

b. B. b. 1939

Well sold The Bow, string quartet.

I'm going to be married on Monday, sung
by Nina Finn, piano accompaniment. Words
much clearer on this tape

Lovely Nancy, sung by Walter Roast

Farmer's Burst Wife, Nina Finn to
string accompaniment

The Broken Ring, string quartet.

Bailiff's Daughters of Islington, Walter Roast

Bailiff's Daughters, string quartet.

Young Hunting, Nina Finn, string acc.

Robin Hood's Progress to Nottingham, string
quartet.

Tape from disc recorded by b. B. b.
in 1939, Halifax.

SEE: C.B.C. FOLKSONG
BROADCASTS 1938 & 1939
2ND SERIES # 6-10, #9.
FOR ORIGINAL.

9th Broadcast - 2nd Series.

String quartet plays Well Sold the Cow.

Read to; " is our singer."

Nina Bartley Finn sings I'm Going to Be Married.

Read to; "to the sailor's heart."

Walter Roast sings Lovely Nancy.

Read to; "by our string quartet."

Nina Bartley Finn sing the Farmer's Curst Wife.

Read to; "tunes like this."

String quartet plays Broken Ring Song.

Read to; "tune he's given us."

Walter Roast sings The Bailiff's Daughter.

String quartet plays the Bailiff's Daughter.

Read to; "the string quartet."

Nina Bartley Finn sings Young Hunting.

Read to; "playing the melody of Robin Hood's Progress to Nottingham."

String quartet plays Robin Hood's Progress to Nottingham.

PANS Photocopy

Never heard the strings play so well. Every number was good, perhaps especially Broken Ring which was gem, and Robin Hood which was good to end with. Nina had string accompaniment for Curst Wife and Young Hunting. Lovely effect. In former began alone, and strings came in. Still wonder how she got note so perfectly. The played little bits between verses which sounded very bright and lively. Father missed whistling chorus which was played by strings. How Nina has come along. When she first played with strings had to have chair beside her to hold for support. Now stands alone and signals orchestra for any changes. Finny thought program very well balanced, and we all felt pleased with it.

Walter Roast was expressing gratitude before going on, and I said how happy it made me to drive down to Chez. and see new roof on his house and realize I'd helped put it there. He said, "Well now Miss C. I'll just tell you something else you done for me. You made it possible for me to get enough feed to keep my horse for a whole year, and if it hadn't been for that I couldn't have kept my horse." There was some question whether this would be last program because of the week missed, or whether we'd carry on another week. Mr. Briggs telegraphed and said reply would be 'phoned over. It came at noon, but Mr. Hankinson was going off for afternoon and after one attempt gave up calling me which meant I had to spend all my Saturday aft. and eve working on another program in case this was out last. That would never have happened last year.

Kate Morrison here from London, Ont. Says her cousin or

nephew who arranges programs for Eastern division of U.B.C. always listens to this one and loves it.

That was big help because at Green Acres heard people discussing programs and they said there was one they didn't like. "That folk-song program. Can't see any music in it." Having gone for a rest didn't feel helped exactly, but realize those people would like programs I loathe. Heard later of people who always listen to it and hurry home not to miss it, so that was help. If people only knew how a little word or a letter lift one up.

On Saturday following broadcast met at studio and made record. It went on private line to C.H.N.S. where Mr. Landry took it off. Then Mr. Mosher went up and fetched it and we played it over. Before we started it Nina paced floor, but all doubts vanished when she heard her voice. Had no idea it sounded like that. Was very interesting too see each one. The strings listened for their individual instruments, and I to my enunciation and sound of broadcast as a whole from point of view of general public. On whole we were all pleased, although we wished we had done it earlier in series as we all saw things to improve.

When Doreen arrived played it over for her and she was delighted suggested few changes like playing Broken Ring much faster, but on whole very pleased with it and also with her compositions. Ordered one run off for her to take home as Christmas gift from me.

*Regionally
2/1/71*

String quartet plays Well Sold the Cow.

Last week somebody asked me in what part of Nova Scotia I'd found most of my folk-songs. When I said Halifax County he, being a Hali-gonian, looked very much surprised. I'm rather surprised myself, for generally speaking we don't look for treasure in our own back yards, so to speak. Human nature being what it is, we naturally assume it must be far away.

Now that the tourist season is on and cars go whirling down the main highways, I often wish our visitors could find their way to the bypaths and tiny little villages beside the sea shore where I go to look for songs. It's so pleasant to leave one's car and go strolling along the country roads. If you meet a villager you don't pass by as you would in a city. That would be unfriendly. You say good-morning as though you'd met before, and be it child or grown-up you get a pleasant good-morning in return. If you want to stop and chat you needn't worry lest the villager hurry away. He'll probably be glad to stop, and when you finally leave him you'll find yourself refreshed because the contact has been unexpectedly interesting.

From ~~just such~~ friendly people who live near enough to Halifax to bring their wares to ^{the} Halifax ^{market} every week, we found the whimsical little song called, I'm Going To Be Married On Monday. We sang it to you on an earlier broadcast, and so many people liked it that we're repeating it today. It's got a curious tune - one that grows on you.

It's about a girl who's bubbling over with happiness because her sixteenth birthday is approaching, and when it comes on Monday she'll no longer be a maid, but a wife. Nina Bartley Finn is our singer.

Nina Bartley Finn sings I'm Going To Be Married On Monday.

My father, who is over eighty years of age, tells me that when he hears folk-singers on these programs his thoughts go back to the time when he was a small boy and full rigged British men o'war used to ^{come sailing} into Halifax "harbour. ~~He says~~ there might be half a dozen of them anchored off the Dockyard at one time, and they made a beautiful sight. In the eyes of a youth they looked simply tremendous, and their tall spars seemed to reach almost to heaven.

~~He says~~ it used to be a great sight to see the sailors rowing their boats ashore, because in those day of course there were no such things as motor launches. Then mingling with the smart turnout of the naval craft were pleasure boats from Halifax. It used to be quite the thing to go rowing on the harbour in the evening, but ^{what} ~~the thing~~ ~~that~~ actually drew the people was not only the beauty of the scene and the meeting of friends in this pleasant atmosphere. It was the fact that every evening when the sailor's work was done, they could be counted upon to gather in the fo'castle of their ships and sing. ~~He says~~ He was often struck by the minor note that characterized so many of their songs, and when he hears our singers it all comes back to him.

What a pleasant picture it makes - the quiet sea, the great ships at anchor, the large boats of the fleet and the small boats of the home folk meeting on the water, the pink glow from the setting sun, visitors going to and from the ships and romance probably touching the hearts of more than one man and maiden. Yet the sailor would sing whether his audience were there or not because his soul would desire

expression. His ~~role will be played to-day by~~ Walter Roast ^{w. p. s} ~~who sings~~
 you the sort of song dear to the sailor's heart.

Walter Roast sings Lovely Nancy.

For ten years I thought I had the complete song of the Farmer's Curst Wife as it's sung in Nova Scotia. But one evening a few weeks ago we were putting on a program in Halifax when my singer amazed me by adding a last verse that makes a perfect finale and left us all laughing heartily. I want you to hear it; those of you who already know the song, and those who've never heard it. This is the ballad of a wife who was a terror even to demons, and it's probably the best of all our lighter songs. It will be sung by Nina Bartley Finn to an accompaniment played by our string quartet.

Nina Bartley Finn sings the Farmer's Curst Wife.

Some singers say women are worse than men and some say they're better, so you may do it either way depending upon the audience you're singing it to.

For many years England lived in ignorance of her folk-music and thought she was the only country whose peasants didn't express themselves in song. She knew Germany had them, and it's because German composers were so familiar with these spontaneous expressions of their own folk that they developed a music that was national in character. The same thing happened in other countries, and while it was happening England copied from the outside world instead of looking within her own villages for the hundreds of songs that were waiting to be discovered. Yet all the while our peasants were singing tunes like this;

String quartet plays Broken Ring Song.

She carries a music manuscript book with her, and writes each tune down note for note as she hears it from the singer. After listening to the first verse she has a mental picture of the tune - key, time, shape and any peculiarities such as changing time or an extra line. She has the gift of absolute pitch, ^{so she's not put off if the singer changes key} and if the song changes time in the middle as so many of them do she is very quick to sense it and has no trouble in that way at all.

Words and music are taken down in much the same way. We both start each line with the singer and carry on as far as we can go. As the song goes on she fills in the gaps, and I do the same when it's repeated. As the song proceeds she makes up her mind into which category it falls - folk or otherwise, and sometimes when we know a song is hopeless we only pretend to take it down. That works beautifully unless the singer asks how far we've got and then it takes all our ingenuity to wriggle out of our predicament.

When a song is taken down, Miss Senior likes to hang it back if she thinks the singer will be critical as they usually are. Then when she's sure she's finished she forgets it completely, and couldn't possibly recall it. Then in a few days it comes back to her fresh and clear in every detail, and years later she can recall not only the tune but the exact occasion of taking it down and she can hear the singer's voice. Of course it isn't nearly as easy as it sounds. She seldom gets a tune down in its entirety at the first singing, any more than I do with the words. Some singers are easy to note from; others are very difficult. Old people usually pitch their songs too high and leave you breathless wondering how they'll get up to their top notes, and sometimes they mix their tunes, especially if they're tired.

7.

To collect folk-^{songs}music one must be a musician to begin with, and one should also understand this type of music and really love it. One should never be hurried in doing the work, and one must have infinite patience. Personally I don't attempt to collect tunes unless they are very simple because I feel that no one but an expert should attempt to note them down.

Before Miss Senior took over the music end of this work I found a dictaphone the most helpful way to get tunes, because the singer could record his melodies and I could work them out at leisure and go over them time and time again without a room full of people looking on as they usually do when you visit singers in their homes. But even the dictaphone leaves much to be desired because in visiting the singer you learn his individual idiosyncrosies. It would be a poor piece of work if we took the melodies down in rapid succession without any regard for external influences. The chances are that if we went back after a lapse of time we'd be horrified at our mistakes. On the other hand, there's no satisfaction quite so precious as that of going back years after a tune has been taken down and finding in checking it over with the singer that it's absolutely correct.

Next week will bring this series of broadcasts to a close. We hope on our final program to bring you some of the songs which we, and also our friends, have most enjoyed. The string quartet are ^{wild} choosing their favourite numbers which they've grown to love more and more as the weeks have gone by. It really seems with folk-music that the more familiar you are with it, the more deeply you feel ^{love} its charm. That has undoubtedly been the experience of those of us who are bringing these weekly programs to you. To-day our program closes with the string quartet playing the melody of Robin Hood's Progress to Nottingham. 30
String quartet plays