

Stormy Weather, Dan Livingstone.

Hedley, see chesty.

Story of grandfather in Cape Breton
building schooners, food story.

Story of pedlar being murdered; stick
of wood chopped up always replaced in
morning

Treasure hunting & retribution for
not sharing secret

Story of revival meeting

Nicknames, Fourteen - Capt. Dry Land (he
would never go on water) Rhoddy

The Rat; Lion; Big Pay (Bouvarderie
area)

Ples. Gustavus Anderson

Wild Colonial Boy

Will You Marry Me. Midding Frolic Song.
Talk on midding

On the Banks of the Clyde

Will You No Come Back Again
Cherlie Is My Darling (whistled)

Cowboy's Lament

Frog He Would A. Vooing Go

Will You Merry Me, Mrs. Livingston

Thir a photo, Mrs. Livingstone

Young Stias' e Broochain, McLean

Song about character in Big Bros D'Or
McLean

Gout Store

~~Red Songs~~

Reel 62

- 70-68. Windy Weather. Sung by Dan Livingstone, Halifax.
 See reel 61.
- 68-64. Story of the Caradoc. Told by Dan Livingstone,
 Halifax. Ship building in Cape
 Breton, and adventure at sea.
- 64-40. Wood Used in Murder Will Not Burn. Story told
 by Dan Livingstone, Halifax.
- 50-48. Treasure Hunter Disobeyed Instructions. Story
 told by Dan Livingstone, Halifax.
- 48-44. Skinning His Enemy. Story told by Dan Livingston,
 Halifax.
- 44-40. Cape Breton Nicknames. Told by Dan Livingstone,
 Halifax.
- 40-33. Charles Gustavus Anderson. Sung by Dan Living-
 stone, Halifax. 3 vs. only
- 33-32. Wild Colonial Boy. Sung by Dan Livingstone,
 Halifax. 2 vs. only
- 32-30. Milling Frolic. Song. Sung by Dan Livingstone,
 Halifax. See no. 14.
- 30-29. On the Banks of the Clyde. Sung by Dan Living-
 stone, Halifax. 1 vs. only
- 29-28. Will Ye No Come Back Again? Sung by Dan Living-
 stone, Halifax. 1 vs. only
- 28-26. Cowboy's Lament. Sung by Dan Livingstone,
 Halifax. 2 vs. only
- 26-24. A Frog He Would. Sung by Dan Livingstone, Halifax.
 5 vs.
- 24-22. Milling Frolic Song. Sung by Mrs. D.A. Livingstone,
 Halifax.
- 22-20. Fhir a'Bhata. Gaelic. Sung by Mrs. D.A. Living-
 stone, Halifax.
- 20-13. Sunny Slios a'bhronechain. Sung by Dan Living-
 stone, Halifax. Local verses,
 traditional chorus.
- 13-12. The Maggie Neal. Sung by Mr. Hugh McLean,
 Dartmouth. Local, Cape Breton.
- 12-11. The Government Store. Sung by Mr. Hugh McLean,
 Dartmouth. Local.
- 11-10. On the Shores of Boularderie. Sung by Mr. Hugh
 McLean, Dartmouth. Local Cape Breton.
- 10-8. Solidarity Forever. Sung by Dan Livingstone,
 Halifax. C.I.O. song
- 8-6. The Blood Revolution. Sung by Dan Livingstone,
 Halifax.
- 6-4. Co-operative Commonwealth Youth Movement Song.
 Sung by Dan Livingstone, Halifax.
- 4-2. The Red Flag. Sung by Dan Livingstone, Halifax.
 Learned while a student at Toronto
 University, these last four songs.

Windy Weather

Reel 62.70-68.No.1

For text see reel 61,40-33, No.6 by same singer. It is better sung on reel 61.

This is a story about my grandfather's father. The old people in Cape Breton thought nothing of doing a lot of work for some distant goal, and they'd spend their lives on it practically. My grandfather's name was William Livingstone, and his father's name was Alexander Livingstone.

So one time he built a full rigged vessel. It wasn't just a schooner, it was a full rigged vessel, and he built it under the greatest difficulty because he had almost no tools at all; practically nothing but a whip-saw and a broad ax and he had to cut him timber out of the woods and season it and make it into boards and then to timbers and build the vessel out of that. So it took him five years with all the help that my grandfather who was a boy then could give him, and the help he could get from the neighbors all round and he put himself completely into debt to build this vessel. He called it the Caradoc when it was finished. Caradoc is one of the ancient Celtic saints in Scotland. He wasn't a master himself - he didn't have master's papers - so he had to hire someone else to sail her. He had my grandfather went aboard of this ship and went over to Liverpool with the other man in command, and on the way over my great grandfather quarrelled with the skipper of the vessel, and the skipper of the vessel being in command clapped him into irons as was his perfect right. But when he got to Liverpool he put my great grandfather and my grandfather on shore in a police station and sailed off with the vessel and nobody ever saw them since. They were bound for Newfoundland, and whether the vessel was wrecked or they took to piracy or what, nobody knows.

After they got out of jail at Liverpool, they worked their passage home in a vessel to Cape Breton, and they set about trying to pay the debt the poor old fellow had incurred in all the five years of building the Caradoc. He made a number of schooners, four or five in all, and after building the last of the schooners and just barely getting himself out of debt, the poor old man up and died.

My grandfather should have taken a lesson from this but he didn't. He sailed most of his life, but the time he spent home he spent clearing the land on the farm at Bras D'Or. It was just a poor run down old Boularderie farm and wouldn't raise sheep hardly, but he figured it was a pretty good piece of land. He'd put his surplus effort all his life to clearing stones out of the land and building stone fences out of them. The stone fences still run up and down two sides of the farm at Bras D'Or, but the land's all going back into spruce trees. It never was fit for pasture anyhow.

But I guess my father learned from two generations, and gave up farming and went to work in the city.

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

Wood Used in Murder Will Not Burn.

One time there was a pedlar going across Kelly's Mountain years ago. At that time people got most of their goods from pedlars instead of from stores. These pedlars would carry their packs around the countryside, and they'd stop for the night with the people they found themselves with at the end of the day. These people would give the pedlar a bed and his supper and he would leave a few trinkets in repayment when he left in the morning.

So one night a pedlar came to this house on Kelly's Mountain. I don't remember the people's name. It has probably been consciously and deliberately dropped to prevent libel suits. But anyhow he stopped at this house on Kelly's Mountain. He never left in the morning. The people were very curious to know what had become of him, and rumour went around that the pedlar had been murdered for his pack. It seems very likely because there was a stick of wood lying beside the door in that house, and every night they'd chop up that piece of wood and put it in the fire, and every morning the stick of wood would be standing by the door the same as it was before it was chopped up. So the people figured that was the stick of wood the pedlar had been murdered with and that is the reason it had come back like that.

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

Treasurer Hunter Disobeyed Instructions. Reel 62/50-40.No.4

There was another old fellow. John was his first name and I think his last name was MacLean, and he dreamt one night that there was a treasure on Hink's Island across the lake from Boularderie Centre. It was on one of the little islands over towards Slios a Brochan. He dreamt that under a certain tree there was a pot of gold, and in the dream he was given instructions to take two other Johns with him at the proper time, midnight, probably in the dark of the moon, and dig under this tree - a tree that he knew perfectly well from previous experience - and he'd find a pot of gold under it. Old John was an awfully greedy old son-of-a-gun as a lot of the old fellows were down there, so he figured he wouldn't take the other Johns with him but he'd go himself and get the treasure. So he got over to the tree at the proper time and he started digging and he dug down a piece and finally his shovel hit something that resounded with a dull thud or a clank and it was a box of some kind, so he pried up the lid of the box with a shovel or something of that kind. Just as he got the box opened something jumped out and hit him on the face and knocked him over backwards and he dragged himself to the shore where his boat was, and dragged himself home, but he never rose from his bed afterwards. He died a few weeks later and people figured this was a just retribution for not having brought the other Johns with him to get the treasure. He thought it was a small animal that hit him. He told the story after he got home in a state of collapse.

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

Stories of Cape Breton
Skinning His Enemy

Nicknames from Boularderie or nearby.

Reel 62.48-40, No. 5

A man in Cape Breton was at a revival meeting and he got up and he was confessing his sins and he was talking about how he was setting his trap for what sounded like enemy, but what he was saying was animal. So he told how he had bought his trap and made his plans and set his trap to snare his enemy, as the people thought, and finally he caught it and he sold the animal to somebody in North Sydney for five dollars. At this point the people in church who thought it was an enemy he was talking about nearly had a fit and burst into an awful uproar about him skinning his enemy.

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

Cape Breton Nicknames

Reel 62.44-40

Fourteen

There was a fellow in Cape Breton called Fourteen. The reason he got the nickname Fourteen was that there was a bill of lading one time, something that was due him, for \$1.40 and he changed the decimal point and added another zero at the end making it fourteen instead of one forty, so they called him fourteen for years after that. The name has gone down for several generations. His son was nicknamed Fourteen's son.

Capt. Dry Land

There was another fellow named Captain Dry Land. He was one of the few people down there who was completely afraid of the water. He wouldn't even go out in a motor boat.

Roddy the Rat

Roddy the Rat was a poor type, and behaved rather in the way that rats are supposed to behave generally.

Lion

Lion had an L on his forehead when he was born, a birthmark. His mother thought he was called by the Lord, but somebody standing by said, "No, that's Lion," and he was called Lion forever afterwards and his children after him.

Big Pay had been boasting about his pay, which gave him his nickname.

Klondike had never been to the Klondike but was going to go sometime.

They may have the same name in one family, like John Campbell and John Alex Campbell. They are often told apart from the place they come from. Jimmy comes from

Dalem and is known as Jimmy Dalem.

Charles Gustavus Anderson's my right and proper name,
 Since I came in custody I ne'er denied the same,
 I came of goodly parents, to them I leave no blame,
 My father was a carpenter, I might have been the same.

2

We were bound to Valparaiso on a slaving voyage to go,
 To the burning plains of Africa where the sugar cane does grow,
 We had a very prosperous voyage without the least delay,
 Till Fielding came aboard that ship, oh curse that fatal day.

3

Sung by Dan Livingstone, Halifax, who learned it
 from his mother, but 3 verses were all she knew. Dan
 has forgotten the third. Recorded by Helen Creighton,
 June/51.

The Wild Colonial Boy.

Reel 62.33-32.No. 8

He robbed the rich to help the poor,
 Their farms he did destroy,
 A terror to Columbia was
 The wild colonial boy.

2

He could draw his two guns quick as could
 The wild colonial boy.

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

Milling Frolic Song

Reel 62.32-30.No. 9

Will you marry me my highland bonny lassie, 24-22.No. 14
 Will you marry me my dandy?
 Answer me my highland bonny lassie,
 Scatta bonnie heena eena ha waw.

Sung by Dan Livingstone, Halifax, formerly of
 Boularderie, Cape Breton, who says many people make a mistake
 in calling all milling songs waulking songs. This, he thinks
 is a waulking song. There are two motions to milling. You
 pound the cloth up and down and you pass it round the
 table. He thinks there is a verse for milling - pounding up
 and down - and a verse for waulking - passing it around
 the table. This particular piece is the ~~XXXXXX~~ chorus
 used in waulking. Recorded by Helen Creighton, June/51

Dan thinks that unless they mill their cloth
 differently in Cape Breton, that all "ebriean" songs should not
 be called waulking songs as is now the case. Sung 24-22 by

Mrs. Livingstone, Dan's mother.

On the Banks of the Clyde. Reel 62.30-29. No.10

On the banks of the Clyde stood a lad and lassie,
The lad's name was Jamie, the lassie's was Jean,
She threw her arms round him and cried, "Do not leave me,"
For Jamie was going to fight for his queen.

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

Will Ye No Come Back Again? Reel 62.29-28.No.11

Will ye no come back again,
Will ye no come back again?
Greater lovethere na'er can be,
Will ye no come back again.

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

Cowboy's Lament Reel 62.28-26.No.12

Once in the saddle I used to go dashing,
Once in the saddle I used to go gay,
I first took to drinking and then to card playing,
It's shot in the breast and I'm dying to-day.
Play your fife lowly boys, beat your drums slowly boys,
Chant your death march as you carry me on,
Take me to the prairie and throw the sod o'er me
For I'm a wild cowboy and I know I've done wrong.

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

A Frog He Would

Reel 62.26-24.No.13

A frog he would a wooing go
Heigh ho, heigh ho,
A frog he would a wooing go
Whether his mother would let him or now
With a roly poly gammon and spinach
Heigh ho says Anthony Roly.

2

Missstress Mousie areyou within?

3

When Uncle Rat came riding home
Says he who's been here since I've been gone?

4

A fine young gentleman has been here
Who wants to marry me it is clear.

5

As they were going across the brook
A lily white duck came and gobbled them up.

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

Milling Frolic Song.

Reel 62.24-22.No.14

Will you marry me my highland bonnie lassie,
Will you marry me my dandy?
Answer me my ~~hannix~~ highland bonnie lassie,
'Is fada bha mi fhein ann a ghealbh ort'.

Sung by Mrs. D.A. Livingstone, Halifax, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, June 1951.

This is a truer Gaelic chorus than No.9. Translated
it means:

Long since I was betrothed to you.

Sunny Slios a'bhronachain. Reel 62.20-13.No.16.

Combined with song as sung by Dan Livingstone.
See reel 61. No.5.

My lover promised to buy his lady
A silken gown and a tartan plaidie,
A ring of gold that would show a semblance
But I fear for his remembrance.

Cho.

Fhir a'bhata na horo eile,
Fhir a'bhata na horo eile,
Fhir a'bhata na horo eile,
Mo shoraidh slan leat 's gach ait'an teid thu.

2

Of passing boatmen I'd fain discover
If they could tell me aught of my lover,
They only cheer me, I'm always chided,
But oh my heart has been sore misguided. Cho.

3

My heart is weary with ceaseless wailing
Like wounded swan when her strength is failing,
My notes of anguish the lake awakening,
By all her comrades she is forsaken. Cho.

(Last chorus has final line in English:
May joy await thee whereat thou sailest.)

Sung by Mrs. D.A. Livingstone, Halifax, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1951

Translation of chorus:

O my boatman, s na horo eile,
O my boatman, s na horo eile,
O my boatman, s na horo eile,
My sad farewell whereere thou sailest.

There is Klondic at the wheel
Of the good ship Maggie Neal,
He's got herpatched with tar and slabs,
Setting lobster traps for crabs.

2

Oh my, oh my, my back is sore,
I' ain't going fishing any more,
I'm going to beach this darned old tub
And go back and live in the old stone jug.

This is about a cracter^{he} no longer living, at Big
Bras D'Or who had an old row boat well patched up. He
or somebody else called it the Maggie Neal. Local
songs like this were often made up. The singer
could not recall any more verses.

Sung by Mr. Hugh MacLean, Dartmouth, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, June/51

The Government Store. Reel 62.13-12.No.18.

Come all you bold miners of New Aberdeen
Who boozers are now and who boozers have been,
I'll make your hearts glad though they're now saddened sore,
When I sing you this song of the government store.

2

If you remember not very long ago
To the town of Glade Bay boys you all had to go,
Though the snow it fell thick and the rain it did pour,
To purchase your booze at the government store.

3

Now near the hub corner at New Aberdeen
A nice little building erected has been
Where all kinds of drinks you can buy in galore,
They call it ^{the} New Aberdeen's government store.

Success to your beer, y our whisky so fine,
Your rum and your gin and also your wine,
Drink as much as would fill the great lakes of Bras D'Or,
Singing hip hip hooray for the government store.

Sung by Mr. Hugh MacLean, Dartmouth, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, June/51

There are a number of songs with this title, all
of local origin. A government store as a place to buy
liquor is quite recent, so this must be a parody on the
older songs.

A little further up the line
Lives Neil McKinnon a friend of mine,
He cuts hardwood, spruce, and pine
Along the shores of Boularderie.

Cho.

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

2

Up along the southern shore
Stands the kids big grocery store,
He supplies the rich and poor
Along the shores of Boularderie. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Hugh McLean, Dartmouth, and recorded by
Helen Creighton, June 1951.

Compare Sunny Slics a'bhronachain. 20-13. This oldworld
chorus is very popular with local words for verses.

Solidarity Forever

Reel 62. 10-8. No. ²⁰18

They have taken untold millions that they never toiled to earn,
Without our sweat and labour not a single wheel can turn.
We can break their power forever, gain our freedom when we learn
It's the Union makes us strong.

Cho.

Solidarity forever,
Solidarity forever
Solidarity forever,
It's the Union makes us strong.

C.I.O. song sung by Dan Livingstone who learned it from
a youth group in Toronto; recorded by Helen Creighton,
June/51

The Blood Revolution

Reel 63.8-6. No. ²¹19

If it's a socialist you would beguile
Just sing him the praises of ?
The Marxian dialectics is a class struggle too,
Sure the blood revolution was fought just for you.

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

Co-operative Commonwealth Youth Movement Song. Reel 62/6-4/Np. ²²20

In the gloom of mighty cities
Neath the roar of burning wheels
We are toiling on like chattel slaves of old,
Though our masters try to keep us
Ever crushed beneath their heels
And they turn our very life blood into gold.

2
But we have a glowing dream
Of how fair this life would seem,
Each man can live his life secure and free,
When the world is ruled by labour
And there's peace and joy for all
In the commonwealth of joy that is to be.

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

The workers' flag is deepest red,
It's shrouded off our martyrs' dead,
But e'er their limbs grew stiff and cold
Their heart's blood dyed its every fold.

Cho.

So loose t e scarlet banner high,
Beneath its folds we'll live and die,
Though cowards cringe and traitors sneer
We'll keep the red flag flying here.

2

Look round, the Frenchman loves its fold,
The sturdy Briton sings its praise,
In Moscow streets its hymns are sung,
Chicago swells the searching throng. Cho.

Sung by Dan Livingstone, Halifax, and recorded by
Helen Creighton, June/51. Learned when a student in
Toronto.