

Reel 161B

- 1-9 Story of flood and arrival of white man; told by Mr. Martin Sack, continued from 161A.
- 9-15 Calling Bear; told by Mr. Peter Michaels with numerous demonstrations on horn made of stiff paper; tells habits of bears.
- 15-17 Micmac Lullaby; sung by Mr. Peter Michaels; quite nice and words clear; gives partial translation on tape.
- 17-20 The Little Mohee; sung by Mr. Charlie Weeks, Glace Bay; 8 vs. well sung in strong rich voice; would go well on l.p.; this is my 8th variant
- 20-23 The Lakes to Ponchartrain; sung by Mr. Weeks, 5 vs. not quite so well sung, but the tune is interesting; it is a nice variant, and my 3rd.
- 23-27 The Wayward Daughter; sung by Mr. Weeks; sad, late song, of type sung by miners and sailors in variety show; not folk; 2 vs. & cho.
- 27-end Have Hearts; sung by Mr. Weeks; 2 vs. & cho. British patriotic song, unknown to me; quite well sung.

Question: How do you call a bear?

Answer: I can call a bear. The bear calls this way when he answers the horn (demonstrates on horn made from stiff paper) that's the way the bear answers, and when he comes towards you, then he's coming for trouble. He's comin' after the moose calf, He ain't comin' after the call, he's cmin' after the moose calf. (demonstrates again, 3 times) and when he smell this different smell, the human smell you know, the breath will go a long way, and when the animal will get that he won't go no further. That's the way the bear will keep going and keep going till at last he gets the scent, of a person, you know. Then he'd shy back, he went (demonstrates) that's the way he goes. That's the time he's frightened you know. That's the time he has to leave you know and he won't come back any more. That's the way the bear acts.

The bear is a funny animal. The bear acts most like a person in a way. Now in the winter, in the fall of the year, if nobody disturb a bear's den you see, he has a stick standing up in front of his door, so he'll go in and he'll clean that den all out. He'll clean it out nice, just like anybody else cleaning that den. Then they go to those rushes. They break them off. Break them rushes off and they'll lay them right in the den again. Take them long ones out. But anybody would disturb his stick what he's put before his door, his den door, he'll never go near that. He'll go away. He won't go near that den door any more till about seven years afterwards he'll go back there again you see. That's the way the bear acts. Most like a person the way they act. The bear knows a lot of things, you know. Their actions of animals, the bear is more thinkable than anybody else. They don't forget nothing. Bears never forget. He knows all those points and everything. That's the way the bear lives in the woods.

Question: Did you call for bear?

Answer: Oh you can call for bear.

Question: How do you call?

Answer: (demonstrates) That's the way the bear goes.

Question: Then how do you go?

Answer: Just the sameway. I call for the bear the same way. The bear would come from this distance, maybe 150 yards from this call. He has to listen, has to find out what's going on first. He has to get the scent from you, If he gets the scent from you, why (demonstrates) that's the way he goes. That's the way the bear goes. He goes away from you then. He'll never come back any more. And you can follow the bear in the woods in the fall of the year. It's most when there's half an inch of snow, that's the time the old hunters follow the bear. The bear will climb up on a tree and he goes backwards, maybe jump quite a distance, and (uses Indian words that sounds like sasabad) that's the old Indian. While the Indian will travel and travel first thing we don't see no kracksx sign, no tracks. We seem him going backwards, he makes another jump, you see. After they come to the tracks they follow that bear for maybe miles and miles. (Sasabad) The Indian will say, he'll be jumping on some tree and going backwards on that tree and you'll think he's going the other way. You know the bear's awful cute. Pretty hard to catch a bear, that's if you're huntin' for a

a bear in the woods. Pretty hard to get him. And that sasabad, that means he jumps one side, you know, and he climbs up the tree, go backwards. You'd think he was going the other way see, try to fool you. The bear it cute. It's hard to catch a bear, pretty hard to catch him.

Course I have chased a bear for 26 miles and the further I went the worse he was getting, so at last I got tired out and I had to turn back home. I was living in New Ross. That's 40 years ago when I chased that bear. I chased that bear right off of my place where I used to live in, in Cambridge and then I had to give it up. I couldn't go near him at all. I was tired out. I had a little dog with me, my little dog. That's the only company I had with me in the woods, but he wouldn't chase the bear. He was too frightened. So I had to walk back that many miles and in the morning about 4 o'clock I got back home. That's a long ways. Forty, fifty, sixty mile walk. And that's my journey, so I never chased a bear after that.

Told by Mr. Peter Michaels of Middleton, and recorded at the Shubehacadic Reserve by Helen Creighton, July 1956.

(clock strikes four)

Question: You know an Indian lullaby do you Mr. Michaels?

He sings quite nicely, and unaccompanied. There are several verses. He says, That's an Indian song the peoples used to put the baby to sleep.

My little baby go to sleep. Don't you be a-worrying, your mother will be back some day. (gives further translation, not recorded)  
Go to sleep and I'm rocking to you. You're a nice little baby, don't be sorry, be a good girl because I like you and your mother will be back some day. We might take a journey some day to go away and don't be lonesome and your mother will be back some day.

Sung by Mr. Peter Michaels, Middleton, at the Shubenacadie Reserve, and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1956

One morning in May while I rambled alone  
 So far from my country, so far from my home,  
 While I sat amusing myself on the grass  
 Now who chanced to pass by me but a young Indian lass.

2

Now she sat down beside me, took a hold of my hand,  
 Saying, "Young man you're a stranger, you're in the strange land  
 But if you'll consent and come along with me  
 I will take you to my home beneath the cocoanut tree."

3

Now together we rambled and together we roamed  
 Till we came to her home beneath the cocoanut tree,  
 Now said she, "Constant lover if you'll stay with me  
 I will teach you the language called the isle of Mohee."

4

"O no my fair lady that never shall be  
 For I have a love in my own countree,  
 To desert her in part oh that never shall be  
 For her heart is as true as the lass of Mohee."

5

Now 'twas early next morning at the dawning of day  
 Our ship she weighs anchor, I must be away,  
 Our ship she weighs anchor, so homeward we'll steer,  
 Now then "fare you well darling, and fare you well dear."

6

Now the last time I saw her she was walking the strand  
 While our ship sailed by her she was waving her hand,  
 Saying, "When you're safely landed on your own native shore  
 You won't think of your own darling Mohee no more."

7

O now I'm safely landed on my own native shore,  
 My kind friends and relations all around me once more,  
 But above all the true love and friendship I see  
 There is none can compare with the lass of Mohee."

8

Now my love she'd been constant, my love she was kind,  
 She acted her part like an angel divine,  
 When I was a stranger she took me to her home,  
 I'll remember that Mohee while I ramble alone.

Sung by Mr. Charlie Weeks, Glace Bay, and recorded by Helen  
 Creighton, July 1956

to  
The Lakes ~~at~~ Ponchartrain

Reel 161B20-23

Through swamps of alligators I bent my weary way,  
O'er railroad ties and crosses I carelessly did stray,  
Until the shades of evening some higher ground to gain,  
It was there I met a creole girl on the lakes to Ponchartrain.

2

"O good eve, good eve my creole girl, my money it seems no good,  
Only for those alligators this night I'd sleep in the woods,"  
"You are welcome royal stranger although our cot be plain,  
For we never turn a stranger out on the lakes to Ponchartrain"

3

Now she took me to her father's cot, she treated me quite well,  
Her hair in golden ringlets down on her shoulders fell,  
I tried to gain her beauty but alas it was in vain  
For 'tis handsome was that creole girl on the lakes to Ponchartrain.

4

Now I asked her if she'd marry me, "alas that cannot be,  
For I have a lover and he is far at sea,  
My own and fond true lover to him I'll still remain  
Until he return to his creole girl on the lakes to Ponchartrain."

5

"Now adieu, adieu kind creole girl, adieu forever more,  
I thank you for your kindness in a cottage by the shore,"  
Now every soul shall gather and a flowing bowl we'll drain,  
And we'll drink a health to that creole girl on the lakes to  
Ponchartrain.

Sung by Mr. Charlie Weeks, Glace Bay, and recorded by Helen  
Creighton, July 1956.

While returning one night from the city  
To see an old pal I had been,  
When I hear the old lady addressing  
Her daughter the age seventeen.  
Her feeble lips murmured, "Come home with me now,"  
No attention the daughter did pay,  
And as she was entering a house of ill fame  
Those words I hear the old lady say.

Cho.

"Come home to your sisters and brothers,  
Come home to your father and me,  
Do not desert us or lead a fast life,  
For I've been a kind mother to thee.  
You know very well that your father is ill,  
And why don't you try and behave?  
Don't go to that place, it will bring us disgrace,  
And drive your old folks to the grave."

2

The daughter she stood in the doorway and said,  
"Now mother you better go home,  
I'm quite old enough now to take care of myself,  
So once more I say I shall go."  
The old lady turned away while the tear dimmed her eye,  
She thought of her husband at home,  
And on the sidewalk before she dropped dead  
Those words I heard the old lady say. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Charlie Weeks, Glace Bay, and recorded  
by Helen Creighton, July 1956

Brave hearts every one, proud of the flag we're under, and volley  
Ready to face the coming foe although ~~xxx~~ enemy guns volley and thunder,  
Fear is the word we do not know.

Some say the glory of the olden days never more shall be,  
While others nations fret on our side you bet,  
We'll prefer them to our brother o'er the sea,  
Our brave colonial boys across the sea.

Cho.

For you can depend on young Australia,  
On India and Canada,  
For they have proved themselves in Africay  
A Patriotic pattern to the world.

2

Dark clouds cover the earth, threatens of terrible danger,  
Britain's united into man,  
Our land so we are told soon will be governed by s t rangers,  
Britain is no longer in the van,  
What foolish notions born of jealousy Englishmen despise,  
While other nations fret on our side you bet  
Because we know the way to colonize.  
It's proved that we know how to colonize. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Chas. Weeks, Glace Bay, and recorded by Helen  
Creighton, July 1956