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Dan Cameron: "The Boys of Salmonear"--that's a place in Newfoundland. It was quite a long song. It told of a ship, a fishing boat--it was run down in the night by a Coast Guard, , and they were drowned. The way it went: told where she was anchored. It's a place at New' foundland called the Virgin Rocks. It said: : The Boys of Salmonear" late-ly been run Come all you loving mothers, I pray you lend an ear When you hear of my mournful story you can't but shed a tear Concerning one of our packet boats that's lately been run down All by an English man-o'-war bound down for St. John's town. It was on the twentieth of last July as you may understand The boat lay to an anchor about three miles from land They were anchored off of the Virgin Rocks taking their silent sleep It was little they thought before daybreak they'd be slumbering in the deep. Oh the man-o'-war that ran them down the Royalist (?) was her name Commanded by Captain Butley (?) on him I lay no blame The English carried no morning watch, or they put out their lights Oh they had to run down those poor souls that dark and stormy night. It was in a fortnight after oh one of those boys were found MacMarel (?) coming from off the bank young William Daley found. He carried him into St. Mary's Bay all wrapped up in a sail If your heart was hard as marble stone for this poor boy you'd feel. war bound down for St. John's town. Oh good people of St. Mary's Bay they're of the royal true blue They had him a shroud and a casket made, what more couldn't they do? Likewise a boat to carry him home all on the very next day To be waked among his friends so dear and buried beneath the clay. Oh at four o'clock next morning the weather it was clear At six o'clock in the evening they landed at Salmonear The people all resembled out to welcome this poor boy Oh his poor old aged father how he did weep and cry. Oh we took him to his father's house and waked him there that night We took him to the old church yard before it was daylight His poor old aged mother as she sat in her room Oh she sobbed and cried, "My darling son, you're cut down in your bloom." Oh as now my song is ended I'll have no more to say Concerning William Daley who's mouldering in the clay We'll pray to the Queen of Heaven to let their sins go clear And we'll all think of those noble youths who're drowned at Salmonear. Help Us Find Cape Breton Folk Songs: Cape Breton's Magazine has a major project collecting Cape Breton Folk Songs. We want to find the singers and we want to collect songs from all over Cape Breton Island. A Cape Breton Folk Song may or may not have been made here. It will be one that was sung here and passed along in a family or among friends. You know the kind of song we mean. It might be about a shipwreck or working in the lumber woods. It might be fishing songs, songs about work accidents, drown? ings, neighbours and communities. It might be lullabies or songs that went with chil? dren's games • And of course there will be songs dealing with murder and love. Please write and tell us if you know songs or know singers we should visit. Let us know who has the songs in your community. We will visit the singers and collect the songs. A careful archive will be estab? lished. And of course some of this will find its way into Cape Breton's Magazine. Cape Breton Folk Songs are an



important part of our cultural heritage. They should be collected now. We want both songs made locally and traditional songs passed down for generations. Please contact us right away with leads and information. Write to: CAPE BRETON FOLK SONGS Cape Breton's Magazine, Wreck Cove, Nova Scotia, BOC IHO '(23)