

- 62-54. Mo run dileas. Gaelic and English. Sung by Dan Livingstone, Halifax; local Cape Breton song, quite nicely sung
- 54-50. Fear a bhata. Gaelic and English. Sung by Dan Livingstone, Halifax.
- 50-48. Lord Randal. Sung by Dan Livingstone. Interesting words from Cape Breton.
- 48-43. Donald From Bras D'Or. Sung by Dan Livingstone. Was marching song of Cape Breton Highlanders. Local parody of Brennan on the Moor
- 43-40. Sunny Slies a Brochan. Sung by Dan Livingstone. Local. Gaelic and English
- 40-33. Windy Weather. Sung by Dan Livingstone, Halifax. 4 vs. of shanty Stormy Weather.
- 33-30. I Wish I Was Singed Again. Sung by Dan Livingstone, Halifax. Good words.
- 30-29. Our Goodman. Sung by Dan Livingstone, Halifax. Words interesting, and from Cape Breton.
- 29-28. Vesper Bells Remotely Ringing. Sung by Dan Livingstone, Halifax. 2 vs. only of what must have been a good song on broken ring theme.
- 28-26. What I Care. Sung by Dan Livingstone, Halifax. 1 vs.
- 26-25. Yankee Limer. Sung by Dan Livingstone, Halifax. 2 vs. onlu of local Cape Breton song.
- 25-24. Gypsy Davy. Sung by Dan Livingstone, Halifax. 1 vs.
- 24-23. When Will Ye Hang Awa'? Sung by Dan Livingstone, Halifax. 2 vs.
- 23-22. It Was Early in the Morning. Sung by Dan Livingstone, Halifax. 2 vs. only of local Cape Breton song.
- 22-18. Barbara Allan. Sung by Dan Livingstone, Halifax. Cape Breton version.
- 18-16. Away We Go to Miramichi. Sung by Dan Livingstone, Halifax. 3 lines as sung by his mother to children.
- 16-12. Whisky Johnny. Sung by Dan Livingstone, Halifax. Sea chanty.
- 12-10. Hector Hector. Sung by Dan Livingstone, Halifax, 1 vs. local song, Cape Breton.
- 10-end. Wreck of the Cariboo. Sung by Dan Livingstone, Halifax. Local.

I Was Boarding(English & Gaelic) Reel 61.62-54.No.1

Cho.

Mo run geal dileas, dileas, dileas,
Mo run geal dileas nach till thu nall?
Cha till mi féin leat, a ghaoil, cha 'n fhaod mi,
'S ann tha mo ghaol-sa 'na laidhe tinn.

1

I was working in the Sydney coal mines
A-digging coal down in number three,
O I was boarding with Donald Norman
He had the sisters could make good tea. Cho.

2

Donald Norman and Rory Murdoch
The biggest shavers you ever see,
A-spearin' eels in the month of April
And starvin' slaves out on Scatari. Cho.

3

O I was going up to Big Harbour,
It was in order to view the spray,
I met a maiden from Boularderie over,
So fair I thought she was queen of May. Cho.

4

I asked this fair maid if she would marry,
If she would be a school teacher's wife,
She said ah no she would rather tarry
And lead a simple and single life. Cho.

5

If I had her on some distant island
A thousand miles from her native home
Where none could hear us and birds could cheer us
I would persuade her to be my own. Cho.

6

I lay my head on a cask of brandy,
It is my fancy I do declare,
And while I'm drinking I'm always thinking
How I can win my young lady fair. Cho.

Sung by Dan Livingstone, Halifax, who learned it
from his father and mother who were natives of Boularderie.
The chorus is a well known Scotch song, and the tune is
probably that in Choisir-chiuil, The St. Columba Collection
of Gaelic Songs, Bayley & Ferguson, London & Glasgow. Recorded
by Helen Creighton, June 1951.

I'm often drinking, I'm seldom sober (beginning of
another verse; rest forgotten) Local Cape Breton song.

Compare vs.6 with Peggy Gordon, p.193, vs.3, Traditional
Songs From Nova Scotia.

For words, see reel 62. No.12.

(Sorry I haven't these words, but they will be found in any sizeable collection of Gaelic songs)

X

Sung by Dan Livingstone, Halifax, and recorded by Helen Creighton, June/51

Lord Randal

Reel 61.50-48. No.3

"Oh where have ye been to Lord Randal my son?
Oh where have ye been to my handsome young man?"
"I've been to the wildwood mother, make my bed soon
For I'm weary with hunting and fain would lie down."

2

"Where gat ye your dinner Lord Randal my son?
Where gat ye your dinner my handsome young man?"
"I dined with my true love mother, make my bed soon
For I'm weary with hunting and fain would lie down."

3

"What gat ye to dinner Lord Randal my son?
What gat ye to dinner my handsome young man?"
"I got eels boiled in brule mother, make my bed soon
For I'm weary with hunting and fain would lie down."

4

"What became of your bloodhounds Lord Randal my son?
What became of your bloodhounds my handsome young man?"
They sickened and died mother, make my bed soon
For I'm weary with hunting and fain would lie down."

5

"I fear you're poisoned Lord Randal my son,
I fear you're poisoned my handsome young man,"
"Oh yes I am poisoned mother, make my bed soon
For I'm sick at the heart and I fain would lie down."

Sung by Dan Livingstone, Halifax who learned it from his mother, a native of Eouladerie, Cape Breton; recorded by Helen Creighton, June/51.

See Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia p. 9

Cho.

Donald from Bras d'Or, sure you've heard of him before,
There'll be Judique on the floor when we get to Flanders.

1

When Donald get to Boston he buy a suit of clothes,
He threw away his homespuns, likewise his crooked brogues,
He buy a pair of gaiters, I think 'twas size sixteen
For Donald liked the Yankee girl who baked the Boston bean. Cho.

2

When Donald heard the 185th was going off to war,
Says he, "I'll throw my pick away, I'll not dig any more,
When the colonel sees how smart I am and how I earn my pay
He'll make of me a major or a captain anyway." Cho.

3

When the train pulled out with Donald his friends all wept and cried,
Says Donald, "Do not weep my friends, I'll fill your hearts with pride
With breast covered over with medals I'll seek my native shore
And in the House of Parliament I'll represent Bras d'Or."

Cho.

Donald from Bras d'Or, O Donald from Bras d'Or,
So wild and so crazy was Donald from Bras d'Or.

In this form, with the first chorus, this was a
marching song of the Cape Breton Highlanders in World War 1.
Donald had other adventures not known to the singer.
Judique on the floor is the rallying cry of Judique in
Inverness County. The song was not only sung around
Bras d'Or, but at Orangedale, and probably other parts of
the island. Compare Brennan on the Moor, Traditional
Songs From Nova Scotia, p. 236.

Sung by Dan Livingstone, Halifax, who says the first
chorus is his father's, and the final chorus his mother's.
Mrs. Livingstone is from Bouladerie and Mr. Livingstone
from Bras d'Or; recorded by Helen Creighton, June/51

Sunny Slios a'bhronachain.

Reel 61&62.

Overon the southern shore
 Stands the kid's big grocery store,
 He suppliestherich and poor
 Sunny slios a'bhronachain.

Cho.

Hithill-en na hithill i,
 Hithill-en na hillean o,
 Faill-ill eil-e 's horo i,
 Mo thraughe mi mur faigh me thu.

2

Murdock Stewart lives nearby,
 Owns the wooden horseof Troy,
 It's the king of all the beasts,
 Sunny slios a'bhronachain. Cho.

3

Rory Bayne he took a slide,
 Left poor Annie to abide
 'Mongst the rocks and broken stumps,
 Sunny slios a'bhronachain. Cho.

4

There's another famous man,
 I think they call him Rory Dan,
 Doffed his hat and said good-bye
 To sunny slios a'bhronachain. Cho.

5

Now Carlisle is on the run,
 He is fond of his red rum
 And white-whiskered Sandy Gunn
 And red George MacKenzie. Cho.

Sung on Reel 61 by Dan Livingstone, Halifax, and on
 Reel 62 by ~~xxxxxx~~ Hugh McLean, Dartmouth; recorded
 by Helen Creighton, June 1951.

Slios a'bhronachain is a little place opposite
 Bras d'Or where they were given this name because of
 their fondness for gruel. The name means Gruel Side.

The translation of the last line of the chorus is:
 Sad am I indeed if I do not get thee.

The verses refer to local people, but the chorus
 is from a well known traditional song and is often
 used in this way.

- Up came the whale with his slippery tail,
Says damn your eyes chowder head, mind how you sail.
Cho.
- For it's windy weather ~~knayx~~ blowy weather
When the wind starts to blow pipe all hands together.
2
- Up came the shark with his two rows of teeth,
Jumped in the rigging and loosened the sheet. Cho.
3
- Up came the mackerel with his striped back,
Went to the rigging about on the tack. Cho.
5
- Up came the flounder that swims to the ground,
Chuckle head, chuckle head, mind how you sound. Cho.

Sung by Dan Livingstone whose grandfather, a
seafaring man from Bouladeria Centre had taught it to
his mother; recorded by Helen Creighton, June/51

See Stormy Weather Boys, Traditional Songs From Nova
Scotia, p. p.232.

- 4
- Up came the cod with his chuckle head,
Went to the main chains to heave at the lead. Cho.

See also reel 62.70-68, but not as well sung.

Cho.

I wish I was single again,
I wish I was single again,
For when I was single my money did jingle,
I wish I was single again.

1

My wife took a fever oh then,
My wife took a fever oh then,
My wife took a fever, I swore I'd not leave her,
I wished I was single again. Cho.

2

My wife shedied oh then,
My wife she died oh then,
My wife she died and believe me I cried
I wished I was single again. Cho.

3

I married another oh then,
I married another on then,
I married another, she's the devil's grandmother,
And I wished I was single again. Cho.

4

She beat me and bang me oh then,
She beat me and bang me oh then,
She beat me and banged me, she swore she would hang me
And I wished I was single again. Cho.

5

My wife got a rope oh then,
My wife got a rope oh then,
My wife got a rope and she greased it with soap
And I wished I was single again. Cho.

6

The rope did break oh then,
The rope did break oh then,
The rope did break and my neck did escape
And I wish I was single again. Cho.

Sung by Dan Livingstone, Halifax, and recorded by
Helen Creighton, June/51

O home came our goodman at e'en and home came he,
 And there he saw a horse there where no horse should be,
 "O how came this horse here, and how came it to be,
 And how came this horse here without the leave of me?"
 "Horse?" said she; "horse," said she.

2

"O ye old blind dolt, and blind or might ye be,
 That is but a milkin' cow my mather sent to me,"
 "A milkin' cow?" said he; "a milkin' cow," said she,
 "O long have I travelled and mickle have I seen,
 But saddles on a milkin' cow saw I never nane."

3

O home came our goodman at e'en and home came he,
 And there he saw a coat there where no coat should be,
 "O how came this coat here and how came it to be,
 And how came this coat here without the leave of me,"
 "Coat?" said she; "coat," said he.

4

"O ye old blind dolt, and blind or might ye be,
 That is but a blanket that my mother sent to me,"
 "A blanket?" said she; "a blanket," said she,
 "O long have I travelled and mickle have I seen,
 But buttons on a blanket saw I never nane."

5

O home came our goodman at e'en and home came he,
 And there he saw a man there where no man should be,
 "O how came this man here and how came he to be,
 And how came this man here without the leave of me?"
 "Man?" said she; "man," said he.

6

"O ye old blind dolt, and blind or might ye be,
 It's but my cousin MacIntosh has come to visit me,"
 "MacIntosh?" said she; "MacIntosh," said he,
 "O long have I travelled and mickle have I seen,
 But whiskers on a MacIntosh saw I never nane."

Sung by Dan Livingstone, Halifax, and recorded by Haelen
 Creighton, June/51

Words fairly similar to Traditional Songs From Nova
 Scotia p.91 poor tune.

, similar to Jas. Lewin's, reel 29

Vesper Bells Remotely Ringing.

Reel 61.29-28.No.9

Vesper bells remotely ringing
Mingled with that sweet voice singing,
O it was heaven itself to hear her
Jamie's on the stormy sea.

As I watched my heart o'ercame me,
Forth I sprang-----
"Weep no more, love, I am Jamie
Home returned to love and thee."

(This is a song on the broken ring motif. That is, the lover returns after many years and is so changed that the girl does not recognize him. He tells her that her lover has been drowned and she weeps so pitifully that he tells her who he is. It may be a Gaelic song translated, as the singer when a child got it confused with Fear a' Bhata.)

Sung by Mr. Dan Livingstone, Halifax, and recorded by Helen Creighton, June/51

What I Care

Reel 61.28-26.No.10

What I care for your gold and silver,
What I care for your houses and land,
What I care for your ships on the ocean,
All I want is a nice little man.

(I seem to remember somebody singing this last line as "all I want is a fancy man".)

Sung by Dan Livingstone, Halifax, and recorded by Helen Creighton, June/51

- Sunday morning it being calm
 The wind was blowing off the land,
 The Yankee liner from Cape Ann
 Came in from the Bird Islands.
Came in from the Bird Islands
2. Mary Brown and Sally Kehoe,
 They were always on the go,
 Always looking for a beau
 On board the Yankee liner
 (Whistle last line)

(This is a local Cape Breton song, but all the singer remembers.)

Sung by Dan Livingstone, Halifax, and recorded by Helen Creighton, June/51

Gypsy Davy

Reel 61.25-24.No.12

- Last night I slept in a fine feather bed
 With my arms around my baby,
 To-night I'll sleep on the cold cold ground
 Away with the gypso Davy.

Sung by Dan Livingstone, Halifax, and recorded by Helen Creighton, June/51

See Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia p.71

When Will Ye Gang Awa'?

Reel 6124-23.No.13

- "Go home to your wife and bairnies three,
 Go home to your wife in Germany,
 And I will pray they ne'er may know
 A broken heart like mine laddie."
 "O I've no wife and bairnies three,
 O I've no wife in Germany,

 And thou shalt be my ain lassie."

For full text see Traditional Songs From Nova Scotia,
 p. 217.

It Was Early In the Morning. Reel 61.23-22. No.14

It was early in the morning,
Early at the break of day,
Who was there but Charlie Aken
Walking with his lady gay.

Young Munro and Charlie Aken,
Charlie Aken, young Munro,
Young Munro and Charlie Aken,
Handsome Charlie, young Munro.

Part of a Gaelic song learned from both parents; sung
by Dan Livingstone, Halifax, and recorded by Helen Creighton,
June/51

Away We Go To Miramichi

Reel 61. 18-16.No. 16

Away we go to Miramachi
Where the fire went up the tree,
Here we come back with sugar and tea.

Fragment sung to children to amuse them and learned
by singer from his mother at Boularderie. Sung by Dan
Livingstone, Halifax, and recorded by Helen Creighton,
June/51

The second line must refer to the great Miramichi
fire.

In Scarlet town where I was born
 There was a fair maid dwellin',
 Made all the youths cry well-a-day,
 Her name was Barbery Allen.

2

All in the merry month of May
 When the green buds they were swellin',
 Young Jemmy Groveon his death bed lay
 For the love of Barbery Allen.

3

He sent his man down through the town
 To the place where she was dwellin',
 Now hasten, come to my master dear,
 If your be Barbery Allen.

4

O slowly slowly rose she up
 To the place where he was lyin',
 And when she drew the curtain by
 "Young man I think you're dyin'."

5

"For it's so I'm sick and very very sick,
 And it's all for Barbery Allen,"
 "O better for me that ye never be
 Though your heart's blood were a-spillin'."

6

"O dinna ye mind, young man," said she,
 "When you were in the tavern drinking,
 Ye made the healths go round and round
 And ye slighted Barbery Allen."

7

"O yes I mind, I mind it well
 When I was in the tavern drinking,
 I gave a toast to the ladies round
 And my heart to Barbery Allen."

8

"O slowly slowly rose she up
 And slowly slowly left him,
 And sighing said she could not sty
 Since death of life had reft him."

9

He turned his face unto the wall
 And death was with him dealing,
 "Adieu adieu my kind friends all
 And be kind to Barbery Allen."

10

She had not gone but half a mile
 When she heard the dead bell knellin',
 And every note it seemed to say,
 "Hard hearted Barbery Allen."

11

"O mother, mother, make my bed,
 O make it soft and narrow,
 My love died for me to-day,
 I'll die for him to-morrow."

12

"Farewell farewell ye virgins all
 And shun the fault I fell in,
 Henceforth take warning by the fall
 Of cruel Barbery Allen."

Of cruel Barbery Allen.

Sung by Dan Livingstone, Halifax; recorded
 by Helen Creighton/June/51

Whisky is the life of man,
 Whisky Johnny
 Whisky is the life of man,
 Whisky for my Johnny.

2

O it's whisky here and whisky there,
 Whisky Johnny,
 And it's whisky makes my clothes to wear,
 Whisky for my Johnny.

3

O it's whisky makes me wear old clothes,
 Whisky Johnny,
 O it's whisky gave me this red nose,
 Whisky for my Johnny.

Whisky killed my brother Hugh
 Whisky Johnny,
 Good long pull and strong one too,
 Whisky for my Johnny.

5

Whisky killed my brother ~~xxx~~ Tom,
 Whisky Johnny,
 I'll drink whisky all day long,
 Whisky for my Johnny.

6

O it's you here and me there,
 Whisky Johnny,
 Whisky makes my clothes to wear,
 Whisky for my Johnny.

(The singer doesn't know how much of this is
 traditional from Cape Breton, or how much he has picked
 up on his travels).

Sung by Dan Livingstone, Halifax, and recorded by
 Helen Creighton, June/51

Hector Hector.

Reel 61.12-10.No.18

Hector Hector came down from Pictou,
 Married Christie for the farm,
 He had no money, he was a drunkard
 With a whisky blossom upon his nose.

Song from Boularderie Centre, sung by Dan Livingstone,
 Halifax, and recorded by Helen Creighton, June/51

All the singer knows of a song that goes on and on.

A little light on the waterfront
Soon disappeared from view,
We sailed away from Sydney Bay
On the steamship Cariboo.

2

For many years that gallant ship
With Syd Todlerin command
Had sailed from our Cape Breton shores
For the west coast Newfoundland.

3

O Sammy Todler the captain's son
Was first mate on that ship,
He sailed away from Sydney bay
That last disastrous trip.

4

As we strolled out on deck my friend,
Walked out on the starboard side,
We chatted as we strolled along
To where the boats were tied.

5

Uneasy warnings filled my mind,
I said to my comrade Hugh,
"I think to-night that a submarine
Will attack the Cariboo."

6

"If we are struck to-night," he said,
"Dear Lord what shall we do
To save the women and children on
The steamship Cariboo?"

7

"O I have worked where danger lurked
Down in a coal mine deep,
But still at night in troubled mind
Disturbed me in my sleep.

8

Was on the west coast Newfoundland
Where the Cariboo was hit,
O everything on the starboard side
Was shattered into bits.

(I believe this event happened in the second world war. Spelling of the captain's name should be checked. The singer does not remember the rest of the song)

Sung by Dan Livingstone, Halifax, and recorded by Helen Creighton, June/51