

- 1-6 The Days of Forty-Nine; sung by Capt. Chas. Cates, Mayor of North Vancouver, and recorded in Halifax. Song of California gold rush 6 vs. well sung but echo is noticeable. All of his songs learned from his father.
- 6-9 The City of Baltimore; sung by Capt. Cates; 8 vs. sung well in clear loud voice; this is my 6th variant.
- 9-9½ Story of Kellys Coming to America; sung by Capt. Cates whose grandfather was a stowaway, met his grandmother on the ship, and romance followed.
- 9½-12 Bingo; enlargement of Irish famine song about the taters they grow small over there; sung by Capt. Cates who sings it successfully in public with audience joining in. 4 vs.
- 12-19 Squamish Indian Legend; told by Capt. Cates who has spent much time with the Indians and has same strain of Iroquois as Sir Winston Churchill through Jerome family. He knows many tales and plans to write book.
- 19-21 Flash Packet; sung by Capt. Cates; 5 vs.; good song of sailing days, well sung.
- 21-24 Ho ro mo nighean donn bhoidheach; sung by Mr. John Archie Campbell, Charlottetown, P.E.I.; words in any Gaelic song book including Celtic Lyre; love song; he talks between verses; is possible this is not the right title, but am pretty sure it is.
- 24-27 Mo Run Geal, Dileas: My Faithful Fair One, sung in Gaelic by Mr. John Archie Campbell, Charlottetown; words here as from Celtic Lyre but his in P.E.I. ~~tradition~~ tradition not quite the same.
- 27-end Gun Chroadh Gun Aighean; The Tocherless Lass sung in Gaelic by Mr. John Archie Campbell, Charlottetown; 3 vs. & cho. sung much better than previous songs; again words from Celtic Lyre which may not be exactly as in P.E.I. tradition

(In 1849 gold was discovered in California and I think the Nova Scotians can be ~~prattly~~ quite proud because the Flying Cloud was built for the gold rush. I think the fastest trip before her advent into the scene was 120 days and she cut it down to 89, from Boston to the Golden Gate. This is a song the miners used to sing. It's just a comical song but I always liked it. It's got a good go to it.)

O I'll sing you a song of a mountain town
As it was in the good old days,
When every man had his sack filled with dust
And never a debt to pay,
But those good old days are past and gone
And the boys have crossed the line,
When in their bloom they went up the flume
In the days of forty-nine.

Cho.

In the days of old, in the days of gold,
In the days of forty-nine,

2

There was Buffalo Bill he could outroar
A buffalo bull you bet,
He'd roar all day and he'd roar all night
And I guess he's roarin' yet,
One night he fell in a prospect hole,
'Twas a roarin' bad design,
And in that hole Bill roared out his soul
In the days of forty-nine. Cho.

3

Now there was Jess that good old cuss,
He always was content,
He never was known for to miss a meal
And he never put up a cent,
But poor old Jess like all the rest
At last he did repine,
And in his bloom he went up the flume
In the days of forty-nine. Cho.

4

There was New York Jake the butcher's boy,
He often did get tight,
And when he did get on a spree
He was spoilin' for a fight,
One day he ran against a knife
In the hands of old Bob Kline,
And over Jake we held a wake
In the days of forty-nine. Cho.

5

There was Monty Pete I'll ne'er forget,
He was always full of tricks,
He was always there in a poker game
And heavy as a load of bricks,
He would ante a slug, bet a hundred to one,
Or go a hat full blind,
But in a game with death Pete lost his breath
In the days of forty-nine. Cho.

(over)

And now kind friends my song is done
And there's no one here to toast,
I wander about from town to town
Just like a travelling ghost,
The ladies they all look at me
And they say I'm a wandering sign,
They say, "There goes Tom Moore, he's a bummer sure
From the days of forty-nine." Cho.

Chas.

Sung by Capt. ~~xxx~~ Cates of North Vancouver, and recorded
in Halifax by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1956

Come all you true born Irishmen, a story I will tell
Concerning young McCarthy, in Dublin he did dwell,
While cruising on the northern docks he happened for to stray
On a western godan packet ship and stowed himself away.

2

Our ship shewas loaded, for New York she was bound,
This Irish boy was borne away from his own dear native ground,
This Irish boy was borne away from his own dear native shore,
On a western ocean packet ship, the City of Baltimore.

3

When McCarthy came from his hiding place the mate to him did say,
"Come tell to me what brought you here, what made you stow away?
Come tell to me what brought you here ~~xxxxxxx~~ I'll ask you nothing more,
But you'll rue the day you stowed away on the City of Baltimore."

4

When the mate came forward next morning all for to turn us to,
'Twas early in the morning he used to put us through,
"Now bring to me that Irish man," the mate he then did say,
"'Tis here I am," says McCarthy, "now what do you want with me?"

5

"'Tis true I am an Irishman, that fact I'll ne'er deny,
But before that I'll cow down to you I'll fight until I die,
And if you are the man to stand up here as I said before,
Sure I'll fight you fair upon the deck of the City of Baltimore."

6

Our mate he as a cowardly man, before him he would not stand,
But with an iron belaying pin at young McCarthy ran,
But McCarthy being a fine youngman as I have said before,
Sure he laid that mate quite senseless on the deck of the Baltimore.

7

The second mate and the boatswain came to the mate's relief,
But McCarthy with a capstan bar he soon made them retreat,
His Irish blood began to boil, like a lion he did roar,
And the blood did fairly cover the deck of the City of Baltimore

8

Our captain was a Scotchman, McDonald was his name,
And when he saw what McCarthy had done from aft to him he came,
Saying, "McCarthy you are a fine young man, please do not fight any more
And I'll sign you on as boatswain's mate on the City of Baltimore."

Chas.

Sung by Capt. ~~xxx~~ Cates, Mayor of North Vancouver, and recorded
by Helen Creighton at Halifax, Aug. 1956

This song, (the City of Baltimore just sung) has a great significance to me because one time -oh it was somewhere around the early 1800s-there was a great immigration to the Americas from the old country, especially Ireland, and there was one of these western ocean packets which were the ships that developed that saying "wooden ships and iron men," and on this particular voyage that I was mentioning there was a young Irishwoman of quite good standing. She was quite a well to do young woman. She was just coming out on a visit to America to some of her relatives, and on the way out a stowaway was found on board the ship, a young Irish boy. So it was a penalty on a western ocean packet that if you were caught why they threw a line around you and threw you overboard and towed you in the wake until you were pretty near drowned. So they were getting ready to tow this poor Irish boy and this young woman she just really tore into them and told them what she thought of them and finally paid the young man's passage.

So they became acquainted, and when they got to America they got married and that was my great great grandfather and grandmother Kelly. That's probably where I get some of this Irish bard business. I don't know.

Chas.

Told by Capt. ~~xxx~~ Cates, Mayor of North Vancouver,
and recorded by Helen Creighton, in Halifax, Aug. 1956

Bingo.

Reel 168A9 $\frac{1}{2}$ -12

Cho.

Oh b i n g bingo over there,
Oh b i n g bingo over there,
Oh b i n g bingo, b i n g bingo,
Oh b i n g bingo over there.

Oh the taters they grow small over there,
Oh the taters they grow small over there,
Oh the taters they grow small 'cause they plants them in the fall,
And they eats them skins and all over there. Cho.

2

Oh the cannibals they are brothers over there,
Oh the cannibals they are brothers over there,
Oh the cannibals are brothers 'cause they eats up one another
Uncles, aunts, and aged mothers over there. Cho.

3

Oh there's bedbugs on the walls over there,
There's bedbugs on the wall over there,
There's bedbugs on the wall and they're nineteen inches tall
And they're thick as they can crawl over there. Cho.

4

Oh an old black crow sat on a tree over there,
Oh an old black crow sat on a tree over there
An old black crow sat on a tree and he was singing merrily,
Nineteen from six leaves three over there. Cho.

The singer thinks this may have been sung in the bunk houses on the trail during the rush of '98 going into the Klondike. "My father had it. It's a good song if you in on the chorus. It can get quite lively. There are quite a lot of verses I believe. He always sang it to me alone, but I've sung it at lots of get-togethers and everybody seems to join in with great gusto."

Chas.

Sung by Capt. ~~XXX~~ Cates, Mayor of North Vancouver, and recorded by Helen Creighton in Halifax, Aug. 1956

You know in British Columbia the greatness of a person was his ability to potlach, or we call in clunk in the local language, and you were almost a piker if you were standing in your shirt tail at the end of a session. You had to give everything away. You had to be utterly disdainful of - you had to be so influential a person that you could just throw everything away. It will take me all day to tell you the intricacies of a potlach which is a Chinook word and more generally used. But anyway in their scheme of things in the very early times there were a number of - I was going to say animals - but all the animals were people. This is in the legendary days, you see. And strange enough the eagle and the bear, ~~xxxxxxx~~ and those, they didn't seem to hold a very high position. The one that held the highest position was the Tum Tum. The Tum Tum was the wren, and the wren was the most valiant thing that could live in the world.

Now on the other side of the ledger was the mink. Now the mink, his name was (he gives the Indian name) and he was always looking for women, a real awful thing, and very very jealous of the position of the Tum Tum. So one time the mink decided ~~they~~ they called him (Indian word) when he was a fur mink like they make fur coats of, and they call him (Indian word) when he was in man's form. The same thing applies in the north. They call him (Indian word) meaning the son of the Sun. (Indian word again) he hadn't any father, and when he was a furry mink he was called (Indian word). It's funny they have the same stories but anyway, to get along with this one;-

The mink was getting very jealous of the Tum Tum, so he decided that he would hold a potlach. It's a little amphitheatre, sort of like a music bowl, only it's a little more cave like, and it's in West Howe Sound. So the mink he invited all his friends to this big potlach and he had all the animal people there. He had the mountain goats, and ~~xxx~~ he had the deer, the (Indian word) of the deer, and (Indian word) the mountain goat and (Indian word) the bear, and he had them all there and he had all the food and everything that he could muster, you see, because the more food and the better time you gave them, the bigger man you were.

It was customary in the days of the potlach to invite all the visitors to get up and speak. So when it came the turn of the Tum Tum, he got up and he sang. I kind of got a little ahead of my story, because the mink was married to (Indian word) which is the skunk. His wife was a skunk. So it came around to the time that the Tum Tum was to have his say so he got up and he started to sing. He sang,

(Indian song)

Now to translate that, "I am Tum Tum the chief,
I am Tum Tum the chief, ~~xxxx~~ the greatest chief I am the

(over)

chief of everybody," and of course the mink knew that that was true. So the ~~mink~~ Tum Tum went on singing this famous song which was the truth and suddenly the mink couldn't stand it any longer; and he leaped up and he sang (Indian song). I've got a little ahead of my story again. As I told you there was lots of food and the opening of this cave was towards the sea. Now a whale (Indian word) The Indians say he can't swim backwards. He has to turn. Now whether that's right or not I don't know, but the Indians were good at that kind of thing. They noticed such things. So (Indian word) the whale, he was in with the rest of them, and he had his nose in the hole of the cave. He kind of plugged it, and he was eating fish along with the rest of them, and by gosh when the mink sang this song he got his wife who was a skunk, and all her relatives so furious that they all let go at once and of course the smell was overpowering, and the only one who could get out was Tum Tum who could fly straight out. They say a wren could fly straight out. But here they were in such an awful predicament. The whale was in the hole. He can't swim backwards and the stink was so overpowering they all turned into stone and they're there yet. I wish I could remember what the name of that place is, unless Howe Sound, and there's always little figures in there and the big stone at the entrance which is (Indian word) the whale. That ended the mink's potlach.

I just remembered the name. The Indian name is (Indian word) I don't know what it means. it's just the name of a place.

Legend told by Capt. Wm. Cates, Mayor of North Vancouver, and recorded by Helen Creighton in Halifax, Aug. 1956.

It's of a flash packet, a ship of great fame,
 Out in the East Indies she bears a hard name,
 With crews of ill usage of every degree
 All slaves of the galley she ~~plaws~~ the salt sea.
 ploughs

2

All thoughts of tobacco you must leave behind,
 If you spit upon deck your death warrant is signed
 if you spit on the gangway or out over the stern
 You're sure of six dozen by the way of no harm.

3

Now there's our old mate whom you all know so well,
 He comes upon deck and he cuts a great swell,
 With a give a hand here boys, and lend a hand there,
 Down on the lee gangway you ought to hear him swear.

4

And now my brave heroes comes the best of our fun,
 When we have to reef topsails and tack ship as one,
 With the boys up aloft and the helm run down,
 Stand by topsial halliards when the main yard swings round.

5

Stand by topsail halliards for bowline and all,
 Then slack away topsails, ~~thad~~ let go and haul,
 Aloft and lay out and take two reefs in one,
 For all in a moment this work must be done.

x@xxx

(This was a song my father was very fond of and he told me that those two verses about tacking ship were very correct.)

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

six dozen in vs. 2 would be ~~xxxxx~~ cat o'nine tails.

Seisd(Cho).

Ho ró gu'm bi mi gad' chaoidh ri m'bheò,
Ged 'thréig thu mise cha lugh-ad orm thu;
Na'n tigeadh tu fhathast bu tu m'aighear's mo rùn,
'S na'm faighinn do litir gu'n ruiginn thu nunn.

2

Thoir an t-soraidh, ceud soraidh, thoir an t-soraidh so uam,
A nunn thun nam porta thar esnaich a'chuain,
Far an d' fhàg mi mo leannan, caol-mhala gun ghruaim,
'S gur cùbhraidh' leam d'anail na 'n caineal 'ga bhuain.

2

'S 'n uair ràinig mi 'n cladach bha m'aighe fo phràmh
A'cumha na maighdinn is caoimhneile gràdh.
'S 'n uair ghabh mi mo chead di air feasgar Di-màirt
Gu'n deach mi 'n tigh-òsda a dh-òl a deoch-slàint'.

3

'S e so an treas turas dhomh féin a bhi faibh,
A dh' ionnsaidh na luinge le sgi bair gun chearb,
Le còmhlan math ghillean nach tilleadh roimh stoirm;
'S na'm biodh agam botal gu 'n cosdinn sud oirbh!

4

Ged théid mi gu danns', cha bhi sannt agam dha,
Cha 'n fhaic mi té ann a ni samhlah do m' ghràdh;
'N uair dhireas mi 'n gleann, bidh mi sealltainn an àird,
Ri dùthaich nan beann, 's a bheil m' annsachd a' tàmh.

5

Bheir i bàrr air na ceudan an té tha mi 'sealg,
I'n gnùis mar an reul a bheir leus fad' air fàk falbh,
Mar ròs air a'mheangan, tha 'n ainnir 'n a dealbh,
'S ged sgàineadh mo chridhe, cha 'n innis mi 'h-ainm.

Sung by Mr. John Archie Campbell, Heatherdale, P.E.I.,
omitting vs. 3&4, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1956.
English translation on another page. Words from The Celtic
Lyre. These and his tune may be slightly different, from the
printed one.

Mo Run Gileas - My Faithful Fair One.
English translation of Reel 168A24-27

Cho.

Ah me, I will mourn my true love ever more,
If coldly forsaken I still thee adore,
If thou would'st return 'twould be gladness to me,
Or getting thy message I'd hasten to thee.

2

Far over the ocean between us that lies,
O bear ye my greetings to her that I prize,
Her neatly arched eyebrows, unshaded with gloom.
And breath in its fragrance like roses in bloom.

3

When lately we parted how sad the farewell,
Our words were but few but our thoughts who can tell?
When lost to my vision afar on the brine
I drank thee success in a goblet of wine.

4

Three times have I crossed to the ship as she lay
Becalmed on the breast of the silvery bay,
My crew are the bravest that handle an oar,
Unawed by the tempest they laugh at its roar.

5

No ball-room can tempt me or raise my despair,
There is none in the dance that with thee could compare;
When climbing the mountains I gaze o'er the tide
To the land where my fair one has gone to reside.

6

In beauty there's none with this maiden can vie,
She's bright as the stars in the blue-vaulted sky,
She's fair as the lily and sweet as the rose,
And nothing can tempt me her name to disclose.

Translation of song sung in Gaelic by Mr. John Archie
Campbell of Heatherdale and Charlottetown.

Gun Chrodh Gun Aighean - The Tocherless Lass. Reel 168A27-end

Seisd(Cho)

Ged 'tha mi gun chrodh gun aighean,
Gun chrodh laoigh gun chaoraich agam,
Ged 'tha mi gun chrodh gun aighean,
Gheibh mi fhathast òigear grinn.

2

Fhir a dh'imicheas thar chuantan,
Giùlain mìle beannachd uamsa
Dh'iansaidh òigeir a' chuil dualaich,
Ged nach d'fhuair mi e dhomh fhéin.

2

Fhir a dh'imicheas am bealach,
Giùlain uamsa mìle beannachd;
'S fhaod's tu ~~innseadh~~innseadh do mo leannan,
Mi bhi 'm laidhe so leam fhéin.

3

'Fhleasgaich thàinig nail a Suaineart,
Bu tu fhéin an sàr dhuin'-uasal;
Gheibhinn cadal leat gun chluasaig
Air cho fuar 's g'am biodh an oidhch'.

4

Ged tha mi gun chrodh gun chaoraich,
Cha 'n 'eil mi gun mhaise 'm aodann;
Dh'fhithinn breacan a bhiodh caol dhuit,
'S dheanainn aodach a bhiodh grinn.

5

Naile! 's mise 'tha fo mhulad,
'Us mi tàmh 's an t-seòmar mhullaich,
An leannan bh'agamsa an uiridh,
Sann tha 'n diugh rium cùl a chinn.

6

Naile! 's mis' tha dubhach, déurach,
'N seòmar àrd a fuaghal léine;
Chaidh mo leannan do Jamaica,
'S ciod am féum dhomh 'bhi'g a chaidh.

Sung by Mr. John Archine Campbell of Heatherdale and
Charlottetown, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1956.

English translation on other page.

Words in Gaelic and English from The Celtic Lyre.

English Translation

Though I've neither sheep nor cattle,
Gear nor grandeur, goods nor chattels,
Though I've neither sheep nor cattle,
Yet a gallant true I'll find.

2

Thou that sail'st across the billow,
Tell my youth with voice so mellow
That I'd sleep without a pillow
Were he only by my side.

3

Tell him of my heart's devotion
Which is not a brief emotion,
But a love as deep as ocean
Which is wholly fixed on him.

4

You may tell my highland laddie
Though I'm not a titled lady
That I'll weave a tartan plaidie
For the lad whose bride I'll be.

5

When I hear the tempest blowing,
Then the bitter tear comes flowing,
For my heart with love is glowing
For my own love on the sea.

6

Sleep and slumber I am scorning,
All in silence deeply mourning,
From the twilight till the morning
Is this bosom torn with pain.

7

Suaineart youth, thou wert the treasure
Which I loved beyond all measure,
O return! I'll find no pleasure
While thou art so far from me.

Words from the Celtic Lyre; sung in Gaëlic by
Mr. John Archie Campbell, Heatherdale & Charlottetown.