FSS-49
STEREO

"Frae My Ain Countrie"

JEAN REDPATH

of Leven, Fife, Scotland

FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS, INC.

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Recorded by Sandy Paton
Notes by Jean Redpath

For some years now, Jean Redpath has been travelling back and forth between this country and her native land, demonstrating the beauty of Scottish balladry in countless concert engagements. Audiences are invariably enchanted as the flute-like quality of her voice graces the lovely airs of her tradition with its astounding purity.

Jean comes from a musical family; her mother has contributed many songs to her repertoire and her father, when coaxed sufficiently, plays a wide variety of tunes on the hammered dulcimer. Thus, Jean was well acquainted with traditional music when, as a student in Edinburgh, she apprenticed in the fine art of the ballad singer under the tutelage of the great Scottish folklorist, collector, and poet, Hamish Henderson.

As Jean has matured, so has her art. She now stands in a class almost by herself as an interpreter, not just of the music, but of the very soul of the incredibly rich tradition she represents.

Folk-Legacy invited Jean to make this recording several years ago, but her busy concert schedule prevented its completion until now. The result was well worth the wait, as all who hear this album will surely agree.

Sandy Paton
June, 1973

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FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS, INC.
Sharon, Connecticut 06069

Cover Photo by Suzanne Szasz

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"Frae My Ain Countrie"

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FSS-49

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"Frae My Ain Countrie"

JEAN REDPATH

FS-49

FOLK LEGACY RECORDS, INC.
MUSICAL CONNECTION CLASS

JEAN REDPATH

"Frae My Ain Countrie"

There was always music of some kind around at home — my mother sings without being aware of it — which is probably the only reason I managed to pick up a few bawdy songs in early years. Who knows what gems the double standard may have condemned to oblivion! She is still coming up with songs and fragments of songs that I haven't heard before. There was a mouth-organ, a piano-accordion, several pianos around somewhere, and an uncle who played the pipes. Then there's the hammered dulcimer — my father plays that when he can be coaxed into it — reels, jigs, bothy ballads, love songs, hymns are all grist to his mill. If only I could get him to believe that he plays twice as well as he thinks he does, and even half as well as I think he does!

School music I prefer to forget — happily, it did no irreparable damage. Then there was the discovery in Edinburgh that there were other people singing my kind of song. Hamish Henderson introduced me to the singing of Jeanie Robertson and to a wealth of material that's been in my active repertoire ever since. That was an active singing time in Edinburgh and Glasgow, and I spent more hours than I can remember with fellow-members of the Folk Song Society singing wherever we could get someone to listen.

I first got up on my trembling knees to sing in public at about age ten. I still remember that the song in question was Brahms' "Cradle Song." There's nothing wrong with the song, but the idea of being taught such material at school when I was living in such a wealth of traditional music still strikes me as strange, to say the least. Maybe I should be thankful, considering the perversity of human nature and my innate resistance to formal education — I don't believe I've sung the "Cradle Song" since then! Yet sing I must, though it's taken an unconscionable time for me to realize that I suffer from most of the inherent diseases of the so-called "Unemotional Scot" — incurable romanticism, sentimentality that can approach the maudlin at times, and emotion that we are expected to conceal at all costs. The lie is given to the unemotional image by the songs: a song can be an intensely personal expression, yet, since it's only a song, curiously impersonal. How often I remember seeing a group at home much moved by someone's rendering of a powerful song, embarrassed to admit it, and solving the problem with, "Aye, that's a fine song."

I've been asked many's the time in the last ten years why I don't write my own songs, or sing someone else's contemporary material. It's no accident that I still find the traditional material easier to believe, and to make believable. Whatever it is I want to express, or convey, from comedy and joy (which are easy) to grief and sorrow (which are barely permissible), the Scots have come up with a song for it over the years — they've had to, or burst!

Don't pay too much attention to what any Scot says — after all, the highest form of praise there is "No' bad," and terms of

endearment usually take the form of mild curses — listen to the things they sing.

Many of these songs are still associated in my mind with the singers from whom I learned them, and the singing of them is the best way I can think of to express my thanks for the times, the songs, and for this personal — but not too personal — way of saying it.

Jean Redpath

THE GAIRDNER AND THE PLOOMAN
Side 1, Band 1.

Murray Shoolbraid, originally from Leslie in Fife, was living in Vancouver, B. C., when we met. I envy him his card index of Scottish songs and his ability to provide a text with a melody like this. The words are found in Greig's *Folk-Song of the Northeast*, the original text being from Mrs. Jaffray of Mintlaw. The apparent confusion of this version as it stands (who is saying what and to whom?) is cleared up by the second text in Greig which, although fragmentary, has a more complete story line:

Awyte I keepit the gairdner's hert,
But leet my ain gae free,
Till by it cam' the plooman lad,
And he's stown my hert fae me.

But woe be to the plooman lad,
And woe be till 'im noo;

And he's left me sair to rue.

The plooman heard his bonnie love's moan,
As he was at the ploo;
The plooman heard his bonnie love's moan,
Near to yon bush he drew.

Lat oot yer goon, my bonnie love,
And mak' it neat and new,
And ye shall be the plooman's bride,
And ye'se never hae cause to rue.

It's braw bein' a gairdner's wife,
In the gairden amo' the thyme;
But it's better bein' in the plooman's airms,
Faur I've been mony a time.

The first time that I saw my love,
It was under a bush o' rue.
And aye the sweeter that she sang,
The nearer the bush I drew.

A gairdner lad that lives near by,
Lang has he woo'd me,
And he's gi'en me his heart tae keep,
A pledge o' love tae be.

Lang did I keep my gairdner's heart,
My ain was aye free,
Or the blithe blink o' the plooman lad
Has stown the heart frae me.

The firstan time I did him see,
He was plooin' on yon brae broo,
And I could neither haud nor ca',
Twas a' for the love o' you.

The neistan time I did you see,
It was under a bush o' rue,
And aye the sweeter that ye sang,
The nearer the bush I drew.

Mak' up yer goon, my bonnie lass,
And mak' it neat and fine,
And ye shall be the plooman's wife,
For the gairdner's changed his mind.

The plooman lad, he's hearin' this,
Just in a bush near by;
Says, "Say nae mair, my bonnie lassie
For ye ken better why."

The first time that I saw my love,
It was under a bush o' rue,
And aye the sweeter that she sang,
The nearer the bush I drew.

lang - long
or - until
stown - stolen
brae - hill
broo - brow
haud - hold
ca' - call or drive (as of a horse)
neistan - next
goon - gown
mair - more
ken - know

I'LL LAY YE DOON, LOVE
Side 1, Band 2.

One of the many songs I learned from the singing of Jeanie Robertson, this one shouldn't really be performed at all. It's a song to sing with people, not at them. Perhaps the thing that is most noticeably missing in clubs and concerts in this country (with a few notable exceptions) is the spontaneous chorus singing and harmony one takes for granted in Scotland. There's a different, and richer, feel to a song when it's a case of providing the verses for a roomful of people to join in — a difference as great as a formal acknowledgement across a room as opposed to a good warm handshake.

Oh, I'll lay ye doon, love,
I'll treat ye decent.
I will lay ye doon, love;
I'll fill yer can.
Oh, I'll lay ye doon, love,
I'll treat ye decent,
For surely he is an honest man.

As I walked oot on a summer evenin',
Doon by the water and the pleasant strand,
And as I was walkin', I heard them talkin',
Sayin', "Surely he is an honest man."

I hae travelled far frae Inverey,
Aye, and doon as far as Edinburgh toon;
And it's I maun gae, love, and travel further,
But when I come back, I will lay ye doon.

maun gae - must go

THE GAIRDNER CHILD (Child 219)
Side 1, Band 3.

This has been a favorite of mine since I first learned it from the singing of Ewan MacColl. The simple story line of proposal and rejection is presented in a form here that is apparently unknown outside of Scotland.

The symbolism used by the young woman in her poetic "cold shoulder" is rather more direct than that of the flowers used by her wooer in his proposal. The more obvious of the references, e.g. rose - love, white lily - purity, are fitting enough, but of the others, e.g. marigold - jealousy, sorrow, I came to the conclusion that if the gardener was being symbolically deliberate in his choice of blooms, his case was lost before he had finished pleading it! Perhaps the unequivocal reply was inspired by his choice of flower for her apron - celandine - promised joys to come.

Proud Maisrie stands at her faither's door,
As straicht's a willow wand,
Till by there cam' a gairdner child
And a red rose in his hand.

"It's you will ha'e my rose, fair maid,
Gin ye'll gie yer floo'r tae me,
And amang the floo'rs o' yer faither's yaird
I'll mak' a goon for thee.

"The lily white will be yer smock
And lie yer body neist;
The marigowd will be yer stays
And a red rose at yer breist.

"Yer goon shall be o' the smellin' thyme
And yer petticoat camowine;
And yer apron o' the soladene.
Jine yer love wi' mine.

"Yer shoon will be o' yon red rue
That grows in the gairden fine,
And I'll line them wi' the tapetan.
Oh, kiss, sweetheart, and jine."

"Since you hae made a goon for me
Amang the simmer floo'rs,
I will mak' a suit for thee
Amang the winter shoo'rs.

"The milk-white snaw will be yer sark
And lie yer body neist,
The mirk black rain will be yer coat,
A wind gale at yer breist.

"The horse that ye shall ride upon
Will be the winter snell,
And I'll bridle him wi' some norland blasts
And some sharp shoo'rs o' hail.

"The bonnet that's be upon yer heid
Will be the southron grey,
And every time that ye pass by
I'll wish ye were away."

child - boy, lad
gin - if
gie - give
goon - gown
neist - next
marigowd - marigold
breist - breast
camowine - camomile
soladene - celandine
jine - join
shoon - shoes
tapetan - corrupted form of taffeta
simmer - summer
sark - shirt
mirk - dark, gloomy
snell - cold, piercing
norland - northland
southron - southern

WARS O' HIGH GERMANIE
Side 1, Band 4.

This one is for Ella (Ward) McEvoy, from whom I learned it — and many others. I can still visualize her flat in Edinburgh — the crowded sitting-room of an evening, the tarantula under glass on the sideboard, and always the singing. Many's a 4:00 A.M. I spent there with Ella, her family and her friends. Hamish encouraged everyone to "Gie us a sang" and the constant threat of a visit from the bobbies when the hour got too late and the volume too high. I was introduced to many songs at those ceilidhs that have been with me ever since.

William Motherwell is credited with having written the text of this very beautiful lament.

Oh, wae be tae the orders
That mairched my love awa',
And wae be tae the cruel cause
That gars my tears doon fa'.
Wae be tae the bloody wars
In high Germanie,
For they hae ta'en my love and left
A broken heart tae me.

The drums beat in the mornin'
Afore the screich o' day,
And the wee, wee fifes played
loud and shrill
While yet the morn was grey.
The bonny flags were a' unfurled,
A gallant sicht tae see,
But wae's me for my sodger lad
That's mairched tae Germanie.

Oh, lang, lang is the traivellin'
Tae the bonny pier o' Leith,
And dreich it is tae gang there
Wi' the snaw-drift in the teeth;
And, oh, the cauld wind froze the
tear
That gaithered in my e'e
When I gaed there tae see my love
Embark for Germanie.

I lookit ower the braid blue sea
Sae lang as could be seen
A wee bit sail upon the ship
My sodger lad was in.
But, oh, the wind blew sair and
snell,
And the ship sailed speedily;
And the waves and cruel wars hae
twined
My winsome love frae me.

wae - woe
gars - makes
screich - dawn
sicht - sight
lang - long
dreich - slow, tedious
gang - go
gaed - went
braid - broad
twined - parted

SILVER TASSIE
Side 1, Band 5.

As with so many more songs, covering everything from the big ballads to street songs, I picked this one up at home. The fact that they were usually an accompaniment to the vacuum cleaner or dish-washing hasn't prejudiced me against the material at all!

Burns, who contributed the song (as "My Bonnie Mary") to *The Scots Musical Museum* in 1790, said of it in a letter, "The first stanza of the song is old, the rest is mine." There seems to be some confusion about whether or not he replaced the first four lines at a later date.

Gae fetch tae me a pint o' wine
And fill it in a silver tassie,
That I may drink before I go
A service tae my bonnie lassie.
The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith,
Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the ferry;
The ship rides by the Berwick Law,
And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glistening spears are ranket ready;
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes, thick and bloody.
But it's not the roar o' sea or shore
Wad mak' me langer wish tae tarry,
Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar,
It's leavin' thee, my bonnie Mary.

(repeat first verse)

tassie - small container, glass, goblet
maun - must

THE RANTIN' DOG, THE DADDIE O'T
Side 1, Band 6.

Of this song, also included in Johnson's *Musical Museum*, Burns wrote: "I composed this song pretty early in life, and sent it to a young girl, a particular acquaintance of mine, who was at the time under a cloud." The young girl in question may have been Elizabeth Paton, or Jean Armour.

The verses here, as in the *Museum*, are adapted to the old tune, "The East Neuk o' Fife," which appeals more to my chauvinistic nature than "Where Will Bonnie Annie Lie?," the tune they were originally intended for.

Oh, wha my babie-clouts will buy?
Wha will tent me when I cry?
Wha will kiss me whaur I lie?
The rantin' dog, the daddie o't.

Wha will own he did the faut?
Wha will buy the groanin' maut?
Wha will tell me how tae ca't?
The rantin' dog, the daddie o't.

When I mount the creepie-chair,
Wha will sit beside me there?
Gie me Rab, I'll ask nae mair,
The rantin' dog, the daddie o't.

Wha will crack tae me my lane?
Wha will mak' me fidgin' fain?
Wha will kiss me ower again?
The rantin' dog, the daddie o't.

wha - who
babie-clouts - baby's clothes
tent - listen to
whaur - where
rantin' - roistering
o't - of it
faut - fault
groanin' maut - ale brewed on the occasion of a confinement
ca't - name it
creepie-chair - "stool of repentance"
gie - give
nae mair - no more
crack - gossip
lane - alone
fidgin' fain - restless, eager

HISHIE BA
Side 1, Band 7.

One could almost read this as a sequel to the last song, although the young woman in question has changed her tune, indeed. Perhaps the earlier bravado in the face of social disaster was doomed from the start — "What will the neighbors think?" has paled many a cheek!

Arthur Argo taught me this song, from the repertoire of Lucy Stewart. I seldom sing it without hearing his Aberdeen tongue and left-handed guitar in the background somewhere. Obviously, Gavin Greig's love of the singing tradition was inherited by his great-grandson and he's shared that over the years as generously as he and Ruth have shared their home. Aye, loon, it's a fine song.

Hishie ba, noo I'm yer ma,
Hishie ba, my bairnie, O.
Hishie ba, noo I'm yer ma,
But the guid kens fa's yer faither, O.

When I was noo but sweet sixteen
And beauty aye in bloomin', O,
It's little, little did I think
That at seventeen I'd be greetin', O.

If I had been a guid wee lass
And ta'en my mammie's biddin', O,
I widnae be sittin' at this fireside
Singin' "Hish" tae my bastard bairnie, O.

It's keepit me frae lowpin' dykes,
Frae balls and frae waddin's, O.
It's gi'en me balance tae my stays,
And that's in the latest fashion, O.

guid kens fa's - goodness knows who's
greetin' - weeping
widnae - would not

lowpin' dykes - leaping walls
waddin's - weddings

MY AIN COUNTRIE
Side 1, Band 8.

In Cromek's *Remains* (1810), sixteen lines of this lament of a fugitive after Culloden (1746) were printed as from a Miss Macartney, but in 1825 Allan Cunningham, in his *Songs of Scotland*, set his own name to it with a few alterations to words and the additions of lines 5 - 8 and 17 - 20. Such a song tends to tarnish somewhat the popular romantic image of Bonnie Prince Charlie's attempt to regain the throne for the House of Stewart. The more widely known songs, such as "Speed Bonny Boat" and "Will Ye No' Come Back Again?" speak hardly at all of the military disaster that was the so-called Battle of Culloden, or of the butchery that followed, when so many Jacobite followers had to choose between exile and death at home.

Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
Not a hope that dare attend;
The wide world is all before us,
But a world without a friend.

— *Strathallan's Lament*

The sun rises bright in France,
And fair sets he,
But he has lost the look he had
In my ain countrie.
Though gladness comes to many,
A sorrow comes to me
As I look out ower the ocean wide
Tae my ain countrie.

It's no' my ain ruin
That saddens aye my e'e,
But the love I left in Galloway
Wi' bonnie bairnies three.
My hamely hearth burns bonny,
And smiles my fair Mary;
I left my heart behind me
In my ain countrie.

The bird comes back to summer
And the blossom to the tree,
But I win back, oh, never
Tae my ain countrie.
I'm leal tae high Heaven,
Which will be leal tae me,
And there I'll meet ye a' richt soon
Frae my ain countrie.

ain - own
leal - loyal
richt - right

MATT HYLAND
Side 2, Band 1.

In Robin Morton's book, *Folksung Sung in Ulster*, he tells us that this song "became increasingly popular during recent years since Tommy McDermott, from County Fermanagh, sang it in a ballad competition the year he won the All-Ireland Championship. In fact, it seems to be sung traditionally only in S. W. Ulster."

Thanks to Ken Goldstein, I found another version, "Young Matt Ilan," from Maine, in Carrie Grover's book *A Heritage of Songs*. As far as she could recall, her father had learned it from a New Brunswick singer.

I like to sing this song, although the rather mercenary trait of the hero always jars a little.

It's also thanks to Ken and Rochelle that these notes were ever written. Without their hospitality, their book-filled basement, and themselves, I suspect I'd never have set foot in Philadelphia again after the first traumatic visit.

There lived a lord within this land
Who had a fair and lovely daughter.
She was courted by a nice young man
Who was a servant to her father.
But when her parents came to know
They swore they'd drive him from
the island;
But this maid she knew that her
heart would break
If she should part from young Matt
Hyland.

Straightway into his room she goes,
Into his room him to awaken,
Saying, "Arise and go, my own true
love,
This very night you will be taken.
For I have heard my father say
In spite of me he will transport you.
So, arise and go, my own true love,
I wish to God I'd gone before you."

'Ah, must I go?" the young man said,
"Ah, must I go without my wages,
With ne'er a penny in my purse
Just like some poor forlorn stranger?"
"Here's fifty guineas in bright gold,
And that's far more than father owes you,
So, arise and go, my own true love,
I wish to God I'd gone before you."

They both sat down upon the bed,
Just side by side for one half hour;
And ne'er a word did either say,
Yet down their cheeks the tears did shower.
She's laid her head all on his breast,
Round his waist her arms entwined.
"No lord or duke or earl I'll wed;
I'll wait for you, my young Matt Hyland."

The lord discussed with his daughter dear,
One night alone in her bed chamber,
Saying, "I'll give you leave to bring him back,
Since there are none you style above him."
She wrote a letter then in haste;
Still for him her heart entwined.
She's brought him back, to the church they went;
She's made a lord of young Matt Hyland.

THE LONDON BA'
Side 2, Band 2.

A group of children's songs I learned — two from my mother, two in the street.

"My Mother Says" is a skipping game that was popular prior to 1914. The thought of singing this and skipping at the same time leaves me winded! An older version is:

I'll tell me ma when I get home
The boys won't leave the girls alone.

"Up Against the Wa'" was a ball bouncing game, and "Katie Bairdie," according to Ritchie (*The Singing Street*), was used for walkin' the bairn to sleep, though I can't honestly say that I learned it that young. "I've a Laddie in Ameriky" is another skipping song. The tune derives from "What a Friend We Have in Jesus." One wonders, after another generation of TV addiction, if children will be singing anything other than commercials.

Up against the wa', the London ba',
The London ba', the London ba'.
Up against the wa', the London ba'
And a bonny bunch of roses.

I met my lad by the bramble law,
The bramble law, the bramble law.
I met my lad by the bramble law
And a bonny bunch of roses.

My faither bocht a new topcoat,
A new topcoat, a new topcoat.
My faither bocht a new topcoat
And Jeanie tore the linin'.

Ah ha ha, ye neednae rin,
Ye neednae rin, ye neednae rin.
Ah ha ha, ye neednae rin,
For ye'll get yer licks in the mornin'.

Katie Bairdie had a coo,
Black and white aboot the moo,
Wasnae that a dainty coo?
Dance, Katie Bairdie.

Katie Bairdie had a cat,
It could catch baith moose and rat,
Wasnae that a dainty cat?
Dance, Katie Bairdie.

Katie Bairdie had a hen
Cackled but and cackled ben,
Wasnae that a dainty hen?
Dance, Katie Bairdie.

Katie Bairdie had a grice,
It could skate upon the ice,
Wasnae that a dainty grice?
Dance, Katie Bairdie.

(repeat first verse)

My mother says that I must go
With my father's dinner, O.
Chappit tatties, beef and steak,
Twa red herrin' and a bawbee bake.

I cam' tae a river that I couldnae get across,
So, I paid ten shillin's for an auld dun horse.
Jumped on its back and its banes gied a crack,
So, I played on the fiddle till the boat cam' back.

(repeat first verse)

I've a laddie in Ameriky
And I've anither in Dundee, i-ee, i-ee,
And I've anither in Australia,
And that's the one that's gaun tae marry me, i-ee, i-ee.

First he took me to Ameriky
And then he took me tae Dundee,
And then he ran awa' and left me
Wi' three bonny bairnies on my knee.

One o' them was sittin' by the fireside,
Anither yin was sittin' on my knee,
The third was sittin' on the doorstep
Cryin', "Daddy, Daddy, please come back tae me."

wa' - wall
ba' - ball
neednae - needn't
rin - run
coo - cow
moo - mouth
but - outside
ben - inside
grice - young pig
chappit tatties - mashed potatoes
bawbee bake - small biscuit

KILBOGIE
Side 2, Band 3.

Ray and Archie Fisher sang this song back in the late 50's and I've enjoyed it ever since. Greig and Keith, in a note on "Kilboggie, or MacDonald o' the Isles," attempt to explain the relationship to "Glasgow Peggy" (Child 228) thus: "There is an estate and mansion-house of Kilbagie (also called Kilboggie) in the parish of Clackmannan, and it is at least a remarkable coincidence that the daughter of Forrester of Kilboggie married MacDonald of Keppoch in Lochaber in the first half of the 17th century (MacDonald dying in 1650). The conjecture may be made that the circumstances of the wedding suggested to someone a resemblance to the story in the already existing ballad of "Glasgow Peggy" and led to the composition of another modelled on the older one."

By comparison, this has a much shortened story line and omits the argument of Lowland "pride in property" versus Highland "pride in poverty," e.g.:

Flocks and sheep they're good and good enough,
Corn stacks are muckle better,
They will stand in drift and snaw
When sheep will die wi' the wind and the weather.

Also omitted is the denouement where the Highland wooer discloses his true position and possessions:

In the Highlands, I've got fifty acres o' land,
It's a' ploughed and sown already;
I am Ardonald o' a' the Isles,
An' why should not Peggy be called my lady?

The final outcome is significantly different, "An' we'll go once more and see your daddy" (Glasgow Peggy) being open to interpretation, but rather more optimistic than the last line used here. Child records no similar ending, and though I don't believe the change is mine, I favour the poetic justice in rewarding the materialistic snobbery demonstrated with a one-way ticket home, albeit first-class.

First when I cam' tae Kilbogie's toon,
Wi' my short coat an' my tartan plaidie,
First when I cam' my bonny love tae see,
She stayed in her bed till her breakfast was ready.

When her breakfast it was set doon,
She said she had been tae the fields wi' her daddy;
Weel I kent by the silk o' her hands
She stayed in her bed till her breakfast was ready.

When her breakfast it was set doon,
It was set doon and it was made ready,
Oot spak' her mother untae her,
"Hae naething tae dae wi' a Hielan' laddie."

They gaed oot tae tak' a walk,
Tae tak' a walk till the dinner was ready;
He's set her up on his high horse back
An' she's far, far awa' frae her hame in Kilbogie.

When at last tae the Hielan's they cam',
There was naething there fittin' for a lady.
Naething was there for her tae lay on
But a wee pickle heather an' his tartan plaidie.

"In my faither's hoose there's blankets and sheets,
They are very white and bonny;
An' richt angry my faither wad be
Tae see me lyin' here on yer tartan plaidie."

"In the Hielan's we've got plenty o' sheep,
They are very thick and bonny;
It's ye'll get woo', an' ye can spin
An' mak' ye a blanket instead o' a plaidie."

"A coach an' six tae me prepare!"
A coach an' six was gotten ready,
A coach an' six tae tak' her a' the way,
An' she's awa' back tae her hame in Kilbogie.

kent - knew
oot spak' - out spoke
pickle - small quantity
woo' - wool

A' THE WEEK YER MAN'S AWA'
Side 2, Band 4.

Ewan MacColl wrote this song for the B.B.C. programme "Singing the Fishing." The more sentimental songs like "Caller O'u," much as I like to sing them, have never seemed to have much bearing on the harsher side of fishing community life. Unwritten stories are found on grave-stones in the church-yards round the East Neuk o' Fife — all too familiar records of fathers and sons drowned at sea. This song tells the story of those stones for me.

A' the week yer man's awa',
A' the week ye bide yer lane,
A' the time yer waitin' for
The minute that he's comin' hame.
Ye ken what way he has tae work;
Ye ken what hours he has tae keep.
Still it mak's ye angry when
Ye think he just comes hame tae sleep.

Through the months and through the years,
While ye're bringin' up the bairns,
Yer man's awa' tae here an' there,
Followin' the shoals o' herrin'.
When he's back there's nets tae mend;
Ye've maybe got a score or twa.
When they're done, he'll rise an' say,
"Wife, it's time I was awa'."

Work and wait, and dree yer weird;
Pin yer faith in herrin' sales.
And aftimes lie awake at nicht
In fear o' winter's wind and hail.
For men maun work tae earn their breid,
And men maun swat tae earn their fee.
Fishermen will aye gang oot
As lang as fish swim in the sea.

dree yer weird - endure your lot
maun - must
swat - sweat
aye gang oot - always go out

JOHNNIE O' BRAIDIESLEY (Child 114)
Side 2, Band 5.

The hero of this seems to have been an outlaw and deer-stealer and is supposed to have possessed the Castle of Morton, Dumfriesshire — a tradition which is favoured by mention of Durrisdeer (a parish in the neighborhood).

The basic text here is the one sung by John Strachan of Fyvie, though it is one of the many songs I associate with Hamish Henderson.

Johnnie rose on a May mornin',
Ca'd for water tae wash his hands.
Says, "Gae lowse tae me my guid grey dogs
That lie bound in iron bands.

"Ye'll busk, ye'll busk, my noble dogs,
Ye'll busk and mak' them boun',
For I'm gaun tae the Broadspear hill
Tae ding the dun deer doon."

When Johnnie's mother she heard o' this,
Her hands wi' dule she wrung.
Says, "Johnnie, for my benison,
Tae the greenwoods dinna gang.

"Enough ye hae o' the guid white breid,
Enough o' the blude red wine;
So, Johnnie, for yer venison,
Tae the greenwoods dinna gang."

But Johnnie has buskit up his guid bent-bow,
His arrows ane by ane,
And he's awa' tae Durrisdeer
Tae ding the dun deer doon.

Johnnie shot, the dun deer lap,
And he wounded her on the side,
But atween the water and the wood
His hounds they laid her pride.

Johnnie ate o' the venison,
His dogs drank o' the blude,
Till they a' lay doon and fell asleep,
Asleep as they'd been deid.

Then by there cam' a silly auld carle,
A silly auld man was he,
And he's awa' tae the King's Foresters
Tae tell what he did see.

Then up and spak' the King's Forester,
An angry man was he,
"If this be Johnnie o' Braidiesley,
We soon will gar him dee."

"Stand stout, stand stout, my noble dogs,
Stand stout and dinna flee;
Stand fast, stand fast, my guid grey hounds,
And we will mak' them dee."

Johnnie he shot six o' them,
He's wounded the seventh sair.
Syne he swung his hough ower his horse's back
And he swore he would hunt mair.

Now Johnnie's guid bent-bow is brak',
His guid grey dogs are slain,
And his body lies in Durrisdeer;
His huntin' days are done.

lowse - set free
busk - make ready
ding - strike
doon - down
dule - sorrow
benison - blessing
ane - one
lap - leaped
deid - dead
syne - then
hough - man's leg
brak' - broken

FAREWELL HE
Side 2, Band 6.

Again, it was Archie Fisher who introduced me to this delightful piece of refined nose-thumbing. The *Dorset Book of Folksongs* names Mrs. Russell of Upwey as the source singer. In this country there is a Missouri representative with rather more familiar words:

If he's gone, let him go,
Let him sink or let him swim.
As he does not care for me,
Why should I care for him?
I hope he may have good fortune,
And myself but better grace,
For I can get another,
Far better, in his place.

(Randolph's *Ozark Folksongs*)

The early feminist's answer to the legions of "died-for-love" maidens!

Fare thee well cold winter,
And fare thee well cold frost.
There is nothing I have gained,
But a lover I have lost.
I will sing and I'll be merry
When fortune I do see;
And I'll rest me when I'm weary —
Let him go then — farewell he.

Last night I saw my true love
All down in yonder grove.
I gave to him a smile;
Not a word came from my love.
Well, if he likes another
And together they agree,
I can find another lover —
Let him go then — farewell he.

Take half-a-pound of reason,
Half-an-ounce of common sense,
A sprig of thyme in season,
A little sage prudence.
Then mix them well together
And I think you'll plainly see
He's no lad for windy weather —
Let him go then — farewell he.

BONNY GALLOWA'
Side 2, Band 7.

There's a wealth of songs at home which tend to be included in Scottish Country Dance waltz selections and records of the "Tartan Treasures" variety so often that one ceases to listen to them. Yet, given an evening of singing, and maybe a drink or two, and it's inevitable that these familiar tunes will creep in somewhere in the sentimental hours.

This one is for Geordie.

Words: George B. Sproat
Music: George Fred Hornsby

Wha but lo'es the bonny hills?
Wha but lo'es the shinin' rills?
Aye for thee my bosom fills,
Bonny Gallowa'.
Land o' darkly rollin' Dee,
Land o' silv'ry windin' Cree,
Kissed by Solway's foamy sea,
Bonny Gallowa'.

Wreaths o' glory round thee weave,
Gory land o' fearless threave.
Heroes' deeds thy sons achieve,
Bonny Gallowa'.
Aince ye had a king, thine ain,
Wha thy laurels wouldnae stain,
Focht thy foes wi' micht and main,
Bonny Gallowa'.

Wha 'mang Scotia's chiefs can shine?
Heroes o' the Douglas line,
Maxwells, Gordons — a' are thine,
Bonny Gallowa'.
Land o' birk and rowan tree,
Land o' fell and forest free,
Land that's aye sae dear tae me,
Bonny Gallowa'.

EILEEN AROON (Eibhlin a ruin)
"Eileen, my treasure"
Side 2, Band 8.

Words are by Gerald Griffin (1803 - 1840) from the Irish of Carrol O'Daly (14th century). The melody, understandably, has been used for various songs, e.g., Thomas Moore's "Erin, the Tears and the Smile," and the one I first learned at home, "Robin Adair" (Lady Caroline Keppel). "Eileen Aroon" impresses me always with the devastating power of simplicity.

When, like the dawning day,
Eileen Aroon,
Love sends his early ray,
Eileen Aroon,
What makes his dawning glow
Changeless through joy and woe?
Only the constant know,
Eileen Aroon.

Were she no longer true,
Eileen Aroon,
What would her lover do?
Eileen Aroon.
Fly with a broken chain
Far o'er the bounding main,
Never to love again,
Eileen Aroon.

Youth must in time decay,
Eileen Aroon;
Beauty must fade away,
Eileen Aroon.
Castles are sacked in war,
Chieftains are scattered far,
Truth is a fixed star,
Eileen Aroon.

Recalling the countless occasions in the last ten years when I have been asked "What did you say?" or "Will you spell that, please?" (marvelous invention, the telephone), it occurs to me that no one has ever asked "What did you sing?"

The melodies may be unfamiliar, many of the words may be unintelligible, but the language is universal.

Jean Redpath

photo: Kim Whithed

"And here's a hand, my trusty freen',
And gie's a hand o' thine..."

— *Burns*