

Carrying the Tune: The Personal Reflections of a Traditional Music Popularizer

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Come All Ye Old Comrades

Anon

Voice

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Come All Ye Old Comrades'. It consists of three staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. The lyrics are: 'Come all ye old com - rades, — Come now let us join, Come and'. The second staff continues with: 'join your sweet voic - es — in chor - us with mine. For we'll laugh and be jol - ly — While'. The third staff concludes with: 'sor - row re - frain, For we may, and may nev - er All meet here a - gain.'

Come all ye old com - rades, — Come now let us join, Come and

join your sweet voic - es — in chor - us with mine. For we'll laugh and be jol - ly — While

sor - row re - frain, For we may, and may nev - er All meet here a - gain.

That's a fragment from one of the thousands of songs from the fonds of Helen Creighton. She collected it from Patrick Williams on Devil's Island. Helen Creighton was my friend and mentor. I worked closely with her during the last fifteen years of her life and, when she donated her collection to the Nova Scotia Archives and Records Management in 1985, I served as contract archivist where I had the joyful task of organizing her work.

It took me two and a half years to catalogue this international treasure. There are twenty metres of manuscript material, over 2700 photographs, audio recordings on wax cylinder, acetate disc, magnetic tape — and visuals on film and video. It took me 40 weeks of eight hour days to listen to, and index, the audio material alone. As a professional singer, and developing folklore researcher, this was a labour of love and an education I couldn't have received anywhere else.

I grew up singing and learned a hodge-podge repertoire, mostly from the maternal side of my family - the Irish Burns and Scottish MacKays. It was a mixture of traditional songs mixed with Baptist and Presbyterian hymns and Country and Western and

Celtic music heard on the radio.

My great-grandfather Edward Burns was a fisherman, light keeper, carpenter, folk artist and musician who made some his own fiddles. My great-grandmother Cora McDermaid Burns used to babysit and sing to the young Wilf Carter in Port Hilford, near my birthplace of Sherbrooke. Sixty-odd years later, she sang many of those same songs to me.

Junior High School brought new exposures to music and, by the time I was 15, I was playing in a band earning money performing at church hall dances. A couple of years later I was singing with a dance orchestra at Halifax's Jubilee Boat Club, a posh gig for a kid in high school.

I was exposed to the coffeehouse scene in the late 1960s and, because I was a regular performer at Halifax's famous Privateer Coffee House, I was naturally part of a group called The Privateers that billed itself as "Canada's Only Professional Folk Chorus." We toured Canada, the United States and Japan, then in 1970 I left The Privateers to join the cast of CBC's *Sing-a-long Jubilee*. Three years later I was on the road with The Musical Friends, the house band from the show, playing the bar circuit

and doing cover tunes.

When my birthplace of Sherbrooke became home to an historic restoration and interpretive centre depicting life in nineteenth century Nova Scotia, I wrote and suggested they needed someone knowledgeable to sit around and tell stories and sing old songs for the tourists. They bought it and I was back working in traditional music.

That's when I met Helen Creighton. I looked her up in the phone book, gathered the nerve to call and asked her for more songs from the Sherbrooke area. She responded with a list. We met, became friends and the rest, for me, is a fortunate history.

When Helen could no longer take on speaking engagements, she asked me to sing and give talks on her behalf. I began doing secretarial work for her and then she entrusted me with her private collection, kept at the Archives. In 1986, I brought out my second recording. Titled *False Knight Upon the Road*, it was made up entirely of songs from Helen's collection. By then, I had not only rediscovered my major musical interest, I was officially a popularizer!

I knew I was on a road not always accepted by academics working in folklore. I considered going to Newfoundland and getting a formal education in the subject, but Neil Rosenberg, among others, advised me to stay put and work with Helen as much as I could. I was a fledgling folklore researcher on the cusp of a major decision. Do I follow a path directed by my heart or choose a career in academia? I chose the first.

I understood the reasons for the concerns expressed by academics about popularizers. My mentor was recognized as one. In 1979 folklorist Richard Tallman wrote in his review of Helen's autobiography, *A Life in Folklore*, "To the professional folklorist, the extent to which Creighton emphasizes the adaptation and exploitation of her collected works to other media is alarming, not because folklore should never be used in this manner but because popularizing tends to misrepresent the folk culture to the general public."²

Ah—that's what they were talking about! Was I guilty of that? Regardless of what Helen had done, I knew I had to make my own path and be comfortable with those decisions. Back then, to my mind, the thought was that you had to be one or the other: a serious folklorist or a popularizer.

Folklorist Diane Tye wrote of having this same train of thought in a 1993 essay on Helen's career as a folklorist. In an article for the *Journal of the Canadian Folklore Studies Association*, titled "A Very Lone Worker": Woman-Centred Thoughts on Helen Creighton's Career as a Folklorist," Diane wrote: "As a new student to folklore in the late 1970s, I considered the dichotomy of popular and academic folklore

pursuits an important classification. I quickly learned that this was one way academics...separated themselves from...performers and enthusiasts not formally educated in folklore studies. I believed members of the latter group were reflexive, rather than reflective, about materials collected, and therefore were undeserving of the title 'folklorist', which I happily appropriated. Fellow Maritimer Helen Creighton provided me with a local example of such a popularist."³ I was aware of similar comments and had digested the concepts but had clearly made my own decisions. I was a popularizer. But why, when everything I loved and wanted to work with steered me away from being a popularizer and into academia? It was because I knew there could be more than derision attached to the term "popularizer".

I had learned a valuable early lesson from Helen. When I began singing songs from her collection as illustrations to her talks, I had my own way of interpreting them. One time in particular, I sang a version of an Acadian lullaby Helen collected in Pubnico from Laure Irène McNeil. The morning after my performance, Helen invited me to meet her at the Archives. She wanted me to hear something. She played the field recording of Mrs. McNeil singing "Dors, dors le p'tit bibi." [see next page] I stood and listened and looked over at her and said, "I see what you mean". Helen didn't have to say anything but she was gently nudging me to a realization I couldn't have come to without hearing the original voices of the tradition-bearers. From then on her collection was open to me and I devoured it. She used to tell me, "Remember, Clary, you are the student; they are the teachers."

I learned that the written documentation could not let me hear William Riley of Cherrybrook sing songs of slavery brought to Nova Scotia by his forebears. The typed words on the page didn't let me hear Mr. Riley break down in the middle of singing "No More Auction Block for Me" because the images he sang about were burned into his cultural memory. Music notation could not describe the lilting falsetto whoop he used in his vocal style—a direct result of the transmigration of the West African falsetto whoop.

I had so much to learn. I knew I wasn't going to be completely true to the original sources and I also knew I wasn't going to pass my style off as purely traditional. Still, I was encouraged when a few of Helen's remaining informants would comment about my singing style or my use of grace notes and pass along a compliment like "he ornaments beautiful". But I didn't please everyone.

As I established a relationship with Edith Fowke, she wasn't shy about telling me she didn't like the way I held some of my notes. (Then again, was Edith

ever shy?) I liked Edith and we grew to enjoy a quiet and cordial relationship. But I wasn't working as a

traditional singer—I was an interpreter—and yes, a popularizer.

Dors, dors le p'tit bibi

Anon

Voice

Dors, dors le p'tit bi - bi, C'est le beau p'tit bi - bi a maman. Dors, dors, dors, dors, Dors, dors le bi - bi aq maman. De main s'il fait beau j'i-rons su' grand pere, Dors, dors, le p'tit bi - bi, Dors, dors, dors, dors, Dors, le beau p'tit bib- bi a ma - man...

I felt as long as I was true to the integrity of the song and didn't ever try to pass it off as an authentic variant, I had the right to interpret it as I saw fit. I had grown up with traditional music so, in part, it was my heritage too. In one way I was standing with one foot on each side of the traditional pathway.

It had been done before. During the 1930s, 40s and 50s, it wasn't uncommon for the original singers to listen in to a radio broadcast featuring songs which Helen collected from them. Usually, these songs were being interpreted by trained musicians and singers. They told Helen they would listen politely to these broadcasts, then turn the radio off and say to the tradition-bearer in the room, "Now you sing it—and sing it right!"

In 1938, Helen worked on a series of folk song broadcasts for CBC radio. She insisted the CBC use some of the traditional singers along with the trained musicians to show both sides of the use of folk music. And she insisted the tradition-bearers be paid the same fee as the professionals.

Not all tradition-bearers appreciated what was

being done with what they considered to be their songs. "When I Wake in the Morning" [see next page] is one of the many beautiful songs that come from the singing of Angelo Dornan of New Brunswick. Gary Karr, the world renowned solo double bassist, used Angelo's version of this beautiful melody as his encore piece for many years. However, Angelo Dornan held strong opinions about how the songs he loved should be performed. After listening to a radio broadcast in 1958, he contacted Helen Creighton to express his disappointment in how the songs were interpreted by professional singers. He wrote, "We listened to the folk songs last night...If the aim of those singers was to mangle those old songs so that they would be completely unrecognizable, they succeeded admirably. The only part of the program that was distinct and pleasurable to listen to was your own introductory remarks and comments. I couldn't catch one word of that bouncy chorus in Marrow Bones and only an odd line or two of the song. ..."⁴

When I Wake in the Morning

Anon

Voice

When I wake in the morn-ing I go to my win-dow, I
take a long look o'er the place that I know. I'm sur-round-ed by
sor-row, will I nev-er see to mor-row? O Jim-mie, love-ly Jim-mie, if you
knew what I know.

The musical score is written on a single treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. It consists of four lines of music. The first line begins with a whole rest followed by a quarter rest, then a series of quarter notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. The second line starts with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes: A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4, C4. The third line begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes: A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4, C4. The fourth line starts with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes: A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4, C4. There are three blue '3' markings above the notes G4, A4, and B4 in the first line, and above the notes G4, A4, and B4 in the third line, indicating triplets.

When I wake in the morning I go to my window,
I take a long look o'er the place that I know,
I'm surrounded by sorrow, will I never see tomorrow?
O Jimmie, lovely Jimmie, if you knew what I know.

When the boys come to court they all swear they love me,
But I like a hero I do them disdain.
My love's gone and left me, no other man will get me,
And I never will marry till he comes back again.

I had my own experiences with the tradition-bearers or their families. Most of the time they were positive but, on occasion, some aspect of what I was doing was misunderstood. Odile Boyd, daughter of Helen's oldest singer, Charles Owen of Bridgetown, in the Annapolis Valley, gently took me to task for not using the proper title for what she described as "pappa's song" when I included a variant of "The Welcome Table" in some of my performances. Odile insisted the proper title of the song was "Jacob's Ladder." Of course she was right—that was the proper title as sung by her late father. But my variant was inspired by one collected by Helen in Cherry Brook from William Riley and I said so in my introduction to the piece. Still, for Odile, she was hearing me sing a song she believed to be her father's. For her, if it sounded like "Jacob's Ladder," it was "Jacob's Ladder".

At a live show during my fourteen-year tenure as a folk artist and feature contributor to Nova Scotia's CBC Radio afternoon show *Mainstreet*, I had a member of the African Nova Scotian community come up to me and enquire, "And what are you stealing from us now?" The piece I was doing that day was about Arthur Fauset and the pioneering research he did among informants of African Nova Scotian heritage in the early nineteenth century. I replied, "This information may not be from my culture, but it is still my history. I too am a Nova Scotian."

Still, I was heartened when Rose Mann, William Riley's daughter, granted me an interview shortly after her one hundredth birthday and expressed joy that I was singing her father's songs. She asked if I could sing for her. She had heard me in presentations at The Black Cultural Centre of Nova Scotia but this was in her home, just for her. After a few bars she

waved her hand for me to stop. Tears filled her eyes and she said, “Sorry, it brings back too many memories,” and then added, “but you got a voice on you!”

In 1990, after I published a chapter on the history of “The Nova Scotia Song” in my first book, *Chocolates, Tattoos and Mayflowers*, I received a letter from a lady in Middleton, Nova Scotia, informing me she was certain her great-aunt had written the words to the song as a poem years earlier. She added, “The Halifax Herald says you are cataloguing Dr. Creighton’s work...This letter isn’t written for money or publicity, but as Dr. Creighton has done a wonderful thing with this song I think people should know who wrote it.”⁵ I sent her the research conducted by Linda Craig on the song’s origins as published in the *Dalhousie Review*, and the lady replied, “Of course there is always the possibility my great aunt *could* have obtained it somewhere.”⁶

To be open to possibilities of provenance is admirable. No one researcher has all the answers, yet we are judged by the work we do—often many years after that work was completed and additional research has turned up new information. When Linda Craig’s research on the Scottish origins of “The Nova Scotia Song” became public, one incredulous man wrote a letter to the editor of the *London Ontario Free Press* stating, “I find it hard to believe that Creighton or Catherine McKinnon didn’t know this when they popularized it.” How could they? It took a scholar years to determine the origins of the song. Ann Greenough (the first informant to sing the song for Helen) and the other tradition-bearers certainly didn’t say, “Here’s a traditional song derived from the poem of a Paisley weaver, Robert Tannahill”.

Modern interpretations of traditional songs are often based upon the performer’s perceived notion of what the song should be. I’ve often heard modern singers adamantly say that “The Nova Scotia Song” should be sung as a dirge. In all of the variants collected by Helen, this was not the case.

A few years ago I received a telephone call from a young man who wanted my help in searching Helen’s collection to find the original version of “Barrett’s Privateers”. He was unaware of Stan Rogers and assumed the song was traditional. Those of us who are old enough to remember Stan also have to realize there is a new generation singing his songs and they are often unaware of their provenance. Ron Hynes’s “Sonny’s Dream” is, more often than not, listed as traditional or traditional Irish on recordings by people who haven’t heard of Ron.

Yet, for me, the information found about the believed origins of songs and the perspectives people have of how they should be interpreted is as interesting as the historical data. The past can be researched and documented—but current opinions and perspec-

tives are evolving and mean the song is still alive.

I believe most tradition-bearers were and are constantly altering their repertoires. If you listen to some of the earliest recordings Helen made from Devil’s Island with Ben Henneberry, you can hear an older style of singing than that used later on by his son, Edmund. Edmund was continuing the singing tradition with his father’s songs but, at times, there is a noticeable influence from the vocal twang introduced by radio stations playing Country and Western music.

Fred Redden, an amazing tradition-bearer from Middle Musquobodoit, Nova Scotia, sang well into his seventies and, after a long period of not singing publicly, was reintroduced to the folk festival circuit in the 1980s. I coaxed Fred to sing at the first Helen Creighton Folklore Festival in 1990 and he agreed only if I would be on stage with him and we did a song swap. But once he got started up again he enjoyed a growing reputation of respect as a singer in Canada and the US. He would alter his repertoire if he heard a fragment of a variant of one of his songs at a festival that he wanted to incorporate as his own. Fred was allowing the song to evolve. His songs were not static archival examples but living pieces.

Sometimes the tradition-bearer came to believe that a different version of a publicly-performed variant of a song they knew well had to be the correct one. Freeman Young (or as Helen Creighton affectionately called him, “Free”) is a case in point. In 1966, Helen and a film crew for the CBC television show *Telescope* visited the Petpeswick area to film at the locale where she first documented “The Nova Scotia Song”. Ann Greenough was long since gone, so Freeman was asked to sing. He did, but added a coda to the song, repeating the last line. Helen said, “Now Free, you didn’t sing it that way twenty odd years ago.” “No”, he replied, “but that’s the way I heard Kathleen McKinnon sing it on the television, so it must be right.”

So how far does a popularizer have to go to explain the changes to a traditional song? When I perform songs in a concert setting, I perform as an interpreter. When I use the songs in a demonstration setting or as part of a lecture, I use a more traditional approach—although I am aware, and I make the audience aware, that they are still only my interpretations. My frequent use of a guitar is the most obvious example.

As conscientious interpreters do, I am careful not to sing sacred songs or songs of a personal nature. I have been given permission to sing a Mi’kmaq welcome song but would never sing certain others, even if they had been given to Helen by tradition-bearers. Such is the case with the personal “Rising Hymn” collected from an African Nova Scotian informant:

an expression of faith and a song sung by an individual as they were preparing for adult baptism. I feel it is important to respect the lineage of the song and the context under which it was collected.

Sometimes the tradition-bearers—for good or bad—were protected, or isolated, from outside influences in an attempt to keep their music “pure”. When Pete Seeger got in touch with Louise Manny, suggesting he’d like to come and perform at the Miramichi Folk Song Festival, Louise told him, “You can come, Pete, but you can’t sing.” Louise didn’t want professional folk singers to overshadow the traditional singers like Marie Hare and Allan Kelly, who were, to her mind, the stars of the festival. The Miramichi Folk Song Festival celebrated its fiftieth anniversary last year and bills itself as Canada’s oldest folk song festival. And, sadly, Allan Kelly, the last original tradition-bearer from the festival, died earlier this year at the age of 105. Most people who remember hearing Allan sing or play harmonica do so with great fondness. If you love traditional music you appreciate being able to hear it from an original source. But for many today it’s a hard sell. Field recordings, by their nature, rarely offer the best fidelity and just because a person is a tradition-bearer doesn’t guarantee what the average listener recognizes as a fine voice or great musicianship. This is not a new situation. Many early folk music collectors expected to save material that could be used by formally trained musicians and classically voiced singers. These artists would take the raw material collected from “the folk” and “improve” it into an acceptable form for a mass audience.

Some people never did understand the beauty in the music of a tradition-bearer. One of the most vitriolic examples of this bias is found in a 1959 review of Helen Creighton’s Folkways record *Folk Music of Nova Scotia* and Edith Fowke’s companion album *Folk Songs of Ontario*. It was written by Arthur Hammond in *The Tamarack Review*. He said the recordings “lack both the qualifications of ethnic value and that of lyrical interest.” He added, “The songs aren’t worth singing (I challenge anyone to sit through ‘Captain Conrod’ in the Nova Scotia record, for instance, without actual pain)...We also learn in the course of this record that some people in Nova Scotia play fiddle, the mouth organ, and the bagpipes (the last badly and only on isolated farms). We even hear one man making moose and bear calls through a roll of wallpaper, from which we must conclude, I suppose, that any noise made by a Canadian is of permanent preservation....This is ethnography gone bad, folknoise recording reduced to the absurd.”

Almost fifty years later many of these biases still hold. Even at events aimed at fans of folk music, such as the Lunenburg Folk Harbour Festival, tradi-

tion-bearers, when invited to perform, seldom attract the big crowds. Mainstream media rarely even talk about them. In an article published this fall in *Boom Magazine*, writer Erica White explores folk festivals in the Maritimes and concentrates solely on contemporary artists. She makes a passing reference to the festival in the Miramichi and adds, “The last festival I attended included Taj Mahal...and Nova Scotian Joel Plaskett, as well as fifty-something folk icon Connie Kaldor”.⁷

Even much of the music that mainstream society recognizes as traditional has the stamp of popularization. I was one of the first local popularizers to use bagpipes in a commercial recording when I recorded “The Cape Breton Lullabye” in 1974. Even the lyrics—from a poem by Kenneth Leslie—are considered traditional and few people could tell you about the poet’s input. Bands like 1755 (Mille Sept Cent Cinquante-Cinq) and Les Méchants Maquereaux offered fine arrangements of traditional Acadian tunes—now accepted by some as the old authentic sound. Audiences have come to demand what they perceive as traditional. I have several times witnessed young fiddlers performing a tune only to have someone from the audience shout out, “Stomp her down like Ashley!” A young fiddler just standing or sitting and playing is almost unheard of (or unseen) in this part of the world.

Is there a role for a popularizer to promote tradition-bearers and their music and to help educate an audience to the value of their material? I hope so. But we need to work together with ethnomusicologists and folklorists to ensure it’s done in a sensitive and representative manner. There is, to my mind, strong argument for inclusion from all sides.

In 1969 Helen Creighton received the highest tribute her American colleagues could pay when she was made a fellow of the American Folklore Society. As part of that celebration she was given a Book of Letters containing accolades from many of her colleagues. Pete Seeger wrote, “Basic research is rarely well-paid for. But I hope you know that it will go down in history, when us ‘popularizers’ are forgot. We both have our roles, I guess. But there’s no doubt in my mind which comes first.” I agree with Pete but I also contend that scholars need to make their work more accessible and, subsequently, do more to promote an interest in traditional music.

Every genre has a niche market and, as with any serious discipline, some aspects of study are, in the grand scheme of things, microscopically niche-based. For example, Dr. Laszlo Vikar, a Hungarian ethnomusicologist and Kodaly specialist has produced a selected tune analysis of songs from Helen’s collection, looking at form and scale. A valuable resource for some, but of little interest to the general public,

who don't want their music categorized, type-indexed and analyzed.

For almost twenty years The Helen Creighton Folklore Society has sponsored awards at the New Glasgow Folk Song Festival and the Nova Scotia Kiwanis Music Festival for young performers in the folk song category. But even then the process is hamstrung by what are, to my mind, antiquated attitudes about song choice and performance. The singers cannot sing in a traditional manner unless it is written note for note on the page.

Where do interpretation and ornamentation come in? Even getting the written music is difficult. No photocopies are allowed and, since many of the traditional song books are out of print, the options for performance selection are very limited. I have lobbied music festivals to invite music educators and adjudicators who understand traditional music and allow flexibility in performance to encourage music students to explore tradition-based material without the constraints of classical training.

Is that popularizing? Yes. Could it get young people singing folk songs and playing traditional music again? Hopefully. We must find a way to make everyone feel included and not to fear the music. And, for some, I do mean fear. As an example, those working in the field of Gaelic music and research are aware of divisions not only among traditionalists and scholars but among themselves. I make frequent visits to schools and, with rare exemptions, am amazed at music teachers who are afraid of introducing traditional music to the classroom because they don't have a "proper" arrangement or piano accompani-

ment. They often tell me they are afraid of doing it wrong! I say to them, "And what's wrong with twenty-five *a cappella* voices singing in unison?"

Some scholarly journals and reviews are read only by scholars—they are even written in a language that excludes rather than includes the very people the material is written about. I'm not for a moment suggesting "dumbing down" or abandoning serious scholarly research. I merely suggest that scholars too have a role to play in making their research more accessible to a public who may want to learn about a music genre they could grow to appreciate even more.

I believe the Canadian Society for Traditional Music does a good job at serving all its masters. The publications offered are eclectic enough to be of interest to a broad range of tastes. Still, there is the ongoing debate as to the direction the Society is heading. The popularizers and the scholars need to work together. If we don't, we'll all lose out and the music will be the loser. I suggest we can find inspiration from within. Even the tradition-bearers were up for change. That is what keeps something alive. The moment it becomes static, it is dead in the water. And finally—it's the music that endures. Because of research, recordings and performance, it is given life, and that life will continue to change and evolve. In 1928 Helen first heard Enos Hartlan, living at Hartlan's Point at the mouth of Halifax Harbour, sing "When I Was In My Prime." An old man singing a song of lost love in a not so musical voice. But what beauty was in his singing! It had passion, soul, and was so real it could make you weep.

When I was in my prime I flourished like a vine,
There came along a false young man,
Came stole away my thyme, thyme,
Came stole away my thyme.

My thyme it is all gone and that's what makes me mourn,
The gardener standing by, three offers he gave to me,
The pink, the violet and red rose, which I refuse all three, three,
Which I refuse all three.

Now pink's no flower at all, for they fade away too soon,
And the violets are too pale a blue,
I thought I'd wait till June, June,
I thought I'd wait till June.

In June the red rose blooms and that's no flower for me,
For then I'll pluck up a red rose, boys,
And plant a willow tree, tree,
And plant a willow tree.

When I Was In My Prime

Anon

Voice

When I was in my prime I flourished like a wine, There
came a-long a false young man Came stole a - way my thyme, thyme, Came stole a - way my
thyme.

The image shows a musical score for the song 'When I Was In My Prime'. It consists of three staves of music in a 4/4 time signature with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature change to two flats. The lyrics are written below the notes. The second staff continues the melody and lyrics. The third staff shows a final note and rests, with the word 'thyme.' written below it.

The willow tree shall twist and the willow tree shall twine,
I wish I was in the young man's arms,
The one the love of mine, mine,
The one the love of mine.

There is a glorious plant that grows all over the land,
And everybody my plant shall see,
I love that false young man, man,
I love that false young man.

If I am spared one year more and God shall grant me grace,
I'll buy a barrel of crystal tears
For to wash his deceitful face, face,
For to wash his deceitful face.

That, my friends, is what we love. It is why we are here this weekend—because we love the music. All else—the work of both scholar and popularizer—is fluff compared to the music!

Notes

¹ This article is a transcript of the keynote address at the 2008 CSTM conference, held in Halifax, NS.

² Tallman, Richard S. "Folklore Research in Atlantic Canada: An Overview," *Acadiensis*, University of New Brunswick, Spring 1979.

³ Tye, Diane. "'A Very Lone Worker': Woman-Centred Thoughts on Helen Creighton's Career as a Folklorist," *Journal of the Canadian Folklore Studies Association*, 15: 2 (1993), 107.

⁴ Angelo Dornan to Helen Creighton, May 15, 1958. NSARM MG1, Vol. 2812, #52.

⁵ Mary Headdy to Clary Croft, January 10, 1990.

⁶ Mary Headdy to Clary Croft, January 29, 1990.

⁷ White, Erica. "Fifty and Folkie," *Boom Magazine* (Fall 2008, Halifax: YellowLab Publications), 48.