Songs

OF THE

185th Overseas Battalion

Canadian Expeditionary Force

CAPE BRETON HIGHLANDERS

Cape Bretoners will recognize several of these songs as old time favorites at milling frolics and such gatherings. Time and space did not permit of the inclusion of many others that should have a place in a collection of songs dedicated to the Cape Breton Highlanders. It is requested that those who may know one or more of the old English or Gaelic songs so familiar east of Canso will communicate with any of the officer of the 185th, as a second edition of this booklet is contemplated within a short time.

SONGS
OF THE
185th OVERSEAS BATTALION
C. E. F.
Cape Breton Highlanders
"Siol na Fear Fearail."

GOD SAVE THE KING.

God save our gracious king,
Long live our noble king,
God save the king:
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us:
God save the king.

Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign:
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the king.

Our loved Dominion bless
With peace and happiness
From shore to shore;
And let our Empire be
United, loyal, free
True to herself and Thee.
For evermore.

THE 185th's OWN SONG.

Donald from Bras d'Or.

When Donald come to Plaster Cove,
He sit upon a hill,
He see a Yankee fisherman
Come sailing down the stream
Says Donald "put your stewer down,
And heave your wessel to,
For I think I'd like to take a trip
To the Bras d'Or Lakes wis you."

Chorus:

Donald from Bras d'Or,
Donald from Bras d'Or,
So wild and so crazy,
Was Donald from Bras d'Or!

When Donald got out in the bay,
He was as sick as Hell,
He said unto the Captain
"I has a very bad sphell,
The mackerel she'll be schoolin',
We'll all stand by the rail,"
Says Donald "I'll be shiggered
And we'll hook him by the tail."

When Donald get to Boston,
He buy a suit of clothes,
He throw away his homespuns
Likewise his crooked brogues;
He buy a pair of gaiters
I think twas size sixteen,
For Donald like the Yankee girl
What bake the Boston Bean.

While Donald was in Boston
He get upon a spree,
A big six foot Polisman
Says, come along wis me;
A prisoner was Donald
Until his trial next day,
When twenty dollars in greenbacks
Poor Donald had to pay.

When Donald heard the 185th.
Was going off to war
Says he "I'll throw away my pick
I wont dig any more;
When the Colonel sees how smart I am
And how well I earn my pay
He'll make of me a Major,
Or a Captain, anyway."

When the train pulled out with Donald
The folks all wept and cried,
Says Donald "Do not grieve my friends,
I'll fill your hearts with pride;
With breast adorned with medals
I'll seek my native shore
And in the House of Parliament
I'll represent Bras d'Or."

When Donald came to Aldershot
He sought the Colonel out,
Says he "I hear you want a man
To put the Huns to rout."
Says the Colonel to the Adjutant
"Have I seen this man before?"
The Adjie smiled and sweetly said;
"It's Donald from Bras d'Or."

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

By J. J. Dunbar, Scotsville, Inverness Co., C. B.

Oh we are the Highland Laddies,
Of the breed of manly men,
And we hail from fair Cape Breton,
Land of mountain, crag and glen.

Chorus:

Tha sinn do siol na fear fearail,
Bunaidh sinn do dream nach gheil
Bidh sinn dhileas d'on bhrataich
Se air mian gun bhuaidh cha til.

Highland lads from ben and shieling
Never let the old flag fall,
Hear the bagpipes loudly pealing,
Scots protect it one and all.

Lads remember how your Daddies
Fought and bled for freedoms cause
When they buckled on their plaidies,
Freeman stand or freeman fall.

Think of how midst muskets rattle
In the days of auld lang syne
On that bloody field of battle,
How they held that thin red line.

Scottish hearts are stoutly beating
Hark! the slogan of each clan,
The Union Jack is in our keeping,
Yes, we'll meet them man to man.

Highland bards have all been singing,
How they fought in every clime,
Hear their deeds of valor ringing,
Down the corridors of time.

S'airidh les an tir a fhaig sinn,
When we land across the brine,
We'll uphold Cape Breton's honour,
Driving Huns across the Rhine.

Oh, we are the Scottish spartans,
Of the breed that cannot yield,
Our fathers were the bonnie Tartans
Oft they stood on honours field.