century," when the Appalachians were invaded. In Nova Scotia, in Prince Edward Island, and in Upper Canada, especially, were strong settlements long before the American Revolution. Were any of these settlements so isolated throughout the course of the eighteenth, nineteenth, and early twentieth centuries, as to offer preservation to popular verse? Yes. Almost every Canadian born man and woman remembers the day when ballads were still freely sung. If the recollection is dim, it is because even in their childhood days the isolation of their remote communities was beginning to be broken down; the ballads were already scorned as of lowly origin and unworthy associations. Not the least effort, therefore, was made to preserve them. It is to Professor W.Roy McKenzie[1] that the first attempt to collect/

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(1) "The Quest of the Ballad," 1919, Princeton Univ. Press.

collect Canadian ballad fragments must be credited. A Nova Scotian by birth, he remembered the songs of his boyhood and returned to his former home during several summer holidays, while relieved of his duties as Professor of English in the University of Washington. A great change had come upon the little community which he had known. The younger people could not sing his much-loved ballads, the older people would not. Here and there, only, he found a singer who would yield to persuasion. Deeply impressed by the rapidity with which the old singers were disappearing, taking their ballads with them, McKenzie at once published with appropriate comments, the few ballads which he had procured or could remember. With McKenzie's the single exception, no collection of any importance has been made; and no writer, not even McKenzie, has seen fit to trace the ballads to their earliest days in Canada, or to follow them in their changes, migrations and influences.

In the year 1918, the Province of Ontario fostered the organisation of a Folk Lore Society, but its harvest of/

of ballads has been a very meagre one indeed, due, it is admitted, to the want of vigorous and systematic effort. A stubborn disbelief in the existence of any such folk-lore in Canada, such as that which lies at the roots of the finest old-world culture, has been the most serious hindrance to organised field research. This was especially felt in the attempt to organise the Society just now mentioned, but there is quite generally an unwonted Canadian inertia. As a result, quantities of the finest folk material have perished: that is undeniable. All that has been saved must be placed to the credit of individual collectors. While in every other country of the civilised world the utmost effort has been exerted to preserve the residuum of ancestral culture, Canada has failed miserably to secure priceless records which lay in the keeping of her people. Vast stores of traditional matter have been available. There is frequent talk of a Canadian literature, and of a desire for the development of a self-reliant national spirit in Canadian art and music; then what more inspiring material for foundation could be desired than this distinctively national heritage - the lore of Canadian tradition? That the heritage is distinctive/

distinctive is not an over-statement, for in the Canadian countryside are songs and legends that have disappeared before modern conditions in England and in Scotland, indeed in Europe generally. This lore and its spirit is the truest Canadian literary hope, for in it the nation had its beginning. At present it lies virtually neglected and dying, but it is not yet too late to rescue much from oblivion.

In what isolation were the English-speaking settlers of Canada placed? A satisfactory answer can be had by reference to Nova Scotia,(1) where many of the finest ballads have been found. At the time of the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713, the inhabitants of the country were French peasants, trappers and small merchants, scattered for the most part along the shores of the Basin of Minas, along the Isthmus of Chignecto, and throughout the Annapolis Valley. The resident British Governor held the small fortified port of Annapolis Royal, with a garrison of two or three hundred regular troops, for whose necessary supplies he depended in great measure upon New England. The only other British Station in the Province was Canso/

(1)Beamish Murdoch's "History of Nova Scotia"; "A Letter from a Gentleman in Nova Scotia"(B.M.8154.aaa21.p.56); "A Genuine Account of Nova Scotia" 1750.(B.M.10410.b.18.~~p.61~~); "The Importance of Settling and Fortifying Nova Scotia" 1751.(B.M.103.k.31)

Canso, a mere fishing hamlet, where a small military guard was stationed during the summer season, to preserve order and to protect the rights of property. From 1713 to 1749, very little progress was made in the colonization of the country by the British. The French population, although professing neutrality, were but passively hostile and awaited only the command of the French Governor of Quebec to break into open revolt, that the British might be driven from Acadie and that Province reunited to the French possessions, which then stretched from the Bay of Fundy northward to the St.Lawrence.

The establishment of a permanent British settlement upon the Atlantic coast of Nova Scotia, had long been considered the only effectual means of preserving British authority and protecting the coastal fishing industry which was at that time deemed of paramount importance. In 1748, a plan for carrying into effect this long-cherished design was matured by the Board of Trade and Plantations, and under the sanction of the government advertisements appeared in British papers holding out proper encouragement, especially to officers and private men lately discharged from/

from the Army and Navy, to settle in Nova Scotia. Among other inducements was the offer to convey the settlers to their destination, maintain them for twelve months at the public expense, supply them with arms for defence, with materials and articles for clearing the land, erecting their dwellings and prosecuting the fishery.(1) So attractive did the offer prove to be that within a short time 1176 settlers, with their families, were gathered together, and Parliament felt justified in appropriating £40,000 for their care. Halifax, the present capital of Nova Scotia, was the achievement of the year 1749. Within a short time regular communications were established with the colony at Annapolis Royal, pioneers moved into the countryside, and farms were marked out for cultivation along the connecting trail. By the year 1765, Halifax was a town of eight streets intersected by fifteen others; the town and suburbs stretched for some two miles along the harbour front and for about one half-mile from the shore into the woods. The population was composed for the most part of discharged soldiers and sailors, many of whom were illiterate; of the three thousand inhabitants one-third were Irish, one-fourth German and Dutch, and the/

(1) vide, "A Genuine Account of Nova Scotia..to which is added His Majesty's Proposals, as an Encouragement to those who are willing to settle there". London. (B.M. 10400.b.18)

the rest English and Scottish.(1)

Those who ventured inland from the town and along the road leading to Annapolis Royal were probably, as forced by competition from the town, more illiterate in general; and in their lonely homesteads ~~of~~ narrative songs and ballads found again their old-time welcome. Gradually the country people were driven in upon themselves - shut off at once by distance and by illiteracy from their fellow settlers of the towns; small rural communities came into being in which life was of the simplest and most primitive kind. Such little time as remained to the people when the day's toil came to an end, was spent in homely concourse, in story-telling, in reminiscence and in song. From time to time these dwellers in lonely places were reinforced by addition to their numbers; notably with the disbanding of regiments, as in 1783 when the 84th Regiment (the Royal Highland Emigrants) was broken up: these men were granted 81,000 acres of land in one township alone - that of Douglas in Hants County. In 1776, too, Lord Howe in his retreat ~~from~~ from Boston afforded protection to some 1500 Loyalist refugees who subsequently took up Nova Scotian holdings. Thus was settlement effected and supplemented: the American Revolutionary War, the Napoleonic Wars, and the War of 1812-14 with the United States all contributed in their termination to the replenishment of the remote hamlets. It is among the descendants of these men and

women/

(1) vide, R. Trimen's "The Regiments of the British Army". Allen and Company. 1878. p. 129.

women who took up grants in the forest lands that ballads are still in favour. That country in which the men of the 84th Regiment settled has been of especial interest. English, Scots, and Irish are there intermingled to this day, still holding the lands granted to their forefathers for military services well rendered. Of several ballad-singing families, three shall be named for the purposes of illustration - the Watsons, the Dingles and the O'Neills, of Scottish, English and Irish extraction respectively.(1) All three families are in direct descent from the earliest occupants of the Crown Land grants: the Watsons and the Dingles have intermarried; the O'Neills, as Irish, stand alone. In greatest reputation as singers were the Watsons. Two generations ago, in fact, the parent Watsons of the day, together with their four sons and three daughters, were the undisputed arbiters of the community's song. On the river barges, in the lumberwoods, and at all dances the father and the sons held sway; about the hearths, over the needles that were knitting and beside the wheels that were spinning the mother and daughters ruled. My only contact has been made with two of the daughters, in 1921, with Nancy Watson (Mrs Thomas Dingle) then 83 years of age, since deceased; and in subsequent years with her younger sister, then in her late seventies, Mrs Samuel Turple. Mrs Thomas Dingle mothered a brood of eleven and I have heard her tell of the days when, in their rude/

(1) see Appendix A.

rude homestead upon a winter's evening, she gathered her youngsters about the fireside with her stories of the long ago and her songs of lands which even her grandfather had not known. Again she would tell of crooning, to a child she lost, the story of the wee cabin boy of "the Golden Vanitee," as she sat by the bedside in the flickering light of a rag-and-tallow "dip." The younger sister, Mrs Turple,is possessed of an enormous stock of songs, and has, indeed, challenged me to exhaust her resources; but she acknowledges her possession to be poorer in kind than were those of Mrs Dingle. "Nancy's songs have more bottom to them," she has said. In other words, Nancy's songs were more likely to be in the true ballad feeling of pathos and sadness and hopelessness; or else of more dash, vigour and strength. Her songs, moreover, were learned from her Mother, whereas the younger sister knew rather the songs of her father and of her brothers.

The Dingles were found to possess only a few genuine ballads, but an extraordinary number of songs of naval and military life, songs of mutiny, of piracy, of slaving days, and of rough and ready justice. Mr Sam Turple also had many of these at command. The men, it would seem, were interested in the actual rather than in the legendary. The Irish element was disappointing in the extreme. One or two traditional songs excepted, I secured nothing other/

other than what were obviously regimental "catches" and barrack favourites - often as not indecent, scurrilous and devoid of all merit. "Old Pat" O'Neill, the last of the O'Neill singers, was in his dotage when I first found him; but I was assured that his standards of taste were as low in youth as in age. These three families form, as it were, the core of this ballad singing community. Here, as elsewhere, it is among the elderly people that important finds are made: indeed almost every song of exceptional value now in my collection must be credited to men and women of 70 years of age and over.

A second community of some interest is located in the county of Picton, also in the Province of Nova Scotia. Here it was that Professor W. R. McKenzie discovered fine old singers of mingled Scottish and French extraction. Whatever the reason, the Scottish songs and stories have driven out the French, and to-day men and woman with French names are to be found who sing heartily dozens of the best old Scottish ballads. Peter Langille,(1) for instance, was McKenzie's most interesting guardian of Scottish song, and he inherited his part from the Langilles of old, who were purely French.

In Ontario, throughout the valley of the Ottawa, are several related groups of singers. Isolation is a thing of the past with them, however, and only the very old people are able to recite songs of value. Younger men who have made the lumberwoods their haunt do occasionally possess/

(1) q.v. "The Quest of the Ballad". W.R.McKenzie. Princeton Univ.Press. 1919.

possess stores of song with which to wile away weary hours in the winter camps. Many examples of their songs I have gathered and set down.

The harvests fields of the West may yet afford a heavier contribution than that which my brief sojourn enabled me to exact. It is evident that in one season's visit very little could be caught, for the day's work had always to be done and the greater part of the night had usually to be given to sleep. The advantage of the harvest muster lies in the stimulus given by purposeful social concourse to the urge to song; this was the advantage of the camp in war time. From "the harvest" thousands of men made their way into the lumber woods of British Columbia, Quebec or New Brunswick. Here the men are together for a longer time: to the same camp, moreover, they may well return year in and year out. The lumber camp is an excellent place of study for the investigator of popular song.

The way of the collector is hard. Suspicion, jealousy, fear of ridicule, cherished conceits - all these stand in the paths that lead to the retreats of balladry. The highest credulity is demanded. The closest attention must be given. The communication may only be made to true friends. My own introduction to the Hants County ballad circle was altogether accidental. For a month I had laboured quietly in the vicinity about my ordinary business, until one afternoon as I sat chatting in the kitchen of the Dingle homestead while the daughter of the house busied herself in the preparation of an evening meal and that gentle old lady her mother

rocked noiselessly to and fro in her ancient chair, knitting a salmon net as she swayed, I heard a low crooning of that goodly ballad "Barbara Allen." The warning of a wise professor sprang to mind and,with a question and some little encouragement,I received a completely detailed account in song of the tragic love of Sir John the Grahame. That was but the beginning, for during the two years which followed I secured dozens of ballads from Mrs Dingle, her sister and other members of the family. Never did I venture to dispute the worth of any song in their possession: that which was sung I copied faithfully, no matter what its appeal; and for one estimable ballad probably twenty doggerel rhymes were recorded. Usually the singing of a ballad was preceded by a short commentary upon its locale, its historical veracity and its notable singers. When the singing concluded further discussion took place, and a surprising variety of views and opinions were often revealed. Neighbourhood gatherings were frequent, too. Six or seven men and women of known accomplishment as singers would be invited to a farmhouse. The oil lamps would be lighted, a simple meal held in readiness, and chair or settees drawn about the fireplace. Local gossip would set the tongues awagging first, then as the evening wore on the elders would fall to reminiscences. Then came the songs and ballads, varied perhaps by selections from the shrieking "fiddle" in a trembling, aged hand. Nor, on these evenings, was the singing confined to "the womenfolk." Many a hearty male voice roused forth a tale of the

camp/

camp, the wars or the sea. Yet, as a rule, the ballads of the women were the finest, for as they sang they felt, one could see, with their story: with the heroine they suffered or with the hero exulted. The tide of human sympathy swept them (and their audience, if the rendition was perfect) along through field and flood, through life and death, to the inevitable end. When a woman was the singer, she sat unmoved with eyes perhaps half closed, singing carefully and with great deliberation in utterance, hands resting easily upon the arms of a rocking-chair. With the men the method differed, the old men leaning slightly forward, resting their gnarled hands crossed upon the head of a rude walking stick, only too often mumbled indistinctly; the younger men sat stiffly erect with strong hands on knees, slapping occasionally with the rhythm of their piece, heads thrown well back, and boomed forth the several stanzas, eyes wide and flashing. Sometimes children, specially favoured, were invited to contribute their best learned ballads: invariably they sang in evident timidity, anxiously courting coveted approval.

At dances, men were the sole entertainers, and only the young were present. The women were in demand for the measures, being in the minority in every backwoods community. Those men who had not partners gathered in a room adjoining that in which the dancing was. Here they smoked, drank and contributed story and song for the benefit of their fellows. The songs, often as not, were as scurrilous and indecent as the smoking room stories of any gentlemanly assembly. But these rough

fellows/

fellows demand truth: licentious fiction is not for them.

In the lumber camps the hours of song are cribbed within the idling period from Saturday night to Monday morning. With snow and frost shut out, the enormous Quebec heater glowing red, entertainment goes merrily forward. Like the men, the lumberwood songs are virile. Their first demand is authenticity the events recorded must be of actual occurrence, or at least believed to be so. Strong rhythm there must be, and a flowing narrative un/embellished by ornament foreign to the theme. The swing and chop of the double bladed axe is ever in the metre, and like the axe each stanza must cut its chip. Not until the hour grows late does one singer assume domination, for in rotation each man must take his part, and when all meaner competitors are vanquished the victor must meet the test of exhaustion to the satisfaction of his audience, if he is ever to pique himself upon singing prowess. The final ballad may be rendered from the darkness of a bunk, even to the accompaniment of sonorous inhalations by the weary who have sunk overpowered.

On the prairies, in the harvester's makeshift shelter, singing begins only with a break in the fine weather, for a day of rain means enforced rest. Gossip and cards fail; solace is found in tobacco and in song. Unlike the lumberjacks the men of the harvest have no songs native to their labour. Gathered as the company is from all countries under heaven the long hours of listening bring certain reward, but for/

for the most part in matter irrelevant to the balladist. Yet, that men will sing so, be it in Greek, Russian, German or Spanish, the old songs of their race, surely betokens a deep urge.(1) And I have heard in that West men of all these races humming or beating out time to old, old songs of each nationality. An Icelander has laboured in difficulty to translate for his Austrian comrade a saga of his folk; a Frenchman has(2) told of swans, silver arrows and magic cloaks; while a Nova Scotian has in more comprehensible language recounted in song events so remote in time and place as the Raising of the Standard on the Braes of Marr and the captive condition of a prisoner to the Turkish Soldan. Now and then a true ballad would/slip, and then there was scribbling. One other source be let I have tapped. While an adviser to first year men in McGill University a great many boys of country nurture passed under my tutelage. From these I always requested information as to ballad conditions in those parts of the Dominion with which they had acquaintance, and in this way I ascertained much of interest. Many of them, indeed, were able to contribute to my collection narrative songs which were either memories of childhood or the fruits of experience in working communities in which they had earned money for their college needs. Almost universal testimony was borne that the former singing ways were rapidly passing into oblivion: this went but to corroborate my own observations.

It is perhaps unnecessary to mention that the characteristic/

(1) cf. Journal American Folk-Lore. vol. 27. p. 77.

(2) cf. E. Gagnon's Les Chansons Populaires du Canada. 1880.

characteristic features of the several dialects in which these Canadian ballads were originally held have disappeared. Obsolete terms and epithets have been changed, but only when their meaning has been thought plain; the unintelligible is often acknowledged to be the vital and given jealous guard. Always the primary consideration is the retention of a song's first meaning. For the most part names of places and of personages with whom the singer is altogether unfamiliar will be sung without demur; when substitutions are made it is under pressure of overwhelming local power generated by some untoward event. The genuine ballads are best preserved,for interference with them is hardly tolerated: imitations of the ballad manner have freer scope.

An examination of imitatory matter produced in Canada has yielded most interesting results to which some space will be given later. The ocean fisheries, the lumberwoods and the cattle range have each essayed ballad creation with some success. Yet on the whole the tendency has been to deterioration: the popular taste of the present day is as low in its standards of song requirements as can well be imagined. The reasons are evident, for the old-time isolation is destroyed. The railroad, the automobile, the newspaper, and now the wireless set call and carry people from farm to village, from village to city, and from the cities to far distant places.

As a telling example of the persistence of the genuine ballads in Canada, look upon this old favourite "Barbara Allen" as/

as recovered from tradition, first throughout the United States, then in Nova Scotia. Professor Child has the first stanza of this ballad (Version A) as follows:-

"It was in and about the Martimas time,
When the green leaves were a falling,
That Sir John Graeme in the West Country
Fell in love with Barbara Allen."

A variant secured in Kentucky reads:-(E.F.S.S.A.&p.97)

"'Twas in the merry month of May
The green buds were swelling
Poor William Green on his death bed lay,
For the love of Barbara Ellen."

And this from Georgia:- (E.F.S.S.A.p.91)

"'Twas in the merry month of May
When all gay flowers were blooming
Sweet William on his death bed lay,
For the love of Barbra Allen."

And North Carolina:- (E.F.S.S.A.p.94)

"Sweet William was down to his dwell to-day,
He's down to his dwell a-drinking.
He passed his wine to ladies all,
He slighted Barbra Ellen."

Next, Tennessee:- (E.F.S.S.A.p.95)

"All in the month, the month of May,
The green buds they were swelling,
They swelled till all pretty birds chose their mates
And Barbary her Sweet William."

From the American West:- (JAFL.vol.19.p.291)

"'Twas in the merry month of May,
When the green buds were a-swelling,
Sweet William on his death bed lay,
For the love of Barbara Allen."

Now from Pictou County, Nova Scotia, Professor McKenzie transcribed this:-

"It was the very month of May,
And the green buds they were swelling
Young Jemmy Groves on his death bed lay
For the love of Barberry Ellen."

A Nova Scotian[1] once made me this contribution - have we here the much reviled "American influence," at its worst?

"In New York city where I was born,
And Cambridge was my dwellin',
'Twas there I courted a pretty fair maid
And her name was Barbary Allen."

That bears resemblance rather to Version B of Child's collection:-

"In Scarlet town where I was bound,
There was a fair maid dwelling,
Whom I had chosen to be my own
And her name it was Barbara Allen."

A Georgian variant of that runs:- (E EFSSA.p.90)

"In yonder town where I was born,
There lived three maidens dwelling;
The only one that I called my own,
Her name was Barbara Allen."

Since first I began my collecting, I have been made to realize that Barbara Allen is widely known and sung throughout Canada. And surely the Canadian versions to be quoted in the following chapter are as worthy of preservation as this survival in the mountains of North Carolina:-

"They sot him down, they sot him down,
And she looked right upon him;
The more she looked, the louder she mourned,
Till she busted right out a-cryin'.'

Before closing, the vagaries of one more ancient and popular ballad received in America folk trust may be indicated. Here is the ballad of Lord Lovel, in Child's Collection beginning:-

"Lord Lovel he stands at his stable door,
Kaiming his milk white steed;
And by and cam fair Nancy Belle,
And wished Lord Lovel good speed."

(1) vide, p.90.

And its cognate in Missouri:- (JAFL.vol.19.p.283)

"Lord Lovel stood at his castle gate
A-combing down his milk white steed;
Lady Nancy Bell came riding by
To wish her lover good speed, speed, speed,
To wish her lover good speed."

And in North Carolina:- (EFSSA.p.71)

"Lord Lovel was at his gate-side,
A-currying his milk white steed;
Miss Nancy Bell come riding by
A-wishing Lord Lovel good speed, speed, speed,
A-wishing Lord Lovel good speed."

One Canadian variant reads:-

"Lord Lovell he stood at his castle gate,
A-combing his milk white steed;
When along came Lady Nancy Bell,
A-wishing her lover good speed, speed, speed.
A-wishing her lover good speed."

These two ballads from which I have quoted are but typical of literally hundreds of precious old songs and fragments which are the fast vanishing possession of the people. Canada is in need of every good tradition which is hers by right of birth and inheritance. Why is not the Canadian survival as valuable to Canada as is the American to America? This chapter has endeavoured to establish the thought that Canada still has an "oral literature:" fragmentary, it is true, but in that many times more precious. I have told of America's commendable example in collection and study, based on the belief that a robust oral tradition is the surest foundation for a vigorous patriotism, and for creative literary and artistic production. Canada does share/

share America's inheritance of British folk culture: and although the preservation of its lore has been unwisely neglected yet it is still in some measure possible, as will be shown in the chapters which now follow.

CHAPTER THREE.

VARIANTS OF GENUINE BALLADS.

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Chapter III. Variants of genuine ballads.

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i. Little Matha Groves. In the Child Collection this is Little Musgrove, and is No.81.)

It happened on a high holiday,
The very best day of the year,
When little Matha Groves he went to church,
The holy word for to hear.

The first came down was dressed in satin,
The next was dressed in silk,
The next came down was Lord Darnel's wife,
With her skin as white as milk.

She stepped up to little Matha Groves,
And unto him did say,
"I must invite you, little Matha Groves,
This night with me to stay."

"I cannot, I will not," said little Matha Groves,
"I dare not for my life,
For I know by the rings you have on your fingers,
You are Lord Darnel's wife."

"Well, what if I am Lord Darnel's wife,
As you suppose me to be?
Lord Darnel's to Newcastle gone,
King Henry for to see."

The little foot-page was standing by,
He's to Newcastle gone,
And when he came to the broad river side
He bended his breast and swum

And when he came to the other side
He took to his heels and run.
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

"What news, what news, my little foot-page?
Do you bring unto me?"
"Little Matha Groves this very night
Lies with your fair lady".

"If this be true, be true unto me,
That you do tell to me,
I have an only daughter,
And your wedded wife she shall be.

"If this be a lie, a lie unto me,
A lie you tell to me,
I'll cause a gallows to be built,
And hanged you shall be."

"If this be a lie, a lie, a lie,
A lie I tell to thee,
You need not cause a gallows to be built,
For I'll hang on a tree."

He called all of his merry men,
And marched them in a row,
He ordered not a whistle to sound,
Nor yet a horn to blow.

But there was one among the rest,
Who wished little Matha Groves well.
He put his whistle to his mouth,
And he blew it loud and shrill.

And as he blew both loud and shrill,
He seemed for to say,
"He that's in bed with another man's wife,
'Tis time to be going away."

"I must get up," said little Matha Groves,
"'Tis time for me to be gone,
For I know by the sound of it,
It is Lord Darnel's horn."

"Lie still, lie still, you little Matha Groves,
And keep me from the cold.
It is my father's shepherd boy,
Driving his sheep to the fold."

So there they lay in one anothers' arms
Till they fell fast asleep,
They never spoke another word,
Till Lord Darnel stood at their feet.

"How do you like my bed?" he said.
"And how do you like my sheet?
And how do you like my false lady,
That lies in your arms and sleeps?2

"Well do I like your bed" said he,
"And well do I like your sheets,
But better do I like your false lady,
That lies in my arms and sleeps."

"Rise up, rise up!" Lord Darnel said,
"And some of your clothes put on.
It never shall be said when you are dead
That I slew you a naked man."

"Must I get up?" said little Matha Groves,
"And fight you for my life,
When you have two good swords by your side,
And I not even a knife?"

"If I have two good swords by my side,
They cost me gold from my purse,
You shall have the best of them,
And I will take the worst."

The first good stroke little Matha Groves made,
He wounded Lord Darnel sore;
But the first good stroke Lord Darnel made,
Matha Groves could strike no more.

"O curse upon my merry men,
That did not stay my hand,
For I have slain the handsomest man,
That ever trod England's land."

He took his lady by the hand,
And set her on his knee,
Saying "Which of us do you love best,
Little Matha Groves or me?"

"Well did I like his cheeks," she said,
"Well did I like his chin,
Better did I like his palavering tongue,
Than Lord Darnel and all his kin."

He took his lady by the hand,
He led her to yonder plain,
He never spoke another word,
Till he split her head in twain.

Loudly sings the nightingale,
Merrily sings the sparrow,
Lord Darnel has killed his wife today
And he's to be hung tomorrow.

This ballad was recorded by my own hand from the singing of Mrs Thomas Dingle of Admiral Rock, a school district adjacent to the village of Shubenacadie in Hants County, Nova Scotia. Another variant of the text was secured in Pictou County by Professor McKenzie;[1] indeed he assigns to it the pride of place in his collection, although a composite thing and incomplete. Mrs Dingle at the time of singing (August 30th, 1921) was almost eighty years of age, yet her voice did not once falter as she sang, and it was an easy matter to place each word on paper. This ballad was a great favourite, and the most competent of the local song authorities - including Mr Sam Turple, the community "fiddler" - were of one mind in its praise. "One of the best", was their verdict. It would be interesting to learn upon what intrinsic quality or qualities the survival depends for the love of its possessors: for, be it remembered, these simple folk are quite unlettered, and certainly unable to derive any appreciable measure of/

(1) vide, The Quest of the Ballad, p. 14.

of satisfaction from such literary comparisons and historical reflections as perforce occur to minds influenced by academic training. Perhaps the good old "common-places" play a part in the matter, for their frequent occurrence speaks forcefully for their popularity. It often seems, indeed, as though the main delight in the hearing of such a ballad as this of "Little Matha Groves" lay in a note of inevitability sounded, say, in such a stanza as the eighteenth:

> "How do you like my bed?" he said
> "And how do you like my sheet?
> And how do you like my false lady
> That lies in your arms and sleeps?"

This, of course, is a definite formula for use by ballad husbands on every occasion of compromising discovery; whole tragedies are summoned to the memory by its introduction, and always there is the promise of justice, the sweet foretaste of a retribution swift and sure. It does seem strange to find such child-like faith held anywhere today. Many single phrases serve similar purposes:

> "If this be a lie, a lie unto me
> A lie you tell to me . . ."

The situation and the ensuing promise are known of old. There is always that alternative of punishment or reward - and everyone knows which is to fall to the lot of the "little foot-page". Then, too, when he "bended his breast/

breast and swum", there is not one of the listening group but realises at once that every requirement of ballad technique has been properly filled - although there may be several different opinions as to the precise nature of the act performed. Again, the "holy-day" of Child No.81, Version A, has become a mere "holiday" in Nova Scotia, and although good protestants are admittedly puzzled as to Matha Groves holiday church attendance, they find complete reassurance in the recorded fact that he went "the Holy Word for to hear". Of a piece with this somewhat ratiocinative process is, perhaps, the explanation of the disappearance of the "priest", "mass", and "lady's grace" of the Child variant. A further interesting belief concerns the final lines of the ballad:

"Lord Darnel killed his wife today,
And he's to be hung tomorrow."

Few people can be found that may be convinced that Lord Darnel actually met the ignominious fate ascribed. Mrs Dingle herself held to this conviction and offered, with some hesitancy, an explanation in the words, "Lord Darnel being a grrat nobleman, they would not hang him as a common/

common murderer". Inher mind there seemed, moreover, to be some sentiment existent with a force analogous to that exerted by the newspaperman's "unwritten law". Surely nothing is so romantic as life itself.

"Little Musgraves" is entered to Francis Coules in the Stationers'Register 24 June, 1630 (see Arber 4.p.236). Child published fourteen variants, no one of which offers a satisfactory source for the Nova Scotia text. In the Child variants A,C,H,M, ~~st.4~~, the church is the place of meeting; the "playing at the ba'" accounts for the incident in D,E,J,K,L, ~~st.5~~; a hunting expedition in G; while in the remaining four variants such introductory matter is omitted or excluded. Inasmuch as C,H, and M agree that Little Musgrove went "some ladies for to spy", we are driven either to A or to one of the missing stanzas of B,F or I.N. for our knowledge as to the source of the Nova Scotia variant. Proceeding, A omits all reference to "I know by the rings you have on your fingers", B does not yet take up the thread of the story, nor do I and N: F2 uses, "For I see by rings on your fair fingers"; but D,E,H, J,K and L all mention the rings--L in words almost

identical with those of our text.

To the invitation extended by the Lady Barnard in A and C, Matha Groves makes no protest: in D, E, F, G and L he speaks of the strife which must ensue; in H and K there is evidence of a mild remonstrance, while B, I, M and N record no stanzas dealing with the request. Only in G and L doe sMatha Groves think of personal danger, and it is in L that the closest parallell to our Nova Scotia text is found. When protest is registered, only in F3 and H2 does Lady Barnard utter a flippant and brazen dismissal. Again, in no one of Child's fourteen variants is there mention of either King Henry or his town of Newcastle. In D19, G26, I20 and L42 the Lady is given a final opportunity to express a preference for her wronged lord, as in our text--she is even drawn upon her husband's knee for the question in I20 as in our stanza 25. In no ne of these variants is there any occurence of the line "split her head in twain": where the lady's fate is described it is in terms such as,

into a basin of pure silver
Her heart's blood he gart rin. ..G30.

or,

And thro and thro his lady's sides
He gard the cold steel gae.

And finally we find only E21 corroborating our stanza 28,

First crew the black cock
And next crew the sparrow,
And what the better was Lord Barnaby?-
He was hanged on the morrow.

Now what is to be thought of the Nova Scotia text? Nothing is more evident than that it is not in direct descent from any one of these fourteen versions of Child's collecting. There is no printed text to which it is traceable. Is not this an example of the persistence of pure traditional matter in the colony?

11. Azlon's Town (1). This is The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington, Child, 105. It is here set down from the singing of Mrs. Sam Turple on the night of Jan. 2. 1922. That Islington came to be Azlon's Town is perhaps not to be wondered at when one remembers that some four or five generations of Mrs. Turple's family have lived and died in a land where Islington is not even a name, far less a memory.

When I was ayouth, and a well-beloved youth,
A wealthy farmer's son,
I courted Nancy, the Bailiff's daughter dear,
That lived in Azlon's Town.

And when my father came to know,
My fond and foolish mind,
Away to London I was sent,
A 'prentice there to bind.

(1) vide, Last Leaves, etc.; Folk Song Journal, 1. p. 125; page 82. also 7, p. 34.

I served my master seven long years,
My sweet-heart ne'er could see,
It's many a tear I've shed for her
But little she thinks of me.

'Twas on a day,a high holiday,
When all was sport and play,
All but Nancy,the Bailiff's daughter dear,
And she privily stole away.

On she travelled many long miles,
The weather being hot and dry,
She sat her down by a green mossy shade,
And her love came riding by.

p.83 follows.

Up she jumped as red as a rose,
And seized the bridle rein,
"One penny, one penny! kind sir," she said,
"To ease me of my pain."

"Not a penny, not a penny! my pretty fair maid
Till you tell me where you were born."
"In Azlon's Town, kind sir," she said,
"Where I've borne many's a scorn."

"In Azlon's Town! my pretty fair maid,
It's a place I very well know,
Is Nancy the Bailiff's daughter alive,
Or is she lying low?"

"Nancy the Bailiff's daughter is dead,
And that some time ago."
"Then I'll ride away to some foreign countrie,
Where no one doth me know."

"O stop, O stop! kind sir," she said,
"And from me do not ride,
For Nancy the Bailiff's daughter lives,
And is waiting to be your bride."

Then hand in hand they walked along,
And married then they were,
In love they lived, in love they died,
So for no one need they care.

How remarkably slight the changes wrought by time have been may be seen by a comparison of this text with that printed by Brooksby[1] in the last quarter of the seventeenth century. The three stanzas which are missed in the Nova Scotian ballad are of such a character as to make the song richer in ballad quality for their loss.

She was coy, and she would not believe
That he did love her so,
No, nor at any time she would
Any countenance to him show.

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(1) vide, "Roxburghe Ballads," II, 457.

She put off her gown of gray,
And put on her puggish attire;
She's up to fair London gone,
Her true love to require.

"O farewel grief, and welcome joy,
Ten thousand times and more!
For now I have seen my own true-love,
That I thought I should have seen no more."

It is impossible to reconcile such verses as these with any true ballad product, and the improvement effected by their omission is so marked that it might well argue the Nova Scotian version closer to the soil of England than the version of the London printer. Thus would it be shown that the people themselves are better custodians of the old ballads than are pages which bewray the conscious effort of any quasi-literary, would-be "improver". Read again the Nova Scotian text, and note well the manner in which the singer and her forbears have managed to retain the narrative complete without the aid of any such bastard standards as those of the seventeenth century broadside, thus evincing the truer taste. This ballad, like that of "Little Matha Groves", was assuredly in the possession of the Watson family for three generations, and presumably of their much earlier progenitors.

As Keith remarks(Last Leaves etc.p.82),this ballad is only known in one version,the variants of which show but trivial differences.(1) Perhaps the fact that the Nova Scotia text embodies the first person,throughout,is of interest. For the other changes,they are all easily explicable as casual accretions under varied influences. The final stanza,in particular,bewrays the voice of the broadside monger.

It would almost seem as though there were deliberate collusion in the making of our text between the holders of the Scottish and the English variants. Of the English text,as displayed by Child,stanzas 2, 6 and 13 are ignored: of the Scottish(see Last Leaves, no.41) A9-12 differ widely,while of B the annoying remark may be made that with the exception of the final,the 13th,stanza little resemblance is present, whereas that thirteenth stanza is almost verbally identical with the final stanza of the Nova Scotia variant.

> Hand in hand this couple went
> And they two married were,
> And now they live in Islington
> And a happy couple are..... "Last Leaves etc" p.259

The appearance of the name Nancy must be explained at a hazard by reference to the multitudinous broadside songs in which that name bears so conspicuous

(1) Airs for and comments upon--comments other than Keith's--may be found in the Folk-Song Journal.vols, 1.p.105,209;7.p.34,35 as recorded recently from tradition.

a part. A faint likeness between the Scottish variant Last Leaves,etc A and B5,st.3 and the Nova Scotia 5, st.3 is contained in the line,

She set her down upon a bank--

the English variants do not give pause for this. Again, the Last Leaves,etc.A6 and the English stanza(Child a8) seem to have been dove-tailed in the Nova Scotia text:

She stept to him,as red as any rose.	Child.st.8.
She started up with her colour so red.	L.L.41,A6.line 1.
And took him by the bridle ring.	Child.st.8
Catching hold of his bridle rein.	L.L.41,A6.
I pray you,kind sir,give me one penny.	Child.st.8
One penny,one penny,kind sir,she said.	L.L.41.A6.
To ease my weary limb.	Child.st.8
Would ease me o'much pain.	L.L.41.A6.

Can it be that here,as in the ballad of Little Musgrove, the Nova Scotian settlers were in touch with older variants than those which have been tabulated by collectors? Or is it that the two peoples,English and Scottish,flung together far from their homeland,felt the need of cooperation and consolidation even to the extent of supporting one another in song? Or,again,has the English song stock swallowed the Scottish,as the French of Pictou County did the song matter of their more enlightened Scottish neighbours?(1)

(1) see W.R.MacKenzie's The Quest of the Ballad

iii. Lord Lovell.[1] This is No.75 in Child's Collection. Old Pat O'Neill, from whom I secured this as an initial contribution, was an eccentric Irish Canadian already well past his ninetieth year, when I first heard of his prowess as a singer of old songs. With high hopes I sought him out, but he proved to be such a teasing, silly rascal, that it was not until the third year of our acquaintance, when he lay upon what proved to be his deathbed, that he made any serious effort to give me the words of valuable songs. In our earlier contacts he insisted upon idle chat and scurrilous doggerel - his first song, I remember, treated of amorous adventures in a stage-coach. Lord Lovell was the one genuine ballad caught in the visits which I made, two only, in 1921 and 1922. One other ballad was in his possession, I knew; and it was that which lured me again to the tiresome fellow: for I had quoted once,

> "Arise, arise, ye seven brethren,
> And put on your armour so bright -
> Arise and take care of your youngest sister
> For your eldest ran away last night."

There was immediate response and a flash of surprised appreciation, and a grudging acknowledgment that I "knowed some good ones"; but I could get no further satisfaction, and was forced to be content with that which follows:

(1) JAFL.35.p.343;29.p.160. Also in LastLeaves,etc.p.57.
(2) Child 2.p.211,variant H. Also Last Leaves etc.p.5

Lord Lovell he stood at his castle-gate,
A-combing his milk-white steed;
When along came Lady Nancy Bell,
A-wishing her lover good speed, speed, speed,
A-wishing her lover good speed.

"O where are you going, Lord Lovell?" she said,
"O where are you going?" said she;
"I'm going, my dear Lady Nancy Bell,
Strange countries for to see, see, see,
Strange countries for to see."

"O when will you be back, Lord Lovell?" she said,
"O when will you come back?" said she;
"In a year or two, or three at the most,
I'll return to my fair Nancy,-cy, -cy,
I'll return to my fair Nancy.

He had not gone but a year and a day,
Strange countries for to see;
When languishing thoughts came into his head,
Lady Nancy Bell he would see, see, see,
Lady Nancy Bell he would see.

So he rode and he rode on his milk-white steed,
Till he came to London town;
And there he heard St.Pancras' bells,
And the people all mourning round, round, round,
And the people all mourning round.

"O what is the matter?" Lord Lovell, he said,
"O what is the matter?" said he;
"A lord's lady is dead," a woman replied,
"And some call her Lady Nancy, -cy, -cy,
And some call her Lady Nancy."

He ordered the grave to be opened forthwith,
And the shroud he folded down;
And there he kissed her clay-cold lips,
Till the tears came trickling down, down, down,
Till the tears came trickling down.

Lady Nancy she died as it might be today,
Lord Lovell he died on the morrow;
Lady Nancy she died out of pure,pure grief,
Lord Lovell he died out of sorrow,sorrow,
Lord Lovell he died out of sorrow.

Collation of this text reveals nothing of any value. It is almost identical with the wording of the song as p published in the London broadside of 1846 to which both Keith and Child refer. The two final stanzas of the broadside version are missing from the Nova Scotia text: of these Keith remarks,"the closing stanzas we have already had in"The Douglas Tragedy"(No.4) and "Sweet William"and.Fair Annie"(No.28)". Has that remark a significance in the estimate of the value to be accorded to the tenacity of tradition as revealed in Nova Scotia?

Old Pat had no intelligent comment to make upon this song,beyond the hint that it had always been a favourite "wid de wimmin'". It was quite evidently not one of his cherished possessions,and my heart sank as I realized tnat I had not yet won his confidence,inasmuch as Lord Lovell, a woman's song,was the one concession which he was at that time prepared to make to me. Later in that visit he did give me the famous song of "Willie Reilly",but as that is not onrof the English and Scottish ballads,it need not concern us here. Such songs as Pat had were not held in the

nature of a family legacy,he had picked them up here and there in camps,at dances and at convivial gatherings: yet all these he had perforce to store in memory,for he was altogether illiterate.

iv. Barbara Allen. This is in the Child collection No.84, and is of interest as the first ballad to come to my net. To Mrs.Dingle's variant,as the worthiest,first place must be assigned. It was sung to me as that good old lady knitted salmon-netting for her son's river-faring. Look upon this famous song as an example of the persistence of the genuine ballad in Canada. It is so well known tha the more ignorant editors of"song-books" have often classified it as a college glee,but Barbara Allenis atrue English and Scottish popular ballad,which,since the days of Pepys(1) and Goldsmith has struggled against that captivity which spells death. Here is Mrs.Dingle's text,perhaps the purest in ballad style and feeling of all those yet discovered in America:

(1) Pepys's Diary,Jan.2.1666. Goldsmith in his third essay,1765.

It was in and about the Mart'mas time,
When the green leaves were a- fallin',
That Sir JohnGraham in the West Countrie
Fell in love with Barbara Allen.

"O,see you not those seven ships,
So bonny as they're sailin'?
I'll make you mistress of them all,
My bonny Barbara Allen."

But it fell out upon one day,
When he set in the tavern ,
He drank the ladies' healths around
And slighted Barbara Allen.

He sent his man down through the town
To the place where she was dwellin',
But for all the letters he did send,
She swore she'd never have him.

Then he took sick and very sick,
He sent for her to see him,
"O,haste and come to my Master dear,
Gin ye be Barbara Allen".

Now hwis off with all,his speed,
To the place where she was dwelling,
"Here is a letter from my master dear,
Gin ye be Barbara Allen."

She took the letter in her hand,
.....smilin',
But ere she'd read the letter through
With tears her eyes were blindin'.

Now she is gone with all her speed,
She's nigh unto his dwellin',
She lightly drew the curtain by,
"Young man,I think you're dyin'".

"It's O,I'n sick! I'm very sick!
My heart is at the breakin',
One kiss or two from your sweet lips
Would keep me from a-dyin',"

"Remember not,young man" said she,
"When you sat in the tavern,
You drank the ladies' healths around
And slichted Barbara Allen?"

He turned his face unto the wall,
And death was with him dealin',
"Adieu,Adieu,my dear friends all!
And be kind to Barbara Allen."

Then slowly,slowly rose she up,
And slowly slowly left him,
And sighing said she could not stay,
Since death of life had reft him.

She had not gone a mile from town,
When she heard the dead-bell knellin',
And every knell the dead-bell gave,
Was,"Woe to Barbara Allen".

"O,mother,mother,make my bed,
And make it long and narrow,
As my love died for me today,
I'lldie for him tomorrow."

Before offering any comment on this ballad,let one other variant fall under review--more especially as it is a shining example of the pernicious inroads made upon the old traditional ballads by ugly,modern forces. Mr.Frederick Brimicombe,(1) from whom I have this second text,learned it

(1) see Appendix A.

at dances,and he expressed the opimion that young Nova Sco tians returned from working so-journs in the New England States with this as a curious memento.

In New York City where I was born,
And Cambridge was my dwellin',
'Twas there I courted a pretty fair maid,
And her name was Barbary Allen.

Icourted her for six long months,
And hoping still to win her,
Just wait a while and you will see
How maidens hearts doth waver.

I took sick and very sick,
Isent for her tosee me,
But all she said when she came in
"I fear,young man,you're dyin'".

"O,dying,love! that ne'er can be!
One kiss from you will cure me."
"One kiss fromme you never shall get,
Though your fond heart was breakin'".

"Do you remember the other night
When in your tavern drinking,
You drank a health to many fair maids
But you slighted Barbary Allen?"

"Look up, look up, unto the wall,
And there's a satchel hanging,
With my gold watch and silver chain,
Give them to Barbary Allen.

"Look down, look down, to my bed side,
And there's a bason standing,
And it is filled with my heart's blood,
'Twas shed for Barbary Allen."

He turned his eyes round to the wall,
Saying, "Adieu, adieu to all men!
"Adieu, adieu to all mankind,
Likewise to Barbary Allen."

Slowly, slowly she turned away,
And slowly left him dying,
She had not gone more than half a mile,
When she heard the death bell tolling.

And every toll that the death bell gave,
Gave woe to Barbary Allen,
And every toll that the death bell gave,
Gave woe to Barbary Allen.

"Mother, Mother, make my bed,
Make it both soft and narrow,
My true love died for me today,
I'll die for him tomorrow."

Now they are dead, those two are dead,
And in one grave together,
Out of his heart grew a red, red rose,
And out of hers a brier.

They grew, they grew to the church steeple top,
Till they could not grow no higher,
And there they tied a true lover's knot,
The red rose and the brier.

That mongrel waif of a ballad, wherein the pure and poignant griefs, resultant from Barbara Allen's cruelty, become spasms of mawkish sentimentality overdone by some clumsy dullard with never an old song in his Head, is readily estimated by the folk-singers of Nova Scotia, who regard it as a vastly amusing Americanism. And yet the song yields evidence. It indicates a recent ballad appeal and a stupidly sincere attempt at imitation of an which was admired. It shows, also, the influence of a ballad type not found today in Canada--the "bequest" type--in the death-bed assignment of the "gold watch and silver chain". The dissapearance of "common-places", the impurity of the style in general, with its imperfection of rhyme and metre, show plainly the ravages done upon the popular ballad by mo modern social instruments.

The Brimicombe variant is, if anything, more interesting than that of Mrs. Dingle, if only because of its fuller decadence. The use of the first person is perhaps traceable to the black-letter broadside which Child reproduced as 84b. Collation reveals several remarkable relationships between the Buchan, Child, Keith and present variants:

Brimicombe st.1,

In Scarlet town where I was bound.	Buchan st.1;Child B1.
In Scotland I was born and bred.	L.L..C1.
In Scarlet town I was born and bred.	idem.alternative.

Brimicombe st.2,

I courted her for seven long years.	L.L..C2.

Brimicombe st.4,

But ae kiss o' thee would comfort me.	Buchan 13.
"My dear," said he,"come pity me".	Child B7.
A kiss o' you would do me good.	L.L..A6.

Brimicombe st.6,

Put in your hand at my bed stock
An there ye'll find a warran,
Ye'll find my watch,an' my gowd ring,
Gie that to Babie Allan. Buchan st.17.

Put in your hand at my bed side
An there ye'll find a warran,
Wi' my gold watch an' my prayer-book
Gie that to Bawbie Allan. L.L..A8.

Brimicombe st.7,

A napkin full o' my heart's blood.	L.L..A9
A china basin full o' tears.	L.L..C9.

(Keith says,"Compare Folk-Song Journal,ii,17,18." Here we find,"he asked her to get a cup down from a shelf which held the tiars he had shed for her".sic. Traditional matter,and even in its corruption entitled to consideration.)

It is most interesting to observe that both the Nova Scotia variants have distict points of connexion with the famous manuscript text of Buchan which was denied admission to the Child collection. Evidence piles up for

Buchan's faithfulness in record. C.K.Sharpe says the ballad was heard,much in the Buchan manner,in Annandale;[1] Keith callas attention to three variants current in the North;[2] and here-with are two more presented. The appeals of the relations (L.L..A12-14) are in the Buchan MS stanzas 26,27 and 28. Of the Annandale singing,Child says,"Doubtless it was learned by them from some stall print": if the Nova Scotia variants were thus acquired by the people doe not text A(Mrs.Dingle's) indicate a tendency in tradition to reject,rather than to gather? But with all allowance made for traditional variations,this variant A is seen to be in direct descent from that known to Allan Ramsay and copied by Percy. Stanza 2,with its "seven ships" shows the influence of the Buchan variant,

O see yeunot yon seven ships
Sae merrily's they're sailin'?
The freights o' them are coming in
To tocher Babie Allen. ....Buchan st.21.

Stanza 4 of our variant A mentions the"kiss" found in Buchan13 and in L.L..A6. Stanzas 6and 7 mention the despatch of a letter, an incident not known in any other variant. Of all this what is the conclusion? Either (1) the Appalachian,Nova Scotian and Aberdeenshire variants owe their being to Buchan's text--which in the highest degree improbable,indeed altogether impossible if the seeming antiquity of the living variants be proved: or, (2) that Buchan was in touch with genuine folk-song sources which no other man tapped. Now it is readily admitted that

(1) vide,Stenhouse's Illustrations,p.300.
(2) Last Leaves,etc.p.68.

Buchan furbished his material forth somewhat,not falling short of actual improvisation at times,e.g. his last stanza of Barbara Allen:

> She was a girl baith meek and mild,
> Her features worth the tellin',
> There's nae a flower that buds in May
> Sae fair as Babie Allan
>
> But Captain Green,wi' haughty words,
> His haughty boasts and brawlin'
> Was basely slain by his ain sword,
> An' nae by Babie Allen.

Yet that is readily understood. It is more difficult to conceive how other stanzas of this song have so long eluded capture,for here they are at this late date found firmly established in traditional song both in Canada and in Scotland--the ships(our textA);the satchel,watch,chain and basin of blood (our text B6,7); the warran,napkin,watch and prayer-book(L.L..A8,9); all such legacies. No better material could be brought forward in Buchan's defence,for surely it is the most hazardous of conjectures that Buchan was the instigator of the songs as collected in places with so little in common as Annandale,Aberdeenshire, the Appalachians and Nova Scotia.

v. The Holland Handerchief. Superstitious beliefs characterize some of the best narratives in ballad literature,and this is a version of the famous Suffolk Miracle,described by Professor Child as"the representative in England of one of the most impressive and beautiful ballads of the European continent". It here

represents Nova Scotian ballads of the supernatural. In the Child collection, the Suffolk Miracle is No.272. This version, although not so complete in detail as the Child examples, is yet very effective at the command of a competent singer. The words here given are those of Mrs Sam Turple's usage:

There was a farmer lived in this town,
His fame went through the whole country round,
He had a daughter of beauty bright,
And in her he placed his whole heart's delight.

Many a young man a-courting came,
But none of them could her favour gain,
Till one poor boy of low degree,
Came along one day, and she fancied he.

When her father he came to hear,
He separated her from her dear,
Full four score miles away was she sent,
To her uncle's house, at her discontent.

One night as she in her chamber stood,
Getting ready for to lie down,
She heard a dread and dismal sound,
Saying "Loose these bands that are so fast bound."

Her father's steed she quickly knew,
Her mother's cloak and safe guard[1] too,
"This is a message being sent to me,
By such a messenger, kind sir," said she.

Then as she rode along behind,
They rode full swifter than the wind,
And not one word unto her did speak,
Save, "O my dear, how my head doth ache!"

A holland handkerchief she then drew out,
And bound his head all round about,
She kissed his lips, and these words did say,
"My jewel, you're colder than any clay!"

(1) A protective skirt-wrap for ladies who travelled upon horse-back the muddy roads of seventeeth century England.

When they got to her father's door,
He knocked so boldly at the ring,
"Go in, Go in!" this young man he said,
"And I'll see this horse in his stable fed."

When she came to her father's door,
She saw her father stand on the floor,
"Father, dear father! did you not send for me,
By such a messenger, kind sir?" said she.

Her father, knowing this young man was dead,
The very hair rose on his head,
He wrang his hands and cried full sore,
But this poor boy's parents cried still more.

Now all young maidens a warning take,
Be sure your vows you do not break,
For once your vows and your words are gone,
There is no recalling them back again.

A comparison of this bit of a song with the Child variant[1] shows clearly a close relationship.[2] Both are "blurred, enfeebled and disfigured". Perhaps a similarity might be traced to the broadsides of the seventeenth century, from which Child took his texts, for the ancestors of the Hants County Singers were, for some years previous to the close of that period, of profuse broadside diffusion, still in England and in Scotland. Yet, on the other hand, the Child variants seem a little too smooth and polished; there is the possibility that here again we have a ballad fragment quite unfurbished with/

(1) Child gives no traditional text, but merely those of the Wood E25 fol.83, and the Roxburghe ii, 240 broadsides, and a collation with the text in Moore's Pictorial Book of Ancient Ballad Poetry.

(2) cf. also EFSSA. p. 130.

with niceties and prettinesses, that is the rude remnant of a song which printing killed.

vi. The Mermaid.[1] The Nova Scotian text of this ballad is cognate with Child's No.289, Version B. This good old sea song, also well known to college men of the last generation as a glee, is a representative of one of the oldest types of superstition ballads. Like the ballad of Sir Patrick Spens, it summons a mermaid only that she may foretell disaster. Other signs and omens are also admitted - the moon's declination in particular. In Child's version "J" of "Spens" we have -

> Then up it raise the mermaiden
> Wi' the comb and glass in her hand,
> Here's a health to you, my merry young men,
> For you never will see dry land.

The Nova Scotian song goes in this way:

> 'Twas Friday morn when we set sail,
> And we were not far from the land,
> When the captain he spied a lovely mermaid,
> With a comb and a glass in her hand, her hand, her hand,
> With a comb and a glass in her hand.
>
> Refrain:
> O the raging seas did roar,
> And the stormy winds did blow,
> And we jolly sailor boys were skipping up aloft,
> And the land lubbers lying down below, below, below,
> And the land lubbers lying down below.

(1) Last Leaves, etc. p.242; F.S. Journal, iii, 47; v, 227.

Then up spoke the captain of our gallant ship,
Who at once did the peril see,
"I have married a wife in fair London town,
And this night she a widow will be." etc.

Refrain
Then up spoke the cook of our gallant ship,
And a jolly old cook was he,
"O,I care much more for my kettles and my pots,
Than I do for the bottom of the sea." etc.

Refrain
Then up spoke the cabin-boy of our gallant ship,
And a fair-haired laddie was he,
"I've a father and mother in fair Portsmith town,
And this night they'll be weeping for me. etc.

Refrain
"When the moon shines bright and the stars give light,
O,my mother will be looking for me,
She may look,she may weep,she may look to the deep,
But I'll be at the bottom of the sea."etc.

Refrain
Then three times round went our gallant ship,
And three times round went she,
Then three times round went our gallant ship,
And she sank to the bottom of the sea .etc.

Child took his principal text from The Glasgow Lasses Garland[1] of about 1765. From the Poet's Box,so late as 1873,a slip was issued in the same city,but the latter text has forsaken the ballad form,as has that here presented. Keith has edited a variant taken from tradition, with the chorous almost identical (L.L..104d); but he points out that the chorous"When the stormy winds do blow" seems to have been a tag to many an old sea-faring song, even as early as the seventeenth century. Our variant seems to bear closest relation to Child C,but certainly does not derive from it. The cabin-boy's soliloquy is most closely parallelled in the Keith text A3,4. The kettles and pots of our cook appear as "pots and pans" in Keith A5 and

Child E6. Our concluding stanza is,with negligible differences,that of a broadside printed by Birt of London about 1840.(1) A J.Catnach slip of about the same date omits that wording in favour of "for want of a life-boat".(2) To what conclusion are we to come,if not that this Nova Scotia variant is as old at least of the most ancient recorded? Assuredly no one person made so deliberate a concoction of the known variants. The cumulative process of song making could not be more plainly exemplified.

Among my singers this song was in but poor repute, They have lost all belief in mermaids,though still retaining a measure of veneration for the moon and its significations,and despise the catastrophe as untrue to fact. Much more honour is payed to an account in doggerel verse of the wreck of the ship "Atlantic" on the nearby coast.

vii. The Golden Vanitee.(1) The most popular of all sea-ballads extant in Canada is this of The Golden Vanitee, which is No.286 in the Child collection. The variants here given seem to be closely related to the old broad-side "Sir Walter Raleigh Sailing in the Lowlands",but it is quite as likely that Sir Walter's name was imported to revive the popular interest in a languishing traditional version of the song,as that the people who have passed

(1) Last Leaves,etc.,p.238; also EFSSA.p.142; also FSJ.i,104; ii.244.

on this Nova Scotia variant have forgotten England's hero. With our version, Raleigh was probably never associated; the prestige of his name would have lingered; at worst the name would have been garbled, as have been the names of/

/see p.98.

of Musgrave, Matha Groves, Lord Darnly, Balmsley, or Darnell. No vague"captain" could have supplanted the glamorous name of Raleigh. The first text given is that of Mrs Dingle's singing, in August, 1921:

A ship have I got in the North Countrie,
And she goes by the name of The Golden Vanitie,
O I fear she'll be taken by a French galilie,
As she sails by the Lowlands Low.

Refrain.
By the Lowlands Low, by the Lowlands Low,
As she sails by the Lowlands Low.

To the captain then upspoke the little cabin boy,
He said, "What is my fee if the galley I destroy,
The French galilie if no more it doth annoy,
As you sail by the Lowlands low?"

Refrain.

"I'll give you gold and I'll give you fee,
And my eldest daughter your wife she shall be,
Of treasures and of fee galore I'll give to thee,
As we sail by the Lowlands Low."

Refrain.

The boy bended his breast and away swam he,
Until he came to the French galilie,
He swam until he came to that French galilie,
As she lay in the Lowlands Low.

Refrain.

He took an auger with him, that weighed but one ounce,
And with it he bore twenty-four holes at once,
In the French galilie twenty-four holes at once,
As she lay in the Lowlands Low.

Refrain.

Some were at cards, and some were at dice,
And others were taking good advice,
And he let the water in, concealed from their eyes,
As she lay in the Lowlands Low.

Refrain.

Some for their hats, and some for their caps,
All for to stop up the salt water gaps,
The boy sunk the galley in spite of them all,
So king bless the captain, seamen and all.

Refrain.

The boy bared his breast and back he swam,
Until he came to his own ship again,
The Golden Vanitie, as on the tide she ran,
Lying in the Lowlands Low.

Refrain.

"O captain, captain, take me in,
For I am chilled unto the chin,
And I am very weary and I can no longer swim,
I am sinking in the Lowlands Low.

Refrain.

O captain take me in,"again he faintly cried,
"I will not take you in," the captain he replied,
"I will shoot you, I will drown you, and I'll send you with the tide
And I'll sink you in the Lowlands Low."

Refrain.

"O captain, captain, if it were not for your men
I'd serve you as I've served them,
The Golden Vanitie as the French galilie
Which lay in the Lowlands Low.

Refrain.

"Throw him a rope," the Captain he replied,
"And I'll soon fetch him over the side."
So they hauled the cabin boy from out the flowing tide
Which ran by the Lowlands Low.

Refrain.

"I'll give you your gold and I'll give you your fee,
But my eldest daughter your wife she shan't be,"
Thus spoke the captain of The Golden Vanitie
As she lay in the Lowlands Low.

Refrain.

The cabin boy spoke up, and to the captain then said he,
"I value not your gold, nor yet your silver fee,
But your eldest daughter my wife she shall be,
As we sail by the Lowlands Low."

Refrain.

The captain he repented, he fired shot and ball,
So the boy got the daughter in spite of them all,
May God bless captain, ship, seamen and all,
Who sail in the Lowlands Low.

Refrain.

Mr Fred Brimicombe rendered the following version:

There was a ship came over from the North Countrie,
The name of the ship was The Golden Vanitie
They feared she would be taken by the Turkish Adamy,
That sailed on the Lowland Sea.
Lowland, Lowland, Lowland Sea.

Then up on deck came the little cabin boy,
He looked up at the skipper saying "What'll you give to me?
If I swim along side of the Turkish Adamy,
And sink her in the Lowland Sea?"
Lowland, Lowland, Lowland Sea.

"O I will give you silver, and I will give you gold,
And my only daughter for to be your bride,
If you swim along side the Turkish Adamy,
And sink her in the Lowland sea."
Lowland, Lowland, Lowland Sea.

The boy made ready and overboard sprang he,
He swam along side of the Turkish Adamy,
And with his auger sharp inhher side he bored holes three,
And he sank her in the Lowland Sea.
Lowland,Lowland,Lowland Sea.

The boy sank his auger and back again swam he,
He swam along side of the Golden Vanitee,
But the skipper would not heed,for his promise he would need
And he left him in the Lowland Sea,
Lowland,Lowland,Lowland Sea.

The cabin-boy swam round till he came to the ship's side,
He looked up at his mess-mates and bitterly he cried,
Saying,"Messmates,take me up,for I'm drifting with the tide,
And I'm sinking in the Lowland Sea."
Lowland,Lowland,Lowland Sea.

His messmates took him up and upon the deck he died,
They sewed him in his hammock which was so large and wide,
They lowered him overboard and they sent him with the tide,
And he sank beneath the Lowland Sea.
Lowland,Lowland,Lowland Sea.

So fascinating is this ballad that a partial collation may be welcomed,on the basis of Mrs.Dingle's variant,called A:

A1.i..Sir Walter Raleigh has built a ship. . ChildA1.i.
There was agallant ship and a gallant ship was she.Ch.Ba1.i
There was an auncient ship and an auncient ship was she. .Ch.Bc.Bd.
O she was an English ship and an English ship was she. .Ch.Be.1.
The George-a-Low came down the strait..... .Ch.B.f.1.
I have a ship in the North Countrie.....Ch.C.a.1
Our ship she was called The Golden Vanitee.....Ch.C.b.1.
There was a good ship from the North Countrie.....Ch.C.c.1.
A ship I have got in the North Country.....Ch.C.d.1.
Our ship sailed to the North Country.....Ch.C.e.1.
I spied a ship and a ship was she.....Ch.C.f.1.
There was a ship of the North Countrie. .....Ch.C.g.1.
I spied a ship sailing on the sea.....L.L.1.
It's I have got a ship in the North Country...FSJ.i.104.

Thus of fourteen variants,six mention5"the North Country" as used in our text. Because space forbids the burden of fourteen variants in exhaustiye discussion,carry these six into their

second lines:

A1.ii. And she goes by the name of the Golden Vanity.. Ch.C.a.1.
And that ship's name was the Golden Vanity. Ch.C.c.1.
And she goes by the name of the Golden Vanity.. Ch.C.d.1.
And the name o'her was the Golden Pinnatree. Ch.C.e.1.
And the name of the ship was the Golden Trinitie.Ch.C.g.1.
She goes ny the name of the Golden Vanity. FSJ.i.104.

Of the six carry four into the third line,
I'm afraid she'll be taken by some Turkish gallee.Ch.C.a.1.
That she will be taken by the pirate Tar-galley...Ch.C.c.2.
O,I fear she'll be taken by a Spanish Galalie.....Ch.C.d.1
I'm afraid she will be taken by the Spanish galleon.FSJ. i.104

But reference to a"French galalie" is lacking; and here again the point is made that these Nova Scotia variants are either altogether independent--which notion is absurd--or,on the other hand,the result of a cumulative,cooperative, compositional process, under influences oral and printed, accidental and deliberate.

Take,again,stanza 5 inour variant A:the first two lines are in other variants,

He had an auger fit for the (n)once,
The which will bore fifteen good holes at once. Ch.A.6.

When he took out an instrument,bored thirty holes at twice.Ch.B.a.8.

He just took out a gimlet and bored sixty holes and thrice.Ch.B.b.8.

But he struck her with an instrument,bored thirty holes at twice.Ch.B.c.9.

And three-score holes he scuttled in a trice. Ch.B.d.9

But he struck her with an auger thirty-three and thrice....Ch.B.e.8.

When the sea came gushing in a trice. .... Ch.B.f.8.

The boy he had an auger to bore holes two at twice.. Ch.C.a.4.

For this boy he had an auger that bored twenty
holes in twice.Ch.C.b.4.

This boy had a case o' fine instruments,
He ca'd fifty holes and drove them a' at once. Ch.C.e.8.

He had an instrument made for the use,
He bored nine holes in her water-sluice.....Ch.C.f.5.

The boy had an auger right fitted for the use,
And into her bottom he bored a watery sluice. Ch.C.g.6.

He had a lot of fine instruments
And thirty holes he has driven at twice. ..... L.L.8.

This boy had an auger which bored two holes at once..FSJ.i.104.4.

For the catastrophe our variant A has repentance on the part of the captain,while variant B consents to a melancholy ending, Child A leaves us in doubt as to the cabin-boy's fate. Child B.a,b,d definitely state that his life was spared,as does Keith's Aberdeen variant.;whereas ChildC.a,b,e,f,and g as surely destroy him. In other words, Mrs.Dingle's variant may be said to bear closest relation to Child B,Mr.Brimicombe's to Child C. But where does the popular ingenuity cease? And why is not the Nova Scotia understanding of the matter as good as the next? --Trace these variants? The effort teaches its own lesson--cooperative and cumulative composition.

The "Turkish Adamy" is as interesting a reference as any. I am inclined to hazard "Armady" i.e.Armada,as its original form. The examination into the fate of the little cabin-boy sheds considerable light on th e vagaries of this

So they have row'd him up tight in a black bull's skin
Eeek iddle dee, etc.
And have thrown him o'er deck-buird, sink he or swim
As they sailed to the Lowlands Low.

We'll no' throw you up a rape, nor pu' you up on buird
Eeek iddle dee, etc.
Nor prove unto you as good as our word,
As they sailed to the Lowlands Low.

Out spake the little cabin boy, out spake he,
Eeek iddle dee, etc.
Then hange me, but I'll sink ye, as I sank the French galley
As they sailed to the Lowlands Low.

But they've thrown him o'er a rape, and have pu'd him up on buird
Eeek iddle dee, etc.
And have proved unto him far better than their wird
As they sailed to the Lowlands Low.

While a later stall copy,(1) describes the boy's death:

The boy he swam round, all by the starboard side;
They laid him on the deck, and it's there he soon died.
Then they sewed him up in an old cow's hide
And they threw him overboard to go down with the tide,
And they sunk him in the Lowlands Low.

Yet another version(2) strikes a compromise, for the boy is offered his promised silver and gold, but is refused the captain's daughter. He scorns the base proposal and haughtily takes his departure to other scenes - whether or celestial or terrestrial we are not told.

You shall have gold and you shall have fee
In the Neather-lands
But my eldest daughter your wife shall never be
For sailing in the Lowlands.

Then fare you well, you cozening lord
In the Neatherlands
Seeing you are not so good as your word
Sailing in the Lowlands.

(1) In the "Poet's Box Collection," Mitchell Library, Glasgow.
(2) Pepys' Ballads.iv.196,no.189; also Euing 334.

Mr Brimicombe, when asked for his frank opinion upon the fate of the boy, volunteered only a laconic comment to the effect that, as he learned the ballad, the boy always died. Mrs Dingle stoutly maintained her version of the captain's timely repentance. While Mrs Turple, less phlegmatic than either of these two singers, hazarded the opinion that both the variants have origin in truth; although admitting that as her mother sang the song, the boy lived and prospered. Yet, be all this as it may "the little cabin boy" is beyond doubt an universal favourite and a true-blue hero with all the country folk.

viii. The False Knight.(1) This is the world-renowned story of Lady Isabel and the Elf-Knight, which in the Child collection is No.4.

There was a lord in Ambertown,
He courted a lady gay,
And all he wanted of this pretty maid
Was to take her life away.

"Go gather up your father's gold
And some of your mother's fee,
And two of the choicest of the steeds,
And we'll ride away to the sea."

She gathered up her father's gold
And some of her mother's fee,
They mounted two of the fairest steeds
And merrily rode away.

She mounted on the milk-white steed
And he on the rambling gray
They rode till they came to the fair river side
Three hours before it was day.

(1) vide, JAFL. xxxv. p.338; also xxix. p.156.; also Last Leaves etc. p.2; and The Quest of the Ballad .p.93; FSJ. iv. 116.

"Light off, light off thy milk-white steed,
And deliver it unto me,
For six fair maids I have drownded here
And you the seventh shall be.

Strip off, strip off your silken robes
Likewise thy golden stays,
Methinks they are too rich and too gay,
To rot in the salt, salt sea."

"If I must take off my silken robes
Pray turn your back to me,
For it is not fit such a ruffian as you,
An undressed lady should see."

He turned his back around about,
To face yon willow tree,
With all the strength this fair maiden had,
She tumbled him into the sea.

"Lie there, lie there! you false young knight,
Lie there instead of me,
For six fair maidens thou has drownded here,
But the seventh hath drownded thee."

So he rolled high and he rolled low,
Till he rolled to the sea side,
"Stretch forth your hand, my pretty Polly,
And I'll make you my bride."

"Lie there, lie there! you false young knight!
Lie there instead of me!
For I don't think your clothing too good
To rot in the salt, salt sea."

She mounted on her milk-white steed
And she led her rambling gray,
And she rode forward to her father's door,
Two hours before it was day.

The parrot was in the window high,
And to his young mistress did say,
"O where have you been, my young mistress,
That you're out so long before day?"

"Don't prittle, don't prattle, my pretty Poll parrot,
Nor tell no tales on me.
Your cage shall be made of the finest gold
Although it was made from the tree."

The old man on his pillow did lie.
He unto the parrot did say
"What ails you, what ails you, my pretty Poll parrot?
You prattle so long before day?"

"There was a cat came to my cage
And she did frighten me
And I was calling my young mistress
To drive the cat away."

"Well done it, well done it, my pretty Poll parrot,
Well done it, well done it," said she.
"Your cage it shall be of the glittering gold
And the doors of ivory."

No finer instance of the treasures that lie hidden and guarded in the possession of the Nova Scotia country folk, awaiting rescue from oblivion, could be desired. Known simply as "The False Knight", the ballad was evidently of wide circulation in Canada some sixty years ago. The elimination of the prefix "Elf" is of course highly significant as indicative of the tendency to avoid every reference to the supernatural, lest ridicule be invited. It will be noticed that the narrative is quite purged of all such references. It might, at this point, be worth while to call attention to the English County proverb "False as a Christian" spoken with reference to an animal of seemingly unusual intelligence. Professor McKenzie has compiled a composite version of "Lady Isabel" which he/

he records under the title "Pretty Polly". From his account also the supernatural has been banished and the Elf appears but as a"ruffian". The words which are here set down were sung to me on the night of August 21st.1921 in "the kitchen"of the Dingle homestead. The text is in closest alliance with that recorded by Dixon and by Bell,used by Child as variantE. But,again,there is no foundation whatever for declaring the older printed text the source. E, for instance makes no mention in its first stanza of the visitor's sinister intention; whereas Child C and D give warning,as do the variants of Keith in Last Leaves,etc.A, and those of the Folk Song Journal,iv,116. "Her parents' gold" is mentioned in Child C.c,D.a and b; in Last Leaves, etc. A; and Folk Song Journal iv.116,as well as in the E variant of Child. Yet in none of these are the "golden stays" mentioned,while "silken stays" occur only in E7. The knight implores rescue of the victorious maiden,with promises of marriage,in Child B13 and C10 and Folk Song Journal iv,117,as well as in the E variant with which our variant was first linked. The lines of our stanza 11, three and four,which are lacking in Child E might be dismissed as unimportant were it not for the appearance of the identical thought in Child F7,three and four:

> For I don't think thy clothing too good
> To lie in a watery tomb.

The Child stanzas E14-18 tell the parrot incident almost word for word with our variant,whereas "glittering gold"

and "ivory" are not promised to the parrot in F. In C and in D the parrot also plays a part, most pointedly accusing "May Colvin" of murdering "false Sir John".

Here, again, the inference would seem to be that the Nova Scotia variant is as genuine a piece of traditional matter as any one of the Child texts--if anything stronger than its closest relation, Child E.

ix. The Gypsy Davy. This is The Gypsy Laddie of Child, no. 200. It is known in the North as The Three Gypsy Laddies (Last Leaves, etc, no. lx.). The words as here presented are those of a Crp. Fetterlie of the 34th. Battalion, Canadian Expeditionary Force, recruited in the farming district about London, Ontario. Thetext bears closest resemblance to Child no. 200Jb--"from the singing of Mrs. Farmer, born in Maine, as learned by her daughter, about 1840".

The Gypsy Davy came over the hill
And over the eastern valley,
He sang till he made the green woods ring
And he charmed the heart of the lady.

The landlord came home from the fair,
Enquiring for his lady,
The servants made him thus reply,
"She's gone with the Gypsy Davy".

"Then saddle me my coal-black steed,
For the gray one's not so speedy,
I'll ride all day and I'll ride all night,
Till I overtake my lady".

He rode till he came to the muddy water-side,
Where it was so dark and dreary,
The tears came trickling down his eyes
As he beheld his lady.

"Last night you slept in your warm,warm bed,
And in your arms your baby,
Tonight you sleep on the cold,cold ground
In the arms of the Gypsy Davy".

"I never loved my house and lands,
I never loved my baby,
I never loved my own wedded lord
As I love the Gypsy Davy".

Child has, for the Canadian text, these differences

st.1.- The gypsy came tripping o'er the lea,
The gypsy he sang boldly. Jb.1.
....the merry woods...

st.2
The lord came home that self-same nihght " 2.
Inquired....
The servant.....

st.3- O bring me at the blackest steed. " 3.
The brown one's.....

st.4- He rode along by the river side, " 4
The water was black and riley

and following four,

Will you forsake your house and home?
Will you forsake your baby?
Will you forsake your own wedded lord,
And go with the Gypsy Davy? " 5.

Yes,I'll forsake my house and home, " 6.
Yes,I'll forsake my baby,
I will forsake my own wedded lord,
I love the Gypsy Davy.

The relationship is too obvious to call for elucidation. For other variants of the ballad see,EFSSA,p.112; and Last Leaves,etc.p.126.

x. The "Bonny House of Airlie. With allowance made for traditional and dialect changes, this variant takes its place among the seven recorded by A. Keith in Last Leaves, etc.[1] The Aberdeen variants A and B are both represented here, A in st. 8, B in st. 7, conspicuously. And with the exception of a very few lines the whole lot of these Airlie verses are of recent traditional formation. Child numbers the ballad in his collection, 199. This variant came into my hands during the summer of 1922, as it was sung by Mrs A-, the mother-in-law of the Presbyterian minister in the village of Shubenacadie, Nova Scotia. As a ballad it is a poor thing, probably imported by the Nova Scotians in the form of a broadside. But Mrs. A- was in her late seventies and remembered it only from her mother's singing; beyond the fact that it was "a Scotch song", she knew nothing of its history. Her recitation of it was, moreover, listless and without spirit: she was no true ballad lover, although the detailed recollection of the song was a matter of some little pride to her.

This class of song, dealing as it does with a story which the Scottish people themselves have made every endeavour to localize, is not often to be met with in Canada. Memories of the homeland have grown too dim, perhaps, dear though they be.

(1) Last Leaves, etc. p. 123.

It was on a summer's day, when our men were all away,
And the flowers were fresh and fairly,
When a voice from afar, like the dreadful sound of war,
Was heard at the Bonnie House of Airly.

Argyle marched on his brave Highland men,
Through the run they marched right cheerily,
Over hills and through glens and over lofty fens,
Till they reached the Bonnie House of Airly.

The lady was looking over her bonnie castle walls,
And over it looked right sairly,
When she saw Argyle and a' his Highlandmen,
Coming to plunder the Bonnie House of Airly.

Come down stairs, Lady Ogilvie," he said,
Come down and kiss me fairly,
For I have sworn by the hilt of my sword,
Not to leave a standing stone in Airly."

"I will not come down for great Argyle,
I will not kiss you fairly,
I will not come to false Argyle,
Though he leaves not a standing stone in Airly.

If my good lord were at hame this night,
As he is away with Prince Charlie,
It would not be Argyle, nor all his chosen men
Would plunder the Bonnie House of Airly.

Seven bonny babes I have borne him,
And the eighth has ne'er seen his daddy,
And if I should bear him as many more
They should all go and serve Prince Charlie."

They searched it up and they sought it down,
Diligently and sincerely,
It was underneath the bonny bowling green,
Where they found the dowry of Airly.

Then the men went to work, like Heathen, Jew or Turk,
To consume the mansion fairly,
The reek and light was'a sorrowful scene that night
When they burned down the bonny house of Airlie.

xi. The Good Man. This is No.274 in Child's Collection, "Our Good Man". Whether Child intended to suppress several of the high-kilted verses, or not, I do not know. At anyrate as the song came to me, I must pass it on. The singer's name will not be mentioned, in accordance with a promise exacted from me before the song's release. My informant, however, gave every assurance that the words came, as here recorded, from a grandparent. On several occasions, I myself have heard it roared forth with considerable gusto at country gatherings:

Home came the good man
And home came he
There he saw a saddle mare
Where no mare should be.

"What's this now, goodwife?
What's this I see?
How came this mare here,
Without the leave of me?"
"A mare," says she,
"Yes, a mare", says he.

"You old fool, you damn fool
You silly fool," says she,
"It's only a brood sow
My mother sent to me."
"A sow?" says he,
"Yes, a sow," says she.

"Far have I ridden,
And farther have I gone
But a saddle on a sow's back
I saw never one."

Home came the goodman
And home came he
He saw a pair of riding boots
Where no boots should be.

"What's this, now goodwife,
"What's this I see?
How came these boots here,
Without the leave of me?
"Boots," says she,
"Yes, boots", says he.

"You old fool, you damn fool,
You silly fool," says she,
"It's only two milk-pails
"My mother sent to me."
"Milk-pails?" says he.
"Yes, milk-pails", says she.

"Far have I ridden
And further have I gone
But silver spurs on milk-pails
I saw never one."

Home came the goodman
And home came he,
He saw a long sword
Where no sword should be.

"What's this now, goodwife?
What's this I see?
How came this sword here
Without the leave of me?"
"A sword?" says she.
"Yes, a sword," says he.

"You old fool, you damn fool,
You silly fool," says she.
"It's only a porridge spoon
My mother sent to me".
"A porridge spoon?"says he.
"Yes, a porridge spoon", says she.

"Far have I ridden,
And further have I gone
But scabbard for a porridge spoon
I saw never one."

Home came the goodman
And home came he
He saw a feathered hat
Where no hat should be.

"What's this now goodwife,
What's this I see?
How came this hat here?
Without the leave of me?
"A hat," says she,
"Yes, a hat," says he.

"You old fool, you damn fool,
You silly fool," says she.
"It's only a sitting hen
My mother sent to me."
"Hen," says he.
"Yes, hen," says she.

"Far have I ridden,
And farther have I gone
But buckle on a sitting hen
I saw never one."

Home came the good man
And home came he
He saw a greatcoat
Where no coat should be.

"What's this now goodwife,
What's this I see?
How came this coat here,
Without the leave of me?
"A coat," says she,
"Yes, a coat," says he.

"You old fool, you damn fool,
You silly fool," says she.
"It's only a blanket
My mother sent to me."
"Blanket?" says he.
"Yes, blanket" says she.

"Far have I ridden
And farther have I gone
But buttons on a blanket
I saw never one.

Home came the goodman
And home came he.
He saw a head upon the bed
Where no head should be.

"What's this now goodwife,
What's this I see?
How came this head here,
Without the leave of me?
"Head," says she.
"Yes, head," says he.

"You old fool, you damn fool,
You silly fool,"says she
"It's only a cabbage head
My mother sent to me."
"Cabbage head," says she,
"Yes, cabbage head," says he.

"Far have I ridden
And farther have I gone
But whiskers on a cabbage head
I saw never one."

Home came the goodman
And home came he.
He saw.....
Where no ... should be.

"What's this now ,goodwife,
What's this I see?
How came this ... here
Without the leave of me?"
"...."says she,
"Yes,...",says he.

"You old fool,you damn fool,
You silly fool,"says she,
"It's only a rolling-pin
My mother sent to me."
"Rolling-pin,"says he,
"Yes,rolling-pin,"says she.

"Far have I ridden,
And farther have I gone,
But rollers on a rolling-pin
I saw never one."

Home came our goodman
And home came he.
He curled his whip about them both,
As well could he.

"What's this,goodman,
What's this I see?
What do you with the whip,
You use so free?"
"Whip?"says he,
"Yes,whip,"says she.

"You old fool,you damn fool,
You silly fool," says he,
"It's only a boot-lace,
My father sent to me."

"Far have I ridden,
And farther have I gone,
But whipping with a boot-lace
Never saw I done".

And so on. The possibilities of a thing of this sort are,obviously,infinite. Songs of this sort are not so commonly sung as might be supposed. For the most part the broader kind are in the possession of old men who will divulge them only to cronies tried and true.

The Herd MS containing this ballad is of some interest; a complete text seems to have been

written, emendatory and additional lines and stanzas subsequently added, and finally a marginal note entered to the effect that a Glasgow person (a Mr. Dick) could furnish a better copy of the song. Child in 274a follows the text as originally written but allows slight verbal differences, e.g., Ch. A3 reads in the primary text, "The miller sent to me"--"My minny sent to me" is the secondary reading. "Sadle" in the Child text is spelled properly, "saddle" in the Herd text: A4 runs, "I saw never nane"; A7 reads, "The cooper sent to me"; while stanza A10 with its recitative couplet and stanza A11 with its couplet are not to be found at all, though direction is given to insert some such matter. Stanza A12 is in the Herd MS,

Weil, far hae I ridden
And muckle hae I seen
But siller handed spurtles
Saw I never nane.

And that is the way it appears in the 1776 edition. I call attention to Child A3 and A7, for in the first he has reverted to the secondary reading for no especial reason unless to establish a line for repetition; while in the second he makes the arbitrary change from "cooper" to "minnie", going contrary even to the 1776 text, to which he might have pointed in justification of the A3 change. The notes in volume iv. 94 do not make satisfactory explanation; these emendations are of trifling importance, but fuller explanations might have been appended to this supposedly authoritative text, labelled--as it is--"A.-Herd's MSS. i, 140" in the fifth volume; and "A.-Herd's MSS. i, 140; Herd's Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs, 1776, ii. 172" in the abridged edition of

The English and Scottish Popular Ballads: for it is neither the one nor the other, exactly.

The most significant variants of this ballad taken recently from tradition are those edited by Keith[1] and by Sharp,[2] and a text in the Journal of American Folk-Lore[3]. Strangely enough in all of these the "horse" is made to be a "milch-cow", as in the 1776 edition of Herd and in the broadside from which Child B comes; not a "brood-sow" or "broad-sow" as in the Herd MS and in this Nova Scotia variant. The "boots" become "water-stoups" in Herd MS, in the 1776 edition, and in L.L.-A and B; "churns" in EFSSA; "cabbage-heads" in EFSSA, text B; and "milk-pails" in this Nova Scotia text. The "sword" is a "porridge-spirtle" in the Herd MS and in the 1776 edition, but "porridge-spoon" in our text; a "roasting-spit" in Child B, while disappearing altogether from the Sharp variants. In all but Child B and the Nova Scotia variants, the swords are described as "siller-handed" or "siller-mounted", whereas in these two "sc abbards" are mentioned. That is important; it establishes a contact. The "cabbage-head", too, found in the EFSSA variant 32b underscores the traditional nature of the Nova Scotia stanza 17; while the "boot-lace" is suggested in the song given by Child (v.95 st.4) in an Appendix to the ballad proper. Sufficient evidence seems to have been presented to justify a claim for this as a piece in sturdy, independent tradition.

(1) Last Leaves, etc. no. xci .
(2) C.J. Sharp, EFSSA. no. xxxii, A, B and C.
(3) JAFL. xviii, 294, also, xxix, 166.

xii. Captain Ward. This is a variant of "Captain Ward and the Rainbow", which is numbered in Child, 287. It sounds a healthier note than the last, proclaiming as it does the doughty deeds of that daring free-booter, John Ward,[1] an Englishman of Kent, who held at defiance the whole navy of that redoubtable monarch James First of England and Sixth of Scotland.. The text[2] came to me from the singing of one Jim Young of Halifax, Nova Scotia, with whom I passed some time in the harvest fields of Saskatchewan in 1923.

Come all you seamen stout and bold, with courage beat your drums,
I'll tell you of a rover into the seas is come,
Bold Captain Ward they call him, it plainly doth appear,
There has not been such a rover these many a hundred year.

He wrote a letter to our queen on the third of January,
To see that if he might come in and bear her company,
To see that if he might come in old England to behold,
And for his freedom he would give five hundred tons of gold.

"O no, O no," our Queen she says, "O, that must never be,
To yield to such a bold hero myself will ne'er agree,
For he's proved false to the King of France, also the King of Spain
And how can he prove true to me, when he's proved false to them?"

'Twas about a fortnight after, a ship sailed from the West,
Loaded with silks and satins, her cargo of the best,
But then she met proud Sandy Ward upon the watery main,
He's taken from her both wealth and store, bade her return again.

(1) vide, Child's Eng. and Scot. Pop. Ballads. no. 287.

(2) see also, Last Leaves, etc. p. 239; FSJ. ii. 163; Garland in B.M. 11621. c. 4(92).

'Twas then our Queen she rigged, a gallant ship of fame
They called her the Rainbow, that you might know her name;
They called her the Rainbow, unto the seas goed she,
She had five hundred seamen bold to bear her company.

She sailed East, she sailed West, but nothing could she spy
Until she came to the very spot where Captain Ward did lie;
"I'm here, I'm here," said saucy Ward,"my name I'll ne'er deny,
But if you be one of Queen England's ships, you're welcome to pass by."

"It's no, " replied the Rainbow, "our Queen she's vexed sore,
Her merchant ships they can't pass by, as they used to do before;"
"Then come on, come on," said Saucy Ward, "I value you not one pin,
For if you have got brass for an outward show, I have got steel within."

It'was four o'clock next morning, the bloody fight began,
And it did continue until the setting of the sun;
"Fight on, fight on," said saucy Ward, "your spirit pleases me,
But if you fight for one month or more, your Master I will be."

The Rainbow she fired, till at length she fired in vain,
Till sixty of her bravest men along the decks were slain;
"Alas, alas," the Rainbow cried, "O this must never be,
If Admiral Drake had been alive, he'd have brought proud Ward to me."

The Rainbow fired from morning until that late at night,
Till at length the gallant Rainbow began to take great fright;
"Let's go home," cried saucy Ward, "and tell your Queen from me,"
That if she reigns Queen of England, I'll reign King of the sea.

Collation of this text is best effected with that of the Bagford Ballads i,65 (used by Child) and with a stall copy, say that of Ranball's Stirling garland (B.M.11621.c.4,92 and almost identical with the Buchan MS ii,417).

Strike up you lusty gallants,with music and sound of drum,
For we have descryed a rover upon the seas is come,
His name is Captain Ward,right well it doth appear,
There has not been such a rover found out this thousand year.

For he hath sent unto our King,the sixth of January,
Desiring that he might come in,with all his company,
"And if your King will let me come,till I my tale have told,
I will bestow for my ransome full thirty tun of gold".

"O nay,O nay,"then said our King,"O nay,this may not be,
To yield to such a rover myself will not agree,
He hath deceived the French-man,likewise the King of Spain,
And how can he be true to me,that hath been false to twain?"

So runs the Bagford text. Three stanzas of the Buchan variant will serve as a parallell.

Come all you jolly sailors bold,who live by tuck of drum,
I'll tell you of a rank robber upon the seas is come,
His name is called Captain Ward,as you the truth will hear,
There has not beensuch robbery these hundred and fifty years.

He's wrote a letter to our King on the fifth of January,
To see if he would take him in and all his company,
To see if he would accept of him and all his jolly sailors bold,
And for a ransom he would give two thousand pounds of gold.

"O no,O no,"then said the King,"for no such thing can be,
For he has been a robber and a robber on the sea,
First he beguiled the Wild Turk and then the King of Spain,
Pray how can he prove true to us,when he proves false to them?"

So far as may be seen by a survey of these three preliminary stanzas,our Nova Scotia variant is of neither the one nor the other. From the fourth stanza of our variant complications ensue: a ship "loaded with silks and satins" falls a prey to Ward--now that is of the stall copy,not of the Bagford broadside; yet when the "Rainbow" hails the "Rover",Ward cries,

"If you be one of Queen England's ships,you're welcome to pass by"

while in the Bagford it is,
"If thouart the King's fair ship,thou art welcome unto me"

Then in the stall copy there is this,
"You lie,you lie"said Captain Ward,"so well I hear you lie,
I never robbed an Englishman,an Englishman but three.
As for the worthy Scotchmen,I love them as my own,
All my delight is for to pull the French and Spaniards down".

Now of that there is nothing in the Bagford and nothing in the Nova Scotia text. The Bagford has,

"I never wronged an English ship,but Turk and King of Spain,
For and the jovial Dutchman as I met on the main.

All gone from our text; gone,too,the description of the King of England's reception of the news of his ship's defeat. Natural enough,this,for the names of Clifford, Mountjoy and Essex are meaningless today: only Drake survives. How is it that Drake and his Queen dominate this remnant of song to the exclusion of the proud James and his court? If this is a change effected by the people in the process of song adaptation,there is precedent for it all. Answered or not,that question establishes the traditional independence of this scrap of balladry,when considered in the light of supporting evidence.

With this twelfth ballad, reaching back as it does into the earliest years of the seventeenth century, at least, it may be well to close the chapter. That which it was sought to establish has been established, for with the presentation of such ballads as are here set down, recorded from singing or from oral recitation, all cavilling as to the usefulness and value of results obtainable in fresh fields in this late day, must cease. Altogether apart from their intrinsic value, as things loved by a simple sturdy people, these ballads possess a very real value to students of literature and of social progress; and of the evidence they yield to this study in the ways of tradition with verse, notice will now be taken.

In the first place, be it observed that no variant of any ballad or text has been admitted to this chapter, which has not a most obvious relationship to some text in the Child collection; yet not a single variant here recorded is identical with any one of Child's texts, nor even so nearly identical as to warrant the assumption of a common history. From the whole mass of popular song material gathered in the course of preparation for this work, these twelve samples have been chosen as most deserving of the name "Ballad." That service which they can here render, may now be demanded of them. Can it be shown, with their aid, that they and their like are possessed of characteristics so definite and peculiar as to demand/

demand their ascription to a distinctive genera? To win this especial designation, to justify their places in this chapter, the twelve songs must meet some such tests as were imposed by Professor Child upon his selections. What, for instance, is to be said of the "Impersonality" which Kittredge refers to as the first and most vital of the Child tests in balladry? Certainly no thought of a ballad's authorship is ever present in the mind of a singer. Any one of the dozen or so of ballad people from whom the variants in this chapter and the following come, would as soon think of enquiring for the origin of a word before speaking, as af a ballad before singing. For there is nothing of the author, if ever there was one, in any ballad. It is a plain tale, plainly told. What possible estimate of "l'homme" could be made from any dissection of "le style" of any ballad? The author, the singer, and the song are distinct. Nothing of self-pity, of commiseration, of personal feelings, of joy or grief finds place. No comments are embroidered about, far less embodied in, the genuine ballad. It is as impersonal,almost, as a chemical formula. That the singer feels the importance of his position is not to be doubted; in the majority of cases his aloofness is more than juridical. When a ballad has been sung, and some investigator so intrepid as to question either the veracity of the narrative or the probability of its development or/

or dénouement, dares to interrupt, the furies may well be loosed. The story exists for its own sake. Anything in the nature of emendation is simply not done; while to ornament is to deck for burial. On the score of impersonality, then, consider the twelve as passed. The second element sought out by Child in testing for ballad essence is the refrain. Not all of the variants in his Collection employ it, that is certain; but that the possession of a genuine traditional refrain enhanced the likelihood of a song's admission to ballad rank, with Child, there is no doubt. According to Kittredge, his pupil, Child thought of the refrain as a characteristic of ballad poetry which gradually ceased to be essential as the ballads got further and further away from singing and from the people. Then what of the refrain element in the twelve ballads before us? In only four of the twelve does a refrain play a part; and even from these four the refrain is eliminated by some singers. Child's supposition would seem to receive some support here, for certainly the texts recorded are as far from the people, as far from singing, as the songs themselves are ever likely to get; indeed, these ballads may safely be thought of as so different from their originals that likenesses are merely vestigial. For the relation of the refrain to dancing, some thought will be taken in/

in the sixth chapter.

The third element sought is the tendency to the use of what are known as "Commonplaces." Of all the ballad characteristics, the commonplace is perhaps the most evident to the ballad lover. It would be quite unnecessary to dwell at any length upon their significance. Their origin, use, and universal appeal have already been as fully and satisfactorily explained as they are ever likely to be. Suffice it to call attention to the fact that the twelve ballads here set forth are quite mottled with the more famous of these recurrent lines and stanzas.

Child's fourth incursion brought away examples of habitual repetition by the ballad singers. Many theories have been advanced in explanation of the habit, and it may not help greatly to say that, as observed in the singing of these ballads, repetition seemed to serve at once to gain time for the singer, to give apart to the chorusing audience, and to place a heavier impress upon the memory. It may well be that repetition of a stanza sung and of a measure danced often synchronised: but whether words or dance came first, it is now impossible to say. From simple repetition, that noteworthy feature of ballad structure, "incremental repetition" is to be distinguished. A stanza from "Little Matha Groves" will/

will perfectly illustrate incremental repetitive technique.

"How do you like my bed?" said he.
"How do you like my sheet?
How do you like my false lady
That lies in your arms and sleeps?"

The final test made for the Child Collection - indeed the only test that obtained consistently severe application - was that of source and origin. If a ballad satisfied every technical enquiry, yet did Child not rest until he had run the text to earth either in some reliable manuscript indebted to tradition, or in the traditional singing and recitation of the people themselves. So heavy a reliance did he place upon this source of test, that his Collection is manifestly weakened and its beauty impaired throughout by the admission of texts which met the enquiries as to origin more successfully than the demands of technique. "Kinmont Willie", beyond all doubt, was weighed time and again in the balance before admission to ballad rank, and Child salved his conscience upon its recognition, with a statement of faith in Scott's tremendous knowledge of border-lore. "Kinmont Willie" is a ballad in good standing only because we have Scott's word for its genuineness. Perhaps no great error would be made if Child and Grimm were to be linked as scholars who trusted, in the final event, their intuitive/

intuitive powers. With Grimm this was avowedly so, and a knowledge of the many ill-supported texts in the Child Collection enforces a belief in their intuitive selection. Fuller appreciation of this fact would dispel much of the doubt now prevalent as to the efficacy and trustworthiness of the Child ballad tests and selections.

Variants of twelve genuine ballad themes have been exhibited exactly as recovered from traditional recitation or singing among the farming people of isolated districts in Canada. Altogether apart from the proof that these texts afford of the continuance of the ballad singing tradition, under favourable conditions, even into the present time, the attitude of the singers to their verses tells the affection in which the old ballads are still held. It is worthy of note that the texts are devoid of almost any trace of dialect - "gin" for "if" in "Barbara Allen" is perhaps the only word distinct, though a keener ear might catch modulations which have escaped. The story has been the thing.

In the chapter which follows, examples of songs made in imitation of the genuine ballads will be set forth - some of these indigenous, many imported. Selections, also, have been made from songs known to be very old, as old perhaps as some of the ballad variants cited, but yet lacking the distinguishing features provided by the ballad technique.

For/

For the most part, the people themselves differentiate between the ballads proper and such songs as are held in memory along with them. Very often the people are mistaken in their estimate of a song's antiquity, but very seldom are they mistaken in the estimate of a song's worth. They share with Child, or Child shares with them, intuition; the singers of ballads would agree with him in acknowledging the twelve songs given above as of the best ballad feeling and of the highest antiquity in tradition.

CHAPTER FOUR.

CANADIAN FOLK SONGS WHICH SHOW BALLAD INFLUENCE, CONTAIN BALLAD FRAGMENTS, AND THROW LIGHT UPON BALLAD WAYS.

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Chapter IV. Canadian folk songs which show ballad influence, contain ballad fragments and throw light upon ballad ways.

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The texts of the several ballads presented in the previous chapter will be found to have cognates in that monumental work of Professor Francis J. Child, "The English and Scottish Popular Ballads". The texts now to be recorded were either deliberately excluded from his Collection or were unknown to him. If deliberately excluded, it may be remarked that Child has printed many a poorer ballad than any one of these, A note prefixed to his text of "Young Ronald" goes far towards the explanation of the admission of such songs as those which are to follow into the body of a thesis entitled, "Survivals of the English and Scottish Popular Ballads." Professor Child observed "

> "If any lover of ballads should feel his understanding slighted by the presentation of such a piece as this, I can have no quarrel with him. There is certainly much in it that is exasperating, - the greeters in the school, the lifting of the hat, and most of all, perhaps, the mint in the meadows. These are, however, the writer's own property; the "nicking with nay" and the giant are borrowed from romances. In this and not a very few other cases, I have suppressed disgust, and admitted an actually worthless and manifestly - at least in part - spurious ballad, because of the remote possibility that it might contain relics, or be a debased representative of something genuine and better. Such was the advice of my lamented friend, Grundtvig, in more instances than those in which I have brought myself to his judgment."

So in each of the songs that are here set down. They are all "in a fairly popular tone", as Child remarks of "The West Country Damosel's Complaint",numbered 292 in the Collection. The subjects, methods, and catastrophes are similar, and doubtless allied to, those of authenticated ballads. Then, again, for some I have succeeded in finding well known authority for a ballad grouping. I offer these first. Here, for instance, is a song known in the County of Hants as "Dog and Gun," but identical with a fragmentary version classified by Cecil J. Sharp, the famous English balladist, as the ballad of "The Golden Glove".(1) The singer was Mrs.Alma Wood,a guest of Mrs.Turple's,in the summer of 1922.

i. Dog and Gun.

A wealthy young squire of Falmouth we hear,
He courted a nobleman's daughter so dear,
And for to be married it was their intent,
All friends and relations they gave their consent.

The time was appointed for the wedding day,
And the farmer appointed to give her away,
But as soon as the lady the farmer did spy,
He inflamed her heart, "Oh my heart," she did cry.

She turned herself round, though nothing she said,
But instead of being married she took to her bed,
The thought of the farmer still ran in her mind
And a way for to have him she quickly did find.

Coat, waistcoat, and small clothes the lady put on,
And a hunting she went with her dog and her gun,
She hunted all round where the farmer did dwell,
Because in her heart she did love him so well.

(1) EFSSA.p.182; JAFL.xxix.p.171; B.M.11621.k.5(319); B.M.1871.f.13(69); B.M.11621.a.5(8); FSJ.vi.p.29.

Full many times did she fire, but naught did she kill,
Till at length this young farmer came into the field,
Then for to discourse she quickly begun,
As she was a-hunting with her dog and gun.

"I thought you had been at the wedding!" she cried,
"For to wait on the squire and give him his bride."
"Oh no," says the farmer, "if the truth I may tell,
I'll not give her away for I love her too well."

The lady was pleased to see him so bold,
She gave him a glove that was bordered with gold,
She told him she found it when coming along,
As she was a-hunting with her dog and gun.

And then she gave out word that she'd lost a glove,
And the man that would find it she'd grant him her love,
"The man that will find it and bring it to me,
The man that will find it, his bride I will be."

The farmer was pleased to hear of the news,
Then straightway to the lady he instantly goes,
Saying, "Honoured lady, I have picked up your glove,
And now will you be pleased to grant me your love?"

"'Tis already granted", the lady replied,
"I love the sweet breath of the farmer!" she cried,
"I'll be mistress of my dairy, go milking my cows,
Whilst my jolly young farmer goes with me to plough."

Then after she was married, she told of the fun,
How she hunted the farmer with her dog and gun,
Saying, "Now I have got him so safe in my snare,
I'll enjoy him forever, I vow and declare!"

The Nova Scotian song, poor though it be, is much more complete than the version which Sharp found in England. Yet how unlike the genuine ballads is this! No more triumphant vindication of/

of "Impersonality" in the ballad need be sought than,

"Honoured lady, I have picked up your glove,
And now will you be pleased to grant me your love?"

And the delightful,

"Now I have got him so safe in my snare,
I'll enjoy him for ever, I vow and declare."

The flavour of the piece would seem to be drawn from the old romances, for it most certainly is not of any folk tradition. Nevertheless here it must stand as found in the company of more ancient and nobler verse compositions, taken to the hearts of the illiterate, and preserved in oral tradition through some generations. In all probability this particular song received a new impetus, a projection into secondary tradition, from the broad-side press of the late eighteenth century. The singer of the song could make no helpful comment upon its origin, but in as much as labour has uncovered the source of others very much like it, a new fount of the Canadian song-stream would seem to be indicated. No singer questioned by me in Canada had ever actually seen a"broad-side," or "a slip", but such things were at one time in circulation, certainly, for any hiatus encountered in singing or recitation was invariably explained as "a hole in the ballad" - unless, of course, the gap was the fault of the singer's memory, or that of the original communicator. That this song was a favourite/

favourite with the broad-side people, reference to a publication of that kind dated so recently as 1858 may show. Such a paper is held in the Poet's Box Collection in the Mitchell Library of Glasgow. Comparison of the Nova Scotian and Glasgow variants reveals minor differences, e.g., the Nova Scotian has"Falmouth", the Glasgow text "Tamworth". From what is known of the Poet's Box, however, there is very little likelihood that the words printed were taken direct from tradition; for the first place, this is a purely English song, and in the second place, the"Poet" made it his habit to prey piratically upon earlier printed texts, no matter what their origin. If anything is to be gathered from the Glasgow printing, it is the popularity of this folk-song in England; for the "Poet" had a keen eye upon sales. And that the Glasgow "slip" does not explain the Nova Scotian song is certain, for no Nova Scotian would substitute for "Tamworth" the name "Falmouth" - the chances are remote indeed, that either of the places were ever heard of there. It is rather apparent that the name "Falmouth" is traditional in Nova Scotia as instituted in another, older broad-side, either actually current in Nova Scotia long ago, or more likely, imported but orally by the original settlers. The significance of the song in a study of ballads lies in its association with the/

the genuine ballads in secondary tradition. And its acceptance by the ballad singers argues the decadence of the pure or primary folk feeling. Some notion of its tremedously wide-reaching appeal may be had by reference to A.H.Tolman's comment upon the song,in the JAFL.xxix.p.171.

Collation reveals the essential unity of the scattered variants: take an Appalachian variant from Sharp's (1) collection,a text from another American source,and a nEnglish (2) stall copy. (3)

	Missing from the Appalachian text.	Shp.
st.1..	The wealthy .....of Yarmouth.	JAFL 1.1
	.... of Tamworth,we hear.	St.Cpy. "
	.....a fair lady of very great estate.	JAFL 1.2
	.. .. so fair.	St.Cpy. "
	And for to marry her it was his intent.	St.Cpy. 1.3
	Their friends.... .. .. they.g ave..	JAFL 1.4
	All friends and relations gave.....	St.Cpy. "
st.2..	The day was appointed the wedding to be..	JAFL. 1.1
	They called a youg farmer to.....	JAFL. 1.2
	A young farmer was appointed to.....	St.Cpy.1.2
	But instead of being married,she took to her bed.	JAFL.1.3
	As soon as the farmer the young lady spied.	St.cpy.1.3
	The thoughts of the farmer still run in her head.	JAFL.1.4
	.. .. she cried.	St.cpy.1.4
st.3..	The thoughts of the farmer so run in her mind.	JAFL.1.1
	She turned from the squire but nothing she said.	St.cpy.1
	And the way for to get him she quickly did find	JAFL.1.2
	Instead of being married she took to her bed	St.cpy.1.2
	Both waistcoat and breeches this lady put on	JAFL.1.3
	And away she went a-hunting with her dog and gun.	" " 4
	The thoughts of the farmer so run in her mind	St.cpy.1.3
	A way for to get him she quickly did find.	" " 4

st.4..In pantaloons and waistcoats,this lady she put on. SHP.1.
.. ..and trowsres,she then did put on. St.cpy.1

And away she went a-hunting..... SHP.2
For 'twas all in her heart that she ... JAFL.2

And she..... .. .. he did dwell. SHP 3
She often di d fire,but nothing did kill JAFL.3

.... she loved him so well SHP'4
The young farmer..... ..... JAFL4
.... full well. ST. cpy.4

st.5..In firing one time ,but nothing did kill SHP.1
She oft time fired,but nothing she killed St.cpy.1
Why ain't you at the wedding? this lady she cried. JAFL1
Out came the farmer and whistled to his field SHP.2
To wait upon the ..... hand him.... JAFL.2
At length the St.cpy.2

Well now..... I must.. ... JAFL.3
And to discourse wuth him it was her intent St.cpy.3

I can't..... .... JAFL.4
With her dog and her gun to meet him she went. St.vpy.4

st.6..Supposing this lady would grant you her love, 1
And supposing th e squire your ruin would prove? 2
Well,said the farmer,I'd take sword in hand 3
And by honour I would gain her my life at his command.JAFL 4

No,sir,said the farmer,I'll take sword in hand, 3
By honour I'll gain her,whenever she commands. 4St.cpy

st.7..It pleased this lady to see him so bold, JAFL1
....garnished with gold. " 2
She said that she had found it as she came along.. " 3

It pleased the lady..... St.cpy.1
.... flowered with gold. St.cpy2
As she was hunting with her dog and gun. " " 4

This pleased this young lady in hearing him so bold,SHP.3
She gave to him her glove that was covered in gold. " 4

I picked it up as I came along,
As I came a-hunting with my dog and my gun. Shp.

st.8

The lady went home with her heart full of love,
And gave out a proclamation that she'd lost her glove,
And the man..... ....
O,the man that will... .....JAFL.4

The lady went home with a heart full of love,
Andgave out a notice that she had lost a glove,
She said,"He that finds it and brings it to me,
The very same man my husband shall be". St.cpy.4

Returning back home with her heart all filled with love,
Put out the new oration that she had lost her glove,
"And if any man will find it and bring it to me,
Him I will marry and his lady I will be". Shp.4

st.9

It pleased this farmer to hear all the news,
Straightway to this lady the farmer he goes,
Saying,"Dear honoured lady.....
And will you be..... ..... JAFL.4

The farmer was pleased when he heard of the news,
With a heart full of love to the lady he goes,
"Dear honoured lady,I have picked up a glove,
And hope you'll be pleased to grant..... St.cpy.4

stanza 9 is missing from the Appalachian collection of Sharp.

st.10.

"It's already granted!"the lady she cried,
.. .. she replied;
.. of his dairy and milker of his cows,
While....goes whistling to his ploughs.(plows..sic) JAFL.4

"It is already granted!"I will be your bride,
.... of a .....
. ...and milking my cows,
While..... .... is whistling at the plough. St.cpy.4

stanza 10 is missing from the Appalachian collection of Sharp.

st.11

is lost from theJAFL variant which we are using,but a note records a couplet rescued from another source in America:

Then after she was married she told of the fun,
How she hunted the farmer wi th her dog and gun. JAFL.4

When shewas married she told of her fun,
How she went a-hunting with her dog and gun:
"But now I have got him fast in a snare,
.... St.cpy.4

Now I am married I will tell to you my fun,
How I hunted up my farmer with my dog and my gun,
.... so closely in a snare,
I will not give him up,I vow and declare. Shp.4

These English,American and Canadian variants aretoo obviously of the one pattern to be ignored when the diffusion of popular song is considered. In these,as in twenty other texts which might be exhibited,the story, rhyme and rhythm are easily recognizable even when slightly distorted; while many of the characteristics of true popular song have engrafted themselves upon this branchling of rustic English growth. The piece is plainly of individual fashioning and has not been long enough in the oral tradiion to lose the colouring of its original state,but the collation shows that changes were in process.

ii. Willie Taylor.

An even better example of the incursions made by the later songs upon the old ballad body is afforded by the old song Willie Taylor, for this was sung by Mrs. Dingle, the best of my singers. Her favour almost invariably implies worth. Many of the older singers burdened their memories with qite worthless things, but she always staunchly refused to sing any song which, in hereopinion and in her phrase, "had no bottom to it". Sharp has William Taylor (1) in a fragmentary form (2), and McKenzie rescued a variant in Pictou County to which he refers as "a current ballad". It is not a ballad, but it is sufficiently close to balladry to warrant citation.. The Poet's Box also has Billy Taylor to the air "Served him Right"--and "thePoet" refers to it in 1857 as "this old song".

Willie Taylor was a brisk young fellow,
Full of life and full of glee,
And his mind he did discover,
To a lady fair and free.

... . stanza missing.....

(1) Sharp, EFSSA. p. 181.
(2) McKenzie, The Quest of the Ballad, p. 137: other variants are to be found in the Folk Song Journal, i. 254; iii. 214, 219; v. 68, 69, 161, 164.

Soon his true love followed after,
Under the name of Willie Carr,
Her lily-white hands were soon daubed over,
With the filthy pitch and tar.

Behold and in the first engagement,
Lo she fights among the rest,
The wind did blow her jacket open,
And discovered her milk-white breast.

When the captain smiling viewed her,
Saying "What wind has blowed you here?"
She said, "I came to seek my true love,
Whom you pressed and I love dear."

"If you came to seek your true love,
Tell to me his name, I pray,"
"Sir, his name is Billy Taylor,
"Whom they pressed and sent away."

"If his name is Billy Taylor,
He is both cruel and severe,
Rise up early in the morning,
You'll see him with his lady fair."

She rose early in the morning,
Early at the break of day,
There she spied her Willie Taylor,
Walking with his lady gay.

"She called for a sword and a brace of pistols,
A brace of pistols at her command,
There she shot her Willie Taylor,
With his new bride by the hand.

When the captain came to know it,
He applauded what was done,
And he made her first lieutenant
Of the glorious "Thunder Boom."

Speculation upon the source of the Nova Scotia variant is even more interesting in this case than in that of Dog and Gun, for The Poet's Box text, yhough a feeble and emasculated thing, yet attaches a refrain to each stanza--which, if traditional, would indicate age and a ballad connexion. The Dingle variant, as shown, possesses no refrain: if it were of such late importation as the middle nineteenth century would it have lost the simple "fol-de-rol" of the Glasgow printing? Almost certainly not. The song has in all probability been in Nova Scotian tradition since soon after the country's settlement, and the loss of the refrain is but a further indication of the decay to which the old song body has been subkect within the last two or three generations. The narrative itself is representative of a favourite class of broadside literature--the tales of "Lovers pressed to sea", but loyally sought out by their loves.

The most interesting and profitable approach to the history of Willie Taylor lies in a comparative study of one of the oldest texts known to us (the Catnach broadside reprinted in the Folk Song Journal will do), the first attempt at burlesque of it (The Universal Songster i.65 of the year 1825), W.R.McKenzie's variant(Quest of the Ballad.p. 137), and this Dingle text. Other texts of fragments are

to be found in FSJ.iii.214-219; v.68,69,161,164; Folk-Songs of the North-East; Christie's Traditional Ballad Airs; B.M.Ballads 1871.f.13(not 1871.viii.13,as Miss Broadwood says in FSJ.v.163). There are actually two versions,the one represented by the Catnach broadside,the other by such songs as that recorded in the FSJ.v.164 from a late eighteenth century text. It is this second type which is burlesqued in the Universal Songster of 1825. Between the two Nova Scotia variants (McKenzie's and my own) there are differences,but the likenesses are much more apparent ---both ar e easily accounted for by a recognition of the traditional treatment. It is well to notice that the McKenzie text is closely related to the B.M.1871.f.13(pp. 46 and 93) text,even to mention of the Isle of Man.

iii. Young Edmund.(1)

To this song,also,both McKenzie and Sharp apply the name "ballad",yet again are they guilty of a misnomer. The most cursory examination places it among the class to which this chapter is devoted. The variant here set down is longer

(1) EFSSA.p.169;the Quest of the Ballad,p.154; FSJ.i.124;iii. 266; JAFL.xxxv.p.421; xx.p.274.

and stronger than the variants of both Sharp and McKenzie, but it is not so full as the text to be found in the Poet's Box under date 1852. That disreputable old man, Pat O'Neill, rendered the present version. The song is well-known throughout Canada under many titles, e.g., "Young Edmund", "Young Emily", "Edwin in the Lowlands Low", etc., No one of the songs contained within this study shows so clearly the ease with which poor, untraditional verse matter is broken up, as does "Edmund". Examine, first, the complete text preserved in the Poet's Box slip. If, as it is reasonable to assume, that text is a reprint from an older sheet or miscellany, then a still older text must be thought of as the prototype of the version extant in Nova Scotia. Note the lack of "commonplaces", of either simple or incremental repetition, and of that paramount ballad characteristic "impersonality". These are the helps by which truly traditional matter lives on. Here then is,

Young Edmund; to the tune of "Money is the Root of much Evil."

Come all you wild young people and listen to my song,
While I unfold concerning gold that leads so many wrong.
Young Emma was a servant maid and loved a sailor bold, told.
He ploughed the main much gold to gain, for his love, as we are

Young Emma she did daily mourn since Edwin first did roam,
Now seven years were past and gone since Edwin hailed his home;
He went into young Emma's house, to her the gold to show,
What he had gained upon the main and about the Lowlands Low.

Her father kept a public inn - it stood down by the sea -
Said Emma, "You can enter in, and here this night can be;
I'll meet you in the morning - don't let my parents know
You're name it is young Edwin that ploughed the Lowlands Low."

Young Edwin he sat a-drinking till time to go to bed,
And little was he thinking what sorrow crowned his head;
Said Emma's cruel father, "His gold will make a show,
We will send his body sinking down in the Lowlands Low."

Young Edwin then to bed did go, but scarcely was asleep,
Ere Emma's cruel parents into the room did creep;
They stabbed him, dragged him out of bed, upon the beach did go,
And threw his body sinking down in the Lowlands Low.

As Emma she lay sleeping, she had such frightful dreams,
She dreamed her love stood weeping, and blood appeared in streams;
She started up ere daybreak, and to her friends did go,
Because she loved him dearly, that ploughed the Lowlands Low.

"O, Mother, where's the stranger that came last night to lay?"
"He's dead, and so no tales can tell," her father he did say;
"Then Father, cruel Father, you will die a public show,
For murdering my Edwin, that's down in the vale below."

Said Emma, "I will wander down by the stormy wave,
Where Edwin he lays under, who once the sea did brave;
The shells that are in the ocean and rolling to and fro,
Reminds me of my Edwin that's down in the Lowlands Low."

The fish of the ocean may swim o'er my lover's breast,
His body roll in motion, I hope his soul's at rest;
How cruel were my parents to prove his overthrow,
And take the gold from one so bold that's down in the Lowlands Low!

So many days she passed away to try to ease her mind,
Crying "O my friend and love is gone, and I poor girl's behind,"
Mad, frantic, broken-hearted, to Bedlam forced to go,
Her shrieks are for young Edwin that's down in the Lowlands Low.

Compare with the above the Canadian survival. If only because of its inordinate length, the text deserves preservation in print, as affording an example of the tasks to which the memories of the illiterate are put, even in this day. But a more important point, explanatory of the song's survival, lies in the belief accorded that which it purports to tell. The rich young sailor, the cruel parents, the tragic murder, the resort to a councillor - these things were, the story is true: so the people believe - and it is quite probable that they are right.

Young Edmund, (Pat O'Neill's version).

'Tis six years and better, since Edmund he came home,
Edmund came to Emily's house when she was all alone;
Edmund came to Emily's house his gold all for to show,
The gold that he had gained, along the Lowlands Low.

"My father keeps a public house down by the sea
Where strangers go at night, and in the morning be;
I'll meet you there in the morning, don't let my father know
That your name it is young Edmund, that ploughs the Lowlands Low."

Edmund he sat smoking till time to go to bed,
Little thought he had what sorrow crowned his head.
Says Emily's cruel father, "Your gold I'll make you show,
Or I'll send your body floating all on the Lowlands Low."

Young Edmund scarce was into bed, when he was fast asleep,
And Emily's cruel father it's into the room did creep.
He pierced his breast with a dagger, his blood in stream did flow,
And he sent his body floating all on the Lowlands Low.

Young Emily on her pillow, she dreamed a dreadful dream,
She dreamed she saw young Edmund, blood running in a stream;
She rose early in the morning, to seek her love did go,
Because she loved him dearly, who had ploughed the Lowlands Low.

"Oh,where is the young man who last night came here to dwell?"
"He's dead and gone",her father says,"And for your life don't tell
"Oh,father,cruel old father,I'll make you public show,
For the murdering of young Edmund who ploughed the Lowlands Low."

"Oh,father,cruel old father,you'll die a public show,
For the murdering of young Edmund who ploughed the Lowlands Low."
She went unto a councillor her story for to tell,
Her father he was taken,his trial soon befell.

The jury found him guilty,all hanged he must be,
For the murdering of young Edmund who ploughed the Lowland Sea.
"Now the ships that's on the ocean,that tossrth to and fro,
Remind me of young Edmund who ploughed the Lowlands Low.

"Oh,mother,dearest mother,I have no more to tell,
I'm now about to leave you and go where angels dwell".
Quite faint and broken-hearted to Bedlam she did go,
And all her cry was Edmund,that ploughed the Lowlands Low.

This,as a stall ballad,was exceedingly popular.

The traditional variant recorded in the FSJ.iii.266 is that of the Glasgow Poet's Box(see text above),with these exceptions:

PB.			FSJ	
st.i.line	2.	I will unfold....that guides so...	st.i.line	2
"	4.	... as we've been told....	"	4
st.ii."	1.	As Emma she....	st.ii."	1
"	2.	When seven years.....,then Edwin..	"	2
"	3.	..unto..... much gold....	"	3
"	4.	...,above the....	"	4
st.iii."	2.	Says.... ... ..and there...	st.iii."	2
st.iv.		MISSING		
st.v.		MISSING		
st.vi. "	1.	...a frightful dream....	st.iv. "	1
"	2.	...blood poured in...	"	2
"	3.	...rose up in the morning....	"	3
st.vii."	1.	...the stranger come here...	st.v. "	1
"	2.	Oh.he is dead,no tales can tell....	"	2
"	4.	...of my Edwin...	"	4
st.viii."	1.	Says..... .. .. seas	st.vi. "	1
"	2.	...lies....did brave the breeze...	"	2.
"	3.	..that in the ocean are rolling to and fro.	"	3
"	4.	.....that ploughed the	"	4
st.ix. "	1.	The fishes of the ocean swim o'er my lover's breast.	st.vii."	1
"	2.	....rolls...	"	2
"	3.	....was my...	"	3
"	4.	...that ploughed the....	"	4

st.x.line	1.	As many a day she...and tried to..	st.viii.line	1
"	2.	"Oh,my friends,my love is gone.. poor girl.	"	2
"	3.	Her friends were broken-hearted....	"	3
"	4.	Their shrieks were ...that ploughed the..	"	4

The Nova Scotia text differs not so widely as this from the Folk Song Journal's traditional text,but other American variants show great changes,e.g. Sharp's texts,four in number,three of which have gone so far in adaptation as to make the "sailor" a "mail-driver on the Lowlands Low"! Here,at any rate,is a song which found as ready an acceptance among the feud-ridden Appalachian mountaineers as among the maids and 'prentices of England. If dissemination is of interest this tawdry scrap concerning Young Edmund may well be remembered.

iv. William and Harriet.

Another of the broadside songs is this,and one of whose origin I have very slight knowledge,for, despite the popularity which ensured its migration to the New World not a trace of its printing could I discover in America. In the British Museum (1) I have found two "slips" of the early nineteenth century--and nothing further,though the song takes us back at least as far as "press-gang" days.

In fair London City a gentlemen did dwell,
He had a young daughter a farmer loved well,
Because she proved constant and loved him so true,
Her father wanted her to bid him adieu.

(1). B.M. 11621.k.5(290and 299)

"O no, my dear father, I am not so inclined
As to put my young farmer far out of my mind."
"O unruly daughter, confined you shall be,
And I'll send your young farmer far over the sea."

As she was a-setting in her bower one day,
When William drew near for to hear her to say,
She sang like a linnet and appeared like a dove
And the song that she sang was concerning of love.

She had not been there long when William passed by,
And on his loving Harriet he cast a longing eye,
"Since your cruel father with mine did agree,
For to send me a-sailing far over the sea."

She said,"Dearest William with you I will go,
Since my cruel father hath served us so,
I'll pass for your ship-mate, I'll do what I can,
I'll venture life, William, for you my young man."

She dressed like a sailor as near as to be,
"So we'll both go together across the salt sea."
Away they set sailing for some foreign shore,
But never to old England returned ever more.

As they were a-sailing for some foreign shore,
The winds from the ocean began for to roar,
The ship she went down to the bottom of the sea,
And cast upon an island her William and she.

They wandered about some place for to spy,
Having nothing to eat and nowheres to lie,
So they sat them together down on the cold ground,
While the waves and the tempests made a terrible sound.

Then hunger came on and death it drew nigh,
They clasped themselves together intending to die,
What pair could be bolder to bid this world adieu,
So there they must moulder like lovyers so true.

Come all you young people that pass by this way,
I pray drop one tear from your glittering eye,
One tear drop with pity and point to the way,
Where William and Harriet do slumber and decay.

That is the song as sung by Mrs.Sam.Turple (see Appendix A). The two stall copies preserved in the British Museum are both of London. The text on page 290 is that of Ryle and Co.,2 and 3 Monmouth Court,Bloomsbury; that on page 339 of E.Hodge's(with acknowledgment to "the late I.Pitts) 31 Dudley Street,Seven Dials. Differences are inconsequent,but a collation with the Nova Scotian text is perhaps worth recording:

N.S.

st.i.line.	1.	It's of a rich gentleman near London did dwell..	R&H.
"	2.	And he had.....	R&H.
"	3.	Because she was handsome.....	R&H.
"	4.	But her father he wanted.....	R&H.
st.ii."	1.	O father,dear father.....	R&H.
"	2.	To drive my young farmer quite out of his mind.	R.
"	2.	To drive my young farmer quite out of my mind.	H.
st.iii."	1.	As she was sitting.....	R&H.
"	2.	And William was waiting,he heard her to say.	R&H.
"	3.	And the song she sung was concerning her love.	R.
		And the song that she sung was concerning her love.	H.
st.iv."	1.	She had not been there long her when William passed by.	R.
"	2.	And on his dear Harriet he cast his longing eye.	R&H.
"	3.	He said your cruel father with mine did agree.	R.
		" " " " " " mind " "	H.
"	4	For to send me a-sailing straight over the sea.	R&H.
st.v. "	1.	She said,My sweet William with you I will go.	R&H.
"	2.	Since my cruel father has served me so.	R.
"		" " " " have " " "	H.
"	3.	.....,and do what I can..	R&H.
"	4.	With William I'll venture like a jolly young man.	R&H.

N.S.

st.vi.line	1.	So drest like a sailor as near as could be.	R.
"		She drest like a sailor as near a could be.	H
"	2.	Saying,we will both go together across the salt sea.	R&H.
"	3.	So they both went together to some foreign shore	R&H.
"	4.	And never to England returned any more.	R&H.
st.vii.	1.	....by some foreign shore....	R&H.
"	2.	The wind.....	R&H.
"	4.	And cast upon the island was William and she.	R.
		" " " an " ! " " "	H.
st.viii.	1.	They rambled together some place for to spy.	R&H.
"	2.	They had nothing to eat and nowhere to lie.	R&H.
"	3.	So they sat down together upon the.....	R.
		" " " " " all on the.....	H.
st.ix.line	1.	A hunger came on them and death drawing nigh.	R&H.
"	2.	They folded together intending to die...	R&H.
"	4.	And there	R&H.
st.x.line	1.	So all you true lovers who pass by that way.	R.
"		" " " " " that " " " "	H.
"	2.	Pray drop.....	R&H.
"	3.	.....and point toward the way.	R.
		..... " " towards that way..	H.
"	4.	Were William and Harriet slumbering doth....	R.
"		.....a-slumbering doth lie.	H.

This surely is as mawkish a thing as men and women ever rhymed in song,but it is presented as an example of the rubbish in which the genuine songs of the past must be sought to-day. Nor can any particular community be burdened with the scorn which is cried upon such stuff: the decay of taste followed the same course in Nova Scotia as in England in a somewhat earlier day. Indeed the Nova Scotia variant has not sunk so deeply in the mire of sentimentality.

v. The Rich Lady.[1] This song calls for no comment other than such as has been accorded "William and Harriet". Some idea of its age may be had by reference to another of much the same type, though of a pure ballad style, contained in the Percy Papers, under date 1770, as transcribed from oral tradition, i.e. "the maid freed from the gallows" (Child, No.95).

There was a rich lady in London did dwell,
She lived with her uncle, she was known very well,
Down in yonder valley where true lovers were gay,
The gypsies betrayed her and stole her away.

A long time she was missing and could not be found,
Her uncle he searched the whole country round,
He went to her trustee between hope and fear,
But the trustee replied, "She has not been here."

Then up spoke her uncle with courage so bold,
"I fear she's been lost for the sake of her gold,
Then life lies for life, and we'll have life," he cried,
We'll send you to prison, and there you must lie."

There was a young squire, who'd courted her so,
Oft-times from the school-room together would go,
"My mind is in trouble, so great is my fear,
Had I the wings of a dove, I would fly to my dear."

He travelled through England, through France and through Spain
He ventured his life o'er the watery main,
At length he put up for to stay for the night,
And in that same house was his own heart's delight.

When she saw him she knew him, she flew to his arms,
When he told her his story she gazed on his charms,
"What brought you to this country, fair lady?" said he,
"The gypsies betrayed me and stole me away."

XXXXXXXX X

(1) Sung by Mrs.Alma Wood, vide Appendix A. The North West Country Garland, circa 1786, relates at much greater length and in fuller detail, this story. The Garland is in five parts and of fifty-one stanzas, yet no one stanza is identical with any stanza of our version.--B.M. 11621.c.4(67). See also the FSJ.ii.99, where it is entitled, The Lost Lady Found

"Your uncle in London in prison doth lie,
And for your sweet sake is condemned for to die."
"Carry me back to London, to London," she cried,
"Five thousand I'll give you and will be your bride."

When they came to London her uncle to see,
Her uncl was under the high gallows tree,
"O pardon, O pardon, O pardon I crave,
Don't you see I'm alive your sweet life to save?"

Then straight from the gallows they led him away,
The drums they did beat and sweet music did play,
Every house in the valley with mirth did abound,
When they all heard and saw the Lost Lady was found.

Collation with the variant published in the Folk-Song Journal ii.p.99, yields the following:

N.S.		FSJ.
st.i.line	1. 'Twas down in a valley a fair maid did dwell.	st.i.line 1
"	2. .....,as all knew full well.	" " 2
"	3. 'Twas down in the valley, where violets were gay.	" 3
"		
st.ii. "	1. Long time she'd been missing.....	st.ii." 1
"	2. Her uncle he searched the country around	" " 2
"	3. Till he came to her Trustie.....	" " 3
"	4. The Trustie made answer.....	" " 4
st.iii."	1. The Trustie spoke up, with.....	st.iii." 1
"	3. "So we'll have life for life, sir," the Trustie did say.	" " 3
"	4. "We shall send you to prison, and there you shall stay.	" " 4
st.iv."	1. .....that loved her so.....	st.iv." 1
"	2. ...to the school house together they did go.	" " 2
"	3. "I'm afraid she is murdered,.....	" " 3
"	4. "If I'd wings like a dove.....	" " 4
st.v. "	2. Till he ventured his life.....	st.v. " 2
"	3. And he came to a house where he lodged for a night	" " 3
st.vi."	1. .....and flew to.....	st.vi." 1
"	2. She told him her grief while he gazed on her charms	" " 2
"	3. "How came you to Dublin, my dearest?" said he.	" " 3
"	4. "Three gypsies.....	" " 4

N.S.			FSJ
st.vii.	line. 1.	"Your uncle's in England, in prison doth lie.	st.i-1
"	" 2.	.....sake is condemned for	" -2
"	" 3.	"Carry me to old England, my dearest.....	" -3
"	" 4.	"One thousand.....	" -4
st.viii.	"1.	When she came to old England....	st.viii.-1
"	"2.	The cart it was under.....	" -2
"	"4.	..... your dear life.....	" -4
st.ix.	"2.	The bells they did ring and the music....	st.ix" -2
"	"3.	.....did resound.....	" -3
"	"4.	As soon as they heard the	" -4

vi. Willie and Mollie. Under this somewhat ingenuous title runs a song ver closely allied to the true ballads--for a strong element of the supernatural is admitted. Sharp[1] records a version of of this story as The Ballad of the Cruel Ship's Carpenter. It seems to be almost a counterpart of the famous Daemon Lover, and may be as old: if so, the original words have passed through the hands of a stupid ballad-monger, and the song has been devitalized for the decadent taste of, say, the eighteenth century. It is interesting to note, again, that a clumsy parody of this song finds a place in The Poet's Box under title, Mollie the Betrayed, or The Fog-bound Vessel, dated 1861. The words which follow here are those sung for me by Mrs. Turple:

Says Willie to Mollie, "Why can't we agree?
Give me your consent, love, and married we'll be."
Her cheeks they did blush like the roses in bloom,
Says Mollie to Willie, "We'll marry too soon."

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(1) see, EFSSA. p. 154. McKenzie also has a variant-The Gaspard Tragedy-in The Quest of the Ballad. p. 55. See, too, B.M. 1871. f. 13(54); Folk-Song Journal. i. 172.

They parted that night, with kisses so sweet,
He returned the next morning before it was light,
Took her by the hand, saying "Come, love with me,
Before we get married, your friends go to see."

He led her through valleys and forests so deep,
Until the fair damsel began for to weep,
She says "Dearest Willie you've led me astray,
On purpose my innocent life to betray."

He said "Dearest Mollie, it's true that I have
For all of last night I was digging your grave."
She saw the grave dug and the spade standing by.
"Is this your bride's bedding, young man?" she did cry.

He says "Dearest Mollie, there is no time to stand"
And instantly taking his knife in his hand
He plunged her fond heart, and the blood it did flow,
And into the grave her fair body did throw.

He covered her over, and quickly rode along,
Leaving nothing but small birds to weep and to mourn,
He rode to New Bedlock, took ship and sailed free,
Bound down from New Portsmouth to plough the salt sea.

That night as Willie in his berth did lie,
He was aroused by an innocent cry,
Saying "Rise up, dear Willie, and come for to hear
The voice of a fair one you once loved so dear."

He rose like a man, a steward so bold,
He beheld that fair damsel all on the ship's hold.
She held in her arms a baby so fair.
He ran to embrace her, but nothing was there.

'Twas all that long night he could hear her wild cries,
While flashes of fire flew out of her eyes
There was none but Willie could see that sad sight,
He went wildly distracted and died the next night.

Under the title Love and Murder this song is held in a collection of contemporaneous matter in the British Museum 1871.f.13(54): that copy is almost certainly of the early nineteenth century, and seems to be the earliest record of the piece. Collation reveals wide differences:

N.S. B.M.

Two missing stanzas,

In Worcester town,in fair Worcestershire, st.i.
A beautiful damsel she lived there,
A young man he courted her for to be his dear,
And he to his trade was a ship-carpenter.

The King wanted men for to go to sea, st.ii.
Which caused that damsel to sigh and to say,
"O Billy,O Billy,don't you go to sea,
Remember the vows,love,you made unto me."

st.i.-missing from B.M.text.

st.ii.ln.1. Early one morning before it was day. st.iii.-1
" " 2. He went to his Polly,these words he did say. " " -2
" " 3. "O Polly,O Polly,you must go with me " " -3
" " 4. "Before we are married my friends for to see " " -4

st.iii." 1. .....through groves and vallies... st.iv.-1
" " 2. Which caused this damsel to sigh and to weep. " -2
" " 3. "O Billy,OBilly,you've led me astray" " -3

st.iv. " 1. "It is true,it is true,those words you have said. st.-1
" " 2. "For all the last night..... st.v. -2
" " 3. The grave being open and she standing by " "-3
" " 4. Which caused this poor damsel to say with a sigh.v.-4

stanza missing from N.S.--

"O Billy,O Billy,if you'll spare my life
I never will covet for to be your wife,
I will travel the country for to set you free,
If that you will pardon my baby and me. st.vi.

st.v.ln.1. No pardon is here..... st.vii.-1
" " 2. Then he instantly took a sharp knife... " " -2
" " 3. Then he stabbed her till her heart's
blood did run... " " -3
" " 4. .....her fair body he flung. " " -4

st.vi." 1, Then he covered her up quite safe under ground viii.-1
" " 2. Thinking the murder would never be found " -2
" " 3. Then he went on board and sailed the world round " -3
" " 4. Before the murder it ever was found. " -4

The Nova Scotia stanzas vii,viii and ix have quite a different development from that in the B.M.copy--

B.M.

Early one morning before it was day,
Our captain come on deck,and these words he did say,
"There's a murderer on board,lads,and it's lately been done
For our ship is in mourning,and cannot sail on." ix

Then up steps a young man,saying,"Indeed it is not me",
And up steps another saying,"Indeed it is not me",
Then up steps young William and thus he did say,
"Indeed it is not me,sir,I vow and declare". x

As he was turning from the captain with speed,
He met with his Polly,which made his heart bleed,
She ript him and tore him and tore him in three,
Because that he murdered her baby and she. xi.

The McKenzie text and the Nova Scotia variant given a few pages back are certainly not in lineal descent from this. A glance throughtthe twenty-three stanzas set down in The Quest of the Ballad will show that there is an undeniable relationship,however,between the two N.S.textz, yet with vital differences. And these two are of one stock with the Appalachian variants given by Sharp--he prints no fewer than five: such resemblences can not be accidental.

vi. William and Diana.(JAFL.xxix.190; xxxv.418.)

Another of the old broadside songs which suffered merciless parody throughout the nineteenth century in music-halls, public-houses and colleges, is this, the prpgenitor of "Willikens and his Dinah".(1) As "William and Diana" it survives in Nova Scotian tradition. The text here recorded was secured from the singing of Mrs Dingle on July 11th., 1921.

In Cumberland city two lovyers did bear,
A beautiful damsel both hamdsome and fair,
Her name was Diana, scarce sixteen years old,
Her portion ten thousand pounds, all in bright gold.

Besides an estate when her father did die,
Which caused many a suitor to on her cast an eye.
Among the whole number Sir William was one
Who thought for to make this fair lady his own.

As William and Diana walked the grove hand in hand,
Said William to Diana, "Your love I command."
She hung down her head, said "I must do my part",
With blushes she said "You have conquered my heart."

A day or two after her father did say
"Diana go dress yourself, gallant and gay,
For there's a rich knight worth ten thousand a year,
He says he will make you his bride and his heir."

"O father, O father! do not me confine,
And for to get married, 'tis not my design,
Besides I'm too young, and I pray you therefor,
O let me live single one year or two more!"

"O stubborn daughter what do you mean?
You must either wed with him or no more be seen,
'Tis only to consider the gold you're to have".
She said "I'd much rather you'd choose me my grave."

Diana walked out with the tears in her eyes.
She walked the grove round where she chose for to lie,
Down on the cold ground this fair lady did lay,
With a dose of strong poison her life to betray.

(1) B.M.11686.h.20; B.M.11621.k.5(22,226,342)

She had not lain one hour on the ground,
Until Sir William walked the grove round and round.
He spied his true love and a letter her by,
And there it was wrote how Diana did die.

Ten thousand times over he kissed her cold lips,
Saying "Now I've got rid of my joy and my bliss.
I wish her much joy, although she is gone,
She was a virtuous lady, both handsome and young."

He fell on his sword like a lovyer so brave,
So William and Diana both lie in one grave.
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

Come all ye parients now and behold,
The cause of your wronging your children for gold,
The hearts of your innocent children to break,
The vows which true lovyers do solemnly make.

viii. The Banks of Sweet Dundee.(1)

A particular interest attaches to this song,as one which is traceable through many vicissitudes. As one of Mrs Dingle's store, it was guaranteed of some age and worth, but it was not until the Scotch "Bothy Ballads" became familiar to me that I learned just how popular it had been in its day. Forbes, in 1899, writes of it:

> "Seldom printed, but passed down faithfully from mouth to mouth, this rudely-girded, tragic- love ballad cannot be less than a hundred years old. Fifty years ago, when harvest work in Scotland was almost wholly done by the hand-hook, it was a common song among the bands of shearers in the Carse of Gowrie and thereabout, when the songs went round in the bothies at night."

(1) JAFL.xxxv.354. Also, The Quest of the Ballad, p.47; also, B.M. 11621.k.5(330); FSJ.i.232.

Two versions of it appear in the Poet's Box Collection printed so late as 1857. So striking are the differences between the Nova Scotian songs and those in the Poet's box, that all must be set down as illustrative of the purity of the Canadian tradition: for, obviously, the overseas versions are older and more truly in the folk spirit. Here follows the Glasgow "slip" text of 1876. It is quite evidently based upon some old song to which the Nova Scotian variants are much more closely allied.

Young William was a ploughboy, the truth I will unfold;
He was parted from his Mary for the sake of cursed gold,
He was torn from his Mary and sent to plough the sea,
While she lamented sorely on the banks of Sweet Dundee.

But fortune smiled on William when he was on the main,
Yet the thoughts of his dear Mary oft filled his mind with pain.
For the sake of her he loved so well he was banished o'er the sea
To plough the briny ocean from the banks of Sweet Dundee.

Young William from the foretop a strange sail he did spy.
The captain viewed her and said "I think she does lay by;
Come clear the deck for action my heroes bold and free."
Then William thought of Mary on the banks of Sweet Dundee.

At length the bloody fight began; the cammons loud did roar,
And many a gallant seaman lay bleeding in his gore,
Young William by a musket shot was wounded in the knee,
And as he fell, he cried "Farewell to the banks of Sweet Dundee"

When he arrived at Sweet Dundee he was walking all alone,
He said "My pretty maiden, why do you sigh and mourn?"
She said "For my William that was banished from me
And sent across the ocean from the banks of Sweet Dundee."

"If William was your lover's name, I know that young man well,
When boarding of a Spanish ship, young William he fell,
And as he lay in grief and pain, these words he said to me,
"Tell my Mary I shall ne'er return to the banks of Sweet Dundee.

When this she heard, then down she fell and gave a bitter cry.
"If William's dead, then broken-hearted I'll wander till I die.
It's cursed gold has caused all my grief and misery
And left me broken-hearted on the banks of Sweet Dundee."

He said "Fair maid, dry up your tears, I am your William
That has returned with gold in store unto my native land,
Unto the seas I'll bid adieu and will for ever happy be
So now we will get married on the banks of Sweet Dundee."

See now Mrs Dingle's version, fragmentary but lacking the veneer of the later and corrupted text;

The Banks of Sweet Dundee. (Version A. - Mrs Thomas Dingle.)

'Twas of a beautiful damsel as I have heard it told,
Her father died and left her five thousand pounds in gold,
She lived with her uncle, as you may plainly see,
And she loved a ploughboy, on the Banks of Sweet Dundee.

Her uncle had a ploughboy, young Mary loved him well
And in her uncle's garden her tales of love would tell.
There was a lofty squire oftimes came her to see
But still she loved her ploughboy, on the banks of Sweet Dundee.

One morning very early just at the break of day
Her uncle came to Mary and these words to her did say,
"Arise you sweet young fair one, and come along with me,
For the squire is waiting for you, on the banks of Sweet Dundee."

"A fig for all your squires, your noble dukes likewise,
For Willie he appears to me like a diamond in my eyes."
"Begone you unruly female, unhappy for to be,
And I'll have young Willie banished from the banks of Sweet Dundee."

The press-gang came on Willie as he was all alone.
He boldly fought for liberty though they were six to one.
The blood did flow in torrents, "Pray kill me now," said he.
"For I'd rather die for Mary on the Banks of Sweet Dundee."

One morning very early, as Mary she walked out,
She spied the lofty squire, down in her uncle's grove
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

He clasped his arms around her, afore to throw her down.
He spied two pistols and a sword beneath her morning gown.
Her pistols she handled manfully, her sword she handled free.
She fired and shot the squire on the banks of Sweet Dundee.

Her uncle overheard the noise, he hastened to the ground,
Saying "Since you've killed the squire, I'll give youyour death-wound
"Stand off, stand off," cried Mary, "for daunted I'll not be."
Her sword she drew and her uncle slew, on the banks of Sweet Dundee.

A doctor he was sent for, a man of noted skill.
Likewise there came a lawyer to write the uncle's will.
He willed his gold to Mary, she fought so manfully,
And he shut his eyes, no more to rise, on the banks of Sweet Dundee.

Mr Fred Brimicombe sang the song as follows:

'Twas of a farmer's daughter, so beautiful I'm told.
Her parents died and left her five thousand pounds in gold.
She lived with her uncle, who caused her all her woe,
And soon you'll hear how this maiden fair came by her overthrow.

Her uncle had a ploughing boy young Mary loved right well.
And in her uncle's garden her tales of love did tell.
There was a wealthy squire, who oft came her to see,
But still she loved her ploughing boy on the banks of Sweet Dundee.

'Twas on one summer morning, her uncle went straightway.
He knocked at her bedroom door; these words to her did say
"Come arise my pretty Mary for a lady you shall be,
The squire is waiting to take you. from the banks of Sweet Dundee

"A fig for all your squires, your dukes and lords likewise.
My William's hand appears to me like diamonds in my eyes."
Begone you foolish female, for you never shall happy be,
For I will banish William from the banks of Sweet Dundee.

Her uncle and the squire rode out that summer day.
Young William in her favour her uncle then did say:
"Indeed it's my intention to tie him to a tree,
Or else to bribe the press-gang on the banks of Sweet Dundee."

The press-gang came on William as he was all alone.
He boldly fought for liberty, though they were six to one.
The blood did flow in torrents, "Come kill me now," said he,
"For I'd rather die for Mary on the banks of Sweet Dundee".

One morning as young Mary was lamenting for her love,
She met the wealthy squire down in her uncle's grove.
He put his arms around her, "Stand off, base man," said she,
"For you have sent the one I love from the banks of Sweet Dundee.

He put his arms around her and tried to throw her down.
Two pistols and a sword she spied beneath his morning gown.
Young Mary seized the pistols, his sword he used so free.
She fired and shot the squire on the banks of Sweet Dundee.

Her uncle overheard the noise and hastened to the ground,
"Since you have killed the squire, I'll give you your death-wound."
"Stand off, stand off," said Mary, for daunted I'll not be.
She the trigger drew and her uncle slew on the banks of Sweet Dundee."

The doctor he was sent for, a man of noted skill,
And likewise came a lawyer for him to sign his will.
He willed his gold to Mary who fought so manfully,
And he closed his eyes, no more to rise on the banks of Sweet Dundee.

Young William he was sent for and speedily did return.
As soon as he arrived on shore young Mary ceased to mourn.
The banns were quickly published and their hands were joined so free
She now enjoys her ploughing boy on the banks of Sweet Dundee.

None of the variants approaches the ballad style, yet to find the songs carried for generations in the memories of illiterate people is surely to find worth-while testimony to the legitimacy of traditional ballad texts. The people do guard

the/

the verse possessions entrusted to them. It is only when some conscienceless improver puts his hand to the old folk-songs, that they become sophisticated and maudlin. Fred Brimicombe's version of this song almost certainly came to Canada from some secluded district in eighteenth century England, where it was already known as "a Northern song" at least half a century old. For from the late seventeenth century on, the broadside presses of London and several provincial cities were spewing forth "Scotch or Northern ballads done into English", vide Pepysian, Roxburghe, and Bagford Collections.

ix. William and Mary.[1] (Version A. Mrs Sam Turple.)

As Mary and Willie strayed by the seaside,
Their last farewell for to take.
Said Mary to Willie "If you never return
My heart it will surely break".

"Be not dismayed, fair Mary" he said,
As he clasped the fair maid to his side.
"In my absence don't mourn for when I return
I will make little Mary my bride."

Three years passed away without news till at last
As she sat by her own cottage door,
A poor beggar passed by with a patch on his eye
And he begged and for pity implored.

"If you've charity," said he, "pray bestow it on me
And your fortunes I'll tell you beside.
The lad that you mourn will never return
To make little Mary his bride."

(1) vide, B.M. 11621.k.5(31 and 32)--no.31 printed by J. Catnach at 2 Monmouth Court, Seven Dials, and "Sold by Pierce, Southborough, and Bennett, Brighton". Very rough and inferior: no 32 bears no printer's name, but is the same version in somewhat better composition.

Mary started and trembled and thus she did say
"All I have I will freely give,
If what I ask you you will tell to me true
O say does my William live?"

"He lives, but he is in great poverty,
All shipwrecked and worn besides
And returned he no more, because he was poor
To make little Mary his bride."

"Heaven knows the great joy that I feel,
Although his sad fate I deplore.
He is welcome to me in his great poverty,
With his blue jacket ragged and tore.

For I loved him too dear, too true and sincere,
No other I can love beside
If in riches he's robed, or be clothed in gold,
He would make little Mary his bride."

The patch from his eye the old beggar threw by
The cane and the crutch threw aside.
In a suit of blue clothes, and his cheeks like the rose,
'Twas Willie that stood by her side.

"O be not dismayed, dear Mary" he said,
It was only your love that I tried.
So let us away ere the close of the day,
And I'll make little Mary my bride."

Of this song I have a second variant, but I shall not burden the pages of this chapter with its stanzas as the differences are comparatively trifling, but I have one more "blind beggar" song which deserves place. It also is a contribution of Mrs Turple's.

x. The Blind Beggar. (FSJ.i.202; B.M.11621.c.3(12); B.M.1871.f.13 (12)

There was a blind beggar in Bethleham town.
He had one only daughter, so comely and fair.
She was handsomely featured in every degree
And everyone called her the bonny Betsy.

The first came a-courting was a captain so bright.
He came to court Betsy by day and by night.
"My ships that sails over I'll will to thee,
If you'll tell me your father, my bonny Betsy."

The next came a-courting was a squire so bright.
He came to court Betsy by day and by night.
"My gold and my silver I'll will to thee,
If you'll tell me your father, my bonny Betsy."

The next came a-courting was a merchant so bright.
He came to court Betsy by day and by night.
"My gold and my diamonds I'll will to thee,
If you'll tell me your father my bonny Betsy."

"My father's a poor man, he's very well known.
He is a blind beggar, in Bethlehem town.
His merse (?) and his token, to you I will tell,
He is led by a dog with a chain and a bell."

"Hold, hold," says the squire,"'tis thee I don't crave.
"Hold, hold,"says the merchant, 'tis you I won't have.
"Hold," says the ship's captain,"let beggars agree.
You are welcome to me. my bonny Betsy."

With this the blind beggar he stood at the door.
"Don't reflect on my daughter, although she is poor.
She is not dressed in silk, nor the finest of pearl,
Yet I'll draw one fine spangle for you, my brown girl."

The captain drew spangles that hung to the ground.
The blind beggar laid down his five thousand pound,
And when the rich squire laid down all his store,
The blind beggar laid down five thousand pounds more.

This is the Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green, of which the earliest extant copy is that in the Percy Folio. Printed broadsides of it were numerous in the reign of Charles II and some of these may be seen in the Roxburghe, Pepys, Bagford and Euing Collections. The Nova Scotian version omits much of the detail contained in the broadside copies. In most cases "Pretty Betsy" goes abroad to seek her fortune because she feels herself to be handicapped by her father's occupation in the home town. She goes first to Stratford-at-Bow and then to Romford, where she takes service at the King's Arms. All the gallants of the neighbourhood came a-courting. Four, a knight, a gentleman, a merchant, and her master's son, win some degree of favour, but the knight alone passes the test of her disgrace. The lovers ride away to Bethnal Green, pursued by the scandalised young folk of Romford Town. The knight is set upon by the mob and is rescued only by the timely advent of his kinsmen. The kinsmen rail at his catch, but the blind beggar quickly brings them to confusion, as he "drops angels" in excess of all.

"But of her sumptuous marriage and feast,
And what brave knights and lords there was pressed,
The second part shall set forth to your sight,
With marvellous pleasure and wished delight. "

This is from Rox.i.p.37 . The first part contains no fewer than thirty-four stanzas, and the second thirty others. A popular song to be sure, for there is a broadside printing of it no later in date than 1665, from the Glasgow Poet's Box, while Bishop Percy believed it to have been written at least so early as the days of Elizabeth. The singer for the Folk-Song Journal(i.202), sang of Bethlem Grēen, my Nova Scotia singers made it Bethlehem, but the narrative chain runs unbroken from the Percy version through broadsides of Catnach and his fellows, traditional singing, the "garland" era, and so across the seas to Nova Scotia keeping.

xi. Young Roger the Miller.(1) Baring-Gould and Sheppard(2) found versions of this rollicking piece sung in South Brent, England, where it was known as The Grey Mare. This text is from Mrs. Turple's singing.

Young Roger the Miller came courting of late,
A richbfarmer's daughter, named beautiful Kate,
And she for her portion had diamonds and rings,
And she for her portion had fifty fine things.

The wedding being ordered, the money laid down,
It was afair portion, full five hundred pound,
Which caused young Roger to speak out his mind,
And to his fair charmer be faithful and kind.

"Although that your daughter is charming and fair,
I'll not take your daughter without the grey mare".
The money soon vanished then out of his sight,
And so did Miss Katie, his pride and delight.

About six months after, or a little above,
He chanced for to meet with Miss Katie his love,
Right smiling said Roger, "O don't you know me?"
"If I'm not mistaken, I've seen you", said she.

(1) vide, JAFL.xxxv.p.372 for fullest references to extant copies, which are very plentiful.
(2) S.Baring-Gould and H.Fleetwood Sheppard, "Songs and Ballads of the West". four parts, London, 1889-91. West of England songs.

"Or a man of your likeness with long yelbw hair
Who once came a-courting my father's grey mare.
The price of that old mare it was not so great
So fare you well, Roger, go mourn for your fate."

Weeping, said Roger "The while I did court
'Twas sometimes for pleasure and sometimes for sport
But since I have lost such a beautiful sum
'Tis now I'm in sorrow for what I have done."

"Your sorrow," said Katie, "I value it not
There are plenty young men in this town to be got
And he who would marry a maid for a mare
Would not prove true-hearted, of that I am sure."

xii. Kate and her Horns.(1)

Another humourous song in direct broadside descent.

The Roxburghe Collection contains the oldest copy known, (vide Rox.viii. p.430). Present words sung by Mr."Sam" Turple.

You that in merriment delight
Pray listen now to what I write
So shall you satisfaction find
Will cure a melancholy mind.

A damsel sweet in Colchester
And there a clothier courted her.
For six months' space, both night and day
But yet the damsel still said "Nay".

She said "Were I to love inclined
Perhaps you soon might change your mind
And court some other damsel fair
For men are false, I do declare."

He many propositions made
And like a loyal lover said
"There's none but you shall be my wife
The joy and comfort of my life."

At length this maid gave her consent
To marry him and straight they went
Unto their parents then and lo,
Both gave their leave and liking too.

(1) vide, The Politic Maid of Suffolk, B.M. 11621.c.3.(90); also The Quest of the Rolls, 146

But see the cursed fruits of gold
He left his loyal love behind
With grief and love encompassed round
Whilst he a greater fortune found.

A lawyer's daughter fair and bright
Her parents' joy and whole delight
He was resolved to make his spouse
Denying all his former vows.

And when poor Kate she came to hear
That she must lose her only dear
All for the lawyer's daughter's sake
Some sport of him Kate thought she'd make.

Kate knew when every night he came
From his new love, Nancy by name.
Sometimes at ten O'clock or more
Kate to a tanner went therefore.

And borrowed there an old cowhide
With crooked horns both large and wide
And when she wrapped herself therein
Her new intrigue she did begin.

Kate to a lonesome field did stray
At length the clothier came that way
And he was sore a-scared at her
She looked so like old Lucifer.

A hairy hide, horns on her head
Which near three feet asunder spread,
With that he saw a long black tail
He tried to run but his feet did fail.

And with a groan and doleful note
She quickly seized him by the throat
And said "You have left poor Kate, I hear,
And won a lawyer's daughter dear.

Now since you've been so false to her
You perjured knave of Colchester.
You shall, whether you will or no'
Into my gloomy regions go."

This voice did so afrighten him,
He, kneeling on a tremblong limb,
Cried, "Master Devil, spare me now,
And I'll perform my former vow."

"I'll make young Kate my lawful bride."
"See that you do!" the Devil cried,
"If Kate again of you complain,
You soon shall hear from me again."

It's home he went, though very late,
He little thought that it was Kate,
That put him into such a fright--
Therefore next day by morning light

He went to Kate and married her,
For fear of that old Lucifer.
Kate's friends and parents thought it strange,
That there was such a sudden change.

Kate never let her parents know,
Nor any other, friend or foe,
Till they a year had married been,
She told it at her lying-in.

It pleased the women to the heart,
They said they'd fairly plead her part:
Her husband laughed as well as they,
It was a joyful merry day.

This runs almost word for word with McKenzie's variant in The Quest of the Ballad. St.v-3 there reads "woe" for "lo"; st.vi.-2 "royal" for "loyal"; st.xii.-4, "he strove to" for "he tried to"; st xiii.1 has "grum" for "groan"; xiii-3 and 4--

"...you'd leave poor Kate, I fear,
And hold a lawyer's daughter dear".

while st.xx.-2 has a verbal difference. It would seem that the two variants are not far apart in point of time.

xiii. Sailor and Ghost. Here is the complete text of a song which caught McKenzie's fancy, but of which he prints only a fragment. It appears as The Man and the Two Maidens in the Folk-Song Journal. vii. 46, but the oldest copy, so far as may be ascertained, is that of The Contented Wife's Garland, of the mid-eighteenth century. No more remarkable exhibition of the tenacity of the popular memory could be instanced: here it is as known to the Nova Scotia singers. I have collated the N.S. and the Contented Wife's Garland text:

N.S.		Garland
st.i-1.	I am a seaman and Home I ride.	st.i.-1
"-2.	And in the Seas took.....	" -2
"-3.	The female.....	" -3
"-4.	At length two were by me with child..	" -4
st.ii.-1.	I promised to be true to both, And bound them false all in an oath, To marry them if I had life, And one of these I made my wife.	ii.-4
st.iii.1.	The other being.... Crying, "You false deluding One, By me you've done a wicked thing, Which public shame will on me bring!"	st.iii.-4
st.iv.1.	To a silent wood she went, Her present shame for to prevent; Soon she finished up the Strife, And cut her tender thread of Life.	st.iv.-4
st.v.-1.	.....upon a tree,	" v.-1
" -3.	Her flesh by birds was basely tore	" " -3
" -4.	Which griev'd the young Mens Heart full sore	" " -4

N.S. Garland

st.vi.-1. Straight they went and..... st.vi.-1
" -2. .....a note..... " -2
" -3. This note was written out at large " -3

st.----- But on the ground here let me lie,
For every one that passes by
They may by me a warning take,
And see what follows ere 'tis too late. st.vii.-4

st.vii.-1. As he is false I do protest,
That he on Earth should get no Rest
And she said she plagu'd him so,
Till at length to Sea he was forc'd to go. st.viii.-4

st.viii.-1. As he was on the main-mast high,
A little boat he did espy,
In which was the Ghost so grim,
.....tremble in every limb. st.ix.-4

st.ix.-1. Down on the Deck the young man goes,
To his Captain his mind to disclose,
"There's a Spirit coming hence,
I pray you stand in my Defence". st.x.-4

st.x.-1. .....the Captain gets,
Where soon he he 'spyed the fatal Ghost,
"Captain,"said she,"You must and can,
With Speed,help me to such a Man. st.xi.-4

st.xi.-1. "In St.Allen's the young Man dy'd,
And in St.Allen's his Body's laid".
"Captain",said she,"Do not say so,
He's dwelling in your Ship below." st.xii.-4

st.xii.-1.And if..... st.xiii.-1
" -3.That will cause your men and you to weep. " -3
" -4. .....sleeping in the Deep. " -4

st.xiii.-1. Under the Deck the..... st.xiv.-1
" -2. And brought the young man to his Foe. " -2
" -3. On him she fix'd her Eyes most grim " -3
" -4. .....tremble in every Limb. " -4

N.S.		Garland
st.xiv.-1.	"'Twas well known I was a maid,	st.xv.-1
" -2.	When first by you I was betray'd,	" -2
" -3.	I am a Spirit come for you,	-3
" -4.	You haul'd me once, I'll have you now.	" -4
st.xv.-1.	For to preserve.....	st.xvi.-1
" -2.	In to the boat.....	" -2
" -3.	The boat sunk in.....	" -3
" -4.	Which made the Sailors all admire.	" -4
st.xvi.-1.	All you that do to Love belong,	
" -2	Now you have heard this mournful song,	
" -3	Be true to one, whate'er you mind,	
" -4	And don't delude poor Woman-kind.	st.xvii.-4

The Garland text is to be seen in the British Museum -- 11621.C.3(41). The Nova Scotia text is given in full on the page now following, p.155:-

I am a seaman unto my right
Unto the seas I took great delight
And the female sex I did beguile
Till at length two maids I had got with child.

I promised for to be true to both
And bound myself all in an oath
That I would marry if I had life,
Till at length one of them I made my wife.

The other one, she being left alone
She cries "You false and deluded man,
It is on me you did a wicked thing
And a public shame now on me you'll bring."

A public shame for to prevent
Unto a silent grave she went
And for to finish off the strife
She cut the tender thread of life.

She hung herself down off a tree.
Two men a-hunting did her see.
Her breast by birds had been greatly tore,
Which grieved those young men full sore.

They went away and cut her down
And in her breast this note was found
This note being opened and read in large
"Bury me not, I do you charge.

For on the earth xx he will find no rest
And on the seas he will be sorely pressed."
As she had said, she plagued him so,
Till on the seas he was forced to go.

As this young man, being main mast high
He spied a small boat sailing nigh
And thinking on this wicked thing
Which made him tremble in every limb.

Down on the deck this young man goes
Unto his captain his mind did disclose.
"Captain, captain, stand my defence,
There is a spirit coming hence."

Up on the deck the captain goes
And there he saw this dreadful ghost.
"Captain, captain, if you can
Send me speedily such a man".

"It's in St.Allant that young man dies
And in St.Allant his body lies."
"Captain do not you say so,
For his dwelling lies in your ship below.

If you stand in his defence
A mighty storm I will send hence
Which will cause you and your men to weep
And leave you sleeping all in the deep."

Down the deck the captain did go
And pressed this young man unto his foe.
She fixed her eyes on him so grim
Which made him tremble in every limb.

"Love, don't you mind when I was a maid
It was by you I was betrayed.
You deceived me once but I have you now
And I'll make you pay your solemn vow."

Now to preserve both ship and men
Unto the small boat they forced him.
The boat she sank in a flash of fire
Which made the sailors all admire.

Come all you seamen who to the ship belong
Give ear unto my mournful song
Be true to one, let what like betide
And never delude poor female kind.

xiv. Reilly and his True Love.(1)

This is an Irish song sung by old Pat O'Neill. McKenzie published a part of it under title "The Banks of Claudie" but in doing so he was in the wrong for/

(1). vide,B.M.11621.k.5(139);B.M.11686.h.20; FSJ.i.256, ii.214,iii.133,v.147.

for "The Banks of Claudie" is another song, of which several collectors have versions. There is a "slip" in a Poet's Box collection, "John Reilly", closely related to this and dated 1852.

As I walked out on one fine morning
All in the month of May
I heard a maid lamenting
While the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"This is a dark and dreary day",
Those very words I heard her say.
"My true love's on the raging main
Bound for Americay.

James Reilly is my true love's name
Born near the town of Bray.
He is as handsome a young man
As ever I did say.

My parents they had riches great
And Reilly being poor
Although I loved my sailor boy
They could not him endure.

My mother she stepped up to me
And took me by the hand
Saying 'If you be fond of Reilly
Bid him leave this land.

If you be fond of Reilly
Go banish him away.
Your father swears he'll have his life
Before the break of day.'

O mother dear, don't be severe,
Where can I send my love?
His very heart is in my breast
He's as constant as a dove.

'O daughter dear, I'm not severe.
Here is five hundred pound
Send Reilly to Americay
To purchase there some ground.'"

Soon as she got the money
To Reilly she did run.
Saying "This very night to have your life
My father's charged a gun.

Here is five hundred pounds in gold
My mother sent to you,
So go you to Americay
And soon I'll follow you."

Soon as he got the money
Young Reilly went on board,
She took the ring from off her hand
And she broke it in two.

Saying "Reilly dear, you have my heart
I will to you be true.
Here's half my ring, be true to me
Until I follow you."

'Twas in a short time after
Before the break of day
That Reilly chanced to come for her
And stole his love away.

The ship was wrecked, all hands were lost
Her father grieved full sore
Found Reilly in his true love's arms
A-floating on the shore.

And on her bosom a note was found
And it was sealed with blood.
Saying "Cruel was my father,
Who said he'd shoot my love."

Now let this be a warning
To all fair maids like me
And never let the lad you love
Sail to Americay.

Another version[1] of the "Reilly" song goes under the title "Colleen Bawn". This appears as "The Trial of Willie Reilly" in the Poet's Box Collection:

"O rise up Willie Reilly and come along with me
I mean for to go with you and leave this counterie
I leave my father's dwelling, his houses and his lands
And I'll go to Willie Reilly" said my dear Colleen Bawn.

Over lofty hills and mountains, along the lonesome dales
Through shady groves and fountains, rich meadows and sweet vales
We climbed the ragged woods and rode o'er silent lawn
But I was overtaken with my dear Colleen Bawn.

They hurried me to prison, my hands and feet they bound,
Confined me like a murderer with chains unto the ground,
But this hard and cruel treatment most cheerfully I'd stand
Ten thousand deaths I'd suffer for my dear Colleen Bawn."

In came the jailor 's son, and to Reilly he did say
"Rise up, unhappy Reilly, you must appear this day.
Proud squire Falliards' anger and power to withstand
I fear you'll suffer sorely for your dear Colleen Bawn.

This is the news young Reilly, last night I heard of thee.
The lady's oath will hang you, or else will set you free."
"If that is true," said Reilly, "some hope begins to dawn,
For I never can be injured by my dear Colleen Bawn.

The lady she is sensible though in her tender youth.
If Reilly has deluded her she will declare the truth."
Then like a spotless angel before them she did stand.
"You are welcome here," said Reilly, "my dear Colleen Bawn."

Next spoke the noble Fox who stood attentively by
"Gentlemen of the jury, for justice we apply.
To hang a man for love is foul murder you may see
So save the life of Reilly and banished let him be."

Then spoke the lovely lady with tears in her eyes.
"The fault is not sweet Reilly's, on me alone it lies.
I made him leave his home, sir, and go along with me.
I love him to distraction, such is my destiny."

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(1). vide, EFSSA. p.290; also, B.M. 11621.a.5(5); B.M. 11621.k.5(270).

The noble lord replied,"We may let the prisoner go,
The young lady hath quite cleared him,the jury well doth know;
She hath released young Reilly,the bill must be withdrawn,
Then set at large the lover of the fair Collen Bawn."

"But stop! my lord,he sold her bright jewels and nice rings,
Gold watches,diamond buckles,and many costly things;
I gave them to my daughter,they cost a tousand pound,
When Reilly was first taken,these things with him were found."

She said,"My lord,I gave them in token of true love,
He never stole my jewels,I swear by all above,
If you have got them,Reilly,pray send them home to me."
I will,my generous lady,with many thanks," said he.

"There is a ring amongst them I wish for you to wear,
'Tis set with costly diamonds and plaited with my hair,
As a token of true friend-ship wear it on your right hand,
Think of my broken heart,love,when in a foreign land."

xv. Lovely Sally.(1)

C.J.Sharp made the mistake of labelling this song"The Brown Girl"(EFSSA.p.145),yet the distinction is simple--in the ballad proper it is the girl who will not relent,in the song the young man. Because of the similarity in the narratives the error was a natural one. So close,in fact,is the resemblance that somewhere,doubtless, a "garland" was once printed diplaying both versions of the old story. The variants noted by Sharp in the Appalachians are of no great interest,though most certainly related to the English song. So with the Nova Scotia text here given. In it the most significant feature is that stanza which mentions a reconciliation;there is no reconciliation effected in The Brown Girl ballad,in the Appalachian texts,nor in the variants recorded in the JAFL--with one exception(JAFL.xxvii.p.74)where

the reconciliation is that of death:

Said he,"I'll retire and lay by her side,
I'll wed her in death,and I'll make her my bride."

Golden rings are pulled from the girl's fingers in Child B13 and Sharp F8; diamond rings in Sharp A6 and B3, and in the JAFL variants above mentioned. The "white wand" of the ballad has altogether disappeared in the song,but the threat to dance upon the grave is present in all texts of "Lovely Sally"--or,as the song should probably be called, "The Young Man's Answer to the Bonny Brown Girl",for this is undoubtedly the garland-maker's companion-piece to a song now best represented by Child 295,variant B.

There was a rich merchant ,from Dover he came,
He courted Lovely Sally,Lovely Sally by name,
She being so lofty,her portion so high,
That on the young man she would scarce cast an eye.

"O Sally,O Sally,O Sally,"said he,
"I fear your proud heart will my ruin be,
Unless that your hatred doth turn into love,
I fear your proud heart will my ruin prove."

"I've no hatred to you,Sir,nor to no other man,
But to say that I love you is more than I can,
So give up your attentions and end your discourse,
For I never will marry you unless I am forced."

When seven long weeks were passed and gone,
At length this young maid she fell sick at last,
She'd been tangled in love and knew not for why,
She sent for the young man that she did deny.

"O am I your doctor,that you've sent for me?
Or am I the young man that you wish to see?"
"Yes,you are my doctor,can kill or can cure,
And without your assistance I'm ruined I'm sure."

"O where does the pain lie,is it in your head?
Or where does it lie,does it lie in your side?"
"O no,my dear Willie,you have not well guessed,
For the pain that I now feel lies low in my breast".

"O Sally,O Sally,O Sally,"said he,
"Do you remember when you slighted me?
When you slighted my love and held me in scorn?
And now I'll reward you for what's past and gone."

"O what's past and gone,love,forget and forgive,
And grant me a little while longer to live."
"I'll never forgive you while drawing my breath,
And I'll dance on your grave when your underneath."

She took rings off her fingers by one,two and three,
Saying,"Take these,dear Willie,in remembrance of me,
In remembrance of me,love,when I'm dead and gone,
And perhaps you'll be sorry for what you have done."

"Here's adieu to my Daddy,my Mamma and friends,
Here's adieu to the young man who won't make amends,
Here's adieu to the young man who won't pity me,
Ten thousand times over my folly I see."

"O Sally,"said Willie,"I'll no more sail the Main,
For I have three ships now all coming from Spain,
And they are all laden with brandy and wine,
And all shall be yours,love,and you shall be mine."

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xvi. Van Dieman's Land.(1)

A song of "transportation"days may be appropria te in bringing this chapter of miscellaneous matter to an end. The text as given was taken down by me from the singing of "Jim" Young in the harvest-fields of Saskatchewan in 1924. The Folk-Song Journal (vol.i.p.142) gives a complete text,after, as Miss Lucy E.Broadwood observes,the broadsides of Such and his cotemporaries. Differences between this text and the texts of the Nova Scotia variants are interesting but comparatively trivial. Where,for example,do the Nova Scotian singers owe their first line--

"O come all ye men of learning,and rambling boys beware"--

when the old sheets have:

"Come all you gallant poachers that ramble free of care"?

Is this merely an instance of adaptation to environment--for poaching is a word unfamiliar to Nova Scotian ears--or is the line taken from another variant,as old as the broadsides,or older.

O come all ye men of learning,and rambling boys,beware,
And when you go a-hunting,take your dog,your gun,your snare,
Think on lofty hills and mountains that are at your command,
And think of the tedious journey going to Van Dieman's Land.

O there were three men from Galloway,Brown,Martin and Paul Jones,
They were three loyal comrades,to their country they were known,
One night they were trapanded by the keepers of the strand,
And for seven long years transported unto Van Dieman's Land.

(1) see,McKenzie's The Quest of the Ballad,p.39; FSJ.i.142; B.M.11621.k.5(332).

O Brown he had a sweet-heart,Jean Sumner was her name,
And she was sent to Dublin Town for the playing of her game,
Our captain fell in love with her and married her out of hand,
And the best of treatment she gave us,going to Van Dieman's Land.

O the place we had to land upon was on some foreign shore,
The people gathered round us,about five hundred score,
They yoked us up like horses and they sold us out of hand,
And they hitched us to a plough,boys,to plough Van Dieman's Land.

The place we had to sleep in was built of sods and clay,
Some rotten straw to sleep on and not one word dare say,
The people gathered round us,saying,"Slumber if you can,
But think of the Turks and tigers that's in Van Dieman's Land.

One night as I lay in my bed,I had apleasant dream,
I dreamed I was in old Ireland,down by a purling stream,
With a fair lassie by my side and she at my command,
When I woke quite broken-hearted,all in Van Dieman's Land.

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These **sifteen** are representative examples of the poor things which have supplanted the older ballads in popular favour. Wherein lies the explanation of their power,such as it is?. The answer is rather with the sociologist than with the purely literary historian,for it was only with the breaking down of such social isolation as these several communities of early Canadians enjoyed,that verse matter other than good ballads and the more respectable broadside songs penetrated the fold. As the primitive homogeneity of the colonists disappeared in the face of social progress,interests other than the common and near-communal ones occupied/

the minds of many. External influences, too, played a part. Sailors returning from the sea, soldiers from the wars, and casual travellers from the outer world brought stories and songs that had little in common with the old ballad fancies. Inroads upon the pur ballad stock had already been made befoere the first settlers arrived--for the broadside presses were at work throughout the whole course of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The ballads had, in fine, already lost their battle: here we withess but the rear-guard action. The songs quoted excite amazement as to the standards of popular taste. How could such things as these succeed the ballads proper and win the tribute of memorization?. The following chapter will supply an answer in part, for it is to depict the failure of the ballad singer s in the attempt to replenish their stock.

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CHAPTER FIVE.

INDIGENOUS VERSE COMPOSITIONS.

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Chapter V. Indigenous Verse Compositions.

The songs recorded in the foregoing chapter fairly represent the output of the "broadside","slip", "garland," and "chap-book" printers. Travellers, sailors, pedlars and beggars combined to drive out ancient balladry. The old ballads suffered death at the hands of that very force which had meant life to them - the force of dissemination, a thousand times increased in the opportunities of print and rapid transport. The sturdy, wholesome folk life of the early settlers fell rapidly into decay, while with that simplicity of life disappeared the purity of song. Yet the urge to composition in verse and music continued to manifest itself, however faintly, and in this chapter may be seen the old singing habit in its death throes. If differences have been perceived between the broadside songs of the previous chapter and the genuine ballads of the third chapter, then the significant features of this last body of native song may not escape observation. The songs recorded are but types; there are hundreds like them, and they form the third and final class of compositions here studied. In the first division are placed the true ballads; in the second examples of those songs superimposed upon the English and Scottish ballads by the black-letter press; and in this third, the results of an attempted popular resurgence from out the wretched mawkishness which stamped

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folk singing in the days of its deterioration. How far short of ballad perfection the latter compositions fell may here be seen. How great a part the broadside songs played in the vitiation of the folk-spirit may here be judged.

i. MacLellan's Son.(1) What would the old balladists have made of an instance such as this? Accidental woundings and killings while at play are common in those ballads which have come down to us. Here is the sincere attempt of local song to record for a community of Nova Scotians the details of a moving tragedy enacted within the memory of all. The two youths concerned were close friends, and traditional comment has it that Britner, the slayer, died of grief. The serenade during which the shot was fired took place at Noel in Hants County, Nova Scotia.

It was on September, the eighteenth day,
Now just attend to what I say,
A gun was heard, a solemn sound
Like thunder rolling shook the ground.

The neighbours hastened to the spot
Where they had heard this mournful shot,
And there in death's cold fetters found
A bleeding victim on the ground.

It's there they saw the man and gun,
Who had this dreadful murder done,
With rolling eyes cast on the ground
He told the truth to all around.

(1). The words are those of Mrs. Dingle. In The Quest of the Ballad, McKenzie has a text from which are missing the second line of stanza one and the complete stanzas five, six and nine

"I just picked up this cursed gun
To snap it off in careless fun,
When this poor boy with spirit large
Came up the hill and met the charge.

I did not know the load was in,
Until I saw him drop his chin,
With deathlike looks to me did say,
'Britner, you've took my life away.'

With gracious wonder, strange to tell
He turned to me and down he fell,
His dying eyes on me did roll,
Just like an arrow pierced my soul.

I'll tell you what I'll have you do,
Load this same gun and shoot me too,
I would to God I too were dead,
Where shall I hide my guilty head?"

We'll take poor Daniel from his gore,
And lay him on the bar-room floor,
Send for a justice very soon,
And let the jury fill the room.

They took poor Daniel from his sight,
Down to a friend's to spend the night,
With wringing hands and bitter cries,
They walked the room with streaming eyes.

The parents of this murdered boy
Had given up all hopes of joy,
To see their son to manhood grown,
Should die by folly not his own.

Take warning all you careless youths,
By these few lines and speak the truth,
Take warning by MacLellan's son,
Mind how you trifle with a gun.

ii. The Nine Mile River Election Song.[1] Local incident is again responsible for this, the rude narrative of a political fracas, which occurred during the course of a provincial election. Johnson, Tupper's assistant in the campaign against Joseph Howe, was accused of bribing the Irish navvies, and of coercing the Negro shack-dwellers for their votes.

The sons of bold Saint Patrick, as they roam from shore to shore,
And get them safely landed all on our peaceful shore,
They roam to seek employment, like many a thousand more,
Living on the railroad, they frequently obtain
With nothing from a shanty to keep them from the rain
But always gay and happy and nothing do they fear,
Though oft they meet with trials, yet always they get clear.
They spree and fight the livelong night and Sunday in its turn.
They always strive to beat their wives and Irish fashions learn.

Of all things best I must confess, the Irish do like rum,
And where it flows they're sure to go, on purpose to get some.
And when they are encouraged by natives of our soil,
They're no ways slow their teeth to show in raising of a broil.
Promiscuously we often see the same poor Paddy at the bar,
With awful slews of Irish crews most always in a jar.
His clothing shows he's been exposed to both the mire and mud;
And oft by Gob! he gets a daub of real Hibernian blood.

We had a bad example of this some weeks ago,
Both rum and beer were sent out here by Johnson's party crew.
With all the men that they could send and drunken railroad rakes,
The Indians' crew they brought them too, and niggers from the lake
They came to Nine Mile River, three or four hundred strong,
With gallons of good rum and beer to help their crew along;
When they got here the rum and beer did make those heroes strong,
And you might hear them curse and swear as they did pass along.

(1) Sung by Mr."Sam" Turple.vide,Appendix A.

They would fight to get their rights in spite of Joseph Howe,
And Tupper would do all he could for to assist them now;
Those men of note they came to vote, for to assist a man
Who told them they would shortly see ascendency at hand.
That he would serve and strain all nerve if once put into power,
For to exclude the word of God from common schools of ours.
The Irish now did raise a row, the way they often do,
Thinking that they would clear the way with their infernal crew.

Their clubs and sticks those Irish Micks did flourish in the air,
But steady blows soon brought them low, when they were brought to
Big Evan's fist, it never missed to bring a Paddy down, (bear
And Donal Mac did cuff and whack those Irish bullies round.
Big Jim Densmore did lay them o'er by battering their pates,
And Thompson's blows were no ways slow to make them lay out
The Irish fell like drops of hail, most dismal to behold, (straight.
At every blow their clarer flew, disfiguring their mold.

They did disgrace the human race in every shape they choose,
Except in moral character, they had not that to lose;
In a short time they closed the shine, the Paddies had to clear,
And they that could put to the wood, possessed with fright and
Big waggons they were soon prepared to bear away the slain, (fear.
Their bloody shirts lay in the dirt with all that they contained.
Big Fraser then he drove a span and cleared with all his might,
In half an hour the Papal power had vanished out of sight.

We trust that we may never see on Nine Mile River's plain,
The rebel race come back to face the Protestants again.
For if they do, they'll ever rue, the day they left the sod,
For we will stretch them in the ditch, to sprawl amongst the mud.
And what is more, we'll send them o'er to Purgatory's lake,
And let the Priests their souls release, even for the Virgin's
If Bishop Hughes should hear the news he'd sail across (sake.
(the sea,
And invite France for to advance, and take the counterie.

May Protestants not pull down the fence, but side them to a man,
Nor tell them plain "Here take the reins, you'll get the upper hand,'
Ye dregs of Paddy nation, for God's sake don't come here,
For we will smash your bloody trash, like rats another year.
I would advise your men and boys be civil and behave,
For we have men who will you kill, and send prayerless to your graves.

For want of space I must release this subject from my mind,
We'll not forget the hallowed spot all in the olden time.
Deserters now we don't allow to meddle or molest,
The Negro race we will not chase, nor whip the boys to death.

iii. Gary's Rocks.(1) A favourite song with the lumbermen of the New Brunswick forests. It is known in Northern Ontario, Quebec, Maine, and Washington; and in no instance has doubt ever been cast upon the occurrence of the events described. The rapids formed by Gary's Rocks lie some distance up the Saint John River in New Brunswick.

Come all you true born shanty boys,
Wherever that you be,
(I will have you pay attention,)
(Come listen unto me.) Bis.

It's of a true born shanty boy,
Both noble, true and brave,
'Twas on a jam on Gary's Rocks
He met a watery grave.

'Twas on a Sunday morning,
As you shall plainly hear,
Our boss he says "Turn out, my boys",
In a voice devoid of fear.

(1) Sung by Mr."Sam" Turple. See also, J.A.Lomax's Cowboy Songs, p.174. Sturgis and Walton Co., N.Y. 1911.--the text probably "improved" by Lomax or a collaborator.

"We'll break the jam on Gary's Rocks,
For Agenstown we'll steer,"
Some of them were willing,
While others hung back in fear.

All for to work on Sunday,
They did not think it right,
Till six of these bold Canadian boys
Did volunteer to fight.

To break the jam on Gary's Rocks,
These gallant boys did go,
To break the jam on Gary's Rocks
With their foreman, Young Monro.

They had not rolled off many logs,
When the boss to them did say,
"I'll have you all be on your guard
For the jam will soon give way."

He scarcely had spoken,
When the jam did break and go,
And carried off those six bold youths
With their foreman, Young Monro.

When the rest of those bold shanty boys
The tidings came to hear,
To search for their dead bodies,
They to the river did repair.

One of the headless bodies
To their sad grief and woe,
All cut and mangled on the rocks,
Was the head of Young Monro.

They took it from the waters,
Smoothed down his raven hair,
There was one form among them,
Whose cries did rend the air.

There was one form among them,
A maid from Sigma town,
Her mournful cries reached the skies,
For her lover that was drowned.

Lovely Clara was a noble girl,
And his intended bride,
Her mother was a widow,
Lived near the riverside.

The wages of her own true love,
The boss to her did pay,
And a liberal subscription
From the shanty boys next day.

They buried him quite decently,
All on the sixth of May.
Now all you true born shanty boys
For your comrade true do pray.

Engraved all on a hemlock tree,
That near his head did grow,
Was the age, the name and drowning
Of that hero, Young Monro.

Lovely Clara did not survive long
In her sad grief and woe,
For in less than six months after
Death called for her to go.

Now all you true born shanty boys,
Who wish to call and see,
On a little isle by the riverside,
Will find that hemlock tree.

The shanty boys cut the woods all round,
Where the true lovers are laid low,
'Tis lovely Clara Vincent
And her shanty boy Monro.

iv. Peter Ambelay.[1] Another song of the lumberwoods, but rather reflective than active, this is an excellent example of the rubbish projected by the "broadsides".

O my name is Peter Ambelay,
As you may understand,
I belong to Prince Edward Island,
Down by the ocean strand.

In eighteen hundred and eighty-two,
When the flowers were in brilliant hue,
I left my native counterie,
My fortune to pursue.

I hired in New Brunswick,
That lumbering counterie,
Hired to work in the lumbering woods,
Where they cut the tall spruce true.

And loading a sled in the yard,
I received my deadly wound,
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

There's danger on the ocean,
Where the sea rolls mountains high,
There's danger on the battle-field,
Where the angry bullets fly.

. . . . . .
. . . . . .
There's danger in the lumbering woods,
And death lies silent there.

Soon I became the victim
Unto its monstrous snare,
Here's adieu unto my father,
'Twas he who drove me here.

(1) Sung by Peter Caddell, vide Appendix A. See reference to this song in The Quest of the Ballad p.35, where two lines only are given.

It is not right to press a boy,
Nor try to keep him down,
To cause him for to leave his home,
When he is far too young.

Here's adieu unto my greatest friend,
I mean my mother dear,
Who raised a son that fell as soon
As he left her tender care.

How little did my mother think,
When she sang lullaby,
What country I must travel in,
Or what death I must die!

Here's adieu unto my younger friends,
And the island girls so true,
Long may they live to grace that isle,
Where first my breath I drew!

But the world will roll on just the same,
As before I passed away,
What signifies a mortal man
His origin is clay.

Here's adieu to P. E. Island,
That garden in the seas,
No more I'll walk its flowing banks,
To enjoy an evening's breeze.

No more I'll watch the gallant ships,
As they go sailing by,
With streamers flying in the air,
Above the gaillards high.

There's one thing more I have to ask,
For it I humbly crave,
That some Holy Father
Will bless my silent grave.

It's near the bounds of Boylston town,
Where my mouldering bones doth lay,
To await my Saviour calling,
On the great Rising Day.

v. The Preston Babes. This doleful account of a tragedy which took place in 1842, is in direct imitation of that famous old song "The Babes in the Wood." Preston is a village lying immediately without the city of Halifax, and the sad story is true enough. I have the song from Mrs.Sam Turple.

Good people read these verses,
Which I have written here,
And when you have perused them,
You can't but shed a tear.

In eighteen hundred and forty-two,
April, the eleventh day,
Two little girls from Preston road,
Into the woods did stray.

Their father and their mother,
Both sick in bed did lay,
While these two little children
About the door did play.

And hand in hand together,
They saw them leave the door,
The eldest was but six years old,
The youngest only four.

Jane Elizabeth and Margaret Mahar,
Were their two pretty names,
Two of the fairest creatures,
That e'er did nature frame.

They walked along together,
And cheerfully did play,
But mark what followed after,
How soon they lost their way.

There in the lonely wilderness,
They spent a dismal day,
The night came on, they thought of home,
Their streaming eyes gave way.

The frosty gale blew very hard,
Not a star to yield them light,
The beasts of prey, they feared all day,
The screaming owls at night.

They might have been discovered,
But for that simple race,
Ye Preston Niggers wash your hands
And wipe off your disgrace.

You cruel Brewn, that heard them cry,
And did not take them in,
May God reward or punish you,
According to your sin.

But when the shocking news
Did reach the neighbouring town,
Each manly heart with pity swelled,
And then for grief atoned.

Saying, "Poor Mahar, your babes are lost,
And you are left forlorn,
So true it is, it bears remark,
That, 'Man was made to mourn.'"

Early the next morning,
Went out one hundred men,
They found poor Mahar and his wife
Searching the lonely plain.

First casting their eyes to heaven,
And then upon the ground,
With prayers and groans and dying cries,
Distracted as they roamed.

On the fourteenth day of April,
Went out a valiant crew,
To search the woods and dreary plains,
As hunters used to do.

'Twas Halifax and Dartmouth,
Preston and Porter's Lake,
Twelve hundred men assembled,
A final search to make.

'Twas all that week they hunted,
But alas it was in vain,
For in the lonely wilderness,
The infants did remain.

Though oft they stopped to listen,
They never could hear a sound,
At twelve o'clock on Thursday,
A bloody rag was found.

Think, gentle reader, what a sight
If we could them behold,
Dying in the wilderness,
With hunger, fright and cold.

Not a mother by to close an eye,
Or friend to wipe a tear,
O Pharoah's heart would surely melt,
Their dying cries to hear.

'Twas Peter Currie found them,
At twelve o'clock that day,
On Melancholy Mountain,
But lumps of breathless clay.

Their hair was dragged from their heads,
Their clothes in pieces torn,
Their tender flesh from head to foot,
The prickling thorns had gorn.

The frost it stole upon their hearts,
Their blood began to chill,
Their tender nerves could not obey
With all the art and skill.

Headlong they fell, they felt their souls,
Unwilling take their way,
And left their tender bodies,
On a dismal rock to lay.

No longer did they leave them,
For the birds and beasts to tear,
On decent biers they laid them,
All graced with odours fair.

To the father's house they carried them,
Their mother to behold,
She kissed them both a thousand times,
They they were dead and cold.

Their father quite distracted was,
And overcome with grief,
The neighbours tried to comfort him,
But gave him no relief.

The cries of their poor mother,
Were dismal for to hear,
To think that death had her bereft,
Of those she loved so dear.

On the seventeenth of April,
They were in one coffin laid,
Between Elmsvale and Elmsfarm,
The little grave was made.

Where thousands did assemble,
Their last farewell to take,
Both rich and poor lamented sore,
For the poor children's sake.

The rain was fast a-falling,
And dismal was the day,
When gazing on Elizabeth,
Methinks I heard her say.

"Farewell my loving neighbours,
Return, dry up your tears,
Let us two lay in this cold clay,
Till Christ Himself appears."

Five pounds reward was offered,
To the man that did them find,
But Currie he refused it,
As a Christian just and kind.

May God forever bless him,
And grant him length of days,
The humble poet, D. G. Brown,
Shall ever sing his praise.

Ye gentle folks of Halifax,
That did turn out so kind,
I hope in Heaven hereafter,
A full reward you'll find.

Not forgetting those of Dartmouth,
Who turned out rich and poor,
Likewise those of Preston,
And round the Eastern shore.

Now to conclude and make an end,
Of this, my mournful song,
I beg you will excuse me,
For writing it so long.

That I another thing like this,
May never have to pen,
This is the first, I hope the last,
God grant it so, amen.

vi. John Sullivan.[1] Here is a "confession song" complete and exact in every detail. Moncton is a New Brunswick town, Westmoreland its County; Dorchester is the provincial penitentiary.

Come all you boys of Westmoreland,
I want you to attend,
And listen with attention,
To these true lines I pen.

I'll sing to you a little song,
Which I made up to-day,
Concerning John E. Sullivan,
And the Moncton tragedy.

I do reside in Westmoreland,
I don't deny the same,
Moncton is my native home,
John Sullivan is my name.

I'm handcuffed down in Dorchester,
And sentenced for to die,
On Friday, the twelfth day of March,
Upon the gallows high.

(1) Sung to me by Mrs.Alma Wood,--Mrs.Sam Turple's visitor from New Brunswick.

I come from honest parents,
They raised me true and kind,
They gave me an education,
Which I must leave behind.

They taught me how to fear the Lord,
And do His Holy Will,
They little thought they'd raised a son,
That human blood would spill.

There was a wealthy widow,
Lived in that fatal place,
With her I had been intimate,
Since first I saw her face.

She trusted me, as you may see,
To all I did require,
But to take away her precious life,
It was my heart's desire.

On the eleventh of September last,
Sad curse attend that day,
The devil whispered in my ear,
These words to me did say.

"Why don't you do your work, John,
It never shall be told,
It's easy to announce her death,
And you'll enjoy her gold."

'Twas at the hour of five o'clock,
The day was nearly done,
The evening sun was getting low,
The night was coming on.

My way I cautiously did trace,
My steps I quickly took,
Till I arrived at Duchess,
On the banks of Meadow Brook.

'Twas there I so concealed myself,
I soon contrived a plan,
I only wanted liquor,
And she kept the like on hand.

I went there in the dead of night,
For fear I would be seen,
I thought suspicion it would fall,
On Hughie and Lizzie Green.

I killed the widow and her son,
To accomplish my desire,
I gathered in what cash she had,
And set the house on fire.

'Twas early the next morning,
The news went all around,
About the Duchess residence,
That burned unto the ground.

The widow and her little son,
They perished in the flame,
While little Maggie she survived,
Upon me to lay the blame.

'Twas then I grew uneasy,
And troubled in my mind,
My friends they all advised me,
To leave my home behind.

I steered my course for Calais,
That city of great fame,
'Twas there I was arrested,
They brought me back again.

It's now I'm in my little cell,
In a dejected state,
Waiting for the day to come,
When I shall meet my fate.

Four long weary months have passed,
The future did require,
The judges found me guilty,
I am condemned to die.

On Friday, the twelfth day of March,
I take my last adieu,
To Moncton and to Westmoreland,
Where my first breath I drew.

If I had died upon that day,
What a blessing it would be!
To see me die a decent death,
Not on the gallows tree.

O fare ye well my pretty girl,
The pride of all my life,
If I had lived a year or two,
You would have been my wife.

No more I'll kiss your rosy lips,
Or embrace you any more,
Till death's dark valley I have crossed,
To Canaan's happy shore.

Now to conclude and make an end,
My pen I'll lay away,
I will wind up my little song,
I have no more to say.

I hope I have said nothing,
My neighbours to offend,
I simply wrote these verses,
To satisfy a friend.

vii. The Cedar Grove.[1] This is the first of a group of sea-songs. Needless to say, this account in verse is quite in accord with the actual circumstances. No traditions in Nova Scotia are more vivid than those of wreck, mutiny and piracy. The words are those of Mrs. Sam Turple's singing.

It's of a noble steamer,
The Cedar Grove by name,
She crossed the briny ocean,
From London city came.

While steering forth one stormy night,
Too dark to see the land,
By some miscalculations,
On Canso she did strand.

The Night was dark and stormy,
The look-out at his post,
The first he knew of danger,
Was breakers on the coast.

The look-out wished to give them orders,
But knew it not his place,
The bugle it must be observed,
Whatever be the case.

The sailor at the helm,
He knew that he could tell,
He knew they were too near the rocks,
By the heaving of the swell.

The orders then were given,
The engines to reverse,
"Starboard your helm," the Captain cries,
"Our ship is off her course."

Then straightway through the breakers,
Our noble ship boomed on,
Till all at once an awful crash,
Brought fear to every one.

(1) vide, The Quest of the Ballad, p.201.

Both engineers and firemen,
Were hard at work below,
And by their perseverance,
Our ship did backward go.

Soon she was in deep water,
And then her fate was sealed,
The waves began to wash her deck,
And on her side she heeled.

Her after cabins began to fill,
And also down below,
Likewise her aft compartments,
And down our ship did go.

The saddest of my story,
From you yet doth remain,
We had one lady passenger,
Miss Farrel was her name.

For to visit some relation,
In the City of Saint John,
She ventured across the ocean,
But now she's dead and gone.

A sailor said he saw her,
In the cabin door stand by,
He said it grieved him to the heart,
To hear her wailing cry.

He said he tried to console with her,
And tell her she'd not be lost,
But in another moment,
On the billows she was tossed.

Our steward held her bravely,
Out o'er the ship's deck rail,
He waited for the boats,
To pull up against the gale.

A giant wave swept over,
Which did prevail his grip,
And then that lady's tender form,
Went floating from the ship.

The same sea took our Captain,
And he was seen no more,
Through heavy seas and darkness,
The boats still lingered near.

Two engineers were also lost,
When the noble ship went down,
Their bodies or the lady's
Have never yet been found.

And now the ill-fated Cedar Grove,
On the bottom she doth lie,
To save the most of her cargo,
The divers hard did try.

A disfigured body,
Was carefully sent on,
Our aged and honoured Captain,
Who died while in command.

Our cargo was for Halifax,
From the city of Saint John,
And to the latter port, my boys,
This noble ship belonged.

She was strongly built on the banks of Clyde,
Five thousand tons or more,
But her strength it proved of no avail,
On the rocks of Canso shore.

The McKenzie copy has much the same style. An artistic effect of repetition is there gained by the insertion of our final stanza as as the second, and its use again at the end; stanzas four and five are missing, but there are no variations of consequence within the text.

viii. The Wreck of the Atlantic. Also a true account. One rather gruesome note may be made: Mr Sam Turple, from whom the song was secured, said that his uncle (Steven Turple, joiner, of Halifax) made several of the rough coffins in which the victims of the wreck were buried.

Dear friends come hear the mournful tale,
The loss which we deplore,
Of the gallant ship "Atlantic",
Wrecked on Nova Scotia's shore.

A most terrific accident,
Befel that fated ship,
As she approached those rocky shores,
On her way across the deep.

The sun had sunk behind the hills,
Night spread her wings around,
A night that will remembered be,
For many a year to come.

Alas, the ship, that noble ship,
That had the ocean crossed,
Upon the lonely Prospect shore,
That night was wrecked and lost.

With full a thousand souls on board,
The Captain had no fear,
And heeded not the rocky coast,
Which he was drawing near.

Till oh, alas, it was too late,
The final shock was given,
That noble ship had struck the rock,
Amidships she was riven.

The terror-stricken souls on board,
O who could give them aid,
Unto each other looked for help,
Each praying to be saved.

Numbers overboard were washed,
And perished in the deep,
While others frozen with the cold,
Died on the sinking ship.

Poor helpless women down below,
Of whom not one was saved,
Dear little children too,
All met a watery grave.

Amongst the women there were two,
Beneath the waves that night,
Had each of them a little babe,
That scarce had seen the light.

A lady with her babe in arms,
Had reached the deck, we're told,
With nothing but her nightclothes on,
To shield her from the cold.

To save her life, her tender form
Was fastened to the mast,
Where ten long hours she remained,
Before she breathed her last.

And ere she died, her little babe,
Was swept into the sea,
What suffering did that mother bear,
In those hours of agony!

One Mr Stewart, a gentleman,
Quite frantic with despair,
From cabin came, and in his arms,
His little daughter bear.

The Captain in that trying hour,
Spoke kindly to the men,
Saying, "Be calm!" whilst angry waves
Swept furiously over them.

And to one Ellery he said,
"Pray Charlie, take my child,
That I may go my wife to seek,"
The billows raged wild.

And as the steward gazed on the child,
And saw her face so fair,
His thoughts went quickly to his home,
He had one like her there.

The father did the mother seek,
But neither one came back,
The angry waves soon swept them,
From off the sinking wreck.

Poor suffering little innocent,
It cried out, "Papa, come,"
Its clothes were thin, just taken from
Its little bed so warm.

It cried "Papa" a short time,
But papa never came,
Expiring in the steward's arms,
In agony and pain.

Its little soul to heaven flew,
To call its papa there,
I hope they hand in hand will walk,
Through heavenly mansions fair.

Among the rest of those gallant lads,
Who risked a watery grave,
And stirred up those around them,
The ship-wrecked men to save.

Was that kind and loving clergyman,
Mr Ancient was his name,
Whose deeds deserve to be enrolled,
Upon the scroll of fame.

He says, "My men, come take the boat,
And try whom we can save."
He boldly took the foremost part,
The bravest of the brave.

Those hardy men who gave such help,
Deserve the highest praise,
We'll ne'er forget their noble deeds,
As this thankful song we raise.

Third Officer, Brady, a brave man,
Swam quickly to the shore,
And quickly sent a line aboard,
To help the others o'er.

The kind-hearted fishermen,
Did gladly them receive,
Giving them freely of their store,
Supplying all their need.

Among the rest of those gallant lads,
Then rescued from the wreck,
Was James Henley, a brave lad,
Who boldly struggled to the deck.

Bereft of all he had that night,
His father, mother, brothers four,
He with help from strong men
Got safely to the shore.

Kind friends then took him to their home,
His wants they did supply,
Strangers with pity in their hearts,
Beheld the orphan boy.

When he arrived in Halifax,
Warm welcome he received,
And now we leave him journeying home,
With his sister dear to live.

O cruel rocks that sank our ship,
O rocky reef sink low,
How could you part so many a friend,
Why did you cause such woe?

That goodly ship that proudly sailed,
One hour before the shock,
Why did you not keep far away,
And shun that sunken rock?

O never may those cruel rocks,
Another victim gain,
May lightships guard our rocky coasts,
For those who cross the main.

To those who've wandered far away,
We give a Christian grave,
Our joy would have been greater,
Had we the power to save.

Next morning when the sun arose,
As the angry billows swelled,
The people on the Prospect shore,
A frightful sight beheld.

The rocks around were strewn with dead,
And as each wave broke o'er,
It bore its burden to be laid,
With sorrow on the shore.

Both men and women, young and old,
With clothes and flesh all torn,
Upon those sharp and craggy rocks,
The angry storm had thrown.

A mother with her little babe,
Clasped tightly to her breast,
Upon the tangled seaweed lay,
Gone to her long, long rest.

And all who came to see the sight,
With heartfelt grief bemoaned,
The fate of those who left their homes,
To cross the ocean foam.

For to wander far away,
In a foreign land to die,
To strangers owe a burial place,
No friend to close an eye.

With all our friends around us,
We close our eyes in sleep,
Our thoughts will often wander,
Across the dreary deep.

In grief for those who closed their eyes,
No thoughts of death were near,
But to wake a-sinking in the deep,
Shrieks sounding in their ear.

So it is with us, my loving friend,
There's breakers all around,
And in an unexpected hour,
The last great trump may sound.

The shrieks and groans and cries of those,
Who fear the chastening rod,
All unprepared must then come forth,
To face Almighty God.

ix. St. Patrick's Day in Sixty Five. Stafford Nelson, the youthful Captain of the "Abeline", belonged to a well-known Maitland family of sea-faring men. The song is said to have been composed by Caleb Whyte,(1) also of Maitland.

(1) Personally known to Mrs. Dingle, the singer.

St.Patrick's Day in '65
From New York we set sail
Kind Providence did favour us
With a sweet and pleaant gale.

We bore away from America
As you shall understand
With courage brave we rode the waves
Bound down to Newfoundland.

Stafford Nelson was our Captain's name
Scarce sixteen years of age,
As good and brave a seaman
As ever crossed the wave.

The 'Abeline' our brig was called
Belonged to Maitland
With flowing sheets we sailed away
Bound down to Newfoundland.

When two days out, to our distress
Our Captain he fell sick
And shortly was unable
To show himself on deck.

The fever raged, which made us fear
That death was near at hand;
For Halifax we bore away
Bound down to Newfoundland.

The land we made, but knew it not
For strangers were we all
Our Captain not being able
To come on deck at all.

So then we were obliged again
To haul her off from land,
With saddened hearts we put to sea
Bound down to Newfoundland.

So all that night we ran our brig
Till early the next day.
Our Captain getting worse we all
With one accord did say

"We'll square away for Cape Canso
My boys, now bear a hand."
We spread our canvass to the wand
Bound down to Newfoundland.

At two o'clock that afternoon
As you shall understand
We anchored safe in Arichat
Bound down to Newfoundland.

And to the Board of Health that day
For medical aid did go.
Our captain near the point of death
The symptoms now did show.

And eight days after we arrived
At God'd just command
He breathed his last in Arichat
Bound down to Newfoundland.

Both day and night may we lament
For our departed friend
And pray to be protected
From what has been his end.

Be with us and protect us, God,
By thine almight hand
And guard us safe while on the seas
Bound down to Newfoundland.

x. Doucey.

Here is the account in song of a famous mutiny. Doucey was the first murderer to be hanged in Halifax. The words are those known by Mr."Sam"Turple.

Sabbath morning calm and clear
The wind scarce stirred the wave.
The brigantine 'Zero' neared
The coast of Cape La Have.

When all around was quiet then
And nature's face looked bright,
Yet in the bosom of her men
Were hearts as black as night.

Colin Benson was our captain's name;
John Douglas was the mate,
A cruel and a perjured name,
With hippocritic prate.

The crew consists of young Frank Stocks
And German Charles and Bill
And Doucey who the mate did ship
Without the captain's will.

The captain unsuspecting lies
Sound sleeping in his berth
He little dreamed the hour had come
That he must leave this earth.

Then with a murderous stealthy step
The coloured cook came in
And on his head struck two hard blows
With a belaying pin.

The mate ran to the forecastle
And then began to cry
We fear his tears were crocodile
And not from sympathy.

He lit his pipe and after that
He sent the German Bill
To help the negro bring on deck
The man he tried to kill.

The captain being still alive
To German Bill did say
"Do not take my life, dear men,
Don't kill me now I pray.

I'll go wherever you see fit
Or All for my loving wife
And children's sake as well as God's
In pity spare my life."

They threw him bleeding overboard
And yet he floated long
Until a vessel hove in sight
Their guilty fears were strong.

For fear that she might pick him up
And then that they would lie
Exposed and tried, but sad to tell
He perished in the sea.

At first they tried to scuttle her
If such had been their skill,
But God in his wise providence
Did thwart their wicked will.

Their axe-head did fly overboard
Their augurs too did break
And holes that would be large enough
They therefore failed to make.

The story they agreed to tell
Was that their captain brave
Was by the boom knocked overboard
And perished in the wave.

This tale they told in Lunenburg
And thus did artfully
Bamboozle the authorities
Who let them all go free.

They say that murder will come out
And this case did not fail,
For they were re-arrested soon
And safely lodged in jail.

The evidence of young Frank Stocks
No lawyer could remove
Left little doubt about the mate
And Doucey's guilt did prove.

"I from a fearful sleep was roused,
Awoke by German Bill,
Who told me that the coloured cook
Did Captain Benson kill.

I saw the Captain's glaring eyes
And Doucey's bloody hand,
I tried to pray; he clubbed at me
Till I could scarcely stand.

I nothing knew until I woke
About the sad event.
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

"I'm sorry for the deed I've done
I'm sorry now that e'er
I heeded what that person said
To join in this affair.

For Captain Benson's murder
I now stand here to die,
There's one you know, I need not name,
Far guiltier than I.

But farewell, gentlemen and friends,
God Almighty for us all,
Those words the latest words he spoke
And then the drop did fall."

xi. The Saladin.(1) Sung by Mrs.Dingle.

They shipped me on board the 'Saladin'
As you shall understand
She was bound for Valparaiso
Mackenzie had command.

We arrived there in safety
Without the least delay
Till Fielding came on board of her
Curse on that fatal day!

(1) The song is built upon the last confession of Charles Augustus Andersen, a mutineer who actually did meet the fate described. These verses are traceable to the very year of the execution. Legal records bear out the major potion of the testimony; and not only was the death sentence carried out, but the bodies of the men were hung in chains from gibbets erected on the sea-ward face of Point Pleasant Park, in Halifax.

see also The Quest of the Ballad, 150, 224.

'Twas Fielding who induced us
To do that horrid crime.
We might have prevented it
If we had thought in time.

We shed the blood of innocence
The same I don't deny
We washed our hands in human blood
For which we have to die.

'Twas on a Sabbath morning
Our ship being homeward bound
With copper ore and silver
Over a thousand pound.

Likewise two cabin passengers
On board of her did come.
One was Captain Fielding,
The other was his son.

He did upbraid our captain
Before we were long at sea,
And one by one seduced us
Into a mutiny.

The tempting prize did attract his eyes
He kept it well in view,
And by his consummate of art
He destroyed us all but two.

On the fourteenth night of April
I am sorry to relate
We began the desperate enterprise
By telling first the mate.

And then we killed our carpenter
And overboard him threw.
Our captain next we put to death
With three more of the crew.

The watch were in their hammocks
When the work of death begun.
The watch we called; as they came up
We killed them one by one.

Those poor unhappy victims
Lay in their beds asleep
We called them up and murdered them
And threw them in the deep.

There were two more remained below
And being unprepared
The hand of God protected them
And both their lives were spared.

By them we're brought to justice
And both of them set free.
They had no hand in Fielding's plan
Nor his conspiracy.

It was on a Sunday morning
The work of death was done
When Fielding took the Bible
And swore us every one.

The tempting prize before his eyes
He kept it still in view
And like a band of brothers
We were sworn to be true.

Our firearms and weapons all
We threw into the sea.
He said he's steer for Newfoundland
To which we did agree.

And secrete all our treasures there
Into some secret place.
Had it not been for his treachery
That might have been the case.

We found on Captain Fielding
For which he lost his life
A brace of loaded pistols
Likewise a carving knife.

We suspected him for treachery
Which did enrage the crew
He was seized by Carr and Galloway
And overboard was threw.

His son exclaimed for mercy
He being left alone,
But his entreaties were soon cut off
No mercy there was shown.

We served him like his father was
Who met a watery grave
For we buried son and father
Beneath the briny wave.

So then it was agreed upon
Before the wind to keep
We had the world before us
And on the trackless deep.

We sailed ~~xxxx~~ the ship before the wind
As we could do no more
And on the twenty-eighth of April
We were shipwrecked on the shore.

We were all apprehended
And into prison cast.
Tried, and found guilty
And sentence on us passed.

There were four of us who were condemned
And sentenced for to die
The day of execution
Is the thirtieth of July.

My father was a shipwright
I might have been the same.
He taught me good example
To him I leave no blame.

Likewise my tender mother
Who for me suffered sore
When she hears the sad announcement
I'm sure she'll suffer more.

Likewise those pious clergymen
Who for our souls did pray,
Who watched and prayed along with us
As we in prison lay.

May God reward them for their pains
They really did their best
They offered holy sacrifice
To God to grant us rest.

We were parched from prison
Unto the gallows high
And placed upon the scaffold
Whereon we were to die.

Farewell, my loving country
I bid this world Adieu,
I hope this will a warning be
To one and all of you."

They were placed upon the fatal drop
With their coffins beneath their feet,
While the clergy were preparing them
Our Maker for to meet.

They prayed sincere for mercy
While they humbly smote their breasts.
They were launched into eternity
And may God grant them rest.

xii. The Flying Cloud.(1) A song of slaving and piracy.

My name it is Edward Anderson
As you may understand.
I belong to the city of Waterford
In Erin's lovely land.

When I was young and in my prime
And health did on me smile
My parents doted on me
I being their only child.

(1). Words of Mr. Turple. see also JAFL. xxxv, 370; The Quest of the Ballad, 151. McKenzie gives eight stanzas and a summary of the narrative. The JAFL variant, from Minnesota, would be the most satisfactory were it not for the omission of the stanzas descriptive of the chase and capture.

My father reared me tenderly
In the fear of God likewise
But little he thought I'd die in scorn
On Cuba's sunny isle.

My father bound me to a trade
In Waterford's fair town.
He bound me to a cooper there
Whose name was William Brown.

I served my master faithfully
For eighteen months or more
When I shipped on board the 'Ocean Queen'
For Valparaiso's shore.

It happened at Valparaiso
I fell in with Captain Moore
He commanded the clipper 'Flying Cloud'
Sailing out of Baltimore.

He lured me to sail with him
A slaving voyage to go
To the burning shores of Africa
Where the sugar cane doth grow.

The 'Flying Cloud' was a clipper barque
Five hundred tons or more.
She could easily sail round any ship,
Sailing out of Baltimore.

I've often seen that goodly ship
With the wind abaft her beam
With her royal and studdin' set aloft
Clip sixteen knots off the reel.

Her sails were white as any snow,
On them there was no speck.
She had seventy-five brass-mounted guns
All carried on her deck.

Her magazine and iron chests
Were safely stored below.
She had a Long Tom between her spars,
On a swivel it did go.

We soon tossed o'er the raging sea
And reached the Afric shore,
Where five hundred of those poor souls
From their native homes we bore.

We dragged them down in front of the deck
And stored them down below,
And eighteen inches to a man,
Was all we had to stow.

We weighed our anchor and put to sea,
Our cargo it being slaves,
It had been far better for those poor souls
Had they been in their graves.

For plague and fever did come on board
Took half of them away,
We dragged their bodies to the deck
And threw them in the sea.

Our money it then being spent
We went aboard again,
Our captain called us to the deck
And said to us his men

"There's gold in plenty to be had
Down on the Spanish Main
If you'll agree, my jovial crew,
I'll tell you how it's gained.

There's gold and silver to be had
If you'll with me remain.
We'll h'ist the lofty pirate flag
And scour the Spanish Main."

We all agreed, but five bold youths
Who ordered us then to land.
Two of them were Boston chaps
Two more from Newfoundland.

The other was an Irish lad
A native of Stramore
I wish to God I'd joined their lot,
And landed safe on shore.

We burned and plundered many's a ship
Down on the Spanish Main
Left many a widow and orphan child
In sorrow to complain.

We caused their crews to walk the plank
Gave them a watery grave
And all the words our captain spoke
Were "Dead men tell no tales".

We had been chased by Meno' War
Frigates and liners too.
But to overtake our goodly ship
'Twas what they ne'er could do.

They always fell astern of us
When the cannon roared so loud
And do their best they never could
Or take the 'Flying Cloud'.

At length a Spanish Man o' War
The 'Dungeon' hove in view
She fired a shot across our bow
As a signal to heave to.

To them we gave no answer
But steered before the wind
When a chance shot cut our mizzenmast off
And then we fell behind.

We cleared our deck for action
As she ranged up alongside
And soon upon our quarterdeck
There flowed a crimson tide.

We fought till Captain Moore was shot
And eighty of our men
When a bombshell set our ship on fire
We had to surrender then.

Soon we were taken prisoners
And into prison cast
We were tried and found guilty
Had to be hanged at last.

You see what I have come to,
By my unlucky hand,
And now I've got to die in scorn,
By the laws of Spanish land.

Fare ye well, sweet Waterford,
And the girl I love so dear,
I never more shall hear your voice,
Like music soft and clear.

I ne'er shall kiss your ruby lips,
Or press your lily-white hand,
For now I've got to die in scorn,
By the laws of Spanish land.

If the object of our search were the discovery of literary perfection, hidden in verse of the people, the songs of this chapter would be quite without value: but our study is with the ways of tradition and, inasmuch as intricate theories have taken hold upon just such matter as this and from thence have seemed even to draw nourishment, it is high time that a proper valuation be determined. Throughout these five chapters parallels have been maintained with the work not only of Canadian collectors, but of American; British work has also been followed--although what may well be thought the chief factor in our problem is lacking there, for the English and Scottish songs, however fragmentary, yet hold with their roots their native soil.

Various editors of material gathered upon the American continent have adopted elaborate grouping systems for their songs, constituting each group according to its value in the substantiation of an hypothesis. By far the greatest number of books issued and articles contributed have taken upon themselves the solution of puzzles for which their evidence has been found altogether inadequate. With the single exception of F.J.Child, workers in the American field have placed too great a value upon their gleanings--or, rather, too heavy an emphasis upon certain aspects of their evidence. With what safety can they, for example, make pronouncement upon the question of absolute origins of traditional song, if they base (as they have done) their conclusions upon collections the genuine traditional nature of which lies under question? Child himself declined to put his work to such a hazard, but his successors, almost to a man, have dared. British investigators, with much fuller evidence, have exercised far more restraint.

Such is the especial significance of this chapter of indigenous song. No promise, far less any accomplishment, is showed forth which would warrant the classification of these poor things and the vigorous, sensitive poems which we know as ballads proper as of one genre. Their descent is from the broadside, the conqueror of the more primitive form. And from this several things follow. First, it must

be conceded that observation of the making of songs indigenous to Canada can not in any way be regarded as shadowing forth the methods of ancient ballad technique: the broadsides bulk between,and social conditions have changed beyond hope of comparison. Even to say that a record of Canadian folk-singing exhibits in parvo the decay of a truly popular song-body is too strong a statement. Nevertheless,it is here seen how a vigorous,homogeneous verse-possession was swamped in a surging flood of hacked rhymings which cheap printing made possible, and for which the break-up of a simpler social system created a demand. The men and women of the early settlements already possessed in tradition a fairly adequate store of homely song and narrative carried over from the crofts and bothies of the homeland before printed matter had worked extensive corruption. When in a state of comparative isolation,the people gave favour to those ballads which told in terse fashion and in forceful language stories of conflict and achievement in which their fore-fathers had played a part; in song they participated, vicariously,in the re-enactnent of the more stirring scenes. But,detached from their original settings,these old ballads succumbed. The new songs,even when dating as in many cases they do from the early seventeenth century,were yet not the products of

the technique which gave us the English and Scottish popular ballad proper; they carry all the ballad vices, while lacking almost every ballad virtue.

A second negative result of this influence of the broadside is the proved hopelessness of any attempt at ballad revival. The old technique disappeared with the old conditions. Triumph and tragedy did not go unsung in the days of decadence, but such a singing as could formerly have been accorded was no longer possible to the dwellers in an age of print. The broadsides had vitiated the folk-taste, as social progress had destroyed folk-solidarity. Demagogical were the broadsides: the people were deceived, coerced into the new manner--and the old making was lost to them. That the indigenous songs here cited are wretched things, lacking restraint, is not to be denied: it is indeed to be stressed, for therein does their significance lie. Betrayed by the broadside mongers, who were shortly afterwards lured to the more profitable panderings of news sheets and "dreadfuls", the people found themselves without their songs, and, more tragic still, without the ability to supply themselves anew.

The last comment to be made before passing to the general summary of all evidence is upon the strength of the urge to creative effort in verse and song, which was obvious,

a force in the life of the early settlers. Yet is this no marvel, when it is considered how few were the outlets, social and artistic; other than the work of their hands, these people had little else to occupy mind and spirit. Economy dictated thrifty living, isolation doomed freedom of intercourse; on the veriest fringe of civilization there were lacking teachers and leaders in the finer ways of life. The whole desire of these brave, mettlesome pioneers for the things that are clean, strong and lasting became sublimated in an urge to narrative song..If performance fell short of intent and desire there may be regret, but no blame. The stream upon whose breast they launched their craft of faith and longing was destined not to escape the encroaching dredges of a more complex system; the new channel with its swifter flow proved too turbulent for loitering, low-rigged bearers of homely cargoes; by this time all have foundered. Yet the weakest attempts at a replenishment of the old popular song stock are creditable, and it is good to know that the fundamental cravings of British people are not for the sickly, morbid, evil spewings of the broadside-monger, but for the wholesome, virile, plain-spoken accounts of heroic exploits and brave imaginings.

CHAPTER SIX.

THE NATURE OF THE BALLAD TRADITION.

CONCLUSION.

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Chapter vi. The Nature of the Ballad Tradition. Conclusion.

What direct bearing upon the prevalent theories of popular song have these collected mediocrities of the illiterate Canadian versifiers? Because of the prominence necessarily accorded to quotation, anything but the most filaform adduction of my thesis has been impossible throughout the three chapters just closed; but sufficient evidence has now been presented to justify a collection of such inferences as were foreshadowed by Chapter I. Be it remembered that the pieces here held are not to be judged upon their poetic merits--not even those which have been classified as of genuine ballad descent. That which it is sought to establish is not the literary excellence or worth of any popular verse-making, but rather the effect of literary influences and social changes upon tradition.

Attempts at solution of the ballad's problems have called forth from various parts of the English-speaking world several contributions of popular verse matter similar to that here presented; and beyond doubt each successive contributor has done something toward the clarification of the issues involved. In England (and for Great Britain) the Folk Song Journal and Folk-lore provide channels of inter-communication

for students of balladry:in America the Journal of American Folk-lore is of like use. But,occasionally,as with C.K.Sharpe,C.J.Sharp,Miss.L.E.Broadwood,Gavin Greig, Lomax and others,an especially vigorous,effective or fortunate collector discovers a body of song which seems to demand bulk rather than piece-meal presentation.

Prerequisite to any adequate treatment of a folk- or popular song collection is the envisaging of all such material as a unity. Doggerel though the latter products be,their line stretches swiftly back to meet that of the popular ballads proper and the point of junction is readily ascertainable; while from that point forward no difficulties of importance are encountered. The songs in chapters four and five are in many cases nearly identical with those collected under like circumstances in the United States and in Great Britain. What is to be expected from a study of them? Surely not that which many editors have called upon them to yield--evidence as to some mysterious, primal,making-process. With the knowledge of their histories, their vicissitudes and habits that such chapters as those of this essay three,four and five have revealed,the demand becomes ridiculous.

As an instance,recall the "Cowboy Ballads" of Professor Lomax,who made out a case for "communal composition" upon the fact of their vagrant dissemination. The Maine lumber

-wood songs of Roland P.Gray are in similar case. Neither in these collections,nor in others like them,has searching investigation brought to light one song that can truthfully be said to be at once communally composed and in fair imitation of the ballad manner.. Probably the most widely accepted example of what most American collectors have agreed to name "communal composition" is Roland P.Gray's "Alphabet Song"--

A is the Axe that laid the pine low,
B is the boys that used it also,
C is the chopping they all had to do,
D is the danger------&&&

Is it conceivable that such a process could give birth,ever, to a thing of beauty,or even of force? That the method is old can not be denied,but it is a time-honoured mnemonic of the school-master,and belongs rather to the literary than to the popular tradition. It is difficult to imagine Gray's woodsmen as convincingly illiteraate when so much labour is expended upon this embellishment of the alphabet; and the protagonists of the communal method postulate absolute illiteracy as the sine qua non of their case. No,in these collections there is not one mark indicative of a purely communal technique. Only Sharp,with his Appalachian fragments, and those contributors to the folk song journals who deal consistently in bits of genuine balladry are competent to voice one word in the controversy on origins. These older songs are the common stock of the world's folk-lore students,and speculation upon the origin of the ballad genre can be

justified only when engaged upon in the widest, comparative way.

There are the four strata of song: 1. The truly ancient and primitive. 2. The semi-historical, in imitation of the older style. 3. The broadsides. 4. Broadside songs escaped into tradition; remembered, adapted or imitated. As to the ways of making in stratum one, there is little or no direct evidence; for stratum two vigorous research has done much; of stratum three knowledge is fullest; while such essays as the present may rightly be called upon to elucidate local problems in stratum four. If American and Canadian work had never been, in fine, the problem of ballad origin would yet have been presented. Beyond doubt discoveries in the New World may make a contribution, but only when utilized comparatively and within the whole. That is the point which should be made; the very dissemination of popular song emphasizes the existence of an urge to rhyme, rhythm and narrative in the humblest of peoples. The American and Canadian vestiges merely go to prove the strength of that urge, they contribute nothing to its explanation: in other words, too many trans-Atlantic scholars have been blinded with dust of their own disturbance.

Such source study as that conducted in chapters four and five would, if applied to any one of the more pretentious American collections, reveal the futility of attempts to re-

construct the oldest compositional method. Much even of Child's material(he himself was aware of this)would seem to be explicable in imitation,adaptation and individual invention. The really puzzling parts of balladry are those vestigial lines and phrases the source or sources of which are hopelessly untraceable. And all latter-day recoveries have failed and must fail us,for social conditions have undergone fundamental changes which preclude adequate study of that process in which the secrets of the oldest tradition are held --the process of oral dissemination. It is not to be denied that a difference betwenn these vestigial pieces and the later products ,those which permit of mechanical source-study, must be allowed; but the preponderant weight of evidence seems not to fall in favour of an hypothetical explanation based in mysticism.

Child,one of the scholars upon whose judgment reliance must be placed,postulated five several tests for true balladry,which have already been discussed in part; these, in the most perfunctory inspection of chapters four and five, show: first,that "impersonality" is a quality altogether foreign to the songs contained; second,that the "refrain" is non-existent as an essential element;i.e.as an element which may have played a part of importance in the song's making or continuance; third,that "simple repetition" is utilized,but not with the technical skill displayed in the songs of chapter three--while "incremental repetition is unknown;

fourth, that the "common-places" have not been continued in use in the new, as compared with the traditional, pieces; fifth, that no one of the songs can be traced to a source suggestive of a protracted traditional life. If, then, the efficacy of the Child tests be granted, it would seem that the Canadian song-body affords implicit proof of the theory that in very primitive times a mode of poetical composition was employed the secret of which is lost to us of today: for in this matter recovered from the popular memory a real division is necessary, which places upon the one side (Chapter 3) songs marked with the characteristics of an ancient technique, and on the other songs of patently, if comparatively, modern composition.

Upon the nature of that difference in origin so allowed, an examination of the means and manner by and in which this whole colligation of song was continued in use may shed some little light. To find, for instance, many men and women of the present day holding such enormous stocks of verse in oral tradition surely argues the former prevalence of a social life with which we are rapidly becoming unfamiliar. If, in face of the tremendous changes worked within the last three or four hundred years, a community is still to be found which affords even a slight attention and offers even a slight response to traditional verse matter, what was probably the case

one thousand years ago? Investigation has not left us without evidence indicative of the social state of that time, and the farther such investigation is carried, the surer are we that the force of tradition was the strong governing control in language that it was, say, in religious life. Regarded in this light, the wretched doggerel set down in Chapters IV and V takes on new meaning. If respect for tradition is to this day so strong, then may it not be that some traditional influences are apparent even among the indigenous songs so late in date as the mid-nineteenth century? One feature at least is held in common with the best old ballads and may well be of their influence. A respect for honestly held beliefs, a ready acceptance as truths of reports accredited by tradition, and a definite preference for the actual - these three are the one faith of the earliest balladry known. Note well that reference is made to indigenous songs - to songs composed by individual makers when the invidious/

invidious broadsides had already lost their command of the popular mind. For it must not be forgotten that the broadside press, more than any other instrument, was responsible for the corruption of the people's taste in ballads. With the subsidence of that great wave which swept all truly popular material before it throughout the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, these isolated Canadian communities did make some faint effort at the recovery of the old popular possession. In the great cities and in the towns, in districts closely bound to the new, civilised world, the old song making was ended for ever; but in their remote places these exiled men and women attempted a resurgence. Yet it was of no avail; the old technique, so long disused, had disappeared. Respect for truth as vouched for by tradition, a respect unknown by the"broadsides", continued, e.g. The Babes in the Wood, Captain Ward, Barbara Allan, these stories are believed by many/

many to be true. Honest beliefs, even if with a slight tinge of superstition, are still taken seriously if retained in old songs, e.g. the belief in "unquiet graves", in ill-doers as "ships' Jonahs", in a veneration for certain numbers - as 3 and 7. Preference for the actual is very general indeed with the present-day singers, as it was with the old balladists though not with the "broadsides" composers and buyers, e.g. the Wreck of the 'Atlantic', The Preston Babes, and MacLellan's Son.

Gummere's dictum upon the value of isolation as a preservative of popular verse has been fully justified by the rescue of this song mass. Isolation is undoubtedly the chief essential if formed traditions are to survive. Conjoined with it as a preserving factor is illiteracy. The Dingles, Turples and O'Neills, all illiterate, are but representative of the people by whom these inordinate screeds/

screeds of verse are held. A secondary characteristic of the singers was old age. Almost without exception, the men and women in possession of the long,worth-while songs were upwards of seventy years old. Isolation, illiteracy, age - these three conduce most to a development of that which is commonly called "the epic memory"; in Canada it has almost disappeared, yet it is still too general to be ignored when in a small community of uneducated people half a dozen may be found who defy exhaustive depletion of their memorized verse matter.

The tricks played by these highly retentive memories are multifarious; if, for example, some interruption of a rendition is caused, in all likelihood the singer will revert to the beginning of the piece in progress; if, as sometimes happens, the musical setting to which a song is being sung gradually suffers deterioration throughout a long recital, and a point is reached at which/

which the melody is found to have completely disappeared, the singer is invariably at a loss for the words; if, again, some difficulty is experienced in calling the initial stanza to mind when wanted, the common resort is to a persistent humming of the tune to which the stanza is habitually sung. The music is recalled with greater ease than are the words. May it be that this closer union harks back to days in which song and dance stood in a more intimate relationship than can today be envisaged? No evidence is forthcoming upon that question, only the suggestion lingers. Dance and song are divorced among the singers of today, and there are not even refrains vigorous enough to point with certainty to the use of any one song here held as a dancing song. The pronounced rhythm with which even the poorer verses swing along, and which has been maintained in greater purity than either language or narrative, may be conceived as of a time when not the words but the measures were the thing: yet/

yet that is difficult and highly speculative, for this Canadian phenomenon of survival can do no more than instigate the thought.

A consideration of the material here recorded in its teleological purport also yields little of value. Songs of seamanship, of timber felling, of milk-churning, spinning and knitting are set down but they show no vital relationship to the occupations with which they are associated. Yet, although the lumberjack does not sing rhythmically while he chops; although the sailor hauls today silently where once he tugged in a unison of verse; although the churn-dasher thuds without its own peculiar musical accompaniment; and the knitting-needles fly not on the wings of song; the mere discovery of lumber-wood songs, e.g. Gary's Rocks, Peter Ambelay, and The Axe Song,(1) with the vigour of strenuous rhythmic labour; of churning, spinning and knitting songs which run regularly, roughly/

(1) Songs and Ballads of the Maine Lumberjacks, with other Songs from Maine. R.P.Gray. Harv.Univ.Press. 1924.

roughly or placidly, as action demands; of sea songs which have in them something of the beat of the waves, the plash of the oar, the sudden crash of shipwreck; these discoveries are not devoid of interest and significance. For has it not already been pointed out that the old popular ballad tradition suffered an interruption almost complete at the hands of the broadside printers? The fact is that the ballad feeling survived, and survives among the people of these isolated communities today, in some slight degree, long after the ballad technique. People still feel a congenital relationship between labour and song, action and expression.

Upon the destruction of that isolation here exemplified followed education in the wake of the pernicious broadsides. The old songs and the old song manners were not consonant with progress, as our survey shows in its depiction of the latest/

latest products of the people's making.
A very striking illustration of the fact was unconsciously exposed by W.R. McKenzie when, in Pictou County, he found the old French people in possession of many songs that were indubitably Scottish. In that community, less isolated than those with which I have dealt, the Scotch settlers forged rapidly ahead of the French among whom they had settled, for they availed themselves to the full of every educational opportunity. They became culturally superior to their neighbours and in the consciousness of their new superiority scorned the lowly song matter with which they had formerly been content. It fell into the trusteeship of the despised French, there to flourish in its bed of illiteracy and conservatism. In Hants County, on the other hand, isolation was longer preserved; the Scots were not accorded the educational advantages of their fellows in the County of Pictou and consequently there is a larger residuum of popular song and a lingering respect/

respect for traditional matter in verse form.

What,now,is the light thrown upon the ballad-making process by the collection of all this material? No light,it is answered,upon the first stages of composition. The most elaborate attempted explanations of ballad origins are those,doubtless,in the Gummere-Kittereage hypotheses. But conditions in the most isolated regions of Canada are certainly not"primitive" in the historical sense of the word. It would be absurd to force an analogy between these good English and Scottish Canadian folk and the imaginary peoples of any one of the famous "states of nature". They are not living in even quite so communal a state as that to which Professor Gummere harks back for corroboration of his "spontaneous improvisation" theory--to communal conditions existent among the European peasant folk of the Middle Ages. Yet they are not immeasureably far from this. Three and four generations ago the forebears of these men and women were--by virtue of the simple,homogeneous character of their life--members of a social order that knew,it is reasonable to believe, a manner of cumulative composition in verse much the same as that which Buchan,Greig and Keith uncovered in their studies of the Aberdeenshire ballads.

Schlegel said that the lofty tower suggested der Entwurf of the architect rather than the accumulation of materials by the labourers: Gummere pointed out the highland cairn--haphazard in the raising but complete in effect--as a

truly communal product. For the individual and for the communal compositional theories these analogies are satisfactory but in their very brilliancy are apt to distract attention from a line of thought which may be truer. I would turn for my analogy to a custom of co-operative building common to our immediate ancestors--the "barn raising bees" of the Nova Scotian people with whom our chapters have dealt, to localize the illustration. Upon a day made free, in a season that was slack, the men, young and old, gathered. All came with their own working tools as with their own working knowledge. The building materials were invriably of local supply--from field, river-bed and forest. There was never an architect's design and throughout the days of "the raising" tasks were constantly interchanged, for all the men of the community were versatile builders. Problems of construction were met and solved as they occurred. As it was with the buildings, so it was with the songs of these people. There was a common store of matter and technique. Assemblages for the making of song were made, quite as deliberate in their purpose as those summoned for any project in material advance. Each man knew the structure of the ideal song, just as he knew the buiding type traditional in the community. If, in the beginning, one individual was responsible for the notion "barn", so may another have been for the notion "song"; but the product, in despite of any guiding the individual might give, was none the less the fruit of common experience. With the song-type, as with the building-type, there was advance by way of experiment within the

community...and in both cases the advance is to be measured from the bases in tradition.

While of earliest origins nothing can be known,it is yet clear that a purposeful striving for expression in song has been continued throughout the centuries,back even through those which are darkest. The ballads as we know them have purposeful beginnings and satisfying endings,even when the development of their narrative is most obscure. Their making has not been altogether accidental,but highly purposive,though whether that purpose was a nebulous,communal one,or a direct, individual guiding force can never be known of the earliest forms. From the evidence gathered of the strange wanderings and strayings of those ballads which have come down into our times,it can only be said that their structure is a thing of traditional basis, raised by accidental accretions,deliberate adaptations and fortunate experiment from out the morning mist of poesy.

Of the actual making,has not Kittredge some such thought as this unconsciously in mind when he attempts a description of that which he would call "the second act of communal composition"? The method is rather "cumulative", in the Keith sense,than"communal"as in the Kittredge usage. And it does seem that here is a point at which reconciliation might take place:

"The mere act of composition(which is quite as likely to be oral as written)is not the conclusion of the matter;it is rather the beginning. The product as it comes from the author

is handed over to the folk for oral transmission,and thus passes out of his control. If it is accepted by those for whom it is intended it ceases to br the property of the author;it becomes the possession of the folk,and a new process begins,that of oral tradition,which is hardly second in importance to the original creative act. As it passes from singer to singer it is changed unceasingly. Old stanzas are dropped and new ones are added;rhymes are altered;the names of the characters are varied;portions of other ballads work their way in;the catastrophe may be transformed completely. Finally,if the tradition continues for twomor three centuries,as it frequently does continue,the whole linguistic complexion of the piece may be so modified with the development of the language in which it is composed, that the original author would not recognize his work if he heard it recited. Taken collectively,these processes of oral tradition amount to a second act of composition,of an inextricably complicated character,in which many persons share(some consciously others without knowing it),which extends over many generations and much geograpical space,and which may be as efficient a cause of the ballad in question as the original creative act of the individual author."--

To illustrate from my material. In every single instance of a ballad survival found,the "author",if any,is completely lost sight of(v.chap.3),and his part in the song's composition is not only utterly ignored by,but is a matter of supreme indifference to both singer and audience,e.g. Little Matha Groves,Captain Ward,and Lord Lovell. The product has been handed over to the folk. Take the Kittredge account phrase by phrase. "For oral transmission"- not one of my singers but has learned his or her stock of old songs from the singing of parents,grand-parents,work-comrades or chance acquaintances. In the case of the Watson family(vide Appendix A)there exists a specific local fame as "a family of singers". Indeed if this collection shows anything,in survey,it is the fact of oral transmission at work in the communities from which it has been made. "If it is accepted by those for whom it is intended.."-

obviously, every song here recorded has been so accepted, else it never could have been captured. "It becomes the possession of the folk, and a new process begins, that of oral tradition, . . . old stanzas are dropped." Compare any one of the texts in Chapters III and IV with the originals to which reference was made. "New ones are added . .", vide Azlon's Town and its cognate forms. "The names of the characters are varied . . . ", vide Jemmy Groves, Sir John Graham, the Queen for the King in Captain Ward. "Portions of other ballads work their way in. . .", - the whole collection evidences an interlaced phraseology. "The catastrope may be transformed completely. . .", e.g. the various versions of The Golden Vanitee, Lady Isabel, and Lovely Sally. "Finally . . . the whole linguistic complexion of the piece may be so modified with the development of the language . . . that the original author would not recognise his work if he heard it recited". As Canada has not the necessary several centuries to her credit, such comparison must be sought/

sought in the dialects of England and Scotland;and if the variants here recorded would not be quite unrecognizabe,yet certainly Canadians would find difficulty in the interpretation of dialect pieces of three generations ago which hailed even from their ancestral localities.

It is this phase of popular verse composition which is of interest,for though of actual origins we may know nothing yet here are the ways of tradition laid bare. And,in conclusion of the case for this collection of songs found floating in such shallow tradition as remains,the following statements may be made, in opposition to some of the notions(based in obscurantism)that several workers with similar material have thought fit to advance:

First,that although the strength of tradition is evident in the preservation of the old songs here shown to be current among the older,more illiterate sections of Canadian country folk,there is no justification for the assumption that these songs have been bequeathed as a purely oral heritage; to the contrary,there is every evidence of persistent semi-literary influence,emanating notably from the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries broadside press.

Second,that such pieces as are demonstrably indigenous to the American continent are directly imitative of older narrative verse structures as known in the years preceding or immediately following migration:in no instance is there

indication of spontaneous improvisation--occasional, non-narrative fragments excepted.

Third, that the projection of epic memory into circumstances still favourable to the operation of tradition, chiefly through isolation, is alone responsible for the preservation of such genuine ballad fragments as are yet discernible: as this memory-force loses in power through the breaking down of that isolation, the traditional verses become fewer and feebler, until all knowledge of the former technique and its products is dissipated in the complex welter of modern life. Apart from the material held in the memories of illiterate folk so isolated, there is nothing of the genuine ballad tradition existent on the American continent.

Sufficient has now been said to indicate the importance of the contribution which the vanishing ballad-communities of Canada may make to the varied problems of folk-song and balladry. One body of song has been exhibited which proves beyond all doubt the extension of the powerful, old-world ballad tradition into the new land. Another speaks of the means by which the pure folk-tradition was corrupted. A third, the indigenous, testifies to an attempted resurgence

of balladry from out the flood of trash effused by the cheap presses. The influences which made some measure of preservation possible for traditional verse have been noted and studied,as have the influences under which corruption has been worked. Men and women have been quoted whose faith in matter orally transmitted is still strong; while the scorn of oncoming generations for similar matter has been investigated. The survivals of the English and Scottish popular ballads in Canada have been described, arranged and explained. That which in the beginning it was purposed to do has been done.

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APPENDICES

Appendix A

Brimicombe, Frederick. of Admiral's Rock, Hants County, in the province of Nova Scotia. A small-holder in possession of land awarded to his progenitor of 1783 by Government grant. "Fred" is rather scornful of the old songs and shares his store of them only on festive occassions. His father, who died in 1920, was in much better repute as a "singer." At the time of my collecting Frederick Brimicombe was about fifty-five years of age. He could read and write. The name Brimicombe is West-of-England, but from what village the soldier Brimicombe came it is quite impossible to ascertain.

Cadell, Peter. The son of a Scottish-Canadian master-mariner by an Indian mother. About thirty-five years of age. The Cadells seem to have drifted over from Scotland in the early part of the nineteenth century and the male members of the family have picked a precarious living from the coast-wise trade of Eastern Canada: the shack and patch of land which they call their own lie on the banks of the Shubenacadie River, some twenty miles above the Port of Maitland. With Fred Brimicombe, Peter is of the younger, comparatively literate generation; the song contributions of both suffer in value from this fact.

Dingle, Nancy (Mrs. Thomas Dingle). The finest of all my singers. By birth a Watson, her childhood was spent in the midst of the most renowned ballad singing family in the Shubeacadie district of Hants County. Although well past her eightieth year when I first met her, she could sing clearly and with almost unfailing precision. Mrs. Dingle was a true ballad singer who kept stubborn silence in the presence of unsympathetic audiences.

Dingle, Thomas. The father shiftless and incompetent descendant of early nineteenth century settlers from England. He knew fragments of many songs, but whether through laziness or stupidity never brought himself to the end of a complete narrative. He is still living in this, his eighty seventh, year. Quite illiterate.

Turple, Susan (Mrs. Sam.). Sister of Mrs. Thomas Dingle. Younger, but yet in possession of scores of good songs. Through custom, she left the singing of the longest ballads of the traditional sort to her sister Nancy, and confined her own singing to the more sensational pieces of broadside and indigenous birth. The Turple farm faced the Dingle place, across the Maitland-Shubenacadie road. Mrs. Turple is upwards of seventy five years of age, and altogether illiterate.

Turple, Sam. One of the quaintest figures imaginable, Sam is the community "fiddler". In his mid-seventies, Sam can yet roar forth many a hearty sea-song and murder-ballad. Like Susan, his spouse, he is unable either to read or to write. The Turple family is also of West-of-England origin, but its earlier figures are shrouded in obscurity.

Watson. This is the family name to which the greatest fame has accrued in the ballad singing annals of Hants County. Today, sadly enough, there is not a man in the community bearing the name. They were of the sea in the days of the small wooden sailing ships which beat about the Nova Scotia and New England coasts. Old men will tell of "the Watson boys" and of "old man Watson" and his stentorian voice, but not the oldest can tell of their fate--they seem just to have drifted away. The Watson girls married and settled within the county of their birth. The elder girl, Mrs. Tom Dingle, is dead; only Mrs. Turple remains, and because she can neither read nor write while her brothers are, or were, under the same handicap, nothing can be learne d of the scattered family.

Wood, Alma. A transient visitor in the home of Mrs. Sam Turple. She came from New Brunswick and seemed to have a considerable supply of songs in the later, murder and tragedy vein. Sixty odd years of age and absolutely illiterate.

Young, James. Thirty years of age. A Nova Scotia boatman with two years in the Royal North-West Mounted Police to his credit. Literate and intelligent. His songs were learned in fishing "shanties" and in barracks, from older men.

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LIST OF SONGS CONTAINED

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