Reflections of Canada

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Notes to *Reflections of Canada*, Second Edition

Dedication

John Barron believed, as did Zoltán Kodály, that it is every child's birthright to
This book is dedicated to John and to all those who devote their lives to bringing that *ality.*

Preface

In 1980, after discussions between John Barron, representatives from t n Music Centre, music specialists from Middlesex County, and four fine Canadian composer o create a musical reflection of Canada was born. The first edition of *Reflections of Cana* was composed of a three-volume set featuring 147 *a cappella* arrangements of Canadian fol . two-, three- and four-part choirs. Nearly forty years later, after thorough consu h composers, elders, ethnomusicologists, esteemed choral music educators from across t publishers, and the family of John Barron, it was decided that this second iteration of uld feature 50 of the best arrangements of these most beloved Canadian folk songs.

The second edition of *RofC*, first and foremost, must upon as a beginning and not an end in itself. It is the first volume in the *Singing the Circle* shed by Cypress Choral Music—a series devoted to the cultivation of singing culture in Cana ng culture for young and for old, for Canadians who have lived in this country since time h Canadians whose families arrived 400 years ago, and for new Canadians. The aim of the se n of *RofC* within the *Singing the Circle* series is to provide a new, culturally sensitive, and i ns in which to view and to study the songs of our ancestry and of our people.

21st-century Canada is a far different Canada of the 1980s. Our country has an immensely diverse ethnic population and, th heroic efforts of the Truth and Reconciliation Commission, progress has been made to ass dians as we face a contentious colonial past.

The second edition of *RofC* sings stories of this land situated north of the 49th parallel with songs drawn from Indigenous-, d English-speaking traditions. The Indigenous songs contained in the 2nd edition of *RofC* n the names of the individuals who generously shared their songs in the early and mid-20th cen dies of the Sioux and Ojibwe are now published as unison melodies without the trappings of eped in the tradition of Western European classical music, as these exquisite melodies speak ves without the need of arrangement. With advice from Sioux, Ojibwe, and Inuktitut lingui e University of Alberta and Nunavut Arctic College, relevant syllabics have been added, te poetic translations have been removed, and the songs have been given more suitable titles e of the songs from Inuit traditions, the two-part choral arrangements have been preserved elfer's settings respectfully and tastefully portray the Inuit "duet" tradition of throat sin

In many w eation of this 2nd edition is a labour of love and respect. First, for an enlightened, pass influential music educator who was taken from Canada's music education landscape far t cond, for generations of singers and for the music of our land; finally, for the love of a wel clusive nation that is Canada—a nation that seeks to move into the future on the basis of dee nding of our history and cultural traditions.

I s, University of Saskatchewan Professor Emeritus, conductor, and staunch advocate for Ca sic once wrote, "knowledge of the history of Canada is essential in the mosaic of Cana ong."[1] It is my belief that an inversion of Mills' statement is most appropriate as we exp d edition of *RofC:* "Knowledge of the mosaic of Canadian folk song is essential in the k of the history of Canada."

e Ries, Editor, *Reflections of Canada*, 2nd edition

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[1] Mills, Isabelle. "The Heart of the Folk Song." *Canadian Journal for Traditional Music*, Vol 2., 1974.

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A Word from the Barron Family

The first edition of *Reflections of Canada* was born of John Barron's wish to provide Canadian teachers and students with part-song material that was relatively easy to sing, yet of high artistic quality, and that also reflected the historical and cultural diversity of Canada. John, along with arrangers Jean Anderson, Kenneth Bray, Nancy Telfer, and Gerhard Wuensch, drew gratefully on the work of folk song collectors who had travelled the country to hear and record the songs that had been passed from generation to generation and were still being sung by local people in English, French, a variety of Indigenous languages.

As an enthusiastic proponent of the Kodály method of music education, he felt that the folk songs of Canada would provide the perfect raw material from which to craft two-part, three-part, and four-part choral arrangements that would simultaneously teach musical skills and appreciation of their heritage.

Our country has changed significantly since the early 1980s when the first edition was published. Globalization and the digital revolution have brought a huge influx of new influences shaping our understanding of our identities and heritage. Indigenous cultural revitalization and political resurgence has de-centred the dominant colonial narrative of Canada as primarily English & French, while ongoing immigration from every corner of the globe continues to enrich and diversify the cultural landscape of our country. Such changes necessarily complicate any effort to represent the breadth and vastness of Canada's musical diversity and heritage, especially in a single volume.

If he were alive today, I have no doubt that John would be dreaming and scheming up new projects and musical collaborations. I have a hunch that they would reflect the deep and abiding interest in world music that John developed in the decades following the publication of the first *Reflections*. Perhaps his next project would involve arranging and sharing folk songs of cultures that are not yet represented in these pages, but are equally part of the ever-evolving mosaic we call Canada.

The re-publication of this collection means a lot to our family. It is a loving tribute to an important part of John's life's work – bringing his philosophy and love of folk music to Canada. It is an affirmation of some important pieces of our country's history. And it is an invitation to others to carry on the project that John began, by embracing and celebrating, in ever more inclusive ways, the rich musical and cultural tapestry of this country.

~Jennie Barron, on behalf of the Barron family

A Composer's Perspective

Music is meant to be shared. It brings people together and it unites people. Music tells our stories and expresses subtle emotions which cannot be said in words alone. It lets us experience and re-experience the small details that are in each part of our country. It informs us of the rich diversity within our heritage and helps us be aware of the textures within our current society so that we can become open enough to receive the new wave of culture that arrives in this country and celebrate our Canadian culture as it constantly changes.

Everyone who sings or listens to these arrangements will be immersed in the Canadian experience. They will feel the clean cold of our climate and the expansive warmth of our hearts. They will picture the inspiring landscapes across the land because this music has arisen from and has been shaped by our geographical surroundings.

The variety of these folksongs is unique because each culture within Canada is unique. And yet we can all relate to the connections from sea to sea and and the subtle similarities within this collection of music.

We share all these things every time we use this music. Canadians tend to share what they love most with their children, with their friends and neighbours and with grandparents. But singers have a special place in our society because, not only do singers share with other singers as they sing together, but they share with an audience. The more we sing these songs, the better we understand who we are, where we've been and where we could go in the future.

This is what it is to be Canadian. We share our music and we revel in it!

~Nancy Telfer, Canadian composer

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Alouette!

The Lark

Opinion is divided as to the origin of "Alouette!". Marius Barbeau posits that it comes from France. The first written version appears in 1879 in Montreal in "A Pocket Song Book for the Use of Students and Graduates of McGill College" with the first known printed version in France from 1893. It is thought that Canadian soldiers carried "Alouette!" back to France to start the custom of singing it in Parisian cabarets.

Briskly

arr. Nancy Telfer

F C F F

S

A

B

f

Chan - tez, chan - tez; tez, chan - tez;

5 *f melody* C F

A - lou - et - te, gen - lou - et - te, A - lou - et - te,

mf

Chan - tez, an - - tez; Chan - tez,

8 C C F

je t' ne - rai. A - lou - et - te, gen - tille a - lou - et - te,

f

A - lou - et - te, a - lou - ett';

han - - tez; Chan - tez, chan - - tez;

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11 F C F

A - lou - et - te, je t'y plu - me - rai.

A - lou - et - te, a - lou - ett', a - lou - ett', ett'.

Chan - ter, chan - - tez. melody *f* 1. Je t'y

14 melody *p* C F melody *p*

Je t'y plu - me - rai Je t'y

p *p*

(all verses) A - lou - ett', u - ett', A - lou -

plu - me - rai la têt'. melody *f* Je t'y plu - me - rai la têt',

at these measures as many times as required by the verses

17 C C *p*

plu - me - têt'. Et la têt',

a - lou - ett', *p* Et la têt'.

melody *f*

Et la têt', Et la têt', A - lou -

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20 C *f* *mp* *f* Refrain F *melody*

A - lou - ett', O! A - lou - et - te,

f *mp* *mf*

A - lou - ett', O! A et - te,

mp *mf*

ett', O! Ch - tez,

23 C F F

gen - tille a - lou - et - te, A - lou - je t'y plu - me - rai. O,

A - lou - et - te, A - te, a - lou - ett'.

chan - - tez; Ch tez, chan - - tez.

C F F

last verse

je t'y plu - me - rai. - ett', *f* O!

A - *f* A - lou - ett', *f* O!

f

chan tez. O!

2. Je t' ıe bec,
Je ai le bec,
(Et le bec),
, (Et la têt'),
t', (Alouett'),

Refrain:

(continue in this way, adding a different part of the bird's body in each verse: le nez, les yeux, le cou, les ailes, le dos, les pattes, la queue...)

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When the Ice Worms Nest Again

arr. Nancy Telfer

Quickly and heartily

S. / A. / B.

D G6 Em

1. There's a dusk-y husk-y maid-en in the Arc-tic. And she
2. For our wed-ding feast we'll have seal oil and blub-ber; In our

1. There's a dusk-y husk-y maid-en the Arc-tic, And she
2. For our wed-ding feast we'll have seal and blub-ber, We will

1. There's a dusk-y maid-en And she
2. For our feast have seal We will

5 A D G6

waits for me but it is not in vain, For some day I'll put my muk-luks on and
kay-aks we will roam the bound-ing main, All the wal-rus-es will look at us and

waits for me, she for me; For some day I'll put my muk-luks
roam the main, the bound-ing main; All the wal-rus-es will look at

waits me; For some day I'll ask her,
roam the main; They will look at us

11 Em A G A D

ask her If she'll wed me when the ice-worms nest a-again. In the
rub-ber; We'll be mar-ried when the ice-worms nest a-gain. When some

day I'll ask her, When the ice-worms nest a-gain.
look and rub-ber; When the ice-worms nest a-gain.

When the ice-worms nest a-gain.
When the ice-worms nest a-gain.

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17 G A

land of the pale blue snow where it's nine-ty-nine be-low, And the po-lar bears are
night at half past two I re-turn to my ig-loo, Af-ter -ting with a

Ice-worms, ice-worms, please come nest; - worms,
I re-turn to my ig-loo, sit-ting

She waits for me, she I'll be
She waits for me, she She'll be

22 Em D

roam-ing o'er the plain, In a-dow of the Pole I will
friend who was in pain, Sh wait-ing for me there with the

ice-worms, please come nest a-gai Ice-worms, ice-worms,
with a friend who was in r She'll be wait-ing

cold 'til then. She waits for me,
wait-ing there, She waits for me,

27 G A G A D

clasp her to my so be mar-ried when the ice-worms nest a-gain.
ham-bone of a d she'll beat me 'til the ice-worms nest a-gain.

please com est; Ice-worms, please come a-gain.
for r there; Ice-worms, please nest a-gain.

waits; I'll be cold 'til then.
ne waits; Ice-worms nest a-gain.

gh the time and place of origin of this song is unclear, it is thought to date back to the Klondike Gold Rush of 1898. ert W. Service has been accredited as the author of the text. A favourite with the prospectors, trappers, and miners in rthern and western Canada, as the song was shared across the north, the words were gradually changed until hardly a line remained the same.

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I Went to the Market

arr. Gerhard Wuensch

Lively

S. A. B.

G D C G

f *melodyf* *melody*

1. I the mar-ket, mon p'tit
2. T girl I met was la

1. I went to the mar-ket, mon p'tit pa-nier sous mon went to the
2. The first girl I met was la fill' d'un a - vo e first girl I

4

D C *melody* C Am A7 D

f

1. The first girl was la fill' d'un a - vo - cat.
2. She said,"What ha dans ce beau p'tit pa-nier- là?"

mf

pa-nier sous mon bras, The girl met was la fill' d'un a - vo - cat.
fill' d'un a - vo - cat. "What hav ou got dans ce beau p'tit pa-nier- là?"

mf

mar - ket, La fill' d'un a - vo - cat, Oh,
met, Dans ce beau p'tit pa-nier- là?" Oh,

Refrain

7

G C C G Am7 G D D7 G

mf

I love ous n'm'at-ten-dez guè - re, I love you, Vous n'm'at-ten-dez pas!

I love you, Vous n'm'at-ten-dez guè-re, guè - re, Vous n'm'at-ten-dez pas!

mf

Oh, I love you, Vous n'm'at-ten-dez guè-re, guè - re, I love you!

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Origins of "I Went to the Market" can be traced back to 16th century France. The well-known French Canadian singer Hélène Baillargeon recorded this song with Alan Mills after she learned it from her husband André Coté who had, in turn, learned it from his father in rural Quebec in 1918.

3 She said, "What have you got dans ce beau p'tit panier-là?"
"I've got some apples, n'en acheteriez-vous pas?"
Refrain:

4 "I've got some apples, n'en acheteriez-vous pas?"
"Oh! Give me two dozen, pis l'bonhomm' te paiera
Refrain:

5 "Oh! Give me two dozen, pis l'bonhomm' te
I gave her two dozen, mais l'bonhomm' y
Refrain:

6 I gave her two dozen, mais l'bonhom pas;
Such is the business with la fill' d'
Refrain:

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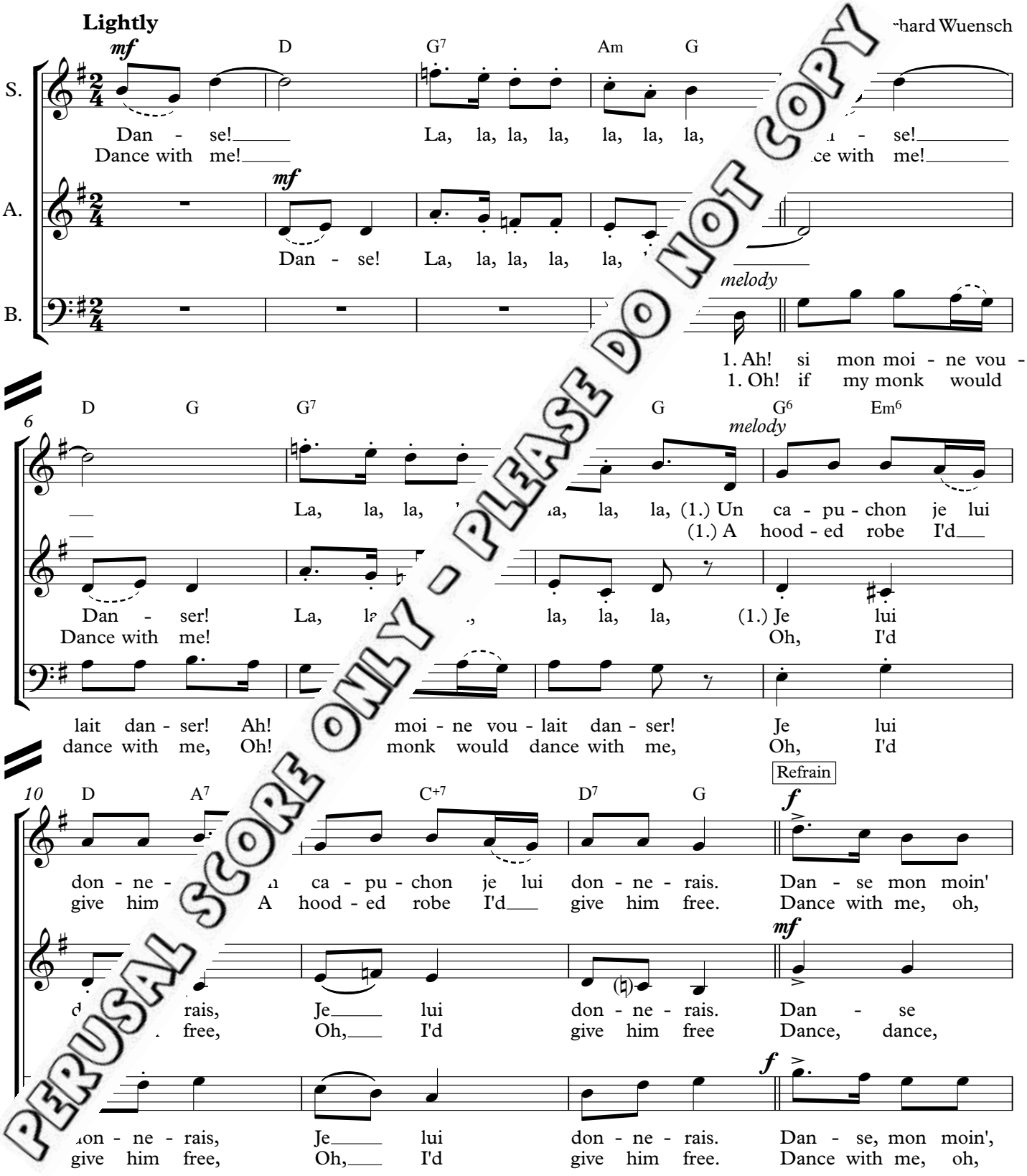
Ah! si mon moine voulait danser

Oh! If My Monk Would Dance With Me

This song is believed to have 16th or 17th century origins from France. It was often sung at parties in the fur-trading posts. The young lady in this song would like to dance with "her" monk who is also her confessor. The gifts she dreams of offering him become increasingly significant as the song progresses.



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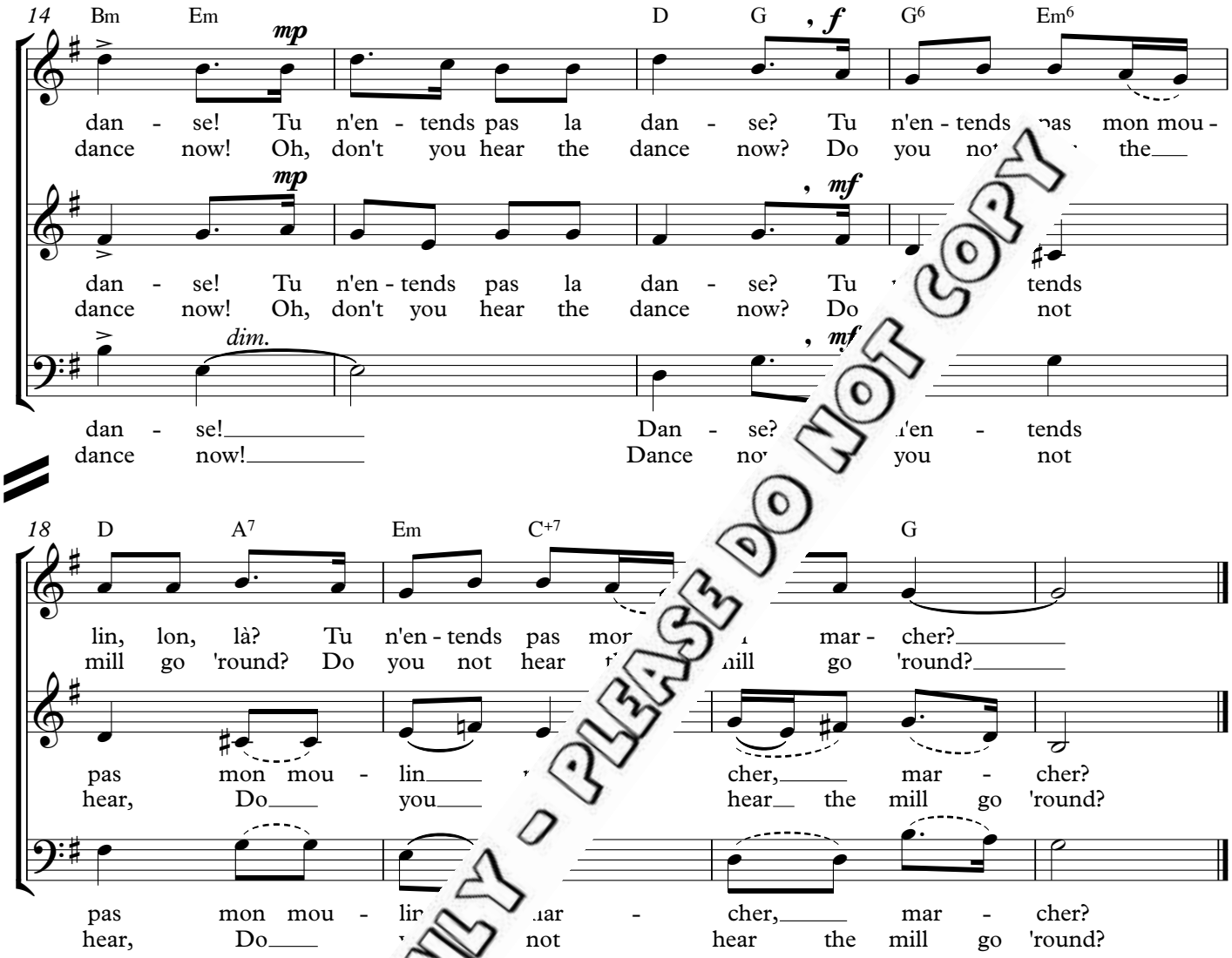

2. Ah! si mon moine voulait
Un ceinturon je lui don
Refrain:

3. Ah! si mon moine ser!
Un chapelet je l s.
Refrain:

4. Ah! si mo ulait danser!
Un froc ui donnerais.
Refr

5. A noine voulait danser!
psautier je lui donnerais.
R

n'avait fait voeu de pauvreté,
en d'autres chos' je lui donnerais!
Refrain:

2. Oh! if my monk would dance with me,
A braided belt I'd give him free.
Refrain:

3. Oh! if my monk would dance with me,
A rosary I'd give him free.
Refrain:

4. Oh! if my monk would dance with me,
A home-spun frock I'd give him free.
Refrain:

5. Oh! if my monk would dance with me,
A book of psalms I'd give him free.
Refrain:

6. If poverty were not his vow,
I'd shower him with gifts right now!
Refrain:

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Les Raftsmen

arr. Kenneth Bray

With Energy

S. *f* *melody - solo* C

(clap) 1. Là ous - qu'y sont, tous les rafts - men? ous - qu'y
1. Oh, where have all the rafts - men gone where have

A. *f*

(clap) 1. Là ous - qu'y
1. Oh, where have

B. *f*

(clap)

4 Em C

sont, tous les rafts - me
all the rafts - men

mp

sont, tous les raf
all the rafts - r ne? Dans les chan - quiers i'
To win - ter camps they're

melody *mf*

1. Tous ts - men? Dans les chan - quiers i'
1. Where hey gone? To win - ter camps they're

7 F C F *melody* C G7 C

Bing sur la ring! Bang sur la rang!
Bing on the ring! Bang on the rang!

f

sont tés. Bing sur la ring! Bang sur la rang!
on way. Bing on the ring! Bang on the rang!

f

mon - tés. Bing sur la ring! Bang sur la rang!
their way. Bing on the ring! Bang on the rang!

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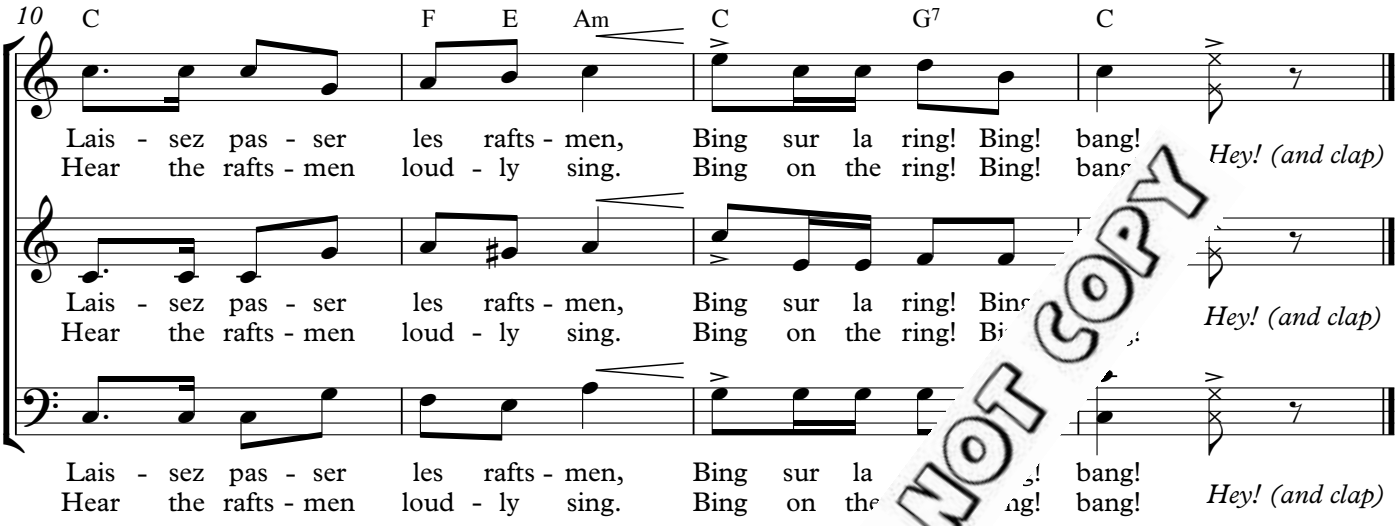

Early in the 19th century, loggers began floating timber down the Ottawa Rive cribs" formed by fastening logs together. Sometimes several cribs would be fastened together to form a single large raft ften manned by several men, were used to steer the rafts as they floated down the river to sawmills for local use or to t to Europe. With origins in the Ottawa Valley, this song relates the story of the raftsmen, their journey to the lum winter and return at the end of the logging season. Bytown, where the men bought their provisions, was later rena

2. Et par Bytown y sont passés,
   Avec leurs provisions achetées.
   Refrain:

3. En canots d'écore' sont montés,
   Et du plaisir y s'sont donné.
   Refrain:

4. Des "Porc-and beans" ils ont mang
   Pour les estomacs restaurer.
   Refrain:

5. Dans les chanquiers sont a
   Des manch's de hache or
   Refrain:

6. Que l'Outaouais fu
   Tant faisait d'bru trempée.
   Refrain:

7. Quand le ut terminé
   Chacun nt retournés.
   Refr

8. Le ou blond's ont embrassé,
   ntents de se r'trouver.

2. And through Bytown they went today,
   They've bought their grub, they cannot stay.
   Refrain:

3. In bark canoes they make their way,
   They reach the camp and shout "Hurray!"
   Refrain:

4. When meal time comes the men all say,
   "It's pork and beans again today."
   Refrain:

5. Their axes sharp, with no delay
   They swing and strike: the tall trees sway.
   Refrain:

6. The logs they trim and drag away
   To drive down when the ice gives way.
   Refrain:

7. In spring they draw their winter's pay
   And go back home on holiday.
   Refrain:

8. They find their wives and ladies fair,
   They kiss and dance and have no care.
   Refrain:

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Johnny Went Down in the Bucket

This "word play" song is American in origin and a popular camp song.
Of unknown authorship, it first became popular in the 1930s and 1940s.

arr. Kenneth Bray

With humour

S. *mf* G D
Pling, pling; Pling, pling; Pling,

A. *mf*
snap or clap

B. *mf*
Plang, plang; Plang, plang;

5 G D
pling; *p* Pling, pling; Pling,

f melody
1. John - ny went down in the ...et, The buck - et went down in the
2. John - ny went down in - to ...des, He hit with a ter - ri - ble

p
Plang, plang;

8 G D
pling; Pling, pling; Pling, pling;

mf
we' His wife cut the rope on the buck-et, And John-ny went down in - to
w' Right on a red hot shov-el And start-ed to curse with a

Plang, plang; Plang, plang;

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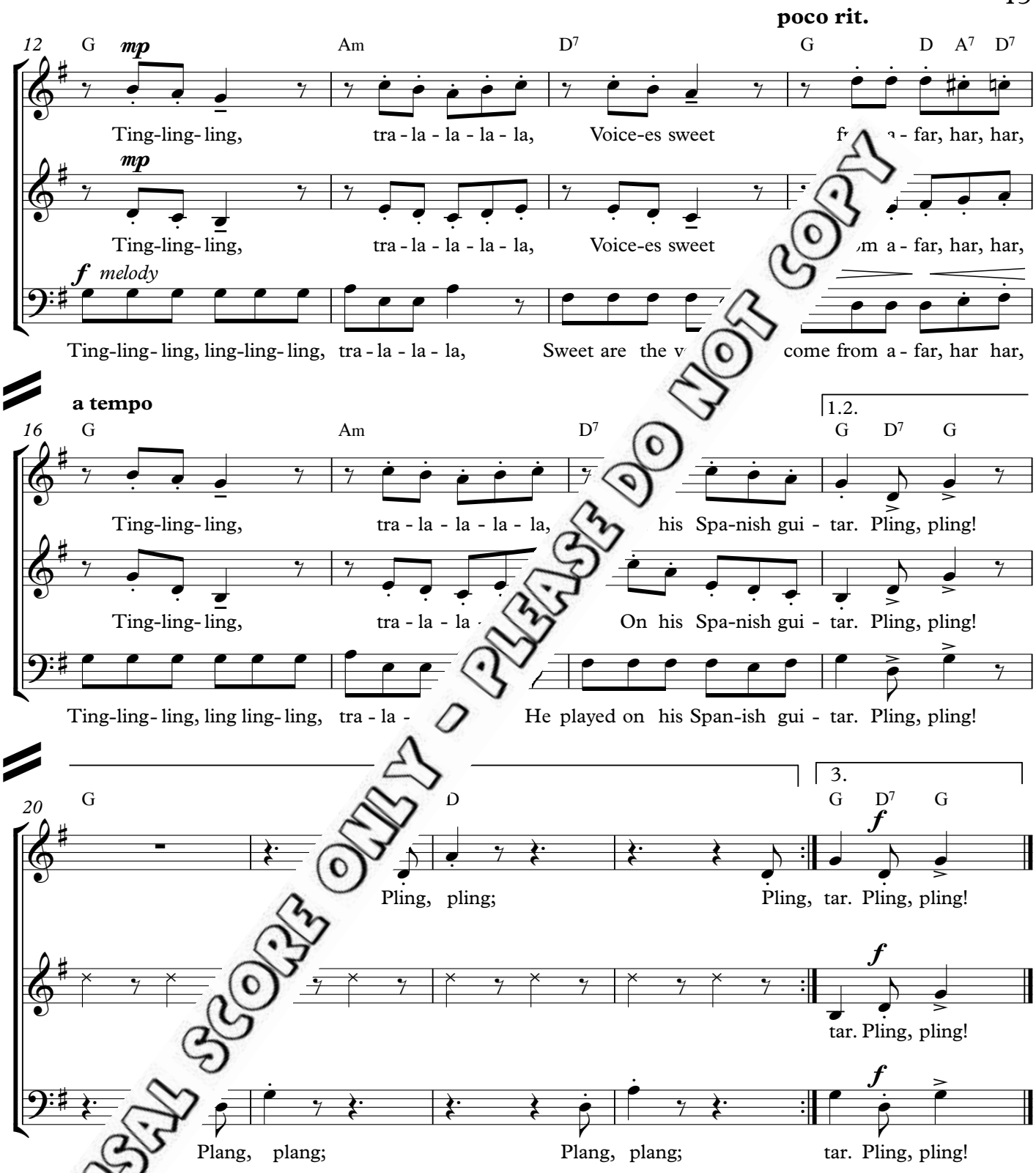

3. The devil, he heard him a-cussing,
And slapped him right into a cell.
Said he, "I'm a jolly good fellow,
But I won't have no cussing in - "
Refrain:

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Green Bushes

With origins in Ireland, Scotland, and England, the text of "Green Bushes" has been found to be set to a number of different melodies. This Newfoundland version was sung by James Walsh to Maude Karpeles on August 5, 1930. Although seven verses set to a different melody appear in other sources, Walsh only could remember one verse to this particular melody.

arr. Kenneth Bray

Pleadingly

Em D Em Bm

S. *melody* *mp* ouy you pet - ti -

A. *mp* *melody* *mf* I'll buy you fine silks, I'll buy you fine gov I'll buy you pet - ti -

B. *mp* I'll buy you fir

Perc. *triangle (very softly)*

6 D C G B Em Bm C Em Bm

mf

coats that will flounce to the ground; spite your true love and will come to fol-low

coats that will flounce to the grou Nn,

That will flounce to th Nn Nn

12 Em D Am G Em Am Bm Em

mp *poco rit.* *p* **rit.**

me, Bid to the green bush - es, and for - ev - er will be.

p

fol-low me, Bid a- dieu, and for - ev - er will be.

p *p*

fol-low me, Bid a- dieu, and for - ev - er will be.

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The Star of Logy Bay

Most likely an original Newfoundland song of contentious authorship, "The Star of Logy Bay" was first composed and sung in the late 19th century. Some contend that the story in the song was a true story and that the song was penned by the daughter just before she died. Others posit that a Newfoundland song-maker named Mark Walker (1846-1924) wrote this song and that it was passed on to his grandson by a neighbor, Mr. Tom Maloney, in the 1920s.

Arr. Nancy Telfer

Quickly

C G

S. *mp* Oh, (1.) Ye gen - men, (2.) A sum eve,

A. *mf* *melody* 1. Ye la - dies and ye tle - men, I 2. It was on a sum - mer's - ning this

T. *mp* Oh,

B. *mf* *melody* 1. Ye la - dies ye gen - tle - men, I 2. It was on a - mer's eve - ning this

Dm C G(sus4) G C

6

mf *melody* I pray lend an ear, While I lo - this lit e place I found. I met her

mp pray you an - ear, While I lit - tl I found. I met

mp (1.) pray lend an - ear, While (2.) lit place I found. I

you lend an - ear, - tle place I found.

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11 G Am G F G Em F

cate the res - i - dence of a love - ly charm - er
a - ged fa - ther who did me s e con -

lo - - cate a love - ly - er
her fa - - ther who did e con -

I lo - - cate a love charm -
met her fa - ther who sore

mp

While I lo - cate a - ly charm -
I met her fa - ther did sore

16 G C Am

fair. the curl - of her yel - low
found. He said, you ad - dress my

fair. The curl - ling locks
found. He sa "I'll send

- er fair. The curl - - ing.
con - found. "If you ad - -

- er fair. The curl - ing
con found. "If you ad -

21 G F G Am Dm7 G

locks first my heart a - way. Oh,
daugh - ter I" her far a - way,

mf *melody*

first stole my heart a - way, And her
my daugh - ter far a - way, And she

first stole my heart a - way,
her, I'll send her a - way,

locks first stole my heart a - - way,
dress her, I'll send her a - way,

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26 C G Dm

mp

now mark ye well. Is
she won't re - turn While

place of hab - i - ta - - tion Is in
nev - er will re - turn a - gain W re in

And her place down in
And she won't re - turn you're in

m

her place is
d she won't re -

31 C G F C C

down in Lo - gy Bay.
you're in Lo - gy Bay.

mp

Lo - gy Bay, down in Lo - gy Bay.
Lo - gy Bay, you're in Lo - gy Bay."

Lo - gy Bay, own in Lo - gy Bay.
Lo - gy Bay, you're in Lo - gy Bay."

down in - gy Bay.
turn to - gy Bay."

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(3.) How cou cruel as to part me from my love?
Her tender n her breast as constant as a dove.
Oh, Venus r, nor the lovely month of May.
May he nower down its love on the star of Logy Bay.

(4.) e very next morning he went to St. John's town
A for her a passage in a vessel outward bound.
ne of my heart's delight and sent her far away.
t me here downhearted for the star of Logy Bay.

(5.) Oh, now I'll go a-roaming, I can no longer stay,
I'll search the wide world over in every counterie--
I'll search in vain through France and Spain. likewise Americay.
Till I will sight my heart's delight, the star of Logy Bay-

(6.) Now to conclude and finish. the truth to you l'll tell.
Between Torbay and Outer Cove, 'tis there my love did dwell:
The finest girl that graced our Isle, so every one did say.
May heaven above send down its love on the star of Logy Bay!

I's the B'y

Although the song has most likely originated in the 1870s in a Newfoundland fishing village, interest in "I's the B'y" did not spread outside Newfoundland until after the song was heard and transcribed by Leslie Bell and Howard Cable in 1947 who, at the time, were interested in folk traditions in preparation for Newfoundland's entry into confederation in 1949.

Arr. Kenneth Bray

Lively

S. — G D G D

mf *melody*

1. And I's the b'y sails 'er!
2. Cake and te sup - per,

A. — *mf* *melody*

1. I's the b'y that builds the boat,
2. Sods and rinds to cov - er yer flake,

T. — *mf*

1. An the b'y that sails 'er!
and tea for sup - per,

B. — *mf* *melody*

1. I's the b'y that builds the h
2. Sods and rinds to cov - er yer

5 — G D D D7 G

f *melody*

I's the b'y that c the fish And takes 'em home to Li - zer.
Cod - fish in the the year Fried in mag - got - y but - ter.

f

I's the b'y tch - es the fish And takes 'em home to Li - zer.
Cod - fish ir spring o' the year Fried in mag - got - y but - ter.

f

I's that catch - es the fish And takes 'em home to Li - zer.
Cod the spring o' the year Fried in mag - got - y but - ter.

f

the b'y that catch - es the fish And takes 'em home to Li - zer.
- fish in the spring o' the year Fried in mag - got - y but - ter.

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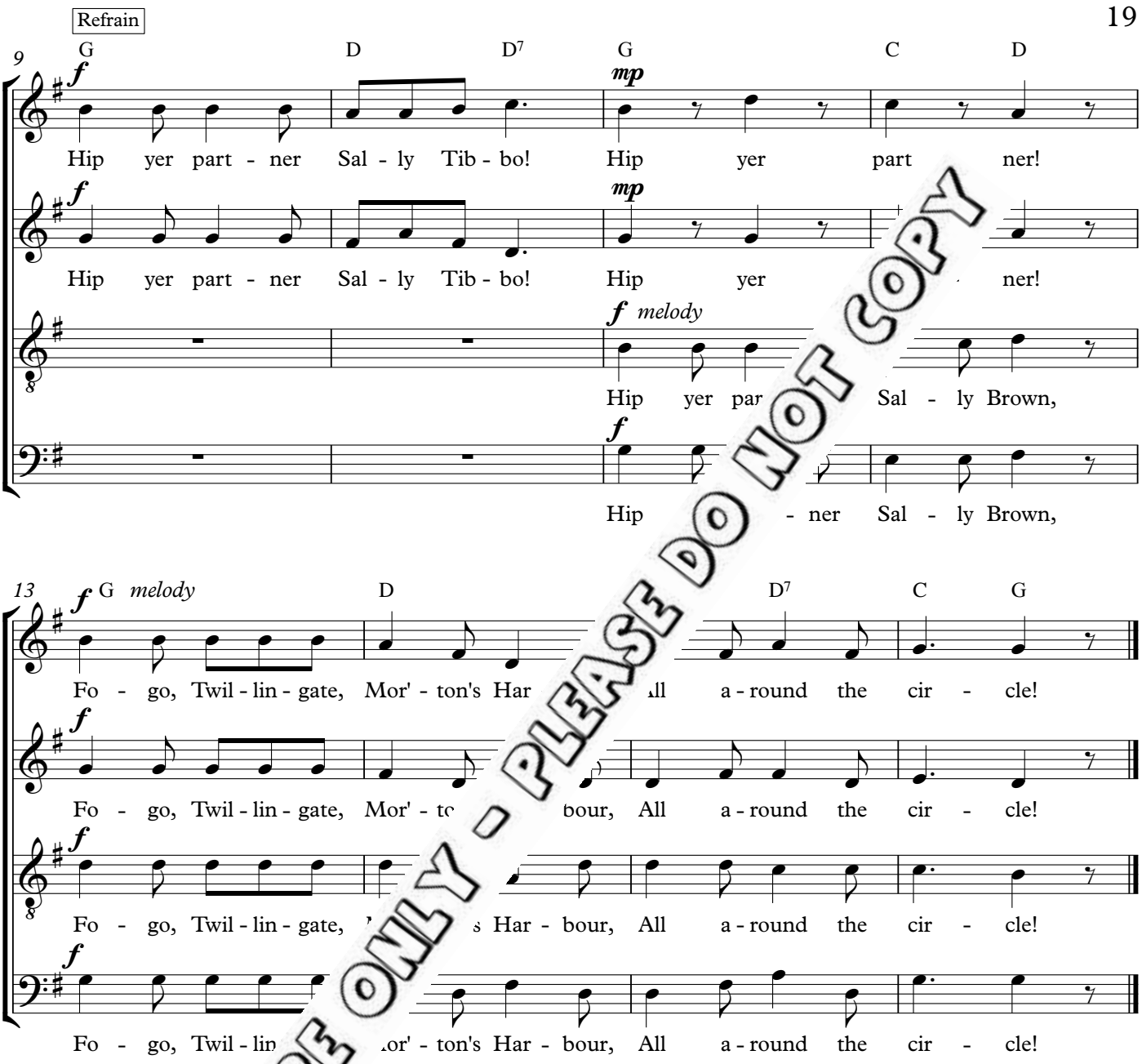

3. I don't wa goty fish,
That's r winter;
I cou ood as that
Do vister.

4. I took Lizer to a dance
And faith but she could travel!
And every step that she did take
Was up to her knees in gravel.
Refrain:

5. Susan White, she's out of sight,
Fixin' 'er petticoat border,
Old Sam Oliver, in the dark,
He kissed her in the corner.
Refrain:

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The Cambric Shirt

The Cambric Shirt is an unusual Newfoundland version of the centuries-old British riddle song tradition connected with the story of "The Elfin Knight". While most feature a young woman matching wits with the devil, this version presents the devil in the guise of a knight who makes several impossible demands on an old woman.

arr. Nancy Telfer

Lightly ♩ = 84

S. *mf* G D

1. There was an old wom - an lived un - a hill,
2. The dev - il came to her one night bed,

A. *p* Oh,

T. *p* Oh,

B. *p* Oh,

3 G D C G

f Blow, blow, the winds blow, *mf* If she is - n't gone she's a -
Blow, blow, the winds blow, And these ve - ry words un -

mf Blow, winds do blow. *mp* (1.) She's a - -
(2.) These words

mf Blow, blow, winds do blow. *mp* (1.) She's a - -
(2.) These words

mf blow, winds do blow. *mp* (1.) She's a - -
(2.) These words

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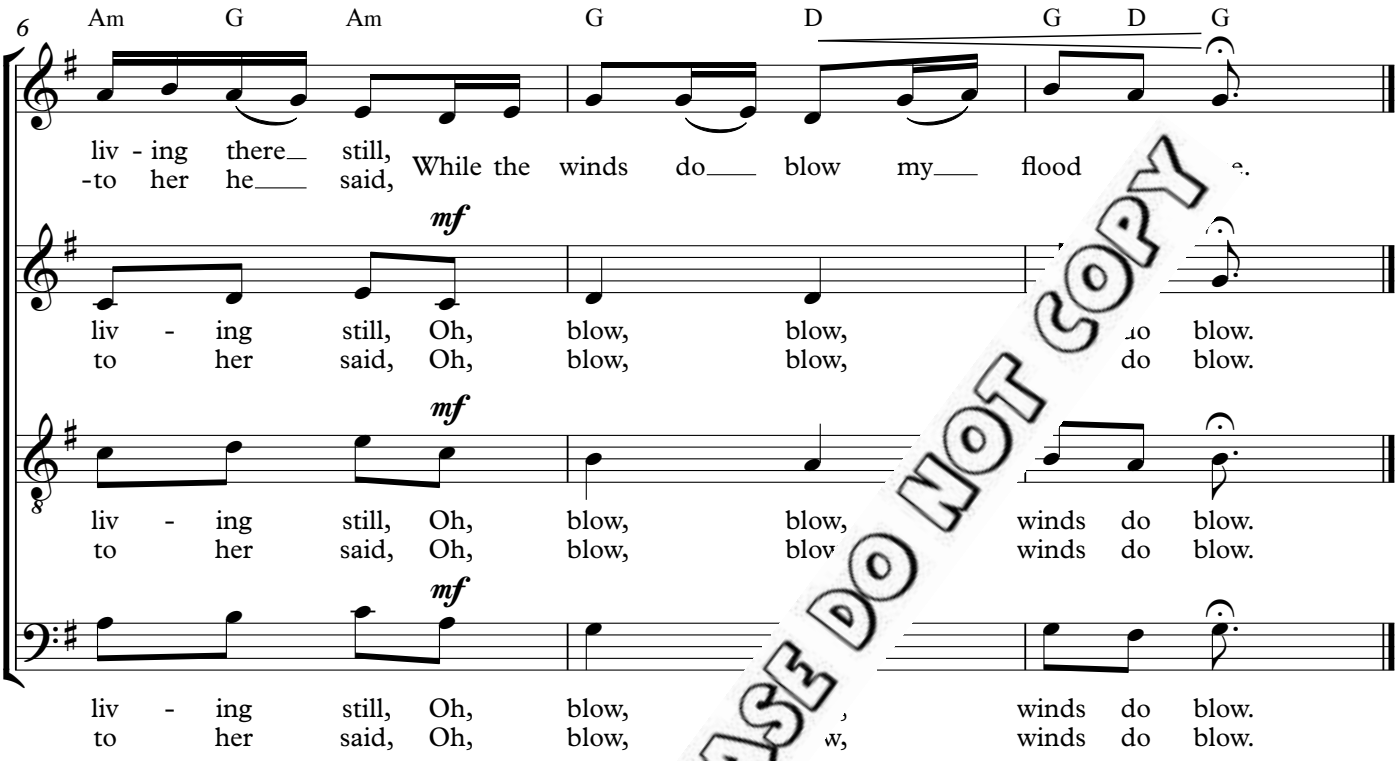

3. "You must make me a cambric shirt
   Blow, blow, blow...
   Without any seam or any needle work.
   While the winds...

4. "You must wash it in yonder well
   Blow, blow, blow...
   Where neither the dew nor th r fell.
   While the winds...

5. "You must spread it on rn
   Blow, blow, blow...
   That never bore a h dam was born.
   While the winds.

6. "Oh now you ne questions three,
   Blow, blow
   And I ha e for to ask of thee.
   While

7. "You must plough me an acre of land
   Blow, blow, blow...
   Beneath the sea and the salt-water strand.
   While the winds...

8. "You must harrow it with a pig's horn,
   Blow, blow, blow...
   And sow it all over with one grain of corn.
   While the winds...

9. "Then when you have a-done your work
   Blow, blow, blow...
   Come back to me and you'll have your shirt!"
   While the winds...

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The Old Chisholm Trail

The Chisholm Trail was the route that American cowboys used to drive their cattle north from Texas to shipping points in Kansas or to grazing lands in Wyoming and Montana. In the 1880s many herds were driven even farther north to stock the new ranches in western Canada. Many cowboys from Texas participated in these cross-border travel drives and brought with them their songs to pass the time on the trail.

Kenneth Bray

Playfully

T. *f* G *melody*

1. Well, come a - long boys, and lis - ten my tale, I'll
3. I woke up one morn - ing on the Old holm Trail, A

B. *f* *melody*

1. Well, come a - long boys, and to my tale, I'll
3. I woke up one morn - ing on the Chis - holm Trail, A

T. C G

tell you of my troub - les ne Old Chis - holm Trail.
rope in my hand a cow by the tail.

B.

tell you of my troub on the Old Chis - holm Trail.
rope in my h and a cow by the tail.

Refrain

S. C6 *mp* G C6 D7 G

C - yai yip, yip - py yay, Come a - tai yip - py yay.

A.

me a - tai* - yai yip, yip - py yay, Come a - tai yip - py yay.

T. *mp*

Come a - tai* - yai yip, yip - py yay, Come a - tai yip - py yay.

B.

ome a - tai* yai yip - py, yip - py yay, Come a - tai - yai yip - py, yip - py yay.

*tai - as in neck tie

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G Bm C Bm G D7 G6 D7 G

melody *f*

S.

(2.) And be-fore I sleep, the m shines bright.
(4.) I'd as soon be eat - ing e hay.

f *melody*

A.

2. I'm up in the morn-ing be-fore day - light,
4. O it's ba-con and beans most ev'-ry day,

mp

T.

Tai yip-py yay, Tai yip-py yay, Tai yip-py, tai yip-py yay.

mp

B.

Tai yip-py yay, Tai yip-py yay, p-py, tai yip-py, tai yip-py yay.

Refrain

C6 G C6 D7 G

mp

S.

Come a-tai - yai yip, , Come a-tai yip-py yay.

mp

A.

Come a-tai - yai p-py yay, Come a-tai yip-py yay.

mp

T.

Come a-t yip, yip-py yay, Come a-tai yip-py yay.

f *melody*

B.

Come a - tai - py, yip-py yay, Come a - tai - yai yip-py, yip-py yay.

5. It's cloudy in nd lookin' like rain,
My darne 's in the wagon again.
Refrain

6. I we ss to draw my roll,
H ne out nine dollars in the hole.

a' and a-tyin' and a-brandin' all day,
vorkin' mighty hard for mighty little pay.
Refrain:

. So I went to the boss, and we had a little chat,
I slapped him in the face with my big slouch hat.
Refrain:

9. Oh, the boss says to me: "I'm gonna fire you!
Not only you, but the whole darn crew."
Refrain:

10. So I sold my rope, and I sold my saddle,
"Cause I'm tired of punchin' those longhorn cattle.
Refrain:

11. I'm a-goin' back home, no jokin' or lyin'.
I'm a-goin' back home, just a-yellin' and a-flyin'.
Refrain:

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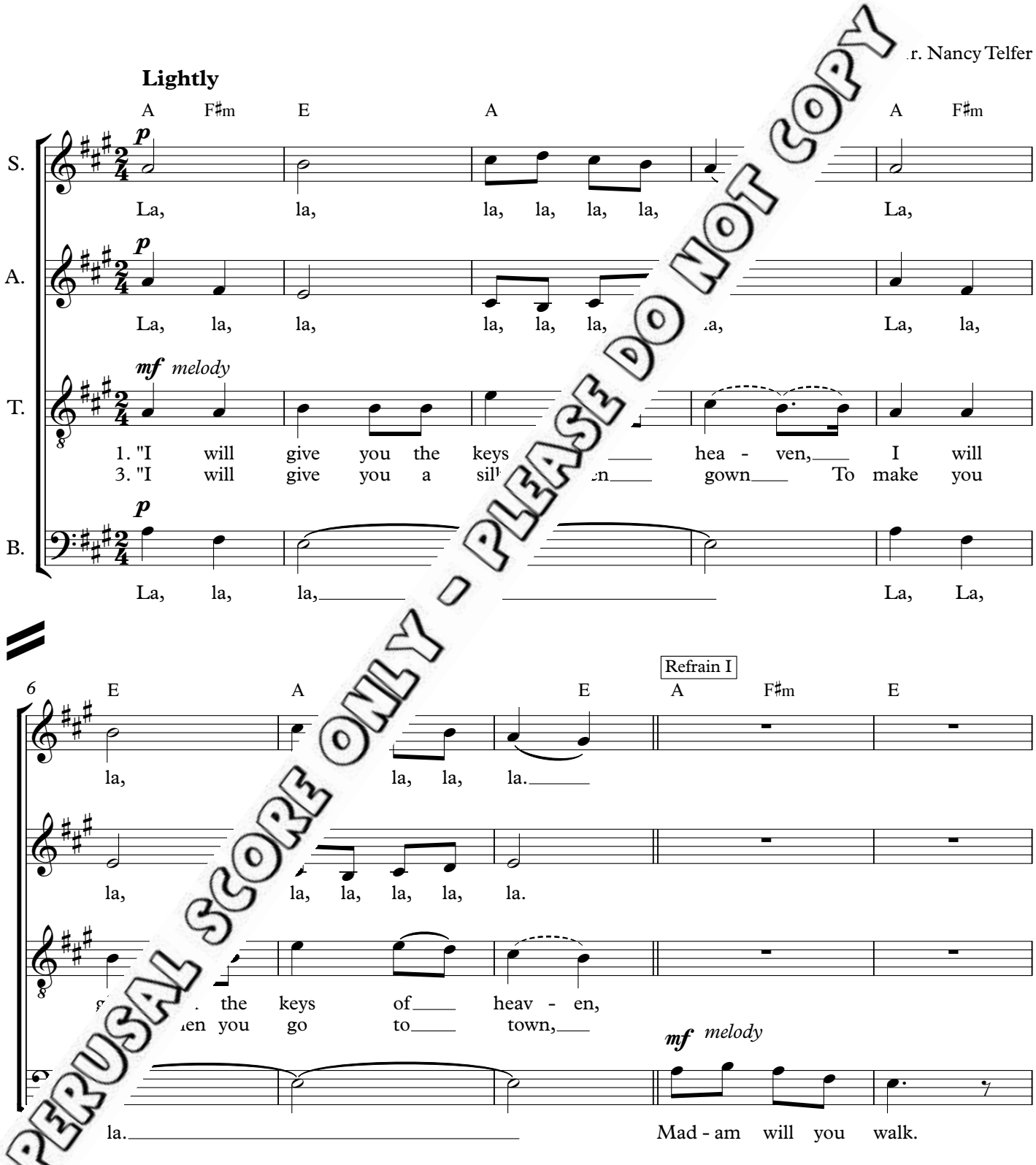
The Keys of Canterbury

Versions of this ancient song are found across the British Isles. As the text evolved through oral tradition the keys of Canterbury have become the keys of heaven. By the title of "The Keys of Heaven" and sometimes included with children's songs, Cecil Sharp heard a version of this song sung in the Southern Appalachians between 1916 and 1918. Kenneth Peacock transcribed a version sung by Joshua Osborne in 1960 in Newfoundland.



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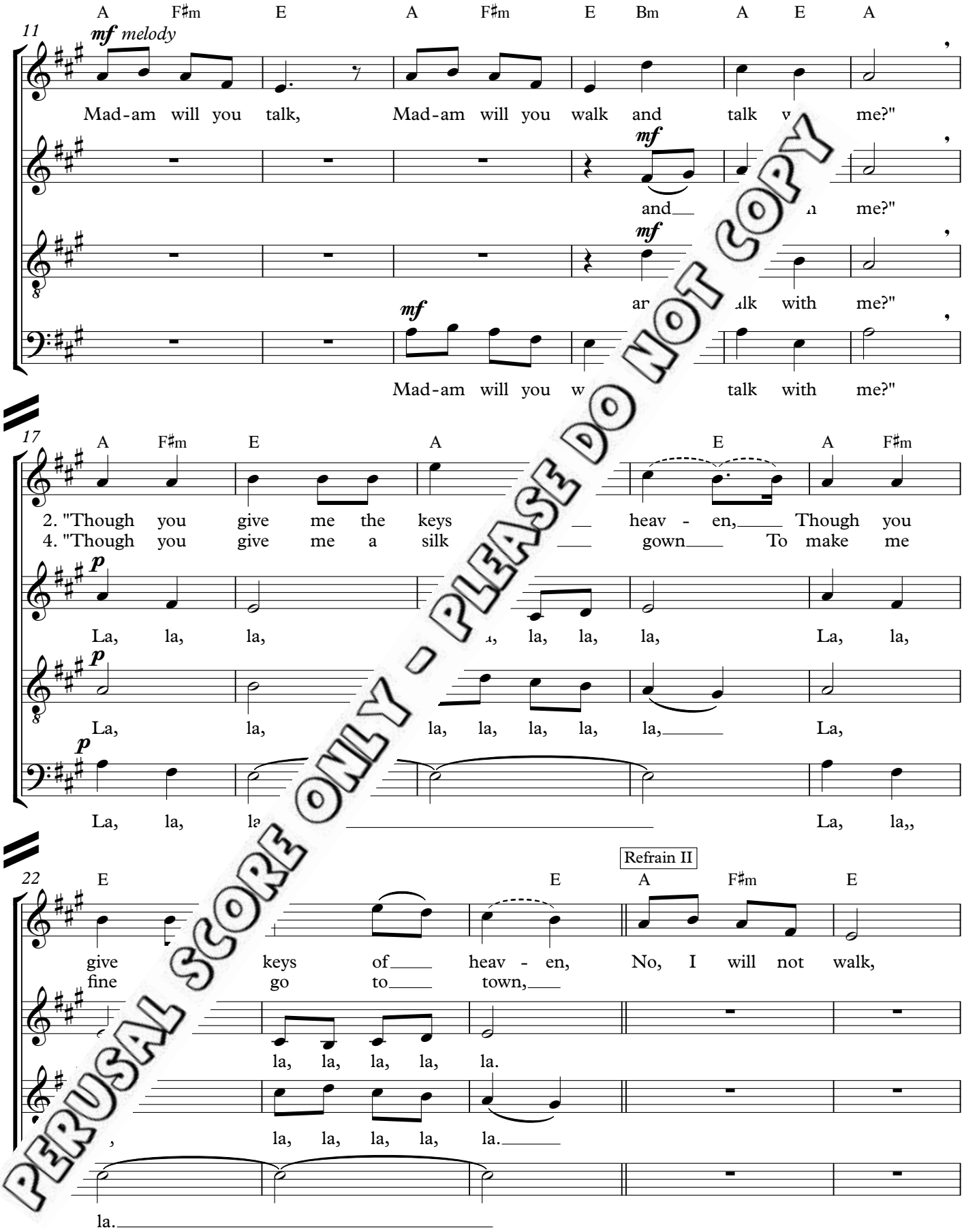

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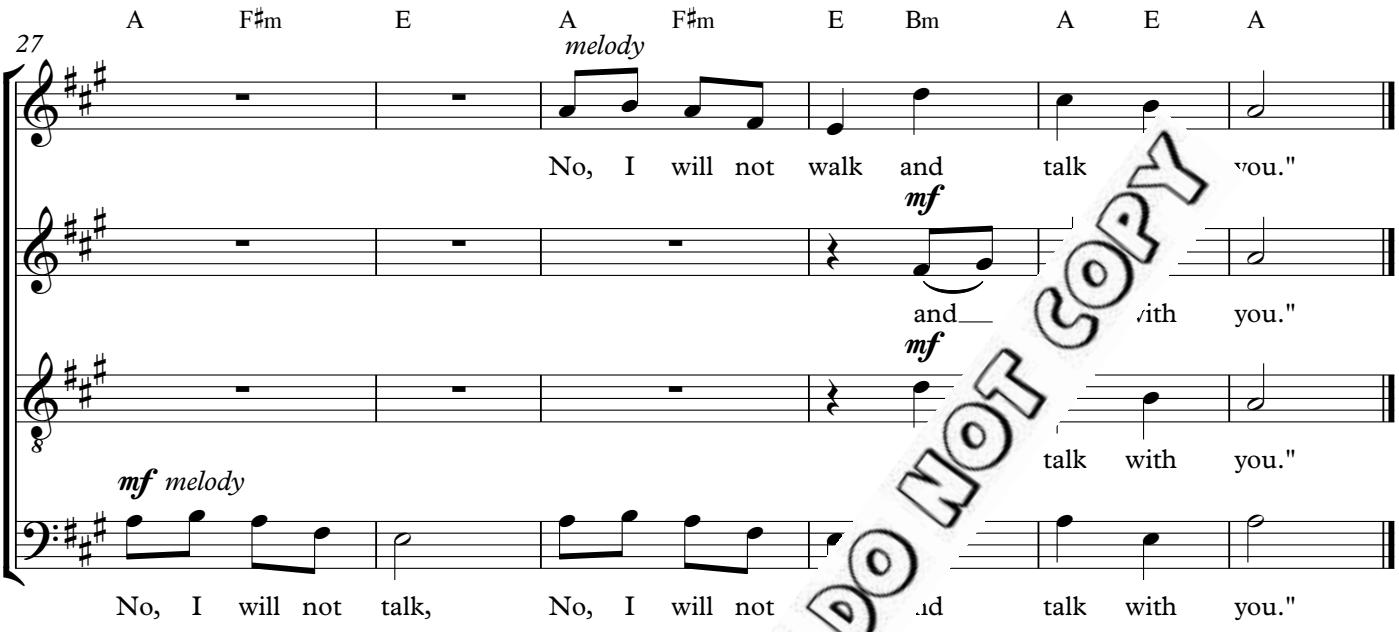

5. "I will give you a silver box
With six golden keys and six golden locks,
Refrain I:

6. "Though you give me a silver box
With six golden keys and six golden loc
Refrain II:

7. "I will give you a coach and six
With six black horses as black
Refrain I:

. "Though you give me a coach and six
With six black horses as black as pitch,
Refrain II:

9. "I will give you the keys of my heart
And we will wed no more to part,
Refrain I:

10. "If you give me the keys of your heart
And we will wed no more to part,
Refrain II:

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Auprès de ma blonde

Said to be originally a song for children, with fragments of the text found in 16th century manuscripts, "Auprés de ma blonde" became popular with soldiers as a marching song during the 1672-1678 Franco-Dutch war.

arr. Jean Anderson

Lilting

F

mf *melody*

S. 1. Au jar - din de mon pè - re, Les riers sont fleu -

1. Out in my fa - ther's gar - den, The rel blooms its

mf

A. 1. Au jar - din de mon pè - re lau - riers sont fleu -

1. Out in my fa - ther's gar - d lau - rel blooms its

T.

mp

B. Bon, bon, bon, bon, bon,

4 F

ris, Au jar - din de mon pè - re, Les

best, Out in my fa - ther's gar - den, The

ris, Au jar - din de mon pè - re, Les

best, Out in my fa - ther's gar - den, The

bon, bon, bon, bon, bon,

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7

B♭ F C B♭

lau - riers sont fleu - ris,
lau - rel blooms its best,

mp

lau - riers sont fleu - ris, Ah,
lau - rel blooms its best,

f *melody*

(1.) Tous oi - seaux du
(1.) And - ry lit - tle

bon, bon, bon, bon. les oi - seaux du
ev' - ry lit - tle

10

Gm7 C F

ah, Ah ah.

mon - de Vont fai - re leurs nids.
bird there Is - ing its own nest.

mon - de y fai - re leurs nids.
bird there build - ing its own nest.

13

Refrain

mf Gm C7 F

Qu'il fait bon.

f *melody*

Au de ma blon - de, Qu'il fait bon, fait bon, fait bon.

Qu'il fait bon, fait bon.

Au - près de ma blon - de, Qu'il fait bon, fait bon.

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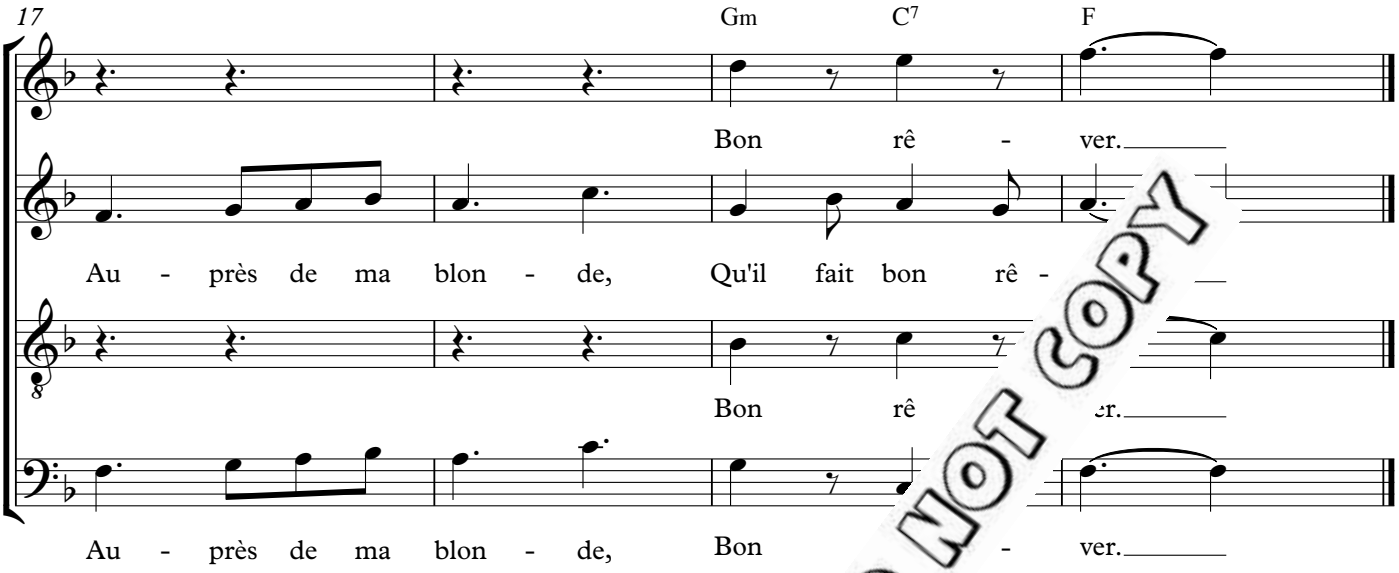

2. La caill', la tourterelle,
Et la jolie perdrix,
Et la blanche colombe
Qui chante jour et nuit.
Refrain:

3. Ell' chante pour les filles
Qui n'ont pas de mari,
Ell' ne chant' pas pour moi
Car j'en ai-t-un joli.
Refrain:

4. Il n'est pas dans la danse,
Il est bien loin d'ici.
"Dites-nous donc, la belle,
Ou donc est vot' mari?"
Refrain:

5. "Il est dans la Hollande
Les Hollandais l'ont
"Que donneriez-vou
Pour qu'on vous
Refrain:

6. "Je donner s,
Paris et s,
Les to e-Dame
Et l' on pays."

7. re fontaine
n jardin joli,
a jolie colombe
ar avoir mon mari."
Refrain:

2. The retty partridge,
Th de so gay,
rtle dove, too,
oth night and day.
n:

y sing for all the maidens
Who have no man so fine.
They do not sing for me, though,
For I've a man who's mine.
Refrain:

4. My love is not here dancing.
He's very far away.
"Will you tell me, my fair one,
Where is your man today?"
Refrain:

5. He's far away in Holland,
The Dutch have captured him."
"What will you give me, fair one,
To bring him home again?"
Refrain:

6. Versailles I'd gladly give you,
I'd give you Paris, too:
Their towers, clocks, and courtyards,
I'd gladly give to you.
Refrain:

7. "I'd give the pretty fountain
That's in my garden bright:
I'd give my little grey dove
To see my man tonight."
Refrain:

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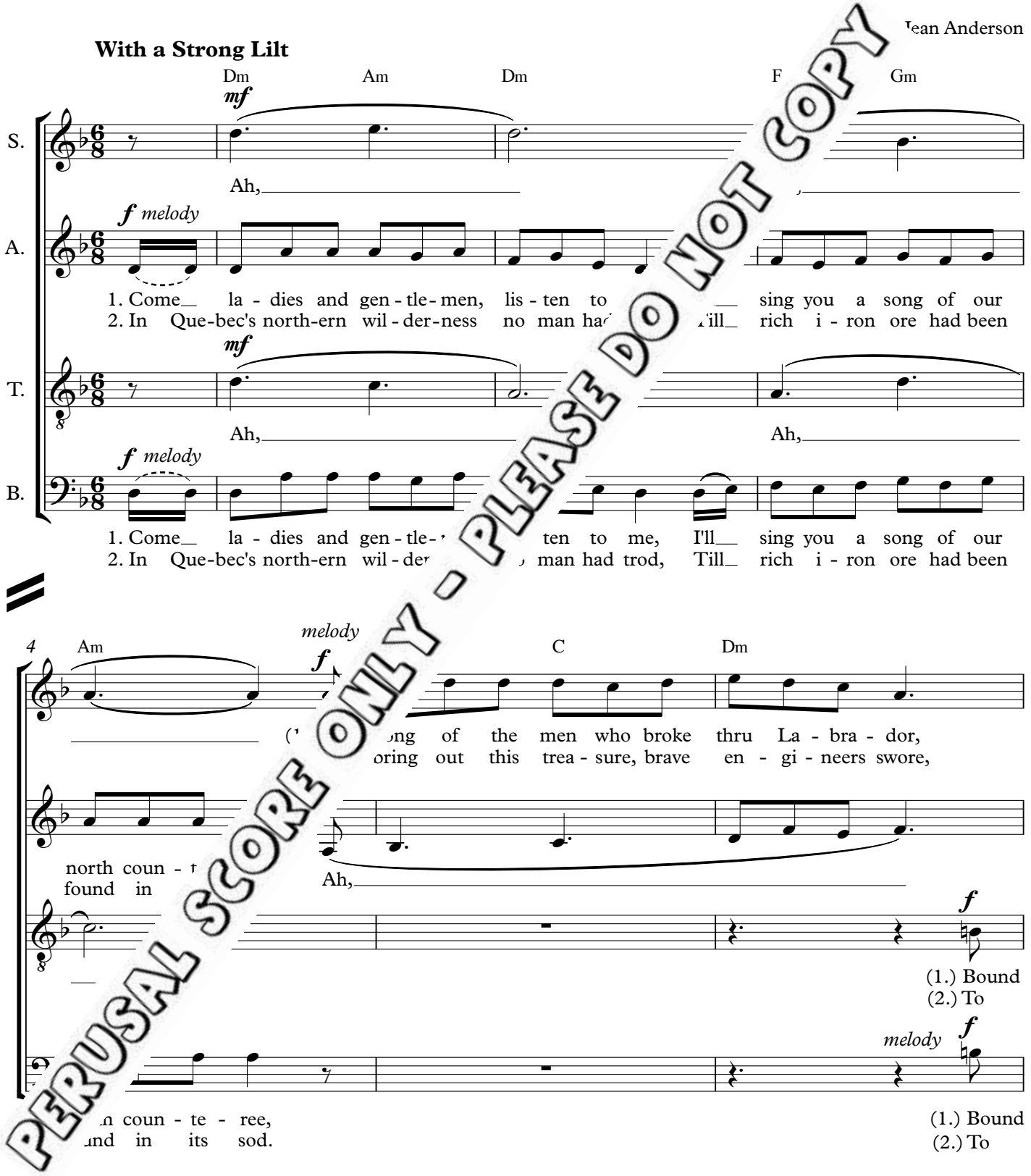
Iron Ore by 'Fifty-Four

This song tells the story of a railroad that was built to open up the rich iron ore deposits at Ungava, on the Quebec-Labrador border. Alan Mills. author of the text, sang the song at the celebrations that marked the opening of the railroad on July 31, 1954. The melody originates from a 19th American boat song that tells the tale of a sailing ship called the E.C. Roberts that was also used to transport iron ore.



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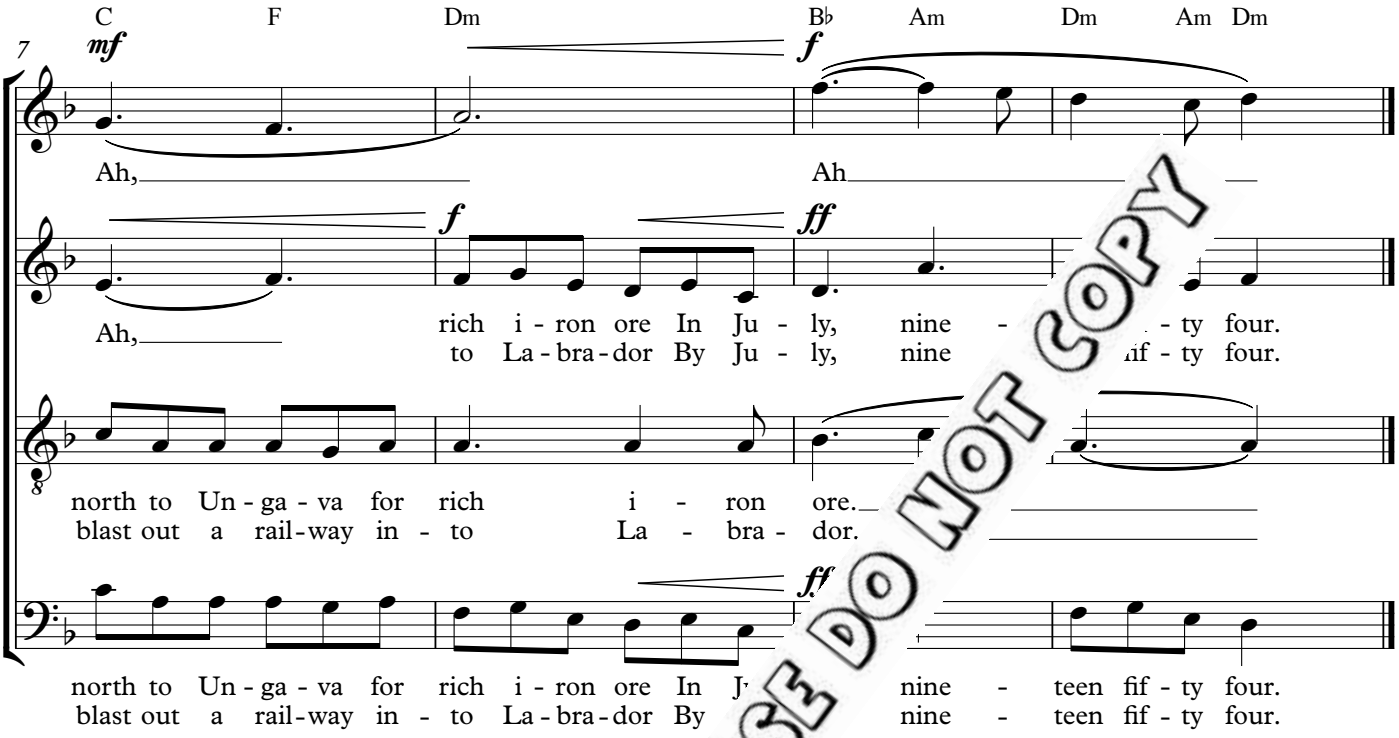

3. 'Twas in nineteen fifty the work was begun,
And up the Saint Lawrence the workmen di
Canadians and for'ners, two thousand an
All joined in the battle to get at the ore
By July, nineteen fifty-four.

4. In planes and in barges, and *bateau*
They hauled their equipment ri North Shore,
And from Seven Islands the b oar
Rang out through the wilde s get the ore!"
By July, nineteen fifty-fo

5. Through four years o ne workmen did toil,
In winter they froze mer they boiled,
But though at th and black flies they swore,
They stuck to t s to get at the ore
By July, nine ur.

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

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

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

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The Sailor's Return

arr. Jean Anderson

Sustained

F C F

mf melody

S.

1. A gen-tle-ma céd to pass
2. A man our you seem to

A.

mf melody

1. A la-dy walked in yon-der gar - den,
2. "Oh, I fan-cy you as a man of hon - our,

T.

en-tle-man chan - céd to pass
man of hon - our you seem to

B.

mp

Oh

6

C/E C Dm F *melody* Am7 Gm C6 B♭ F

mf *f*

by. Says he, "Fair maid, do you fan-cy I?"
be. And had your ser - vants to wait on ye."

melody

mf *f*

He stepped v er for to view her, Says he, "Fair maid, do you fan-cy I?"
You might ied some rich young la - dy, And had your ser - vants to wait on ye."

mf *f*

by. Oh, Says he, "Fair maid, do you fan-cy I?"
be. And had your ser - vants to wait on ye."

mf *f*

Says he, "Fair maid, do you fan-cy I?"
And had your ser - vants to wait on ye."

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Although probably no older than two or three hundred years in its present form, this "Broken Ring" theme ballad can be traced as far back as the Crusades. This version is the best known in Canada with a number of French-language equivalents. An 85-year-old Great Lakes sailor named Henry McConnell who performed in dockside bars for whiskey sang this to C.H.J. Snider in Picton, Ontario in 1944. Other versions of the song are known in England, Scotland, Ireland and the United States.

3 "Oh, do you see on to yonder castle,
The sun does shine on every side?
I'll make you mistress of all that's yonder
If you consent for to be my bride."

4 "Oh, what cares I for your gold or silver,
Or what cares I for your house or land,
Or what cares I for this world's pleasure,
If my poor sailor would return?"

5 "Oh, do you say that you love a sailor,
Or do you say that you love a slave?
Perhaps your sailor lies dead and rolling
In some watery ocean for to be his grave."

6 "Oh, if he's alive, I do dearly love him,
And if he's dead, I wish him rest.
Oh, for his sake I'll never marry,
For he's the one that I love best."

7 He put his hand all into his pocke
His fingers being both long and
He pulled out a ring that was ween them;
When she saw this, down s

8 "Rise up, rise up, my ver,
And take these jewe nand,
For I've brought h gold and silver,
The briny ocear o cross."

9 "Are you r single lover?
Your wa res do not agree,
But se ars make an alteration;
It's h ong years since you sailed from me."

10 he's got her own true lover,
true clear from off her heart.
may they both live together
death does cause them for to part.

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The Shantyman's Life

Considered to be one of the oldest Canadian lumbermen's songs, "The Shantyman's Life" dates back to the 1840s. Possibly Irish in origin, it was likely sung in every lumber camp in Eastern Canada and the Eastern United States. It was sung not so much as a complaint but to boast of the ability to tolerate hardship.

Jean Anderson

Quickly

Dm

S.

A.

T.

B.

mp

mf

woodblock:
from m.5, the woodblock plays the rhythm of the bass pa

1. Shan - -
2. Sleep - -

6 Am7 Dm *f melody* Dm A

1. Though some say it's free from
2. While the cold win - try winds do

life is a - some one, Though some say it's free from
night in our ith - out cheer While the cold win - try winds do

mf

1. Some say it's free from
2. Cold win - try winds do

- man's life, free from
all night, cold wind

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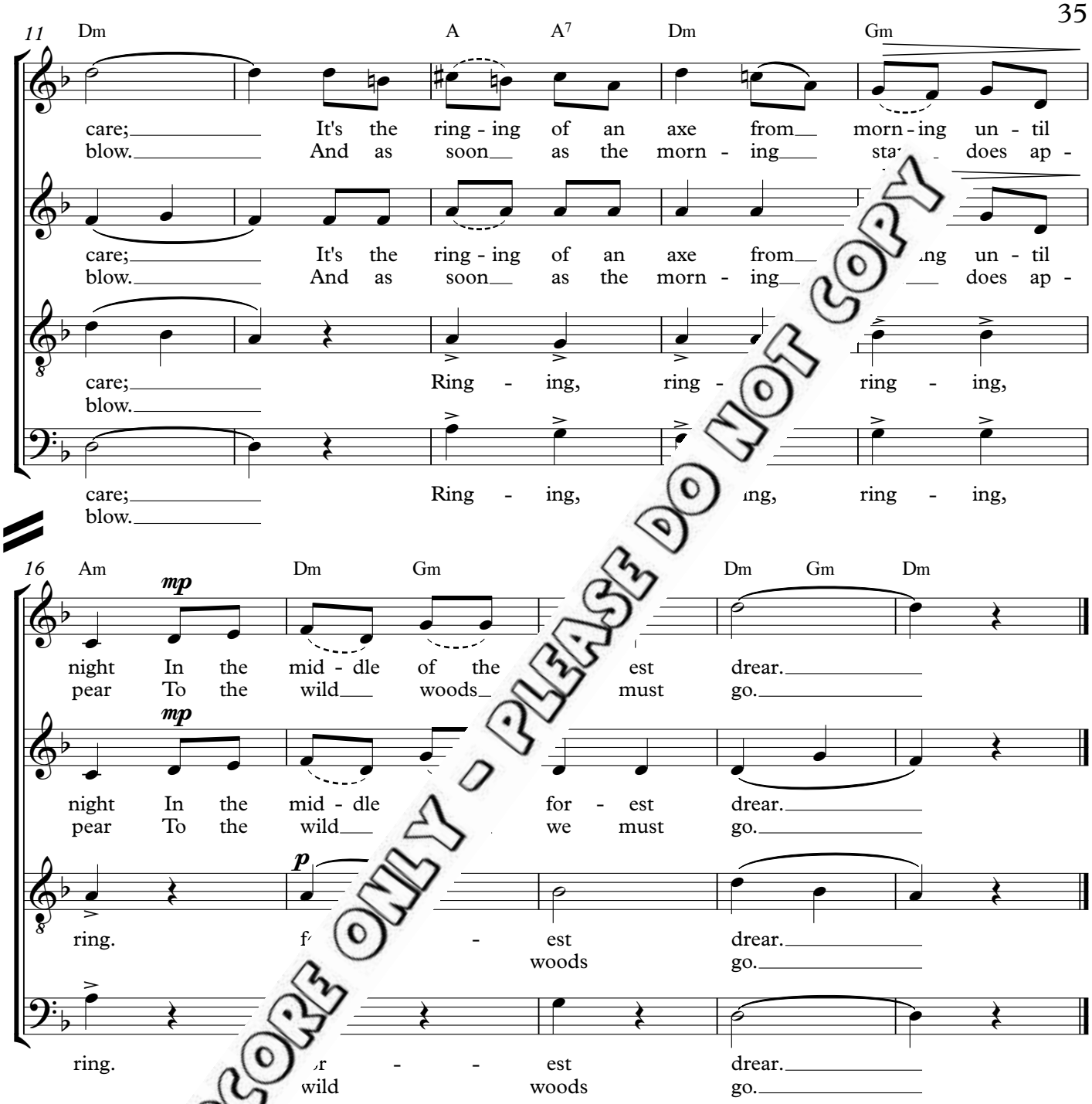

3. Transported a m the maidens so fair
To the bank ely stream
Where the the owls
with ng howls
Distur y dream.

4. W t does come in, double hardships then begin,
ers are piercing cold;
wet are all our clothes, and our limbs
are half froze,
our peavies* we scarce can hold.

5. The rocky shores and sands give employment to all hands
Our well-banded raft to steer;
Ev'ry rapid that we run, we think it is but fun
We are free from all slavish fear.

6. Now rafting I'll give o'er and I'll anchor safe on shore,
And there lead a diff'rent life;
No more I'll wish to roam but contented stay at home
With a pretty little smiling wife.

**a peavy is a lumberman's hook, with a spike at the end*

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The Lonesome Scenes of Winter

Variants of this folk song such as the "Stormy Scenes of Winter" are popular in Ontario, the Maritime provinces and in the north-eastern United States. Almost certain to have roots in 17th or 18th century England, this song shares a common theme with other British ballads whereby young women scorn their suitors.

. Jean Anderson

With vigour

S. — *f* D — Drum, der - ry dum, dum Drum, der - ry dum, dum, — *mf*

A. — *f* — Drum, der - ry dum, dum Drum, der - ry dum, — *meloc* — lone - some scenes of — night I went to

T. — *mf* — Drum,

B. — *f* — 1. As the lone - some scenes of — 2. One night I went to

4 — Am — D

Drum, Drum, Drum, der - ry, dum, dum,

win - in storm - y winds do blow. — see m , she proved most scorn - ful - ly. — *mp*

Dr Drum, Drum, der - ry, dum, dum,

n - ter in storm - y winds do blow. — ee my love, she proved most scorn - ful - ly.

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7

f *melody* — Am — D7

Drum, der - ry dum, Clouds a - round the cen - tre in - cline to frost and

(2.) I asked her if she'd mar - ry, she would not mar - ry

mf

Drum, Drum,

f

Drum, der - ry dum, Clouds a - round the cen - tre cline to frost and

(2.) I asked her if she'd mar - would not mar - ry

mf

Drum, Drum Drum,

11

Am — *mf* D

snow. Drum,

me.

mf

Drum, der - ry dum, dum, Drum dum, dum, Drum,

f *melody*

snow. You're the girl I have

me. The night it is far

f

Drum, der - ry, dum Drum, der - ry dum, dum, You're the girl I have

The night it is far

14

Am — Am

Drum, Drum, Drum, der - ry dum, dum, Drum, der - ry dum, dum,

Dru Drum, Drum, der - ry dum, dum, Drum, der - ry dum, *f* Your

And I'm

- sen to be my on - ly dear;

my love, it's near the break of day;

mf

cho - sen to be my on - ly dear; Your

spent my love, it's near the break of day; And I'm

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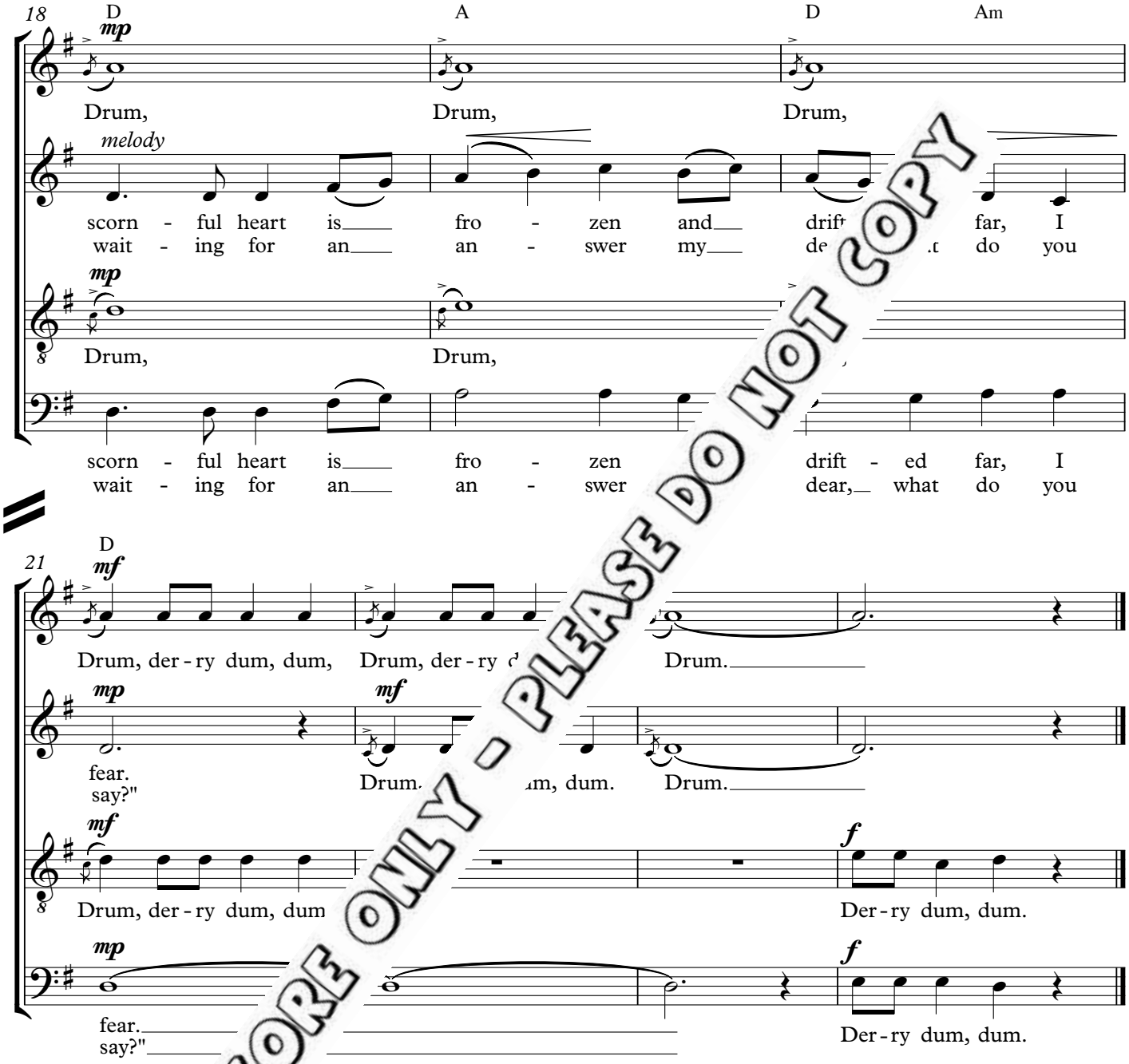

3. "I can but plainly tell you, I'll lead a single life.
I never thought it fitting that I should be your wife.
Now take a civil answer and for yourself provide.
I have another sweetheart, and you I have laid aside."

4. Now my mind is changing that old love for the new,
This wide and lonesome valley I mean to ramble through
In search of someone handsome that might my fancy fill.
This world is wide and lonesome, if she don't, another will.

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There Was a Lady in the East

Related to the Scottish folk song, "Barbara Allen", "There Was a Lady in the East" is thought to be also of Irish origin. It was sung by Mr. John Donovan of Bonavista Bay, Newfoundland to Maude Karpeles in September 29, 1929. Kenneth Peacock has found variants in other parts of Newfoundland and as well in Nova Scotia.

r. John Barron

Moderately

mf *melody* F

S. 1. There was a la - dy in east, Her
2. As she was walk - ing the hall e day, Her

A. *mp* 1. There was a - dy in the
2. As she was ing the hall one

T.

B. *mp* (1.) Her
(2.) Her

3 C C7 F C

age it was sc en - ty, She had sweet - hearts
fa - ther chanced meet her, "Are you go - ing to throw your

east, arce twen - ty, She had sweet - hearts
day, to meet her, "Are you throw - ing your

mp (1.) Scarce twen - ty She had
(2.) To meet her, Are you

it was scarce twen - ty, She had
ther chanced to meet her, Are you

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6 Dm C7 F C B♭ F

mp

of the best, Both lords and squir - es plen - - ty, She
self a - way, You sil - ly, fond, young crea - - ture? Are you

of the best, Both lords and squir - es plen -
self a - way, You sil - ly, fond, young crea - re?

sweet - hearts, lords and squir - es plen - ty
go - ing to throw your - self a - way, - way?

sweet - hearts, lords and plen - ty.
go - ing to throw your a - way?

9 F E♭ F E♭6 B♭ Am Dm7

had sweet - hearts of the And they heaped gifts up -
go - ing to mar - ry a serv - With - out ei - ther birth or

p

Sweet - hearts of best, Oh, gifts up -
Mar - ry a ser man, No birth or

p

Sweet - hearts the best, Oh, gifts
Mar - ry a - ant man, No birth

p

Oh, gifts up -
No birth or

12 C7 C7 F C7

mp

on But she a - dored her fa - ther's clerk,
breed - Not one pound por - tion will you gain

mf *melody* *f*

on her. But she a - dored her fa - ther's clerk, More
bre ing? Not one pound por - tion will you gain While

mp

up - on her. But she a - dored
or breed - ing? Not one pound por - tion

on her.
breed - ing?

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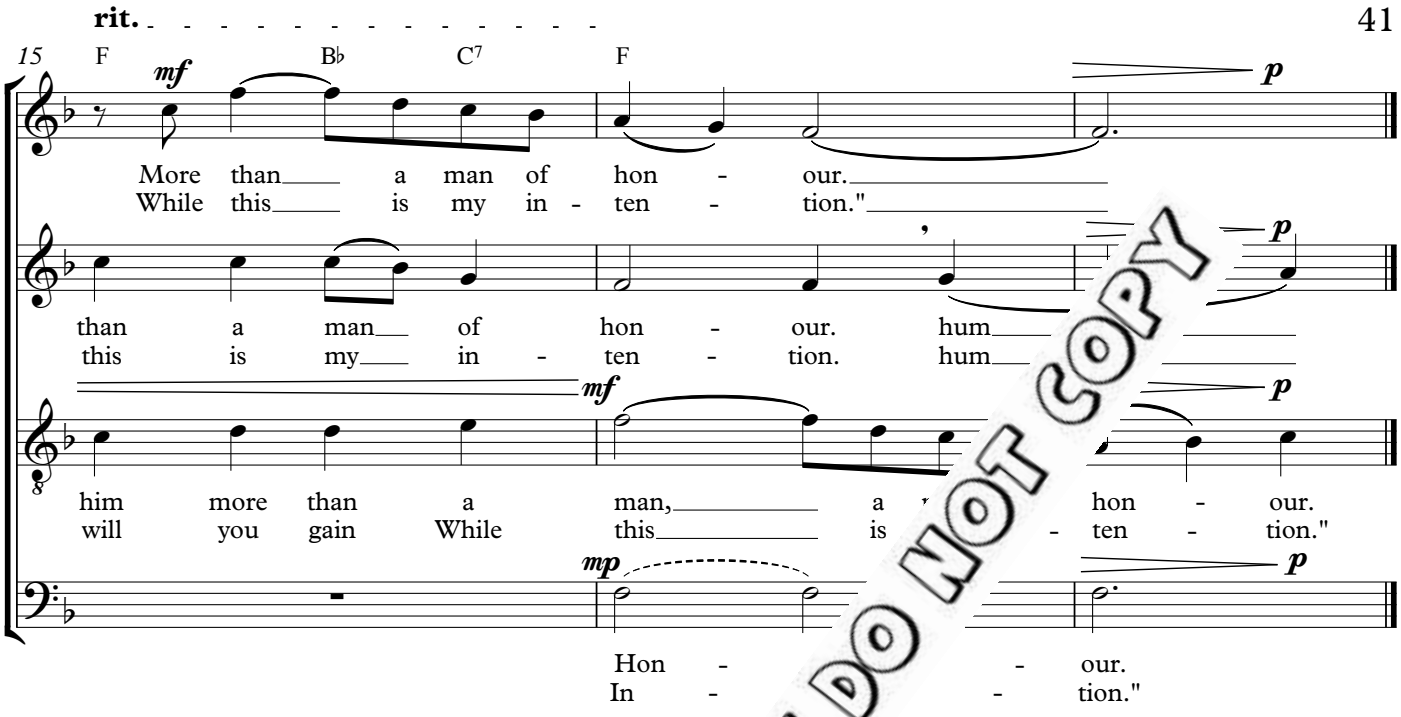

3. Down on her bended knees she fell,
Saying: 'Father. use your pleasure,
For I adore my Jimmy dear
More than your earthly treasure.
I still adore my Jimmy dear,
With him I am intended
And if kind providence suffers me
With him I am intended."

4. There was a table in the hall.
A loaded pistol on it.
'Twas to her small lily-white b
She quickly did discharge i
It was to her small lily-wh
As she knelt down befo
The very last words s a:
"I will and shall ado

5. When her fathe see
The crime h itted,
He wrung nd tore his hair
Just like acted.
When came to see
The here a bleeding,
A came on so quick
ed the mother's ruin.

air young Jimmy among them all
With his lily-white hands a-wringing;
He kissed the blue veins of her breast
Just as the blood rolled spilling,
Saying: "Why did you treat my darling so.
Or why were you so cruel'?
Why didn't you lay the blame on me
And spare to me my jewel?"

7. He took a small knife in his hand.
Saying: "Here I'll stay no longer-"
He cut the slender threads of life
"Alone with my love l'll wander."
They both were buried in one grave
As two true lovers loyal.
May the heavens above protect such loves
And send them no such trials.

8. Out of his grave there grew a branch,
And out of hers a briar,
They grew and climbed by the old church tower.
Till they could grow no higher.
They formed into a lovers' knot.
The rose entwined the briar.
They grew together in a true love's knot.
Which caused far and near to admire.

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Soldier, Will You Marry Me?

Numerous versions of this Newfoundland folk song can be traced back to the British Isles and the Southern Appalachian Mountains. Often considered a children's song, the song would be sung for hours at a time with pairs of singers singing the roles of the soldier and his betrothed to create the most imaginative wardrobes possible. In Canada, other variants of this Newfoundland song can be found as a popular campfire song in Ontario.

r. Nancy Telfer

Vigorously

G D G D G D D

S.

A.

T.

f

da tum ta - da prum tum;

B.

f

Prum ta - da tum ta- da prum tum um ta - da tum ta - da prum tum;

5

G D G D G G D C D G D

f *melody*

1. Sol - dier, sol- dier, r-ry me, With your mus- ket, fife and drum?

f

1. Sol - dier, sol ill you mar-ry me, With your mus-ket fife and drum?

mf

melody *f*

Prum ta-da prum tum; Prum ta - da tum, Prum ta-da tum, Oh

f

ta-da tum ta-da prum tum; Prum ta - da tum, Prum ta-da tum, Oh

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9 G D G D

mf

Fid - dle - dee, poor__ me!

mf

Fid - dle - dee, poor__ me!

no, fair maid, I can - not mar - ry you, For I've no shirt* to put

no, fair maid, I can - not mar - ry you, F got no shirt* to put

12 G G D G D G D

f

No shirt* to put on? Well, -dle- dee!

f

No shirt* -dle-did-dle- dee!

on. For I've got no shirt* to put

f

on, prum tum! For I've got no shirt* to put

s /3. socks /4. boots /5. coat

16 G Em G *melody*

mf

Straight - way__ she__ went, And__

melody

Straight - way she went to her grand - fa - ther's chest,

mf

Straight - way__ she__ went__ to the chest, And__

mf

on, prum tum! Straight - way she went to the chest,

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19

Am D G Em D C D

took one of the ver - y, ver - y best, And the sol - dier put it on.
(a pair of the) (them)

She took one of the ver - y best, And the sol - di it on.
(a pair) (them)

took one of the ver - y best, And the sol - dier on.
(a pair of the) them)

She took one of the ver - y best, sol - dier put it on.
(Took a pair) (them)

23

f G D G D G D G D C

6. Sol - dier, sol - dier, will you mar - With your mus - ket, fife and

f

6. Sol - dier, sol - dier, will you me, With your mus - ket,

mf

Ta - da prum tum

mf

Ta - da prum tum

26

D G D G D G

mf

drum? Fid - dle - dee, poor me!

mf

fife drum? Fid - dle - dee, poor me!

f *melody*

ta - da tum. Oh no, fair maid, that's a thing that can - not be, For I

f

prum ta - da tum. Oh no, fair maid, that's a thing that can - not be, For I

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29 D G D G D G D

ff

A wife?! You have a wife? Take your

ff

A wife?! You have a wife? Take your

have a wife of my own.

have a wife of my own.

32 G Em7 G

mus - ket and fife and I'll, And

mus - ket and fife and And

f

For I have a wife,

f

For I have a wife,

35 Em7 G D G

I'll make a life of my own!

I'll a life of my own!

For I have a wife of my own!

For I have a wife of my own!

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Let Me Fish Off Cape Saint Mary's

This is a relatively young folk song from Newfoundland, composed in 1947 by Otto P. Kelland, a warden of the penitentiary in St. John's. Although it cannot be considered a folk song in the true sense, the nostalgic text and haunting melody are reminiscent of the texts and melodies of many traditional Newfoundland songs.

.r. Jean Anderson

Pensive

S. *mp* *melody* D *mf*

1. Take me back to my west - er Let me
2. Let me feel my do - To the

A. *mp* *f*

1. Take me back to my west - ern boat,
2. Let me feel my do - ry lift,

T.

B.

3 D *f* A *mp*

fish Cape Saint Mar - y's. Where the
broad - lan - tic comb - ers, Where the

mp *mf* *mp*

off Cape Saint Mar - y's.
At - lan - tic comb - ers.

t me fish off Cape Saint Mar - y's
o the broad At - lan - tic comb- ers,

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6

Bm Bm7 D

mf *mp*

hag - downs sail and the fog - horns wail, Oo,
tide rips swirl and the wild ducks whirl,

mf melody

With my friends Browns and the
Where old Nep e calls the

mp

Where the hag - downs sail and the fog - horns Oo,
Where the tide rips swirl and the wild ducks

mp

With my friends
'Neath the broad

9

Bm D D

mf *pp*

p

Clear - ys. Let off Cape Saint Mar - y's.
num - bers "Neath ad At - lan - tic comb - ers.

pp

Oo.

mf *pp*

the and the Clear - ys.
A - - - tic comb - ers.

3. Let me sa n Bay
With m a-streamin',
From r squall, when I hauled me trawl,
An ape Ann a-gleamin',
W kin all a-streamin'.

iew that rugged shore,
the beach is all a-glisten,
the Caplin spawn, where from dusk to dawn
d bait your trawl and listen
o the undertow a-hissin'.

5. When I reach that last big shoal
Where the ground swells break asunder,
Where the wild sands roll to the surges toll,
Let me be a man and take it
When my dory fails to make it.

6. Take me back to that snug green cove
Where the seas roll up their thunder.
There let me rest in the earth's cool breast
Where the stars shine out their wonder -
And the seas roll up their thunder.

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Auction Block

Thousands of black slaves fled to Canada from the southern United States. Many settled in Nova Scotia. This song, a liberation anthem, was sung to Canadian folk-song collector, Helen Creighton by an 86-year-old man whose grandfather had been a slave.

arr. Nancy Telfer

Simply

mf *all women*

1. No more auc - tion block for me, no more, no

5

S. No more auc - tion block for me, man - y a nd gone.

A. No more auc - tion block for me, man thou - sand gone.

9

Refrain

S. *mp* Je - sus, Je - sus, Oh y Lord; Je - sus

A. *mp* Je - sus, Je - sus my Lord; Je - sus

T. *mf melody* Je - sus died on Cal Oh, yes, Oh, yes, Je - sus died to

B. *mp* Je - sus, sus, Oh, my Lord; Je - sus

14

S. Je - Oh, my Lord.

A. sus Oh, my Lord. *mf* 2. No more peck of 3. No more pint of

T. me free, Thank Him ev - er more.

B. *mf* Je - sus, oh, my Lord. 2. No more peck of 3. No more pint of

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18

S. *mf* no more, no more,

A. *mf* corn for me, No more peck of for me,
salt for me, No more pint for me,

T. *mf* no more, no more,

B. *mf* corn for me, N eck of corn for me,
salt for me, pint of salt for me,

23

Refrain

S. *mf* Man-y a thou-sand gone. *mp* Je Je - sus, Oh, my

A. *m* - sus, Je - sus, Oh, my

T. *mf* Man-y a thou-sand gone *melody* Je - sus died on Cal - va - ry. *gliss.* Oh, yes, oh

B. *mp* Je - sus, Je - sus, Oh, my

28

rit.

S. Lord; Je - sus, Je - sus, Oh, my Lord.

A. Je - sus, Je - sus, Oh, my Lord.

T. es, Je - sus died to set me free, Thank Him ev - er more.

Lord; Je - sus, Je - sus, Oh, my Lord.

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C'est l'aviron

Although the verses of "C'est l'aviron" can be traced back to medieval France, the refrain is relatively new. It was most likely created by one or more of the voyageurs, who sang as they paddled along Canada's many rivers and lakes.

Arr. Jean Anderson

With energy

D Bm D F

mp melody

S. 1. M'en re - v de
1. Af - ter t a

mp melody

A. 1. M'en re - ve - nant e la jo - lie Ro -
1. Af - ter I left a vil - lage named Ro -

mp

T. 1. M'en re - ve - nant de l lie Ro - chel - le,
1. Af - ter I left a named Ro - chel - le,

mp melody

B. 1. M'en re - ve - nant a jo - lie Ro - chel - le,
1. Af - ter I left vil - lage named Ro - chel - le,

5 D Bm D Bm

la jo - lie Ro le, M'en re - ve - nant de
vil - lage named R le, Af - ter I left a

chel - M'en re - ve - nant de la jo - lie Ro -
chel - Af - ter I left a vil - lage named Ro -

M'en e - ve - nant de la jo - lie Ro - chel - le,
Af ter I left a vil - lage named Ro - chel - le,

re - ve - nant de la jo - lie Ro - chel - le,
- ter I left a vil - lage named Ro - chel - le,

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9

D Bm D A

mf

la jo - lie Ro - chel - le, J'ai ren - con - tré trois jo - lies de - moi -
vil - lage named Ro - chel - le, I met three girls, three pret - ty de - moi -

mf

chel - le, J'ai ren - con - tré trois jo - lies sel - -
chel - le, I met three girls, three pret - ty sel - -

mf *melody*

J'ai ren - con - tré trois jo - lies de - moi les, jo - lies de - moi -
I met three girls, three pret - ty de - moi les, pret - ty de - moi -

mf

trois jo - lies sel - - les.
three pret - ty de - moi - sel - - les.

Refrain

14

D A D A

p

sel - - les.
sel - - les.

p

les. l'a - vi - ron qui nous mè - ne, qui nous
les. row a - long, now to - geth - er all you

sel - C'est l'a - vi - ron qui nous mè - ne, qui nous
sel - Row, row a - long, now to - geth - er all you

p

C'est l'a - vi - ron qui nous mè - ne, qui nous
Row, row a - long, now to - geth - er all you

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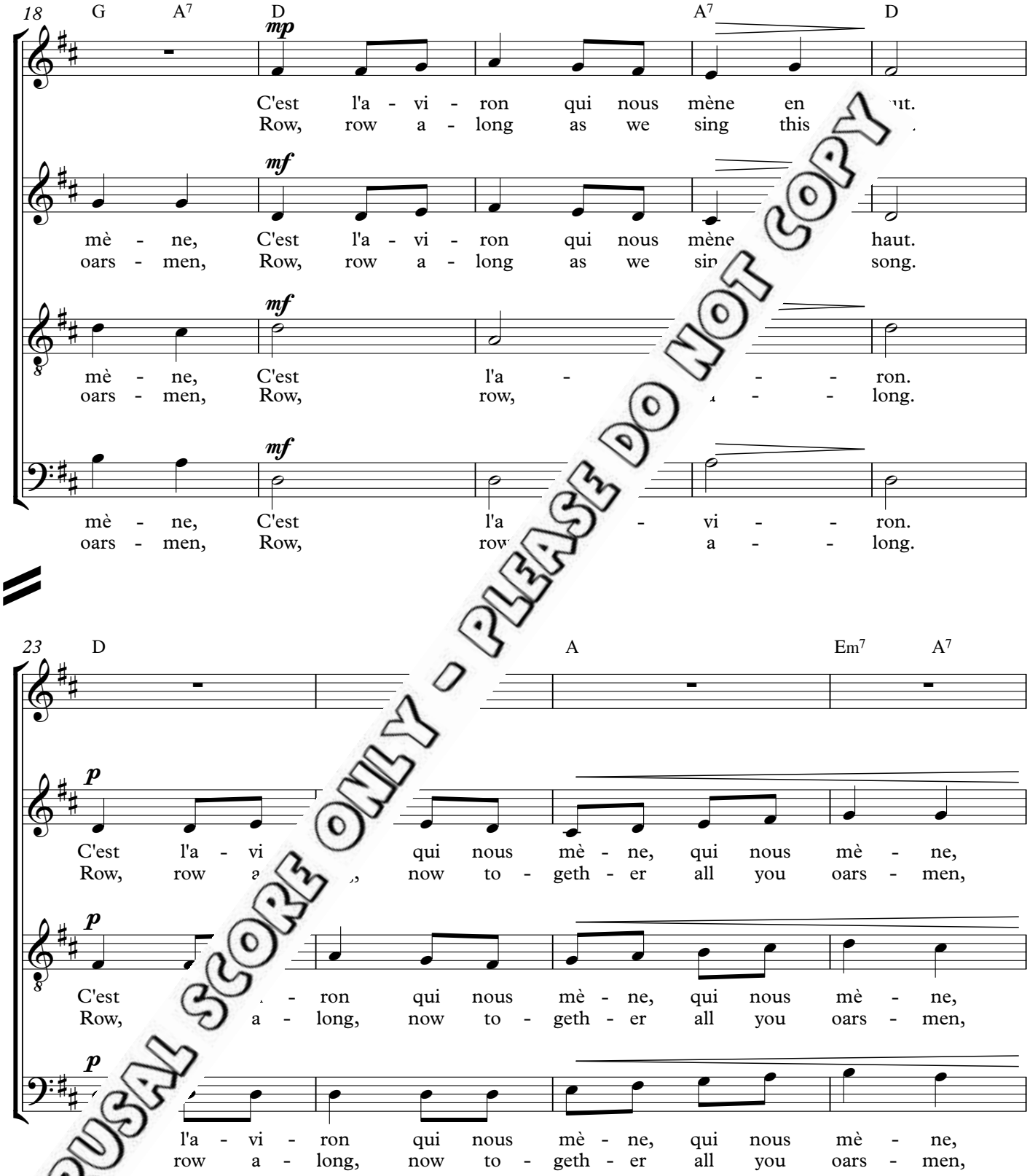

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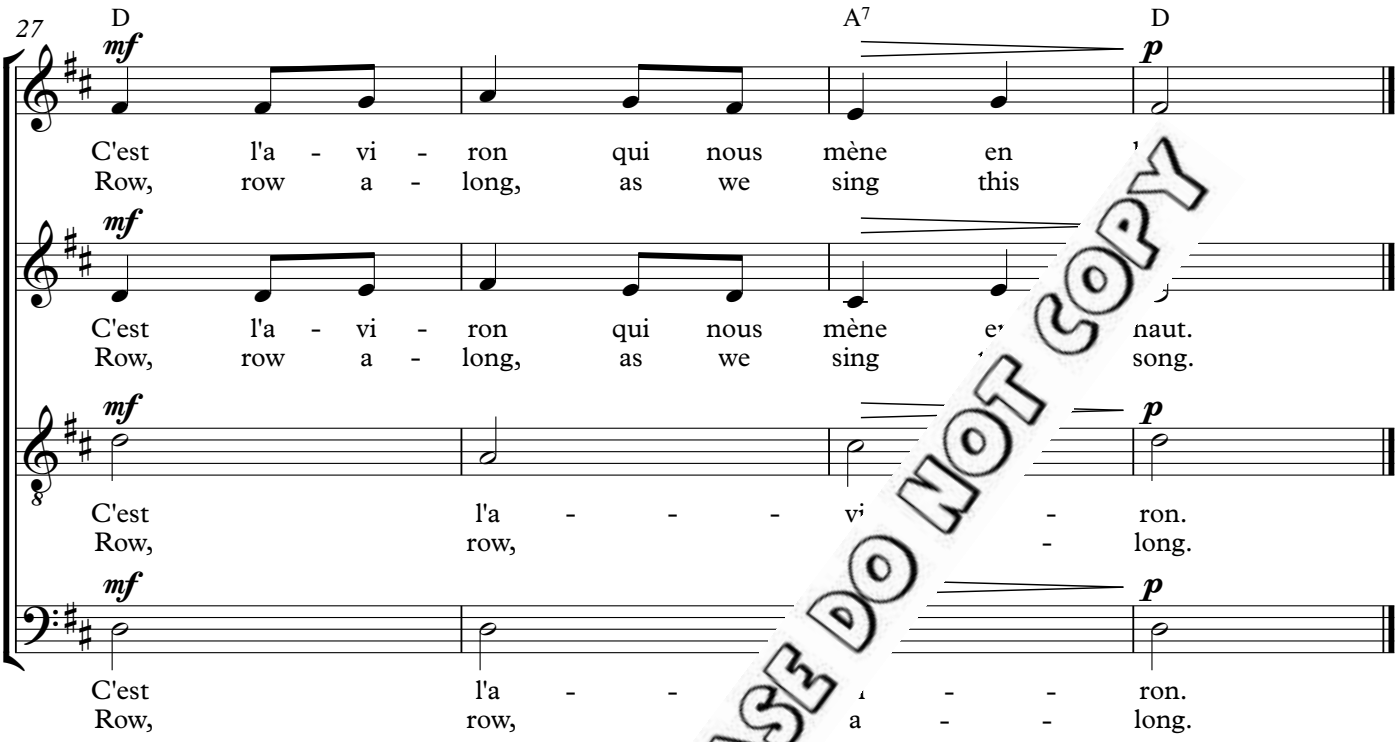

2. J'ai rencontré trois jolies demoiselles;
J'ai point chois, mais j'ai pris la plus belle

3. J'ai point choisi, mais j'ai pris la plus bell
J'l'y fis monter derrièr' moi, sur ma sell

4. J'l'y fis monter derrièr' moi, sur m
Je l'ai menée au logis de son pèr

5. Je l'ai menée au logis de son
Quand ell' fut là ell' buvai rres.

6. Quand ell' fut là ell' b s verres;
A la santé de son pè re.

7. A la santé de so mère;
A la santé de t ses frères.

8. A la santé urs et ses frères;
A la sar ue son coeur aime.

2. I met three girls, three pretty demoiselles;
One stole my heart, she was the fairest beauty.

3. One stole my heart, she was the fairest beauty;
I sat her down, behind me on the saddle.

4. I sat her down, behind me on the saddle;
I took her home, to see her dour father.

5. I took her home, to see her dour father.
She drank some wine and then began to chatter.

6. She drank some wine and then began to chatter;
"Drink to the health of father and of mother."

7. "Drink to the health of father and of mother.;
Drink to the health of sister and of brother."

8. "Drink to the health of sister and of brother;
Drink to the health and joy of my new lover."

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Peter Amberley

A ballad from the Miramichi woods, the tragedy of Peter Amberley is true. Amberley was still a teenager when, in 1881, he was fatally injured while logging in New Brunswick. While the origin of the song has been debated, with theories that the text was written by woods poet, Lawrence Gorman, or by Amberley's friend, John Calhoun, and set to an old Irish tune, it is a favourite in the Maritime provinces and in the north-eastern United States.

.. Jean Anderson

Moderately

G Em C D7

S.

A. *mf melody*

1. My name is Pe - ter Am - ber - ley you may un - der -
2. I land - ed in New Bruns - w lum - b'ring coun - ter -

T. *mf*

1. My name is Pe - ter Am - , As you may un - der -
2. I land - ed in New Brur ck, That lum - b'ring coun - ter -

B. *mp*

Oh,

4 G D C G

melody *mf*

(1.) I n on Prince Ed - ward Is - land Close
(2.) I red to work in the lum - b'ring woods, Down

stand. was born on Prince Ed - ward Is - land Close
ee. was hired to work in the lum - b'ring woods, Down

p

stand Oh, The
e South of

Oh,

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7

D D7 G

mp

by the o - cean strand, Oo
south of Mir - a - mi - chi.

mp

by the o - cean strand, Oo
south of Mir - a - mi - chi.

mf *melody*

o - cean strand, In een hun - dred and
Mir - a - mi - chi. I to work in the

(1.) o - - cean strand,
(2.) Mir - - a - mi - chi

10

C Bm G 6 D

mf

I
While

melody *mf*

When flow - ers wore a bril - liant hue, I
Where cut the tall spruce down; While

mf

eight - y the flow - ers wore a bril - liant hue, I
lum - b' s, Where they cut the tall spruce down; While

nf *mf*

When the flow - ers wore a bril - liant hue, I
Where they cut the tall spruce down; While

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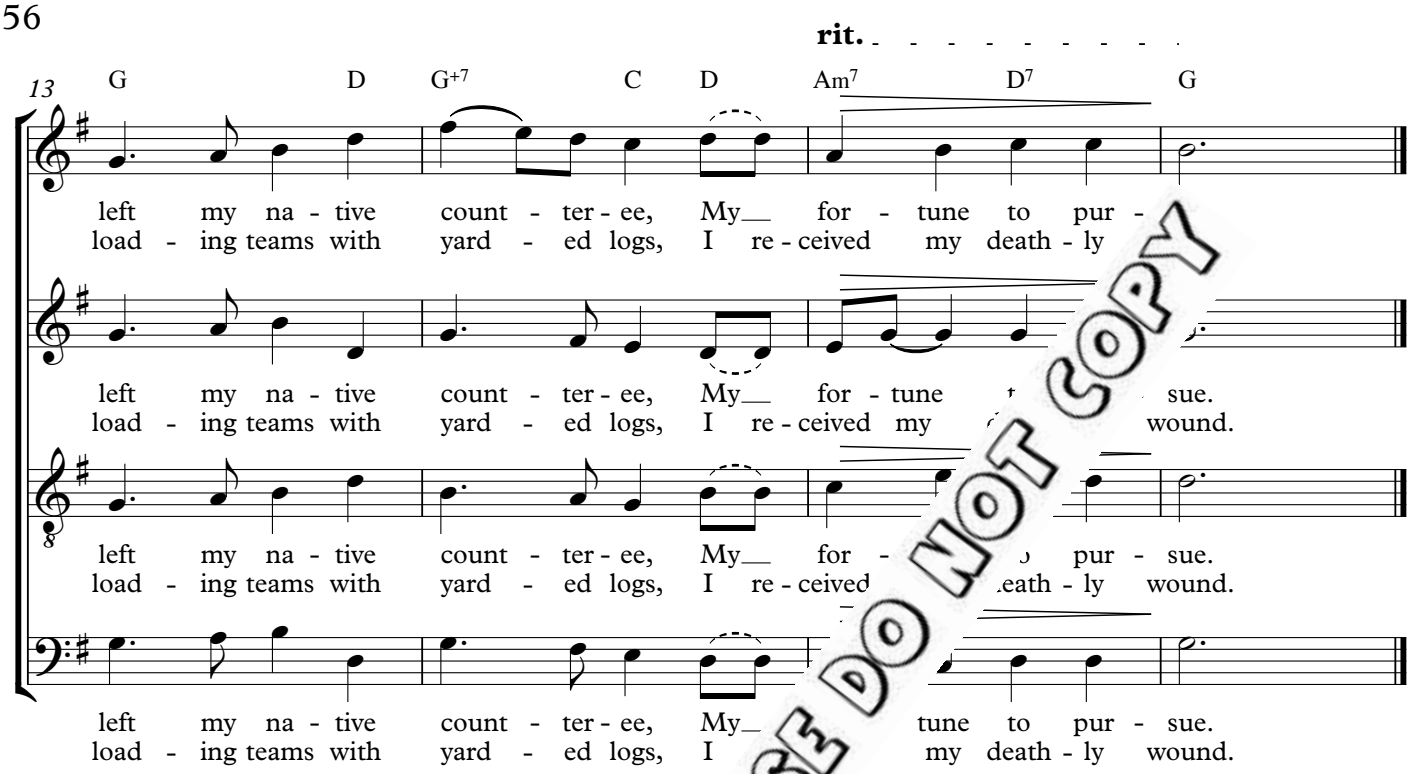

3. There's danger on the ocean,
Where the waves roll mountains high;
There's danger on the battlefield,
Where angry bullets fly;
There's danger in the lumber woods,
For death lurks silent there,
And I hve fallen a victim
Unto its monstrous snare.

4. Here's adieus unto my father,
It was him who sent me her
It was him who drove me
By his treatment too se
It is not right to press
Or try to keep him
For it will make h s home
When he is far

5. Here's adie dearest friend,
I mean m ear.
She re at fell as soon
As h der care.
Bu ny mother thin,
W ng my lullaby
ntry I would travel in
death I would die.

6. Here's adieu to Prince Edward Island,
And the Island girls so true.
Long may they live to roam the shore,
Where my first breath I drew.
No more I'll see those lofty ships,
As they go sailing by,
With banners floating in the breeze,
Above their canvas high.

7. And when I'm dead and buried,
There's one thing that I crave -
To have a holy father
To bless my lonely grave.
It's near the village of Boiestown,
My moundering bones do lay,
To await the Saviour's coming on
The resurrection day.

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Vive la Canadienne!

This song is set modeled from an older song of French origin entitled "Par derrière chez mon père." According to folklorist and ethnography, Marius Barbeau, the words were perhaps written by an oarsman. Barbeau considers the song to be both Canadian and French as the words were composed in the Laurentiens with the inspiration and melody taken from 17th century France.

Kenneth Bray

Rhythmically

S. A. T. B.

E♭ B♭7 E♭ B♭

f *melody*

1. Vi - ve la Ca - na - dien - ne!
2. Nous la me-nons aux no - ces, Vo - le, mo vo - le!

f

1. Vi - ve la Ca - na - dien - ne!
2. Nous la me-nons aux no - ces, V on coeur, vo - le!

f

1. Vi - ve la Ca - na - dien - n
2. Nous la me-nons aux no - Vo - le, vo - le!

f

Vo - le, mon coeur, vo - le!

5 E♭ B♭ E♭ A♭6 E♭ B♭7 E♭

Vi - ve la Ca - n - ne, Et ses jo - lis yeux doux.
Nous la me-nons - ces, Dans tous ses beaux a - tours.

melody *mf*

Vi - ve la - dien - ne, Et ses jo - lis yeux doux. Et
Nous la aux no - ces, Dans tous ses beaux a - tours. Dans

Vi a Ca - na - dien - ne, Et ses jo - lis yeux doux.
N me-nons aux no - ces, Dans tous ses beaux a - tours.

(1.) Et ses jo - lis yeux doux.
(2.) Dans tous ses beaux a - tours.

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9

E♭ A♭ E♭

p

La, la, la, la, ses jo - lis yeux doux, doux, doux,
La, la, la, la, dans ses beaux a - tours tours, tours,

ses jo - lis yeux doux, doux, doux, Et ses jo - lis yeux Et
tous ses beaux a - tours, tours, tours, Dans tous ses beaux a s, Dans

mf

Et
Dans

13

E♭ A♭ B♭

La la, ses jo - lis yeux doux,
la, dans ses beaux a - tours,

ses jo - lis yeux doux, doux, doux, F jo - lis yeux doux,
tous ses beaux a - tours, tours, tours, ses beaux a - tours,

ses jo - lis yeux doux x, Et ses jo - lis yeux doux,
tous ses beaux a - tou ars, Dans tous ses beaux a - tours,

17 *mf* E♭ B♭7 B♭7 E♭ A♭ B♭7

Vi - ve la Ca dien - ne! Vo - le, mon coeur, vo - le!
Nous la me-n no - ces,

mf

Vi - na - dien - ne! Vo - le, mon coeur, vo - le!
Nous ons aux no - ces,

mf

ve la Ca - na - dien - ne! Vo - le, mon coeur, vo - le!
la me-nons aux no - ces,

f

Vi - ve la Ca - na - dien - ne! Vo - le, mon coeur, vo - le, vo - le, vo - le!
Nous la me-nons aux no - ces,

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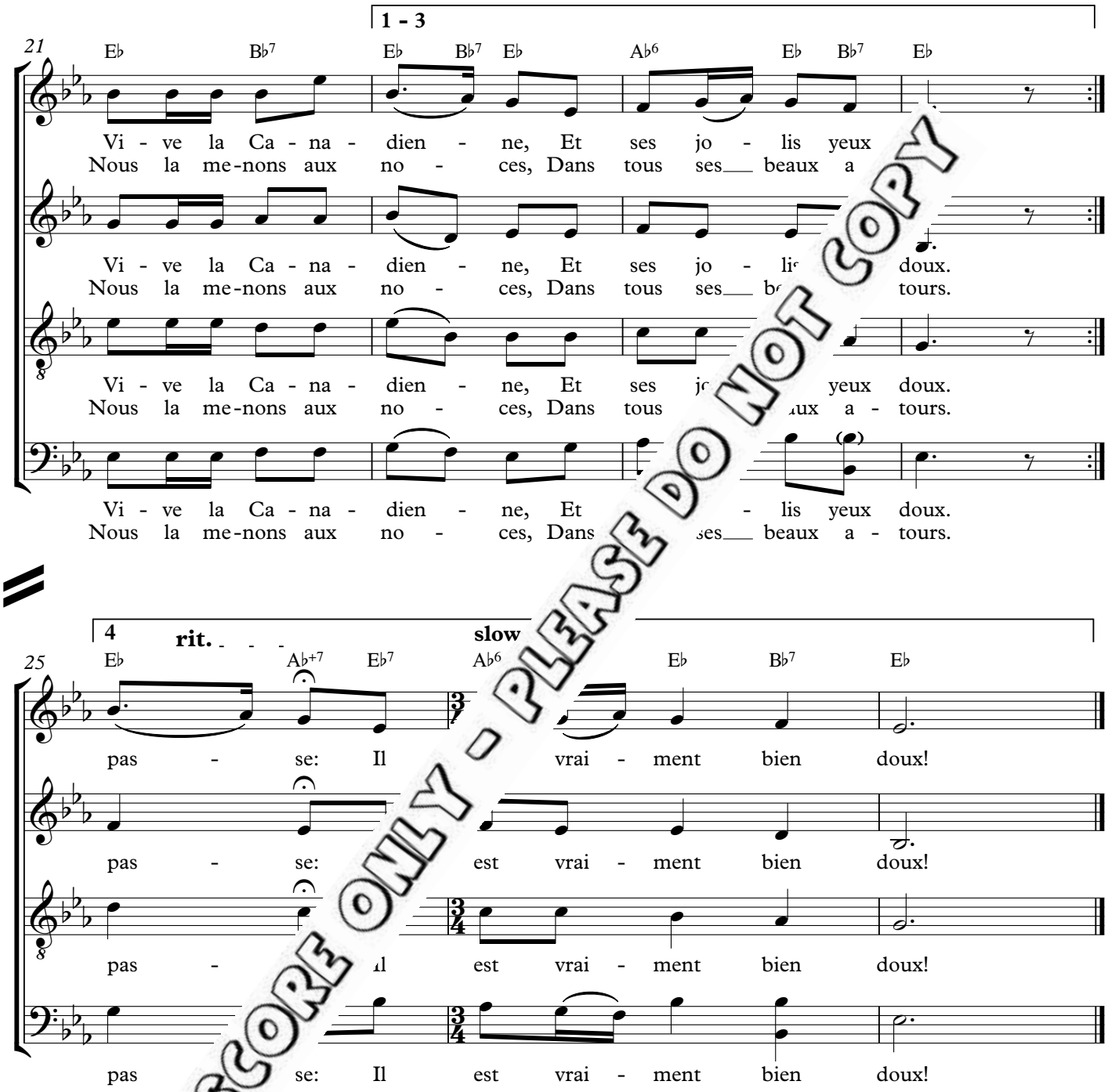

3. On d os blondes,
Vol r, vole!
C ec nos blondes;
geons tour à tour,

changeons tour à tour, 'tour, 'tour,
s changeons tour à tour.

4. Ainsi le temps se passe,
Vole, mon coeur, vole!
Ainsi le temps se passe:
Il est vraiment bien doux!

Il est vraiment bien doux, doux, doux,
Il est vraiment bien doux!

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O Canada

English lyrics: R. Stanley Weir (1856-1926)
Paroles fravçaises: Sir Adolphe-Basile Routhier (1839-1920)

Calixa Lavallée (1842-1891)
arr. Larry Nickel

Maestoso ♩ = 100

O Ca - na - da! Our home and na - and!
Ô Ca - na - da! Ter - re de nos eux,

O Ca - na - da! Our home and tive land!
Ô Ca - na - da! Ter - re de aï - eux,

5

True pa - triot love in ay sons com - mand. With
Ton front est ceint de rons glo - ri - eux! Car - ton

True pa - triot love all thy sons com - mand.
Ton front est ceint fleu - rons glo - ri - eux!

9 **A**

glow - in e see thee rise, The True North strong and free! From
bras er l'é - pée, Il sait por - ter la croix! Ton his

-ing hearts we see thee rise, The True North strong and strong and free
r - ton bras por-ter l'é - pée Il sait por - ter la la croix!

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13

far and wide, O Ca - na - da, we stand on guard for the for thee
toire est une é - po - pée Des plus bril - lants ex - p ploits;

from far and wide, O Ca - na - da, we stand on guard nee, for thee.
ton his - toire Ô Ca - na - da, Des plus bril - lants ploits; ex- ploits;

B

17

God keep our land glo and free!
Et ta va - leur, de trem - pée.

God keep our land - rious and free! and free!
Et ta va - leur, ta va - foi trem - pée, trem - pée.

21

O Ca - na - da, on guard for thee.
Pro - té - ge - ra, y - ers et nos droits.

O Ca - we stand on guard for thee, for thee.
Pro - té - nos foy - ers et nos droits. nos droits.

25

rit.

O a - na - da, we stand on guard for thee.
P té - ge - ra nos foy - ers et nos droits.

Ca - na - da, we stand on guard for thee.
ro - té - ge - ra nos foy - ers et nos droits.

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Acknowledgements

Dedicated to John Barron and his commitment to quality music education, the 2nd edition of *Reflections of Canada* was only made possible thanks to the immense enthusiasm for, encouragement from, and support of many:

- The family of John Barron—Lowell, Jennie, Julie, Katie, and Naomi
- Nancy Telfer
- Dr. Kim Eyre, research partner
- Dr. Carol Beynon
- Janet Dammann
- Dr. Roger Admiral
- Dr. Lois Choksy
- Ian Skinner, research assistant
- Dr. Larry Nickel, Cypress Choral Music
- Dr. Jody Stark and the 2015 University of Alberta Kodály I s
- Brant and Lois Rayment and The Grade Four students fr ick's Elementary school
- The University of Alberta Augustana Campus, Dr. Rox e, Dr. Kim Misfeldt, Dr. Sandra Rein, and Martine Desrochers
- The University of Alberta President's Fund for the nd Performing Arts
- Dr. Dustin Bowers, Linguistic Consultant, Unive berta Department of Linguistics
- Katauga Saila and Louise Flaherty, Nunavut A e
  ᖃᑦᑕᐅᒐ ᓴᐃᓚ ᐊᒻᒪᓗ ᓗᐃᔅ ᕝᓚᐺᐅᑎ ᓄᓇᕗᑦ ᓯᓚᑦ

May the songs of Canada a e continue to be sung,
as long as the sun r upon the water.

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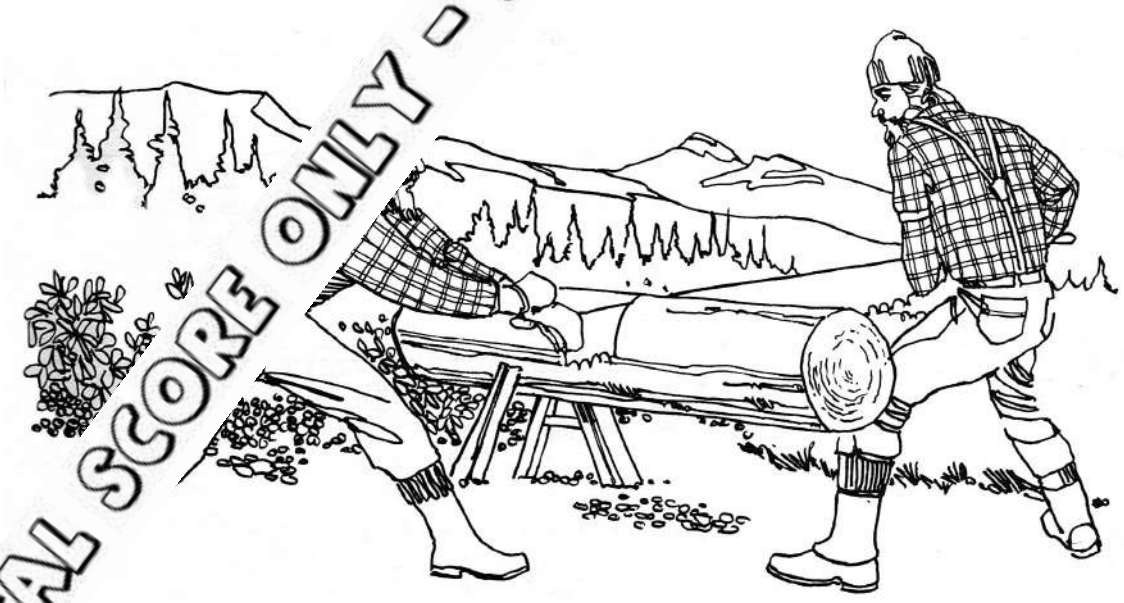

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