

Reel 191A

- 1 Banks of Sweet Dundee; sung by Mr. Augustine MacDonald,
North Sydney & Meat Cove; 8 vs. dramatic
English love song; have fuller version
in TSNS
- 2 Paddy Haggarty's Breeches; sung by Mr. MacDonald; comic
Irish boarding house song 7 vs. fairly well
sung; biographical note at end
- 3 Wreck of the John Harvey; see 191B.

It's of a farmer's daughter, tall, beautiful, and fair,
 Her parents died and left her a large amount in gold,
 She lived 'long with her uncle, the cause of all her woe,
 You may hear how this maiden fared in prove her overthrow.

2

Her uncle had a ploughboy young Mary liked quite well,
 It was in her uncle's garden their tales of love would tell,
 There was a wealthy squire that oft came her to see
 But still she loved her ploughboy on the banks of sweet Dundee.

3

It was one summer's morning her uncle went straightway,
 He knocked at the maiden's door and unto her did say,
 "Arise arise my pretty maid, a lady you may be,
 For the squire is waiting for you on the banks of sweet Dundee!"

4

"I care not for your squires, your dukes, or lords likewise,
 My Willie's eyes appear to me like diamonds in the skies,"
 "Begone you unruly female, you never happy shall be,
 For I intend to banish Willie from the banks of sweet Dundee!"

5

This maiden fair lay walking lamenting for her love,
 She met this wealthy squire down in her uncle's grove,
 He put his arms around her, "Stand off base man," said she,
 "You have sent the ~~xxxxxxx~~ that I have only lad I love from the banks of
 sweet Dundee."

6

He put his arms around her and tried to throw her down,
 Two pistols and a sword she saw beneath his morning gown,
 She took the weapon from him, the sword he used so free,
 She fired and shot the squire on the banks of sweet Dundee.

7

Her uncle overheard the noise and hastening to the ground,
 Saying, "Since you have killed the squire I'll give you your death wound,"
 "Stand off, stand," cried Mary, "undaunted I will be,"
 She ~~xxx~~ the trigger drew and her uncle slew on the banks of sweet Dundee.

8

A doctor then was sent for, a man of noted skill,
 And then there came a lawyer for him to sign his will,
 He willed his gold to Mary who fought so manfully,
 He closed his eyes no more to rise on the banks of sweet Dundee.

Sung by Mr. Augustine McDonald, North Sydney and West Cove, and
 recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1958

On the sign of the bell on the road to Clan Mell
 Pat Haggerty kept a neat cabin,
 Sold pigs, meat, and bread, kept roaching(?) besides,
 Was a love-a-ly country he lived in,
 Himself and his wife both struggled through life,
 On a week day Pat mended his breeches,
 On a Sunday he dressed in a coat of the best,
 But his pride was his old leather breeches.

2

Now last winter's snow left vitals so low
 That Paddy was ate out completely,
 And the snow coming down he could not get to town
 Though hunger did bother him greatly,
 One night as he lay dreaming away
 About ghosts, fairies, spirits, and witches,
 He heard an uproar outside of his door,
 He jumped up and pulled on his breeches.

3

Says, Brian McWork with a voice like a Turk,
 "Come Paddy and getus some eating,"
 Says big Andy Moore, "We'll burst open the door,
 Sure this is no night to be waiting."
 The word was just spoke when the door it was broke,
 And they crowded round Paddy like leeches
 And they swore by the mob if the dign't get prog
 They would eat him clean out of his breeches.

4

Poor Paddy in dread slipped out of the bed
 Had Judy his darling old wife in,
 And there they agreed that they should get a feed,
 He slipped out and brought a big knife in.
 He cut off the waist of his breeches the best,
 He ripped out the buttons and stitches,
 He cut them in stripes the way they do tripes,
 And biled them his old leather breeches.

5

In a dish they were stewed, in a dish they were stewed,
 And the boys all roared out Lord be thankful,
 But Haggerty's wife being afeared of her life
 And she thought it high time for to shank it.
 To see how they smiled when they thought Paddy boiled
 Some mutton or beef of the richest,
 But it's little they knew it was leather bragoo
 Was biled out of Paddy's old breeches.

6

As they munched on the stuff says Derby, "It's tough,"
 Says Andy, "You're no judge of mutton,"
 Till Brian McWork on the point of his fork
 Held up a big ivory button.
 Says Pat, "What is that? Sure I thought it was fat,"
 Pat leapt to his feet and he screeching,
 "By the powers above I was trying to shove
 My teeth through the flaps of his breeches."

They all flew at Pat but he got out of that,
 And he run when he seen them all racing,
 Says Brian, "Make haste and go for the prast, (priest)
 By the holy St. Patrick I'm poisoned."
 Revenge for the joke that they had, for they broke
 All his chairs, tables, bowles and dishes,
 And from that very night I'd knock out your daylight
 If I'll catch you with old leather breeches.

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

Question: Mr. MacDonald, you sing Gaelic - that's Scotch- and you sing Irish songs. Now what are you? Are you Scotch or Irish?

Answer: I'm a Scotch all through. All through. Oh yes.

Question: But you enjoy the Irish songs?

Answer: Oh yes.

Question: Where did your people come from?

Answer: My mother's people came from the Isle of Barra in Scotland, and my grandfather's people came from Glengarry in Scotland.

Question: What was your mother's name?

Answer: She was a Nicholson.

Question: How long have they been here in Cape Breton?

Answer: Their parents moved from Scotland a long long time ago. Father Nicholson in Sydney is my first cousin. Father's Nicholson's father and my mother was brother and sister.

Question: And your father was a wireless operator, wasn't he?

Answer: He was a Morse telegraph operator, then a wireless operator. I was a Morse telegraph operator and I was a wireless operator.

I worked in the Great Nor Western telegraph office in Montreal; I worked in the Western Union in New York; I worked in the CPR in Frank, Alberta.

Question: You travelled a lot then.

Answer: I did, quite a lot.

Reel 191B

- 1 Wreck of the John Harvey; local song of wreck off Gabarous sung by Mr. Augustine MacDonald, North Sydney & Meat Cove; good song, said to be written by Mrs. Lillaian Crewe Walsh; 9vs. quite well sung
- 2 Talk About Meat Cove; with Mr. Augustine MacDonald; customs, at different seasons, including Christmas; and beliefs; interesting.
- 3 Micmac Indians; recorded from television show from Halifax, with songs and customs.

(There was two young fellows drowned on the shores of Gabarous)

Ye landmen that lives on the land how can ye understand
The perils of the ocean when you were safe on land,
There's many a brave and fearless lad for adventures to have roamed,
Have followed the fortunes of the seas far from their native home.

2

There's many a man in Newfoundland when the winter winds do blow,
Have been in fishing vessels off that wild Cape Breton shore,
On January nineteen hundred and twelve Captain Curley did command
A vessel named John Harvey from Balorum Newfoundland.

3

The wind a gale from the south-east blew, the worst gale of the year,
The Harvey sailed from Gloucester bound for the isle St. Pierre,
She was loaded with general cargo, how hard the winds did blow,
And on the ninth of Janooary the Harvey was driven ashore.

4

The captain give orders to his men the vessel to dismast,
The boats were frozen to the deck, the seas was fore and aft,
Says Captain Curley to his men, "My boys it is no use,
For I'm afeared we're doomed to die this night on Gabarous."

5

Then young John Foote a line he took and he tied it round his waist
To try and swing to the nearest land, the ice form he did face,
How bitter was that winter's night, the waves rolls mountains high,
And tossed and battered by the waves was this brave Belorum boy.

6

The wind a gale from the southeast blew, the night being bitter cold,
It pierced the heart of this brave young youth, a hero brave and bold,
Though tossed and battered by the waves the land he chanced to meet,
And with his badly frozen hands tied the line upon the beach.

7

The rest of the crew all reached the shore, there were eight of them all
They owed their lives to God alone and this hero brave and bold,
Kippen one of our shipmates from exhaustion overcome
Died on the shores of Gabarous far from their native land.

8

The survivors walked to some fishing shacks that stood upon the shore,
Much hampered by their heavy boots and the ice coats that they wore,
They had no means to light a fire, how dismal was their plight,
And struggled for assistance on that dark and stormy night.

9

But help soon came from Gabarous, to them their tale they told,
About the wreck John Harvey and their shipmates brave and bold,
God's blessing rest upon them, they did all that they could do
To ease and aid the strugglings of the Harvey's shipwrecked crew.

9

Good people of Belorum with you I ~~sympathize~~ sympathize,
Don't weep no more for those poor boys for heaven is their prize,
And all of you brave sailor lads think of those noble youths
That died away from friends and home on the shores of Gabarous

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

check in spelling of Balorum

Question: What did you do at Hallowe'en at Meat Cove? when you were young?

Answer: Oh we did a little of everything. Stealing apples was the most.

Question: Did you dress up?

Answer: Oh no.

Question: Did you black your faces?

Answer: no; Nobody knew anybody was comin', you know. But there was a lot of - you know they used to do a lot of destruction around. They'd go to the apple orchards, some of them and break the limbs off of the trees and steal apples and everything.

I started one evening - one Hollow Eve's- and a second cousing of mine, we went down the road. We walked about three miles, and ~~xxxxxxx~~ we met a crowd on the road. I asked them, "Where are you goin'?" "We're goin' to Donahue's." He had a big apple orchard you know, and some great trees too, and I says, "Look, you know very well," I says, "if a bunch of you goes into an apple orchard you always smash the trees. There's no sense to that at all," I says. "If you're goin' to take apples," I says, "take a couple of apples, but don't for God's sake go smashin' the man's trees." "Oh no, they wouldn't smash any, and I told the other feller it's well for us to go back. We started back, went back for about a half a mile and went to another apple orchard, and when we got up to the orchard the man he had two guns set in the orchard. I told the other feller, I says, "You stay clear. I'm goin' in there. I'm goin' to find them two guns," I said, "before I go near any of the trees," and I went all around the fence. I found the two guns. There was a spring from the nipple to one tree, and a string from the nipple of the other gun to the other tree. I took out my pocket knife and cut the strings from the tree, you know, and I went around and got the other one. Cut the string from that one. We had one of those little twenty-four pound flour bags, you know. I took it out and told the other feller, "Now," I says, "we'll take the full of this little bag, and you go down over the hill like that, and when you get down pretty handy the road let ~~xxx~~ a little holler. Only once," I says, and he went. And I waited till I heard him holler. That one little whoop just like an owl and I picked up the gun and I fired off the gun. I picked up the other one, and I fired off the other one. I laid the two guns alongside the fence. Well, I made a run for the same way the other feller went, and when I got right above the house - I had to pass his house, you know, and I got just above the house and the man was comin' out the door and he only had one shirt on, and the little dog ran out and hit him, you know - the little black dog he had, and they made up the hill towards the apple orchard. The little dog stopped. I had ducked into a little bunch of bushes. The little dog knew there was somebody in the bushes and he started barkin'. He said, "You son of a this and you son of a that." He gave the dog a kick and put him about a hundred yards, or a hundred feet away and he kept on goin' and the little dog followed him. Anyway I got down the road. I got down to the road where the other fella was and we went home. Well, the next morning we went to church, and Donahue, he went to the priest that morning and he told the

priest that they smashed up ten or twelve of his trees. Broke the limbs off of a lot of them, and they said the ground was all covered with apples and everything and there was a lot taken. Well the priest heard it and he came down on the ones that weren't there.

Question: They hadn't been broken at all, had they? Other boys had, had they?

Answer: Yes, there's lots of times they have went around there you know. Broke the limbs and that. They'd grab the limbs and pull them down and take the apples off - the best apples they could pick out. The place where we were, there was nothing done. This man, his name was Henry Burton. He lives on the hill above where the ~~past office is at Wreck (pronounced wrack) Cove~~ school house is at Wreck (pronounced wrack) Cove, at Capstick post office. And my sister was married to Joe McNeil and Burton went up to McNeil's along with the McNeil from the church, you know and I was in there when they went in, and they was tellin' McNeil, they says, "Somebody went in my yard last night," they says, "but they only fired off the two guns," they says. He says, "I was scared somebody got killed," he says. "That's what made me go so quick. But there was no damage done." And I said to him just for the fun of it, "Do you know who did that?" "No," he says, "how would I know?" I says, "I did." (he laughs heartily.) I told him the fella that was along with me too. He says, "Look, any time you wants apples, go in there and take them. I don't care how many apples people will take, only not to smash the trees." Well I said we had a little empty flour bag and we took some in that.

Question: Well now at weddings did you used to serenade the couple?

Answer: Oh yes, some times a lot of people go around firing guns off you know.

Question: And would you have a party?

Answer: Yes, every crowd's there all the time, yes.

Question: At the home of the bride and groom?

Answer: Yes

Question: Did you just have fun, or did you destroy things?

Answer: There was never anything destroyed, no. Lots of danding, yes.

Question: And did the bride and groom have to start the dance off?

Answer: Well they generally do, yes.

Question: And some of the wedding party?

Answer: Yes.

Question: What would they have? An eight hand reel?

Answer: Sometime they would, and sometimes - the eight hand is the most they use anyway. Only just when it comes down to this reel step dancing you know. In a competition, you know. Some of them gets in a little competition about dancing.

Question: At a wedding party did the bride and groom have to dance first before the other people?

Answer: Yes

Question: And would they be the first ones served at supper?

Answer: Yes.

Question: And did they serve wine?

Answer: They always had liquor down there. They used to be gettin' liquor from St. Pierre.

Q: Was there much rum running down at Meat Cove?

A: Oh yes, quite a lot. Yes. They used to go down and send vessels down from Sugar Loaf there. Go down to Newfoundland there in five or six hours and they'd be back the next day. They'd go one day and they'd be back the next day.

Q: Then where would they sell it?

A: Oh parties like that you know they only sent for what so many people put in.

Q: What they could use themselves. They didn't bring it to Sydney for instance?

A: Oh no, no.

Q: Have you any stories of being chased by the coastguard? Or the mounties?

A: No.

Q: I guess there was rum running all along the coast.

A: Yes a long time ago, yes. There was a cross priest up in some place in Inverness or Margaree or up around there some place you know and every wedding he'd give them strict orders to have no dance. Well, there was a young couple got married and they said - he told them, "now be sure, don't have no dancing, for if you do I'll hear of it and I'll go there!" Oh no, they were going to have no dancing. And this place anyway, one of the church wardens he happened to be going to the priest's house for some business, you know, and when he went in the priest asked him, did you pass such a house, ~~xxxxxxx~~ on the way comin' here. He says, "Yes." He says, "Was there anything goin' on?" He says, "Oh yes, there was a big dance there." He says there were a big dance there. That was enough for the priest. He jumped up, pulled on his coat and hat, took his cane, and he went. He walked to the house and he opened the door and walked in. The man playing the violin was sitting down alongside the door. The priest put over his hand, took the fiddle - the violin - by the neck, took it out of the player's hand. He took up his foot. He had a big pair of workin' shoes on. He took the shoe, the violin, and he struck it on the toe of his big workin' boot. He smashed the violin all to pieces. Well, the fellow didn't say a word for a while. After a little while he turned around and looked at the rest of the people. "Well," he says, "there's one thing. She didn't go without the priest. (much laughter). Well about a week after that the priest went? "Maybe we shouldn't have done that." Smashed the violin, and he went and he bought another violin and he went to the feller's house and give him the violin. Yes because he said she didn't go without a priest anyway.

Q: How did you celebrate Christmas at Meat Cove?

A: They used to all go down to church at Bay St. Lawrence for the midnight mass. They'd be in there until three o'clock in the morning. They'd be home a little after -

Q: It would be a long distance from Meat Cove to Bay St. Lawrence wouldn't it?

A: Eight miles and a half.

Q: And how would you go? By horse and carriage.

A: Walked. Yes.

Q: Men, women, and children?

A: Oh there wouldn't be very many small children. But there's quite

a lot of half size. They wouldn't mind it.

Q: Then you wouldn't go anywhere afterwards to have something to eat and drink?

A: No, no. Sometimes. Sometimes people would go to some of the other neighbors' houses down there, you know.

Q: Was there any special food they would have at Christmas?

A: They always have that home.

Q: What about the New Year? Did you used to fire the New Year in?

A: Oh yes. Firin' off guns, all the time. Some of them would fire off fifteen or twenty. Some of them would be there for fifteen or twenty minutes. They'd be there celebratin'.

Q: Just around the midnight hour?

A: Yes

Q: Then did they have a party, or just the firing of guns.

A: Oh no, that would end it.

Q: What was the most exciting time of year when you had the most fun?

A: The most fun, the most fun, the most fun. (He thinks this over)

Oh, there's a lot of times, you know when the drift ice comes in.

There's a lot of skating going on, and sleigh riding.

Q: Are your happiest childhood memories of winter or summer?

A: Just about the same. Yes.

Q: I think for children the winter is a wonderful time.

A: Oh yes, it would be for children, all right.

Q: Did you ever go hunting moose? Oh, you don't have moose here, do you?

A: No.

Q: Did you go hunting?

A: Oh yes, I often went hunting.

Q: Do you know any tall stories about hunting?

A: I was out in Alaska. (This experience not recorded.)

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