

*Credits:*

Wendy Grossman: concertina, banjo, dulcimer

Kathy Westra: cello

Lani Herrmann: fiddle

Ann Mayo Muir: flute

Lorraine Lee: magic dulcimer on "The Witch of the West-mer-lands" and "South Wind."

*Recorded and edited by Sandy Paton*

*Notes by Archie Fisher*

*Digital master by Bob Katz, Digital Domain*

*Cover photograph by David Gahr*

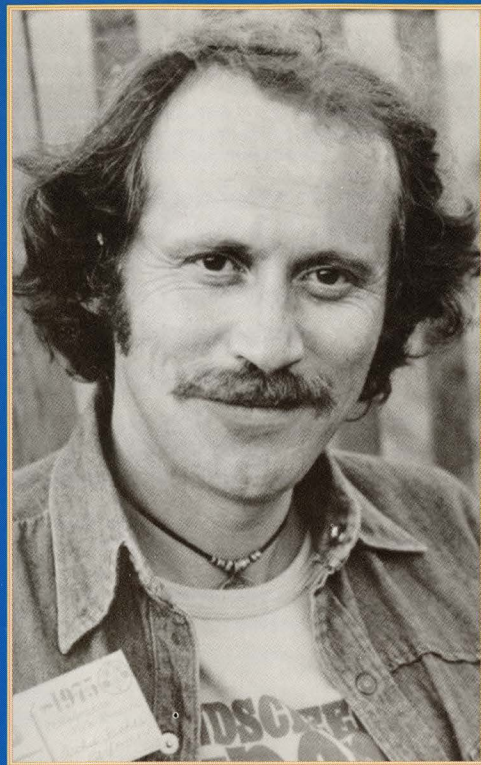
*Graphics by Jean Saliter, Figaro, Inc., Sharon, CT*

Copyright © © 1997

Folk-Legacy Records, Inc.

Sharon, Connecticut 06069

All rights reserved



*Archie  
Fisher*

*The  
Man  
With a  
Rhyme*



Folk-Legacy Records, Inc.  
CD-61

Archie Fisher exemplifies all that is good about the folksong revival. His deep respect for the older musical traditions of his native Scotland enables him to approach them creatively; his understanding of those traditions is such that he has been able to compose a new ballad ("The Witch of the West-mer-lands") that could easily assume a place among the classic ballads compiled by Francis James Child during the latter part of the last century.

A superbly inventive guitarist, Archie's accompaniments are always appropriate to the song: never distorting it, never overwhelming it. Whether it be a rich underscoring of the original air or an exquisite counter-melody reflecting and complementing it, there is a satisfying sense of *rightness* in all of Archie's arrangements.

His singing can be warm and tender — gentle, without sacrificing the strength that has sustained the tradition for so many centuries. Archie is a sophisticated person, yet he is able to approach the sentimental without self-consciousness. One is always reluctant to use the rather indefinable term *charisma*, but there is a quality about this young man that invites such a description. Perhaps it is a combination of the kind of sensitivity that creates in him an unusual empathy, lending depth to his artistry, and a rare measure of native Celtic charm. Whatever it is, it is certain that you will sense it, too, as you listen to this, his first American recording.

Sandy Paton  
Sharon, CT

### Notes by Archie Fisher

Although I was born an urban Scot in the city of Glasgow, I had two advantages in my parents being an island mother who still breaks into song as often as the blackbird and a father who had a repertoire that ranged from ballad fragments and music-hall to his first love — opera.

To say that my six sisters acted as a catchment area for fellow musicians would not be far from the truth, but most of all, they acted as my private audience, and I sang for them before I had the courage to play before others.

The songs I sing are my interpretations of other singers' inspirations. Seldom have I taken a song from the cold page; they tend to come more from a warm heart. Now they are as much yours as they were ever mine.

My thanks for their care and dedication go to (my new sisters) "The Ladies of the Lake" — Wendy, Kathy, Lani and Annie, and also to Lorraine Lee, whom I think I must have met in another life somewhere. From now on, there will always be an empty space when I play the music they helped me to record. And finally, my love to the whole Paton household.

Archie Fisher

## The Songs

### 1. TWA BONNIE MAIDENS

Part of a longer and rather flowery song about the flight to Skye of Bonnie Prince Charlie after the Jacobite defeat at Culloden, when, disguised as an old woman, the Young Pretender and Flora MacDonald deceived the redcoat sentries. The air is also known as "Planxty George Brabazon." The corrie in the first verse is "a hollow space or excavation in a hillside."

*There were twa bonnie maidens and three bonnie maidens  
Cam' ower the Minch and cam' ower the main,  
Wi' the wind for their way and the corrie for their hame,  
They are dearly welcome to Skye again.*

*Come along, come along, wi' yer boatie and yer song,  
To my hey, bonnie maidens, my twa bonnie maids,  
For the nicht it is dark and the redcoat is gone  
And you're dearly welcome to Skye again.*

*There is Flora, my honey, sae neat and sae bonnie,  
And ain that is tall and handsome withal.  
Put one for my queen and the other for my king  
And they're dearly welcome to Skye again.*

*There's a wind in the tree and a ship on the sea,  
To my hey, bonnie maidens, my twa bonnie maids,  
By the sea mullet's nest I will watch ower the main  
And you're dearly welcome to Skye again.*

### 2. WELCOME, ROYAL CHARLIE

I have a soft spot for the Chief Lochiel mentioned in this song, for the story goes that he talked Prince Charlie out of ransacking my native city of Glasgow when its burghers refused to supply the retreating Jacobite army with shoes and supplies. Charlie was not always welcome in some places as this song implies. If he had been, the result of the '45 rebellion might have been very different.

*The prince who should oor king hae been,  
He wore the royal red and green.  
A bonnier lad was never seen  
Than oor brave royal Charlie.*

Oh, ye've been lang a-comin',  
Lang, lang, lang a-comin'.  
Oh, ye've been lang a-comin',  
Welcome, royal Charlie.

Since oor true king was sent awa',  
A doited German rules us a',  
And we are forced against the law,  
For the right belongs to Charlie.

(Foolish, childish)

We daurna brew a peck o' malt  
Or German Geordie finds a fault,  
And for oor kail we'll scarce get salt,  
For the want o' royal Charlie.

(dare not)

(kale, cabbage)

When Charlie, in the hielan' shiel,  
Foregathered wi' the great Lochiel,  
Oh, what kindness did prevail  
Atween the chief and Charlie.

(highland cottage)

At Falkirk and at Prestonpans,  
Supported by oor heilan' clans,  
We broke the Hanoverian bands;  
The right belongs to Charlie.  
(repeat first verse)

### 3. DARK EYED MOLLY (Fisher, © 1976, Eildon Music)

The compatibility of unrequited love and strong drink has been the theme of many a traditional song. Speaking from experience, it doesn't help in the long run, but think of the songs we'd miss without the experiment. The melody is that of a Basque lullaby and the words are my reconstruction from a line or two of Gaelic poetry.

Deep and dark are my true love's eyes,  
Blacker still is the winter turning,  
As the sadness of parting proves.  
And brighter now is the lantern burning  
That lightens my path to love.

No fiddle tune will take the air,  
But I'll see her swift feet a-dancing  
And the swirl of her long brown hair,  
Her smiling face and her dark eyes glancing  
As we stepped out "Blinkbonny Fair."

And if my waiting prove in vain,  
Then I will pack and track ever take me.  
And the long road will ease my pain.  
No gem of womankind will make me  
E'er whisper love's words again.

For in drink I'll seek good company,  
My ears will ring with the tavern's laughter,  
And I'll hear not her last sweet sighs.  
Then who's to know, in the morning after,  
That I long for her dear dark eyes.

### 4. QUEEN AMANG THE HEATHER

A version of "Skippin' Barefoot Through the Heather" that I learned from Belle Stewart. Each variant of this song has its own charm in melody and text.

As I roved out one fine simmer's morn (summer's)  
Among lofty hills, moorlands and mountains,  
It was there I spied a weel faur'd maid (well favored)  
As I, wi' others, was oot a-huntin'.

No shoes nor stockings did she wear,  
And neither had she cap nor feather,  
But her golden hair hung in ringlets fair  
And the gentle breeze blew 'round her shoulder.

I said, "Braw lassie, why roam your lane, (handsome; alone)  
Why roam your lane among the heather?"  
She said, "My faither's awa' frae hame (away from home)  
And I'm herdin' a' his yowes thegither." (ewes together)

I said, "Braw Lassie, if ye'll be mine,  
And care to lie on a bed of feather,  
In silks and satins you will shine,  
And you'll be my queen amang the heather."

She said, "Kind sir, your offer's good,  
Ah, but I'm afraid it was meant for laughter.  
For I see you are some rich squire's son  
And I am but a poor shepherd's daughter.

"But had ye been a shepherd loon  
A-herdin' yowes in yonder valley,  
Or had ye been some ploughman's son,  
Wi' a' my heart I could hae lo'ed ye." (lad)

Now, I've been to halls and I've been tae balls,  
I've been to London and Balquidder,  
But the bonniest lass that e'er I saw  
She was herdin' yowes amang the heather.

So we both sat down upon the plain,  
We sat awhile and we talked thegither,  
And we left the yowes to stray their lane  
Till I lo'ed my queen amang the heather.

#### 5. JOCK STEWART

An Irish narrative ballad that has been shortened to an Aberdeenshire drinking song. Though I've searched the map of Eire in vain for a "River Kildare," and changed verse three so that the dog doesn't get shot, the song is essentially still Jeannie Robertson's version heard many years ago and re-inspired by the singing of her daughter, Lizzie Higgins.

Now, my name is Jock Stewart,  
I'm a canny gaun man, (cautiously going, casual)  
And a roving young fellow I've been.

So be easy and free  
When you're drinkin' wi' me.  
I'm a man you don't meet every day.

I have acres of land,  
I have men at command,  
I have always a shilling to spare.

Now, I took out my gun,  
With my dog I did shoot  
All down by the River Kildare.

So, come fill up your glasses  
Of brandy and wine,  
And, whatever the cost, I will pay.

#### 6. THE WITCH OF THE WEST-MER-LANDS (Fisher © 1976, Ard-Ri Music, Dublin)

I have borrowed, for this song, the form of the narrative ballad. The ingredients are a mixture of legend, superstition, and ballad themes brought into focus by the Lakeland painter, Joni Turner. As far as I know, the female centaur is not a creature of mythology, and this role of witch disguise was suggested by the tales of antlered women with bodies of deer seen wading in the shallows of the lakes in the moonlight. There are many pleasant and hospitable inns in the Lake District.

Pale was the wounded knight  
That bore the rowan shield, (mountain ash, credited with protective Loud qualities)  
and cruel were the raven's cries  
That feasted on the field, saying:

"Beck water, cold and clear, (brook)  
Will never clean your wound.

There's none but the Maid of the Winding mere (old name for Lake Windermere)  
Can mak' thee hale and soond."

"So course well, my brindled hounds,  
And fetch me the mountain hare (a scree covered Lakeland Fell)  
Whose coat is as grey as the Wastwater  
Or as white as the lily fair, " who said:

"Green moss and heather bands  
Will never staunch the flood.  
There's none but the Witch of the West-mer-lands  
Can save thy dear life's blood."

"So turn, turn your stallion's head  
Till his red mane flies in the wind  
And the rider o' the moon goes by  
And the bright star falls behind."

And clear was the paley moon  
When his shadow passed him by;  
Below the hill was the brightest star  
When he heard the houlet cry, saying: (owl)

"Why do you ride this way,  
And wharfore cam' ye here?"

(why came)

"I seek the Witch of the West-mer-lands  
That dwells by the Winding mere."

"Then fly free your good grey hawk  
To gather the goldenrod,  
And face your horse intae the clouds  
Above yon gay green wood."

(plant said to arrest bleeding)

And it's weary by Ullswater  
And the misty brake fern way,  
Till through the cleft o' the Kirkstane Pass  
The winding water lay.

(bracken)

He said, "Lie down, my brindled hounds,  
And rest, my good grey hawk,  
And thee, my steed, may graze thy fill,  
For I must dismount and walk.

"But come when you hear my horn  
And answer swift the call,  
For I fear e'er the sun shall rise this morn  
You may serve me best of all."

And down to the water's brim  
He's borne the rowan shield,  
And the goldenrod he has cast in  
To see what the lake might yield.

And wet rose she from the lake,  
And fast and fleet gaed she,  
One half the form of a maiden fair  
With a jet black mare's body.

(went)

And loud, long and shrill he blew,  
And his steed was by his side;  
High overhead his grey hawk flew  
And swiftly he did ride, saying:

"Course well, my brindled hounds,  
And fetch me the jet black mare.  
Stoop and strike, my good grey hawk,  
And bring me the maiden fair." She said:

"Pray, sheath thy silvery sword,  
Lay down thy rowan shield,  
For I see by the briny blood that flows  
You've been wounded in the field."

And she stood in a gown of the velvet blue,  
Bound 'round with a silver chain.  
She's kissed his pale lips aince and twice  
And three times 'round again.

(once)

She's bound his wound with the goldenrod:  
Full fast in her arms he lay,  
And he has risen, hale and soond,  
Wi' the sun high in the day. She said:

"Ride with your brindled hounds at heel  
And your good grey hawk in hand.  
There's nane can harm a knight wha's lain  
With the Witch of the West-mer-land."

## 7. THE ECHO MOCKS THE CORNCRAKE

An Ayrshire love song that has more of the drawing room about it than the tradition. Unclaimed by Burns, the melody more than justifies its place in the Scottish folksinger's repertoire. I borrowed it from Geordie Hamilton of Edinburgh.

The lass that I loved fiirst of all  
Was handsome, young and fair.  
Wi' her I spent sae mony a nicht  
Doon by the banks o' Ayr.  
Wi' her I spent sae mony a nicht  
Where scented clover grows,  
And the echo mocks the corncrake  
Amang yon whinny-knowes.

(furze-clad knolls)

We loved each other dearly  
And disputes we seldom had.  
As constant as the pendulum,  
Our hearts beat ever glad,  
We sought for joy and found it  
Where yon wee burnie rows,  
And the echo mocks the corncrake  
Amang yon whinny-knowes.

(small stream runs)

Ye ladies fair and pleasure dames  
Drive tae the banks o' Doune.  
Ye dearly pay yer every cent  
Tae barbers for perfume.  
But rural joys are free for all  
Where scented clover grows,  
And the echo mocks the corncrake  
Amang yon whinny-knowes.

The corncrake is noo awa'  
And the bank is tae the brim.  
The whinny-knowes are capped wi' snaw  
Tae tap the highest whin.  
But when cold winter is awa'  
And summers pierce the sky,  
We'll welcome back the corncrake,  
The bird of rural joy.

(now away)

(snow)

(furse, spiny evergreen shrub)

#### 8. WESTERN ISLAND (Fisher, © 1976, Eildon Music)

A combination of partially fulfilled pipedreams. There's still time...

I came to a western island;  
As far as a man can walk is my land.  
I cleared ten acres and a house I built  
Into the side of the hill.

The roof leaks, the windows rattle,  
And the grass in the high ground won't feed cattle;  
The west wind blowin' off the sea  
Makes it hard to grow a tree.

I've one cow in a lean-to byre,  
A spring close by and a driftwood fire,  
A clear view of the setting sun  
And a twelve-gauge hammer-gun.

I keep sheep and I fish deep water  
In a high bowed boat called the Neptune's Daughter.  
She'll ride any western gale  
And can carry a stack of sail.

Some nights, when the bright lights flicker,  
I sail to the mainland for my liquor.  
Haven't got a woman to call my own,  
But I never wake up alone.

A man needs to feel the ground,  
And the wind to tell him that the world spins around;  
To watch the stars and taste the sea,  
And a woman to keep him free.  
(repeat first verse)

#### 9. UPSTAIRS AND DOWNSTAIRS

A song that puts very succinctly the penalties and shame incurred from the sowing of wild oats. Most versions, including this one, are from the Herd manuscripts.

As I cam' in by Fisherrow,  
Musselburgh was near me.  
I threw off my mussel pyock  
And courted wi' my dearie. (pack)

Upstairs, downstairs,  
Timmer stairs fears me; (the pillory)  
I thocht it wrang tae lie my lane (alone)  
When I'm sae near my dearie.

Noo, had her apron bidden doon (stayed down)  
The kirk would ne'er a-ken't it, (church, known it)  
But now the news gaes through the toon;  
I fear I canna mend it.

And she maun tak' the cutty stool,  
And I maun hae the pillor',  
And that's the way the poor folks dae,  
Because they hae nae siller.  
(repeat first verse)

(must take, repentance chair)  
  
(have no silver)

#### 10. MOUNT AND GO

The Greig manuscript gave us one of the few songs where the woman comes off the better. In this case, she escapes from a fixed marriage with a rich sea Captain, apparently taking his ship as well as his gold.

My parents married me ower young  
To an auld carle baith bald and dumb.  
His love was done and mine new sprung,  
So I'll fly the plains wi' my laddie-O.

(man)

Come, bonnie laddie, mount and go,  
Hey, bonnie laddie, mount and go,  
Come, bonnie laddie, mount and go;  
Mount and I'll gang wi' ye, oh.

But I would leave my good peat stack,  
And so would I my good kailyard,  
So would I my auld bald laird  
To fly the plains wi' my laddie-O.

(burning turf)  
  
(lord)

And when the auld carle lay fast asleep,  
Out of his arms she did quickly creep,  
And the keys o' the cabin she did keep,  
And she's flown the plains wi' her laddie-O.

The auld carle wakened in the ha';  
The sheets were cold and she was awa'.  
Wi' the weight o' herself in goud and a'  
She's flown the plains wi' her laddie-O.

(gold)

"It's ye'll gang doon tae yon seashore,  
And ye'll see a ship where she was afore;  
Ye'll speir at the skipper if she's been there,  
Or if any of his sailors saw her, oh."

(inquire of)

And as she sailed out ower yon lea,  
She drank a toast right merrily.  
She's thrown the wine glass intae the sea,  
For joy she has found wi' her laddie-O.

When she landed ower yon lea,  
She was lady o' fifty ploughs and three,  
Lady o' fifty ploughs and three  
And she dearly lo'es her laddie-O.

(loves)

#### 11. THE WOUNDED WHALE

Collated from two versions in Gale Huntington's Songs the Whalermen Sang, taken from the logs of the Maria (1846) and the Uncas (1843). The melody is a filleted, Dundee-influenced hybrid.

The song first came to my notice when I was browsing through Albe Dawson's library. I was very moved by the detailed and compassionate description of the kill, and borrowed the book so that I could just let the song sink in slowly over a period of time. Forgive the "lump in my throat" style of singing over the last few verses.

Lo, as the sun from her ocean bed was rising,  
Broad on the water her glittering light throws,  
Hark, from the masthead our lookouts are crying:  
"Tis hard on your lee beam, a whale, there she blows!"

Call up your sleepers, your larboard and starboardmen;  
Main yard aback and your boats clear away,  
For hard on our lee beam see the white water gleam,  
Glittering and foaming in glorious array.

See the Leviathan in vastness is lying,  
Making the ocean her sumptuous bed,  
While high overhead the sea birds are flying,  
Combing the billows that break o'er her head.

High, wide and swimming, her dark flukes are flying;  
Stately, but slowly, she sinks in the main.  
Peak all your oars awhile, rest from your weary toil,  
Watching and waiting her rising again.

Row, hearties, row for the pride of your nation;  
Spring to your oars, let the reeking sweat flow!  
Now for the blood, let it have circulation,  
Forward on your thwarts, give away all you know.

See how the boats advance, gaily, as to a dance,  
Floating like feathers over the dark blue sea.  
Stand up and give her some, send both your irons home.  
Stern off and trim your boat; we are all clear.

Wounded and sore, fins and flukes in commotion,  
Blackskin and oars contending the spray,  
While loud, long and shrill blows the horn of the ocean.  
Fretting and lost, she brings to in dismay.

Haul line, every man, and gather in all you can.  
Lances and spades from your thwarts clear away.  
Now peak your oars again while fast each boat remains,  
For, safely and surely, we hold her at bay.

Surrounded by foes, with strength undiminished,  
Heed how she flashes her dark flukes in the air!  
A lance in the life, and the struggle is finished;  
See how she sinks with her chimney on fire.

While so loud and shrill are the cries from our seamen,  
Mocking the whale in her terrible hour.  
Watch her as she dies; see, the blue signal flies.  
Here she goes "fin out." The contest is o'er.

## 12. THE CRUEL BROTHER

Learned from the singing of a fine young Aberdeenshire fiddler called Tam Spires. This version was collated for me by Duncan McLellan of Inverness. It is mainly from Child 11, version C, with additions from other versions.

There were three sisters lived in a ha',  
Hech, hey, and the lily gay,  
By cam' a knight and he woo'd them a',  
And the rose is aye the redder aye.

And the first ane she was dressed in green.  
"Would ye fancy me and be my queen?"

And the second ane she was dressed in yellow.  
"Would ye fancy me and be my marrow?"

(mate)

And the third ane she was dressed in red.  
"Would ye fancy me and be my bride?"

"Ye may seek me frae my faither dear,  
And frae my mither wha' did me bear.

"Ye may seek me frae my sister Anne,  
And dinna forget my brither John."

And he socht her frae her faither, the king,  
And he socht her frae her mither, the queen.

And he socht her frae her sister Anne,  
But forgot tae speir at her brither John. (inquire of)

And her mither dressed her in her gown,  
And her sister tied the flounces 'round.

Her faither mounted her on her horse,  
And her brither led her doon the close. (courtyard)

And he's ta'en a knife baith lang and sharp,  
And he's pierced the bonnie bride through the heart.

"Oh, lead me, lead me up yon hill,  
And there I'll sit and mak' my will."

"What will ye leave tae your faither dear?"  
"The bonnie white steed that brocht me here."

"And what will ye leave tae your mither dear?"  
"The bloody robes that I do wear."

"And what will ye leave tae your sister Anne?"  
"The gowden ring frae off my hand."

"And what will ye leave tae your brither John?"  
"The gallows tree for tae hang him on."

## 13. HELEN OF KIRKCONNELL LEA

The story which forms the subject of this ballad was first told in Pennant's *Tour in Scotland*. It also appears in Ritson's *Scottish Songs* and in Scott's *Minstrelsy*. The tradition says that Helen Irving, daughter of the Laird of Kirkconnell in Annandale, at about the latter end of the reign of James V, was loved by two gentlemen, Adam Fleming of Kirkpatrick, whom she herself favored, and another, said to have been Bell of



Blacket House, who was encouraged by her friends. As Helen and Fleming walked on the banks of the Kirtle, her rejected suitor "leveled his carbine" at the breast of his rival. Helen threw herself before her lover, took the bullet in her own breast, and dropped, dying, in his arms. A thorn tree in the glen is pointed out to this day as the spot where she fell. The legend further tells us that Fleming avenged her immediately ("I hackit him in pieces sma'") and later, upon returning from the wars in Spain, visited the lonely spot, and, overcome by grief, died on her grave. The story here is somewhat abbreviated, which is probably just as well. (Information borrowed from Eyre-Todd's *Ancient Scots Ballads*, London and Glasgow, nd, by S.P.)

*Oh, gin I were where Helen lies,  
Where, night and day, on me she cries.  
Oh, gin I were where Helen lies,  
On fair Kirkconell lea.*

*Curst be the mind that laid the plot;  
Curst be the hand that fired the shot  
That to my arms fair Helen brought  
To die for love o' me.*

*An' think ye no' that my heart was sair  
To see her lie and speak nae mair.  
There did she swoon wi' mickle care  
On fair Kirkconnell lea.*

(great)

*Oh, Helen rare, beyond compare,  
I'll mak' a garland o' her your hair;  
'Twill bind my heart forever mair  
Until the day I dee.*

(die)

*I wish my grave was growin' green  
And a windin' sheet hap't ower my een  
And I in Helen's arms was lain  
Wha died for love o' me.*

(covered, eyes)

*Oh, gin I were where Helen lies,  
For night and day on me she cries.  
Oh, gin I were where Helen lies  
On fair Kirkconnell lea.*

#### 14. COSHIEVILLE (© Stewart MacGregor)

Stewart MacGregor was a poet, songwriter and novelist, and no mean singer and raconteur. He was there at the "beginning" in Edinburgh. His poetry was deeply rooted in our folksong, and the transition to songwriting enriched the repertoires of his friends and, as time has shown, the music and literature of the country he so dearly loved.

Coshieville is a hamlet not far from Aberfeldy which is known as "the Gateway to the Highlands." The song is set in the time of the building of our hydro-electric dams, an era that changed many parts of the West Highlands and the hearts of some of the girls the workers left behind.

*The west winds blow to Coshieville,  
And with the winds came we,  
And where the river hugs the wood  
And blackthorns bloom in May, there stood  
A single rowan tree,  
So young and tender — so were you.  
I loved you both as there you grew,  
The day I took the road that leads  
By Rannoch to the sea.*

*We carved our names in Coshieville;  
The rowan leaves were still.  
But the darkening west was in your eyes;  
Despite your kisses and my lies,  
My thoughts had crossed the hill.  
I broke your heart as the minutes passed,  
For I shrugged and said that nothing lasts,  
But many's the backwards glance I cast  
As I went north to the drill.*

*The big wheels rumble up and down,  
The lorries know the way.  
I waved my hand; I hitched a ride.  
We crossed the bridge at Rannochside  
Where the diesel motors play.  
Then I set myself to a cliff of stone,  
My ears to the boring hammer's drone,  
And the ache inside I rued alone,  
For you were far away.*

*But the money moved from Erich's Loch  
And the Great Glen beckoned on.  
At Norriston the hills grew pale,  
And we fought and drank through old Kintail,  
Till our money soon was gone.  
Then I cursed Loch Awe's autumn rain,  
And the winter whisky in Dunblane,  
Till the west winds rose in the spring again  
And my heart leapt at its song.*

*And I came at night to Coshieville,  
With a dozen hills aflame.  
You had another hand to hold;  
Beneath the names we carved of old  
There was another name.  
You looked me through, you made no sign.  
I drank the cup of bitter wine,  
For well we knew the fault was mine,  
And I went the road I came.*

15. SOUTH WIND (© Donal O'Sullivan)

Composed by Donal O'Sullivan from the translation of the song by "a native of Irrul, County Mayo, named Domhnall Meirgrach Mac Con Mara (Freckled Donal Macnamara)" and published in Sullivan's *Songs of the Irish* (Crown, New York, 1960).

Someone once told me that a singer remembers his last performance of the song, rather than the learned version. This is my only excuse for the odd variations in word and note. The printed text can be found in O'Sullivan's book, where Sean Cannon started the whole process.

*South wind of the gentle rain,  
You banish winter weather,  
Bring salmon to the pool again,  
The bees among the heather.*

*If northward now you mean to blow  
As you rustle soft above me,  
Godspeed be with you as you go,  
With a kiss for those that love me.*

*From south I come with velvet breeze;  
My word all nature blesses.  
I melt the snow and strew the leas (meadows)  
With flowers and soft caresses.*

*I'll help you to dispel your woes  
With joy; I'll take your greeting  
And bear it to your loved Mayo  
Upon my wings so fleeting.*

*My Connacht, famed for wine and play,  
So leal, so gay, so loving,  
Here's my fond kiss I send today,  
Borne on the wind in its roving.*

*These Munster folk are good and kind;  
Right royally they treat me.  
But this land I'd gladly leave behind  
With your Connacht pipes to greet me.*

# Archie Fisher *The Man With a Rhyme*

With:

Wendy Grossman  
Kathy Westra  
Lani Herrmann  
Ann Mayo Muir  
Lorraine Lee

Recorded and edited by Sandy Paton

Notes by Archie Fisher

Digital master by Bob Katz, Digital Domain

Photograph by David Gahr

Graphics by Figaro, Inc.

Copyright ' © 1997

Folk-Legacy Records, Inc.

Sharon, CT 06069

Visit our Web page at <<http://folklegacy.com/>>

- |  |                                       |
|--|---------------------------------------|
| 1. Twa Bonnie Maidens 3:23                   | 9. Upstairs, Downstairs 1:58          |
| 2. Welcome, Royal Charlie 3:03               | 10. Mount and Go 3:13                 |
| 3. Dark Eyed Molly 2:59                      | 11. The Wounded Whale 4:09            |
| 4. Queen Among the Heather 3:49              | 12. The Cruel Brother 5:45            |
| 5. Jock Stewart 2:57                         | 13. Helen of Kirkconnell Lea 3:29 (*) |
| 6. Witch of the West-mer-lands (Fisher) 4:38 | 14. Coshieville (MacGregor) 3:04      |
| 7. The Echo Mocks the Corncrae 2:42          | 15. South Wind (O Sullivan) 3:19      |
| 8. Western Island (Fisher) 2:01              |                                       |

(\*) Bonus track not on original LP or cassette.



Folk-Legacy CD-61