"Survivals of the English and Scottish Popular Ballads in Nova Scotia -- a Study of Folk Song in Canada".

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CONTENTS

CHAPTER ONE

Statement of Thesis. Definition of Field.

Obstacles. Opportunities.

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As its title imports,the following thesis is intended to support a conviction that in the Province of Nova Scotia and at the present day there is to be found evidence,not unvaluable,as to the nature and nurture of popular tales and songs,--tales and songs of the folk.

The particular title wording which I have adopted will be found,if subjected to rigid academic tests,to be somewhat unscholarly. Yet I may plead famous precedents in extenuation of its choice,and to this matter I shall refer at some length in Chapter Two;for the present let it suffice that I have chosen to the best of my ability and with the nature and purpose of a true thesis in view,in neither a casual nor a short-sighted manner.

The choice of subject,as distinct from title,demands no justification beyond the work which follows,and finds its simplest statement in the first sentence penned above. I regard it not so much as a point to start from but as a decision to reach upon the review of such evidence as I may be able to offer. Its proof is a definite objective,--the instilment of its conviction my first contribution to scholarly progress.

The general field of this study is Folk-lore;the subdivision of particular relevance is Balladry;the final and more intensive burden is the observance of the ballad and

the ballad making process as discovered in Nova Scotia. This,then,is a study in popular literature --popular,in the sense that it is the property of the folk. It is moreover a study in "oral literature",by which is meant a literature of actual father to son,mother to daughter,generation to generation preservation,altogether independent of the use of books so far as the possessors know.

A word as to my method of exposition. In view of the world-wide controversy[I] which has for some years raged about the name "ballad",I feel called upon to establish its sense in this study. The problem,also,of ballad origin and its relation to the problem of poetic origins; the distinction between the "popular"and the "artistic"ballad; the authority of ballad sources,--all these demand some disposal before any scientific ballad study can be made. It is of course too much to hope that I may make any very considerable contribution to their solution,for they have engaged the attention of many of the world's most scholarly intellects, and yet remain more or less obscure. I must treat them only en passant,gathering the various masses of evidence about particular centres of interest,thus supplying some principle of organization. Again,in the heterogeneous mass that I have gathered,some is new and some is old; the

best that I can do will be to differentiate between the two, and make the new predominant, the old subordinate. I have begun with the standard compilations of fact and from these worked back to the original sources in as many instances as possible, in this way gradually uncovering the principles for testing applied by the most famous of the ballad students.

On several important issues I have found a decided difference of opinion, notably on the fundamental issue of ballad origin,--in the "individual author" theory, best represented by Schlegel in early criticism and Louise Pound in modern, and in the "communal" theory, with its first expounder Jakob Grimm and its latter exponents Gummere and Kittredge. In such cases, and in cases where even a single authority of recognized value differs from all others in his judgment on evidence presented, I take it that there is good reason for the division and pause respectfully. Finally I hope that I have avoided undue exaggeration of ballad importance in general and personal predilictions in particular.

In order to bring what might almost be called "atmosphere" to my thesis; in order to make contagious the spirit in which its preparation has been forwarded, I must call attention to the fact that my work is original endeavour in a field that is absolutely new. That difficulties would be

experienced in its preparation was consequently expected, yet only within the last few months have I come to realize the magnitude and serious nature of those difficulties. No scholar has as yet made a scientific contribution to the problems 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 publication has been of the curio-hobby complexion. No thorough and systematic work,then,has been done even on the previously available material. On the other hand,I have found myself confronted with a great quantity of confusing matter relative to the ballad in America. All sorts of wild conclusions have been drawn as to its nature,its preservation and its habitat. Strange theories of its ways have clamoured for attention. Stupid and unscrupulous hoaxes have glittered temptingly,even from the real treasure heaps. Imitations conscious and unconscious have been constant snares. It is clear that the music-hall and the vaudeville stage have been insidious agents in the only too deadly inroad upon the "folk" and their precious,fast vanishing lore. A more particular obstruction to my work has been the fact that I have not had at all times ready to my hand the standard,nay epochal!edition of English and Scottish popular ballads so learnedly and sympathetically published by Francis James Child. No

work on the ballad can be effectively done without this, and it is only due to my very recent acquisition of George Lyman Kittredge's abridged edition of that work that I am able to proceed at all.

All this circumstantial obstruction will certainly be noticeable in effect,yet eventually I hope to have all work out satisfactorily. For advantages,too,have been mine, quite commensurate with my measure of hindrances. Above all the inspiration of scholarly teachers has given me the incentive to strive for the fulfillment of a task which is surely incumbent upon the fortunate one to whom chance has revealed,or perhaps rather only half-revealed " a literature in retirement".

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CHAPTER TWO

The name Ballad. Problems of Balladry.

Literary Relations of the Popular Ballads.

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The term "ballad " has been employed quite indiscrimimately throughout the whole course of scholastic discussion upon the English and Scottish ballads proper.

Beyond doubt the most acceptable and authoritative interpretation of the term,to modern balladists,is that rendered[I] by Professor G.L.Kittredge:

"A ballad is a song that tells a story,or--to take the other point of view--a story told in song. More formally,it may be defined as a short narrative poem,adapted for singing,simple in plot and metrical structure,divided into stanzas,and characterized by complete impersonality so far as the author or singer is aware".

Yet it is precisely this term "narrative song" which has brought about much of the confusion. A glance through the pages of English ballad criticism will show at once the nature of the struggle which has been fought for the specialization of the word in naming the "narrative song". For the application is new. The old usage was too general, the new usage is too particular and restricted.

From the fourteenth century to the twentieth century the name "ballad" has been applied in English literature with miscellaneous reference. Chaucer styles his French lyric importation the Balade de Bon Conseyl.[II] Ascham writes of "these balades and roundes,these galiardes,pauanes and daunces".[III] George Gascoigne has apassage in excellent point: "There is also another Kinde,called Ballade,and thereof are sundrie sorts: for a man may write ballade in a staff

of six lines,every line conteyning eighte or sixe sillables, whereof the firste and third,second and fourth do rime acrosse,and the fifth and sixth do rime together in conclusion. You may write also your ballade of tenne syllables, rimying as before is declared,but these two were wont to be most comonly used in ballade,whiche propre name was(I thinke)derived of this word in Italian "Ballare", whiche signifieth to daunce,and indeed,those kinds of rimes serve beste for daunces and light matters". That was in 1545. "I love a ballad in print",spoke Mopsa,and from Shakespeare's evident fondness for them we must infer that he is conveying his own feelings through the mouth of the speaker--but certainly Shakespeare's ballad quotations are not always from such narrative songs as those we now so strictly designate as ballads. Sir Aston Cokayne,of the Restoration period,in the "Obstinate Lady" has Jaques I say: "I learnt a song of my old gran'am--many a good ballad she would 'a sung me by the fireside o'er a black pot". There, as later in Dr.Johnson's Dictionary "ballad" means "song" and nothing more. Sir Philip Sidney says,"I never heard the Old Song of Percie and Douglas,that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet,and yet it is sung by some blinde Crowder,with no rougher voyce than rude stile;which being so evill apparelled in the dust and cobweb of that uncival age,what would it work,trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindare?"--which comment shows decisively that Sidney's notion of the ballad is not ours. Samuel Pepys referred to "old songs" with our genre undoubtedly in mind. But Ritson,in the latter eighteenth century

is the first to state the distinction that now prevails, and even he saw a necessity for differentiation only after years of familiarity with the best old English songs. In 1795 he published: "Robin Hood; a Collection of all the Ancient Poems,Songs and Ballads now extant,relative to that Outlaw",which title affords some evidence that in popular usage at least the name ballad was not yet restricted. Then, in 1813 Ritson wrote[I], "With us,songs of sentiment,expression or even description,are properly called songs, in contradistinction to mere narrative pieces,which we now denominate ballads". From Ritson to Kittredge is not so far a cry,and to scholars,to specialists,the ballad is the narrative song of Kittredge's definition. It is true,however,that an important group of American ballad students[II] are disinclined to acknowledge it in full,denying "complete impersonality" as a"trait of the very first consequence in determining the quality or qualities which give the ballad its peculiar place in literature". But truth to tell,in this matter as on several others neither group stands on too solid ground. The "complete impersonality" group are forced back into the mists of a vague,prehistoric, almost hypothetical state of society,upon which it is temptingly easy to generalize dangerously. Yet those who scout the impersonality test are in equally serious error, for no diligent students of the narrative songs of the folk can fail to perceive that there is that intangible, elusive distinction in the ballad style for which no better term has been found than "impersonality". Kittredge has

"A ballad has no author",which statement unless read in the light of the explanation of the sense of in which the word "author" is employed,is puzzling. Many of the opponents to this theory are hypercritical. Words are but imperfect instruments after all,and certain it is that Kittredge's subsequent qualification of that phrase is a s welcome as it is enlightening. For he adds,"At all events it appears to have none"--which is quite a different matter. "The teller of the story for the time being is as much the author as the unknown (and for our purposes unimportant) person who put it into shape. In most forms of artistic literature the personality of the writer is a matter of deep concern to the reader. The style,we say,is the man. The individuality of one poet distinguishes his works,however they may vary among themselves, from the works of all other poets. Chaucer,for instance,has his way,or his ways,of telling a tale that are not hhe way or the ways of William Morris. If a would-be creative literary artist has no individuality that we aan detect,we set him down as conventional,and that is an end of him and of his works. In the ballad it is not so. There the author is of no account. He is not even present. We do not feel sure that he ever existed. At most we merely infer his existence,at some indefinite time in the past,from the fact of his product: a poem,we think,implies a poet; therefor somebody must have composed this ballad. Until we begin to reason,we have no thought of the author of any ballad,because,so far as we can see,he had no thought of himself". To me that ascription of the great ballad characteristic --impersonality-- seems final, and for the purposes of any conclusions which I may draw

in the following chapters,is authoritative. The Kittredge definition stands.

Although the name ballad takes us back to the dancing instincts of primitive folk,yet whether or no the actual narrative song of our preceding definition may be properly thought of as even in origin a dancing song,remains to be shown. Professor Gummere writes,[I] "Their very name tells of external origin at the communal dance". And Kittredge writes,[II] "As we examine the most characteristic of the extant ballads with a view to any peculiarities of technique that may distinguish them from other poetry,we immediately note certain features which point straight back to the singing, dancing throng and to communal composition. These elements have been carefully studied by Mr.Gummere,so that their significance is unmistakeable". Louise Pound and her school are,on the contrary,convinced that the name ballad as applied to the narrative song is a misnomer; that the fixed art species,the ballade,is the etymological descendent of the communal dance product,if any; that songs of the Child type,to which reference is made in this thesis,did not get their name "until the late eighteenth century,and then took it by borrowing or transference from songs of another character,for which it was more appropriate"[III]. They did not take their name from their origin,nor is the name evidence as to origin. This last point is,I think,well taken,as the sketch in Chapter One,having to do with the term and its evolution through loose usage to its stricter sense,makes evident. But whether or no these songs of which we speak

actually have origin in the dance is of course another question, and that is the question to which a definite answer would be of some value in this thesis. Unfortunately discussion of the dance origin of the ballad must be inextricably involved with the many theories[I] dealing with the authorship of primitive song, the beginnings of poetry, and of the ballad as the earliest literary form,--most of which would be wearisome. However I believe that enough evidence to justify advance to the problem of the ballad's dance origin can be compressed within the compass of a single paragraph.

In poetic origins there is probably quite as much mystery as in language origin. Little can be definitely proved as to the nature of either's beginnings. Progress must rest on assumptions. If the ballad is to be regarded as the earliest literary form, and if its connection with the dance is at its fons et origo, then it is plain that misty antiquity knew a different mode of literary composition than this modern world of writers and publishers. In that case our ballads are survivals of what might almost be called a "primitive culture". Prof. Richard Green Moulton means just that when he declares:[II] "The primary element of literary form is the ballad dance. This is the union of verse with musical accompaniment and dancing; the dancing being, not exactly what the words suggest to modern ears, but the imitative and suggestive action of which an orator's gestures are the nearest survival." The investigation of this dance origin theory has certainly been rewarded with convincing evidence in its support. A recent

Scottish writer,Lachlan MacLean Watt,[I] theorizes in an interesting way,--"Probably it first of all began in the tra la la, hey down derry down,or ho ie ro,which,together with the clapping of hands,found origin in the measured tread of time with the moment's ecstasy,later on turning the tables on that fact and becoming the rhythm to which the rude steps were danced".[II] The same writer says elsewhere,"and the multitudes of meaningless rhythmic phrases--the horo eiles and fal il los,point back to the day when in this way the improvisator had a chance of recovering his breath,or of recalling how the story went,or even of creating what should fill up the gaps of his memory". Stories of countless travellers among peoples and tribes either recently or presently found in the primitive state,refer almost unvaryingly to just such methods of song composition. Among the Syrian peasantry,especially,most valuable observations have been made. Members of the latest Everest expedition were successful in securing motion-pictures[III] of Tibetan workmen executing a highly rhythmical dance as they pounded their heavy damping implements for hours upon the freshly clayed roof of a temple,singing while they danced. Indeed anthropologists almost universally testify to this custom of song refrain. Then did not perhaps the refrain precede the "songs" narrative elements? But however that may be there can be little doubt as to the origin of this type of song,if not in the dance at least contemporaneously with it. Closest relation with the "dancing throng" must be quite finally acknowledged. How close the relationship has been maintained is,again,a different matter. Most

ballads have lost their refrains, strictly so-called,--yet what of the familiar stanza repetition, which is a true ballad characteristic? All in all, if due prominence is given to the fact that ballads have been, since time immemorial, gradually drifting away from the primitive state of society in which they were born; and if honest recognition is made of an evolutionized form of ballad composition under circumstances which made the refrain unnecessary or undesirable, the dance origin theory is still tenable if sanely interpreted.

Now as to the actual mode of the narrative's appearance. What of the authorship of these "narrative songs" of Kittredge's definition. Is the ballad an actual folk-production or simply an anonymous literary contribution? I do not believe that either the "communal origin" theory or the "individual authorship" theory can be proved beyond the shadow of doubt. And I know that an involved discussion of the pros and cons of that wearisome debate would be irrelevant to my thesis. Let it suffice to say, that the Grimm brothers for the communalists and Schlegel for the individualists are representative protagonists, and that very little clarification of the problem has been effected since their day, despite the publication of multifarious volumes.

The great danger in the controversy has been a tendency towards dogmatism. But the Grimms in fact do not seem to have had an exact answer to the question of composition; their attempts at solution seem tacit indications of a conviction that the problem was insoluble. Origin of language and of poetry,

they said,go hand in hand. With almost seer-like divination they felt and believed,often on most unusual evidence,that myths,ballads and epics were manisfestations of the Volkgeist --of a folk-mind making poetry. The actual process was shrouded in mystery. But what of that? To the Grimms mystery was quite compatible with truth,and only hasty judgment will today disagree entirely with their learned,if nebulous,opinions. Schlegel is the typical modern scholar in his attack upon the Grimm position. To Schlegel their methods were deprecable and their results questionable to a degree. In temper"an intellectual aristocrat",art and literature were regarded by him as "distinguishing marks of high intelligence. Mass is commonplace;only by individual efforts of exceptional persons is progress made and excellence achieved". If the Grimms erred through mystic temperament,Schlegel did not escape a prejudicial over-confidence in the reliability of analytic ratiocination. For can it be denied today that there is a point where this faculty fails man? Even modern rationalism has not overcome all difficulties,and no more has Schlegel with his admittedly brilliant and apposite criticism solved all the problems which Herder and the Grimms have raised. Yet the whole of the individualist school,even to this day,are employing Schlegel's faulty premise that all things can be made clear by human reason. Every effect has a cause, but every cause is not discoverable. The extraordinary work,said Schlegel,is the achievement of the extraordinary man--a lofty tower suggests at sight the Entwerf 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 realized its artistic expression. Gummere has made a famous rebuttal to the "tower" illustration. What of the beautiful Celtic cairn? Is it not a folk design and a folk achievement -- truly expressive of the feelings of a folk? No architect designed the cairn. Although the actual process of construction remains obscure,the fact remains that the folk have built it. So with the Grimm theory of origins. As Kittredge[I] says,the mystery lies in the phrase das Volk dichtet:

[II] "Folk is a large word. It suggests a whole nation,or at all events a huge concourse of people. Let us abandon it,then,for the moment,and think rather of a small tribal gathering,assembled,in very early times,or --what for the anthropologistt amounts to the same thing-- under very simple conditions of life,for the purpose of celebrating some occasion of common interest, --a successful hunt,or the return from a prosperous foray,or the repulse of a band of marauding strangers. The object of the meeting is known to all; the deeds which are to be sung,the dance which is to accompany and illustrate the singing,are likewise familiar to every one. There is no diversity of intellectual interests such as characterizes even the smallest company of civilized men. There is unity of feeling and a common stock,however slender,of ideas and traditions. The dancing and singing,in which all share,are so closely related as to be practically complementary parts of a single festal act. Here we have the "folk" of our discussion,reduced,

as it were,to its lowest terms,--a singing dancing throng subjected as a unit to a mental and emotional stimulus which is not only favourable to the production of poetry,but is almost certain to result in such production. And this is no fancy picture. It is the soberest kind of science,--a mere brief chapter of descriptive anthropology,for which authorities might be quoted without number.

Let us next consider the manner in which poetry (the word is of course used under pardon) is produced in such an assembly. Here again we can proceed upon just grounds of anthropological evidence. Different members of the throng, one after another,may chant each his verse,composed on the spur of the moment,and the sum of these various contributions makes a song. This is communal composition,though each verse,taken by itself,is the work of an individual. A song made in this way is no man's property and has no individual author. The folk is its author."

In this quotation is in all sanity contained the reconciliation of the Grimm and Schlegel theories--the exceptional man can utter folk material,but only through interaction with his "throng";a community has no voice, but provides its representative singer with more than song material. Present day criticism has been guilty of overemphasis upon the bald statements of both Schlegel and the Grimms. The truth of the problem of origins seems to me to lie between the mystic communal pole and the pseudoscientific individual authorship pole,and ,if anything, nearer to the communal. Perhaps "modified communal" ex-

presses this interaction between the folk-song-author and his throng. Folk song has a spontaneous origin. Nothing is more instinctive.

Three more matters demand clarification,--the issue of ballad imitation, the nature of the "literary" or "artistic" ballad, the relation of the popular ballad to other literary forms, more especially the epic.

As to ballad imitation, everything necessary to be said may be put in few lines. Not one single attempted ballad imitation has been successful. So evident, despite their elusive and intangible qualities, are the distinctive ballad traits, with which the preceding pages have summarily dealt, that no ballad scholar can possibly be deceived as to the presence or absence of the genuine popular and traditional touch. Sir Walter Scott, Lady Wardlaw and the famous James Rankin come nearest at once to success and offence. Yet their attempts may be dismissed with but this reference, for invariably their efforts, as those of all others, have proven completely abortive.

The work of "metre ballad mongers", which may almost be regarded as a second sort of imitation, has been in more or les constant evidence from the days of Elizabeth to the these of ours, and is rather to be deplored than deprecated. Grub Street "hacks", their predecessors and successors have written reams of ballads,--effusions known to balladists as "broadside" and "black-letter ballads". This mass of rubbish was written, however, rather to satisfy than to deceive, for

simultaneously with the introduction of cheaper printing arose an enormous demand for printed songs. These achieved widespread popularity in England,and for a long time remained the usual mode of publishing songs--even the genuine ballads were frequently caught from singers and set in printed circulation. The Germans knew them and named them "fliegende Blätter",and the French called them "feuilles volantes". But nowhere were they so popular as in England. Hundreds of these were "absorbed" by the country folk. An immediate corollary, it is interesting to note,was the appearance throughout all the country of a multitude of amateur song-makers who busied themselves with literary endeavour in the quasi-ballad style and meter. Most of such work is worthless and utterly devoid of literary interest. Often,however,local incidents were celebrated in more or less debauched revisions or adaptations of ancient ballads or ballad fragments,and in these cases there is valuable material for a study of the ballad's literary history. The"literary" or "artistic" ballad is the highest expression of this latter tendency to imitation,and its value is simply incidental. No better evidence could be found to prove the existence of a veritable folk process and possession than the invariable failure of the ballad imitators. No would-be imitator can possibly escape that very expression of individuality which,while the sine qua non of the literary artist,makes for his confusion. The only songs of this type which are not hereby excluded from further consideration in my essay,are such as are tinged with the traditional,demand explanation or offer evidence.

The relation of the popular ballad to other forms of literature will also be denied treatment, as, except in the case of the origin of the epic, apart from the subject of immediate concern. But nothing directly related to any existing epic has been found in Canadian folk-possession, so this, too, may be given only passing attention. It seems to me an interesting speculation, that had the more or less communal social organization that Nova Scotia knew three generations ago continued some centuries longer there might conceivably have evolved a sort of Epic of the Atlantic. For there certainly was favorable material and occasion for hero-songs in the life of the hardy folk whose men braved the angry Atlantic and its treacherous mischance. And the products of the old ballad tradition really have been made palpable in the folk songs of what are certainly "sea-hero" subjects. These, according to the now most commonly accepted theory of the epic's origin, would be the ballad-germs of this new epic. As Homer's epics stand at the end of a long line of ballad history, so would this hypothetical epic of the seas become fused from the existent folk material,--from the late ballad product of the old influence in the new land. But this is admittedly pure speculation.

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CHAPTER THREE

The English and Scottish Popular Ballads in North America. Canada as a Field for the Collector.

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With thesis stated,methods outlined,terms defined and a pertinent historical sketch completed,I can turn with some degree of assurance to a division of this study upon an appreciation of which an understanding of Canada's contribution to the solution of ballad problems depends:that is,a resume of work done on balladry in North America.

However grudgingly,it must be at once acknowledged that the scholars of the United States have shown a far truer appreciation of the value of their folk property in general and of their song in particular,than have our Canadian predecessors and contemporaries. With several outstanding individual exceptions[I] no work has been done in Canada worthy of serious note,or of comparison with American research and its results. That this should be so is unfortunate. No region of the new world contains richer fields. If the value of evidence gathered is in ratio to its "years on the land"surely Quebec and the Maritime Provinces,with a history of settlement reaching back into the latter sixteenth century,can vie with the American Atlantic states;and faithful work in central and western Canada should uncover material as valuable as that yielded by Nebraska and the middle western states of the neighboring union. But unfortunately,with the exceptions above noted,such few records and collections as have been made in Canada are either incidental or unscientific in their character. Whether or not much can yet be done to remedy this former neglect of precious opportunities is a moot question,as vigorously denied as affirmed. It is

my personal opinion that no stone should be left unturned, no remote district unsearched and no one of its inhabitants unquestioned. True,we are in one sense "a generation too late". The old ballads are not so commonly sung. They have given way and place to the present variety of what I,perhaps cynically,regard as less worthy entertainments. But that they are never sung now,is as untrue a statement as that they are today as prevalent as of yore. Whereever even half-hearted attempts have been made to recover "old songs",as the people know them,the result has been supprisingly good. Even in "Old Favorite" I and "Quotation" columns of the ballad's greatest enemy,the modern newspaper,ballads and ballad fragments have come to light upon request. In one instance our American friends on the Pacific Coast are actually employing the medium of a popular short story magazine II --and are meeting with no small success in discovering ballad haunts and holders.

Need a word be said as to the why and how of North America's ballads? Is it not plain that these are an actual folk possession? And that where the folk are,there are the ballads and their singers? The men and women of the Mayflower colony,of early Virginian settlement days and of western covered wagon trains left many things behind,but never their memories of home,the associations of childhood ,the stories and songs of a noble heritage. Wherever the folk of the Anglo-Celtic breed have pushed their way and settled --and where on this continent have they not?--there is today a field demanding search,for pearls of great price to the balladist.

"Isolation is a prime preservative in popular verse," wrote[I] Prof.F.B.Gummere,and the quest of the ballad in America has warranted his dictum. 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 daily "chores" in a contented,quiet way born of immunity from the"continuous,grinding mental pressure " of the modern world. In some remarkable cases not only their ballad lore but their very language,wisdom,manners and graces of life are almost racial attributes,which have been acquired and handed down generation by generation, each generation adding its quotum to that which it received. That such places and peoples ever were found by the ballad's students was in large part owing to the culmination in England of a most intensive period of ballad research and collection. There the field was completely exhausted;the last variant tagged and the last air transcribed. Cecil J.Sharp[II] thus explains 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 part 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 this very consolatory conclusion,one important,albeit not very obvious consideration had been overlooked,namely, the possibility that one or other of those English communities that lie scattered in various parts of the world

might provide as good a field for the collector as England itself,and yield as bountifula nd rich a harvest". 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 eighteenth century. Thanks chiefly to the isolated nature of the place he found them in surer possession of their home-land's folk-lore than their contemporaries in the old land itself. Evidence from other sources corroborates this testimony. Even where isolation has failed to protect,a robust ballad tradition has sometimes found footing in a new environment,when conditions have had a fundamental resemblance to those of the home land. Probably the most remarkable demonstration of this adaptative quality in balladry is the discovery of a distinct "cowboy ballad" genre in the arid regions of New Mexico and all along the trail from Texas to Montana. From whatever quarters of the world the influences may have come,it is made perfectly clear to any student of John Lomax's collection,that the English and Scottish popular ballads have,if not actual counterparts,at least natural relations in the American songs of the cattle traila nd cow camp. Lomax has attempted to make out a case for their indigenous origin,similar to the folk composition of the true ballad; but few scholars see their way clear to acquiescence. What almost certainly has

happened is what I myself believe to have also happened in Nova Scotia,and is rather in the nature of borrowing,adaptation and amalgam. Now they are songs,not ballads, --but the ballad flavour still tinges their tone. Is it not probably the ballad part of them to which W.H.Phelps owes the feeling which influences him in his affirmation that[x] "no verse is closer to the soil.. none more truly interprets and expresses a part of our national life". Ballads have always done that. The same adaptative and adoptive characteristics are discernible in the ballad survivals of almost every field,but notably in Virginia,Nebraska and North Carolina. Indeed that this is a tendency common to all folk lore, will I think be readily admitted. That it is certainly not peculiar to the ballad there has been left no doubt,due to the contributions of such scholars as the Grimms,Grundtvig and Child. Canada has in this case afforded convincing testimony in the course of work on the French-Canadian folk song.[xi] Nothing is more remarkable in its study than the results of just such a process of adaptation and adoption as that upon which our attention is now focussed. The famous voyageurs have given the daintily romantic conceits of idle days in old France all the force and vigour and fire of strong and serious struggle. The rhythm of the paddle stroke supplants the tap of the dancing shoe.

I grant it conceivable,that there may be,amongst the mass of folk song already collected on this continent, some indigenous ballads. There seems to be no reason why

this may not be so,but to date sufficient proof has not been forthcoming to warrant an out-and-out statement. Granted the almost primitive social organization in which the early settlers of America moved and had their being, their communal effort in various undertakings,the rhythmic, manual nature of many daily tasks,is it not possible almost to visualize a folk in the very act of ballad composition? But even if ballads have not been born within the years of settlement,yet the one great fact remains that ballads have survived. Our discussion of how and why is at an end. The ballads satisfied a hunger in the people's hearts. They were a-throb with life-deeds and passions;longings and memories,defeats and conquests were enshrined in their simple,haunting,old-time airs and stories.

Texts or fragments of nearly eighty (80) of the three hundred and five (305) ballads included in the Child collection have been recovered in the United States. The Appalachian region,to which attention has already been drawn,has proven the best hunting ground for collectors. The Virginia Folk-lore Society has done exceptionally valuable work,and may well be given passing notice as a model of its kind. Founded on April 17,1913,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". One feature of its work is unique. It organized the teachers of the state schools

and a recent report of the Society avers"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 mediums of collection --"is due rather to the interest and perseverance and intelligence of the teachers than to any or all other causes." And 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 of the Society's Report for 1923: "It is with peculiar pleasure and pride that I (the Secretary) announce the finding of ballads or fragments of ballads in every one of the one hundred counties of Virginia--a record not approached by any other State." It is pleasant also to know that similar folk-lore societies scattered throughout the United States have done their share. The American Folk Lore Society,largely through the medium of its quarterly Journal has done a great work for ballad preservation. Very notable individual collectors are at work in the Cumberland Mountains,Kentucky;the Carolinas;Missouri;Illinois;Iowa and the New England States.

In Canada the Province of Ontario has made but a praiseworthy beginning,with the foundation of a folk-lore society (1913). Unfortunately its harvest of ballads has been very meagre,admittedly due to a want of vigorous,systematic effort. Quebec has perhaps more satisfactory results to her credit than any Canadian province,and has been very fortunate in her collectors. C.M.Barbeau points with appreciation to

recent work in this Province and eulogizes, in particular, effort exerted in systematic field research," as, in the course of a few brief periods.....over one thousand variants of folk-songs and two hundred and forty folk-tales were recorded". He confidently infers, that "there is no doubt that a similar yield should be expected from very many Canadian communities, especially in the older sections of the country". A stubborn disbelief in the existence of any such folk lore in Canada as that which lies at the roots of the finest old world culture, has been the most serious hindrance to organized field research. This was especially felt in the attempt to organize the Ontario branch of the Folk-Lore Society, but quite generally in an unwonted Canadian inertia. As a result quantities of the finest folk material have perished. Of that I am sure. All that has been saved must be placed to the credit of private collectors. While in every other country of the civilized world the utmost effort is exerted to preserve the residuum of ancestral culture, Canada has failed miserably to secure priceless records which lay in the keeping of her folk. Vast stores of folk tradition have been available, and though these stores are now diminished it is not yet too late to rescue much from oblivion. We often hear of a Canadian literature, and of a desire for the development of a self-reliant national spirit in our art and music. Then what more inspiring material for foundation could we have than our own distinctive heritage--the lore of our very own folk? That this heritage is distinctive, is not an over-statement. For we have songs and legends in our country-side that have disap-

peared before modern conditions in Europe. Their lore and its spirit is the truest Canadian literary hope that I know. And it is a matter of gratification to know that many people are beginning to appreciate the opportunities for field work which are still present. Several extensive surveys have, since 1914, been undertaken "under the aegis of the Anthropological Division of the Geological Survey of Canada". But it is upon individual collectors that the country must continue to depend. Circular appeals to church and county officials for aid have in Canada been extremely disappointing in result. Expert investigators should be trained. The most technical and scientific methods should be made operative in collection. No feature in either texts or tunes should be permitted to depend upon subjective reception if at all avoidable--especially when ballads and folk songs are the data sought.

As a first rate example of the persistence of the genuine ballads in North America, look upon this famous old favourite "Barbara Allen", so well known that the more ignorant editors of song books have classified it often as a "college glee". True, snatches of it have been known and loved by college students for generations, but "Barbara Allen" is a folk-song, which, since the days of Pepys[I] and Goldsmith[II] has struggled against "cultivation". Here I give samples of several versions as recovered in different parts of America,--and I am proud to say, that of all the versions, that of my most loved and valued in-

formant, the late Mrs. Thomas Dingle, of Admiral Rock, Hants County, Nova Scotia, is easily the purest in ballad style and feeling.

Prof. Child has the first stanza of this song (Version A)[I] as follows:

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

Compare a variant secured in Kentucky:[II]

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

Then this from Georgia:[III]

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

And from North Carolina:[IV]

Sweet William was down to his dwell today,
He's down to his dwell a-drinking.
He passed his wine to ladies all,
He slighted Bar'bra Ellen.

Next, Tennessee:[V]

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.

Here is a stanza from the American West:[I]

'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.

A Nova Scotian once made me this[II] 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 rather bears resemblance to Version B[III] 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[IV] variant of that stanza runs:

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

Prof.W.R.Mackenzie transcribed this[V] from a Pictou County singer:

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

My first singer and my first song demand the following record:

"It was in and about the Mart'mas time,
When the green leaves were a-fallin',
That Sir John Graham 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 slichted 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 he is off with all his speed,
To the place where she was dwellin',
"Here is a letter from my master
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'."

"Its O I'm sick! I'm very sick!
My heart is at the breaking,
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?B

He turned his face unto the wall,
And death was with hâm 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 death-bell knellin',
And every knell the death-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'll die for him tomorrow".

Since first I began my work as a collector,I have been made to realize that Barbara Allen is widely known and sung,not only throughout the Province of Nova Scotia, but in other sections of the Dominion as well. And surely our Canadian versions 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'.

That any remaining doubt concerning Canada's folk song possibilities may be dispelled,I shall indicate the

vagaries of one more ancient and popular ballad of the better sort, since its inception to North American folk trust. I can speak with certainty only of Nova Scotia, but life in those portions of that province with which I have had to do must surely have had its analogies in the more remote and older settlements in other provinces. The late J.A.Teit[I] actually specified prospects in British Columbia; and Alexander Fraser, Provincial Archivist, Toronto, has had, for some time, knowledge of existing folk-song in old Highland Scotch settlements of Ontario. Other authorities have singled out Prince Edward Island, and I myself have boyhood recollections of such material in New Brunswick. But at any rate here is the ballad of "Lord Lovel", in Child's collection[II] beginning:

Lord Lavel he stands at his stable-door,
Kaiming his milk-white steed;
And by and cam fair Nancybelle,
And wished Lord Lavel good speed.

And behold its cognate in Missouri:[III]

LordLovel 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:[IV]

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.

Where Canada has:

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.

Why is not the Canadian survival as valuable to Canada as the American relique valuable to America? And these two ballad survivals are but typical of literally hundreds of precious old songs and fragments which are the fast vanishing possession of the folk. Canada is in need of every good tradition which is hers by right of birth and inheritance. In this chapter I have endeavored to establish an admission that Canada still has an "oral literature"--fragmentary, it is true, but in that many times more valuable. I have told of America's commendable example in collection and study, based on the conclusion of her best scholars that a robust oral tradition is the surest foundation for a vigorous patriotism, and for creative literary and artistic production. If I have persuaded my readers that Canada does share America's inheritance of British folk culture; that the preservation of its lore has been unwisely neglected, but is still a thing in some measure possible; and that one of Canada's most desirable anthropological research results would be a scientifically governed repository for folk lore, in particularly folk song, then I am willing to rest my case on progress in Canadian balladry with this chapter.

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CHAPTER FOUR

The Evidence from Nova Scotia. Nine Variants of Genuine Ballads.

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Of the types of folk-song existent in Nova Scotia, the survivals, remnants and fragments of the true English and Scottish popular ballads are alone pertinent to this thesis. And of some eighty ballads of the Child collection recovered in America I am able to offer nine from Nova Scotia. These are of my own collection, and have been taken down in every case either from actual singing or from oral recitation.

Concerning the work of others in the Nova Scotia field, the only remarkable achievement has been that of Professor W.Roy Mackenzie of Washington University. Mackenzie's success has been one of my chief sources of inspiration, and his "Quest of the Ballad" has been my Bible, and was my single text and guide when first I set forth on the way of the collector.

While the bulk of Mackenzie's material was collected in Scottish Pictou County (where one of the notable phenomena which he observed in connection with his work was a most interesting transference of folk heritage from Scots to French), the greater part of mine has been gathered in Hants County, amongst the descendants of Scottish soldier-settlers of the late eighteenth century. The secluded school-section of Admiral Rock is the district about which my activities centered. The people have intermarried, for the most part, amongst themselves and with dwellers in the immediately neighboring settlements, who have been as a general rule of English descent. There is no trace of any French blood or tradition

Professor Mackenzie mentions several ballads which I have not been able to recover in the Hants County field;but I am on the trail of three of them,notably "Lord Thomas and Fair Elinor" (Child Collection,73 Version D),"Lord Bateman" (Child Collection,53) and "Captain Wedderburn's Courtship" (Child Collection,46). And on the other hand,I have obtained several which have eluded his search. In several instances, too,I have been successful in finding lines missing in some of his specimens--in filling "holes in the ballets". But more of this anon.

It was an occasion of great elation when I ran to earth for the first time the pride of Mackenzie's collection,--the ballad of "Little Matha Groves" (Child Collection,81 Version A). As I have already mentioned,the tragic ballad of "Barbara Allen" was the first to come into my hands,and its gleaning was nearly accidental. But immediately I became anxious to establish the possibilities of my field. Imagine,then,the exultation which was mine,when,upon the arrival of Mackenzie's book,I found my good old friend the singer in possession of a splendid variant of the very first genuine ballad which occurred in its pages. Professor Mackenzie had written:

" In my own collection of 'goodly songs and ballets' the one that I view with the greatest pride is a composite version of the old ballad of "Little Musgrave". Under the title of "Little Matha Grove" it had been sung to me,when I was a lad,by an old man in the neighborhood where I have since been working as a collector. But when I began my search for ballads my old friend had transferred his art,as I hope,

to a higher sphere of musical endeavor,and for many months my strictest inquiries failed to produce another singer who could repeat the performance. ..... The composite version I shall now quote in full as a prize specimen of the treasures of folk-lore that lie,hidden and guarded,in the memories of the few survivors of the old singing days". The ballad followed. Mackenzie does not tell when he compiled his"composite version",but I should infer that it was at least some years prior to 1919,when the book itself was published.

I now give,also in full,my text--which is neither composite nor incomplete,so far as the singer knew. This was secured on August 30,1921 at Admiral Rock,near the town of Shubenacadie. The singer was Mrs.Thomas Dingle,then almost eighty years of age. She was formerly a Miss Nancy Watson, a member of a family famous for its "singers". This ballad is of the Child Collection,81.

Little Matha Groves

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 gàing 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 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?"

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

Mrs.Dingle,and the most competent of the local song authorities--including the community "fiddler",Mr.Sam Turple--were of one mind in this song's praise. "One of the best" was their verdict.

It would be interesting to know upon what intrinsic quality or qualities the survival depends for its possessors' love--for they are quite unlettered,and certainly unable to derive any appreciative measure of satisfaction from such literary comparisons and historic 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 occurence speaks forcefully for their popularity. Such a stanza as the eighteenth,for instance:

"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?"

receives almost parrot-like utterance. This seems to be a definite formula for use by ballad husbands on every occasion of comprising discovery. Whole tragedies are summoned to the folk-listener's memory by its introduction, and always the foretaste of an honourable vindication lies in the tone of the age-old kenning. 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 and swum", there is not one of the listening group but realizes at once that every requirement of ballad technique has been properly filled,--although there may be several of different opinion as to the precise nature of the act performed. Again,the "holy-day" of Child 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 who 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 great nobleman they would not hang him like a common murderer". In her mind there seemed,moreover,to be some sentiment existent with a force analagous to that exerted by the newspaperman's "unwritten law".

Nothing is so romantic as life itself. When the fire-logs burn low into the night,and when the old folk of the country

house are coaxed by the glow and peace and comfort into a reminiscent mood, then, if in the prevailing stillness an eerie voice should raise a quavering ballad tune you must be a pitiably sophisticated mortal if your soul is not thrilled with strange desires. For the purest realism appeals to the mature imagination more powerfully than any prettinesses can do, and these old ballads are of universal life and truth,-- of "old, forgotten, far-off thiggs,

And battles long ago."

Mrs. Sam Turple, also of Admiral Rock, sang to me on the night of January 2, 1922 this account of "True Love Requited" or "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington" (Child 105). It is a poor thing, and serves remarkably well as evidence of the decay of the best ballad traditions. Mrs. Turple knows the ballad under the title of "Azlon's Town". Is the phonetic corruption admissible as proof of the ways of oral transmission among unlettered people? I give the text of the variant which I have secured, in full:

Azlon's Town.

When I was a youth, 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.

I served my master seven long years,
My sweet-heart ne'er could see,
Its 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.

Up she jumped as red as arose,
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,
Its 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.

This Nova Scotia version compares very favourably with that recorded in Child,which was secured in the original from a printing by one Brooksby,done in the last quarter of the seventeenth century. Brooksby's "hero" is"a esquire's son",whereas the wholesome,country variant prefers"a wealthy farmer's son". The three stanzas which are missed in the Nova Scotia ballad,upon comparison with the Brooksby version, are of such a character as to make the song richer in ballad quality for their loss. Indeed,so marked is the improvement effected by their omission that I am strongly of the suspicion that the Nova Scotia version of the "Bailiff's Daughter" is in point of fact closer to the soil than that of the seventeenth century English printer,--which is quite within the realm of possibility. I find it impossible to reconcile such verses as these with any true ballad product,and I believe that the people themselves are better preservers of the old ballad than pages which betray the conscious effort of a quasi-literary,would-be"improver". Here are the stanzas. Note well the manner in which my singer and her forebears have retained the narrative complete without their aid, and thus evidenced the truer taste.

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.

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".

The ballad of"Lord Lovell",excerpts of which I employed for illustrative purposes in the previous chapter, I obtained from an eccentric Irish-Canadian,then well past his ninetieth year. It is the one genuine ballad which resulted from a campaign worthy of more extensive conquest. This old "singer",Pat O'Neil by name,lived some fourteen miles distant from my base of operations at Admiral Rock and,with the famous Ghost " I could a tale unfold"--of hindrance,exasperation and disappointment in my two especial journies to his shanty. Whether "Pat" possessed a really respectable stock of ancient ballads,I do not know. But it is my firm belief that he had many times more than I have succeeded in obtaining from him. One other, at least,I know he had --that was Mackenzie's "The Seven Brethren"--for I quoted anxiously:

"Arise,arise ye seven brethren,
And put on your armour so bright--

Arise and take care of your youngest sister,

For your eldest went away last night."

and met with immediate response in a flash of surprised appreciation, and with a grudging acknowledgment that I "knowed some good ones". But I could get no further satisfaction, and the senile Patrick slipped off into a scurrilous song of certain amorous adventures in a stage-coach. However, later in our session he came back to this:

Lord Lovell

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.

"Old Pat" had no intelligent comment to make upon the song, beyond the hint that it had always been a favourite "wid the wimmin". It was quite evidently not one of his cherished possessions, and I could plainly see that I had not completely won his confidence and that Lord Lovell, a woman's song, was the greatest concession that he was at that time prepared to make to me. One other day he gave me the famous song of Willie Reilly[I], but that is not one of the English and Scottish ballads, so need not concern me here.

Fred Brimicombe, a native of Admiral Rock, and a young farmer of direct English descent, is sponsor for a remarkable Americanized version of "Barbara Allen" which surely deserves the tribute of immortal print. Mr. Brimicombe learned the song at dances[III], and it is his belief that young Nova Scotians returned from working sojourns[II] in the United States with this as one of many curios and mementoes.

Barbary Allen.

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.

I courted 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,
I sent for her to see me,
But all she said when she came in,
"I fear young man,you're dying".

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

"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 in the good old ballad, 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 aptempt at imitation of an effect that was admired. It shows the influence of a ballad type not found today in Nova Scotia--the "bequest" type--in the death-bed assignment of the "gold watch and silver chain". The disappearance of "commonplaces", the impurity of style and the imperfection of rhyme and meter, show plainly the ravages done upon the popular ballad by modern social instruments.

Of some of the best old songs only mere fragments remain. Here is the synopsis of a lost ballad,--all that I have been able to record of a song sung in my presence at a time previous to any awareness on my part of ballad values. I have not yet identified the narrative:

The first stanzas told of a knight riding along a lonely forest road, and reading, as he rode, from a "fate-book". He passed by, on that road, a humble forester's cottage. As he

traversed the stretch of road that lay before the door,he read in his "fate-book" that a child to be born in that house upon that day was destined to become his wife. The knight was enraged,furious. He had but passed the door when he heard the wailing of a new-born babe. At first he attempted to ride on,but was drawn back towards the humble home as if by a magnetic attraction. Now desperate,he laid a plan for the child's murder,and to that end he bargained for and bought the child from her parents,under promise of adoption. He threw the child into the first river to which he came. Sustained by its swathling garments it floated down the river and was caught in the fishing-net of a poor blacksmith,who was at that very hour making the rounds of his nets. The blacksmith and his wife were a childless couple and decided to adopt the foundling. She grew to girlhood in their home.

One day the knight came riding by,and pausing,heard her story from the smith. Once again he managed to separate the child from loving guardians,this time under promise of a lady-like tuition. He sent the girl to the distant home of his brother, and sent by her a letter to the brother,the contents of which were instructions for the accomplishment of her death. The girl delivered the letter safely,believing,as it had been given her to understand,that it requested her adoption into the brother's home. By some mischance the brother delayed the reading of the letter,and when he retired that night it lay unread among his business papers. A thief rifled the papers and happened upon the young girl's letter. Rapidly he ap-

praised its meaning,and was overcome by the desire to do a kindly and unselfish act. He altered the letter to read, "Take best care of her".

So the girl lived on into beautiful young woman-hood. Then again the knight discovered the miscarriage of his machinations. In a fury he took her from his brother's home. He led her to a lonely place by the sea,and would have drowned her. But the girl pleaded so piteously for her life that he relented somewhat and forebore. He did,however,remove a ring from his finger and toss it into the sea. He swore that if ever he saw her again,and she had not that ring upon her finger, that he would kill her. The girl wandered about the country and eventually found employment in a hostel. She had not been there but "a year and a day" when the knight entered the place. She was at the time employed in the kitchen,and at the very moment of his crossing the threshold she discovered the ring in the stomach of a fish which she was preparing for the table. That same morning the knight recognized and accosted her,demanding the ring. When he saw that she wore it upon her finger,he submitted to the will of Fate and declared his intention of marriage.

Now whence that story comes I do not know. Yet I do know that the "song" was a long one and a good one. It was rendered complete and without the least break in performance. That is the more strange in view of the fact that Mrs.Dingle,who sang it,was unable subsequently to recall it. She could neither "strike the tune" nor recite any stanza of it,and the song is lost. Upon inquiry I found

only this: that it went by the name of "The Cruel Knight"; that several of the older people in the community had heard it sung in their child-hood days,and that it was an especial favourite with Mrs.Dingles mother,who used to sing it by particular demand of her brood of youngsters while gathered on chilly autumn evenings about the glow of the kitchen fire. No other singer in that whole country-side can now render even the veriest snatches of this song,although it is held by reputation in universal respect. Apparently its possessors have always been chary of its singing and jealous of its possession. It is just possible that Mrs.Dingle herself was influenced by a consideration,perhaps tantamount to a conscientious objection,in parting so easily and forever with one of the most treasured reliques of the days of the ballad singers' glory and prestige. But some day I hope to establish the identity of that elusive narrative.

Superstitious beliefs,such as those contained in the ballad of the "Cruel Knight", characterize some of the very best of the ballad literature. The famous "Suffolk Miracle" (Child 272)ballad,the Child version of which is described as "the representative in England of one of the most impressive and beautiful ballads of the European continent",best represents Nova Scotia ballads of superstition. This version I found in the possession of Mrs.Sam Turple,who entitles it "The Holland Handkerchief". Although not so complete in detail as the Child variant it is yet weird and "spooky" enough when sung by a competent "singer" in the appropriate atmosphere.

The Holland Handkerchief

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 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!"

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 bxbak,
For once your vows and your words are gone,
There is no recalling them back again.

A comparison of this scrap of a song with the Child variant shows clearly a close relationship. Both are "blurred,enfeebled and disfigured",although the Nova Scotian bit is infinitely more so. Probably that relationship might successfully be traced to the "broadsides"of the seventeenth century(from which the Child variants are secured),for the ancestors of my Hants County singers were,for some years previous to that period of profuse "broadside"diffusion,still in England and Scotland. Yet,on the other hand,the Child variants seem a little too "literary"and "finished",and there is the possibility that again we have a ballad fragment,quite unfurbished with nicetties and prettinesses,that is the rude remnant of a song which printing killed.

One of the oldest types of "superstition ballads" is that concerned with signs and omens,--the ballad of Sir Patrick Spens may be recalled in this connection. Here is a good old sea-ballad,well known to college men of the last generation as "The Mermaid". The Nova Scotia variant is cognate with Child's 289,Version B. The mermaid in question,by the way,appears in Child's Version F of Sir Patrick:

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 Scotia song goes in this wise:

The Mermaid

'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.

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,willbe,will be,
And this night she a widow will be".

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, the sea, the sea,
Than I do for the bottom of the sea".

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, for me, for me,
And this night they'll be weeping for me.".

"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, the sea, the sea,
But I'll be at the bottom of the sea."

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

N.B. The refrain is sung after each stanza.

A more popular sea-ballad is that of "The Golden Vanitee" (Child 286). The two variants that I have secured in Nova Scotia seem to be closely related to the Child version A, which was transcribed from an old "broadside" in Pepys' Ballads;but,as Child himself has said,it is "not quite impossible that the ulimate source of the traditional copies may be as old as the broadside". The ballad referred to bore,in Pepys' collection the title "Sir Walter Raleigh sailing in the Lowlands". But in Nova Scotia the song is known as either The Golden Vanitee" or "Lowlands Low". Here follows the variant possessed by Mrs.Dingle:

The Golden Vanitee

A ship have I got in the North Countrie,
And she goes by the name of The Golden Vanitee,
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 up-spoke 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?"

"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".

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

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.

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.

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.

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

"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.

"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".

"O Captain! Captain! If it weren't for your men,
I'd serve you as I've served them,
The Golden Vanitee as the French galilie,
Which lay in the Lowlands Low!"

"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.

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

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."

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.

N.B. The refrain is sung after each stanza.

Sir Walter Raleigh,the hero of the Child variant A,has disappeared from the story(if indeed he ever were in it);the"Sweet Trinity has become The Golden Vanitee;the"false gallaly" a "French galilie";and the catastrophe has been strengthened. The Nova Scotia version,too,denies capture,although admitting anxiety;and what is more important the "little cabin boy" wins through "in spite of them all".

Mr.Fred Brimicombe rendered the following version:

The Golden Vanitee

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

Refrain:

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?"

"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."

The boy made ready and over-board sprang he,
He swam along side of the Turkish Adamy,
And with his auger sharp in her side he bored holes three,
And he sank her in the 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 Lowlands Low.

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,"Mess-mates take me up,for I'm drifting with the tide,
And I'm sinking in the Lowland sea.

His mess-mates took him up,and upon the deck he died,
They sewed him in his hammock,which was so large and wide,
They lowered him over-board,and they sent him with the tide,
And he sank beneath the Lowland sea.

The "Turkish Adamy" baffles me completely. Puzzled, also,by the difference of catastrophe in the two variants I asked Mr.Brimicombe for his frank opinion upon the matter. His somewhat laconic reply was to the effect,that,as he learned the ballad,the boy always died. I received no further satisfaction. Mrs. Turpie was less phlegmatic and hazarded the opinion that both the variants have origin in truth. She affirmed,however,that,as her mother sang the song,the boy lived and prospered. But,be all this as it may,the "little cabin boy" is undoubtedly a universal favourite,and a true-blue hero with all the country folk.

As a final instance of the treasures that lie hidden and guarded in the possession of Nova Scotia country folk, awaiting rescue from oblivion, I shall here set down the ballad of "Lady Isabel and the Elf-Knight"(Child 4), known in Hants County simply as"The False Knight". The prefix -Elf- has been abandoned with the disappearance of the supernatural element in the narrative. Professor Mackenzie has recorded a composite version of "Lady Isabel" in his "Quest of the Ballad", under the title of "Pretty Polly". In his version also has the supernatural tinge has disappeared, and the villain of the piece remains but as a"ruffian", and not as an Elf. The variant which follows was sung to me on the night of August 21, 1921 in the kitchen of the Dingle homestead by Mrs. Thomas Dingle.

The False Knight

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,
And they rode till they came to the fair riverside,
Three hours before it was day.

"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,
Like-wise 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 hast 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 up 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 a-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".

Before bringing this chapter to a close,I must lay some emphasis upon the difficulties which are the collectors' in winnowing the doggerel chaff from the true ballad wheat. Be it known,then,that to every genuine ballad yielded in a hunt and anxiously transcribed there are twenty "songs" written out with equal care. These are usually altogether worthless,but there is the chance that they may be priceless --so down on paper they must go. In the examination of the mass of material which I had gathered together for the purposes of this thesis,I was of course particularly concerned with the identification of Nova Scotia folk-songs as relatives of the versions of the English and Scottish ballads recorded in the collection of James Francis Child. Until recently,and while still on the field,however,I was wholly dependent for clues as to value upon Mackenzies "Quest of the Ballad",for I was not the fortunate possessor of even an abridged edition of Child's work. In my fight for ballad conquests I went,as I now see it,"over the top" with my hands tied. Consequently, I have narrowly escaped missing treasure on numerous occasions. The song which here follows is now set in print for the first time as a Nova Scotia ballad survival,--for Mackenzie has not secured it. The ballad is the cognate of that known as"The Brown Girl"(Child 295). I secured the song from the singing of Mrs.Sam Turple,on January 2,1922. It is known in Hants County as "Lovely Sally". This variant,by the way,makes especially interesting comparison with the Child versions. In my opinion it runs more true to ballad style and form than do either of the Child versions. In this case I am

convinced that the Nova Scotia stanzas have a purer descent through folk-tradition than have the songs set down in the Child collection. Version A,in Child, was copied from "The Brown Girl's Garland",printed "before 1788". Version B was taken down from oral recitation of an old blacksmith in Devon,England,about 1894.

Lovely Sally

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 tangllled 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 passed and gone".

"For what's passed 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 wjo 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!"

While such discoveries as this may be made in the twenties of the present century,can any reasonable doubt remain that in Nova Scotia lies one of the richest treasure fields of balladry in the whole world? And in the present chapter I have included only those songs which I found possible definitely to identify with the authenticated ballads of the Child collection. It is my belief that there are many other of Nova Scotia's folk-songs that may be correctly classified as ballads. And in the next chapter I shall record examples of these and make a plea for their admission to traditional ballad ranks. Then I shall consider my case for Nova Scotia as

a retreat and store-house for genuine ballads,as rested.

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CHAPTER FIVE

Folk Songs of Nova Scotia 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 may all be found, and each, for the most part, with variants, in the late Professor Child's "English and Scottish Ballads". The texts recorded in this present division of my study were either deliberately excluded from his collection, or were unknown to him. If deliberately excluded I know not why--although the reasons or reason must have been good--for they are, without a doubt, in the ballad style and feeling, and Child has printed many a poorer one.[I] Perhaps Professor Child's own words, prefixed[II] to the ballad of "Young Ronald", will best explain my reasons for the admission of the songs which follow into a thesis entitled, "Survivals of the English and Scottish Popular Ballads".

Professor Child observes:

> "If any lover of ballads shoud 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 a 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

defer 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" (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 I of "The Golden Glove":

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,"O my heart!"she did cry.

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

Coat,waist-coat 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.

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?"
"O 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 it 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 straight-way 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 whistling to plow".

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 Scotia song,poor though it be,is much more complete than the version which Sharp has secured,and yields more satisfaction to the ballad seeker.

The song of "Willie Taylor" is one which I am especially anxious toestablish as a popular ballad,because of the fact that it was a favourite with Mrs.Dingle,my best and most loved"singer". And I regard her favour as a not inconsiderable token of the genuine,for although many of the old singers have burdened their memories with worthless things,yet she would on all occasions staunchly refuse to sing a song which, in her opinion and in her phrase "had no bottom to it". Sharp[I] has also "William Taylor",as a ballad fragment. Professor Mackenzie rescued a version,[II] in Pictou County,and refers to the song as "a current ballad".

Willie Taylor

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)
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 espied 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".

For the next song I have again the authority of both Sharp[I] and Mackenzie[II] in the classification "ballad". And this variant, by the way, is remarkably complete--more so than any of either the Sharp or Mackenzie specimens. In Nova Scotia the song is variously known as "Young Edmund","Young Emily"and "Edwin in the Lowlands Low". I secured this version from the singing of old Pat O'Neil of South Maitland, after much careful manoeuvring.

Young Edmund

'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 plowed the Lowlands Low".

Edmund he sat smoking, ~~till-time-to-go-to-bed~~
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 fst asleep,
And Emily's cruel father,
Its into the room did creep.

He pierced his breast with a dagger,
His blood in streams 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 plowed the Lowlands Low.

"O 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".

"O father,cruel old father,
I'll make you public show,
For the murdering of young Edmund,
Who plowed the Lowlands Low".

"O father, cruel old father,
You'll die a public show,
For the murdering of Young Edmund,
Who plowed the Lowlands Low."

She went unto a councilor,
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 plowed the Lowland sea.

"Now the ships that's on the ocean,
That tosseth to and fro,
Remind me of young Edmund,
Who plowed the Lowlands Low."

"O 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,

Of an even more melancholy strain --for we are left in some perplexity as to just where Emily did go!--is the tragic narrative of "William and Harriet".

William and Harriet

In fair London city a gentleman 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.

"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-sitting in her bowers 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 Willian passed by,
And on his loving Harriet he cast a longing eye.
"Since youb 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.

Of a more hppeful cast is the song of"The Rich Lady",and surely of ancient folk-possession:

The Rich Lady

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,
If I had 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".

"Your uncle in London in prison doth lie,
And for your sweet sake he's 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 back to London her uncle to see,
Her uncle 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.

A terrifying ballad,known in Nova Scotia under the somewhat ingenuous title "Willie and Mollie" evidences a strong touch of the supernatural,--a true ballad trait.

Willie and Mollie

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".

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 this 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 its 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 plow 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 his eyes,
There was none but Willie could see that sad sight,
He went wild distracted and died the next night.

The above song is recorded in Sharp[I] as "the Ballad of the Cruel Ship's Carpenter".

And now what have I,if not the progenitor of the famous college-glee of "Vilikins and His Dinah"! This is,again, without a doubt,a song of some respectable folk tradition, widely known in Nova Scotia as "William and Diana". I secured the text here recorded from Mrs.Dingle,on July 11,1921.

William and Diana

In Cumberland city two lovyers did bear,
A beautiful damsel both handsome 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 says,"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.

She had not lain one hour on the ground,
Until Sir William walked the grove round and round,
He spied his true love and the 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.

I shall conclude my record of this type of folk song,with a group of three,which bear so strong a ballad flavour that their exclusion from this chapter would be quite unthinkable.

Of the first,I can only remark that Mackenzie prints a version,I without a title,as sung by his famous singer "Bob".II This "Bob" was well stocked with other more highly authenticated ballads,and so both he and Mrs.Dingle,as folk representatives of the first order,have judged this song "one with a bottom to it",that is,one worthy of such mental effort as might be required in its acquisition and retention.

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 plow-boy,on the Banks of Sweet Dundee.

Her uncle had a plow-boy,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 plow-boy,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's 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 diamonds 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,afor to throw her down,
He spied two pistols and a sword,beneath her morning gown,
Her pistols she used 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 you your 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.

Version B....Mr.Fred Brimicombe.

'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 plowing-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 plowing-boy,on the Banks of Sweet Dundee.

'Twas on one summer morning,her uncle went straightway,
He knocked at her bed-room door,these words to her did say,
"Come arise,my pretty Mary,for a lady you shall be,
The squire is waitng 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 its 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!"says 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 Swee Dundee!

Her uncle over-heard 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.

A 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,their hands were joined so free,
She now enjoys her plowing-boy,on the Banks of Sweet Dundee.

The second member of the group in like manner satisfies the ever present demand for "the happy ending".

William and Mary

Version A.....Mrs.Sam Turple

As Mary and Willie strayed by the sea-side,
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 you're fortunes I'll tell you beside,
The lad that you mourn will never return,
To make little Mary his bride".

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 been 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 its differences are comparatively trifling.
But I have one more" blind beggar " song which deserves place. It,also,is a contributuion of Mrs.Turple's.

The Blind Beggar.

There was a blind beggar in Bethlehem town,
He had one only daughter,so comely and fair,
She was handsomely featured in every degree,
And every one 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 unto 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 unto 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 thee I wont have".
"Hold"said 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.

Despite my invocation of Child --made earlier in this present chapter-- as authority for the admission of such songs as these to a thesis on the English and Scottish popular ballads,I yet suspect that there is some notion still persisting as to the right of these favourites of the common people to possess the name "ballad" ,so jealously defined in one division of the study. Allow me,therefor,to recall words already quoted, -- "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...". What,then,is their justification? Professor Child has already answered the question in part: "I have suppressed disgust,and admitted a worthless and a 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". True only in part,as a n answer,because these songs have a far more important bearing on an understanding of "the nature and nurture of popular tales and songs --tales and songs of the folk--" than any such quasi-literary abortion as the "ballad" to which Child prefixes his note. And the folk in possession of these songs are English and Scottish Canadian folk,and these songs possessed in Canadian oral tradition are Canadian folk-songs --in just as correct a sense as are their cognates,collected in America and England,songs of the English and American folk. These are folk-songs. Yes,but are they ballads?

Well,if not ballads,what are they? They would certainly not be claimed by the poorest "author" as literary products. And if their authorship is anonymous--Child by no means repudiates anonymity of authorship for several specimens of his "ballad" collection--they have yet been unquestioningly and finally adopted by the folk,and are on this ground as independent as many a recognized ballad". Then,too,they have been proved by the years to have the quality of ballad satisfaction. They are sung and heard and loved by the folk who had the ballads of the olden times. If the Child ballads,at their best,preserve the atmosphere "of knights and ladies,love and death,nature,war and the chase", these younger ballads are preservers of the ever human stories of adventures,disasters and successes in a world of press-gangs, pistols,"full-riggers",true loves and partings. These songs,also, are close to the soil--and very close to the peoples hearts. When,in"The Wife of Usher's Well",the dead children come back to the sorrowing mother,then,in"Young Edmund" and in "Willie and Mollie" murdered lovers return to their loves. If"Barbara Allen"places the true lovers in one and the same grave,then in"William and Harriet"the lovers meet an equally tragic and melancholy end. For these later songs are,in fact,latter ballads --and have been accepted by the ballads' guardians as the old type of ballad's successors.

But,do these songs satisfy the Kittredge definition,which we so finally adopted,at the end of Chapter Two,as our standard for this thesis? Recall it for examination: "A ballad is a song that tells a story,or--to take the other point of view-- a story told in song. More formally,it may be defined as a

short narrative poem,adapted for singing,simple in plot and metrical structure,divided into stanzas,and characterized by complete impersonality so far as the author or singer is aware". No part of that definition can offer the least obstruction to the introduction of this chapter's song material,unless the phrase,"characterized by complete impersonality". But even that continues,"so far as the author or singer is aware";and as,to all intents and purposes,there is no claimant author,no author remembered by or known to the folk,no tinge of injected personality in the texts themselves:and as there is certainly no such awareness as that referred to on the part of the singers, then there remains no valid objection to the admission of this type of folk-song to the ranks of English and Scottish popular balladry. That these songs have the great wealth of tradition possessed by the best ballads of the Child collection,is not contended. But is it not shown that they are so purely folk possessions that only a matter of some few centuries more of ballad making conditions would establish them as comparatively as genuine English and Scottish ballads as are those of the Child collection today. Kittredge himself stressed this very point in the matter of ballad identification,when he italicized in his much-quoted Introduction,the words,"The popular ballads are really popular,that is,they belong to the folk". These songs do belong to the folk. They are popular. And they are ballads, if only of a sort. They do show,markedly,the influence of the older type of ballad,--and they are,even strictly speaking,"the

survivals,remnants and fragments of the true English and Scottish popular ballads". They never could have appeared amongst the folk,had the best type of Child ballad not previously existed and flourished,--any more than could the Child type have come into existence independently of the lost genre of actual communal composition.

George Meredith has said,that ballads grow "like mushromms from a scuffle of feet on grass overnight". Nothing is truer. Ballad composition is done in darkness. Only the product appears in the light. Somewhere,as a new social order made inroads upon the folk state of England and Scotland,this type of song just "growed". And like poor Topsy grew to be loved.

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CHAPTER SIX

Summary of Case.....Conclusion.

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My study is drawing to a close. What is the value of the work done? Has the collection which I have made an inherent value? Is its value,then,merely intrinsic? Has my work resulted in any definite contribution,--or not?

As to the value of the songs themselves,I feel sure that even the most casual reader of the foregoing pages must readily grant them in one thing paramount. And that is in interest.

They are of interest on many grounds--as reports and commentaries on days and times now long gone by,as exhibitions of popular taste,as essential portions of British tradition, as specimens of the unexacting songs of country folk,and sometimes as poetry. To many,also,they must be of peculiarly poignant interest as reminiscent of childhood days in "the kitchen" of the old farm home,--some forty,fifty and sixty years ago. But perhaps as exhibitions of popular taste are they most remarkable. "Green buds" swell and leaves are ever "a-fallin'"; streamlets "purl" gently down peaceful hill-sides,and "raging seas do roar"; mermaids rise to placid sea surfaces,ships swirl giddily into devouring vortices. "Fair is foul and foul is fair". The air is murky and gloom and doom impend. True lovers die inconsolate. Fair women meet tragic fates and brave men sink into blood sodden heather.

As Kittredge says,"There is no occasion to make comparisons as to excellence between these pieces and the poetry of art.

Such comparisons are misleading; they tend to confound the distinctions between two very different categories of literature. The ballads must stand by themselves.." -- and stand,in a host of ways,they can. Remember that they are aa part of an oral literature; that they are meant to be sung and heard,not to be read by the light of a study lamp. They are songs of life,action and death,of happiness,struggle and pathos. And if your soul is atune to the subject you will appreciate the ballad poetry.

But are these"old songs",as the people know them,of merely this intrinsic value? What is there of external value in their collection? A young and less experienced scholar, in any department of study,may well look for guidance to the great masters of the knowledge into which he delves. No matter what his new findings,his safer course is deference to older judgment in the arrangement of his material--at least until the day when he is not alone in his assurance that a different arrangement would be better. Accordingly I have deferred to Francis James Child in my ballad groupings, and to George Lyman Kittredge in definition,nomenclature and critical standards. Therefor,any summary of the evidence presented in previous chapters must be set down in one of two divisions,--evidence corroborative of the Child and Kittredge theories (as especially set forth in Kittredge's Introduction to the abridged edition of Child's ballad collection),or evidence discreditible thereto.

What, then, is the light thrown on the ballad-making process by the collection of all this material? No light, I answer, upon the first stages of composition as according to the Kittredge hypothesis. Conditions in the most isolated regions of Nova Scotia are certainly not "primitive" in the historical sense of the word. It would be absurd to expect an analogy drawn between these good English and Scottish Canadian folk and the imaginary peoples of any one of the many 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. But they are not immeasureably far from this. Three generations ago the forebears of these men and women were--by virtue of the simple, homogeneous character of their life--members of a social organizations that knew, I believe, a manner of "modified communal" composition, or at least certainly knew the "second act" of communal composition to which Kittredge refers: [I] "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 be 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 catastrohe may be transformed completely. Finally,if the tradition continues for two or 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 geographical 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,and his part in the ballad's composition is not only utterly ignored by,but is a matter of supreme indifference to, both "singer" and audience,as e.g."Little Matha Groves","Barbara Allen"and "Azlon's Town" (pp.42;31-36,57-60;50-54). The ballads quoted are those of the Child type,treated in Chapter Four,but the remarks apply equally as well to any of those in Chapter Five. The product has been handed over to the folk. Take the 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,grandparents,work-comrades or chance acquaintances. In the case of the Watson family there exists a specific local fame as"a family of singers". "If it is accepted by those for whom it was intended.."--obviously every song here recorded has been so accepted. "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 ballad versions in Chapter Four with its Child variants. "New ones are added..",vide--the Americanized"Barbara Allen" (p.57). "Rhymes are altered..",vide--"Azlon's Town and the Child variants (p.50-54). "The names of the characters are varied...",vide--"Little Matha Groves"(p.42) or any one of the ballads and its Child variants. "Portions of other ballads work their way in..."--the whole collection evidences an interlaced phraseology. "The catastrophe may be transformed completely...",e.g.Mrs.Dingles'version of the "Golden Vanitee" (p.69) or the ballad of "Lovely Sally"(p.80). "Finally...the whole linguistic complexion of the piece may be so modified with the development of the language...that the original author would not recognize his work if he heard it recited", --as Nova Scotia has not the necessary several centuries of extensive settlement to her credit,such comparison must be sought in the dialects of England and Scotland,and if the variants here recorded would not be quite recognizable,yet certainly Nova Scotians would find difficulty in the interpretation of dialectical pieces of three generations back, which hailed even from their ancestral locality. Has not the

"second act" of communal composition taken place?

It may now be in order to discuss such topics as, the Epic Memory as a factor in the perpetuation of ballad tradidition; the relation of ballads to music and the dance, as seen in Nova Scotia; the tricks of memory in ballad transmission, the vagaries of individual interpretation, the queer ways of oral heritance,--but sufficient has now been said to indicate the importance of the contribution which the fast vanishing folk of Nova Scotia and Canada may yet make to the study of these and a multifarious number of other folk-song and ballad problems.

So I now consider my thesis as upheld, and my contention proved, that: "in the Province of Nova Scotia, and at the present day, there is to be found evidence, not unvaluable, as to the nature and nurture of popular tales and songs--tales and songs of the folk". And that the English and Scottish ballad survivals in Nova Scotia constitute no inconsiderable portion of Canada's folk-song heritage.

FINIS

NOTES

page 3,note#1.. Some of the more important participants in this controversy have been: Joseph Addison,David Herd,Johann Gottfried von Herder,Karl Lachmann,Joseph Ritson,Francis James Child,F.Barton Gummere,George Lyman Kittredge and Louise Pound. For their several works see bibliography.

page 5,note#1.. Prof.W.Roy Mackenzie makes no pretention of scientific accomplishment: vide his Preface to The Quest of the Ballad,"The truth is that my initial purpose was... ..merely to reproduce,for any purpose that might ultimately be served,a few of my successive adventures with the ancient singers of ballads whose society I have eagerly courted during my summer vacations in Nova Scotia". Accordingly,he has made but the faintest attempts at distinction between ballads,chanteys,songs of the lumber camp,songs of local incident,songs of satire,campaign songs,love songs,&. The term "ballad" is very loosely used.

page 8,note 1..Abridged Child Collection,Intro.,p.11,line 1.

note 2.."Toxophilus",Arber edition,p.30.

note 3..In "Certain Notes of Instruction",1575.

page 9,note 1.."The Obstinate Lady",Act 3,sc.2.

page 10,note 1..Intro.to "Select Collection of English Songs".

note 2..Under the leadership of Prof.Louise Pound,of the University of Nebraska.See bibliography.

note 3..Abridged Child Collection,Intro.,p.11,line 6.

page 12,note 1.."The Popular Ballad"(1907),pp.7-,344,&. Also "Ballads" in Warner's Library of the World's Best Literature.

note 2..Abridged Child Collection,Intro.,p.20,line 34.

note 3.."Poetic Origins and the Ballad",by Pound. See bibliography.

page 13,note 1..cf.p.3,note 1.

note 2.."The Modern Study of Literature",Chicago 1915. From chapter 1,"The Elements of Literary Form".

page 14,note/1..In "Scottish Ballads and Ballad Writing", Paisley,1923,p.10.

note/2..Ibid.p.15.

note/3..Exhibited in the Capitol Theatre,Montreal,in January 1924. A member of the Expedition lectured concurrently with the picturization. He assured the audience that this song-dance-work combination was not only customary,but very effective.

page 16,note/1..Lecture phrases.

page 17,note/1..Abridged Child Collection,Intro.p.18 line 23.

note/2..Ibid.p.19line 6.

page 21,note/1..I have a volumnious collection of such songs, dealing with piracy,adventure,ship-wreck,rescues at sea,slaving,mutiny,thrilling sea battles with enemies,elements and disease,and so on. Some of them are in near-ballad style,and I had thought of placing some few of them in an Appendix to the present thesis, However I decided to delay their issue until I had made a more intensive study of their relations.

page 23,note#1..The work of C.M.Barbeau of Ottawa; of Professor Cyrus Macmillan,McGill University, and of Professor W.Roy Mackenzie,a native Nova Scotian now of Washington University.

page 24,note#1..Notably in the "Family Herald",Montreal. Several variants of genuine ballads have appeared in these columns.

note#2.."Adventure" magazine. Professor Robert W.Gordon, University of California,is the editor of some few pages in every second issue which are devoted primarily to the publication of traditional texts.

page 25,note#1.."The Popular Ballad",F.B.Gummere.p.23.

note#2..One of the out-standing English balladists.vide, Journal of the English Folk-Song Society,Index. The quotation is from "English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians",Intro.p.3. See bibliog.

page 26,note#1..John A.Lomax,for three years Sheldon Fellow from Harvard University for the Collection of American Ballads; ex-President of the American Folk-lore Society. Publisher of "Cowboy Songs and other Frontier Ballads","Songs of the Cattle Trail and Cow Camp",&.

page 27,note/1.."Songs of the Cattle Trail and Cow Camp". John Lomax. Foreword,p.7.

note/2.. I am wholly dependent in this statement upon the illustrative material of his own collection and classification used in lectures by Professor Cyrus Macmillan.

page 28,note/1..cf.The Virginia Folk-lore Society.Report for 1923.Bulletin No.11.,Art Press,Annapolis,Va.

page 29,note/1..Officers (on organization): Dr.Alexander Fraser, Provincial Archivist,Toronto..President; C.M. Barbeau,Geological Survey,Ottawa..Secretary.

note/2..Journal of American Folk-Lore,Vol.31(1918).Nos.119-12

page 30,note/1..Ibid.,in Article on Canadian-English Folk-lore,p.1.

page 31,note/1.."In perfect pleasure I was to hear her (Mrs. Knipp,an actress) sing,and especially her little Scotch song of 'Barbary Allen'". Pepys' Diary,Jan.2,1666.

note/2 .."The music of the finest singer is dissonance to what I felt when our old dairy-maid sung me into tears with 'Johnny Armstrong's Last Good-night',or 'The Cruelty of Barbara Allen'". .. Oliver Goldsmith,Third Essay (1765),p.14.

page 32,note/1..Number 84 in the collection.

note/2.."English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians",Campbell and Sharp,p.97. See bibliog.

note/3..Ibid.,p.91.

note/4..Ibid.,p.94.

note/5..Ibid.,p.95.

page 33,note/1.."Poetic Origins and the Ballad",Pound. p.105.

note/2..This thesis,p.57.

note/3..Number 84 in the collection.

note/4.."English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians",Campbell and Sharp,p.90. See bibliog.

note/5.."The Quest of the Ballad",Mackenzie,p.100.See bibliog.

page 37,note#1..Journal of American Folk-Lore,vol.31 (1918), nos.119-120.p.1.

note#2..Number 75 in the collection.

note#3..Journal of American Folk-Lore,vol.19.p.283.

note#4.."English Folk Songs fromt he Southern Appalachians",Campbell and Sharp.p.71.

page 38,note#1..This thesis,p.55.

page 41,note#1..This is the unvarying phrase descriptive of a lost line,couplet or stanza. The "ballet" is the nearest word-approach to"ballad" that passes the peoples' lips. The "ballads" themselves are always "old songs".

note#2.."The Quest of the Ballad",Mackenzie,p.13.

page 57,note#1.."Willie Reilly" or "Loving Reilly" or "Colleen Bawn",as the song is variously entitled,appears in Gavin Greig's "Folk Song of the North-East"; also in a broadside by Brereton (Dublin); Christie's "Traditional Ballad Airs"; Journal of the Folk Song Society,vol.3,p.133.

William Carleton published a novel,"Willie Reilly and his dear Colleen Bawn",founded upon

this song. The song itself is a favourite with many, especially those of Irish extraction. But it is not a genuine ballad, and belongs with that type of song whose relation tothe ppopular ballad deserves study. cf.p.21, note/1.

page 57, note/2..Many young people from Nova Scotia's country districts find employment for some five or six years in the industrial towns of Massachusetts, Maine and Vermont. They then return --disgusted, usually, with the'factory life'--and settle down upon the home farms.

note/3..It is still the custom at dances --in the part of the country in which Mr.Brimicombe lives-- for the older folk to gather in a circle for "singin'", as the night wears on. Most of the songs today are of the type referred to in note/4 of p.21. But, as this instance shows, there are exceptions.

page 69, note/1..In a note prefixed to number 236 of the collection.

page 84, note/1..Abridged Child Collection, Intro.p.28.line 40.

note/2..Number 304 in the collection.

page 85,note 1.."English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians",p.142.

page 88,note 1..Ibid.p.131.

note 2.."The Quest of the Ballad",p.137.

page 90,note 1.."English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians",p.169.

note 2.."The Quest of the Ballad",p.159. Fragment only.

page 100,note 1."English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians",p.154.

page 102,note 1.."The Quest of the Ballad",p.47.

note 2..Ibid.p.42.

page 114,note 1..Abridged Child Collection,p.18,line 42-44. The genre of purely communal composition.

page 117,note 1..cf.p.41,note 1.

page 118,note 1..Abridged Child Collection,Intro.p.17,line 15.

page 120,note#1..The Watsons have enjoyed high repute since the days,at least,of the grand-parents of the present generation. The "boys" of th e family (at the time young men in their twenties and thirties) would,in the days of sixty years ago, often spend whole evenings in singing. Most of the best singing among the men seems to have taken place at the scene of their work,more particularly while lying about the decks of the "plaster scows" that were formerly poled up and down the Shubenacadie River,transporting "lime" for shipment to St.John,N'B and to "the States". I have seen,by the way,the name Dingle mentioned in Prof.Gordon's columns in "Adventure", and I am at the present time making an effort to establish communications with the owner,-- acting on the suspicion that this may be one of the brothers who "went to the States and have never been heard of".

page 18,note#1.. See account of the lumber-camp singer,in Journal of American Folk-Lore,vol.31 (1918), numbers 119-120,p.2.

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