...from the editor

It seems to be the consensus that we should publish a song in each issue of the Newsletter, so here goes. Actually, it's a pretty awesome thought—out of all possible songs to choose ONE and enshrine it in our humble publication for the enjoyment and erudition of our readership and the esteem of scholars of ethnomusicology. I was awed (momentarily), then I took a deep breath and remembered something of what Canadian folk music means to me. I learned this song from a friend of mine, who learned it from his father, who learned it from a little girl in Ireland while he was there as a participant in a Quaker work camp in 1954. Neither my friend nor I have ever seen this song in print, nor have heard anyone sing it. I would be interested to hear of a printed source, or any variants which have been collected, especially in Canada.

\[
\text{There are three pretty maidens in Banyon, Banyon, Banyon, Banyon, Banyon.}
\]

1. There are three pretty maidens in Banyon, Banyon, Banyon, Banyon, Banyon, Banyon. There are three pretty maidens in Banyon, And I am the best of them all.

2. My mother she says I may marry, Marry, marry, marry, My mother she says I may marry, And she'll give me her bed when she dies.

3. My father has forty-one chickens, Chickens, chickens, chickens, My father has forty-one chickens, A goat and a pig and a cow.

4. I've taken my shoes to be mended, Mended, mended, mended, I've taken my shoes to be mended, And dyed all my petticoats green.

5. I'll see him in church next Sunday, Sunday, Sunday, Sunday, I'll see him in church next Sunday, And I shall be dressed like a queen.