

Reel 183A

1. My Cottage O; composed and sung by Finvola Redden, Middle Musquodoboit; beautiful song, well sung; now published by Waterloo Press
2. Bonny Wee Angus; composed and sung by Finvola Redden; is in folk idiom, and is about her little brother; for words see reel 171B No. 4; plays own piano accompaniment
- 3, 4 & 6. Mary Hamilton; (Child 173); beautiful ballad sung in part by Maureen and Lynn Redden and all 4 vs. by Finvola Redden; interesting to hear little children singing this plaintive ballad.
- 5 Hush the Waves are Rolling In; traditional lullaby sung by Finvola Redden as learned from her grandmother; beautiful song, 4 vs. well sung
7. McGregor's Lament; sung by Dr. Alfred Needler, Nanaimo, B.C. when holidaying in St. Andrews, N.B.; has neither heard nor seen it from any but his mother; touching lament sung to orphaned child; singer has good voice.
8. The Boatie Rows; sung by Dr. Needler; Scotch folk song, 4 vs. & choruses, well sung with good voice; pretty song of fisherfolk.

This side unfinished; all these songs are good.

My Cottage O

Hear the winds a-blowing O  
All around my cottage O,  
Winds that come and winds that go  
With the wild winter snow.

2

Hear the sea waves crashing O  
All around my cottage O,  
Waves that lash with seething foam  
All around my cottage home.

3

Hear the sea birds crying O  
All around my cottage O,  
Cries that warn of stormy seas  
And winds across the grassy leas.

4

Do I see a flashing O  
Of lightning round my cottage O,  
The thunder rolling hoarse and low  
Around my bonny cottage O.

5

High the sea mist gathers O  
All around my cottage O,  
But I am safe from wind and storm  
As any lord in his castle home.

Composed and sung by Finvola Redden, Middle  
Musquodoboit and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept.  
1958

There Yestreen the queen had four Marys  
To-night she'll have but three,  
Was Mary Seaton and Mary Beaton  
And Mary Carmichael and me.

2

Oh often have I dressed my queen  
And put gold on her hair,  
But whathave I ~~xxxxxxxxxxkewwrrr~~ gotten formy reward  
Death to be my share?

3

O little did my mother ken  
The day she cradled me,  
The land I was to travel in  
Or the death I was to die.

4

O could I but lie in my ain kirkyard  
Beneath the old yew tree,  
Where I pulled the gowans and strang the rowans,  
My brothers and sisters and me.

First two verses sung by Maureen Redden, aged 6, Lynn Redden,  
aged 4, and the whole ballad by Finvola Redden, aged 17 and  
recorded by Helen Creighton at Middle Musquodoboit, Sept. 1958

McGregor's Lament

Reel 183A No. 7

Early on the Lammas morning  
Wi' my husband was I gay,  
But my heart was sorely wounded  
By the middle of the day.

Cho.

Ochan, pchan, ochan weary  
Though I cry my child wi' thee,  
Ochan, ochan, ochan weary  
Now he hears not thee nor me.

2

Had they met but twelve McGregors  
Wi' McGregor at their head,  
Then my son had not been orphaned  
Or these bitter tears he shed. Cho.

3

Could I rise up like the skylark,  
Had I Gregor's strength in hand,  
The highest stone of yonder castle  
Would lie lowest in the land. Cho.

4

Bahu bahu little darling,  
Now so tender and so weak,  
I fear the day will never brighten  
When revenge for him you'll seek. Cho.

Sung by Dr. Alfred Needler, Nanaimo, B.C., and recorded  
by Helen Creighton, June 1959

The singer has never seen or heard this song anywhere  
except from his mother.

O weel may the boatie row  
 And muckle be her speed,  
 And weel may the boatie row  
 That wins the bairns' bread.

Cho.

The boatie rows, the boatie rows, the boatie rows indeed,  
 And happy be the lot of a' that wish the boatie speed.

2

I cast my line in Largo Bay  
 And fishes I caught nine,  
 There's three to boil and three to fry  
 And three to bait the line.

Cho.

The boatie rows, the boatie rows, the boatie rows full weel,  
 And happy be her lot that bears the murlan and the creel.

3

When Sandy Jock and Janetie  
 Are up and gotten lear,  
 They'll help to gar the boatie's speed  
 And lighten all our care.

Cho.

The boatie rows, the boatie rows, the boatie rows indeed,  
 And happy be the lot of a' that wish the boatie speed.

4

And when wi' care we are worn down  
 And hirpling round the door,  
 They'll row to keep us dry and warm  
 As we did them before.

Cho.

The boatie rows, the boatie rows, the boatie rows full weel,  
 And happy be her lot that bears the murlan and the creel.

Sung by Dr. Alfred Needler, Nanaimo, B.C., and recorded in  
 St. Andrews, N.B. by Helen Creighton, May 1959