

Reel 122B

- 1-2 All Around My Hat, sung by Mr. Ned McKay, Little Harbour;
1 vs. he sings all round my waist; this is
my 6th variant.
- 2-6 Mantle of Green, sung by Mr. Ned McKay; 3 vs. reel 58 &
SBNS p.171 fuller and better.
- 6-8 Squire McCallian, sung by Mr. McKay; 5 vs. local murder
song
- 8-9 Conversation with Mr. Ned McKay
- 9-15 Forerunners, told by Mr. Wallace Russell, Clam Harbour;
personal experiences; good for beliefs
and speech.
- 15-18 Talk by Skipper Paul Myra, Lunenburg on chanty singing.
- 18-20 Blow the Man Down, sung by Skipper Paul Myra; 4 vs.
not too well sung; in last vs. sings blow
that castle down; conversation follows.
- 20-23 Rio Grande, sung by Skipper Paul Myra; poorly sung; in
last vs. sings Homer's fish, referring to
Homer Zwicker, prominent fish merchant.
- 23-25 When the Ice Worm Nests Again, sung by Skipper Paul
Myra, learned in north; 2 vs. poorly sung,
followed by more conversation
- 25-27 Sally Around the Corner O, sung by Skipper Paul Myra;
4 vs. seems to be mixture of chanties; see
L.C. record ~~433~~ 42B3 for better tune
- 27-28 The Mary McDougall, sung by Skipper Paul Myra; 2 vs. &
cho.; same song as Brigantine Sinorca SBNS
p.228 & Brigantine Sirroco L.C.108A2
- 28-end Whiskey for my Johnny, sung by Skipper Paul Myra, but
better sung on reel 132A

All around my waist I shall wear a green willow,
It's all around my waist a green willow I shall wear,
Of anyone should ask me why I wear a green willow
I'll tell that my Jimmy is far far away.

x&xx

Sung by Mr. Ned MacKay, Little Harbour, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1954.

The song is usually All Round My Hat. ^{although Mr.} Sandy Stoddard
says heart and Mr. MacKay waist.

One evening of late as I rambled
By the banks of the clear furling stream
I sat down by a bed of prime roses
And by chance there I fell in a dream,
I dreamt I beheld this most fair one
And her equals I ne'er saw before,
She was decked with the rose and the shamrock
As she strayed along Erin's green shore.

I humbly addressed this fair one,
"Now jewel come tell me your name,
For I know in the country you're a stranger
Nor you would not have asked me the same."
"I know you're a true son of ~~son~~ of Garry(?)
My fortune to you I'll unfold,
I'm here in the midst of all dangers,
Now I don't know my friends from my foes.

"I'm the daughter of Daniel O'Collin,
From Ireland I've lately come o'er,
I came over to waking my brothers
That slumbered on Erin's green shore."
Her eyes was like two sparkling diamonds
And green was the mantle she wore,
Bound round with the rose and the shamrock
As she strayed along Erin's green shore.

Sung by Mr. Ned McKay, Little Harbour and recorded
by Helen Creighton, June 1954

Dark was the night, cold blew the blast,
 The first come down was rain,
 When Betsy left her mother's home
 She feared not wet nor cold,
 This maid being young and afraid to roam,
 It was love that made her bold.

2

Her mother rose put on her clothes,
 She cries of actions wild,
 And six long weary days she spent
 Trying to find her child,
 And six long weary days she spent
 Searching the green woods through,
 And as her journey were pursued
 Her Betsy could not be found.

3

Two gentlemen being standing by
 They called for pick and spade,
 They dug the ground and there were found
 This missing murdered maid,
 And on her breast this knife was found
 To his sad grief and shame,
 And on the handle carved in full
 Was Squire McCallian's name.

4

"I've done the deed," McCallian cries,
 "My soul hangs forth for hell,
 Come hide those cold corpse from my eyes
 And the truth to you I'll tell,
 It's ever since I've done the deed
 'Tis plain before my eyes,
 I think I can see her bleeding wounds
 And hear her dying cries."

5

He drew a pistol from his belt
 And fired in his brain,
 And where he fell they buried him,
 No Christian grave had he,
 No clergyman found to bless the ground
 Beneath the old oak tree.

Sung by Mr. Ned McKay, Little Harbour and recorded by
 Helen Creighton, June 1954

Mr. McKay doesn't know where this murder happened, but he
 is sure it was in Nova Scotia. He learned it from his father,
 and often heard the "old fellahs" talking about it.

Conversation with Mr. Ned McKay

Question: You saw the sun, moon, and stars in the sky at the same time? Where?

Answer: Right here, at Little Harbour, round about nine o'clock in the morning. Matt McKay and Joe McKay was another man that seen 'em.

Question: How long ago was that?

Answer: About 25 years ago since him and I seen 'em. Here was the big star right alongside of the moon. Couldn't see the moon without lookin' at the big star, it was showin' so plain.

Forerunners told by Mr. Wallace ~~Russell~~ Russell 19-15

Question: Did you ever have a forerunner? Is that what you call them?

Answer: Yes, that's what we call them. Well in February 1954, and this noise woke us up in the middle of the night about 2 o'clock. It sounded like a man shovelling coal or gravel down between the ceiling. It continued on for about five minutes and I got out of bed and went to another room. It kept right on. I come back again and finally it died out. Mr. Edward McKay and Mrs. Edward McKay and my own wife heard it, and it stopped, and about 10 seconds afterwards I heard a man make a step on the ceiling above, and we never heard it no more. And it occurred the same time at Mr. Roy Russell's. His son was home, Burris Russell, and he heard it at his house, the same sound, and it woke him up, and he said, "Would a deer make it, scrubbling on the electric light pole, and we tried it and it didn't make no sound at all. No sound at all, hittin' the pole, or rubbin' on to the stock. And Mr. Faulkner, he was an old friend of mine and I hadn't saw him for a couple of years, he died the next mornin' after breakfast, in Jeddore. Mr. Harvey Faulkner. He used to be down here a lot, you know amongst us. His father was a captain on a vessel. He used to bring freight here, before the roads were opened. He was Captain Freeman Faulkner.

Question: So you think that was a forerunner of his death?

Answer: It was something. I always hear them.

Question: You've heard others, have you?

Answer: Yes. Yes, I heard one this spring. I had left here and was going home on a Friday, no Saturday, and I was landed up here to Richardson's old place, to fields up here, and I'd walked about half way through them, and I was walkin' along not payin' any attention to anybody and somebody died right alongside of me. The breath all rushed out of them and they died there like a person that died with heart trouble. I turned around and looked. It was right down - it sounded right there. I turned around and didn't see nothin'. I walked back three or four steps, didn't see anythong. I went up home. I said, "Somebody we know's goin' to die." "Why?" "Somebody's died alongside of me, comin' up, down at Richardsons." "You're always hearin' things." "Well, I heard that and you remember now." In three or four days we heard that Edith Anderson, a friend of ours, she died out in Detroit.

Question: Did you check on the time?

Answer: Yes, she died on Sunday, the day after I heard the sound. Yes, she died of hart trouble, flop, like that. She was miserable and they took her to the hospital and she went rightout, right quick after she was there a short time.

Question: Are you a 7th son?

Answer: No.

Question: You weren't born with a caul?

Answer: No. No, I wasn't, but I hear, not everyone, but a good many. If that person has been to see me shortly before that and he lives any distance away, I won't hear him, but if I haven't saw him for 4 or 5 months he's very apt to come. Now Spencer Holmans he died, and he was down to visit us about 3 weeks before that and I never heard him at all. Did we Ned? You were there. There wasn't a sound.

Mr. McKay agrees: Never hear a word; never heard nothin'.

.....

One night a long time ago Edward Drake and I went up to Roy Russel's just to talk with him, and after we were there a half an hour there was a man came in the porch. He opened the door and shut it and he made 3 or 4 steps in the porch and he didn't come in. I said to Roy, "There's a man out there." He said, "Yes, I heard him. It's time for him to be in," and Roy went out and there was no one there. So I stayed there about ten minutes and then I went on home and I knocked on the door, and my wife said, "I know it's you, but don't frighten me. Come in." So I went in and I said, "Why? What did you hear?" "There was a man come in and he opened two doors," she said, "and he walked as far as the stove, but I was in another room and he stopped there and I came out there was nobody there," and the next day we heard that Seldon Stoddard was gassed in his car out at Beech Hill. He was dead. He was a close friend of mine and a relative, distant.

On two different occasions forerunners have been heard in two places at the same time. At the death of Harvgy Faulkner and the death of Seldon Stoddard(both above). I don't remember any other time.

Forerunners told by Mr. Wallace Russel at Clam Harbour, and recorded by Helen Creighton at Little Harbour, June 1954.

Question: Did you used to sing chanties on the Lunenburg vessels, Mr. Myra?

Answer: I was leading chanties on the Bluenose, but I never went fishin on her, just in racin'. That was the Columbia race. See, I rigged her three times, and when she was racin' in the Columbia race, that was the hardest race she had. Then the Thibault race, Frank was with the time that we tore down her trestle-trees and I went aloft and I made a jury forward, and Angus didn't want me to go up. But what we used to sing in puttin' in masts in the old days - well I just picked a little of it up like say, the Ballad of the Bluenose. That you don't hear at all.

Question: you're going to sing a chanty are you? Where did you learn it?

Answer: I learned it from my father and my father's men, that led chanties. They sing 50 some chanties but I didn't - well you know, - when I was riggin' I just used to sing a few like on a heavy weight. I'd handle here with masts, with shears, Nova Scotian spruce, I handled 21 ton, that you figured it out, Fairbanks and Morse 7 ton it is to 21 ton, see; that is 7 ton to 100 horsepower. That's what they figured it because it was comin' in by freight train ~~xxxxxxx~~ and it was 21 ton and I lifted that and put it over a 7 foot hose, and while I was doin't that the work went easy ~~xxxxxxx~~ when you chanted. So I sang:
Blow the Man Down

Reel 122B18-19

O we'll blow that man down
To me wey ho, blow the man down
We'll blow the man down and we'll never say no,
Give me some time to blow that man down.

2

As I was a-walking up Paradise Street
To me wey ho, blow the man down,
A fair pretty maiden I chanced for to meet,
Give me some time to blow that man down.

3

I'm an old flying fisherman in from Hong Kang,
To me wey ho, blow the man down,
We'll blow that man down and we'll never say no,
Give me some time to blow the man down.

4

I'm in from Gibraltar with a load of bombshells,
To me wey ho blow the man down
I'm in from Gibraltar with a load of bombshells,
Give me some time to blow that castle down.

Sung by Skipper Paul Myra, Lunenburg and recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1954.

Question: I never heard Blow that castle down. Where did you get that?

Answer: Well the castle was the bombshells that hit a castle. They hit a castle.

Question: Did you used to sing that one on the Lunenburg vessels?

Answer: We used to sing that one, but then it's hard to sing alone because you have to heave away, see, and then every now

and again somebody would say, Heave away. In the Columbia going out of the docks with the moderate winds and the sail flying over the deck to go out to take the Columbia on, we sang that (on the Bluenose).

(Discussion about his drink)

Sometims I drink, sometimes I don't, but as long as I live I'll have a drink because -

Question: Do you know a good toast?

Answer: Well I know a few good ones, but I ain't goin' to tell ye here.

Question: Do you know any you can tell here?

Answer: While I'm thinkin' I'll say it.

As I was travellin' thro' a field of rye

My brains was full of thoughts,

I went to jump an old barbed wire fence

And something caught, I don't know what.

What I mean in the toast game, if you, it's some that I wouldn't like to say.

Question: Is that a toast?

Answer: That's a good one, providin' that it's ladies and people that you don't want to give anything nasty into it.

Question: Do you know a chanty called Brandy O?

Answer: Brandy O. No. I'll tell ye, they have different names. I listen to the programs on Sunday mornings See that chanty there that they sing in Halifax, they don't carry it on long enough. But I'll sing you another little one, and this one - this is goin' to come out, is it?

We'll play if over for you in a few minutes

All right.

We're bound for Rio
Singing you fare you well my pretty brown girls
And we're bound for Rio Grande.

2

We'll sell all our cargo for sugar and tea,
Heave away for Rio,
We'll sell all our cargo for sugar and rum
And we're bound for Rio Grande.

3

Now we're right in Rio, now we're right in Rio,
We'll sell all Homer's fish for sugar and rum
And we're bound for Rio Grande.

Sung by Skipper Paul Myra, Lunenburg, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, June 1954.

That used to be smugglin' see, so they used to sell
fish. So just in the last years they used to say Homer's
fish. (Homer Zwicker, fish merchant in Lunenburg) I sang that
to Mr. Phinney a whole lot of times, a wonderful old man
and I knew him well and he's sick to-day. I used to get
round the docks always with him and he used to get me to
sing that.

Here's another one. Well that you know. But they don't sing
it - they say in the shade of the poll. That I can translate
most of it all, in Eskimo. See I've been up there three years.

When the Ice Worm Nests Again

Reel 122B 23-24

In the land of the pale blue snow,
She's ninety-nine below,
And the polar bears are roaming over the ray,
I think we'll put our mukluks on, I'd ask her if she'd wed
We'll be happy when the ice worm nest again.

2

Our wedding feast will be seal oil and blubber,
In our kyacks we'll roam the raging main,
But when the walrus will turn their head and rubber
We'll be happy when the ice worm nest again.

Sung by Skipper Paul Myra, Lunenburg, and recorded by
Helen Creighton, June 1954.

See that's mukluks. That's west coast up the Hudson and
along the Hudson Straits where the Eskimos in Labrador around
Chidley or Ungava and James' Bay, Eskimo Point - oh that's on
the west coast - they won't mix. They will talk with one
another, but they will not live with one another, especially
to sleep. The Eskimo is very proud of themselves and therefore
round on the Labrador coast. Well they're not workin' so far
when I was up there. But like in Eskimo Point and Churchill, sme,
Rankin's Inlet, Chesterfield, Baker's Lake, and Fullerton there
is no Eskimos. And down in Lake Harbour when I was up there
was no Eskimos livin' in the Baffin Land.
Question: What were you doing up there?

Answer: I was there with the government's expedition with Major MacLean in 1927. We put up the steel mast for the Dominion Bridge and also the government. I only went for the main station, ~~xxxxxxx~~ but when I got up, they'd taken cold feet on the mast and it was easy for me, I was used to doing it. So I put it up at Nottingham(?) as the boss. Directed all the derricks, put up the mast, very easy. And after I had the mast up I went up 150 foot mast and I danced a jig on the top of it. Capt. Balcom was there and Capt. O'Hearn(?) a wonderful man. Wonderful navigator, wonderful experience he had in the north. That was in '27. There we taken off and went to -

Question: What did you have to hold on to when you danced a jig?

Answer: Nawthin'. I was going to bring you a picture over to show you, but -

Question: Didn't you go out of the harbour here standing on your head?

Answer: I did better than that. I stood on my one foot on an 80 foot mast and a round masthead, governed myself with a south-western, standin' on one foot balanced myself, and she's divin' to the horse(or hose)pipe. Well Frank knows about that because - Frank Willis. O I was in the CBC in '49. I went all through it. When they was down here first was Briggs, Cook, "

Sally Around the Corner O
and a

Reel 122B25-27

Oh a rig ~~xxxjig~~ jig and away we go,
Hooray hooray hooray hooray
A rig and a jig and away we go
Hooray my boys hooray.

2

We left Lunenburg Bay on one old day,
Hooray my boys, hooray my boys,
We left Lunenburg Bay on one old day,
Hooray my boys, hooray.

3

We left the girls all behind,
Hooray my boys, hooray my boys,
We left the girls all behind,
Hooray my boys, hooray.

4

O it's Sally is on the corner O,
Hooray my boys, hooray my boys,
It's Sally is on the corner O,
Hooray my boys, hooray.

5

Sung by Skipper Paul Myra, Lunenburg, and recorded by
Helen Creighton, June 1954.

Then there was another one we used to sing. An old captain, she was 32 years old and it was the old Mary McDougall. We made that song up ourselves. That's in 1903. No it's not a chanty. It's just a song that we made up about the skipper. I remember some of it.

The Mary ^{Mc}Dougall Reel 122B27-28
She's the Mary McDougall, she belongs to Lunenburg Bay
Cho.

Watch her, catch her, see her how she goes,
Her stern is all smashed open and she's lowered by the nose,
She's one of the slowest ~~xxxxxxxx~~ that ever crossed the ray,
~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ sailors
She's the Mary McDougall, she belongs to Lunenburg Bay.

Up jumps our captain, he says Paul,
I said to Foster, he said to Ross,
We all got together and a leak we soon found,
And again we got our anchor and we pull her out to sea.

Sung by Skipper Paul Myra, Lunenburg and recorded
by Helen Creighton, June 1954.
the crew

We made that up. That was Foster Knickle, he's dead. That was Roly's father, died off of Whitehead there when the dredge went ashore. The whole crew was lost. And Ross Knickle, he had a lot of experience with me, at riggin' and down in the Gulf of Mexico sailin' mate with me and to Europe in the first world war. And we all got together and we made that song up. The Mary McDougall was an old one that Aubrey Anderson, that was Hughie - She was only 105 feet long and she was round about 27 feet wide, schooner rigged. They're all passed away now that sang them chanties outside of myself. That was in the rigging banks.

Whiskey O; this is sung better on reel 132A7-8,
but here he adds a verse:
I love whiskey and whiskey loves me
Whiskey O, Johnny O,
Oh I love whiskey and whiskey loves me,
Whiskey for my Johnny O.