

189 A Z. B

My Cape Braton Home, composed  
by Sedie Montgomery, sung by  
Augustine McDonald, North Sydney &  
Meat Cove.

2 Gam on Ferris Rocks, sung by  
Augustine McDonald

3  
Mary Hempton, vs. unusual Tune

4 Where Are You going Pretty  
Bird? (nice for children). All  
forgoing sung by Augustine  
McDonald.

5 Song About McOdum, locally  
composed; a bit off colour, sung by  
Alex Morrison, Merion Bridge

6 God Shoop Mi Air McAineal,  
sung by Alex Morrison, Major McLeod  
has more versions - Sailors song from Boston

7 Song of Scotch Whisky, sung by  
Alex Morrison, good greetings to Scotch Whisky

4 Song about First Great War, sung by Augustine McDonald composed by Malcolm Gillis, Cape Breton bard.

5 The Girl Who Lost Her Gaelic, sung in Gaelic by Augustine McDonald, amusing. Girl goes to Boston when Cape Bretoner arrives pretends she doesn't understand Gaelic he says she was as beautiful as an angel. This was a pipe tune

6 Bonny Bunch of Roses O

Reel 189A

1. Ghost Story, Woman in White; personal experience of seeing a ghost told by Mr. MacDonald; interesting for story and dialect
2. The London Maid; sung by Mr. MacDonald; 11 vs.; interesting song of robbery on highway and romance; unusual and has a good tune
3. The Drowsy Sleeper; sung by Mr. MacDonald; 7 vs. this has a poor ending; have better variants better sung.
4. James MacDonald; murder song of good-night type; 8 vs. quite well sung; have better variants as on reel 38
5. My Cape Breton Home; sung by Mr. MacDonald; local song attributed to Sadie Montgomery; good words and pleasant tune; nice song
6. The Jam at Gerry's Rocks; lumberman's song, probably U.S. and here is a Canadian; 8 vs. quite well sung; this is a logging tragedy.
7. Mary Hamilton; sung by Mr. MacDonald; 1 vs. only with tune that would suggest the last two lines repeated, but singer says no.
8. Birdie Tell, or Where Are You Going Pretty Bird? ; nursery song, 7 vs.; quite well sung and good of its kind.

All song on this tape sung by Mr. Augustine MacDonald, North Sydney and Meat Cove.

By Sadie Montgomery

Round the home of my childhood my memories cling  
And offer great stories of many lands sung,  
They tell of the grandeur of Italy and Rome,  
But they say not a word of my Cape Breton home.

2

Wherever I'll wander on land or on sea,  
Round the home of my childhood remembered shall be,  
God's blessing rest on it wherever I'll roam,  
I shall never forget thee my Cape Breton home.

3

The lakes and the valleys, the pastures so green,  
The wide-spreading hills I see in a dream,  
The friends of my childhood wherever I'll roam,  
I shall never forget thee my Cape Breton home.

4

I love every inch of my own native shore,  
And listen with joy to the old ocean's roar,  
And gaze with delight on this nice sparkling foam  
That plays round the cliffs of my Cape Breton home.

5

In a quiet little village that dwells by the sea  
I played with my comrades light-hearted and free,  
Some lie in the churchyard while others have roamed,  
And left far behind them their Cape Breton home.

6

Let others tell tales of the great glowing west,  
The place of my childhood, the place I love best,  
There is many a fair country 'neath heaven's bright dome,  
There is none can surpass thee my Cape Breton home.

Sung by Mr. Augustine MacDonald, North Sydney and Meat  
Cove, and recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1958

It was on a Sunday morning in the springtime of the year  
 The logs were piled up mountains high, we could not keep them dear,  
 Our foreman says, "Turn out my boys devoid of death or fear,  
 We'll break the jam on Gerry Rocks, for Saginaw town we'll steer."

2

Some of them were willing, there were others that hung back,  
 To work upon a Sunday they did not think it right,  
 When six of our brave Canadian boys did volunteer to go  
 To break the jam on Gerry Rocks with their foreman young Munroe.

3

They had not rolled up many rocks when the boss told them did say,  
 "I'd have you to be on your guard, this jam will soon give way,"  
 Those words being scarcely uttered when the jam did break and go,  
 And carried off those six brave boys with their foreman young Munroe.

4

When the rest of those brave shanty boys those sad tidings did hear  
 In search of their lost comrades for the river they did steer,  
 While searching for their dead bodies all in their grief and woe,  
 All crushed and bleeding on the rocks lay the form of young Munroe.

5

They took him from his watery grave, smoothed down his curly hair,  
 There was one fair form amongst them whose ~~mourns~~ mourns would  
 pierce the air,  
 There was one fair form amongst them, a girl from Saginaw town,  
 Whose mourns and cries would pierce the skies for her true love that  
 was drowned.

6

Miss Clara was the noble girl, likewise a raftsmen's friend,  
 Her mother was a widow lived on the river's bend,  
 The wages of her own true love the boss to her did pay,  
 A large subscription she received from the shanty boys next day.

7

But Clara did not long survive to her poor mother's grave,  
 In less than three months later God called her to relieve,  
 In less than three months later God called on her to go,  
 Her last request they granted her was to lay by young Munroe.

8

Come all of you brave shanty boys who'd like to go and see  
 In a little mound was chopped around there stands a hemlock tree,  
 With a little mound chopped so neatly around two lovers there lie low,  
 The one being Clara Dennis and the other young Munroe.

Sung by Mr. ~~Nixkox~~ Augustine MacDondd, North Sydney and  
 Meat Cove, ~~1958~~ and recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1958.

Mary Hamilton

Tape 189A No.7

Last night there were four Maries,  
To-night there'll be but three,  
There was Mary Beaton, Mary Seaton,  
Mary Carmichael and me.

Sung by Mr. Augustine MacDonald, North Sydney and Meat Cove, and  
recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1958

Birdie Tell

Tape 189A No. 8

" O where are you going to, Birdie tell?

O where are you going to Birdie tell?"

"I am going to the woods, I am going to the woods,  
I am going to the woods, sweet maid."

2

"And what's in the woods, oh birdie tell,  
And what's in the woods, oh birdie tell?"

"There's a tree in the woods, there's a tree in the woods,  
There's a tree in the woods sweet maid."

3

"And what's on the tree oh Birdie tell,  
And what's on the tree oh Birdie tell?"

" There's a limb on the tree, there's a limb on the tree,  
There's a limb on the tree sweet maid."

4

" And what's on the limb oh birdie tell?  
And what's on the limb oh Birdie tell?"

" There's a nest on the limb, there's a nest on the limb,  
There's a nest on the limb sweet maid."

5

" And what's in the nest oh Birdie tell,  
And what's in the nest oh Birdie tell?"

" There is three little eggs, there is three little eggs,  
There is three little eggs sweet maid."

6

"And what's in the eggs oh Birdie tell,  
And what's in the eggs oh Birdie tell?"

" There are three little birds, there are three little birds,  
There are three little birds sweet maid."

7

"And where are those birdies, Birdie tell,  
And where are those birdies Birdie tell?"

"They are all in the woods, they are all in the woods,  
They are all in the woods sweet maid."

Sung by Mr Augustine MacDonald, North Sydney & Meat Cove,  
and recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1958

Reel 189B

- 1 Song About McOdrum: sung by Mr. MacDonald; Gaelic song, locally composed about local resident & sung in Gaelic; words not written down.
- 2 Sailor's Song: sung in Gaelic by Mr. MacDonald about a trip from Boston to the West Indies; words not written down.
- 3 Gaelic whisky Song; sung in Gaelic by Mr. MacDonald who described it as good greetings to Scotch whisky; words not written down.
- 4 Bonny Bunch of Roses O; sung by Mr. MacDonald; English folk song; 5 vs. about Napoleon; see SBNS for another variant
- 5 We're the Boys Behind the Guns; Cape Breton song of first World War; good; brings in many parts of the island and has catchy chorus; dialect difficult to make out at times; 10 vs., last in Gaelic
- 6 The Girl That Lost her Gaelic; sung by Mr. MacDonald; song goes on for some time in Gaelic, then has long verse in English and returns to Gaelic; Cape Breton girl goes to Boston and when man from home comes to see her she won't talk to him in Gaelic; also have it in manuscript taken down in 1932

All song sung by Mr. Augustine MacDonald, North Sydney and Meat Cove.

This song was composed by John McPherson, better known as Daccan, or Dacca.

(Sings in Gaelic)

(Sings 2nd song in Gaelic)

Question: Now what's that about, Mr. Morrison?

Answer: That's a sailor's song. They sailed from Boston for the West Indies.

Question: A sailor's song about sailing from Boston for the West Indies?

Answer: Yes.

Question: There was another little one verse one that you knew, that you were speaking about.

Question: Which one was that? What's this about?

Answer: It's good greetings to the Scotch whisky I suppose.

(Sings 3rd song in Gaelic) This is a bright song, and the English word whisky is used in it. He says,

I'd like to know more of that. I used to know a lot but I've forgotten it. It's a long song.

Sung by Mr. Alex Morrison, Marion Bridge, and recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1958

By the borders of the ocean  
 One morning in the month of June,  
 To hear those warlike songsters  
 To their cheerful notes and sweetly tune,  
 I overheard a fair maid a king  
 Who seemed to be in grief and woe  
 Conversing with young Buonaparte  
 Concerning the bonny bunch of roses O.

2

Then up steps young Napoleon  
 And takes his mother by the hand,  
 Crying, "Mother dear have patience  
 Until I am able to command,  
 Then I will take an army,  
 Through tremendous dangers I will go  
 In spite of all the universe  
 I shall conquer the bonny bunch of roses O. "

3

"O son don't speak so venturesome  
 For in England there are the hearts of oak,  
 There is England, Ireland, and Scotland,  
 Their unity was never broke.  
 O son think on thy father  
 Who on the island of St. Helena his body lies low,  
 And you must soon follow after him  
 So beware of the bonny bunch of roses O."

4

He took five hundred thousand men  
 With kings likewise to bear his train,  
 He was so well provided for  
 That he could sweep the world alone.  
 But when he came unto ~~the~~ Moscow  
 He was overpowered by the driven snow,  
 When Moscow was a-blazing  
 So he lost his bonny bunch of roses O.

5

"Now do believe me dearest mother,  
 Now I lie on my dying bed,  
 Although in life I have been clever  
 But now I droop my youthful head.  
 But whilst our bodies lie mouldering  
 And weeping willows o'er our bodies lie low,  
 The deeds of the great Napoleon  
 Shall stain the bonny bunch of roses O."

Sung by Mr. Augustine MacDonald, North Sydney & Meat Cove  
 and recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1958

We're the boys behind the guns  
Now we're off to fight the Huns,  
Kaizer Bill will up and run  
When we will get to Flanders,  
Cho.

Fal la layla, fal la loo,  
First the heel and then the toe,  
Pack your kits and off you go  
Hooray for our commanders.

2

We 've MacDonald from Bras d'Or  
Praps you've heard of him before,  
With Big Judique on the floor  
When we will get to Flanders. Cho.

3

We have boys from Margaree  
And from Creignish by the sea,  
To tell the truth 'tween you and me  
No better men in Flanders. Cho.

4

Laddies from along the line  
Broad Cove banks and from the mines,  
When they reach the firing line  
They will rise heads in Flanders. Cho.

5

We have boys from old Port Hood  
Of the breed of manly blood,  
Bet your boots they will make good  
When they will get to Flanders. Cho

6

We have boys from Lake Ainslie's grand  
That will fight to beat the band,  
They have done it on this land  
And prove it now in Flanders. Cho.

7

Whycocomagh is to the fore,  
When amidst the cannon's roar  
They will prove it to the core  
When they will get to Flanders. Cho.

8

Iona town, Shenacadie, ~~and Grand Narrows by the sea,~~  
And Grand Narrows by the sea,  
It's just as sure as your can be  
They will do well in Flanders. Cho.

9

Louisburg and Sudney town,  
From Baddeck and all around,  
They will slay the kaizer down  
When they will get to Flanders. Cho.

10

3 lines in when we get over to Flanders. (Is about the Brown Blacksmith  
who's salar he didn't have anything else he would take the ax to the kai<sub>z</sub>e

r)

Sung by Mr. Augustine MacDonald, North Sydney & Meat Cove, and  
recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1958

Composed by Malcolm Gillis

The Girl That Lost Her Gaelic

Reel 189B No.6

1st part of song in Gaelic; words not written down. Then:

You're a Scotchman I reckon,  
I don't know your Gaelic,  
'Praps you're from Cape Breton,  
And I guess you're a farmer,  
You're too saucy for better,  
So I will not shake hands,  
And I'd rather at present be going up,  
Be going up. (continues in Gaelic)

(This is about a girl who went to Boston and she lost her Gaelic and a man came and met her and he talked to her in Gaelic and she talked in English. He accuses her of putting on airs in the big city.)

Sung by Mr. Augustine MacDonald, North Sydney & Cape Breton, and recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1958

I have the tune of this song from Cape Breton written down by Doreen Senior for me in 1932 as sung by Mr. D.B. McLeod of Breton Cove with a note saying the song is by Bard McDearmid, about 1880.