rocked-up jigs and reels. What's most surprising is how it all blends so well, cut flowing to cut like a well-told story.

Charles de Lint
Ottawa, Ontario

From the President

Leslie Hall, President, Canadian Society for Traditional Music (CSTM)

I am very happy to report that the annual meeting of the society held in Vancouver Oct. 26-28 was very well attended and extremely worthwhile. Many thanks to Norm Stanfield and Alan Thrasher of UBC for providing such a wonderful venue and interesting program.

I am also very pleased that Norm has agreed to take on the Presidency. I know he will do an excellent job. The Society's finances could be better, but we were fortunate to receive $800.00 as our share from last year's meeting in Toronto, which has allowed us to be in reasonable financial shape.

At the Vancouver meeting, we decided to attempt to organize sites for our AGM two years in advance so that we aren't scrambling at the last minute looking for a host. We would love to be able to meet in the eastern part of Canada, as most of our recent meetings have been in Toronto and the west.

To conclude, I would like to thank everyone who has worked so tirelessly on behalf of the Bulletin, the Journal, our two websites and mail order service, our Archives, and especially our secretary, John Leeder, and our treasurer, James Prescott. We are all indebted to them for their contributions.

Editor: I could be remiss in not thanking, on behalf of all members of CSTM, Leslie for her work as our President. Thank you, Leslie! Here's hoping you will now have more time for some new exciting projects to come.

Ruth Shushan

I just spent seven hours at Emergency at the Kitchener-Waterloo Grand River Hospital with my eighty-five-year-old mother yesterday. Just before the ambulance took her away from her retirement home, I caught up with her and learned the story from her friend and the paramedics.

I heard that after lunch she couldn't walk back to the elevator; she was sweating profusely and was as white as a sheet and somewhat confused. Inside the ambulance, she had an oxygen mask on and was on intravenous and looked really grey, but really, seemed fine. She laughed and talked to me sweetly. I was quite frantic inside, but tried not to show it.

Once the paramedics left with mom, I raced to her apartment to get her purse and other necessities and then drove to the hospital emergency room. Luckily, I had a musical instrument in the car and, on a whim, I grabbed the mountain dulcimer with me and mom's book Lord of the Rings, so while we waited for the doctor for two hours, I read the rest of Book One to her and then sang soft, familiar Hebrew songs like Erev Shel Shoshanim, and You Are My Sunshine with her off and on for five more hours, as nurses and a doctor came and went to test her symptoms, urine and blood samples, chest x-rays, etc. I was worried about mom, but the music and story reading calmed us both down. (We found out after many samples and six hours later that it was a bad bladder infection that perhaps she'd had for months!

Looking back at that day, my mother spent the time well: she slept for two hours, and when she was awake, she was singing softly, talking to me and my husband and laughing at the three-year-old who was dancing and twirling to my songs. At one point both mom and the three-year-old were trying to play my dulcimer.

The nurses were obviously pleased and thanked me for the soft music. One suggested I call the president of the hospital to tell them about this experience. My guess is that this is why she asked me to call. I began to notice that as soon as I started playing the dulcimer softly, the tone of the emergency room went much softer. I noticed that people in trauma were yelling and having less and there was more soft laughter and comfort in the hall. I felt wonderful myself. And mom was smiling!

The hospital is building a new emergency room, so they want suggestions for better conditions for everyone. I did call the hospital president to make a recommendation to have soft music in the hall.
Let’s hope they listen to us.

Ruth Shushan lives in Waterloo, Ontario, in a house filled with candles and ancient music.

To Err is Human, To Forgive is Divine.

The song "Nancy's to the Lambing Gone" (last issue, p. 26) was printed incorrectly. Here is the corrected version.

Chorus:
Nancy's to the lambing gone,
She won't be back before the dawn,
So we will fill the air with song,
Fill the air with song.

Nancy's to the lambing gone;
If everyone will sing along,
We'll fill the air with song.

1. The winter winds begin to howl,
The snow it swirls again;
Jack Frost he leaves his handiwork,
On every window pane;
The spring seems such a world away,
That we can scarce recall,
The joy she brings within our hearts,
Will gladden one and all.

2. When sisters call, they will away,
They will not wait till morning,
They'll take the road, they'll seize the day;
The lambs they are a-borning;
When sisters spring upon the earth,
To revel in its glow,
The winter wind can't chill their hearts,
However strong it blows.

3. When winter starts to lose its grip,
The sisters take its measure;
They mean to soon give it the slip,
And return the earth to pleasure,
And watch the rising of the moon,
The changing of the seasons;
Their learning goes around too soon,
And no one asks for reasons.

4. The river ice begins to crack,
The geese are homeward winging;
The sisters' blood is all astir,
You can hear it in their singing;
Winter puts away its knives,
Jack Frost he throws his brushes;
So let spring madness through our lives,
Like warblers, larks and thrushes.

Two Newfoundland Folk Songs:

In 1994 I began researching the folk music traditions of Conception Bay North, Newfoundland. My original purpose was to document folk songs from oral tradition in this small section of Newfoundland's east coast. After two months in the region, I had more than enough material to satisfy the requirements for the thesis that I was writing to finish the M.Mus. program at the University of Calgary. I was amazed at the quality and quantity of 'authentic' folk music that I found there. This initial visit whetted my appetite for more. I have since made numerous visits to the area, tape recorder in hand, in search of more songs.

Newfoundland folk music and lore is rich with songs and stories concerning ships and life on the sea. The two songs that I have chosen to include here are stories about the loss of ships and men's lives to those infamous storms that rage the North Atlantic. The first, Loss of the John Harvey, recounts the fate of a schooner that sailed the Atlantic Seaboard in the early Twentieth century. The second recollects the tragic story of the Union, a vessel capsized in a storm and was subsequently boarded by the crew of another ship, who found a number of men killed.

Stories concerning the fate of the schooner John Harvey and its crew are known on the South Coast of Newfoundland both in story and song. The only other recorded variant of this song that I know of can be found in Kenneth Peacock's Songs of the Newfoundland Outports. Peacock collected it from Kenneth Pink of Rose Blanche in 1959. The historical facts of the shipwreck are the same, but the melodies used by each singer differ greatly. Al Stacey sang this variant of The Loss of the John Harvey for me on November 8, 1994. Mr. Stacey learned the song from his Grandfather.

Continued on page 33

Two Newfoundland Folk Songs:

Loss of the John Harvey and Union of St. John's

By Maureen Chafe

The Canadian Folk Music BULLETIN de musique folklorique canadienne