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was very seldom they'd ever stop it till they were done • because I'm telling you right here they were high singers. Boy, they'd put that song right, you'd never hear nothing like it. It was the hardest kind of work, but they didn't mind it. It seemed like they had better lungs or some? thing for to sing those songs. And those songs we used to sing 40 or 50 years ago, you don't hear them today. And when you do hear the ones that I used to sing, they've got it different. They've got the same air but where I used to have it twice as long, they've got it shorter now. They have to have it shorter to get it on the radio. Marcella Whitty: I did my singing in my young days, down at Bay St. Lawrence, there's where I belong to. Where did I learn all the songs but down there. We used to get a bunch together. We'd get up in a place • 5 or 6 of us, boys and girls • away up on a place called the Binnacle, on the side of a cliff • and the wild devils were below. And we were only about 14 or 15 • and one would sing us a song and I'd sing them one that we'd learned • and that's the way we went. One would sing for the other, every Sunday. And we learned from that. And we never had to get songs written. That's as true as you are sitting there. John James; Had good memories, see, the very best of memories. Marcella; Now "Brave Ann O'Neil" • that's the one they were crazy to get. tence passed and he's to be hanged Music as sung by Marcella Whitty Oh once I courted this very young man As nature formed as the sun shone on And how to gain him I can not tell you For his sentence passed and he's to be hanged As he came driving his daily coaches As he came driving so sad rode he He looked more like some commanding officer And not a young man for the gallows tree As he drew nigh to that weary gallows His pretty young colours began to fail And looking all aroxmd him with eyes sur? rounding And the jury with him from the Leary jail "Oh hang him hang him" replied the jury The blessed clergyman was standing by With an aching heart and a lamentation On that poor sinner he cast an eye "I will let you see that you will not hang him 'Til his confession with me have done I'll let you see that you will not hang him • Til fifteen minutes of the setting sun" Oh the first stepped up to that weary gallows Was his own dear sister he chanced to spy "Draw near draw near my beloved sister And keep your brother closed in your mind" Oh the next stepped up to that weary gallows Was his own dear brother he chanced to spy "Draw near draw near my beloved brother I have one word more to change with thee "Oh where is my sweetheart that she's not coming That she's not coming to visit me Or do she think it a shame and a scandal To see me hang from a gallows tree" As the day passed o'er and the sun grew lower The blessed sun that ris' so high As the day passed o'er and the sun grew lower 'Til the very moment he had to die As she came driving her daily coaches As she came driving so swift rode she "Come down come down from that weary gallows I got your pardon from the Georges king In spite of all of your persecution I'll court your name in the blooming spring" Come lads and lassies fill up your glasses Fill up your glasses and do not fail Come lads and lassies fill up your glasses And drink a health to brave Ann O'Neil, (Where did these songs come from?) Marcel? la; Oh, I don • t know. My mother was 'ing-



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