

Reel 167A

All songs sung by Capt. Chas. Cates, Mayor of North Vancouver. They were learned from his father who lived in Nova Scotia.

- 1-5 Doran's Ass; 1 vs. and chorus only, sung to a fair tune; have 3 other variants; amusing Irish song.
- 5-8 Shanandoah; 3 vs. & cho. sung with great feeling as learned from Capt. Roberts, formerly of Avondale, N.S.; sea chanty
- 8-9 Stormalong; 3 vs. & cho. well sung; sea chanty also learned from Capt. Roberts and sung in his style.
- 9-10 Leave Her Johnny, Leave Her; 3 vs. & cho.; sea chanty also learned from Capt. Roberts; well sung; this chanty is on my Folkways record, to another singing.
- 10-10½ Blow Boys Blow; 5 vs. of hoisting chanty learned from Capt. Roberts; a parody of this song is on Diane Oxner's record of N.S. songs.
- 10½-11 The Spank Weed; 3 vs. pretty little song for children learned from his Scotch grandmother.
- 11-12 The Cruise of the Bigler; 4 vs. Great Lakes song; well sung; variant of Brigantine Sinorca in SBNS, with cho.
- 12-14 Loss of the Lady Elgin; 3 vs.; Great Lakes song of wreck; tune rather monotonous; must be many more verses.
- 14-16 The Heights of Alma; 7 vs. & cho. well sung; this is a good variant; have 2 others; it is quite rare.
- 16-18 Conversation about singing and, The Lakawana Spooner; 3 vs. of Irish-American coal shovelling song.
- 18-20 The Pull Back Dress; 1 long vs. & cho. of song joking about fashion; there are probably many more verses.
- 20-24 The Banks of Claudy; 7 vs. lover returns in disguise; nice song, well sung and different from other songs of mine by this title.
- 24-25 Sir Neil and Glengyle; 3 vs. of very old song recorded for his father's tune; have one variant from N.B. and Mackenzie has one; very rare.
- 25-27 The Nightingale; fragment only about ship that was wrecked; probably same song as reel 92A sung by Nathan Hatt.
- 27-28 The Bold Fisherman; 3 vs. comical song sung with spirit; late song.
- 28-29 Said the Soldier; 1 vs. only of comical ditty, ~~xxx~~; also have it from Aubrey Murphy LC record 54A
- 29-end Old Horse; 2 vs. he thinks this is a N.S. song but it may be a sea chanty; good.

One early night in last November
Paddy went out for to seek his love,
What night it was I don't remember
But the moon shone bright in the heavens above,
Now Pat had taken a drop of the creather,
That made his heart feel light and gay,
"Oh what is the use of going further,
I'm sure she'll meet me on the way."

Cho.

Whack to de duural duural Hido,
Whack to de duural duural Hey.
But he never found his old straw hat
For a donkey ate it on the way.

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

(This version of Shenandoah I might say I got from old Capt. George W. Robarts who came from Avondale, Nova Scotia. I worked for him for a long time and he was a very wonderful man. A real honest to goodness Nova Scotian, and his version went like this:)

O Shenandoah what is the matter?

Cho. Hooray you rolling river,

O Shenandoah what is the matter?

Cho. I'm bound away across the wide Missouri.

2

O Shenandoah I loved your daughter, Cho.

O Shenandoah I loved your daughter, Cho.

3

'Twas seven years before we married,

'Twas seven years before we married, etc.

4

I leave my wife in Tennessee,

I leave my wife in Tennessee.

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

Stormalong

Reel 167A8-9

(This is also one of Capt. Roberts' songs. This was a pumping chanty, and you know when they pump these old ships out it was a slow job and the chanty was slow too, but I always like the way Capt. Roberts sang it. It went like this :)

Down off Cape Horn where the wild winds blow,
Yankee Johnny stormalong,
We're ~~Whxxx~~ down south way off Cape Horn,
Aye aye Mr. Stormalong.

2

O a good old skipper to his crew,
Way hi Stormalong,
An able sailor brave and true
Aye aye Mister Stormalong.

2

O he's moored at last and he's furl'd his sails,
Way hi Stormalong,
He's free from wrecks and far from gales
Aye aye Mister Stormalong.

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

Leave Her Johnny, Leave Her

Reel 167A9-10

She's a leaky ship and a lousy crew,
Cho. Leave her Johnny, leave her,
She's a leaky ship and a lousy crew,
Cho. It's time for us to leave her.

We work all day and we pump all night, Cho.
We work all day and we pump all night. Cho.

3

One day I heard the old man say, Cho.
We'll pack our bags and pull her away. Cho.

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

Blow Boys Blow

Reel 167A10-10 $\frac{1}{2}$

A Yankee ship sailed down the river,
Cho. Blow boys blow,
A Yankee ship and a Yankee skipper,
Cho. Blow my bully boys blow.

2

How do you know she's a Yankee clipper?
The stars and stripes they fly abover her.

3

A Yankee ship ~~was~~ in the Congo river,
Her masts and sails they shine like silver.

4

Who do you think is skipper of her?
O holy Joe the darky lover.

5

Blow to-day and blow to-morrow
And blow for all old tars in sorrow.

(Capt. Robarts used to sing to me sometimes on the Pacific Coast. It gets pretty rough out there too. He would only sing when it was really rough. He liked the wind blowing through his hair and then he'd really let go.)

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

Capt. Cates says this was a hoisting chanty used ~~when~~ on a slaver, catching slaves on the Congo.

(This is a song that my Scotch grandmother, Janet Sinclair, used to sing to me.)

There's a corner in the garden and my nurse won't tell me where
That little boys should never see and always must beware,
And in that little corner in rows and rows and rows
There's a dreadful little plant called the spank weed grows.

2

And nursie says that if a boy who doesn't wash his face,
Or pulls his little sister's hair should ever find that place,
O the spank weed would just jump at him and spoil his little clothes,
O it's never safe for fellers where the spank weed grows.

3

Someday I'll get the sickle from the hired man and then
I'll go and find that spank weed place, it's somewhere in the glen,
And when I am a cuttin' and a gettin' in my blows
I'll bet there'll be excitement where the spank weed grows.

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

(This is a song my father used to sing to me. It's about the Great Lakes. I don't know too much about the Great Lakes, but this is the way it goes anyway;)

'Twas early in October I chanced to get a sight
On board of a timber groger that was belonging to Detroit.

Cho. drogher

2nd cho. (Watch her, catch her, jump up on a juby ju,
right one. (Let her go, we're the boys to mput her through,
(If you'd a seen us hauling as the wind was blowing free
(Our passage down from Buffalo to Milwaukee.

2

Oh we made the light and kept in sight of Michigan by shore,
And we boomed along the riverside as we'd often done before,
And right before her foaming bow the fiery waves she'd fling
With every stitch of canvas and our course was wing and wing. Cho.

Cho.

Watch her, catch her, jump up on a juby ju,
Give her sheet and let her go, we're the boys to put her through,
If you'd a seen us hauling as the wind was blowing free
Our passage down from Buffalo to Milwaukee.

3

Oh we made Skillygoaly and Wablesbank, the entrance to the Strait,
And we might have passed the whole fleet if they had of hove to to
wait,

But we drove them all before us, the first that ever you saw,
Way down in Lake Huron and the Straits of Mackinaw. Cho,

4

And now we have arrived my boys at the Buffalo pier at last,
And we'll all go over the Sally Brown's to have a social glass,
We'll all go over to Sally Brown's and pass the bottle round,
For we are all good shipmates, and we're glad no one was drowned.

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

drogher (barge) these droghers only made 3 or 4 knots an hour; they were slow boats.

(This is another one of my dad's. I don't know very much about it. Apparently it's some kind of a bad accident they had on the Great Lakes.)

Proudly she swept the harbour,
Merrily rang her bell,
Little they thought that evening
Would toll so sad a knell.

2

Lost on the Lady Elgin,
Sleeping to wake no more,
Sorrow for those six hundred,
Who failed to reach the shore.

3

Sisters for brothers crying
Husbands for missing wives,
Such were the mournful tidings
Of those six hundred lives.

*xxx

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

The Heights of Alma

Reel 167A14-16

Come all good British lend an ear
To this good news that I have here,
For it is good news that I have here
Of a victory gained at Alma.

Cho.

Tintenin arron all a dey,
Tintenin arron all a dey,
Oh it is good news that I have here
Of a victory gained at Alma.

2

Not minding

'Twas on September the twentieth day,
~~Shaking~~ of the colder spray,
That we landed safe on the Crimeay,
While on our way to Alma.

Cho.

Tintenin arron all a dey,
Tintenin arron all a dey,
That we landed safe on the Crimeay
While on our way to Alma.

3

All night we lay on the cold ground,
No shed nor shelter could be found,
And with the rain we were almost drowned
While on our way to Alma. Cho.

4

Next morning when the sun did rise
High up anew in the eastern skies,
Oh ho our brave chief Lord Raglan cries,
"To-day we march on Alma." Cho.

5

When Alma's heights came into view
The bravest hearts it did subdue,
To see that monstrous Russian crew
High up on the slopes of Alma. Cho.

6

When Alma's heights we did command
Then met the Russians hand to hand,
Oh the Russians found they could not stand
That British charge at Alma. Cho.

7

The Frenchmen so I heard them say
They lost ten thousand men that day,
And thirteen thousand British lay
In their bloody gore at Alma. Cho.

(They brought a bunch of the survivors of the Battle of Alma to British Columbia, Survivors didn't have much chance in those days with the medicines they had, and there is a little cemetery in Nanaimo, British Columbia, where a great number of them are buried. It's all grown up now, but they're the survivors(?) of the Battle of Alma.)

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

Question: When do you sing these songs, Capt. Cates? When you're in your boat?

Answer: No, in the winter time you know, it's kind of relaxing. A mayor's is ~~kind of~~ rather a nerve racking job. I get asked out lots of times to various places to speak and I often speak of the days of sail and I more or less highlight the talk a bit with some of my father's songs. They seem to like them.

My father's mother was New York Irish. Her name was Catherine Kelly, and I presume this is one of the songs that came from the Irish of New York. It went like this:

Here we are to Slakawana Spooner,
 Now we're here you may keep your eyes upon us,
 Shovel on the coal from Harlem to ~~Guianas~~ Guianas
 We're the two selected spooners of the gang.

2

When we go home our families we embrace,
 We eat our meat with elegance and grace,
 With opposition shovellers we long to have a race
 We're the two selected spooners of the gang.

3

We all live down in John de Flory's building,
 At last election we all did vote for Tilden,
 The people all say we're the solidest in the building,
 We're the two selected spooners of the gang.

(This is a coal shovelling Irish song)

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

I met my love on Fullerton Street,
The other afternoon,
With her dress pulled back in a great big bunch
~~xxxxxx~~ It looked like a baloon.
I asked her what the matter was,
She seemed in such distress,
She said, "Oh Sam don't be a fool,
That's my new pull back dress."

Cho.

Didn't she wear a pull back,
Oh didn't she wear a pull back,
'Twould do you good I'm sure it would
To see my girl in her pull back.

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

(This is, I presume, one of my Irish grandmother's songs. I got it from my father)

As I walked out one evening
Down by the riverside,
I overheard a fair maid,
The tears fell from her eyes,
"This is a dark and stormy night,"
These words I heard her say,
"And my love is on the raging seas
Bound for Americay."

2

I walked up to that fair maid
And took her by surprise,
I saw she did not know me,
I being in disguise,
I said, "My fair young maiden,
My joy and heart's delight,
How far have you to travel
This dark and stormy night?"

3

"The road kind sir to Claudy banks,
If you'll be pleased to show,
Will you pity a maid distracted
For 'tis there I have to go,
I am looking for a young man
And Johnny is his name,
And it is on the banks of Claudy
I'm told he does remain."

4

"'Tis on the banks of Claudy,
This land on which you stand,
But do not look for Johnny
For he is a false young man,
Oh do not look for Johnny,
You will not find him here,
But come with me to yonder bank
And you need have no fear."

5

"If my Johnny he was here this night
He'd keep me from all harm,
But he's in the field of battle
All dressed up in his uniform,
He's in the field of battle
And his foes he will destroy,
He's a roving blood of Erin
And he's born in the county Troy."

6

When I found her so faithful
I could no longer stand,
But rushed up to that fair maid,
"Kind Betsy I'm your man,

Oh Betsy I'm your young man
Who's caused you so much pain,
And now we've met on Claudy banks
I hope we both remain.

7

"You crystal streams of Claudy,
Y~~ou~~ waters that run by,
And all ye little and small burns
That fill your destinie,
Had I the mind to flatter
I'd sing you arefrain
Of a bonny boy of Claudy
That lingers in my brain. "

x&xxxx

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

(I'm just going to sing these out of W. Roy Mackenzie's book. I thought it is more for my father's tune about Sir Neil and Glengyle. I don't remember too much about the words, but this is the tune that my father sang it to:)

In yonder isle beyond Argyle
Where flocks and herds were plenty,
Lived airy squire whose sister fair
Was the flower of all that country.

2

The knight Sir Neil had wooed her long
Expecting soon to marry,
A highland laird his suit preferred,
Young, handsome, brisk, and airy.

3

Long she respected brave Sir Neil
Because he wooed sincerely,
But as soon as she saw the young Glengyle
He won her most entirely.

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

For more words see Mackenzie p.76 or reel 125A with 22 vs.
sung to me in New Brunswick.

The Nightingale

Reel 167A25-27

Question: You know a fragment of the Nightingale do you?

Answer: Yes, I'm sure my father had some of it, but all I can remember him singing ~~it~~ was:

Her decks stove in and her ~~timers~~ failed
And down to the bottom went the Nightingale

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

The Bold Fisherman

Reel 167A27-28

(This is a kind of a silly English thing. My mother's father was English. He came from Lancashire. I think it's really quite a comical little thing. I've heard it at oddplaces at different times. Rather unexpected places. This is the way it goes:)

Oh once there was a bold fisherman
Who sailed forth from Billingsgate
To catche the mild bloater
And the gay mackareel.

2

Now when he rove off Pimlico
The wind it did begin to blow,
And the little boat did wibble wobble so
That strai ght overboard he fell.

3

(Spoken); Down among the conger eels and the sticklebats and the pricklebats
softly chanting:

Tinky doodle dum, tinky doodle dum
Was that highly interesting song he sung,
Tinky toodly dum, tinky doodle dum,
The bold fisherman.

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

Said the Soldier

Reel 167A28-29

Said the soldier to the sailor
"Will you lend me a chew?"
Said the sailor to the soldier,
"I'll be damned if I do,
Save up your money and put it in your socks
And you'll always have tobacco
In your old tobacco box."

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

This is all his father knew of this song.

(This is strictly Nova Scotian I think) said the singer:

Oldhorse, old horse how came you here?
You've carted stone for manys the year,
With kicks and bangs and sad abuse
You're salted down for sailor's use.

2

Betwixt the mainmast and the pump
You're salted down in great big chunks,
And if you don't believe that this is true
Look in the barrel and you'll find a shoe.

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