

166 A

1 Moonshine Song, sung by Mr. Archie  
McMaster. Old country song. Good;  
~~short~~. Dran na poite duibha  
(The Song of the Black Pot - The  
Still)

2 Husband Goes To Western  
Canada. Same as Cape  
Bretoner In West 172 B

Reel 166A

- 1-5 Moonshine Song; sung by Mr. Archie McMaster, Port Hastings, in Gaelic; local song about man who made moonshine; talks first in interesting broad dialect; words not written out as he cannot write Gaelic.
- 5 -7 Husband Goes to Canada; Sung in Gaelic by Mr. McMaster; this is very nice with Mrs. McMaster singing with her husband; they hold hands and swing arms to rhythm; Mrs. McMaster gives translation
- 7-9 Hush a Bye, Baby Mine; composed and sung by Mrs. Lillian Williams, Mulgrave; 2 vs. pretty lullaby; not folk
- 9-15 Ghost Story; told by Mr. Archie McMaster; good story of father who resents his improper burial and haunts house
- 15-16 Dr. Dan's Soirée ; composed and sung by Mrs. Muriel Tucker, Tatamagouche to tune of Kelligrew's Soirée; 8 vs. mainly of local interest; Dr. Dan Murray was beloved physician
- 18-21 The Merrimac; sung by Capt. Chas. Cates, Mayor of North Vancouver during holiday in Nova Scotia; 5 vs. of sea battle; see also SBNS p.282 for same song
- 21-22 Bold Moffitt; sung by Capt. Cates; 3 vs. & cho. good sea song of south in U.S.S civil war
- 22-24 A Maiden Saxe Flora; fragment of song of shipwreck; sung by Capt. Cates, all he could remember.
- 24-27 Drimindown; sung by Capt. Cates, lament for cow that has died; also story of Kellys coming to America; see also same song Reel 169B
- 27-end I Wonder If They'd Know Me Now, sung by Capt. Cates; 3 vs. regret for thoughtlessness to family; not folk, but well sung.

A fellow was making moonshine in the old country, and there was another fellow going across the ferry there, and I guess he noticed this fellow and he had a load on his back, and what he had on his back was moonshine, whisky you know, he was making himself, and he put a few questions on that fellow, who was he or anything, and he explained who he was and everything and the way he grewed and everything, The stuff was taken out of a barrel you know. It's only short, short. I can say that out of my mouth all right.

(sings Moonshine Song in Gaelic)

If you could understand in Gaelic

Told and sung by Mr. Archie McMaster, Port Hastings, and recorded by Helen Creighton, and recorded by Helen Creighton, August, 1956

Husband Goes to Canada, sung in Reel 166A5-7

Gaelic  
Question: Did they have many nicknames at Judique?

Answer: Yes, I'm afraid to say it, there's so many. If they would hear me again. There was people out at a place they called near Hillsdale(?) they called them the Slankhead. It's a kind of a draggy name on the old man. There was another fellow down there, he left his wife. They weren't getting along very good and he went out to some part of Canada and left the woman all together ~~xxxxx~~ home and there was an old MacLean fellow and he made a song for them and she was telling the way he left and everything. She's got that song (looking towards his wife)

(They sing together, sitting side by side; their usual custom is to hold hands and swing arms in time with the music; it was a lovely sight to watch the old couple singing together.)

Husband Goes to Canada (sung in Gaelic)

(Mrs. McMaster gives translation) It was about an old fellow you know and he parted himself with his wife and she was wanting to get another one if he would die, but he went away to Canada. She wanted to marry a man by the name of Dan Donkin(?). And she was trying to wear his clothes and all that to get rid of everything, to wear everything out, but he was still living and he came back, after all that goin' around.

Question: And was she glad to see him then?

Answer: Oh No.

Sung and told by Mr. and Mrs. Archie McMaster, Port Hastings,  
and recorded by Helen Creighton, August 1956

Hush a Bye, Baby Mine

Reel 166A7-9

Hush a bye, hush a bye baby mine,  
Lay your head on my breast,  
Hush a bye, hush a bye baby mine,  
Close your eyes and rest.  
Mother will stay near her little man,  
Mother will hold your baby hand  
While you wander into dreamland,  
Hush a bye baby mine.

2

Hush a bye, hush a bye, baby mine,  
Close your eyes and sleep,  
Hush a bye, hush a bye baby mine,  
Mother ~~xxx~~ a watch will keep,  
Mother will guard you through the night,  
Be near again when the day dawns bright,  
Mother love will follow you all your life,  
Hush a bye baby mine.

XXSX

Composed and sung by Mrs. Lillian Williams, ~~next~~ Mulgrave  
Hastings, and recorded by Helen Creighton, August 1956

In kind of a town, I don't know the name of the town correct, not in Nova Scotia, I heard it first in the State of Maine. We used to have story telling, who had the best story to tell to each other, at night. I was lumbering there, and they started talking of kind of a little town was there and the fellow had this house. He built it. His father built it, but he had the house longside of it, but he wanted to move in his father's place, and after he moved in and then moved out just as quick as they moved in. They didn't get no rest at night at all at all there. They had to move out altogether. And he was hiring people then to spend a night there to find out what was wrong, what was the reason they couldn't sleep in the house and he'd put a couple of fellows in and whoever would go in there would be dead in the morning, but there was a soldier come along and he heard about it and they were offering so much money to people who would go there and stay all night. That feller went in and he stayed all night. He heard a little noise about eleven o'clock from the other side of the house there was a skeleton come down, not a thing but a skeleton, and he started playing back and forth on the floor and he was watching him for a while. He got sick and tired watching him and he walked down to his bed. He had a bed in the other end of the house and he left him back and forth on the floors, kitchen floors,

Next morning the fellow who owned the house came in early to see was he living or not and he was living.

"What did you see last night?"

"I didn't see nothing or hear nothing would scare me at all," he said. "I want to be couple of nights here before I will know anything I could tell you."

Well he spent the third night there. The third night he speak to him. When he came down he was dancing and tearing right around."

"What in the name of God kind of a man you are?" he said, "a man that seems to be your age playing around like that."

"I'm glad ~~to see you~~ speak the way you speak," he said. "I wouldn't touch you. I didn't touch the other fellers was here, but they got frightened, but I could tell you the first time I seen you that I could get you to speak. You're not a coward at all." And he told him about the funeral. He said,

"You talk to my son and tell him to dig into the graveyard and take the remains up and make awake for me and notify all the neighbors around, and then when you notify them all make a good funeral for me and after that no one will hear nothing about me."

And after that the son moved into the house and they never heard nothing after it.

Well they be claiming sometimes people dies and they'll be saying they'll come back. They're not coming back without some reason. They're not coming back but something is coming back. The reason in this case was that he didn't do what's right. He didn't give him the right thing to do. He was scared it was going to cost him more or less money and more trouble, but when he buried him right no more about it. He resented being buried this way. There might be something in it. There's a lot of things going on people wouldn't know. But there's some reason for those houses to be haunted like that. Remember the girl that used to be up in Antigonish, Mary Ellen? Well now my own brother was working up there. I was talking to a boy this evening was with him and they've been into that house and seen what was going on and they didn't see a thing nor hear a thing either. It was the same time things were going on. And some of them was claiming herself was doing all of that thing. Course it's hard to say. Let the cattle loose at night in the barn and the horse. That was the report at that time.

There were people in the neighborhood there that had a lot of stories about what they heard up there. I'll see the same fellow I was talking to again on Monday. He's working on hay down here. His name is McDougall. He stays alone in a place he bought between here and Hawkesbury. He seed the house but he didn't hear ~~nothing~~ a thing there. He's been back and forth working in the woods handy to it. I couldn't tell you nothing about it now.

Told by Mr. Archie McMaster, Port Hastings, and recorded by Helen Creighton, August, 1956

There were Tattries, there were Tuckers, there were Thomsons and  
 Coloneys,  
 McBurneys and McPhersons, MacDonalds and Maloneys,  
 In fact every creed and custom was out upon the loose  
 At Dr. Dan's soirée that night in Tatamagouche.

2

painters

There were plumbers, there were ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~, there were preachers by  
 the score,

There were doctors, there were dentists and dairy-maids galore,  
 Country folk and townfolk they flocked from east and west  
 Just to hear their doctor say, "I'm tapering off I've done my best."

3

There were tears and there were tremors and gay anticipation  
 When the great man of the moment voiced sincere appreciation,  
 Very bravely did he stand there and face the mighty throng,  
 Said he, "I am more frightened than when it was raining bombs."

4

There were giggles and much laughter when a funny joke was told  
 About a certain lady and a fact I will unfold,  
 She called the doctor in a hurry amidst a winter storm  
 To hasten to her bedside, a child would soon be born.

5

It was snowing, it was blowing, the road was long and rough  
 But the doctor's faithful pony was trained to do her stuff,  
 But there was no infant coming, it was a false alarm,  
 "Maybe next year," said the doctor, "now to home I must return."

6

Just as the happy evening was drawing to a close  
 Trays of ice cream and of cookies were passed along the rows,  
 No one went home hungry and no one went home sad  
 For Dr. Dan's soirée was the best he ever had.

7

All was nearly over when there began a queue  
 To shake hands with the doctor and his dear lady too,  
 So with courtesy and grace they smiled on one and all  
 Until their arms ached and there were none left in the hall.

8

Now there is no reason for the doctor staying home  
 So off to the lakes for fishin' and through the woods to roam,  
 May life be full of pleasure and happiness besides,  
 May our good Lord bless the doctor who in Tatamagouche resides.

(This is a song about Dr. Dan Murray, a doctor greatly  
 beloved. At his retirement there was a big celebration and  
 at least fifty nurses were there as well as many old friends  
 and patients. The incident referred to in vs. 4&5 happened  
 not to Dr. Murray but to Dr. Gass in the same community).

Composed and sung by Mrs. Muriel Tucker, Tatamagouche, and  
 recorded by Helen Creighton, August 1956



Cho. ( Was early in the morning, just at the break of day  
 ( We spied a rebel frigate, at her anchor she did lay,  
 ( "Oh we'll hoist up the flag, long may it wave  
 ( Over the Union so noble and so brave,  
 ( Oh we'll hoist up the flag, long may it wave  
 ( Over our succession as she slumbers on the wave."

2

Our captain took his telescope and viewed far o'er the blue,  
 Then turning to his comrades said, "I will tell you true,  
 You see that thing out yonder just like a turtle's back,  
 That is the rebel monitor they call the Merrimac." Cho.

3

We squared our decks for action, our guns were pointed true,  
 But still that rebel monitor came tearing o'er the blue,  
 And on she kept a-coming till thirty yards apart  
 We sent a ball a-whistling to break manys the heart. Cho.

4

We gave to her a broadside upon her walls of steel,  
 No damage did we do to her, no damage did she feel,  
 And ~~her~~ captain stood on the quarterdeck, in a thundering voice  
 he spoke,

"Take down those flying colors or I'll sink your Yankee boat!" Cho.

5

Our captain stood on his quarterdeck, his face grew pale with  
 rage,

He said, "We fight a monster out of another age,  
 My men we must not falter, if with me you will stand,  
 We'll never strike our colors, they can sink us and be damned."  
 Cho.

Sung by Capt. Chas. Cates, Mayor of North Vancouver, and  
 recorded by Helen Creighton, August 1956 at Bedford, N.S.

In the Bay of Mobile where the Florida did lie  
 Oh a bold little packet passed us with defy,  
 We hailed her and we counselled her and we righted her speed  
 Then she quick slipped her anchors, oh very quickly indeed.

Cho.

Hooray, hooray for the Florida and her crew,  
 Oh will roam with bold Moffitt this world through and through.

2

The first thing we took was a schooner as I'm told,  
 With a hold full of black diamonds which some folks call coal,  
 We burned her and we scuttled her as ye quickly shall hear,  
 Straight away to Savannah sailed the bold privateer.

3

The next thing we took had a hold full of bread  
 And something must have got into old Nicholas' head,  
 For to send us such biscuits was a mighty fine thing  
 So we all had to laugh so we sot down to sing. Cho.

Sung by Capt. Chas. Cates, Mayor of North Vancouver, and  
 recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1956 at Bedford, N.S.

Our cargo was fine of brandy and wine  
And our ship shewas the maiden Saxe Flora,  
We passed by north Wales under close reef topsails,

-----  
On the bar of Dundrum our gallant ship run  
And the waves they did tear it asunder,  
Our mainmast so tall overboard it did fall  
And some of our poor sailors went under.

2

While I on an oar escaped to the shore  
Through the billows that roared like thunder,  
I am one man alive out of thirty-five,  
And I think it a very great wonder.

Fragment sung by Capt. Chas. Cates, Mayor of North Vancouver,  
and recorded by Helen Creighton, August 1956

O Drimindoon lived before she was dead,  
 She gave me fresh butter to spread on my bread,  
 Likewise good milk for to stiffen my crown,  
 But now it's black water since Drimindoon's gone.

Cho.

Ah ha Drimindoon ar a draw,  
 Ah ha Drimindoon addle you draw,  
 Ah ha Drimindoon hook a sook O  
 My Drimindoon deary oh where have you gone?

2

Drimindoon, Drimindoon, for which and for why?  
 Drimindoon, Drimindoon what made you die?  
 So white was your milk and so slim was your tail  
 I thought my poor Drimindoon never would fail. Cho.

(One time about 1800 there was one of the famous western  
 ocean packets coming over to America from Ireland, you know  
 there were great famines in Ireland at that time. And there was  
 a young well-to-do Irish woman coming to New York to visit some  
 friends and on the way across the ocean they found a stow-away,  
 and these ships were terribly brutal and the rules were most  
 severe. One of the rules was that the one that stowed away, a  
 line was put around him and he was thrown overboard astern and  
 dragged in the wake until he was nearly drowned. So they found  
 a young Irish stowaway and they got ready to drag him astern and  
 this young Irish woman got really furious about it and really told  
 them what she thought of them and ended up by paying the young  
 man's passage. So this young man and young woman got to know  
 each other and when they got to New York they got married and  
 that was my great grandfather and great grandmother Kelly, and  
 that's where these Irish songs came from.)

Sung and told by Capt. Chas. Cates, Mayor of North  
 Vancouver, and recorded by Helen Creighton, August 1956 at  
 Bedford, N.S.

The story is also told following The City of Baltimore,  
 Reel 168A

I've been from home for manys the year,  
I've struggled hard through wife,  
And I've shed manys the bitter tear,  
I've had my share of strife.  
I wish I could recall my wrongs,  
But wishing is all in vain,  
I wonder if they'd know me now  
If I went home again.

2

How oft I think of my dear old home  
And my poor old mother's tears  
That trickled down her wrinkled cheeks  
When I answered her with sneers.  
I wish I recall those days  
But wishing is all in vain,  
I wonder if she'd know me now  
If I went home again.

3

I often think of that little baby  
Sister dear to me,  
As I sang to her sweet Charlie's songs  
And I danced her on my knee.  
How I took her to the window  
To watch the prattling rain,  
I wonder if she'd know me now  
If I went home again.

Sung by Capt. Chas. Cates, Mayor of North Vancouver,  
and recorded by Helen Creighton, August 1956, at Bedford, N.S.