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MF289.729

Wheel  
Spinning ~~Music~~ Song

Reel 180A No.1

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 drowsily knitting.

~~Chorus~~

Eileen O'Coonor 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.  
Merrily Cho.

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

2

There's a form at the casement, the form of her true love,  
And he whispers with face bent, "I am waiting for you love,"  
"Get upon the stool, through the lattice bend lightly  
And we'll roam through the grove while the moon's shining brightly.  
Lazily, easily swings now the wheel round,  
Slowly and lowly is heard now the new sound,  
Noiseless and light through the lattice above her  
The maid sweeps and leaps to the arms of her lover.

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

Sung by F invola Redden, Middle Musquodoboit, and recorded by Helen  
Creighton in the late 1950s.

There are laddies in Pictou that would make you look twice,  
And many in Sydney so handsome and nice,  
There are boys around Windsor, some dark and some fair,  
But there's none to compare with my Angus.

2

His hair is so curly and his eyes are so bright,  
His eight little teeth are so pearly and white,  
His smile is so sparkling and so free from care,  
No, there's none to compare with my Angus.

3

There are times when he's good, there are times when he's bad,  
But I canna nay spank him, this bonny wee lad,  
He would charm and be merry this whole livelong day,  
No, there's none quite so gay as my Angus.

4

Then when evening draws near and the sun's in the west  
He will tiptoe up softly and lay on my breast,  
He will sleep there so peaceful like a bird in its nest,  
He's an angel of rest, my wee Angus.

Composed and sung by Finvola Redden, Middle Musquodoboit, and recorded in  
late 1950s for Helen Creighton.

Now its first from sea I've landed I had a roving mind,  
As I rambled for pleasure my true love to find,  
When I met lovely Susan with her cheeks like the rose  
And her bosom was much fairer than the lily that grows.

2

Now her dark brown hair was braided on on her white swany neck,  
And her eyes they did glitter like the bright stars by night,  
And the robes that she wore were costly and white.

3

Now I courted lovely Susan till I spent all my store  
When she then turned againe when she found I were poor,  
Then she said she loved another whose fortune would choose,  
So begone from lovely Susan, she's the pride of Kildare.

4 rambles

Now I'm again in my ~~rambles~~ down by yon river Clare,  
Where I met lovely Susan and those squires so dear,  
Now I followed after with my heart full of woe,  
Saying, there's blessings on you Susan you're the pride of Kildare.

5

Now once more on the ocean I mean for to go,  
Bound to all billows(?) with my heart full of woe,  
Where there are pretty maidens with jewels so dear,  
But there's none like lovely Susan, she's the pride of Kildare.

6

Now it's sometimes I'm weary and there's more times I'm sad.

(tape fades out here)

Sung by Mr. Ned MacKay, Little Harbour, Halifax County, and recorded by  
Helen Creighton.

lovely is pronounced lovelie throughout.

year

The last ~~day~~ December I'll never forget,  
 A charming young creature I met on the ~~street~~, stream,  
 Her eyes shined like diamonds, she was dressed up to kill,  
 She was slipping and sliding down Little Moose Hill.

Cho.

To me fol de rum doodle dum, fol the rol doodle dum,  
 Fol the rol doodle dey, rum the bum bum.

2

Said I, "You fair maid you must be excused, "  
 To take up my arm she did not refuse,  
 We both slipped together and fell ~~in the snow~~ to love's thrill  
 And we made it all right on Little Moose Hill. Cho.

3

The very next day to the church we did go,  
 Which made the people all talk you might know,  
 Said the priest, "Will you wed?" and said I, "Yes we will,"  
 And it's buckled we were on ~~McInnes Hill~~ Little Moose Hill. Cho.  
~~Oh it's now we are married and children got three,~~

4

Oh it's now we are married and children got three,  
 Me and me missus can never agree,  
 There's one we call Bridget, the other call Bill,  
 And says I, "Call the other Little Moose Hill. " Cho.

Sung by Mr. Isaac Doyle, East Jeddore, and recorded by Helen Creighton.

He sometimes sings this as McInnes Hill. It is also known as Back Bay Hill,  
 SBNS p. 217, and as Citadel Hill, renamed by Dr. Marius Barbeau for the book Come  
 A-Singing. This is the version best known and more popularly sung.