

- 1-3 Golden Heads So Lowly Bending, sung by Mrs. George Dickie, Middle Musquodoboit; learned in her childhood and sung to own children; pretty lullaby but voice at over 80 is shaky
- 3-6 Whisky In the Jar, sung by Mr. Fred Redden, Middle Musquodoboit, nicely sung, but some lines seem uneven; compare with version in SBNS.
- 6-8 Teaching McFadden to ^{Dance} Waltz, sung by Mr. Redden; late Irish, amusing and well sung; 4 long vs. & cho.
- 8-9 The Crooked Bawbee, more complete than on 152A and much better sung by Mr. Redden and his daughter Finvola; very nice; Scotch
- 9-10 Cumberland's Crew, whistled by Mr. Redden; words for this and Crooked Bawbee 152A
- 10-10½ The Picture 84, words forgotten, tune whistled by Mr. Redden
- 10½-10½ Rose of Arranmore, Irish tune played on bagpipes by Mr. Redden
- 11-11½ Lady Gowrie, Scotch tune, my favourite of this lot, played on bagpipes by Mr. Redden; sung on 150B and whistled 151B
- 11½-13 Farewell to Kintyre, Scotch tune played on bagpipes by Mr. Redden
- 13-15 Money Musk, Scotch ~~bagpipe~~ tune played ~~on bagpipes~~ on bagpipes by Mr. Redden
- 15-16 Sweet Maid of Glendavel, Scotch tune played on bagpipes by Mr. Redden
- 16-17 Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms, played on bagpipes by Mr. Redden
- 17-18 Boat Song, composed and sung to her own piano accompaniment by Finvola Redden, aged 14; story with the words; beautiful song, taped off at Crawley Films from this tape at request of head of music dept who thought it quite lovely; also Gypsy song; both songs show influence of folk songs which she sings with her father.
- 18-20 My Cape Breton Shore, whistled by Mr. Redden; words forgotten.
- 20-22 Gypsy Song, composed and sung to her own accompaniment by Finvola Redden, a beautiful song, not folk, but shows influence of training in folk music
- 22-27 Banks of Claudie, sung by Mr. Redden to Finvola's piano accompaniment, better than 152A; very nice; tune whistled at end of song; words 152A

Golden heads so lowly bending,
Little feet so white and bare,
Dewy eyes half shut, half open,
Lisping forth their evening prayers.

2

Well she knows what she is saying,
"Now I lay me down to sleep,"
'Tis to God that she is praying,
Praying Him her soul to keep.

Cho.

Half asleep but murmuring faintly,
"If I should die before I wake,"
Tiny fingers clasped so ~~sweetly~~ saintly,
"I pray the Lord my soul to take."

3

O the rapture sweet unbroken
Of the soul who wrote that prayer,
Children's myriad voices floating
Up to heaven recorded there.

4

If of all that has been written
I could choose what might be mine,
It would be a child's petition
Rising to a throne divine.

Sung by Mrs. Geo. Dickie, Middle Musquodoblit, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1955. Learned in her
own childhood, and often sung to her children. Mrs. Dickie
is now over 80/

As I wal ked~~over~~ o'er Mulberry mountain
 I met Captain Evans and his money he was counting,
 I first drew my sword and then drew my rapier,
 "Come stand and deliver for I'm a bold deceiver."

Cho.

Musha rigga do a da
 For there's whisky in the jar,
 Musha rigga do a da
 And there's more behind the bar.

2

I put my hand into his pocket, I fetched out fifty guineas,
 I put it in my own, wasn't that a pretty penny?
 I fetched it home to Molly not thinking she'd deceive me
 But the devil's in the women for they never can be easy. Cho.

3

I went to Molly's chamber to get a little slumber,
 I lay down upon the bed and I began to wonder,
 I had not been lying long before I was awakened,
 The press gang overtook me and among them Captain Evans. Cho.

4

cunning
 But Molly she was ~~wise~~, she knew what was the matter,
 My pistols she disloaded and she filled them full of water,
 She discharged my pistols that she had filled with water
 And a prisoner I was taken like a lamb unto the slaughter. Cho.

5

I stood in^o the hall where the roll was a-calling
 I stood into the hall when the turnkey was a-bawling
 And by a metal ball I put the sentry down
 And I made my escape into Londonderry town. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Fred Redden, Middle Musquodoblit, and
 recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 1955.

O Clarence McFadden he wanted to waltz
 But his feet weren't built up that way,
 He went to a professor and stated his case
 And he said he was willing to pay.
 The professor looked down with alarm at his feet
 As he viewed their enormous expanse,
 And he tacked on a crown to his regular price
 For teaching McFadden to dance.

Cho. like

O one, two, three, come balance with me,
 You are quite a fairy but you have your faults,
 While your left foot is lazy your right foot is crazy,
 But don't get unaisy, I'll teach you to waltz.

2

He took McFadden before the whole class
 And he told him the step once or twice,
 But McFadden's two feet got tied up in a knot,
 Sure he thought he was standing on ice.
 At last he (got) loose and struck out with a will (broke)
 Never looking behind or before,
 But his head got so dizzy he fell on his face
 And he chewed all the wax off the floor. Cho.

3

Now McFadden came home away'long in the night
 After painting the town a bright red,
 He dreamed he was waltzing, he let out his legs
 And kicked the footboards clear off of the bed.
 McFadden he got the steps into his head
 But they wouldn't go into his feet,
 He hummed them on duty from morning to night
 And he counted the steps on the street. Cho.

4

McFadden he practised the steps once or twice
 Till he thought he had it down fine,
 He went to a girl and he asked her to dance
 And he wheeled her out into the line.
 He stepped on her feet and he fractured her toes
 And he swore that her movements were false,
 Sure the poor girl went round for ten weeks on a crutch
 For teaching McFadden to waltz. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Fred Redden, Middle Musquodoboit, and
 recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept/55.