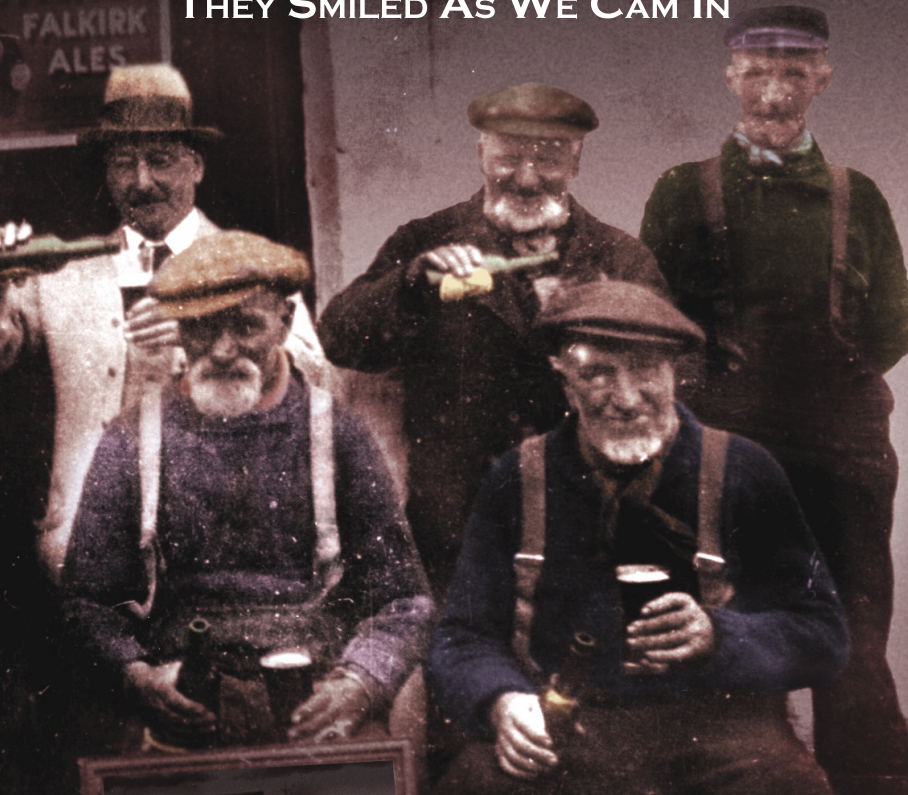


SHEPHEARD, SPIERS & WATSON

THEY SMILED AS WE CAME IN





Peter Shephard

INTRODUCTION

On a fine early Topic LP (and more recent issues on CD), in concert and in clubs The Gaugers, when they were active, were an example to all of how to be erudite while having a really exciting and intriguing time in music. Three clever, diverse and individually engaging musicians found ways of providing beautiful backdrops for each others' work. With the sudden and unfortunate death of Peter Hall, the remaining two, Arthur Watson and Tom Spiers, could have chosen to draw a line under the whole enterprise but to everyone's good fortune - and after a pause - they chose to co-opt Peter Shephard and continue along what has become, musically speaking, a very rewarding path. But no longer as The Gaugers. Their collective way with the songs continues to develop, becoming something very interesting indeed, as again and again they give an object lesson in how to accompany song. Any kind of song. The pulse is always there but they do not seem ever to be bound hand and foot to a metronome - which, of course, is how ordinary people sing. The hard part of such an approach to accompaniment is doing so without falling over each others' feet. Coupled with all this, their versions of songs are always compelling and often downright unusual (see *The Nutting Girl* as a prime example). You are about to hear - or, come to that, have just heard - some fine, fine music.

Martin Carthy, March 2005

THE SONGS

1	Jock Hawk's Adventures	3.17
2	The Fair o Balnafinnan	3.32
3	The Last o the Clydesdales	2.42
4	The Nutting Girl	4.36
5	Bonnie Ship the Diamond	3.20
6	Calder's Clear Stream	4.35
7	Glenlogie (Bonnie Jean o Bethelnie)	4.42
8	Grat for Gruel	2.27
9	Banks of Newfoundland	3.47
10	Atween Stanehive & Laurencekirk	2.25
11	Rhynie	2.18
12	Bleacher Lassie o Kelvinhaugh	3.55
13	My Auld Sheen	4.04
14	Dowie Dens o Yarrow	4.58
15	Ye Boys o Callieburn	5.54

Pete, Tom and Arthur have known each other for many years and, after enjoying each others' company at sessions, festivals, hogmanay and suchlike seasonal gatherings, they began to gain bookings together and formalised this as **Shepherd, Spiers & Watson** in 2003 for an appearance at the great Whitby Festival. This is their first album together.

We have each written the introductory notes to the songs we lead and, where a song can be found in *The Greig-Duncan Folk Song Collection* or in Francis J Child's *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads* the appropriate reference numbers are given (e.g. Glenlogie: Child 238; GD 5:973). We have also given numbers from the *Roud Folk Song Index* and from *Laws American Balladry from British Broadides*.

Visit the Shepherd, Spiers & Watson website online at www.springthyme.co.uk/ssw
Songs on this album are at www.springthyme.co.uk/1042

1: JOCK HAWK'S ADVENTURES

ARTHUR (VOCAL) WITH PETE (MELODEON AND VOCAL) AND TOM (FIDDLE AND VOCAL)

One of many northeast songs, along with *The Tarves Rant* and *My Rovin Eye*, which warn the unsuspecting ploughman of the allure and consequences of going on the spree in village, town or city. In Aberdeenshire, *Jock Hawk's Adventures* commonly shares a tune with the bothy song *Guise o Tough*. Here we use another *Guise o Tough* tune collected in the Alford area by Peter Hall in the 1960s. (GD 2:295; Roud 2331)

Ah tae Glesga toun I gaed ae nicht tae spend a penny
fee, [penny fee: wage
A bonnie wee lass she gied consent tae bear me
company.

Hooch on linkie doo, linkie doodle day,
Hooch on linkie doodle toor aye ae.

We wandered through Jamaica Street doun by the
Broomielaw,
The organ lads played rich and sweet and fiddlers
ane or twa.

We gaed intae a tavern, I ordered up some gin,
And aa the folk aboot the place they smiled as we
cam in.

We hidnae been in there an hour fan in cam half a
score, [fan: when
O sailor lads and quines sae braw we'd never seen
afore. [quines: girls, braw: fine

I bocht them each a gless o gin, they drank it aff
richt fee,
And ilka ane they drank success tae the bonnie wee
lassie and me. [ilka ane: every one

The nicht gaed on wi mirth and sang till daylight did
appear,
Syn e up come their bosun says, "All hands on deck
appear." [syn: then

The sailors took a pairtin gless, the lassies said,
“Goodbye.”
The hindmost ane as he gaed oot says, “Jock ye’ve aa
tae pey.”

Noo they’ve taen fae me ma watch and chain and
they’ve taen fae me ma knife,
It’s a wunner they hanna taen fae me ma wee bit
spunk o life. [spunk: spark]

Weel I cam intae this world a bairn, sae nakit and
sae bare, [bairn: child]
And I’ll ging oot the same fae Glesga, I’ll never ging
nae mair.

So come aa ye jolly plooman lads, a warning tak fae
me,
Never ging tae Glesga toun, ye’re better in Lochee.

Hooch on linkie doo, linkie doodle day,
Hooch on linkie doodle toor aye ae;
Hooch on linkie doo, linkie doodle day,
Hooch on linkie doodle toor aye ae.

2: THE FAIR O BALNAFINNAN

TOM (VOCAL AND FIDDLE) WITH ARTHUR (WHISTLE)

I learned this from a recording of Jeannie Robertson made by Peter Hall in the 1960s. It was a poor recording so I adapted some of the words which I couldn’t make out. Subsequently I discovered that the line that I had converted into ‘She was the flooer o the evening’ was sung by Jeannie as ‘She was fair as the Annan’ - but by then I had taken a liking to my way of it. A song composed by Hugh McWilliams, a County Antrim schoolmaster, and published by him in 1831 under the title *The Lass among the Heather* seems to have given rise to this song known in Ireland and Scotland under various similar titles and in the Greig-Duncan collection as *The Fair of Balnaminna*. The song was clearly inspired by the Paisley poet Robert Tannahill’s *The Braes*

o Balquhiddier and the two songs are often found mixed together. The McPeake’s famous *Will ye go Lassie Go* must also derive from the Tannahill song. The folk process at work! (GD 4:873; Roud 2894)

I wis comin fae the fair, fae the fair o
Balnafinnan,
Fan I spied a bonnie lass, she wis the flooer o the
evenin; [fan: when
I’ve asked her far she dwelt, as we strolled along
thegither, [far: where
“On thon bonnie mountain side,” she’s replied,
“among the heather.”

I will build my love a bower, by thon clear crystal
fountain,
And cover it aa ower, wi the flooers o the
mountain;
I’ll range the mountain side, though it be sae dreich
and dreary,
And bring hame aa my spoils tae the bower o my
dearie.

I wis comin fae the fair, fae the fair o
Balnafinnan,
Fan I spied a bonnie lass, she wis the flooer o the
evenin;
I’ve asked her far she dwelt, as we strolled along
thegither,
“On thon bonnie mountain side,” she’s replied,
“among the heather.”

3: THE LAST O THE CLYDESDALES

PETE (VOCAL AND MELODEON) WITH TOM (FIDDLE AND VOCAL) AND ARTHUR (WHISTLE)

Archie Webster, who wrote this song in the 1950s, was caretaker at the village hall in Strathkinness outside St Andrews when I met him around 1963. John Watt’s group The Treugillion and ourselves from St Andrews folk club were singing on some event in the hall and in the interval we

naturally graduated to the local Strathkinness Inn. John quickly struck up a conversation with Archie who in no time at all had sung John the local bothy ballad *Tattie Jock*. Archie was a horse ploughman all his working life and had composed *The Last of the Clydesdales* in praise of the horses he had worked with on the nearby farm of Denbrae where the farmer had maintained the old ways well into the 1950s.

O come aa ye young ploughboys that list tae my tae,
As ye sit roond the tables a drinkin your ale;
I'll tak ye aa back tae a far distant day,
When I drove the last Clydesdales that worked on
Denbrae,
When I drove the last Clydesdales that worked
on Denbrae.

There were twa bonnie blacks, wi white faces and feet,
In the hale o the roond, they could never been beat;
You'd hae lookit gey far, 'twixt the Forth and the Tay,
For tae match thae twa Clydesdales, the pride o
Denbrae,
For tae match thae twa Clydesdales, the pride o
Denbrae. [hale o the roond: all around

They were matchless in power in the cairt or the ploo,
And ma voice and ma hands on the reins they weel
knew;

There wis never ae thocht in their minds, but obey,
Ma twa gallant Clydesdales, the pride o
Denbrae,
O ma twa gallant Clydesdales, the pride o
Denbrae.

But the time it wears on and the winters grow cauld,
And horses, like men, can dae nocht but grow auld;
But I mind on them still, though it were yesterday,
When I drove the last Clydesdales that worked on
Denbrae,
When I drove the last Clydesdales that worked on
Denbrae. [mind on: remember

4: THE NUTTING GIRL

ARTHUR (VOCAL) WITH TOM & PETE (VOCALS)

Long before I joined Peter Hall (and Tom Spiers) in The Gaugers, he recorded several song tunes for me that have remained part of my repertory. Peter gave me two tunes for *The Nutting Girl* (GD 7:1475; Roud 509) from the Greig-Duncan collection to which he had early access in King's College Library. He also collected a version from Bill Rhynd of Cove in Kincardineshire under the title *Young Jackie* which Peter sang on The Gaugers debut recording *Beware of The Aberdonian* (Topic 12TS284, Sleepytown SLPYCD 008). I use a set of words based on Bill Rhynd's version with the addition of a further verse appropriated from John Kirkpatrick at an Irvine festival in the early 1970s.

There would seem to be a convention in folk song that when a young woman collects nuts ravishment will soon follow. In *The Lassie Gaitherin Nuts*, as sung by Lizzie Higgins, she appears to sleep through the action, while in *The Nutting Girl* her reaction to the sexual encounter is the more plausible: "Young man I feel sae queer, the world's gaen walkin roon."

It's o a brisk young ploughboy, a-ploughin on his
land,
Says, "Whoa" untae his horses, and he bids them
gently stand.

And tie ower an I'll lie tae O,
Lie ower an I'll lie tae;
Ma bonnie, bonnie lassie,
Lie ower an I'll lie tae.

And he sat dou on his plough there and he began tae
sing,
His voice wis so melodious, it made the valley ring.

And it's o a bonnie lassie, wis nuttin in the wid, [wood
Young Jackie sang sae sweetly that he's charmed her
far she stood. [far: where

And it's fan she heard young Jackie sing, she could no
longer stay, [fan: when
And what few nuts that poor girl had, she threw them
all away.

And she gaed up tae young Jackie then, as he sat on
his plough,
She says, "Young man I feel sae queer, I canna tell ye
how."

And young Jackie left his horses and he also left his
plough,
He's taen her intae yon green wid, his courage for tae
show.

And he's taen her intae yon green wid, it's there he's
laid her down,
She says young man, "I feel sae queer, the world's gaen
walkin roon."

And it's six months bein over, and nine months were
comin on,
Young Jackie received a letter that he hid a fine young
son.

And young Jackie read that letter there, his face wioot
a frown,
He says, "I'm sure she'll mind on the day the world
gaed walkin roon."

And lie ower an I'll lie tae O,
Lie ower an I'll lie tae;
Ma bonnie, bonnie lassie,
Lie ower an I'll lie tae.

5: BONNIE SHIP THE DIAMOND

**TOM (VOCAL) WITH PETE (MELODEON AND VOCAL) AND
ARTHUR (WHISTLE AND VOCAL)**

This version of the well known whaling song was learnt
from the singing of Peter Hall who may have taken it

from the Greig-Duncan manuscripts where there are eight
texts with tunes although none is quite the same as this.

The Diamond was built in Québec in 1801 and brought
into the Aberdeen fleet in 1812. *The Aberdeen Journal* of
18 March 1812 reports: "The fine new Ship Diamond, Gibbon
(that is, with Captain Gibbon in command) sailed on Thursday
last, for the Davis' Straits Whale Fishery." When she arrived
back in August she had a catch of eleven fish. The ship
went on a yearly voyage until 1819 when she was caught in
the early autumn ice and lost while staying too late in the
season. Fortunately the crew were all saved. (GD 1:11; Roud
2172)

The Diamond it's a ship ma lads, for Davis Straits she's
bound,
The quay it is aa garnished wi bonnie lassies roon;
Captain Gibbon gives command, tae sail the ocean
wide,
Far the sun it niver sets ma lads, nor darkness dim the
sky. [far: where

Sae be cheerful ma lads and let yer herts niver fail,
For the bonnie ship the Diamond goes a-fishin for
the whale.

Along the quay at Aberdeen the lassies stan aroon,
Their shawls aa pued aboot them, their saut tears
rinnin doun;

"Dinna greet ma bonnie lassie, though ye've been left
behind, [greet: cry
The rose'll grow on Greenland's ice afore I change ma
mind."

Best wishes tae the Greenland fleet and aa the whalin
trade,

And likewise tae the sailor lads fa earn their daily
breid; [fa: who

They wear the trousers o the white and the jackets o
the blue,

Fan they get back tae Aberdeen they'll find sweethearts
a-new. [fan: when

Sae jovial it will be the day, fan the Greenland men
come hame,
Wi ships that's full o oil ma lads and money tae their
names;
They'll mak the cradle for tae rock and the blankets
for tae teer,
And ilka lass in Aiberdeen cry, "Hish-a-ba ma dear."

Here's a health untae the Hercules and anither tae
the Jane,
A health untae the Bon-accord and the Diamond ship
o fame;
A health to Captain Gibbon, and aa the Diamond's
crew,
A health tae every bonnie lass that's got a hert that's
true.

Sae be cheerful ma lads and let yer herts niver fail,
For the bonnie ship the Diamond goes a-fishin for
the whale.

6: CALDER'S CLEAR STREAM

PETE (VOCAL) WITH TOM (FIDDLE)

In the early 1960s we would often travel up from St Andrews to visit the Stewart family at New Alyth outside Blairgowrie and, during the berrypicking season in late July/ August, we would join the berrypicking and camp beside Belle and Alex or on Marshall's field where many of the traveller families would gather each year for the season. In the evening there was always singing and music around the camp fires and it was on such a night in August 1965 that I recorded this song from traveller Hughie Stewart from Annathill, North Lanarkshire - his favourite song. (GD 5:947; Roud 3778)

The song presumably dates from the early 1800s and may well be based on a historical event. A young miner leaves his sweetheart to fight for the King. When he is wounded in battle he thinks longingly of his sweetheart and wishes she was at his side. The word stound (pain) is pronounced by traditional singers to rhyme with the old pronunciation of wound as wovnd. The Bonnie Woodha mentioned in the

song (and the title of the text-only version in Greig-Duncan) is on the east bank of the North Calder water in Lanarkshire as it flows north to join the Clyde. I added the last verse myself.

It was down by yon green bushes by Calder's clear
stream,
Where me and my Annie dear had often times been;
Where the hours flew past as quite happy were we,
And it's little did my Annie think a sodger I'd be.

O fare thee weel Annie for I must away,
For the King he needs sodgers and I must obey;
But if fortune shines on me and I do return,
Then I will walk wi ye my Annie dear by Calder's clear
burn.

It was on the eighteenth of August our regiment was
lost,
When a bullet from the enemy our lines quickly
crossed;
Caught me on the forehead and the blood come
trickling down,
I reeled and I staggered and I fell unto the ground.

Up then stepped our captain he came up with great
speed,
"O I fear by yon bullet young Dinsmore lays deid."
Two men with a stretcher they quickly appeared,
And they carried me off to a hospital there.

They turned me all over my wovnds for to see,
Cold water and brandy they poured around so free;
If I had my Annie dear to wash all my wovnds,
Then I know that by her sweet kiss she would soon cure
the stound. [pain]

When I am alone and I think on lang syne,
When I was a miner and wrocht in the mine;
The tears they do trickle and doun they do fa,
When I think on the gowans roon bonnie Woodha.
[wrocht: worked; gowans: daisies]

Now the fighting is over, the fighting is done,
And I will return to my own native home;
I will walk with my Annie dear, my Annie by my side,
And by the Calder's clear water I'll make her my bride.

7: GLENLOGIE (BONNIE JEANNIE O BETHELNIE)

ARTHUR (VOCAL) WITH PETE (MELODEON AND VOCAL) AND TOM (FIDDLE AND VOCAL)

accord, n. harmony
accordion, n. an instrument in harmony with the sentiments of an assassin
Ambrose Bierce *The Devil's Dictionary* (1911)

Although I have had sympathy with this definition, the lilting rhythm of Pete Shephard's melodeon has led me to re-appraise several songs which have lain dormant for many years. *Glenlogie* (Child 238; GD 5:973; Roud 101), in its earliest version of 1768, was included in Bishop Percy's manuscripts and is still widely sung in Aberdeenshire. I rarely sing it unaccompanied and relish the dialogue with the fiddle and melodeon as well as three voices raised in praise of the Aberdeenshire landscape:

Bethelnie, Bethelnie, ye shine far ye stand,
And aa the heather bells that's around ye shine
ower Fyvie's land.

There were six and six nobles rade roon Banchory fair,
And bonnie Glenlogie wis the flower o them there;
There were nine and nine ladies sat in the queen's dine,
Bonnie Jeannie o Bethelnie wis the flower o twice
nine.

Doun come Jeannie Meldrum she cam tripping doun
the stair,
And she's faan in love wi Glenlogie ower aa that wis
there;
She has turned tae his fitboy that stood by her side,
[fitboy: footman]
Saying, "Fa is the young man and far does he bide?"

"His name is Glenlogie fan he is fae hame,
And he's o the noble Gordons and his name is Lord
John."

"Glenlogie, Glenlogie prove constant and kind,
For I hae laid my love upon ye and ye're aye in ma
mind."

He has turned him aroon quickly like the Gordons dae
aa,
He says, "I thank ye Jeannie Meldrum but I'm promised
awa."

She has caad for her maiden tae mak up a bed,
Wi ribbons aye and napkins tae tie roon her heid.

Doun cam Jeannie's faither and as he cam doun stair,
He says, "Fit ails ye Jeannie Meldrum that ye're lying
doun there?"

"There is a nice little fellow wi a dark rollin ee,
And if I get na Glenlogie then it's for him I'll dee."

"O haud yer tongue Jeannie and say nae sic a thing
tae me,
And I will wad ye tae Drumwhinnie, he has mair gowd
and fee." [fee: income]

"O haud yer tongue faither and let yer Jeannie be,
For if I get na Glenlogie then it's for him I'll dee."

Her faither he had a chaplain and a man o great skill,
And he's penned a braid letter and indited it weel;
Fan Glenlogie saw the letter a licht lauch gaed he,
But fin Glenlogie read the letter then a tear blint
his ee.

"Noo gae saddle tae me the black horse, gae saddle tae
me the broon,
Bonnie Jeannie o Bethelnie will be deid e'er I win."
Fan his horses were saddled and led tae the green,
It's bonnie Glenlogie had gaen three miles his leen.
[win: arrive, his leen: alone]

Noo pale and wan wis she fan Glenlogie cam ben,
Aye and reid and rosie grew she fan she saw it was him;
"Lie ower Jeannie Meldrum, lie tae yer richt side,
And I will play the bridegroom love if you will play the
bride."

Bonnie Jeannie she wis married and her tocher doun
tauld, [dowry counted out
Bonnie Jeannie o Bethelnie wis bit sixteen years auld;
Bethelnie, Bethelnie ye shine far ye stand,
And aa the heather bells that's aroond ye shine ower
Fyvie's land.

8: GRAT FOR GRUEL

**TOM (VOCAL) WITH PETE (MELODEON AND VOCAL) AND
ARTHUR (WHISTLE AND VOCAL)**

Learnt directly from the singing of Jimmy McBeath who was a
frequent guest at the Aberdeen Folksong club in it's heyday.
I have been singing this song, which Jimmy often referred
to as *The Cruel Weaver*, for about 40 years but this is the first
time I have recorded it. (Roud 935)

There wis a weaver in the north,
O but he wis cruel,
The very first nicht that he got wad,
He sat an he grat for gruel. [grat: cried
He widna wint his gruel, [wint: do without
He widna wint his gruel,
Aye the very first nicht that he got wad,
He sat an he grat for gruel.

"There's nae a pot in aa the hoose,
I can mak yer gruel in."
"The washin pot'll dae wi me,
For I maun hae ma gruel."
"I winna wint ma gruel,
I canna wint ma gruel,
Aye the washin pot it'll dae wi me,
For I maun hae ma gruel."

"There's nae a spoon in aa the hoose,
For ye tae sup yer gruel wi."
"The gairden spade it'll dae wi me,
For I maun hae ma gruel."
"I winna wint ma gruel,
I canna wint ma gruel
Aye the gairden spade it'll dae wi me,
For I maun hae ma gruel."

Well she's come ben wi tea an cakes,
Brought them ben on a tool [towel
"Gae awa, gae awa wi yer fal-di-ralls,
For I maun hae ma gruel."
"I winna wint ma gruel,
I canna wint ma gruel,
Gae awa, gae awa wi yer fal-di-ralls,
For I maun hae ma gruel."

Sae come aa young lassies far e'er ye be,
Niver mairry a weaver,
The very first nicht that he got wad,
He sat an he grat for gruel.
He widna wint his gruel,
He widna wint his gruel,
Aye the very first nicht that he got wad,
He sat an he grat for gruel.

9: BANKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND

**PETE (VOCAL AND MELODEON) WITH TOM (FIDDLE AND VOCAL)
AND ARTHUR (WHISTLE)**

This is one of my favourite songs and I seem never to
have tired of it since I first recorded it from St Andrews
fisherman Tom Gordon in 1966. He learned it in turn
from a man who had sailed on the whaler fleet out
of Leith in the early 1900s. This is the only version
I have come across that is modernised into the steam
boat era - and incidentally dated in the text to 1906.

The Grand Banks of Newfoundland were famed for their
productivity although the fishery has recently declined

possibly caused by overfishing or by changes in water temperature brought about by global warming. The harsh winter weather made the task very hard and the men were only too happy to 'bid farewell to the Virgin Rocks of Newfoundland' and bring the season to a close with a trip past Sandy Bay and on to New York. (Laws K25; Roud 1812)

Come aa ye men and fair young lads, come aa ye sports
beware,
As ye go steamboat sailing, old dungaree jackets
wear;
And aaways wear a life belt, or keep it close at hand,
For there blows a cold nor-westerly wind on the
Banks of Newfoundland.

'Twas in the year of nineteen-six that we did suffer
sore,
We had on board some fair young lads, some Swedies
and some more;
We pawned our clothes in Liverpool, we pawned them
every hand,
Never thinking of the nor-westerly winds on the
Banks of Newfoundland.

And we had on board a fair young maid, Bridget
Wellford was her name,
To her I promised marriage, on me she had a claim;
She tore her flannel petticoats to make mittens for
my hands,
For she could not see her true love perish on the
Banks of Newfoundland.

One night as I lay sleeping I had a sad old dream,
I dreamt I was back in Scotland beside a flowing
stream;
And by my side a fair young maid and a bottle in my
hand,
But I woke up broken hearted on the
Banks of Newfoundland.

And now we're off for Sandy Bay where the high hills
covered in snow,

Our steam boat she's so hell-of-a fast, by New York we
will go;
We'll rub her up and we'll scrub her down with
holystone and sand, [sandstone block
And we'll bid farewell to the Virgin Rocks and the
Banks of Newfoundland.

We'll rub her up and we'll scrub her down with
holystone and sand,
And we'll bid farewell to the Virgin Rocks and the
Banks of Newfoundland.

10: ATWEEN STANEHIVE AND LAURENCEKIRK

ARTHUR (VOCAL) WITH PETE (MELODEON) AND TOM (FIDDLE)

In the days of horse power, northeast farm servants were bound by a strict hierarchal rule with the first horseman taking precedence over the others who were ranked beneath him in order. His was the choice pair of horse, the seat nearest the fire and the bed furthest from the door's draught. He led the men out to their work and in to their meals.

This song is unusual in detailing female hierarchy, the new foreman is dismissed after courting a servant girl rather than the farmer's daughter (the maiden). (GD 3:376; Roud 5589)

Atween Stanehive and Laurencekirk it's there I did
agree,
Wi a wealthy fairmer, his foreman for tae be;
Tae drive his twa best horses and tae cairt or herrie or
ploo, [herrie: harrow
And tae dee aathing about fairm work that richt weel
I could do.

I worked ma horses carefully and I did ma maister
please,
Excepting for some rants o fun which did his temper
tease;
But in the month o January as you may well believe,
It's for courtin wi the serving girlie we baith did get
wir leave. [our notice

Ae nicht intae the stable on a tryst I met her there,
 Expecting for tae get some fun or guid advice tae gie
 her;
 But the maister he got word o this and quickly he cam
 ower,
 And it's there he's gien us baith wir leave just at the
 stable door.

But it's nae on the maister o that toun that I lay aa the
 blame, [toun: farm
 But on the maiden o that place, that high respected
 dame;
 It's on the maiden o that place, nae lads come her
 tae see,
 And she could nae stand tae see sic fun atween ma
 girlie and me.

So come aa ye jolly plooman lads and try tae mend the
 faut, [fault
 Be sure it's wi the maiden first that ye maun court and
 daut; [play, fondle
 And dinnae court the serving girlies and let the maiden
 bye,
 Or ye may be sure and very sure yer term will seen be
 nigh. [seen: soon

It is a maist disgraceful thing when courtin's caad a
 crime, [caad: called
 It his been practiced in the world, Guid only kens the
 time; [Guid: God
 But in the toun abeen the road it is forbidden there,
 [abeen: above
 So when courting wi the servant girlies, I bid yees aa
 beware.

11: RHYNIE

**TOM (VOCAL) WITH PETE (MELODEON AND VOCAL) AND
 ARTHUR (VOCAL)**

Another standard from the early days of Aberdeen Folk
 Song Club, where it was sung regularly by people like Jimmy
 McBeath and Norman Kennedy. It's the story of a farmer's son
 getting a hard lesson from his father - pull your weight or
 move on. Rhynie is in hard, crofting country in the Highlands
 of Aberdeenshire south of Huntly. (GD 3:348; Roud 2136)

At Rhynie I sheared my first hairst, [harvest
 Near tae the fit o Bennachie; [fit: foot
 And ma maister wis richt ill tae sit, [hard to suit
 But laith wis I tae lose ma fee. [laith: loath

Linten addie tooran addie,
 Linten addie tooran ae O;
 Linten addie tooran addie,
 Linten addie tooran ae.

Noo Rhynie's wark it's ill tae wark, [hard to work
 An Rhynie's wages are but sma;
 Aye, an Rhynie's laws they're double stric, [strict
 An that's fit grieves me maist of aa. [fit: what

Well Rhynie it's a cauld clay hole,
 It's naethin like ma faither's toun; [farm
 Aye, an Rhynie's sic a hungry place. [sic: such
 It disnae suit a lowland loon. [lad

Noo I hae wrocht and I hae focht, [worked, fought
 An I hae won ma penny fee; [wages
 Aye, an I'll ging back the gate I cam, [gate: way
 An a better bairnie I will be. [bairnie: child

Linten addie tooran addie,
 Linten addie tooran ae O;
 Linten addie tooran addie,
 Linten addie tooran ae.

12: THE BLEACHER LASSIE O KELVINHAUGH

PETE (VOCAL) WITH TOM (FIDDLE) AND ARTHUR (WHISTLE)

A sailor returns to the Clyde after seven years at sea and meets his old sweetheart walking beside the banks of the Kelvin river where she is employed as a bleacher lassie. He makes a playful attempt to proposition her and she initially fails to recognise him. The song proceeds to a happy ending, they get married and keep an alehouse to which they welcome in the sailor laddies to go drinking 'wi the bleacher lassie o Kelvinhaugh'.

The song which probably dates from around 1800 has remained popular throughout Scotland. This version with its rather unusual and fine tune is from John MacDonald of Motherwell who sang for me what he referred to as 'the old way of the song' in his trailer on Marshall's field, Alyth during the berrypicking season of August 1965. (GD 5:1041; Roud 3325)

As I roved out one fine summer's morning,
Doun by the banks o sweet Kelvinhaugh;
It was there I spied a wee bleacher lassie,
She had cheeks like the roses, her skin like snaw.

Says I, "Ma lassie, where are ye going,
And what ye do I would like to know?"
"Kind sir," she answered, "I am but a bleacher,
Fae Cochrane's bleach fields near Kelvinhaugh."

"O lassie, lassie, I've gold and silver,
And I would buy you silks sae braw."
"O no kind sir, it's the truth I tell you,
For I have a sweetheart and he's far awa'."

"For it's seven lang years since he's gaed and left me,
And seven more I would wait on him;
O no kind sir, I would raither tarry,
And bleach ma claes here on sweet Kelvinhaugh."

"O lassie, lassie ye are hard hearted,
But such a fair face I never saw;
For ma heart's aye breakin, baith night and mornin,
For the bleacher lassie fae Kelvinhaugh."

"Dae ye see thon ships sailing doun the ocean?
Dae ye see them sailing doun the Broomielaw?
O lassie, lassie dae ye no remember,
The day we partied on sweet Kelvinhaugh?"

"O laddie, laddie I weel remember,
The day we partied on sweet Kelvinhaugh;
Aa the sailor laddies, they aa got tipsy,
Wi the bleacher lassie fae Kelvinhaugh."

It's noo this couple they hae got mairried,
They keep an alehouse atween them twa;
And aa the sailor laddies, they aa go drinkin,
Wi the bleacher lassie fae Kelvinhaugh.

13: MY AULD SHEEN

ARTHUR (VOCAL AND WHISTLE) WITH TOM (FIDDLE AND VOCAL) AND PETE (MELODEON AND VOCAL)

I Aince Loed a Lass or The False Bride (GD 6:1198; Roud 154) was widely sung in the early days of the Scottish folksong revival. Although I was attracted to the inherent surrealism of the forest verse, I was less interested in the overall tenor of the song - the jilted suitor's acceptance of his lot while planning his own forthcoming funeral. I changed my opinion in response to the more assertive versions circulating in the northeast traveller community in which the false bride is compared to discarded footwear: She's only my auld sheen, and ye've got her.

I saw my ain bonnie love tae the kirk go,
Wi rings on her fingers she made a fine show;
And I follaed on aifter wi my hert fu o woe,
She's gaen tae be wad tae anither.

And I saw my ain bonnie love sit doun tae dine,
I sat doun aside her and I poured oot the wine;
And I drank tae the lassie that should hae bin mine,
But it wisnae ma lot for tae get her.

And the ladies and gentlemen askit o me,
Foo many strawberries grow in the saut sea;
And I gaed them ane back, aye, wi a tear in ma ee,
Foo many fish sweem in the forest. [foo: how

She has broken my hert and gaed far, far fae me,
She's broken my hert and gaed far noo fae me;
But it wis not once nor twice that she has lain doun
wi me,
She's only ma auld sheen, ye've got her.

And she's only my auld sheen, only my auld sheen,
She's broken ma hert and awa she has gaen;
She has gaen far awa, far awa she has gaen,
She's only ma auld sheen noo and ye've got her.

14: THE DOWIE DENS O YARROW

TOM (VOCAL AND FIDDLE) WITH ARTHUR (WHISTLE) AND PETE (MELODEON).

This was one of the first ballads I learnt back in the 1960s and the text is pretty close to the version in Norman Buchan's *101 Scottish Songs* which was the most accessible source of traditional song in those days.

The haunting tune is from the singing of Jessie MacDonald and was collected by Peter Hall on one of his field recording expeditions. (Child 214, GD 2:215; Roud 13)

There wis a lady in the north,
I ne'er could find her marrow, [her equal
She wis courted by nine gentlemen,
And a plooboy lad fae Yarrow.

These nine sat drinking at the wine,
Sat drinking wine in Yarrow;
And they've made a vow amang them aa,
Tae fecht for her on Yarrow. [fecht: fight

She's washed his face an kaimed his hair,
As aft she's deen afore O;

An she's made him like a knight sae braw, [fine
Tae fecht for her on Yarrow.

Then he's gaed up thon high, high hills,
Intae the houms o Yarrow; [houms: flat river bank
And it's there he saw nine aimed men,
Come tae fecht wi him on Yarrow.

It's three he slew and three they flew,
And three he's wounded sairly;
But her brither John he's come in ahin,
And he's murdered him maist foully.

"Ah faither dear, I've dreamt a dream,
A dream o dule an sorrow; [dule: grief
I dreamt I wis puin heather bells,
On the dowie dens o Yarrow." [dowie dens: dark valley

"Ah dochter dear, I've read your dream,
I doot it will bring sorrow; [I doot: I'm afraid
For your ain true love he lies pale and wan,
On the dowie dens o Yarrow."

Well she's gaed up thon high, high hills,
Intae the houms o Yarrow;
And it's there she saw her ain true love,
Lying pale an wan on Yarrow.

Her hair it wis three-quarters lang,
The colour it wis yellow;
An she's tied it roon his middle sma,
An she's bore him doun fae Yarrow.

"Ah faither dear, ye've seiven sons,
Ye may wad them aa the morrow;
But the fairest flooer amang them aa,
Wis the plooboy lad fae Yarrow."

15: YE BOYS O CALLIEBURN

PETE (VOCAL) WITH TOM (FIDDLE AND VOCAL) AND ARTHUR
(WHISTLE AND VOCAL)

When I was involved in organising the early TMSA festivals in Blairowrie we set out to bring together traditional singers and musicians from all parts of Scotland. The Mitchell Family of Cambeltown in Kintyre (father, mother, daughter and son-in-law) were invited to the 1968 festival on the recommendation of Hamish Henderson who had come across Cambeltown butcher and amateur folksong collector Willie Mitchell in 1956 during a lecture tour in Argyll organised by the WEA.

The Mitchells' singing of several Kintyre songs provided a most memorable highlight of that gathering in 1968 - two songs in particular - *Nancy's Whisky* and the local Kintyre emigration song *Ye Boys o Callieburn* (Roud 6932) that he had collected from Mr Reid, the farmer at Callieburn. Willie Scott was also a guest that same year and, after a wonderful informal Saturday afternoon ceilidh in the Sun Lounge of the Angus Hotel and with the texts from Willie Mitchell, he quickly took both songs into his repertoire.

The small farming community of Callieburn is in the hills a few miles north of Cambeltown and the song tells of emigration from an area that suffered hardship in the 1830s and 1840s - especially during the 'hungry 40s' when the West Highlands had a famine almost as severe as Ireland's.

John Blair and I hae taen the notion,
Tae cross the wide Atlantic ocean;
Rab MacKinlay's gaen afore us,
He will keep us aa in order.

Hame fareweel, freens fareweel,
And ye boys o Callieburn, fare ye weel.

We leave the land of our forefathers,
Knowing not what may befall us;
America, 'twas thee that wiled us,
For tae leave oor agèd parents.

We leave the land where we were born,
Oor parents standing all forlorn;

This is a song of oor own composing,
Comrades dear, come join the chorus.

Machrihanish, bright and bonnie,
It's o'er thy beach the waves are rolling;
Machrihanish I adore thee,
Never more shall I be o'er thee.

Callieburn I'll mind thee ever,
From your lands I now must sever;
May thy people dwell in thee for ever,
But may they gain a greater favour.

Now in America we have arrivèd,
And of oor freends we are deprived;
We leave them aa behind us sighing,
Maybe yet we'll meet in Zion.

John Blair and I hae taen the notion,
Tae cross the wide Atlantic ocean;
This is a song of oor own composing,
Comrades dear come join the chorus.

Hame fareweel, freens fareweel,
And ye boys o Callieburn, fare ye weel;
Hame fareweel, freens fareweel,
And ye boys o Callieburn, fare ye weel.

INSTRUMENTATION

Pete took up the melodeon in the late 60s when he bought a Hohner 3-row Corona II in A/D/G. Other instruments used on the CD are a Hohner single row in key of C (played in F) and a Castagnari 2-row Fazy in C/F with the lowest button on the F row tuned to A/Bb.

Tom has two fiddles which he acquired back in the 1960s in Aberdeen. At that time he was a regular visitor to Jeannie Robertson and her husband Donald Higgins' home, first at their 'prefab' and then at their house. As a result, he got to know Donald's brother, Issac (Sealie) quite well. Like Donald, Isaac was a good piper, but he also played fiddle. As Tom says, "The old fiddle I played at the time was pretty rough, and I think Isaac took pity on me. He sold me a very nice fiddle made in Aberdeen by Patrick G Milne in 1909 for the princely sum of £5. About a year later, he sold me another Aberdeen fiddle made by John Marshall in 1911 for the much higher price of £15. Doesn't sound much now, but that was a week's wages for me in those days. I still use both fiddles and have changed the strings twice since then." Tom plays the Milne in standard tuning (EADG) and the Marshall in various open tunings. Examples on the CD are BbFBbF - Balnafinnan, Calder's Clear Stream, Bleacher Lassie and Callieburn; BbFBbE - Dowie Dens; CGCF - My Auld Sheen.

Arthur plays whistles by Generation (D and C), Susato (D and Bb) and Overton (low F).



Arthur Watson & Tom Spiers

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Recorded and mastered by Tom Spiers
Produced by Shephard, Spiers & Watson
Introduction by Martin Carthy
Song notes by the singers.
Booklet layout and transcriptions by Peter Shephard

Cover photograph by kind permission of
The Aberdeen Art Gallery and Museums Collection
Group photograph by Colin Ruscoe

Design by Arthur Watson and Andy Rice/NotJustDesign

Copyrights: All titles are from traditional sources and
on this recording are Trad. Arr. Shephard, Spiers &
Watson and published Flash Company Music.



SPRINGTHYME RECORDS

© 2005
Balmalcolm House, Balmalcolm, Cupar, Fife,
KY15 7TJ, Scotland
++44 (0)1337 830773
www.springthyme.co.uk
Springthyme SPRCD 1042

Warning: Copyright exists in all records issued by Springthyme Records. Any unauthorised broadcasting, public performance, copying or re-recording of such records constitutes an infringement of copyright. Licences for public performance or broadcasting may be obtained from Phonographic Performance Limited, 1 Upper James Street, London W1F 9DE.

