



OLD SONGS & BOTHY BALLADS

... **There's Bound to Be a Row** ...

Many of the finest traditional singers in the country gather in May each year for the Fife Traditional Singing Festival - a weekend of concerts and workshops held in the rural heart the ancient kingdom of Fife.

Singers on this CD recorded in May 2009 are **Bob Lewis** from Sussex - renowned for his fine style and extensive repertoire of songs from southern England, singer and fiddle player **Jo Miller** from Stirling, local singers **Chris Miles** from Kirkcaldy and **Jimmy Hutchison** originally from Skye and now living in Newburgh, the great northeast ballad singer **Jock Duncan** from Pitlochry, **Henry Douglas** from Hawick - renowned for his repertoire of border common riding songs and **Jim Taylor** from Aberdeenshire.

1: SLEEPY TOON IN THE MORNING • Jim Taylor 2.51

A George Morris composition. This song is typical of the later bothy ballads or 'cornkisters' of the early 20th century and was recorded on a 78 by George himself in the early 1930s. George's father was a farrier with his own business and George too became a blacksmith. In 1912 he married Agnes Kemp, the sister of Willie Kemp, the King of the Cornkisters, and moved to Oldmeldrum in 1919 where the Kemp family ran a hotel business. During his time in Oldmeldrum he started performing and writing and by 1930 he had come to the attention of the Beltona record label. During the following decade he recorded more than 40 bothy ballads or cornkisters composed by himself or in collaboration with Willie Kemp.

1: Come aa ye lads that follow the ploo,
A story true I'll tell tae you,
O some o the ongyangs we gyang through,
At Sleepytoon in the mornin.

2: At five oor foreman jumps like a shot,
And cries, "Lord sakes, what a sleepy heided lot;
Are ye aa gaun tae lie there till ye rot,
At Sleepytoon in the mornin?"

3: Syne at half past five we follow wir nose,
Ower tae the kitchen tae chaw wir brose;
Fairm servants seldom need a dose,
O castor ile in the mornin.

4: Oor foreman lays his brose cup by,
Syne ben the hoose he gaes a cry;
He's hardly time his pints tae tie,
Till he's oot til his horse in the mornin.

5: Oor bailie's sober, thin an sma,
Sideways he's hardly seen ava;
But he'll pu neeps wi ony twa,
That ever raise in the mornin.

6: I ken but Birkie is oor loon,
His waltams cost him hauf a croun;
His briks are that ticht, he's fly tae set doun,
For tearin his briks in the mornin.

7: We hae a great muckle kitchie-deem,
I'll swear she's gey near aughteen steen;
The auld cat kittled in ane o her sheen,
Afore she got up ae mornin.

8: The fairmer's name is Geordie Broom,
He's weel respektit roun and roun;
But I canna say the same for Mrs Broom,
Wi her scowlin face in the mornin.

9: She's a hungry hun, the fairmer's wife,
Ae ee says Forfar, the ither says Fife;
She's a face like a decanter and a nose like a knife,
That wad hash Swedish neeps in the mornin.

10: But oor misses she is nae sae bad,
It's jist aboot time she had a lad;
I've been thinkin masel o spierin her dad,
For his dother some fine mornin.

11: I've been writing this stroud on the corn kist,
I'm the orra loon an I'll seen be missed;
An if I dinna want a wallop fae the foreman's fist,
It's 'ta ta' til some ither mornin.

waltams - nicky tams

2: ROBIN HOOD AND THE TANNER • Bob Lewis 3.55

Robin Hood meets a stranger, they fight, the stranger wins and is praised for his prowess and asked to join the outlaw band. Of some 35 different Robin Hood ballads in Francis J Child's collection *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads* around 12 have survived in 20th century living tradition. Robin Hood and the Tanner (Child 126) first appeared in print in a Garland of 1663 and it was included in Ritson's *Robin Hood* of 1795. Versions have been collected in the south of England and in Virginia. This version comes from the George Gardiner collection from two singers in Hampshire in 1908. It was published in *The Wanton Seed*, EFDSS (1968). Bob was given the words by a singer at the Wadebridge Folk Club in the 1970s.

1: It's of a bold tanner in fair Devonshire,
His name it was Arthur O Brann;
There wasn't a man in all Devonshire,
Could make this bold Arthur to stand,
Ay, could make this bold Arthur to stand.

2: Bold Arthur walked out on a fine summer's morn,
For to view the merry green wood;
In search of a deer that runs here and there,
And there he spied bold Robin Hood,
Ay, and there he spied bold Robin Hood.

3: "Good morning bold fellow," says bold Robin Hood,
"How camest thou here?"
"I will tell thee in brief thou looks like some thief,
Thou art come for to steal the king's deer,
Ay, thou art come for to steal the king's deer."

4: "I will have a fat doe afore I do go,
Although it may cause me a fall;
For I have a staff made out of green graff, [graff = sapling
And I think he would do for you all,
Ay, and I think he would do for you all."

5: "And I have another," then says Robin Hood,
"Made out of the bonny oak tree;
Three feet and a half he would knock down a calf,
And I think he would knock down thee,
Ay, and I think he would knock down thee."

6: "Let's measure our sticks," then says Robin Hood,
"Before we commence our fray;
And if mine be half a foot longer than thine,
Well that shall be counted fair play,
Ay, and that shall be counted fair play."

7: They measures their sticks and at it they went,
For the space of an hour or more;
And every blow made the groves for to ring,
They played their game so sure,
Ay, they played their game so sure.

8: "Hold on, hold on," then cried Robin Hood,
"I pray that your courage to fall;
Before that we break or our bones for to smash,
And gain no coin at all, [coin = corner, advantage
Ay, and gain no coin at all."

9: Bold Robin pulled out his long bugle horn,
He blowed it so loud and so shrill;
And then thereupon he spied Little John,
Come a-tripling down over the hill,
Ay, come tripling down over the hill.

10: "Oh what is the matter," then says Little John,
"Bold Robin, I pray me tell;
There is something amiss, I see that there is,
For I see thee doesn't look well,
Ay, I see that thee doesn't look well."

11: "Oh here I do stand with my staff in my hand,
Bold Tanner he stands by my side;
He's a bonny brisk man, just fit for our gang,
And so well he has tanned my hide,
Ay, and so well he has tanned my hide.

12: "Oh if he's a tanner," then says Little John,
"The tanner that tans so true;
There's not the least doubt he'll have one more bout,
And so well he shall tan my hide too,
Ay, and so well he shall tan my hide too."

13: "Oh no, oh no," then says Robin Hood,
"For he is a hero so bold;
He's a bonny brisk blade and master of his trade,
And by no man he won't be controlled,
Ay, and by no man he won't be controlled."

3: MY AULD SHEEN • Chris Miles 4.37

This is a version of *I Aince Loed a Lass* or *The False Bride* (GD 6:1198; Roud 154). In many versions the jilted lover asks for his grave to be dug as he prepares to die of a broken heart. However, in this version, as in others from the northeast traveller community, the jilted lover compares his false love to a pair of worn shoes and declares in the last lines - 'a-roving I'll go, never fear, but I'll soon find another'.

1: When I saw my bonnie love tae the kirk go,
Wi bridegroom and maidens they made a fine show;
And I follaed her on wi a hert fu o woe,
She's gaen tae be wad tae another.

2: When I saw my bonnie love at the kirk style,
I trod on her gown-tails but didnae them fyle;
And she turned hersel roond and she gaed a sweet smile,
But she's gaen tae be wad tae another.

3: The clerk o the parish he gaed a loud cry,
"If ye've ony objections, pray bring them by."

And I thoct tae masel guid objections hae I,
But I hadnae the will tae affront her.

4: When I saw my bonnie love sit down tae dine,
I sat down beside her and poured out the wine;
And I drank tae the lassie wha should hae been mine,
But noo she is wad tae another.

5: Up spak the bridegoom, "Begone for a coward,
Ye've ridden ower lang on the point o your word;
Ye hae ridden ower lang o'er an unknown ford,
Sae be gane for ye ne'er shall enjoy her.

6: Ye but wear my auld sheen, ye but wear ma auld sheen,
Ye may dance in them till ye dance them dane;
Aye and when they are dane ye maun sew them again,
For they're but ma auld sheen noo ye've got them.

7: And noo she is gaen, even so let her go,
For I'll never gie ower tae sorrow and woe;
And I'll cheer up ma hert and a-rovin I'll go,
Never fear but I'll soon find another. .

4: ERIN GO BRAGH • Jimmy Hutchison 3.02

A Highlander is mistaken for an Irish immigrant and mistreated by an Edinburgh policeman of the mid 1800s. One of Jimmy's favourites that he learned in the early 60s from Scots singer Enoch Kent when both were regulars at the Singer's Club in London run by Ewan McColl and Peggy Seeger.

Erin go Bragh = Ireland for Ever

1: Oh ma name's Duncan Campbell fae the shire o Argyll,
I've travelled this country for mony's the mile;
I've travelled through England through Ireland an aa,
And the name that I go by is Erin go Bragh.

2: Ae nicht in Auld Reekie I chancit tae meet,
A saucy policeman patrolin his beat;
He's glowered in ma face and he gied me sic jaw,
Sayin, "When cam ye over, bold Erin go Bragh?"

3: "Oh I'm no a Paddy though Ireland I've been,
And I'm no a Paddy though Ireland I've seen;
But if I was a Paddy sure it's naethin ava,
For there's many's the bold hero fae Erin go Bragh."

4: "Ach, I know ye're a Pat by the cut of your hair,
Ye've aa turned tae Scotsmen as soon as ye're here;
Ye've left your ain country for brakin the law,
And ye're seasoned auld stragglers frae Erin go Bragh."

5: "Ach, if I were a Paddy and you knew it was true,
If I was the Devil, pray what's it tae you?
If it wisnae for the baton ye hold in your paw,
Sure I'd show ye a game played in Erin go Bragh."

6: So a switch o blackthorn I held in my fist,
Around his big body I made it tae twist;
And the blood frae his napper I quickly did draw,
And I paid him stock and interest for Erin go Bragh.

7: But the people cam aroond like a flock o wild geese,
Saying, "Stop, stop that rascal, he'll kill our police."
For every friend I had I'm sure he had twa,
They were very hard times for bold Erin go Bragh."

8: So I made for a boatie that sailed on the Forth,
I've rowed up my bundle and steered for the North;
"Farweel tae Auld Reekie, policemen and aa,
And the Devil gang wi ye," says Erin go Bragh.

9: So come aa ye young fellows who listen tae ma sang,
Noo I don't give a farthing tae where ye come from;
For I'm fae Argyll in the Hielands sae braw,
But I'll ne'er tak it ill when cried Erin go Bragh.

5: LADY JEAN • Jo Miller 6.11

This powerful and rather beautiful ballad has only rarely been collected - perhaps because of its theme of rape and incest. However there are several versions in the Greig-Duncan collection under the title Fair Rosie Ann and the ballad has also been collected from recent Scottish tradition. Jo Miller's

version is from William Motherwell's manuscripts collected from Mrs Storie of Lochwinnoch and the tune and one verse is given in Motherwell's *Minstrelsy* (1827) (Child 52: The King's Tochter Lady Jean).

1: The king's young dochter was sittin at her windae,
Sewin a fine silken seam;
She's lookit out o her braw bower windae,
And she saw the leaves growin green ma love,
And she saw the leaves growin green.

2: She stuck her needle intae her sleeve,
Her seam doun by her tae;
And she's awa tae the merry green woods,
For tae pu the nits and slaes ma love,
For tae pu the nits and slaes.

3: She hadna pu'd a nit at aa,
A nit but scarcely three;
When oot there cam a braw young man,
Sayin, "How durst thou bow this tree ma love,
How durst thou bow this tree?"

4: "It's I will pu these nits," she said,
"And I will bow this tree,
And I will gang tae the merry green wood,
And no ask leave o thee ma love,
And no ask leave o thee."

5: He's taen her by the middle sae sma,
And laid her on the grass sae green;
And he has taen his will o her,
And he's loot her up again ma love,
And he's loot her up again.

6: "Now since ye hae had your will o me,
Come tell tae me your name;
For I am the king's young dochter," she said,
"And this nicht I daurna gang hame ma love,
And this nicht I daurna gang hame."

7: "If ye be the king's young dochter," he said,
"I am his auldest son;
And I wish my pretty ship had sunk,
And I had ne'er returned ma love,
And I had ne'er returned."

8: "For the first time I cam hame, Jeanie,
Thou was neither here nor born;
And I wish I'd died on some distant isle,
And never had returned ma love,
And never had returned."

9: "And the neist time I cam hame, Jeanie,
Thou was sittin on thy nurse's knee;
And I wish my pretty ship had sunk,
And I'd been droond at sea ma love,
And I'd been droond at sea."

10: She's pit her hand down by her side,
Down in tae her spare;
And there she's fund a wee penknife,
And she's wounded hersel fu sair ma love,
And she's wounded hersel fu sair.

11: Oh slowly, slowly rase she up,
And slowly she gaed hame;
Until she cam tae her father's parlour,
And there she did sigh and mane ma love,
And there she did sigh and mane.

12: Her father cam trippin down the stairs,
His steps they were fu slow;
"I think, I think Lady Jean," he said,
"Ye're lyin far ower low ma love,
Ye're lyin far ower low."

13: Her mither cam trippin down the stairs,
Her steps they were fu slow;
"I think, I think Lady Jean," she says,
"Ye're lyin far ower low ma love,
Ye're lyin far ower low."

14: Her sister cam trippin down the stairs,
Her steps they were fu slow;
"I think, I think Lady Jean," she says,
"Ye're lyin far ower low ma love,
Ye're lyin far ower low."

15: "O late last nicht as I cam hame,
Down by yon castle wa;
O heavy, heavy was the stane,
That on my breist did fa ma love,
That on my breist did fa."

16: Her brother cam trippin down the stairs,
His steps they were fu slow;
He sank intae his sister's airums,
And they died as white as snow ma love,
And they died as white as snow.

6: THERE'S BOUND TO BE A ROW • Henry Douglas 3.07

The song comes from the Scottish music hall era of the mid 1800s. Henry Douglas picked it up from Willie Scott, the border shepherd who sung it at many a folk club and traditional festival from Newcastleton to Auchtermuchty and London to Keith. It was the title song on the LP recorded in 1978 for Topic Records by Jimmy McBeath the great north east singer who may also have picked it up from Willie when both were guests at the Blairgowrie Festivals of 1965 to 1970.

1: I'm a poor unhappy married man, I've such an awfa wife,
Tae please her I dae aa I can, but still she plagues ma life;
If I do everything that's right, she'll find a fault somehow,
And if I just stay out all night there's bound to be a row.

Chorus:

There's bound tae be a row, there's bound tae be a row,
Do all in ma life for tae please my wife but there's bound tae
be a row.

2: She wakes me in the mornin in an awfa cruel way,
She kicks me on the floor and not a hard word do I say;

I have to wash my stockings, my shirts and fronts, I vow,
And if I don't wash hers as well there's bound to be a row.

3: She's taken in a lodger, he's single by the by,
She says I must make room for him and on the sofa lie;
They eat the meat, give me the bones, it don't seem right
somehow,
And if I just say half as much, there's bound tae be a row.

4: She sometimes makes a party for some friends who dine
at eight,
And I've tae hurry home from work for tae be in time tae wait;
And as they hustle me about, if I don't scrape and bow,
And say, 'Yes Sir!' and 'Thank you, please', there's bound tae
be a row.

5: And when I earn my wages after working hard aa week,
I turn in every ha'penny up and then she has the cheek,
To give me tuppence to myself, and for that I have to bow,
And if I spend it aa at yince, there's bound tae be a row.

Chorus:

There's bound tae be a row, there's bound tae be a row,
Do all in ma life for tae please my wife but there's bound tae
be a row.

A song from the Scottish music hall era that Henry Douglas
picked up from border shepherd Willie Scott.

7: RIGS O RYE • Jim Taylor 3.25

This beautiful love song has long been popular with thirty-five
versions in the Greig-Duncan collection (GD 1054, Ord 31,
Laws O11). The earliest record of the song may be a chapbook
with the title *Ridges of Rye* printed in Glasgow by J. & M.
Robertson in 1799. This was the favourite song of the song
collector and folklorist Hamish Henderson.

1: 'Twas in the month of sweet July,
Before the sun had pierced the sky,
'Twas in between twa rigs o rye,
I heard twa lovers talking.

2: Noo the lad says, "Lassie I must away,
For I have no longer time to stay;
But I've a word or two tae say,
Gin ye've time tae tarry."

3: "Noo yer faither o you he taks good care,
And yer mither combs down yer yaller hair;
But yer sisters say that ye'll get nae share,
Gin ye go wi me a stranger."

4: "Let my faither fret, let my mither frown,
My sisters' words I do disown;
Though they were deid and below the grun,
I wad go wi you a stranger."

5: "Ah but lassie, lassie yer fortune's sma,
An maybe it will be neen at aa;
Ye're nae a match for me ava,
Go waste yer love on another."

6: Noo the lassies courage began to fail,
Her rosy cheeks they grew wan a pale;
And the tears cam tricklin doun like hail,
Or a shower o rain in the summer.

7: For he's taen his hankerchief, linen fine,
He's dried her cheeks and he's kissed her een;
Sayin, "Lassie, lassie ye shall be mine,
For I said it aa tae try ye."

8: Noo this laddie bein o courage bold,
This laddie scarce nineteen years old;
He's ranged the hills and the valleys aa,
And he's taen his lassie wi him.

9: This couple they are mairrit noo,
And they hae bairnies, one or two;
They bide in Brechin the winter through,
And in Montrose in summer.
They bide in Brechin the winter through,
And in Montrose in summer.

8: THE OXEN PLOUGHING • **Bob Lewis** 4.23

A west country song in praise of the ox ploughing. Bob spent some time in Devon and Cornwall and heard this from a friend who lived on Bodmin Moor who used to sing it at the Wadebridge folk club when Meryyn Vincent and Charlie Bate used to go back in the 1960s. Baring Gould included a version in his *Songs and Ballads of the West* (1889-1891).

1: Come along little ploughboy it's awoken in the morn,
The cock upon the dunghill is a-blowing of his horn
The sun above the spinney his golden face does show,
Therefore hasten to the liny of the oxen to the plough.

Chorus:

With my hump along, jump along, here drives ma lad along,
Purty, Sparkle, Berry, Goodluck, Speedwell, Cherry,
We are the lads that can follow the plough,
Oh we are the lads that can follow the plough.

2: In the heat of the daytime there is little we can do,
We'll lie beside the oxen for an hour or for two;
On the banks of sweet violets I'll take ma noontide rest,
And it's I can kiss a pretty girl as hearty as the best.

3: When the sun it is setting and shadows fills the vale,
Our throttles we'll be wetting with the farmer's humming ale;
Our oxen home returnin we'll guide into the stall,
Where the logs and turves are burnin we'll be merry plough-
boys all.

4: Now the farmer must have seeds or I swear he cannot sow,
The miller with his mill wheel is an idle man also;
The huntsman gives up huntin and the tradesman stands aside,
And the poorman's bread is wanting so we do for all provide.

5: And now that my song is almost at an end,
I hope the little ploughboy will never lack a friend;
Here's a health to the ploughboy and also to the farmer,
Good health to the farmer and God save the King.

9: THE FALSE LOVER WON BACK • **Jimmy Hutchison** 4.39

When a young man leaves his sweetheart she follows from town to town and persuades him to return. The earliest full version of this ballad (Child 218) is from Peter Buchan's *Ballads of the north East of Scotland* of 1828 although David Herd had a couple of verses in his *Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs of 1776*. The eight versions in Greig-Duncan show that the ballad had a firm hold in the north east but versions have not been collected elsewhere. Jimmy learned his version from the singing of Ewan MacColl. The tune is one of three collected by Gavin Greig and printed in Alexander Keith's *Last Leaves of Traditional Ballads and Ballad Airs* of 1925.

1: The sun it shines ower yonder hill,
And low in yonder dell;
The place whaur me and my love bide,
The sun it never gangs doun, bonnie love,
The sun it never gangs doun.

2: "Go saddle tae me ma bonnie black steed,
And saddle tae me the broun;
That I may ride aa aroon, bonnie love,
That I may ride aa aroon, bonnie love,
That I may ride aa aroon."

3: "But when will ye come back bonnie love?
O when will ye come hame?"
"When the heather hills are nine times brunt,
And aa grown green again, bonnie love,
And aa grown green again."

4: "O that's ower lang tae bide awa,
O that's ower lang fae hame;
For the baby that's nae born yet,
He'll be ower lang wantin his name, bonnie love,
He'll be ower lang wantin his name."

5: But he's turned about his high horse heid,
And fast awa rode he;
And she's kilted up her gay clothin,
And fast, fast followed she, bonnie love,
And fast, fast followed she.

6: Noo the firstan toun that they cam till,
He's bocht her hose and shoon;
And he's bad her rue and return noo,
And nae mair follow him, bonnie love,
And nae mair follow him.

7: "But it's love for love that I do want,
It's love for love again;
And it's hard when I like ye sae weel,
And ye nae me again, bonnie love,
And ye nae me again."

8: So the neistan toun that they cam till,
He's bocht her a brooch and ring;
And he's bad her rue and return noo,
And nae mair follow him, bonnie love,
And nae mair follow him.

9: "But it's love for love that I do want,
It's love for love again;
And it's hard when I like ye sae weel,
And ye nae me again, bonnie love,
And ye nae me again."

10: So the neistan toun that they cam till,
He's bocht her a waddin ring;
And he's bad her dry her rosy cheeks,
And he wad tak her wi him, bonnie love,
And he wad tak her wi him.

11: For it's love for love that ye hae got,
It's love for love again;
So turn your high horse heid about,
And we will ride for ham, bonnie love,
And we will ride for hame."

An additional verse that Jimmy sometimes sings to end the ballad:

12: Noo there's comfort for the comfortless,
And there's honey for the bee;
Aye there's comfort for the comfortless,
But there's nane but you for me, bonnie love,
There's nane but you for me.

10: THE BATTLE O HARLAW • Jock Duncan 4.52

The grim battle, fought in 1411 at Harlaw in Aberdeenshire, takes us back to a time when Lowlander and Highlander had to settle which of the two was to have political supremacy in Scotland. According to the ballad (Child 163), the battle was a disaster: Oot o fifty thousand Hielanders, Bit fifty three gaed hame; And oot o aa the Lawland men, Scarce twenty marched wi Grahame. There is reference to a song The Battle of the Hayrlau in The Complaynt of Scotland (1549) but the text of this is lost and it is probable that the present form of the ballad is more recent (FSNE 11; GD 112). The ballad was a favourite of Jock's uncle Charlie Duncan and as Jock says: He had the aul words boy, oh aye. An he pit in the Dirrum a doo a daddie O. It wis from him that I got the style o that song.

1: As I cam in by Dunideer,
An doun by Netherha,
I saw fifty thoosan Hielanmen,
Aa marchin tae Harlaw.
O a dirrum a doo a daddie O,
A dirrum a doo a day.

2: An fen I cam on an farrer on,
An doun an by Balquhain,
'Twas there I saw Sir James the Rose,
An him Sir John the Grahame.

3: "O did ye come fae MacDonald's men,
An did ye their number see?
An were ye near and near eneuch,
Fit mith their number be?" [i.e. might

4: "Aye, I wis near an near eneuch,
An I their number saw;
There's fifty thoosan Hielanders,
Aa marchin tae Harlaw."

5: "If that be so," said James the Rose,
"Och, we'll nae come muckle speed,
I'll hae tae tell ma gallant men,
Na tae turn their horses' heid."

6: "O na, O na," said John the Grahame,
"O na, that winna dee,
The gallant Grahames hiv niver been beat,
Och, we'll see fit we can dee."

7: O they fell sae thick on ilkie side,
O sic straiks ye niver saw,
For ilkie sword gaed clash for clash
At the battle o Harlaw.

8: Noo the Hielanders wi their claymores,
They laid on us fu sair,
Weel, they knockit us back on ilkie side,
Sax acre breadth or mair.

9: Sir Forbes tae his brither did say,
"Here brither dinna ye see?
They've beat us back on ilkie side
Mebbe we'll be forced tae flee."

9: "O na, O na ma brither dear,
O na that winna dee,
Ye'll tak your gweed sword in your han,
An ye'll gyang in wi me."

10: Noo back tae back the brithers brave,
They gaed in amang the thrang,
An they cut down the Hielanders,
Wi swords baith sharp an lang.

11: The first ae straik Sir Forbes struck,
It gar'd Lord Donald reel,
The neist ae straik that Forbes struck,
Wi the brave MacDonald fell.

12: O siccan a pilacherie, [i.e. lamenting
The like ye niver saw,
There wis amang the Hielanders,
Fin they saw Lord Donald fa.

13: And fin they saw that he wis deid,
Noo, they aa did gyang awa,
Fin they beeried Lord Donald in Legget's Den
It's a mile abeen Harlaw.

14: It was on a Monday mornin,
That the battle it hid begun,
'Twas noo Saterdag gloamin,
Bit ye'd scarce ken fa had won.

15: Of aa the Hielanmen, [^{**}
'Twas fifty two gaed hame,
And oot o aa the Lowland men,
Scarce twenty marched wi Grahame.

16: Noo, siccan a weary beeryin,
The like ye niver saw,
It wis on a Sunday mornin
In the moss aneth Harlaw.

17: Noo, if ony Hielan lassie spiers at ye,
For them that gaed awa,
Weel, they're sleepin soun an in their sheen,
In the howe aneth Harlaw.

** Jock has previously sung these lines as:
Oot o fifty thoosand Hielanders,
Bit fifty three gaed hame.
(On Springthyme SPRCD 1039)

11: WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T • Jo Miller 2.11

A medley of three short mouth music songs from Shetland. Whistle o'er the Lave O't was collected from Andrew Poleson of Whalsay by Peter Cooke of the School of Scottish Studies. The Broun Coo is from the Tom Anderson/ Pam Swing book of Shetland fiddle tunes 'Haand me doon da Fiddle' published by the University of Stirling (1979).

WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T

1: My mither sent me tae the sea,
For tae gaither mussels three;
A sailor lad fell in wi me,
An whistle o'er the lave o't.
Ma mither sent me tae the well,
Better she had gaen hersel;
The bottom o the daffock fell,
So whistle o'er the lave o't.

2: Ma mither sent me tae the shop,
For tae buy a bar o soap;
I spent the bob and ate the lot,
An whistle o'er the lave o't.
Ma mither sent me tae the moss,
For tae gaither peats an dross;
I cowped the cairt an hanged the horse,
An whistle o'er the lave o't.

daffock - wooden pail

JENNY NETTLES

1: Saw ye ma Jenny,
Jenny nettles, Jenny nettles,
Saw ye ma Jenny,
Goin tae the market.

2: Peck o meal upon her back,
A peck o meal upon her back,
Peck o meal upon her back,
A baby in her basket.

The Broun Coo

1: The broun coo's broken oot an eaten aa the corn,
The broun coo's broken oot an eaten aa the corn,
The broun coo's broken oot an eaten aa the corn,
If someone disnae stop her there'll be nothin left da morn.

2: So go du in ma peerie boy an grab her be the tether,
So go du in ma peerie boy an grab her be the tether,
So go du in ma peerie boy an grab her be the tether,
For du's a peerie supple ting no like de aald din faider.

du - you; peerie - little; ting - thing;
aald - old; done - worn out; faider - father.

12: SPREAD THE GREEN BRANCHES • Bob Lewis 3.36

An old, rare and rather beautiful song that Bob learned from an old neighbour of his mother's in Heyshot, West Sussex. Wherever the song has been found - from the south east of England to the Newfoundland Outports - it is often sung, as here, to rather fine modal tunes - in this case in the Dorian mode. Because of the text of the last verse (not present in all versions), the song is sometimes given the title Sheepcrook and Black Dog.

1: Oh spread the green branches oh whilst I am young,
So well did I like my love so sweetlye she sung;
Was ever a man in such happy estate,
As me with my Flora, fair Flora so brave.

2: I will go to my Flora and this will I say,
"Tomorrow we'll be married, it wants but one day."
"Tomorrow," says fair Flora, "That day is to come,
To be married so earlye, my age is too young."

3: "We'll go for a service and service we'll get,
And perhaps in a few years after might substance and reap."
"Oh don't go to service leaving me here to cry."
"Oh yes, lovelye shepherd, I'll tell you for why."

4: As it happened to service and to service she went,
To wait on a lady, it was her intent;
To wait on a lady, a rich lady gay,
Who clothèd fair Flora in costly array.

5: A little time after a letter he sent,
With three or four lines in it to know her intent;
She wrote that she lived in such contented life,
That she never did intend to be a young shepherd's wife.

6: These words and expressions appeared like a dart,
I'll pluck up my courage and cheer up my heart;
Oh being that she'd never write to me any more,
Her answer convinced me quite over and o'er.

7: My yowes and my lambs I will bid them adieu,
My bottle and budget I'll leave them with you;
My sheepcrook and black dog I'll leave them behind,
Since Flora, fair Flora so changèd her mind.

13: THE LOTHIAN HAIRST • Jimmy Hutchison 3.32

A song from the days of the hand reaping (early 1800s) when squads of men were hired to bring in the harvest, travelling south by boat from Aberdeen to Leith. After bringing in the harvest on the large farms of the Lothians they followed the ripening crop north, to finally bring in the Aberdeenshire harvest a month or so later. The contractor, or maister, as he was called by the workers, would undertake to cut, gather and stock grain crops at an arranged price per acre. A foreman was appointed who was held responsible by the contractor for carrying out the various contracts. Jimmy learned this from Norman Kennedy who got it from Jimmy MacBeath - when both were guests at the St Andrews folk club in the 1960s.

1: On August twelfth frae Aberdeen we sailit on the Prince,
And landed safe in Stafford's fields oor harvest tae commence.

2: Noo oor gaffer Willie Mathieson frae sweet Deeside he cam,
And oor foreman cam frae that same side and Logan was his
name.

3: Noo we follaed Logan at the point and sae weel he laid it
doun,
And bravely he did lead the squad ower many's a thistly toun.

4: Noo for six lang weeks we cairried on and frae toun tae
toun we went,
And weel we took tae the Laithian lads and weel were they
content.

5: Though I mysel bein a heiland lad I could seek nae better
cheer,
Than a Laithian bed wi a Deeside maid and a night as lang's
a year.

6: So we'll tak oor glesses in oor hands aye and we will wish
it weel,
And maybe we'll get kindness yet gin fortune turns the wheel.

7: So here's a health tae Willie Mathieson, tae Logan and aa
oor jolly crew,
And maybe we'll meet up again when whistlin at the plou.

14: SIR PATRICK SPENS • Jock Duncan 5.09

The King of Scotland calls for the greatest sailor in the land to command a ship for a royal errand. The name of Sir Patrick Spens is mentioned by a courtier and the king despatches a letter. Although he is honoured to receive a royal commission, Sir Patrick is dismayed at being put to sea in the dead of winter, clearly realising this voyage could well be his last. Versions differ somewhat at this point. Some indicate that a storm sank the ship in the initial crossing, thus ending the ballad at this point, while others have Sir Patrick safely reaching Norway. In Norway tension arises between the Norwegian lords and the Scots, who are accused of being a financial burden on the king. Sir Patrick, taking offense, leaves the following day. Nearly all versions, whether they have the wreck on the outward voyage or the return, relate the bad omen of seeing "the new moon late yestreen, with the auld moon in her arms", and modern science agrees the tides would be at maximum force at that

time. The winter storms defeat Sir Patrick sending him and the Scottish lords to the bottom of the sea.

The events of the ballad (Child 58) appear to have muddled together two actual events. The daughter of Scots King Alexander III was married in 1281 to Eric, King of Norway and, in August of that year, was conducted across to her new husband in Norway. On the return journey one of the ships foundered and many Scots knights and nobles were drowned. Eric's Queen Margaret died in 1283 leaving a newly born daughter also Margaret. In 1286 the Scots King Alexander III died in a fall from his horse and the crown fell to the young granddaughter. A match was proposed between this Princess Margaret, the Maid of Norway, and the eldest son of Edward I of England. In 1290 a deputation was sent to Norway to bring home the young Princess but she died on the way before reaching Scotland.

The ballad (Child 58) has often been printed in one form or another but has not often been collected as a sung ballad. Jock learned his version from Duncan Williamson.

1: The king sits in Dunfermline Toun,
Drinkin his bleed reid wine;
Spierin, "Far will I get a skeely skipper,
That'll sail the saut seas fine?"

2: Up did speak an eldren knight,
An sat at the king's richt knee;
"O Sir Patrick Spens is the finest skipper,
That ever sailed the saut sea."

3: The king then wrote a braid letter,
And sent it wi his richt hand,
And he sent it tae Sir Patrick Spens,
Fen he wis sailin on the strand.

4: O the firstan lines Sir Patrick read,
A licht, licht lauch gar'd he;
But it's when he read it tae the end,
Weel a saut tear blins his ee.

5: "O oor guid ship sails the morn," he cried,
"And likewise say maun ee;
And aa the way wi the king's daughter,
O a chosen queen is she."

6: They hoisted their sails on a Monday morn,
Wi aa the haste that they could;
When they landed up in Norway,
Afore the Wednesday.

7: I hae taen her dowry in the kist,
As I wis socht tae dee;
As weel's a boy a gweed reid wine,
Aa ower the sea wi me.

8: "Noo mak ready, mak ready," Sir Patrick cried,
"O oor gweed ship sails back the morn."
"Hold on, hold on," his captain cried,
"I'm feared o a deidly storm."

9: "For I saw the new meen yesterstreen,
Wi the auld meen in her airm,
And if we gang tae sea the morn,
O I'm feared we'll come tae hairm."

10: We hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three;
When the sky grew mirk and the wind blew strang,
And gurlly grew the sea.

11: The anchors brak and the topmast lap,
"Twas sic a deidly storm;
And the waves gaed ower the broken ship,
Till aa her sides were torn.

12: O laith, o laith were oor guid Scots lords,
Tae weet their cork-heeled shoen;
But lang or lang e'er nicht cam doun,
Weel they wat their bonnets abeen.

13: Now half way ower tae Aberdour,
Tis forty fathoms deep;
And there does lie Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi the Scots lords at his feet.

14: O lang, o lang may the maidens greet,
Wi gowd kames in their hair;
A-waitin for their ain true loves,
For them that they'll see nae mair.

15: O lang, o lang will the ladies sit,
Wait with fans in hand;
Lookin for Sir Patrick Spens,
Tae come sailin up the strand.

15: MILL O TIFTIE'S ANNIE • Chris Miles 4.36

Annie, daughter of a well-to-do miller loses her heart to a handsome trumpeter Andrew Lammie in the service of Lord Fyvie. Her father does not approve of such a match, she is mistreated by her family and eventually killed by her brother while Andrew is away in Edinburgh. When Peter Buchan printed his *Gleanings* in 1828 he referred to this as 'one of the greatest favourites of the people of Aberdeenshire' and it remained popular into the 20th century with ten variants of tune and text in the Greig-Duncan collection. Chris sings a much condensed version but broadsheet copies of the ballad (Child 233) were printed in great numbers in the 1800s and in these there are as many as 50 or more verses.

1: At Mill o Tifty lived a man,
In the neighbourhood o Fyvie;
And he had a lovely daughter fair,
And they caad her bonnie Annie.

2: Her hair was fair, her eyes were blue,
Her cheeks as red as ony,
Her countenance was fair tae view,
And they caad her bonnie Annie.

3: Lord Fyvie had a trumpeter,
Whase name was Andrew Lammie;
And he had the airt tae win the hert,
O Tifty's bonnie Annie.

4: Her mother caad her tae the door,
Saying, "Come and look, my Annie;
Did ye ever see a prettier man,
Than the trumpeter o Fyvie?"

5: But nothing she said but sighing sore,
"Twas alas for bonnie Annie;
For she couldnae own her hert wis won,
By the trumpeter o Fyvie.

6: "My love comes in tae my bedside,
My love will last beyond me;
For love so oppressed my tender breast,
And love will waste my body."

7: "Noo Andrew's gaun tae Edinburgh toun,
Just for a while tae leave ye."
"Ye'll find me deid and buried deep,
In the green kirkyaird o Fyvie."

8: Her faither struck her wondrous sore,
And likewise did her mother;
But the hardest blows she had tae bear,
Were from her cruel brother.

9: Her brother struck her hard and sore,
Wi muckle blows and mony;
Aye, he broke her back on the temple stane,
The temple stane o Fyvie.

10: "O mither mak tae me a bed,
And lay me face tae Fyvie;
And I will lie and I will die,
For my true love Andrew Lammie."

11: Noo Andrew's back fae Edinburgh toun,
Wi muckle grief and sorrow;
"My love she died for me last night,
I will die for her tomorrow."

16: BANDY'S ROUP • Jim Taylor 4.24

Retirement often brings a sad day for a farmer - the need to sell up, calling in the auctioneer for a displeasing sale or roup. The song was written by Jimmy Wright who moved as a child with his family to Midmar in Aberdeenshire. As is often the case, the farmer was known by the name of his place - in this case Bandy after the farm name of Bandoddlle.

1: Aul Bandy he wis roupin oot, his fairmin days were deen,
He bocht a wee bit hoosie in the toun o Aiberdeen;
Noo aa his stock and implements were aa gaun up for sale,
He'd even sell the moosetrap an the aul slop pail.

2: The foreman and the second lad were pit tae wash the cairts,
Tae pint them up aa green an reid and ile up aa the pairts;
The halflin pinted aa the ploos the harrers and the grubber,
The bailie he rade up the nowte wi dandy, kame an scrubber.

3: So, on the mornin o the roup aathing wis spick and span,
We had a barrel fu o beer, we'd plenty beef an ham;
For near aabody wid come tae buy but jist tae hae their fill,
Aul Bandy kent the drill fu weel, he'd deen the same himsel.

4: So, fan the roup got startit and a crowd had gaithered roun,
The unctioneer caad oot for bids, ye couldna hear a soun;
He thoct he'd got them in the mood and cries, "Noo look
hear Dixon,
This horse he'll dee the wark o twa and help oot in the
kitchen!"

5: The fairmer fae the Mill o Lyne he'd come tae buy a stot,
Fen he saw Bandy's Bell gaun by he set off at the trot;
She said, "Look here my little man, I'd like tae know your
game."
Says he, "Noo Bell, ye brawly ken, my game it's aye the same."

6: Well, nae maitter fit his game wis, it seems Bell liked it fine,
For noo she is the fairmer's wife doun at the Mill o Lyne;
But files as yet he winners an he files thinks till himsel,
He should hae stuck tae buying stots and nae chased Bandy's
Bell.

7: Of course the weemen-folk were there tae hae a wee bit
splash,
Afore the aifternoon wis by, they'd bile up aa the trash;
The servant quine fae Pitney's, she wis keen on deen some
biddin,
She got on the dyke tae get mair hecht but fell back in tae the
midden.

8: The doctor fair enjoyed himsel, he'd drunk some muckle
beer,
His wife made up a lame excuse, she couldna staun the steer;
He waved his hand tae let her ken he'd be wi her ae noo,
But afore he kent he'd gane an bocht aul Bandy's breedin soo.

9: But fan the roup wis finished and the last chiel left the scene,
Aul Bandy he'd a last look roun, a tear cam tae his een;
Syne doun the brae he wannered fa he played fan jist a loon;
And I'm sure his hert wis heavy as he set aff tae the toun.

dandy = horse brush

17: THE DROWNED LOVERS • Bob Lewis 3.52

The narrator overhears a maid lamenting for her lover lost at sea and proposes marriage. Turning down an offer of marriage she throws herself into the ocean. The song well known among traditional singers of rural Sussex and also widely collected in southern England and North America (Roud 466, Laws K17). Bob was given the song by his friend and fellow Sussex singer Bob Copper.

1: As I walked out down by the sea shore,
Where the wind and the waves and the billows did roar;
There I heard a strange voice make a terrible sound,
Was the wind and the waves and the echoes all round.

Chorus:

Crying, "Oh, oh my love has gone he's the youth I adore,
He's gone and I never shall see him no more."

2: She'd a voice like a nightingale, skin like a dove,
And the song that she sang it was all about love;
I asked her to marry me, "Marry me please."
The answer she gave, "My love's drowned in the sea."

3: I told her I'd gold and I'd silver besides,
In a coach and six horses with me she would ride.
"No I never will marry, nor yet make a wife,
Constant and true hearted all the days of my life."

4: She threw out her arms and she made a great leap,
From the cliffs that were high to the billows so deep;
Crying, "The rocks of the ocean shall make me a bed,
And the shrimps of the sea shall swim over my head."

5: And now every night at six bells they appear,
When the moon it is shining, the sky it is clear;
Those two constant lovers with all their young charms,
Rolling over and over in each other's arms.

Chorus:

Crying, "Oh, oh my love has gone he's the youth I adore,
He's gone and I never shall see him no more."

18: THE PARTING GLASS • Jo Miller 3.15

A fine song to sing when a gathering of friends comes to the
end of the day - or when a ceilidh draws to a close.

1: Kind friends and companions come join me in rhyme,
And lift up your voices in chorus wi' mine;
Lift up your voices all grief to refrain,
For we may or might never all meet here again.

Chorus:

Here's a health to the company and one to my love,
We'll drink and be merry all out of one glass;

Drink and be merry all grief to refrain,
For we may or might never all meet here again.

2: My ship lies in harbour, she's ready tae sail,
God grant her safe passage without any gale;
And if ever I return again by land or by sea,
I will always remember your kindness tae me.

3: Here's a health to the friendships that we hold so dear,
Here's a health to the sweethearts we once held so near;
A health to the true love that fortune bestows,
May the future make friends of all our foes.

Chorus:

Here's a health to the company and one to my love,
We'll drink and be merry all out of one glass;
Drink and be merry all grief to refrain,
For we may or might never all meet here again.

COVER PICTURE: Arthur Watson gives credit to Jimmy
McBeath - source singer for many great old songs including
the title song on this CD and on Jimmy's 1978 Topic album.
The full size model of Jimmy was made by Penicuik artist
Jan Miller.

CREDITS: Thanks to all the singers who have given free use
of their recordings to the East of Scotland Traditional Song
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except where noted.

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OLD SONGS & BOTHY BALLADS

• • • • **There's Bound to Be a Row** • • • •

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