

Reep 98A

- 1-7. Bold Jack Donahue. Sung by Sandy Stoddard, Lower Ship Harbour. L.C. recording 10A better sung.
- 7-10. Jamie Raeburn. Sung by Sandy Stoddard, Lower Ship Harbour. Fair
- 10-12. Tall Tale. Moose Yarn (Cherry Stones) Told by Sandy Stoddard, guide, Lower Ship Harbour. Good
- 12-17. Erin's Green Shore. Sung by Sandy Stoddard, Lower Ship Harbour. Fair.
- 17-21. Johnston and Gibson. Sung by Sandy Stoddard, Lower Ship Harbour, Good variant but not very well sung.
- 21-24. Indian Song. Sung by Sandy Stoddard, Lower Ship Harbour. Good local song. Compare Walter Roast's L.C. recording 7221.
- 24-end. Moose call and Talk. Told by Sandy Stoddard, guide, Lower Ship Harbour. Good.

O come all you bold bushrangers
And outlaws of this day,
You want to live by slavery
And under a bondage chain,
In Dublin city of high renown
Where my first breath I drew,
Wherethe deeds of one entitled me
Was bold Jack Donahue.

2

Donahue he was a gentleman's son,
In this counteree well was known,
In early youth he took the road
That caused his over throw,
In early youth he took the road
With his partner Bonzalee,
Where they robbed the rich, gave to the poor
Which caused his destiny.

3

He was taken by four constables
Who did on him assuade
To take him down to old Sydney town,
To lock him in the jail,
Before they got to old Sydney town
He put them in a stew,
And before they got to old Sydney jail
They lost their bold Donahue.

4

As Donahue and his comorade
Walked out one afternoon,
But little did he think that he
Was going to die so soon,
The horse police came over the plain
And quickly hove in view,
And so boldly did they advance
To take the bold Donahue.

5

"Now," said Donahue to Bonzalee,
"If you'll but stand by me,
To-day I'll fight with all my might
To gain my liberty,
Be stout, be brave, be of good cheer,
Be active and manly too,
For to-day I'll fight with all my might,"
Cried bold Jack Donahue.

6

"Now," said Bonzalee to Donahue,
"You're raving in your mind,
Or do you mean to stand this fight,
Or what are you inclined?"

"Go then," said hem "you cowardly dog,
There's no more you can do,
There is ten to one, come on, fire on, "
Cried bold Jack Donahue.

7

The surgeon and the corporal
They did their men divide,
Some fired upon his back my boys
And others on his side,
The surgeon and the corporal
They fired on him too
Until the ball it entered the breast
Of bold Jack Donahue.

8

Such the likes of Donahue
In this counteree never was known,
For the fighting of the horse police
And that brave manfully,
For he boldly killed nine of them
Before that fatal ball,
Had entered the breast of Donahue
That caused him for to fall.

9

May the Lord have mercy on his soul
And to our heavenly king,
And the Saviour who has died for us
Redeem his soul from sin.

Sung by Mr. Sandy Stoddard, Lower Ship Harbour, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1952

Me name is Jamie Raeburn
 In Glasgow I was born,
 The place of my habitation
 I was forced to gang awa',
 Far from the bonny hills and dales
 Of Caledonia.

2

It was early one morning
 Just at the break of day
 I overheard our turnkey
 Who unto us did say,
 "Ariseye helpless convicts,
 Arise ye one and all,
 This is the day you gang awa'
 From Caledonia."

3

We all arose, put on our clothes,
 Each heart was filled with grief,
 Our friends was standing round the cab
 Could give us no relief,
 Our friends was standing round the coach
 Their hearts were filled with woe,
 To see us leave those hills and dales
 Of Caledonia.

4

Farewell unto my mother,
 I'm sorry for what I done,
 I hope none will accast to her
 The race that I have run,
 I hope she'll be provided for
 When I have gone awa'
 Far from the bonny hills and dales
 Of Caledonia.

5

Farewell unto my father,
 He was one of the best of men,
 Likewise to my old sweetheart,
 Fair Elinor was her name,
 No more we'll walk the banks of the Clyde
 Nor roam the broom o' Law,
 For I must leave those hills and dales
 Of Caledonia.

6

And if we e'er should meet again
 I hope will be above
 Where hallelujahs will be sung
 To Him who rules with love,
 No earthly judge to judge us
 But Him who rules with love
 So fare you well you bonny hills,
 Sweet Caledonia.

Recorded by Helen
 Creighton, July 1952.

Sung by Mr. Sandy Stoddard, L.R. Ship Harbour.

Tall Tale

Moose Yarn(Cherry Stones)

Reel 98A10-12.No.3

I wasto the creek to a dance last Saturday night and I run across a chap, John McKay. He was telling this wonderful story about shooting three deer. He said,

"I done something that you never done."

"Oh well, I done something John that you never done," He told me that what he done, he shot two deer and there was another one crawled up the cliff trying to get clear and he stumbled, so he jumped on his back and he took his jackknife out and cut his throat and then he had the three.

"No, I don't deal with deer much John. I hunt a little but not with deer. But a moose!

"I went back on a moose hunting trip and when I got back on the trip I had a muzzle loading gun and I'd forgot the buckshot. But I run across a bunch of cherry trees. I filled me pockets with cherry seeds and I fell in with a big buck moose and I fired. Down he went, but he got up and run. I fired ~~ag~~ and he went down but he got up and run again. The next time he got clear and I didn't find him.

"But next fall Hunting time came and I travelled over the same ground and I fell across what I supposed to be this same moose with ~~seven~~ cherry trees growing up from him loaded with cherries. I had a chance then to load my pockets with cherries. "

Told by Sandy Stoddard, Lower Ship Harbour, and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1952.

One evening of late as I rambled
On the banks of a clear crystal stream,
I sat down on a bank of primroses
And so quickly fell into a dream,
I dreamed that I saw a fair damsel,
And her equals I ne'er saw before,
As she mourned for the wrongs of her country
And the freedom of Erin's green shore.

2

She was dressed in the richest apparel
And so green was the mantle she wore,
Bound around with the rose and the shamrock
That bloometh on Erin's green shore.

3

So boldly I stepped up to her,
But permission I asked her her name,
Her place of abode or of residence,
From where or from whence had she came.
"I'm the daughter of Daniel O'Connell
And from Ireland I've lately come o'er,
I came over to awaken my brethren
Who lie sleeping on Erin's green shore."

4

With transporting joys I awakened
And found it was only a dream,
This beautiful maiden had vanished
And I longed to be slumbering again,
May the great God above be her guardian,
For her equals I ne'er saw before,
As she mourned for the wrongs of her country
And the freedom of Erin's green shore.

Sung by Mr. Sandy Stoddard, Lower Ship Harbour,
and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1952.

As Johnston and Gibson went out to take a drive
They had 500 guineas to spend and sport their way,
As they were a-driving along the road as fast as they could drive
"Stop stop your horse," cried Johnston, "I heard a womancry."

2

O Gibson he being not so bold and not inclined was he,
Says, "Would be better for us to be driving along the road
For robbed we shall be."

3

Now Johnston he being ~~xxxxxxx~~ a valiant man,
A man of courage bold,
He tied his horse up to a sty
And he searched the woods all round.

4

He tied his horse up to a sty
And he searched thrwoods all round,
Until at length he found a woman
Lying bleeding on the ground.

5

"What brought you here?" cried Johnston,
"What brought you here fast bound?
How come you here?" cried Johnston
"With your hair pinned to the ground?"

6

"It's of threeyoung swaggering blades
On yonder hill do dwell,
They robbed me of all I had
And they left me here fast bound.

7

They robbed me of all I had,
And they left me here fast bound,
They robbed me of all I had
With my hair pinned to the ground.

8

Now Johnston he being a valiant man,
A man of courage bold,
He took the greatcoat from his back
To shield her from the cold.

9

As they were a-driving along the road
As fast asthey could ride,
She put her fingers to her ears
And she gave three bitter cries.
And out stepped three young swaggering blades
With swords all in their hands,
Came running up to Johnston
And they bid him for to stand.

11

"I will stop, I will stand," cried Johnston,
"I will stop, I will stand," cried he,
For never was I in all my life
Afraid of any three."

12

Johnston he got down from his horse
And he fought a merry round,
Until he had two of these men
Lie bleeding on the ground.

13

Now Johnston has killed two of these men
And the other he does not mind,
But it was the cruel woman
Who stabbed him from behind.

14

"I must fall, I must fall," cried Johnston,
"I must fall unto the ground,
For it was the cruel woman
Who gave me my death wound."

15

"Her blood shall flow in a stream of gore
For the murders she has done,
She killed as fine a sailor lad
As ever the sun shone on.

Sung by Mr. Sandy Stoddard, Lower Ship Harbour,
and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1952.

Come all you people far and near,
A lamentation you shall hear
Concerning of a lady gay
Who with an Indian ran away.

2

Her people being of high renown
Her brother rode to Indian town
And into a house he did call in
To rest himself a while within.

3

As they were driving o'er the plain
Her brother came riding up to them,
Saying, "Villain, villain, what have you done?
You have away with my sister run."

4

He beat this Indian cruelly
Which caused the lady to faint away,
Saying, "Brother, brother do me kill
For I will love my Indian still."

5

The Indian he to prison was sent,
The lady home with her brother went,
And now this couple are far apart
But still the Indian holds her heart.

Sung by Mr. Sandy Stoddard, Lower Ship Harbour,
and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1952.

Mr. Stoddard says this incident happened in
Nova Scotia in the district of Moose River, Halifax
County. The Indian town was probably Shubenacadie.
A fuller version sung by Arthur Walter Roast, East
Chezzetcook, suggests that the lady was given a love
potion. Library of Congress recording 7221.

Mr. Stoddard says he has seen the Indian.

Even now when I go in the woods I try to call up a moose. I'm in my 86th year, but me voice is getting husky.

(Demonstrates moose call.)

Call and stop four or five minutes if you don't hear anything. If you get an answer, go according to how he's coming.

(Demonstrates answer of buck.)

You sometimes think it is someone chopping a tree. There is a different sound from an old buck.

(Demonstrates old buck) He has a little finer voice.

(Demonstrates young buck). The young ones seldom answer. They're timid and creep up.

My old dad was a good caller. He learned from an Indian, Francis Paul. One time two bucks met him on the side of the hill. Hector was with them and he got so nervous his gun was on the side of the tree and it was shaking.

The quickest answer for a moose to come up would be half an hour. The answer might come right away.

(Demonstrates).

One time one came in three minutes. He must have been laying right there and I had a bark call and he came on the third call. We jumped and he went right through us. He got our scent then. We always use birch bark for calling.

Told by Sandy Stoddard, guide Lower Ship Harbour, and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1952.

(over, more complete)