

FSS-34

*"Ballads and Songs of Scotland"*

*sung by*

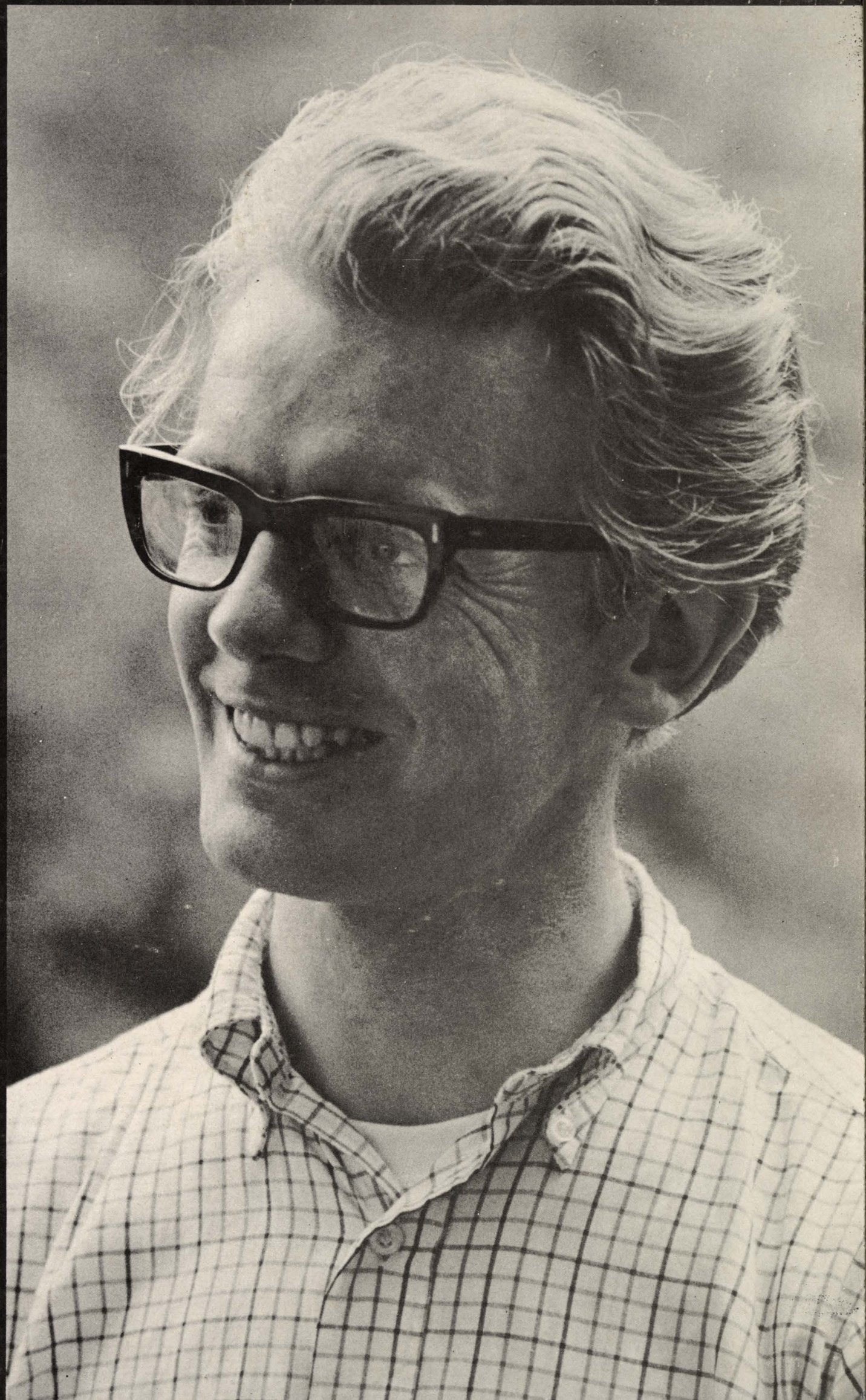
# **NORMAN KENNEDY**

**of Aberdeen, Scotland**



**FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS, INC.**

**SHARON, CONNECTICUT**





*"Ballads and Songs of Scotland"**sung by*

# NORMAN KENNEDY

## of Aberdeen, Scotland

*Recorded by Sandy Paton**Notes by Peter Hall*

Tradition is a matter of continuity and it is essential to the survival of all oral culture that this continuity be unbroken. One often has the feeling that the revival in British folksong clubs has little to do with this process: either the singers are musical antiquarians and see the songs as such dead things that they can never be expected to make them come to life, or they are so intent on being up to date, and ignore all the virtues accrued in the past, that they produce something so tied to today's fashion that it has no chance of survival tomorrow.

In the midst of this it is a pleasure and a cause for hope when someone like Norman Kennedy emerges, who has deep roots in the rich soil of his native tradition and has the understanding and sureness which allows him to adapt and change without losing the essential qualities. A great deal of this talent can be attributed to the environment in which he grew up.

Norman was born in Aberdeen, Scotland, a city as yet not too remote from its rural background. His father worked in the shipyards and, like many of his forebears, went to sea. Norman's childhood was spent during the War, and when he was nine the family lived for some time across the road from the now famous Jeannie Robertson and her mother, Maria, little knowing the great influence Jeannie was to have on him in later years. Another early musical memory is of listening to Davy Stewart singing in the Castlegate, only a few minutes' walk from the Kennedy house.

At the age of 16, Norman left Aberdeen Academy to work, first as a messenger boy, later as an income tax collector. While still in school he had become interested in traditional crafts and had built himself a small hand loom. He had also begun to learn Gaelic and mastered the language by spending his holidays on the Island of Barra, in the Outer Hebrides. In 1951 he attended a Folklore Convention in Stornoway on the Isle of Lewis and there he met Annie Johnstone who soon became his chief mentor and teacher. To impress on him the value of the songs, she would insist that he complete some household chore or other for every song or tale she gave him. In this way he got to know the more everyday aspects of highland life, as well as learning their traditional arts. The west coast style of singing has rubbed off on him and is apparent in all his singing, not only that in Gaelic. Nearer home, Norman was particularly fond of visiting some of his mother's relatives in the small village of Methlick, not many miles from Aberdeen, where he learned the basic repertoire of the rural northeast.

Norman joined the Aberdeen Folk Song Club soon after it was formed in 1963, and rapidly became its most prized singer. It was at the club that Mike Seeger heard him and ensured him an invitation to the Newport Folk Festival in the summer of 1965 where he was such a success that he has been asked back every year since.

### Side 1

NIGHT VISITING SONG  
SIXTEEN COME SUNDAY  
A STUDENT BOY CAM' COURTING  
ME  
A BEGGARMAN CAM' O'ER YON  
LEA  
THE FAUSE KNIGHT UPON THE  
ROAD  
MOUTH MUSIC  
MY HIGHLAND SOLDIER  
JOHNNY, MY MAN, DAE YE NAE  
THINK O' RISING?

### Side 2

OH, HAE YE HEARD O' THE  
MERCHANT'S SON  
CORACHREE  
I'M A FORESTER IN THE WOOD  
I'LL LAY YE DOWN, LOVE, I'LL  
TREAT YE DECENT  
THERE WAS A JOLLY BEGGARMAN  
KISHMUL'S GALLEY  
GUISE O' TOUGH  
DRUMDELGIE

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Tradition is a matter of continuity and it is essential to the survival of all oral culture that this continuity be unbroken. One often has the feeling that the revival in British folksong clubs has little to do with this process: either the singers are musical antiquarians and see the songs as such dead things that they can never be expected to make them come to life; or they are so intent on being up to date, and ignore all the virtues accrued in the past, that they produce something so tied to today's fashion that it has no chance of survival tomorrow.

In the midst of this it is a pleasure and a cause for hope when someone like Norman Kennedy emerges, who has deep roots in the rich soil of his native tradition and has the understanding and sureness which allows him to adapt and change without losing the essential qualities. A great deal of this talent can be attributed to the environment in which he grew up.

Norman was born in 1934 in Aberdeen, a city as yet not too remote from its rural background. His father worked in the shipyards and, like many of his forbears, went to sea. Though his immediate family was not particularly musical, Norman's mother remembers him singing at the age of 3 and says that he always had a very good memory for songs.

The Kennedy clan have had a rather varied career in Scotland, starting in Ayrshire as cattle thieves after being expelled from Ireland. Their most infamous act in this rough era was the burning of the local Bishop, but in time they became more respectable and even produced a prince of the church themselves - founder of one of the colleges of St. Andrew's University.

Norman's childhood was spent during the War, and when he was 9 the family lived for some time across the road from the now famous Jeannie Robertson and her mother, Maria, little knowing the great influence Jeannie was to have on him in later years. Another early musical memory is of listening to Davy Stewart singing in the Castlegate, only a few minutes walk from the Kennedy house.

By the age of sixteen Norman felt that his formal education was complete and he left Aberdeen Academy to work, first as a message boy, later as an income tax collector. While still at school he had become interested in traditional crafts and built himself a small hand loom. He had also begun to learn Gaelic and mastered the language by spending his holidays on the Island

of Barra, in the Outer Hebrides, and by listening to the B.B.C. Gaelic programmes.

In 1951 he attended a Folklore Convention in Stornoway on the Isle of Lewis and there he met Annie Johnstone who soon became his chief mentor and teacher. To impress on him the value of the songs she would insist that he complete some household chore or other for every song or tale she gave him. In this way he got to know the more everyday aspects of highland life as well as learning their traditional arts. The west coast style of singing has rubbed off on him and is apparent in all his singing, not only that in Gaelic.

Back in Aberdeen, Norman joined the local Gaelic choir although their music did not quite fit in with his own tastes and he was the only member who would not wear the kilt. He didn't neglect the rich store of song nearer home, and was particularly fond of visiting some of his mother's relatives in the small village of Methlick, not many miles from Aberdeen, where he learned the basic repertoire of the rural north east. It was not long before his talents became appreciated locally, when he joined a group of dancers, singing between dances and doing Gaelic mouth music for them to dance to.

Norman joined the Aberdeen Folk Song Club soon after it was formed in 1963 and soon became its most prized singer. It was at the club that Mike Seeger heard him and ensured him of an invitation to the world famous Newport Folk Festival in the summer of 1965. He was such a success that he has been asked back every year since.

While he was impressing everyone with his singing he had been concentrating as much on his weaving and had by now two full-sized looms, one of which he had made himself. He would prepare a finished piece of tweed from the newly sheared wool, doing each of the processes in the genuine traditional manner. It is this talent that has kept him in America since 1965, first in a shop in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and now as one of the traditional craftsmen in Colonial Williamsburg, a small town made over to represent life in Virginia in the days of the early colonizers.

Fortunately, Norman is also finding an appreciative audience for his singing and it is to be hoped that this record will introduce even more people to his striking talents.

Peter A. Hall  
Aberdeen, Scotland  
June 1968



## THE SONGS

### Side I, Band 1. NIGHT VISITING SONG

Before the times of Puritanism in Scotland, it seems the country was quite permissive in sexual matters, and the practice of bundling is still remembered in the Orkney Isles. The custom was to allow the courting couple to be bedded together with sacks tied round their waists to prevent complete consummation of their love, although presumably what could be tied could also be untied. The night visiting songs common to the whole of Northern Europe were a celebration of this practice. The crowing of the cock at the end of the song is not unusual in this type of song and probably indicates a fusion with "The Grey Cock" (Child 248) in which the lover is a visitor from beyond the grave and must, like all such spirits, return before daybreak.

The time has come, I can no longer tarry;  
This morning's tempest I must shortly brave,  
To cross the moors and high towering mountains  
Until I'm in the arms of the one I love.

And when he came to his true love's dwelling,  
He knelt down gently upon a stone,  
And whispered softly into the window,  
"Does my own true love lie there alone?"

She lifted her head from off her down-white pillow.  
She's lifted the blankets from off her breast,  
And raised herself up onto an elbow,  
"Who's that disturbing me from my night's rest?"

"It's I, it's I, it's I, your own true lover.  
Oh, open the door, love, and let me in,  
For I am wet, love, and also wearied,  
For I am wet, love, into the skin."

She raised herself up with the greatest of pleasure,  
She raised her up and she let him in,  
And all night long they rolled in each other's arms,  
Until the long night was past and gone.

And when the long night was past and over,  
And when the small cocks began to crow,  
He shook her hand, aye, they've kissed and parted.  
He's saddled and mounted and away did go.

Side I, Band 2. SIXTEEN COME SUNDAY

This song is often given as a variant of "The Trooper and the Maid" included in Child's *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*. However, the main branch of this song family known as "Seventeen Come Sunday" in England and "As I Roved Out" in Ireland is much closer to the present version, so perhaps it is the Child ballad that should be considered the variant. Robert Burns took down a version of the song which he called "The Wauk-rife Minnie" from a girl in Nithsdale, which predates the sets printed by Child, all of which goes to show that the distinction between song and ballad is necessarily arbitrary and artificial.

As I gaed up yon hieland hill,  
I met a bonnie lassie,  
An' she gied me a wink wi' the tail o' her e'e,  
An', faith, but she was saucy.

Chorus: Wi' my rovin' eye, fal a doodle die,  
Wi' my rovin' fal doo derry,  
Wi' my rovin' eye.

"Where are ye gang, my bonnie lass?  
Where are ye gang, my honey?  
Where are ye gang, my bonnie lass?"  
"For 'baccy for my granny."

"What is your name, my bonnie lass?  
What is your name, my honey?  
What is your name, my bonnie lass?"  
"They cry me bonnie Annie."

"Hoo auld are ye, my bonnie lass?  
Hoo auld are ye, my honey?  
Hoo auld are ye, my bonnie lass?"  
"I'll be sixteen come Sunday."

"Where dae ye sleep, my bonnie lass?  
Where dae ye sleep, my honey?  
Where dae ye sleep, my bonnie lass?"  
"In a wee bed next my mammy."

"Gin I was tae come tae your hoose end,  
When the meen it's shinin' clearly,  
Would ye arise an' let me in,  
Sae your mither wouldna hear me?"

"Gin ye'd come doon tae my hoose end,  
When the meen it's shinin' clearly,  
I'll rise an' I'll let ye in,  
An' my mither winna hear me."

When I went doon tae the lassie's door,  
I found that she was waukened,  
But long, long ere the mornin' cam',  
Her mither heard us talkin'.

She ran tae the grate tae poke up the coals,  
Tae see gin she would ken me,  
But I shoved the auld wife intae the fire,  
An' bid my heels defend me.

"Oh, sodger, sodger, marry me noo,  
It's either noo or never.  
Oh, sodger, sodger, marry me noo,  
Or I am deen forever."

"Come ower the burn, my bonnie lass,  
Blink ower the burn, my honey,  
For ye are a sweet and a kindly lass,  
For a' your cankered mammy."

Side I, Band 3. A STUDENT BOY CAM' COURTING ME

This is a version of "I Wish, I Wish", one of the most widespread of songs in the English speaking world. The universality of the theme of the abandoned pregnant girl and its striking and sensitive expression accounts for the great popularity of the many variants of the song. In Aberdeenshire more distinctly local settings of the song exist but this is by far the most popular type. Norman says, "I heard this from a woman in Fyvie when I was about 12, during the time I was helping with the harvest at a relation's croft."

A foolish young girl was I,  
Tae be courted by a student boy.  
A student boy although he be,  
He spak' braid Scots when he cam' courtin' me.

Anither lass in yonder toon,  
He tak's her in and he sets her doon.  
He tak's that lassie upon his knee,  
And tells a tale that he aince telt tae me.

And when my apron reached my tae,  
He'd follow me where'er I'd gae,  
But noo it scarce reaches tae my shin,  
He'd pass the door, faith, he'd never cry in.

I wisht my baby it was born,  
And sitting on his daddy's knee,  
And I was deid and in my grave,  
And green garse growing over me.



I wisht, I wisht, I wisht in vain;  
I wisht I was a maid again.  
But a maid again I'll never be  
Till apples grow on an orange tree.

Side I, Band 4. A BEGGARMAN CAM' O'ER YON LEA

Child prints "The Gaberlunzie Man", a version of this ballad, from Ramsay's *Tea Table Miscellany*, 1724, in the appendix to "The Jolly Beggar" (Side II, Band 5). The implication is that all other versions stem from this printed source, though Ramsay refers to a traditional origin. However, from the very earliest recited sets in *The Old Lady's Collection* and in Motherwell's manuscript, singers have ended with the daughter's return, which is not included in the version printed by Ramsay, and this points to a separate oral currency for the song. Possibly printing has helped to standardize the text of this ballad which is among the most common of those still in popular memory in North East Scotland.

An auld beggarman cam' o'er yon lea,  
Seekin' alms for charity,  
Seekin' alms for charity,  
"Would ye lodge a beggarman?"

Refrain: Liddle al tee tow row ray.

The nicht it was cauld and the carle was wat,  
Doon by the ingleneuk he sat.  
He's thrown the meal pocks off'n his back,  
An' aye he ranted an' sang.

"Gin I was black as ye are white,  
Like yon fell snaw ahint the dyke,  
I'd dress mysel' fu' beggar-like  
An' awa' wi' ye I'd gang."

"Oh, lassie, oh, lassie, ye're far o'er young,  
An' ye hinna got the cant o' the beggin' tongue.  
Ye hinna got the cant o' the beggin' tongue  
An' wi' me ye canna gang."

"But I'll bend my back and I'll boo my knee;  
I'll put a black patch o'er my e'e,  
An' a richt auld beggin' wife I'll be,  
An' awa' wi' ye I'll gang."

Sae atween the twa they hae made a plot  
Tae rise twa hours afore the lot.  
Sae gently did she slip the lock,  
An' awa' o'er the fields they ran.



Noo, early neist mornin' the auld wife arose.  
Eagerly she put on her claes,  
An' awa' tae the bed where the servant lies  
Tae inquire for the silly auld man.

The servant she gaed where the beggar lay,  
But the strae was cauld and he was awa'.  
Straight tae the auld wife she did say,  
"Has ony o' our guid gear gane?"

Some ran tae the coffer and some tae the kist,  
But naething was stolen nor was missed,  
An' she lifted up her hands, and she cried, "God be  
praised,  
We have lodged an honest auld man."

The servant she gaed where the lassie lay,  
But the sheets were cauld and she was awa'.  
Straight tae the auld wife she did say,  
"She's awa' wi' the beggarman."

Some gaed on horseback an' some gaed on foot,  
Except for the auld wife, an' she was nae fit,  
But she hoppit around fae hip tae hip,  
An' aye she cursed and banned.

Noo, a few years after, maybe twa or three,  
The same beggarman cam' o'er the lea,  
Saying, "Auld wife, for courtesy,  
Would ye lodge a beggarman?"

"A beggar, a beggar I'll ne'er lodge again,  
For I aince had a dochter, ane o' my ain,  
But awa' wi' the beggars she has gane,  
I dinna ken whence nor where."

"Auld wifie, auld wifie, what would ye gie,  
A sight o' your ain dochter aince mair tae see,  
Wi' ane on her back an' ane at her knee,  
An' ane on the road comin' hame?"

"For yonder she's comin' tae your bower,  
Wi' silks an' satins an' mony's the flower."  
An' she lifted up her hands an' she praised the hour  
She gaed wi' the beggarman.

Side I, Band 5. THE FAUSE KNIGHT UPON THE ROAD

Child prints only two versions of this, the third ballad  
in his great collection. A number of other versions have been  
found in recent years, but the ballad remains comparatively



rare in oral tradition. The text used here is similar to the Child "B" text, which was taken from the appendix in *Motherwell's Minstrelsy*. Norman learned the ballad in school.

"Where are ye gang?"

Quo' the fause knight upon the road.

"I'm gang tae the school,"

Quo' the wee boy, an' still he stood.

"What's that upon your back?"

Quo' the fause knight upon the road.

"It's only my school pack,"

Quo' the wee boy, an' still he stood.

"Wha echts a' thae sheep?"

Quo' the fause knight upon the road.

"My mither's an' my ain,"

Quo' the wee boy, an' still he stood.

"How mony o' them are mine?"

Quo' the fause knight upon the road.

"A' them that hae blue tails,"

Quo' the wee boy, an' still he stood.

"I wisht you were in yon tree,"

Quo' the fause knight upon the road.

"An' a guid branch under me,"

Quo' the wee boy, an' still he stood.

"An' the branch for tae brak,"

Quo' the fause knight upon the road.

"An' ye's for tae fa' doon,"

Quo' the wee boy, an' still he stood.

"I wisht you were in yon sea,"

Quo' the fause knight upon the road.

"An' a guid boat under me,"

Quo' the wee boy, an' still he stood.

"An' the boat for to sink,"

Quo' the fause knight upon the road.

"An' ye's for to be drowned,"

Quo' the wee boy, an' still he stood.

#### Side I, Band 6. MOUTH MUSIC (*Puirt-a-beul*)

Various types of vocal dance music are known in many parts of the British Isles, but none are as striking as the mouth music of Gaelic speaking Scotland. Its high development is probably due to cross-fertilization between pipe music and *puirt-a-beul*. Most of the pieces are sets of meaningless syllables or texts of comparative simplicity.



Side I, Band 7. MY HIGHLAND SOLDIER

Like many other remote and poorer parts of Britain, the highlands have always been a rich source of cannon-fodder for England's wars of expansion. At least the highlanders have a proverbial, if not always actual, popularity among the fair sex to compensate them for their exile and the rigours of army life. Numerous songs attest to their attraction for the ladies, who are usually rich and highborn. Probably the best known are "The Bonnet o' Blue", common in both Scotland and England, and the Irish "Johnny Harte". Our song is a little-known example of this genre. Gavin Greig obtained a rather longer text of it from his redoubtable informant Belle Robertson, but otherwise the song does not seem to have been noted.

Far o'er yon hieland hills sae fair,  
There lives a comely maiden.  
She walked oot a lang simmer's day  
Tae see the soldiers paradin'.

Chorus: They march sae neat an' they dress sae gay,  
The drums they did beat an' the pipes they did play,  
Which caused puir Mary tae sigh an' say,  
"They're awa' wi' my hieland soldier."

"Lassie, oh, lassie, my wage it's but sma',  
What in some battle though I might fa',  
When ye're far, far awa' fae your daddy's hame,  
Be advised by a hieland soldier."

"I've got twenty pounds in store.  
I've got a heart worth twa times o'er.  
An' I'll gie it tae the laddie that I adore.  
I'm gang tae follow up my hieland soldier."

Side I, Band 8. JOHNNY, MY MAN, DAE YE NAE THINK O' RISING?

This is a song which owes its considerable popularity to circulation as a broadside. Ford notes its popularity a hundred years ago and that the customers for the penny sheets on which it was printed were "chiefly among those who required most its pointed moral lesson". Ord prints a version in his *Bothy Ballads*, as does Gavin Greig in *Folk-Song of the North-East*. Norman has his version from Lizzie Higgins, daughter of the famous Jeannie Robertson, who is a fine ballad singer in her own right.

"Johnny, my man, dae ye nae think o' risin'?  
The day it's far spent an' the nicht's comin' on.  
Your siller's a' done an' your stoup's teem afore ye.  
Rise up, my man, Johnny, an' come awa' hame."



"Who is that I hear speakin' sae kindly?  
I ken it's the voice o' my ain wifie, Jean.  
Come in by me, dearie, an' sit doon aside me;  
There's room in this tavern for mair for by's me."

"Johnny, my man, our bairns is a' greetin';  
Nae meal in the barrel tae fill their wee wains.  
While ye sit here drinkin', ye leave me lamentin';  
Rise up, my man, Johnny, an' come awa' hame."

"Dae ye nae remember the first days we courted?  
On a bed o' primroses we baith did set doon,  
A'pickin' the flowers in each other's company.  
Ye ne'er thocht it lang, then, nor sought tae gae hame."

"Weel dae I mind on the days that ye mention,  
But those times they are past, an' they'll ne'er come again.  
Just think on the present, an' try tae amend it;  
Rise up, my man, Johnny, an' come awa' hame."

Johnny rase up and he flung the door open,  
"My curse on the tavern that first let me in!  
My curse on the whiskey that mak's me aye frisky,  
Sae fare thee weel, whiskey, and I'm awa' hame."

Side II, Band 1. OH, HAE YE HEARD O' THE MERCHANT'S SON?

This fine racy song originally comes from England, and even in Scottish versions English place names are used. Nevertheless, it now seems most common in North East Scotland where few traditional singers lack a version. Norman says, "This is another song from Davy Stewart, that he sang to the country folk at the marketplace on a Friday night."

Oh, hae ye heard o' the merchant's son?  
It's tae the beggin' he has gane.  
He's mounted up, upon his steed,  
An' doon the road for pleasure he's gane.

*Chorus:* Fal al da diddle ay do,  
Fal al da day.

A beggar lassie he chanced tae see,  
A beggar lassie o' low degree,  
But he's ta'en pity on her distress,  
Cryin', "Faith, lass, but ye've a bonnie face."

They baith inclined tae tak' a drink.  
Intae a public hoose they gaed.  
Rum, brandy, whiskey, they did pursue  
Till the baith o' them, they got roarin' fu'.



They baith inclined tae tak' a rest,  
Aneath the blankets they baith were laid.  
Strong drink, it gaed straight tae their heids  
Till the baith o' them lay like they were deid.

Noo, in the mornin' the maid arose,  
An' she's put on the merchant's claes,  
Wi' his hat sae high and his sword sae clear,  
An' she's awa' wi' the gadgie's gear.

A little while later, the merchant rose,  
An' he's looked roond tae find his claes,  
But there was naething intae the room  
But a striped petticoat and a winced goon.

Him bein' a stranger intae the toon,  
It's he's put on the coat an' goon,  
An' doon the street he strode and swore  
That he never would lie wi' a beggar no more.

Side II, Band 2. CORACHREE

This very fine, but little known love song, was noted only once by the Aberdeenshire collector, Gavin Greig, and then in a less complete form than that sung here. We owe its survival into present times to Jimmy McBeath, from whom Norman learned many songs.

'Twas on a summer's evenin'  
I gaed oot tae tak' the air,  
When comin' in by Tarland toon,  
I spied a lonely pair.  
The youth was tall an' handsome  
An' the maid was fair tae see,  
And I kenn't their destination  
Wasna far fae Corachree.

'Twas looks an' coxt'er motions  
As they did pass me by.  
The sun was set, the nicht was fine,  
I heard what they did say.  
I pulled my plaidie roond me  
And I set my cap agee,  
'Twas a' to watch their motions  
Comin' in by Corachree.

Half way up the avenue  
They baith sat doon tae rest.  
He put his arms aroond her  
Sayin', "My dear, I love ye best.  
A maiden ye hae setten doon,



A maid ye're aye tae me,  
But a maiden ye'll ne'er walk again  
On the grass o' Corachree."

"Oh, Sandy, lad, ye'll ne'er deny  
This deed that ye hae daen.  
My apron strings are broken,  
Lord, my hair flees wi' the wind.  
My maidenheid has ta'en a fricht,  
It's fairly flown awa',  
And the session clerk'll get tae ken  
This deed ye've daen tae me."

"Cheer up, my bonnie lassie,  
Ye needna care a fig.  
There's mony's the bonnie lassie  
Gae's daily on the rig.  
There's mony's the bonnie lassie,  
Aye, and just as guid as ye,  
But a maiden ye'll ne'er walk again  
On the grass o' Corachree."

He comes doon in the evenin'  
As often as he can;  
He comes doon in the evenin'  
Just tae see his lonely Ann.  
They talk their lane o' auld lang syne  
When naebody can see,  
But ye'll easy find oot a' their beds  
Around by Corachree.

Side II, Band 3. I'M A FORESTER IN THE WOOD

Professor Child called this ballad "The Knight and the Shepherd's Daughter", and all but one of his versions are from Scotland, and mostly from the North. Despite this, the Scots collector George Kinloch maintained that the ballad was originally English and the internal evidence supports his view. Tales of this type are well known and widespread, appearing in Chaucer's "The Wife of Bath's Tale" and in 15th century manuscripts of some Arthurian legends. The episode which marks off this story from other similar tales and ballads is the translation of the Latin name. After being seduced or raped (as often in real life, the distinction is not clear in the song) the girl asks the hero's name and is given the Latin for William. She is able to translate this into English, revealing a higher social status than he first supposed, and preparing us for the denouement. As one might have suspected, the significance of this exchange is lost in many latter day versions, although Gavin Greig was still finding sets at the turn of the century in which it was still clear.



The lassie bein weel book read,  
She spelled it ower again.  
Gillimie spelled in Latin  
Sweet William is your name.

"I'm a forester in the woods,  
An' ye're the same design;  
It's the mantle o' your maidenheid,  
Bonnie lassie, never mind."

Chorus: And sing diddy-i-o, sing fal-a-do,  
Sing diddy-i-o-i-ay.

"Since ye've laid me doon,  
Come pick me up again;  
An' since ye've ta'en the wiles o' me,  
Come tell tae me your name."

"Sometimes they ca' me James,  
An' sometimes they ca' me John,  
But when I'm on the King's highway,  
Young William it's my name."

"They neither ca' you James,  
Nor dae they ca' you John,  
But when ye're on the King's highway,  
Young Gilbert it's your name."

When he heard his name cried oot,  
He's mounted on his steed,  
But she's buckled up her petticoats,  
An' after him she's gaed.

He rade an' she ran  
The lang simmer's day,  
Until they came tae a water,  
It was ca'ed the River Spey.

"Dae ye see the castle  
Standin' in yonder green,  
An' dae ye see the maidens there  
That would dazzle your e'en?"

"I can see the castle  
Standin' in yonder green,  
An', yes, I can see the maidens there,  
The prettiest ever seen."

"The water it's ower deep, my love,  
I fear ye canna wade."  
Afore he got his horse weel oot,  
She was at the ither side.



Noo she's in afore the King,  
Bowed doon upon a knee.  
"There is a chancellor in your court  
An' he has robbit me."

"Well, did he steal your mantle,  
Or did he steal your fee,  
Or did he steal your maidenheid,  
The flower o' your body?"

"He didna steal my mantle,  
Nor yet did he steal my fee,  
But, yes, he stole my maidenheid,  
And that's the worst o' three."

"Well, gin he be a single man,  
Ye shall married be,  
But gin he be a married man,  
I'll hang him tae yon tree."

"I wisht I'd drunk the water  
The nicht I drunk the wine.  
Tae think that a shepherd's daughter  
Would hae been a love o' mine."

Noo, when it cam' tae the weddin',  
They laughed tae see the fun.  
She's the Laird o' Urie's daughter,  
An' him but a blacksmith's son.

Side II, Band 4. I'LL LAY YE DOWN, LOVE, I'LL TREAT YE DECENT

Norman learned this apparent fragment from Jeannie Robertson, the great ballad singer from Aberdeen. We have been unable to identify the song.

"I'll lay ye doon, love, I'll treat ye decent.  
I'll lay ye doon, love; I'll fill your can.  
I will lay ye doon, love, I'll treat ye decent,  
For Bol' Errol he is a sorried man."

And as I walked oot one mid-May mornin',  
Doon by the banks o' the pleasant Bann,  
And as I was walkin', sure, I could hear them talkin',  
Sayin', "Bol' Errol, he is a sorried man."

*(repeat first verse)*

Side II, Band 5. THERE WAS A JOLLY BEGGARMAN

This song first appears in a broadside circa 1670-1675 in



the Pepys collection. The Scots versions are, however, more numerous and usually much superior. This tune and half a dozen verses were collected from the Aberdeen traveller (tinker) Willie Robertson, and a collated version was published in the Aberdeen Folk Song Club song sheet. This has given it a new lease on life among young Scottish singers and it has become a firm favorite in many clubs.

There was a jolly beggarman,  
An' he was dressed in green,  
An' he was seekin' lodgings  
In a toon near Aberdeen.

Chorus: And we'll gang nae mair a-rovin',  
Sae late intae the nicht;  
We'll gang nae mair a-rovin',  
Though the moon shine ne'er sae bricht.

This beggar wouldnae lie in barn,  
Nor yet would he in byre,  
But he would lie intae the ha',  
Or by the kitchen fire.

This beggar he has made his bed  
Wi' guid clean hay an' strae,  
An' in ahint the kitchen fire  
The jolly beggar lay.

The guidman's daughter, she rase up  
Tae bar the kitchen door,  
An' there she spied the beggar  
Standin' naked on the floor.

He's ta'en the lassie in his arms,  
Tae the bed he ran.  
"Oh, hooly, hooly wi' me, sir,  
Ye'll wauken our guidman."

The beggar bein' a cunnin' chiel,  
Ne'er a word he spak',  
Until he got his jobbie daen,  
Syne he began tae crack.

"Hae ye ony dogs aboot the hoose,  
Or ony cats ava'?  
For I'm feared they'll rive my meal pocks  
Afore I gang awa'."

She's ta'en his meal pocks in her hand  
An' thrown them ower the wa'.  
"Oh, the de'il gang wi' your meal pocks,  
My maidenheid's awa'."



"Noo, gin ye'd been a kindly lass,  
As I thocht ye tae be,  
I'd hae made ye aye the queen  
Ower a' this hale country."

He's ta'en a horn fae his side  
An' blawn it loud an' shrill,  
An' four an' twenty belted knights  
Cam' ridin' ower the hill.

He's ta'en a pen-knife fae his pouch,  
Let his auld duddies fa',  
And he was the brawest belted knight  
That was among them a'.

Side II, Band 6. KISHMUL'S GALLEY

In its natural state, this is a waulking song, one of the few types of work song still sung in the British Isles. Waulking is the method used in the Outer Hebrides to shrink the newly woven cloth, which is sewn together to form a complete circle and then soaked in hot urine. It is placed on a table, on either side of which are two rows of women who pass the cloth round sunwise, using a rhythmic, kneading motion in time to the song. The chorus, or *gonn*, is sung by the whole company and is usually a set of meaningless vocables. The solo singer sings the narrative lines, and often these pieces are of great length.

"Kishmul's Galley" is well known outside of Gaeldom because of its appearance in the Marjory Kennedy-Fraser collection, although it is there so arranged as to give little idea of the traditional manner of performance.

Kishmul's (Kisimul's) Castle was built in the 13th century at the southern end of the Isle of Barra and was the stronghold of the MacNeill's of Barra. The chiefs of the MacNeills were famous for their self-esteem, and it is said that every evening after the chief had eaten, the MacNeill's piper was sent out onto the battlements to announce "The MacNeill has dined. The other potentates of the earth may now dine." They even have their own version of the story of the flood, in which God is said to have told Noah to invite, as well as a pair of each species of animal, the MacNeill chief and his wife. A messenger was duly sent to Barra and returned with the chief's thanks, but also with the reply, "The MacNeill has a boat of his own."

Side II, Band 7. GUISE O' TOUGH

Although there are no work songs proper in present day lowland Scots tradition, there are many about work. Some of the best of these are the bothy ballads. The farm servants were



hired for a term of six months and if the farmer was a hard man there was nothing to do but tighten the belt and grimly see it through to the next feeding market. It was only in the few leisure hours in the men's sleeping quarters, the bothies, that they could give vent to their feelings.

I gaed up tae Alford  
For tae get a fee,  
An' I fell in wi' Jamie Brown  
An' wi' him did agree.

Chorus: Tum a hie doo doe, tum a hc doo day,  
Tum a hie doo doe, tum a ho doo day.

I agreed wi' Jamie Brown  
The year of '91,  
For to ca' his second pair  
And be his orra man.

We gaed hame tae Guise o' Tough,  
'Twas on an evenin' clear,  
An' oot about an orra hoose  
The grieve he did appear.

"Noo, I'm the master o' this place,  
There's the mistress there.  
Ye'll get plenty bread an' cheese  
An' plenty mair tae spare."

I gaed tae the stable,  
My pairie for tae view.  
Faith, they were a dandy pair,  
A chestnut an' a blue.

We hae a gallant kitchie dame,  
Jamieson it's her name,  
But for to tell her pedigree,  
'Twould really be a shame..

We hae a gallant baillie,  
McDonald it's his name,  
An' he can fair redd up the kye  
When he tak's doon the kaim.

Noo, that's the end o' my sang,  
I canna sing ony mair;  
Gin ye be affronted,  
Ye can walk outside the door.

Side II, Band 8. (THE HASH O') DRUMDELGIE

Many of the bothy ballads give us a broad caricature of

employer and workmates alike. The comments are usually pretty caustic, and even the women receive little benefit of chivalry. In this song only the horses get a good word. It is one of the most popular of the genre, and its tune is used for many other north east songs as well as being widely known throughout the British Isles.

There's a fairm toon up in Cairnie,  
It's ken't baith far an' wide,  
Tae be the great Drumdalgie  
On bonnie Deveronside.

It's sax o'clock that we rise ip  
An' hurry doon the stair  
Tae get our horses combed and fed,  
An' likewise straik their hair.

Half an hour in the stable,  
Each tae the kitch he goes  
Tae get yokit tae our breakfast  
Which generally is brose.

We've hardly gotten our brose weel supped,  
An' we gi'en our pints a tie,  
When the grieve he says, "Hullo, my lads,  
Ye'll be nae langer nigh."

At sax o'clock the mull's put on  
Tae gie us a' straucht wark,  
An' the sax o' us has tae tyauve at her  
Till ye could wring our sarks.

At seven o'clock the mull's put off,  
An' we hurry doon the stair  
Tae get some quarters through the fan  
Ere daylight does appear.

The clouds begin tae gently lift,  
The skies begin tae clear,  
An' the grieve, he says, "Hullo, my lads,  
Ye'll be nae langer here.

"There's sax o' ye'll gang tae the ploo,  
An' sax o' ye'll ca' neeps,  
An' the owsen, they'll be after ye  
Wi' strae raips roond their queets."

'Twas in linin' up for tae harness,  
An' straucht'nin' oot for tae yoke,  
The snaw it dang sae very thick  
That we were like tae choke.



The snaw it dang sae unco hard  
 The plooshe wouldna go,  
 And 'twas then the cairting did commence  
 Amang the frost an' snaw.

Sae fare ye weel, Drumdellie,  
 For I maun be awa',  
 Sae fare ye weel, Drumdellie,  
 Your weety weather an' a'.

Sae fare ye weel, Drumdellie,  
 An' I bid ye's a' adieu,  
 An' I leave ye as I got ye:  
 A damned uncivil crew.

NOTE: In the Scots dialect spoken in Aberdeen, many words beginning with "wh" are given the sound of "f"; for example, "far" for "where", "fat" for "what", and "fen" for "when". To afford greater clarity in the written texts, we have not attempted to spell these words exactly as they are pronounced. The following glossary has been prepared for those who are unfamiliar with the standard Scots dialect.

a'  
 about  
 afore  
 agee  
 ahint  
 ain  
 aince  
 airms  
 amang  
 ane  
 aneath  
 aroond  
 atween  
 auld  
 ava'  
 awa'  
 aye

'baccy  
 baillie

bairns  
 baith

all  
 about  
 before  
 cocked at an angle  
 behind  
 own  
 once  
 arms  
 among  
 one  
 beneath  
 around  
 between  
 old  
 at all  
 away  
 always or yes

tobacco  
 head cattle man on a farm.  
 (The term "foreman" was reserved for the man in charge of the horses and plowing; both were answerable to the "grieve".)  
 children, babies  
 both

banned	swore, cursed
blawn	blown, blew
blink	glance
boo	bow
braid	broad
brawest	most handsome
bricht	bright
brose	uncooked oatmeal mixed with hot water
burn	small stream
byre	a barn for cows
ca'	call or drive
cairting	carting
cam'	came
cankered	ill-tempered
canna	cannot
cant	the 'secret' language of a particular group, i.e. beggars, gypsies, etc.
carle	old man
cauld	cold
chiel	young fellow, rascal
claes	clothes
coaxt'er	coaxing
crack	converse, talk
cry	call
dae	do
daen	done
dang	fell
deid	dead
de'il	devil
didna	did not
dinna	do not, don't
dochter	daughter
doon	down
duddies	old ragged clothes
dyke	wall
echts (auchts)	owns
e'e	eye
e'en	eyes
fa'	fall
fae	from
fairm	farm
fause	false
fee (tae fee)	money, pay (to hire)
flees	flies
for by's me	than are beside me



fricht  
fu'

gadgie

gae  
gaed  
gane  
gang  
garse  
gear  
gie  
gied  
gi'en  
gin  
goon  
greetin'  
grieve  
guid

ha'  
hae  
hale  
hame  
heid  
hieland  
hinna, haena  
hoo  
hooly  
hoose  
hoppit

ingleneuk  
intae  
ither

kaim  
ken  
ken't  
kist  
kitch, kitchie  
kye

lane  
lang

mak'  
maidenheid  
mair  
maun  
meen

fright  
full, drunk

tinker's cant word meaning a  
non-tinker "fellow"

go  
went  
gone  
go, going  
grass  
goods, property, belongings  
give  
gave  
given  
if  
gown  
crying, weeping  
overseer on a farm  
good

hall  
have  
whole  
home  
head  
highland  
have not  
how  
softly, slowly  
house  
hopped

fireside  
into  
other

comb  
know  
knew  
chest  
abbreviations of "kitchen"  
cattle

alone  
long

make  
maidenhead  
more  
must  
moon

mind  
mither  
mony  
mull

nae  
naebody  
naething  
needna  
neeps  
neist  
nicht  
noo

ony  
oot  
orra  
ower  
owsen

pairie  
pints  
ploos  
pocks  
puir

quarters - "tae get some  
quarters through the  
fan"

queets  
quo'

rade  
rant  
rase  
redd up  
raips  
richt  
rig - "gaes.. on the rig"

rive  
robbit  
roond

sae  
sark  
sax  
session clerk

siller  
simmer

remember  
mother  
many  
mill

no, not  
nobody  
nothing  
need not  
turnips  
next  
night  
now

any  
out  
extra  
over  
oxen

diminutive of "pair"  
shoelaces  
plow  
sacks, bags  
poor

to winnow the rough grain  
used for feeding horses

fetlocks  
quoith, said

rode  
to be jovial in a noisy way  
rose  
clean up, tidy up  
ropes  
right

to commit a mischievous or  
wanton act

split, rip  
robbed  
round, around

so  
shirt  
six  
clerk of the parish who  
records births and deaths  
silver, money  
summer



sma'  
snow  
sodger  
spak'  
stoup

strae  
stroke  
strauchtnin'  
straucht work

syne

tae  
ta'en  
tak'  
teem  
telt  
thae  
thocht  
toon  
twa  
tyauve

unco

wa'  
wadna  
wain  
wark  
wasna  
wat  
waukened  
weel  
weety  
wi'  
wha  
wifie  
winna  
wouldna

ye  
yokit

small  
snow  
soldier  
spoke  
vessel for holding liquids,  
a tankard

straw  
stroke, comb  
straightening  
a straightforward, ordinary  
task

since, ago, then

to or toe  
taken  
take  
empty  
told  
those  
thought  
town  
two  
to toil

uncommon, strange or very

wall  
would not  
stomach  
work  
was not  
wet  
awakened  
well  
wet  
with  
who  
diminutive of "wife"  
will not  
would not

you  
yoked