

Reel 172 A

- 1-5 Johnie Scot. Sung by Mr. Ned McKay, Little Harbour, concluded from 171 B. For words see 171B. Child Ballad 99.
- 5-9 The Factory Girl. Sung by Mr. Edmund Henneberry, Eastern Passage English folk-song, much older than title would indicate.
- 9-10 Alphabet Song. Sung by Mr. Edmund Henneberry, Eastern Passage, five verses and chorus. This is pleasant version of "Sailors' Alphabet." Indigenuous to Eastern seaboard.
- 10-12 Recorder, played by Mr. and Mrs. Richard/ Sircom, Dartmouth. Played to test machine, which Mr. Sircom, had just repaired.
- 12-15 The Nightingale. Sung by Mr. Fred Redden, Middle Musquodoboit, six verses of a pleasant love-song to a good tune; well sung.
- 15-18 The Maid of Lurgan's Green. Sung by Mr. Fred Redden. Irish love-song; parents object to marriage. Piano accompaniment by Finvola Redden.
- 18-21 The Bells of Tintern Abbey. Composed and sung by Finvola Redden, aged 16. Beautiful song, inspired by her reading about the Abbey.
- 21-24 By Kells Waters. Sung by Finvola Redden/ Six verses of an Irish love-song. A good tune and well sung.
- 24-27 The Spinning Wheel Song. Sung by Finvola Redden, three verses and chorus of a beautiful Irish song. Finvola sings this in National Film Board picture on Nova Scotia folk-songs.
- 27-end Maid of Dundee/ Played on piano by Finvola Redden. Tune of one of her father's songs, words forgotten.

One bright May day morning as the sun was a-dawning,
The birds in the village did echo and sing
The lads and the lassies were so gently a-moving,
To yonder large buildings where labour began.

2

I spied a fair creature, she was fairer than nature,
Her cheeks like the roses, none could her excel,
Her skin like the lily that blooms in yon valley,
Was this charming young goddess, the factory girl.

3

I stood in a flutter, knew not what was the matter,
Such modesty and prudence, I never did see,
Says I, "My fair charmer, my soul's great alarmer,
If you'll come along with me, a lady you'll be."

4

I stepped up beside her, this beautiful damsel
As she cast upon me a proud look of disdain,
Saying, "Stand back I bid sir, and do not insult me,
Although poor and poverty it bears no shame."

5

Says I, "No harm was intended
But one favour grant me, is where do you dwell?"
"At home sir," she answered
And was going to leave me.

6

This beautiful damsel, the factory girl,
She says, "Sir, temptation is used in all nations,
Go marry some lady, and you'll do well,
Go leave me alone sir, for the bells are a-ringing,
I am but a hard-working factory girl."

7

"What is pleasure or treasure when love it is wanting,
Your beauty upon me has my heart repanned,
And unless you'll consent for to marry, darling
My life I will waste away in some foreign land."

8

She gave her consent and the license were purchased
While the bells in the village did echo and ring
To church they did go and as they were returning
The bride and the groom did so sweetly sing.

9

Now this young couple, they are united
She blesses the hour, she first met her swain,
The factory girl she is made a rich lady
She has married a squire of honour and fame.

Sung by Mr. Edmund Henneberry, Eastern Passage, recorder ~~by~~ Miss Helen
Creighton, 1957, July.

Alphabet Song

Reel 172 A
9-10

hangs on the

A is the anchor that ~~xxxxxxxxxxx~~ bow
And B is the bowsprit that ~~sips~~ in the bow,
C is the capstan that always goes round,
And D is the derrick that hoists up the rum.

Chorus.

So merry, so merry, so merry are we,
No mortals on earth like the sailors at sea,
Sing edory, idory, odory dong,
Give sailors their grog and there's nothing goes wrong.

2

E is the ensign that neatly do flew,
And F for the forecastle which livers the crew,
G is the gewel-blocks ~~of~~ our yardarm,
And H is the hawser that never will strand. Cho.

3

I is the island our sternsail boom ship/,
And J is the jib so neatly do set,
And K is the keelson our ship's sunken hole,
And L is the lanyard that holds the good hole. Cho.

4

M is the mainmast so stout and so strong,
N is the needlepoint that ^{neva} goes wrong,
And O is the oars of our jolly boat,
And P is the pennant that neatly do float. Cho.

5

Q for the quarterdeck built stout and strong,
And R is the rudder that guides us along,
And S is the sailors as I have just said
And T.U.V.W.X.Y.Z. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Edmund Henneberry, Eastern Passage, 1957 and recorded by
Miss Helen Creighton

As I was a-walking one morning in May
 I espied a ~~young~~ couple upon the highway ^{fair}
 One was a maiden, a damsel so fair,
 And the other a weaver with dark wavy hair.

2

"Good morning, good morning," the weaver then said,
 "Oh where are you going my pretty fair maid?"
 "I'm going to the banks of the clear purling spring
 To see the swift waters gliding and hear the nightingale sing."

3

They walked along together for an hour or two,
 Till they came to the banks where the fond violets grew,
 And there they sat down by the banks of the spring
 To see the swift waters gliding and hear the nightingale sing.

4

"Oh, now," says the maiden, "you must marry me."
 "Oh, no," says the weaver, "that never can be
 For I've a wife in old London, and children twice three,
 And two wives in old London is too much for me.

5

"I'll go back to old London, there I'll stay for one year
 And is oft times I'll think of the hours I spent here
 And when I return it will be in the spring
 To see the swift waters gliding and hear the nightingale sing."

6

Now come all you fair maidens come listen to me
 Never trust a fair weaver on land or on sea
 For he'll kiss you and court you by the light of the moon
 And he'll ^{love} live you in sorrows and your hopes all in ruin.

(The singer says there are more verses but he can't recall them.)

Sung by Mr. Fred Redden, Middle Musquodoboit, recorded by Helen
 Creighton, June, 1957.

I pray you gentle muses, I pray you lend an ear
Till I relate these verses of a lovely maiden fair,
And the curls of her yellow hair has stole my heart away,
And death I'm sure must be the cure if she and I must part.

2

It's "O dear son, my only son, don't throw yourself away
To marry a poor servant girl and her parents are so mean,
For she is not your equal, and that right well you know,
But stay at home no more to roam for the maid of Lurgan's Green."

3

"It's mother, dearest mother, don't deprive me of my love,
For I would not care to lose her for ten thousand pounds a year,
Were I queen Victoria on her I would place the crown,
O wear the crown of high renown for the maid of Lurgan's Green."

4

It was early the next morning a horse they did prepare
And took my love away from me, and I do not know where,
I went into my darling's room where oft times I had been
In hopes to get another view of the maid of Lurgan's Green.

5

Now to conclude and finish, I mean to end my song,
It's John O'Brien it is my name, the flowery hills are mine,
I lived in peace and happiness before her face I seen,
But now in pain I will remain for the maid of Lurgan's Green.

Sung by Mr. Fred Redden, Middle Musquodoboit, and recorded by
Helen Creighton, June 1957.

The bells of Tintern Abbey
Ring in my heart, ring in my soul,
They sing of a love that is pure and true,
A love that never grows old.

2

Oft there so long ago they sang
As evening was drawing near,
Adross the valleys of glowing green
The bells sang sweet and clear.

3

Now across the ruins
Of Tintern Abbey the bells still ring,
In my heart and in my soul
A wealth of happiness they bring.

4

The song of Tintern Abbey
No weather or ruin can buy,
It's haunting music will linger still,
The song will never die.

5

The love and peace linger near,
In ruin and beauty it rests,
The bells ring out still sweet and clear
In summers evenings ~~blissed~~ blest.

aged 16,

Composed and sung by Finvola Redden, and recorded by
Helen Creighton, June 1957, at Middle Musquodoboit.

Through the sweet county Antrim
 Where I rambled down
 To the ~~sxxxxx~~ charming fair city called sweet Allan's town
 Where the water runs clearly and everything's nice
 You would take it for Eden or some Paradise.

2

I mounted my horse and six miles I did ride,
 'Til I came to a wee house down by the roadside,
 Says I, " In this wee house fair, my chance to see
 A maid tall and handsome just waiting for me."

3

I dismounted my horse, I went in and sat down,
 I 'spied a wee lassie ~~xix~~ viewed her ~~around~~^{around}
 Her cheeks were like roses, her lips a cold red
 And her eyes ~~shined~~ like diamonds, they rolled in her head.

4

Says I, " My wee lassie, if you'll come with me
 To the sweet county Antrim, where married we'll be
 Neither Pappy or Mammy upon us would frown,
 For the leaving Kells Waters and sweethearts behind.

5

"Bally Bay, is a nice place where you I will bring,
 Where the lark and the linnet and the nightingale's sing,
 Where the lark and the linnet, they all sing so sweet,
 They'll be changing their notes for to sing us to sweet."

6

Well, she bundled up her clothes and away she did go,
 She left her fond parents in grief and in woe,
 She left her fond parents in grief for to mourn
 And she is gone where she will never return.

Sung By Finvola Kedden, Middle Musquodoboit, June 1957, and recorded
 by Helen Creighton.

The Spinning Wheel Song

Reel 172A 24-27

180A 1-5

140A

Mellow the moonlight to shine is beginning,
Close by the window young Eileen is spinning,
Bent o'er the fire her blind grandmother's sitting,
Is crooning and moaning and noiselessly knitting.

2

drowsily

"Eileen O'Connell I hear someone tapping,"
"Tis the ivy dear mother against the glass flapping,"
"Eileen I surely hear somebody sighing,"
"Tis the sound mother dear of the autumn winds dying."

Cho.

Merrily, cheerily, noisily wadding,
Swings the wheel, spins the wheel, while the foot's steadying,
Sprightly and lightly and deadily ringing
Sounds the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

3

There's a form at the casement, the form of her true love,
And he whispers with face bent, "I am waiting for your love,
Get up on the stool through the lattice step lightly
And we'll rove ~~through~~ the grove while the moon's shining brightly."

in Cho.

Lazily, easily, swings now the wheel round,
Slowly and lowly is heard now the reel sound,
Noiseless and light to the lattice above her
The maid sweeps, then leaps to the arms of her lover.

Cho.

Slower and slower and slower the wheel swings,
Lower and lower and lower the reel rings,
E'er the wheel and the reel stop their spinning and moving
Through the grove the young lovers by moonlight are roving.

Sung by Finvola Redden, aged 16, Middle Musquodoboit as learned
from her father who had learned it from his mother; recorded by Helen
Creighton, June 1957.