

- 1-9. Talk by Paul Myra, Lunenburg, continued from reel
123A
- 9- 10. Saladin Mutiny, sung by Miss Germaine, Fraser Nursing
Home, New Glasgow; 1 vs. but tune is
interesting; this is local murder song,
and this the 4th separate song on this subject
For others see SBMS
- 10-10½ Bonny Prince Charlie, sung by Miss Germaine; 1 vs. only
of little use
- 10½-15 Three Leaves of Shamrock, sung by Miss Germaine; 4 vs.
& cho.; Irish; late
- 15-18 Lovely Jane, sung by Miss Germaine; fragment of what may
be a very old song.
- 18-19 Lovely Jane, repeated
- 19-20 Talk on Family History by Miss Germaine; her doctor had
recorded her songs and sent word to me
about her, but she had failed in health
by then and her memory was very poor.
- 20-21 The Town of Bandon, sung by Miss Germaine who says this
is a song against the Catholics; she only
knew one verse.
- 21-23 Mon Cher Voisin, sung by Mr. Peter Chiasson, Grand Étang;
with English translation by Alan Mills.
- 23-27 Le Chanson du Guerrier, sung by Mr. Peter Chiasson ~~xxxx~~
Grand Étang; local song about a boy who
went to war in 1914.
- 27-end Chanson de Rimouski, sung by Daniel and Alfred Chiasson,
sons of Peter, aged 13 and 14; local song
about 2 men who went to Rimouski and came
back.

so I tucked her in the bed. So I said, "Now you go down, rest easy, go asleep, twelve o'clock I'm goin' to call the mate." Mildred said, "Why don't you call me and I'll stand a little, and then the mate get a little - ." "Now all right, do as I tell ye. Go down and turn in." So I went down and she's rollin' a little and the wind's from the southard, that's the big seas poundin' down a little from the nor' west wind. She's layin' there like a duck, but it's blowin'. I don't know the velocity of the wind just exact, but she probably was blowing at the rate of 40 miles, per hour. I went up and I went in the engine room. We didn't have no power in her, just wind jammer. I went in the hoistin' engine room and I got out five lanterns - hurricane lights we call 'em. I cleaned them up, the glasses nice; they're nice filled with oil. The cook would keep 'em clean in fine weather. So I hang 'em up. Every place that I thought it would go up. Then I went back aft I went down, and I thought, "Well, I might as well have a little geezer. It was cold. Takin' a little geezer and I went up and got set in the house. She had a nice house and I sat by the binnacle and I watched these big boats goin' along and dippin' into, and they got weather ? on the bridge and she's goin' to the eastard with the wind and she's got the wind nor' west. She's found down to the north east, and of course we see runnin' out, these steamers comin' down on the stream. Well anyway, I sat there awhile and I thought, "I might as well go down and turn in. I went in the cot, and I was the first one woke up, never woke up until nine o'clock in the morning, Well ye see then it's just about gettin' nice and good light. That's in January in the Gulf Stream. There's a cloudy sky. So when I got up I quick went on deck. I had my oilskins on, I didn't take 'em off, and I run forrard and take the lights down then I come back aft and I stood where the spray would fly over me. Then I went down, and when I got down I said, "Hey you lazy sleepers," I said, "come on." I said, "My heavens, listen. You want to talk about a fine night," I said, "up there all night and the time went round," I said, "and I must have fell asleep sittin' in the house." Aubrey got up, the mate got up, and he says, "My gosh," he says, "listen. What time is it?" "Nine o'clock. Is it blowin' hard?" Mildred, she jumped out too and put on a housedress and she got out and she run up in the companionway, and when she did, when she opened the after-companionway, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ the wind caught it and bang open ~~xxxx~~ the door. "Well," she says, "it's ~~xxxxxxxx~~ Margaret." "That's a little Hazel," I said. She was named after Hazel Townsend, Hazel Myra at that time, so I said, "This thing don't mind. She's goin' along fine. We're goin' to leave her go now till round about four o'clock to-night. We'll leave her go twenty-four hours till round about nine to-night, and then we'll put her on the other tack, and probably we'll jag out to the stream." So they said, "Well now gosh. Well now Paul," she said, "listen. You stayed up all night." I said, "Don't worry about me, girl. I'm used to that. I like to stay up." All the time I was sleepin'.

Question: Who was running the ship?

Answer; No one, she was hove to on the canvas. If ye heave her to right and you know your canvas and you know how far

to put off your sheet, we never worried, see, heavin' a boat to. It was no ordinary sea like the Bay of Fundy, the Gulf Stream and the Bay of Biscay, supposed the worst in the north Atlantic. But if you can heave to a boat and get 'em to lay right in the sea, a small boat will ride better than a big boat, a heavy boat. So therefore we never worried about anything happenin'. Nothin' could happen because she rides the sea. She, you've got your rudders the way you want it and you've got your sails trimmed and you've got just so much canvas on, and they'll lay there like a duck.

So we lay there for three days. Then we take in the wind from the westward and we run in over the stream and we didn't get no observation till we got into Lunenburg. We me Eizer Zinck seventeen miles off Cape Sable. That's up here off of the Nova Scotia coast, and he was hove to. We were runnin' Stouch(?) balls out with the wind from the west nor' west and we made the land - we made off of Shelburne and we come down the coast and anyway we got in the next day. The captain Eizer Zinck, he didn't get in for three days.

7-9 That would be cross-pointed in the middle with a four strand ? in the centre, needle(?) hitch, and the eyes of it ? and Spanish ? work we used to do, and to make that ? and then on New Year you'd have to paint the ship, if you had a good painter which, I did carry some good fellahs, better than I was, and I wasn't so good ~~and~~ in drawin' a ship like that because I'd always make a mess of her sails. But then we had to scrape. Goin' to a south American trip that ye had to - a trip probably three, four thousand miles - you had lots of time to sheld(?) and down there you'd lay in port a little while and ye'd do a little paintin'. The paint on schooners them days stood better than they do to-day, because it don't stand to-day, paint on these. A lot of water went over them, they say salt water, but the windjammers, it went over the windjammers just the same. I know.

Question; How is it you tell the weather with the moon? If the star is close beside the moon -

Answer; Well the old sailor would always say that I was brought up with, that if the star is close to the moon, that's a short painter. If it's a long ways away, that's good for to-morrow. That's on a coast voyage, comin' on the coast.

Question The star is towing with a long painter then.

Answer. Yes, with a long painter. She's givin' them all slack because then you're going to have bad weather. Probably you're runnin' along on the coast and you have a very thickly cloudy sky, and it might clear up anywheres from eight to ten o'clock, then the stars come out. Then you always look out that to-morrow you ain't goin' to have it so good. The stars come out before twelve. But if it waits till twelve, after midnight, and then it breaks away, you look for a fine day, to-morrow.

→ The star is towing a short painter.

Talk on personal experiences in his life as skipper of a fishing vessel at Lunenburg by Paul Myra, recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1954.

'Twas in the town of Gottenborg
 Where I was bred and born
 And in the town of Halifax
 I'll end my life in scorn,
 I came of decent parents,
 On them I lay no blame,
 My father was a millwright
 I might of been the same.

(This verse is repeated)

Sung by Mrs. Germaine, Fraser Nursing Home, New
 Glasgow, and recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1954.

Repeated 18-19

Talk on Family History

Reel 123B19-20

Then: Father worked for 30 years in the coal mines
 underneath the ground digging dusty diamonds, and
 we wereraised in the mines, and he lost the sight of one
 eye in the mines, and we come down here to Greenwoods
 and he was 59 years old and Johnny was 20 and Harry was
 15 and I was 18. and we had a hard scratch to make a
 living, but we got through. We hadn't much money, but we
 always kept our debts paid. We had our debts paid. We dug out
 a livin'. That's the way. But he was raised on a farm and
 his father was raised on one.

The Town of Bandon

Reel 123B20-21

To kill then and destroy her,
 It was their chief desire,
 And to the town of Bandon
 And set it all on fire.

(Bandon was on the seacoast, and to kill and to destroy her
 was their chief desire, and march in to the town of Bandon
 and set it all on fire. The soldiers marched through that town
 when they were going to shift them from one country to another,
 like from England back and forth.) This is what she calls a
 Catholic song - a song against the Catholics.

Sung by Miss Germaine, Fraser's Nursing Home, New
 Glasgow, and recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1954.

When leaving dear old Ireland in the merry month of June
 An Irish girl accosted me with a sad tear in her eye,
 And as she spoke these words to me bitterly she did cry,
 2 Kind sir I ask a favour, oh grant it to me please,
 It is not much I ask of you, but will set my heart at ease.

Take these to brother Ned who is far across the sea,
 And don't forget to tell him sir that they were sent by me,
 Cho.

Three leaves of shamrock, the Irishman's shamrock,
 From his own darling sister her blessings too she gave,
 Take them to brother, for I have no other,
 And these are the shamrocks dear mother's grave.

3
 Tell him since he went away how bitter was our loss,
 The landlord came one winter day and turned us from our cot,
 Our troubles they were many and our friends so very few,
 And brother dear our mother used to often ~~speak~~ ~~sigh~~ ~~for~~ ~~you~~ sigh for you.

4
 "O darling son come back," she often used to say,
 Alas one day she sickened and soon was laid away,
 Her grave I watered with my tears, that's where the flowers grew,
 And brother dear they're all I've got, and these I send to you. Cho.

Sung by Miss Germaine, Fraser's Nursing Home, New
 Glasgow, and recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1954.

Says she made the air herself and got the words from a
 newspaper. Must have been the Family Herald. Says, "I went
 outside and I looked around and the wind was blowing and I
 got the air. I got it right out of the wind, the air."

C'est mon voisin qui m'envoyait chercher (My neighbor sent me to find
Un vieux cheval blanc qu'est à l'extrémité (an old white horse who was
Chorus

Prends to verre, et moi ma bouteille, (Take your glass, and I
Buvons un p'tit coup, affilons nos couteaux, (bottle, and let's have a
Dépêchons-nous d'aller lever la peaux. (drink, then sharpen our knives
(and let's hurry and take off
(the skin)

(obviously talking to horse from hereon)
Mon cher voisin, tu t'es laissé aller,
Combien d'hivers t'as été mal hiverné!
(Chorus)

(My dear neighbor, you let
yourself go. How many
winters you spent badly!)

Tu n'entendras plus sacré après toi,
Personne n'aura aucun pouvoir sur toi.
(Chorus)

(No more will you be sworn
at, and no more demands
will anyone make of you)

Tu n'entraîneras plus ton maître en hiver,
Tous ces Capucins et toutes ces valises.
(Chorus)

(No more will you have to
pull your master in winter,
nor his "Capucins"-moks -
(and his valises -luggage

monks

Sung by Peter Chiasson, Grand Etang, and recorded by Helen
Creighton, August 1954.

Words written down and translated by Alan Mills.

Le Chanson du Guerrier

Reel 123B23-27

This is about a boy who went to war in 1914. Nobody knows
who made it up.

The boy plunges a knife on his blood to write a
letter home, and his mother when she reads it calls all
her family to say a prayer for her son who died for his
country.

Sung by Mr. Peter Chiasson, Grand Etang, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1954

Alfred and Leo Aucoin went from Grand Etang to Rimouski and came back. They were hired to go to Anticosti. It wasn't funny to go to camp and see everybody sitting on mattresses of wood. He wishes for a wife to wash his laundry and perhaps he would be more comfortable.

Sung by Daniel and Alfred Chiasson, Grand Étang, aged 15 and 14, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1954.

123B

MEMO

Chanson de Rimouski
Chanson de Vieux Cheval Blanc
" " Guerrier

on cassette

Rum running stories

make list of these songs

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MON CHER VOISIN -- (With literal translation yet!)

C'est mon voisin qui m'envoyait chercher
Un vieux cheval blanc qu'est à l'extrémité
CHORUS:-
Prends ton verre, et moi ma bouteille,
Buvons un p'tit coup, affilons nos couteaux,
Dépêchons-nous d'aller lever la peaux

(My neighbor sent me to find
(an old white horse who was
(just about finished)
(TAKE YOUR GLASS, & I MY
(BOTTLE, AND LET'S HAVE A
(DRINK, THEN SHARPEN OUR
(KNIVES, AND LET'S HURRY
(AND TAKE OFF THE SKIN)

Note → (obviously taking to horse from here on)
Mon cher voisin, tu t'es laissé aller,
Combien d'hivers t'as été mal hiverné!
(CHORUS:-)

(My dear neighbor, you let
(yourself go. How many
(winters you spent badly!)

Tu n'entendras plus sacré après toi,
Personne n'aura aucun pouvoir sur toi.
(CHORUS)

(No more will you be sworn
(at, and no more demands
(will anyone make of you)

Tu n'entraîneras plus ton maitre en hiver,
Tous ces Capucins et toutes ces valises.
(CHORUS)

(No more will you have to
(pull your master in winter,
(nor his "Capucins"--Monks--
(and his valises --luggage--

P.S. -- Don't know why I bother sending you my latest FOLKWAYS effort...
Ye can't play the dern things on your machine, anyway...
But mebbe you kin steal one somewhere...The only song I don't like
in this lot (I never like 'em all), is ~~██████████~~ "HAUL AWAY JOE"
which is quite lousily sung...

Chief R-B.

Mon cher voisin
Voilà l'incroyable remède

Prends ton Vers
Et moi la Bouteille

Bevons ~~chacun~~

un p'tit coup.

~~et~~ affilons nos couteaux

~~(depeignons-nous)~~

depeignons-nous d'aller

lenter la peau

(to Skin the Horse)

- ② Mon cher voisin (talking to horse)
Tu t'a laissé aller
Combien d'hivers ~~tu~~ était mal
hivernée. ~~tu~~ n'attendras plus
sacré après toi,
Personne n'aura aucune
pouvoir sur toi.

=

woops

~~Peter Olsson~~

~~Take a drink with me before~~

~~to lift the skin off on some~~

~~Dear love, I don't remember~~

~~you at all I will go to bed~~

~~you are busy and tired~~

~~you will be here still you~~
wishes

Thomas J. Doucet

~~Chisson 152~~

~~Peter voisin~~

①

C'est mon voisin
qui m'a envoyé chercher
pour un vieux cheval blanc
qu'il a l'été

grande
orange

②

~~tu ne traineras plus ton
maître Hiver / Tous ses
Capucins et toutes ses valeurs~~