

47: Rhynie

$\text{♩} = 65$ Majestically I/M -7 (p 10)

At Rhynie I sheared my first hairst, Doun by the fit o Ben-a-chie, Ma
 mais-ter there wis ill tae fit, But laith wis I tae loss my fee.

Chorus
 Lin - ten ow - rin ow - rin a - die, Lin - ten ow - rin ow - rin ee.

Stanza 4
 Sair I focht an sair I vrocht, Un - til I won my pen-ny fee, An
 I'll gyang back tae the gate I cam, An a bet-ter bairn-ie I will be.

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| <p>1: At Rhynie I sheared my first hairst, Doun by the fit o Benachie, Ma maister there was ill tae fit, But laith wis I tae loss my fee. Linten owrin owrin addie, Linten owrin owrin ee.</p> | <p>3: Rhynie is a cauld clay hole, It's nane een like ma father's toun, Rhynie is a hungry place, An it disnae suit a Lawland loon. Linten owrin owrin addie, Linten owrin owrin ee.</p> |
| <p>2: Rhynie's wark is ill tae wark, And Rhynie's wauges is bit sma, Rhynie's laws are double strick, And that's fit grieves me warst of aa. Linten owrin owrin addie, Linten owrin owrin ee.</p> | <p>4: Sair I focht and sair I vrocht, Until I won my penny fee, And I'll gyang back tae the gate I cam, And a better bairnie I will be. Linten owrin owrin addie, Linten owrin owrin ee.</p> |

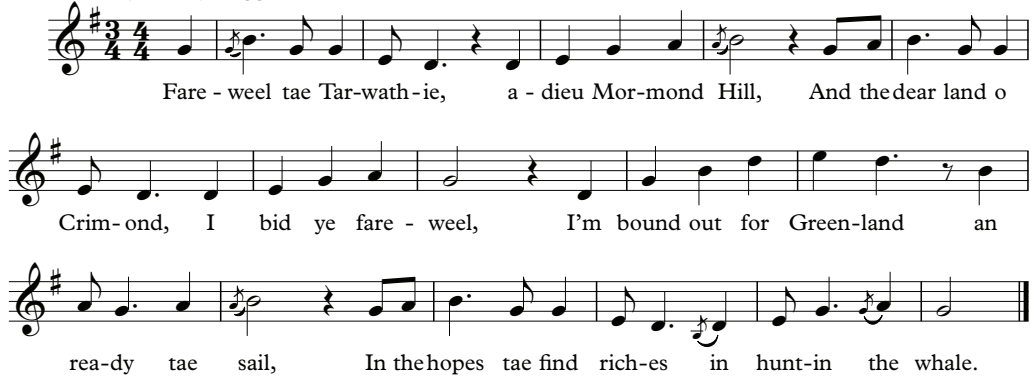
Recorded at Pier House Studio, Edinburgh in September 1995.

Released on Springthyme SPRCD 1039. Jock Duncan - *Ye Shine Whar Ye Stan!* in November 1996.

Words: ill tae fit – *hard to please*; laith wis I tae loss my fee – *loath, unwilling was I to lose the money I was due*; ill tae work – *hard land to plough*; double strick – *very strict*; nane een like – *not one like*; vrocht – *worked*; the gate I cam – *the way I came*.

48: Fareweel tae Tarwathie

$\text{♩} = 110$ Free π1 -4,7 (p 11)



Fare - weel tae Tar-wath-ie, a - dieu Mor-mond Hill, And the dear land o
Crim-ond, I bid ye fare - weel, I'm bound out for Green-land an
rea-dy tae sail, In the hopes tae find rich-es in hunt-in the whale.

- 1: Fareweel tae Tarwathie, adieu Mormond Hill,
And the dear land o Crimond, I bid ye fareweel.
I'm bound out for Greenland an ready tae sail,
In the hopes tae find riches in huntin the whale.
- 2: Adieu to my comrades, for a while we maun part,
And likewise the dear lass who first won my heart,
The cold ice of Greenland my love will not chill,
And the longer the absence, more loving she'll feel.
- 3: Oor ship is weel rigged and she's ready tae sail.
And oor crew they are anxious to folla the whale,
Where the icebergs do float an the stormy winds blow,
Where the land an the ocean is covered wi snow.
- 4: The cauld coast o Greenland is barren and bare,
No seedtime nor harvest is ever known there,
And the birds here sing sweetly on mountains an dale,
But there isnae a birdie to sing tae the whale.
- 5: There is no habitation for a man tae live there,
And the king of that country's the fierce Greenland bear,
There'll be no temptation tae tarry lang there.
Wi oor ship bumper fu we will homeward repair.

From Jock Duncan at Balmalcolm in September 1993.

Words: folla – follow; bumper fu – the hold full to capacity.

49: Sae Will We Yet

♩ = 100 *Majestically* I f5 (p 9)

Come cheer up my cro-nies and gie us your crack, Let the win-ter take care of this
 life on it's back, Oor herts to des-pon-den-cy we nev-er will sub-mit, For we've
 aye been weel pro-vid-ed for and sae will we yet. Sae will we yet, O
 sae will we yet, Ah we've aye been weel pro-vid-ed for and sae will we yet.

- 1: Come cheer up my cronies and gie us your crack,
 Let the wind tak care of this life on it's back;
 Oor herts to despondency we never will submit,
 For we've aye been weel provided for and sae will we yet.
 Sae will we yet, O sae will we yet,
 Ah, we've aye been weel provided for and sae will we yet.

- 2: Let the miser delight in the hoarding o wealth,
 Since he's nae the soul to enjoy it himself;
 The bounty of providence cares new for every day,
 Let us journey on through life, let us live by the way.
 Let us live by the way, let us live by the way,
 As we journey on through life, let us live by the way.

- 3: Let's fill us a tanker o nappy gweed ale,
 For to cheer up oor herts and enliven the tale;
 We'll aye be the happier the langer we sit,
 For we've drunk together mony's a time and sae will we yet.
 Sae will we yet, O sae will we yet,
 Ah, we've drunk together mony's a time and sae will we yet.

- 4: Success tae the fairmer and prosper his ploo,
 Reward his eident toiling aa the year through;
 At seed-time and harvest we ever will get,
 For we've lippent aye tae Providence and sae will we yet.
 Sae will we yet, O sae will we yet,
 Noo we've lippent aye tae Providence and sae will we yet.

Sae Will We Yet

- 5: Let the glass keep its course and go merrily roon,
For the sun is tae rise and the meen it gings doun;
Till the hoose be rinnin roun aboot it's time enough tae flit,
When we fell, we aye got up again, and sae will we yet.
 Sae will we yet, O sae will we yet,
Och! When we fell we aye got up again and sae will we yet.

Recorded at the Fife Traditional Singing Festival, May 2004 (10.03.9)

On Old Songs & Bothy Ballads 1 - Here's a Health to the Company. Autumn Harvest ah002 (2005).

Words: eident – *diligent*; lippent – *trusted*; nappy – *foaming*; meen – *moon*.