

MUSIC

Cape Breton's Diversity in Unity

The Pluck Me Store

Words by Ida MacAulay
Music by Leon Dubinsky
© Shag Rock Sound (music)
© Waterloo Music Company (words)

1. Come dig the coal, ye miner boys,
In summer and in fall;
For winter-time is coming on
When there'd be no work at all.
Then heave the coal, ye miner boys,
The summer quickly passes,
When working days will all be done,
But we must have bread and molasses.

Chorus:
The Pluck Me Store, the Pluck Me Store,
We have to deal at the Pluck Me Store.
And only a little cash is left
When bills are paid at the Pluck Me Store.

2. Then bank the coal, ye miner boys
For winter winds will blow,
As we hurry away to the Pluck Me Store
The only store we know.
It's the only store on earth, me boys
Where loafing is no sin;
If you shop or not at the Pluck Me Store
You can just drop in.

3. We need no daily paper boys
To start a long debate.
For there's plenty of news at the Pluck Me Store
And it's always up to date.
We thought we were poorly treated boys

When no dough for work was found,
But many a briny tear was shed
When the Pluck Me burned to the ground.

Recording:

[The Pluck Me Store](#). The Men of the Deeps. John C. O'Donnell Tape Collection. Beaton Institute, Cape Breton University.