

FSG30

23.394.2
mf 289.741

Jack McAndrew asks old Indian about badges of office he is wearing, silver medal 1814 presented by King George III; another he cannot explain; 3rd is a holy medal from Pope about 200 years ago. They talk about handicrafts and he says that years ago they used to make birch bark and quill work. (Any I have heard always say birch bark as here). They go in to the Micmac room at the Citadel museum. Here Mrs. Joe Knockwood talks about making baskets. She says a lot of young people are learning to make them. Interviewer talks about the ancient art being profitable, and they go to one of the birch bark wigwams erected at the Citadel for this occasion, to see Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Googoo.

The Googooos make baskets for a living and sell them at their wigwam basket shop. The first step is to go to the woods and ~~exit~~ get the wood and cut it up, then bring it home and split it. They go outside and see this being done. Here he is using poplar, but they also use maple and ash. He shows how the wood is cut in inch wide strips. They go back inside and he shaves the wood by cutting towards him. He says he can cut the stripes heavy or light. Mrs. Googoo says they make their own dyes. To get brown they get alder and scrape and let it boil for 2 or 3 hours. She weaves and Mr. Googoo shows the crooked knife specially made for shaving, working towards himself. With his hand he easily splits the shavings in 3 pieces.

Mrs. Knockwood tells about flowers she makes of wood. She says here that she makes the dyes, but she told me she uses commercial dyes. She shows the roses, poinsettias and apple blossoms that she makes and has been doing for 20 yrs. She then explains a dice game, made of animal bones, probably moose, not polished. Take wooden plate and cut discs on and pound around, six of them. Apparently Mrs. Julian and Mrs. Pictou have been at it most of the day. Mrs. Julian counts, and fans the plate constantly. The dice turn white side up or design side up and it can go on for hours. It's a slow game but they like it.

Mrs. Knockwood says they didn't make any songs in the olden times (but I have recorded some as on Folkways disc), only to put the child to sleep, and they hum it most. She wrote a lullaby and with words before her sings it. (This is probably the same lullaby I recorded in November).

Lullaby sung by Mrs. Joe Knockwood in Micmac.

Louis Paul interviewed in Pioneer Room. Learned from old Indians. Says Indians don't sing them at all now. Girl wants to marry a man, she wants him, same as a man wants a woman, he wants to get married to a woman. He's looking for a woman.

Louis Paul sings courting song, beating time. 2 vs only and then cut off.

Martin Sack dances ceremonial dance with Louis Paul singing to make music. Millbrook Indians, men and children dance (cant be heard

(for complete notes on basket making see my 1947 file)

Recorded by Helen Creighton from television in Halifax, Jan. 1959

Reel 198A

1. Dronning Dagmar Dod; Danish folk song on death of Queen Dagmar; 22 verses well sung by Mrs. Erica Deichmann, Sussex, N.B.; takes whole side of tape.

(when in Rumania in 1959 I sat opposite Danish delegate in bus who sang this song to her companion, and she was most interested when I told her I had recorded it in New Brunswick the previous summer. At my request she then sang Roselil' og hendes moder, and I was able to join her in the simple chorus).

Dronning Dagmar ligger udi Ribe syg,
til Ringsted lader hun sig vente;
alle de fruere, i Danmark er,
dem lader hun til sig hente.
Udi Ringsted hviles dronning Dagmar.

2

"I henter mig fire, I henter mig fem
I henter mig af de vise!
I henter mig hid den liden Kirsten,
hr. Karls søster af Rise."

3

Liden Kirsten ind ad døren trén
med tugt og megen somme;
dronning Dagmar sidder hende op igen
hun favned sa vel hendes komme.

4

" Kan du læse og kunde jeg skrive
og kan du løse min pine,
da skal du slide rødeskarlagen
og ride gråganger' mine."

5

"Kunde jeg læse og kunde jeg skrive
jeg gjorde det alt så gerne;
det vil jeg for sanden sige:
eders pine er hårder' end jaerne."

6

Sa tog hun sankt Mari bog
hun læste alt det hun kunde;
hun kunde ikke lys på kronen se
så såre hendes øjne de runde.

7

De ledte hende ud, de leute hende ind,
det blev jo længer og værre
"Imedens det kan ej bedre vorde,
I sender bud efter min herre!"

8

Det var den liden smådreng,
han lod ikke længe lide,
han rykte sadel af bjækken ned,
lagde den på ørs hin hvide.

9

Kongen han stander på højeloftsbro,
og se han ud så vide:
"Og Hisset ser jeg en liden smådreng,
sa sørgelig mon han kvide.

10

Hisset ser jeg en liden smådreng,
sa sørgelig mon han tra:
det rade Gud fader i himmerig,
alt hvor Dagmar hun ma!

II

Ind kom liden smådreng,
og stedes han for bord:
"Vil I noget med Dagmar tale,
I vide hende snarlig ord! "

12

Dankongen slog det tavlbord sammen,
at alle de taeringe sjunge.
"Forbyde det Gud I himmerig,"
at Dagmar skulde dø sa unge!"

13

Der han red af Gullandsbørg,
da fulgte ham hundred svende;
der han kom til Ribe,
da var han mand alene.

14

Der var ynk i fruerstue,
der alle de fruere grade;
dronning Dagmar død i lidem Kirstens arm
der Kongen red opad stræde.

15

Kongen ind ad døren tren,
han så den ligbære stande:
"Herre Gud fader i himmerig
da bedre mig denne vânde!"

16

Jeg beder eder, fruere of møer
og sa L gode ternere:
I beder en bøn alt for mig!
Jeg taler med Dagmar så gerne.

17

Dronning Dagmar rejser sig af baren op
hendes øjne var blødige røde:
"O ve, o ve, min aedelig herre!
hvi gjorde I mig den møde?"

18

Den første bøn, jeg eder beder,
den vider I mig så gerne:
alle fredløse maend, dem giver I fred
og alle fanger af jaerne!

19

Den anden bøn, jeg eder beder,
den er eder selv til somme:
I lover ikke Bengerd efter mig!
hun er så besk en blomme.

20

Den tredje bøn, jeg eder beder,
den vider I mig sa gerne:
lader I Knud, min yngste søn,
Konning i Danmark vaere! -

21

Jeg turde ikke ved i pinen braende
både dag og nat,
hvad' jeg ikke mine aerner om søndagen snørt
og ikke strege på sat.

22

Nu er det tid, jeg farer herfa,
jeg må ikke længer lide:
nu ganger himmerigs klokke for mig,
Guds engle efter mig bide.
Udi Ringsted hviles dronning Dagmar.

Sung by Mrs. Kjeld (Erica) Deichmann, Sussex, N.B. and
recorded by Helen Creighton in Danish, July 1958.

English translation

Queen Dagmar lies sick in Ribe,
 She is expected in Ringsted -
 All the (highborn) ladies there are in Denmark
 She has fetched to her

Cho.

In Ringsted doth Queen Dagmar rest.

2

"You fetch me four, you fetch me five,
 You fetch me of the wise,
 You fetch me here the little Kirstin
 The sister of Karl of Rise." Cho.

3

Little Kirsten stepped in the door
 With much decorum,
 Queen Dagmar sat up in her bed,
 She welcomed her so heartily. Cho.

4

"Can you read and can you write,
 And can you loosen my pain?
 Then you shall wear the red scarlet cloth
 And ride my dapple-gray charger." Cho.

5

"Could I read and could I write
 I did it so willingly,
 For truth I will say
 Your paid is harder than iron." Cho.

6

Then she took St. Mary's book
 And read all she could;
 She could not see the light on the crown
 So sorely did her eyes water. Cho.

7

They led her out, they led her in,
 It grew worse and worse,
 "As it cannot seem to become better,
 You send for my lord." Cho.

8

It was the little young boy,
 He didn't wait long,
 He jerked the saddle down from the beam
 And laid it on the white horse. Cho.

9

The king stands on the balcony
 And looks out far and wide,
 "And yonder I see a little young boy,
 So sadly he sings." Cho.

10

Yonder I see a little young boy,
 So sadly he comes along.-
 God Father in Heaven - may
 It be well with Dagmar. Cho.

In stepped the little young boy
 And was brought into the presence,
 "If you wish to talk to Dagmar
 You must do so soon." Cho.

12

The Dahe king knocked the gaming table over
 So all the dice went singing,
 "May God in Heaven forbid
 That Dagmar should die so young." Cho.

13

As he rode out of Gullandsborg
 One hundred squires followed him,
 As he came to ~~the~~ Ribe
 He was man al one! Cho.

14

There was sadness in the women's room
 Where all the ladies were crying,
 Queen Dagmar died in little Kirsten's arms
 As the king rode up the street. Cho.

15

The king came in the door,
 He saw the coffin there,
 "Lord God Father in Heaven
 Help me in my great sorrow." Cho.

16

"I ask you ladies and young girls,
 And also you serving girls,
 You pray a prayer for me,
 I would so talk to Dagmar." Cho.

17

Queen Dagmar rose from the bier,
 Her eyes were red like blood,
 "O my noble lord,
 Why did you do this to me?" Cho.

18

"The first request ~~ask~~ I ask of you
 You grant me so readily,
 All condemned men, you give pardon
 And loosen all prisoners of iron." Cho.

19

"The second request I ask of you
 Is for your own good,
 "Don't love Bengerd after me -
 She is a bitter fruit." Cho.

20

"The third request I ask of you,
 You grant me so readily,
 You let Knud, my youngest son,
 Be king in Denmark." Cho.

(over)

"I would not be in such pain
 Both day and night
 If I hadn't tightened up my sleeves on Sunday
 And not put (some thing fancy) on. Cho.

22

"Now it is time I leave,
 I may not stay longer.
 Now toll the bells of heaven for me
 And God's angels are awaiting me." Cho.

Cho.

In Ringsted doth Queen Dagmar rest.

The King. Valdemar (I) 1131-82, king from 1157-82.

Queen Dagmar (Dragonur of Bohemia) best beloved of all queens.
 Valdemar, also called Sejr meaning victory. He was born with a
 veil over his head. (In Danish:- Victory shirt.)

Trnaslation by Mr. Kjeld Deichmann, Sussex, husband of
 the singer, Mrs. Erica Deichmann; recorded in Danish by Helen
 Creighton, 1958