

She mounted on her milk-white steed, and led the dapple grey;
She rode till she came to her own father's hall, three hours before it was day.

The parrot being in the window so high, hearing the lady, did say,
'I'm afraid that some ruffian has led you astray, that you've tarried so long away.'

'Don't prittle or prattle, my pretty parrot, nor tell no tales of me;
Thy cage shall be made of the glittering gold, although now it is made of a tree.'

The king being in the chamber so high, and hearing the parrot, did say,
'What ails you, what ails you, my pretty parrot, that you prattle so long before day?'

'It's no laughing matter,' the parrot did say, 'but so loudly I call unto thee;
For the cats have got into the window so high, and I'm afraid that they will have me.'

'Well turned, well turned, my pretty parrot, well turned, well turned for me;
Thy cage shall be made of the glittering gold, and the door of the best ivory.'

Treasures from Our Archives

Fifteen Years Ago

Bulletin 24.1 (June 1990). The first issue under the aegis of editor Lynn Whidden was a theme issue, appropriately enough given Lynn's expertise in the area of First Nations and Métis music. Lynn contributed "A Note on Métis Music" and "Native and Métis Songs from the SMEA Project"; and Anne Lederman did not stray from the field, authoring "'The Drops of Brandy': Several Versions of a Métis Fiddle Tune". The news column consisted of a collection of mini-articles on the Brandon Festival, NAFA, Tamarack, Nicole Beaudry's fieldwork, and a tribute to the late D.K. Wilgus by Edith Fowke.

Ten Years Ago

Bulletin 29.1 (March 1995). The feature of this issue was a major memoir by Vera Johnson (who has since been made an Honorary Life Member of CSTM), "Genesis of a Folksinger/Songwriter"; a prodigious memory, copious notes and a penchant for getting into interesting places and situations gave us a very informative overview of Vera's life as a performer. Several of her songs, "The Bald Eagle", "The Fountain" and "Our 25th Birthday", accompanied the article. Several other songs made their appearance: "The Free Slave" from Edith Fowke's collection; Hilda Thomas's "The Condom Song", and "The Northwest Logger" by Hilda along with her husband, Phil; and "We're in the Same Boat Now" by no less a personage than former Ontario premier Bob Rae (he missed his calling...), accompanying "Rae-Day in Jaffa" by Judith Cohen. On a sadder note was an

obituary of CSTM director Hugh Hendry by Bill Sarjeant. Karen Bennett contributed an EthnoFolk Letter; the Centrefold column dealt with several magazines. Craig Mishler's book *The Crooked Stovepipe* was reviewed, as were recordings *Danses d'ici* (Jean-Pierre Joyal), *The Brule Boys in Paris* (Tickle Harbour), *One Evening as I Rambled* (Moirá Cameron), *Yellowknife Evening* (Ceilidh Friends), *Look to the Sea* (The Irish Descendants) and *Ain't Life Sweet* (Penny Lang).

Five Years Ago

Bulletin 34.1/2 (March/June 2000). This was a double issue; I'll write about it next time.

These issues (and all back issues, either in original form or as photocopies) are available from CSTM Back Issues, 224 20th Ave. NW, Calgary, Alta. T2M 1C2.

See the Mail Order Service catalogue or the website (www.yorku.ca/cstm and follow the links), or contact john.leeder@nucleus.com, for pricing.

John Leeder

Two Songs

On the following pages you will find two songs that we recently discovered and admire very much: "The Old Songs' Home" by Shelley Posen, which is self-explanatory, and "Still the Song Lives On" by Clary Croft, which is about Helen Creighton. We thank Shelley and Clary for permission to print them.

The Old Songs' Home

Shelley Posen

On a lone - ly street at tui - light on my
way home from the store, I passed a run - down
man - sion I'd nev - er seen be - fore, The
walls were cracked and peel - ing, with i - vy ov - er
grown And the sign up - on the thresh - hold said the
old songs' home. In the old songs'
home the old songs live to - ge - ther. In the
old songs' home when the world has passed them
by, They come here when their last note's sung, un -
no - ticed and un - known. They e - cho here for -
e - ver in the old songs' home.

On a lonely street at twilight, on my way home from the store,
I passed a rundown mansion I'd never seen before;
The walls were cracked and peeling, with ivy overgrown,
And a sign upon the threshold said "The Old Songs' Home".

Well, sometimes curiosity is not to be denied;
I walked up to the open door and took a peek inside;
Soft echos of a thousand songs that once caressed my ear,
But somehow I could hear each one, complete and crystal clear.

In the Old Songs' Home, the old songs live together;
In the Old Songs' Home, when the world has passed them by;
They come here when their last note's sung, unnoticed and unknown,
They echo here forever, in the Old Songs' Home.

I heard shanties that helped raise the sails on a thousand clipper ships;
Hits from Tin Pan Alley, once on everybody's lips;
I heard songs the cowboys sang their herds where the buffalo used to roam,
But no coyotes answered in the Old Songs' Home.

I heard songs once sung in factory towns and logging camps and mines,
Songs that striking workers sang while walking picket lines;
I heard songs that played the Palace and the New York Hippodrome,
Each night they'd bring the house down in the Old Songs' Home.

I heard Young Monroe swap stories with the Boy that Wore the Blue,
While Phil the Fluter danced a jig with Johnny MacAdoo;
I heard Sherry sing doo-wop with Mr. Earle and Honeycomb,
They still meet on the corner in the Old Songs' Home.

Well, every old song has a dream that glimmers now and then,
Of living in the world once more, and being sung again;
My friends, if you love singing, low, high or monotone,
There's an old song waiting for you in the Old Songs' Home.

Still the Song Lives On

I take a lifetime, turn it into song
To hold it captive deep within my breast,
And I call it to me whenever I can't see your face,
For the words recall what time can't erase.

And I remember all the joys and laughter
All the times of sharing from a life now gone,
And the sweet, sweet music, so pure that I forget to breathe,
Though the singer's gone, still the song lives on.

I take a lifetime, toss it in the wind,
To watch the sorrows falling to the ground,
But the times of gladness float upon the breeze so high
To become as many songs as there are stars in the sky.

Still the Song Lives On

Clary Croft

I take a life - time, turn it in - to
song, To hold it cap - tive
deep with - in my breast, And I call it
to me when - e - ver I can't see your
face, For the words re - call what time can't e -
- rase. And I re - mem - ber,
all the joys and laugh - ter, All the times of
shar - ing from a life now gone,
And the sweet, sweet, mus - ic, so pure that I for -
- get to breathe, Though the sing - er's
gone, still the song lives on.