

- 1-5 Malbrouck s'en va t'en Guerre, sung by Mrs. Jean Gibson, Kentville; all these French songs learned as a child from nurses in Paris who came from different parts of France. There were all country girls. Translation typed out for each song; all are interesting.
- 5-5½ Nous N'Irons Plus Au Bois, dance song, sung by Mrs. Gibson
- 5½-6. Fais Do-Do, Colin Petit Frere, lullaby, sung by Mrs. Gibson.
- 6-6½. Savez-Vous Planter Les Choux? Round, sung with actions by Mrs. Gibson.
- 6½-7. Sur Le Pont D'Avignon, sung by Mrs. Gibson.
- 7-7½. Old Provencal Song, fragment sung by Mrs. Gibson.
- 7½-8. Je Suis Un Petit Poupon, sung by Mrs. Gibson.
- 8-12. A Maid I am In Love, sung by Mr. Tom Gamble, Amherst; see also 104B sung by his daughter; very nice love song.
- 12-15. The *P*ride of Glencoe, sung by Mr. Gamble; pleasant song on broken ring theme; 9 vs, quite nicely sung.
- 15-21. The Silvery Tide, sung by Mr. Gamble; 9 vs. quite nicely sung although he forgets and continuity is broken. 5th recorded variant
- 21-22. Mary Across the Wild Moor, sung by Mr. Gamble; 5 vs. nicely sung; sad; good of its kind
- 22-24. Lady Isabel and the Elf Knight, sung by Mrs. Maisine, Amherst; 2 vs.; interesting as far as it goes; have 15 variants of this ballad, some only fragments.
- 24-end. Dear Madam I Am A Soldier, sung by Mr. Gamble; 10 vs. nicely sung; dying soldier sends message home to girl; sad; concluded 109B

The story translated is this:

A man goes to war and he is brought back, and they bring him with his sword and shield. He may be back at Easter, he may be back at Trinity. Trinity is passed and he doesn't come back. She goes to the tower as high up as she can go and sees a page coming all dressed in black. She says to him,

"My page, my page, my beautiful page, what news do you bring?"

"The news that I bring, your beautiful eyes will cry. Take off your pink dress and your golden shoes. Mr. Malbrouck is dead. My four officers are bringing his back. One is carrying his large sword, the second his suit of armour, the third his great shield, and the fourth has nothing."

On the edge of the tomb they placed a laurel, and on the highest branch a nightingale sang.

Sung by Mrs. Jean Gibson, Kentville, and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1953

Nous N'Irons Plus Au Bois

Reel 109A5-5½

This is a little dance song. We won't go to the woods any more. The laurels are cut. Come into the dance; we are dancing and singing.

We won't go to the woods any more. The laurels are cut down.

(Dance all round and flop on the ground)

Sung by Mrs. Jean Gibson, Kentville, and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1953.

Lullaby

Go to sleep my little brother. Papa is downstairs making chocolate and mama is upstairs making milk. So go to sleep my little brother. Go to sleep little brother.

Sung by Mrs. Jean Gibson, Kentville, and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1953.

Savez-Vous Planter Les Choux? Reel 109A6-6 $\frac{1}{2}$
Round

Do you know how to plant cabbages? (repeat)
You plant them with the finger,
" " " " " nose, elbow, shoulder, head,
toe, knee. (act the song as it is sung)

Sung by Mrs. Jean Gibson, Kentville, and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1953.

Sur Le Pont D'Avignon

Reel 109A6 $\frac{1}{2}$ -7

The beautiful ladies go (curtsey)

The beautiful gentlemen go (bow)

Sung by Mrs. Jean Gibson, Kentville, and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1953.

Old Provencal Song

Reel 109A7-7 $\frac{1}{2}$

Fragment of song from Provence; the singer doesn't know what it means. This was learned from a nurse who came from Provence to Paris where the singer was living.

Sung by Mrs. Jean Gibson, Kentville, and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1953.

Je Suis Un Petit Poupon

Reel 109A7½-8

Solo: I'm a little baby, half doll and half
baby, a pretty one. I'm very fond of candy and jam,
and if you will give me some I will now know well
to eat them.

Chorus: a good adventure.

Sung by Mrs. Jean Gibson, Kentville, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, July 1953.

Full text 104B8-10 sung by Mrs. Stan Marshall,
Truro. This is her father from whom she learned the
song. He made the following changes:

1st vs.

I have crossed o'er the raging main,
Jimmy (not Jutney)

2nd vs.

For to be his own companion

3rd vs.

I wish that you were

6th vs.

That I will give to thee,
Five thousand pounds

7th vs.

the love of Jimmy

Sung by Mr. Tom Gamble, Amherst, and recorded by
Helen Creighton, Aug. 1953.

As I went a-walking one evening of late,
 When Flora's gay mantle those fields decorate,
 I carelessly wandered, where I did not know,
 To a clear crystal fountain on the banks of Glencoe,

2

Like her who the pride of Mount Ina had won
 There approached me a lassie as bright as the sun
 Whose finery and ribbing (ribbons?) around her did flow
 Which graced young MacDonald, the pride of Glencoe.

3

I thought her enchanting, unto her I drew nigh,
 On thered rose and lily on her cheeks seemed to vie,
 I asked her her name and how far she'd to go
 When she answered me kindly, "I am bound to Glencoe,"

4

Said I, "My pretty fair maid your enchanting smile
 And comelie sweet features does my heart beguile,
 And if your affection on me you'll bestow
 You will bless the happy hour that we met in Glencoe."

5

"Young man," she made answer, "from your suit I refrain,
 For I once had asweetheart, MacDonald by name,
 Hr went to the war about ten years ago
 And a maid I shall remain till he returns to Glencoe."

6

"Perhaps young MacDonald regards not your name
 But has placed his affection on some foreign dame,
 And may have forgotten for all that you know
 That lovely young lassie he left in Glencoe."

7

"MacDonald from his promise could never depart,
 True love and honour are found in his heart,
 And if he never comes back still single I'll go
 And I'll mourn for MacDonald, the pride of Glencoe."

8

When I seen she did not know me I pulled out a glove,
 That at parting she gave me as a token of love,
 She hung down her head while the tears down did flow,
 Saying, "You're my MacDonald just returned to Glencoe."

9

"Cheer up now dear Flora for your sorrows are o'er,
 While life does remain we shall never part more,
 The war in its fury at a distance may go,
 But in peace and content we'll reside in Glencoe."

(in last verse he sometimes sings, your toilings are o'er).

Sung by Mr. Tom Gamble, Amherst, and recorded by
 Helen Creighton, August, 1953. Verses 6 & 7 not recorded, but
 added by his daughter who had learned them from her
 father. He must have forgotten them when recording.

It was of a fair young damsel
Lived down by the seaside,
She was comely, fair, and handsome,
Was called a village pride,
There was a bold sea captain
Who Mary's heart did guide,
But true she was to Henry
Whilst on the silvery tide.

2

One night all in her absence
A noble knight there came
Accourting pretty Mary
But she refused the same,
Saying, "My vows are vain, he is on the main,
There's one I love," she cried,
"Though far begone I love but one
Who is on the silvery tide."

3

Up speaks this cruel-hearted villain,
"Consent for to be my bride,
For you'll sink or swim far far from him
Who is on the silvery tide."

4

With quivering lips young Mary said,
"My vows I ne'er can break,
My Henry I love dearly,
I would die for his dear sake,"
With a silken handkerchief he bound her
And plunged her o'er the side,
And slowly she went sinking
Down on the silvery tide.

5

'Twas about a fortnight after
Young Henry returned from sea
Expecting to live happy
And appoint their wedding day,
"I'm afraid your true love is murdered,"
His aged parents cried,
"Or has caused her own destruction
Down on the silvery tide."

6

Young Henry on his pillow lay
But he could take no rest
For the thoughts of his own darling
Was constant in his breast,
He too arose, put on his clothes,
No longer could he stay,
For to search those sand banks over
Until the break of day.

7

At the break of day on a big sea beach
That had overlooked the way
He espied a drowned body
Come a-drifting down that way,

He looked and he gazed
Till he came to a stand,
For he knew it was his own true love
By the gold ring on her hand.

8

He unbound the new silk handkerchief
That put him to a stand,
For the name of the cruel-hearted villain
Was plain written on the side,
And proved to be her murderer
Down on the silvery tide.

9

That very night he was taken up
And the gallows was his doom,
For the murdering of pretty Mary
Who was scarce in her bloom,
Young Henry he went distracted
And he wandered till he died,
And his last cries were for Mary
Who died on the silvery tide.

Sung by Mr. Tom Gamble, Amherst, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, August 1953.

One night as the wind it blew hard,
Blew bitter across the wild moor,
Poor Mary came wandering home with her babe
Till she came to her old father's door.

2

"O father, dear father," she cries,
"Come down and open your door
Or the babe in my arms will perish and die
By the winds that blow 'cross the wild moor."

3

The old man was deaf to her cry,
Not a sound of his voice reached her ear,
O the watchdog he howled and the village bell tolled
And the winds ~~xxxxxx~~ they blew 'cross the wild moor.

4

O how must the old man have felt
When he came to the door in the morn?
For Mary was dead but her babe was alive
Close he pressed in her dead mother's arms.

5

O the villagers point to the spot
Where the willows weeps over the door,
Where poor Mary died, a gay village bride,
From the winds that blow 'cross the wild moor.

Sung by Mr. Tom Gamble, Amherst, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1953

Take off, take off that brooch of gold
And hand them both to me.

The parrot being up in the window so high
And hearing her mistress did say,
"O where have you been my pretty fair girl
Three hours before it was day,
Three hours before it was day?"

"O tell no tales on me my pretty bird,
O tell no tales on me,
And your cage shall be made of glittering gold
And the doors of ivory,
And the doors of ivory.

Sung by Mrs. Maisine, Amherst who had learned
it from her father in Sackville, N.B., and could just
remember these few lines. The first two are not recorded;
the rest recorded by Helen Creighton, August 1953.

Dear Madam I Am A Soldier

Reel 109A24--end
concluded109A133

Dear madam I am a soldier boy,
My speech it is rough and plain,
I am not used to writing,
I don't wish to cause you pain,
I promised him that I would write
When he thought it might be so,
This has come from one who loved him
And perhaps it will ease the blow.

2

The time before the battle
All in that crowded tent,
More than one brave boy was praying
And many a knee was bent,
For they knew that on the morrow
When that bloody work was done
Not many who was kneeling there
Would see the setting sun.

3

That night we left that crowded tent,
Your soldier boy and I,
And calmie we stood breathing
Beneath that summer sky,
He spoke of home and loved ones
And friends he loved so dear,
I had no one to talk about
But I always liked to hear.

4

He told me of the morning
Before he came away,
How sadly they had mourned for him
But dare not bid him stay,
He mentioned sisters one by one,
And then a deep flush came
As he spoke about another,
But he did not tell her name.

5

The morning of that battle
Fast came the shot and shell,
I was standing by your soldier boy
And saw him when he fell,
I gently rised him in my arms
And laid him on the grass,
I was going against the orders
But I guess that they'll let it pass.

6

You see it was a nanny ball
That struck him in the side,
We did not think it fatal
Till the night before he died,
And when he saw that he must go
He called me to his bed,
Saying, "Johnny don't forget to write
When you know that I am dead.

(over)

"Here underneath my pillow
 Is a lock of golden hair,
 A name upon the paper wrote,
 Send it in mother's care,
 And tell her that I spoke of her
 And wished them all good-bye,
 And I put my trust in God above
 For I'm not afraid to die.

8

"Last night I wanted so to live
 For it seemed so hard to go,
 Last week I passed my birthday,
 I'm just nineteen years, you know,
 And when I spoke of all my past
 It seemed so hard to die,
 And then I prayed to God above
 And all of my cares go by."

9

We wrapped his coat around him
 And we bore him out that night,
 We buried him in a clump of trees,
 The moon was shining bright,
 I carved out a headstone
 As skillful as I could,
 And if you'd like to see the spot
 I can show you where it stood.

10

I will keep the belt he used to wear,
 They have told me so to do,
 There is a hole just in the side,
 It is where the ball passed through,
 And now I've done his bidding
 I have nothing more to tell,
 I shall always weep and mourn with you
 For the lad that we loved so well.

Sung by Mr. Tom Gamble, Amherst, and recorded
 by Helen Creighton, August 1953.