

FSS-69

Cilla Fisher
Artie Trezise

FOR FOUL DAY
AND FAIR



FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS, INC.

SHARON, CONNECTICUT 06069



CILLA FISHER and ARTIE TREZISE

"FOR FOUL DAY AND FAIR"

FOLK-LEGACY



Cilla Fisher

Artie Trezise

FOR FOUL DAY AND FAIR

Cilla Fisher is the youngest member of the well-known Fisher family of Scottish folksingers. Her brother, Archie, has also recorded for Folk-Legacy (FSS-61); her sister, Ray, is one of Britain's most popular singers and recording artists, and, in fact, the entire family made a record for Topic some years ago. Cilla's marriage to Artie Trezise (whose name stems from Cornwall, where his father was born) has proven to be one of those highly fortuitous events that have a way of happening in the folk music world, for his voice is an excellent balance for hers and his tasteful guitar accompaniments provide an ideal contemporary setting for the traditional material they generally favor.

Artie and Cilla live in Kingskettle, Fife, Scotland, but their concert and festival engagements leave them little time to enjoy the quiet countryside there. Last year, for example, they made three trips to the United States, did a concert tour of the continent, and appeared in numerous clubs and festivals in the British Isles. This recording was made during their second visit to the United States, in the week between the Folk-Legacy Festival in Hartford and the Niskayuna Festival in New York State. We believe it will explain their great popularity among folk music enthusiasts, for here one will find the art of ballad singing, with all its dynamic, lusty, tender and teasing ways, vigorously revived in a performance that includes twelve traditional songs and ballads, plus two fine new songs by Cilla's brother, Archie. Folk-Legacy is proud to present these exciting young artists in an important American-debut recording.

Sandy Paton
September, 1978

Side 1

SODGER LADDIE	3:30
RHYNIE	2:04
FEEIN' TIME (coll. Eck Harley, trad. arr. C. Trezise)	4:07
THE BOTHY LADS (coll. Charlie Murray, trad. arr. A. Trezise)	2:12
THE JOLLY BEGGAR (coll. Willy Stewart, trad. arr. C. Trezise)	3:37
BILLY TAYLOR	4:16
LAIRD O' THE DAINTY DOONBY	2:54

Side 2

THE FIRST TIME (Fisher)	2:27
THE SHEPHERD LAD	3:04
TWA RECRUITIN' SERGEANTS	3:28
FALSE LOVER WON BACK	4:38
THE MILLER	2:24
THE MAID GAED TAE THE MILL	2:26
THE FINAL TRAWL (Fisher)	4:13

Recorded by Sandy Paton
Photograph by Murray Johnston
Design by Lani Herrmann

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Descriptive notes and lyrics in enclosed booklet.

FSS-69

Cilla Fisher
Artie Trezise

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AND FAIR



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SHARON, CONNECTICUT 06089

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When Sandy and Caroline Paton originally approached us to record for Folk-Legacy, it was on our second day in the States, and we still felt we were in a movie set. Our first reaction was that it would be crazy to make yet another Atlantic crossing.

A few days later, however, when the jet lag began to subside and the country became a bit more real, we began to think a bit differently — a fresh approach in new surroundings might be just what would turn out to be the best environment for recording.

Before making any decision, however, we wanted to visit Folk-Legacy and talk things over with Sandy and Caroline. Soon after arriving in Sharon, we went with Sandy to the studio. It is unlike any studio we've ever seen: windows with superb views, a log fireplace, and, best of all, an acoustic which compelled us to start singing the moment we walked in the room.

No further decisions were necessary — only what to leave off the album.

Cilla and Artie

The following songs are published in Britain by Pete Shephard / Springthyme Music, by special arrangement with MCPS:

"Feein' Time," coll. Eck Harley, trad. arr. C. Trezise

"The Bothy Lads," coll. Charlie Murray, trad. arr. A. Trezise

"The Jolly Beggar," coll. Willy Stewart, trad. arr. C. Trezise

When Sandy and Caroline began originally approached us
to record for Folk-Legend, it was on our second day in the
States and we still felt we were in a movie set. Our first
reaction was that it would be easy to make yet another
lastic recording.

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earnest and the country became a bit more real, we began to
think a bit differently -- a French expression in my surround-
ings might be that what would turn out to be the best environ-
ment for recording.

Before making any decision, however, we wanted to visit
Folk-Legend and take a closer look at Sandy and Caroline.
Soon after arriving in Boston we went with Sandy to the
studio. It is a small but pleasant place with a few
with a large room, a few living rooms, and a small
kitchen which seemed to be what singing the music was
done in the room.

No further decisions were necessary -- only what to leave
off the album.

Ellis and Sandy

The following songs are included in the album by Folk-Legend
arrangements made by special arrangement with them:
"The Holly Legend," coll. Bob Harty, Fred. C. Trevel
"The Holly Legend," coll. Charles Harty, Fred. C. Trevel
"The Holly Legend," coll. Willy Harty, Fred. C. Trevel

Side 1, Band 1

Sodger Laddie

The song came together with help from Brian Millar, who supplied the words, and Christina Cowan, whose tune "The Sodger Laddie" we adapted slightly. There is in fact a version of this song which was performed with a rather overdone arrangement by Martha Schlamme under the title of "I Once Was a Maid." Ed MacIntosh, our U. S. manager, sent us a copy of the song but, thankfully, did add that he preferred our version.

*I once was a maid, though I cannae
tell when,
And still my delight is in proper
young men;
Some one o' a troop of dragoons was
my daddie —
Nae wonder I'm fond o' a young
sodger laddie.*

*Sing fal de ral, lal de ral,
lal de ral laddie.*

*The first o' my loves was a swaggerin'
blade;
Tae rattle the thundering drum was
his trade.
His leg was sae tight and his cheek
was sae ruddy,
Transported I was wi' my sodger laddie.*

*But the godly old chaplain left him
in the lurch,
And the sword I forsook for the sake
of the church;
He ventured the soul, and I risked
the body,
'Twas then I proved false to my sodger
laddie.*

*Full soon I grew sick of my sanctified
sot;
To the reg'ment at large for a husband
I got.
From the gilded spontoon to the fife
I was ready;
I asked for nae mair but a young
sodger laddie.*

*But the peace it reduced me to beg
in despair,
Till I met my old body at Cunningham
Fair.
His rags regimental, they fluttered
so gaudy,
My hairt it rejoiced at my sodger
laddie.*

*And now I have lived — and I know
not how long —
And still I can joy in a cup or a song;
But whilst with both hands I can hold
the glass steady:
Here's tae thee, my love, my ain
sodger laddie.*

Side 1, Band 2

Rhynie

Singing this song, we almost feel the same venom as the writer does about the conditions on this particular Aberdeenshire farm.

*At Rhynie I shared my first hairst,
Near the fit o' Bennachie;
My maister was richt ill tae sit,
But laith was I tae loose m' fee.*

*Lintin addie toorin addie,
Lintin addie toorin ae.*

*Rhynie's work is ill to work;
Rhynie's wages are but sma'.
Rhynie's laws are double stricht,
And that's what grieves me worst of a'.*

*Rhynie it's a cold clay hole
Far frae the likes o' ony toon,
And Rhynie it's a hungry place,
It doesnae suit a lowland loon.*

*Sair I wrought an' sair I focht,
An' I hae won my penny fee,
An' I'll gang back the gate I came,
An' a better bairnie I shall be.*

*Hairst = harvest
Fit = foot
Sit = remain, stay with
Loon = boy, lad*

Feein' Time

This is one of the many songs we have learned from Eck Harley of Cupar, Fife. The words can also be found on a broadsheet printed by the Poet's Box in Dundee. These broadsheets were an important source of songs to people in the Angus and Fife areas where Eck worked as a shepherd before retiring to Cupar.

*Me friend and I struck frae Millgye,
To Glasga toon we took our way,
When all along the road was strung
Wi' lads and bonnie lasses gay.
When drawing nigh, I one did spy,
She was walking slowly by hersel';
For fear the rain her claes would
 spoil,
I did display my umberell'.*

*"Where are you goin', my bonnie lass?
How far, then, are you gaun this way?"
"To Glasga toon, sir, I am bound,
For this, you know, is feein' day.
Although the day seems wet to be,
Indeed the morning did look fine."
Smiling, she said, "I am afraid
I'll no be in by feein' time."*

*"Oh, cheer your heart, my bonnie lass,
For we'll hae guid weather bye and bye,
And don't be sad when wi' a lad,
A rovin' baker frae Millgye.
And if you will accept a gill
Of whisky, brandy, rum, or wine,
We'll hae a gill, and then we will
Be up to toon for feein' time."*

*She gave consent, and in we went
Tae an ale-hoose that was by the way;
Glass after glass around did pass,
Till we baith forgot it was feein'
 day.
The clock struck three, she smiled
 on me;
She said: "Young man, the fault is
 thine,
For nicht is on, and I'm frae home,
And, besides, I've lost ma feein'
 time."*

*"Oh, lass, don't grieve, for while
 I live
I ne'er intend tae harm you,
And marriage I will surely try,
For baker lads they aye prove true."
"But I'm too young to wed a man;
Besides, my mither has nane but me,
But I'll comply, and I'll ne'er deny,
And I'd wed before I tak' a fee."*

*Noo the nicht was spent in merriment,
And we got married the very next day,
And aye since syne my love has said,
"I'm glad ye lost the feein' day."
For my love and I we do agree,
I ne'er do think he will repine,
For every day he smiles and says,
"I'm glad ye lost the feein' time."*

Feeing = hiring, engaging as servants.
Claes = clothing.

The Bothy Lads

"The Bothy Lads" we learned from a great enthusiast and performer of bothy songs, Charlie Murray of Forfar, who has lived in bothies and farms for most of his life. We added the second verse from the "Plooboy Laddies."

*Fir they're awfae lads, the
 bothy lads,
If they get fit they're seekin',
They'll pack a kist and they'll
 gang an' enlist
An' leave their lassies greetin'.*

*When I wis noo but sweet sixteen,
 wi' beauty just a-bloomin',
Little, little did I think
 at nineteen I'd be greetin'.*

*Fir the plooboy lads are gey braw lads,
 but they're false and deceiving,
For they'll tak' a' an' they'll gang
 awa', and leave their lassies
 greetin'.*

*If I had ken' what I noo ken
 an' ta'en my mither's biddin',
I wouldnae be sittin' by oor fireside
 cryin' "Hush-a-ba, ma bairnie."*

*Hush-a-ba, fir I'm yer ma,
 the Lord knows wha's yer daddie.
I'll tak' guid care an' I'll be aware
 o' the young lads in the gloamin'.*

Awfae = awful
Fit = what
Kist = chest
Greeting = crying
Gey = wild, "fast"
Braw = fine
Ken = know(n)
Gloaming = evening

The Jolly Beggar

One of Scotland's most ardent collectors is Pete Shephard. This song came from his collection, recorded from Willy Stewart of Springfield, Fife. Although it is incomplete, we enjoy the song as it stands.

There was a jolly beggar, and a-beggin'
he had been,
Wi' his fall and his doll and his
dandy-o,
He left his winter's quarters in
a hoose in Aberdeen,
Wi' his teera noora, neera noora,
nandy-o.

He was askin' lodgin's on a Saturday
for free,
He was askin' lodgin's a' fir charity.

He widnae lie in barn, he widnae lie
in byre,
But he wid lie intae the ha' or by
the kitchen fire.

The auld man an' the auld wife, they've
ta'en the stranger in,
Then they 'began a-crackin', an' the
nicht it did grow dim.

A billet o' the hay by the fire they
did pit doon,
Then they're awa' intae their bed an'
left the beggar loon.

The dochter she arose tae bar the
kitchen door,
An' there she saw the beggar standin'
naked on the floor.

He's ta'en her in his airms, an' tae
the bed they ran;
"Be easy wi' me noo, or ye'll waken
oor guid man."

The beggar was a cunnin' loon, an'
ne'er a word he spak',
But when he got his turn done
he began tae crack.

Early in the mornin', ne'er a sicht
was seen;
They found that the beggar ta'en awa'
their dochter Jean.

Seven years past, seven years an' two,
An' here's the beggar comin' ower
the lea wi' bairnies two.

(repeat first verse)

Cracking = gossiping, talking

Billy Taylor

Vic and Christine Smith from Brighton taught us this version of a very popular story in British Isles folklore. They learned it in turn from Jane and Cameron Turrif of Fetterangus. We've always enjoyed the twist in the last verse, an enjoyment that seems to be shared by U. S. audiences in particular.

Billy Taylor was a sailor
full of joy and beauty gay;
'Stead o' Billy gettin' married,
he was pressed and forced away.

Fol rol lol, de rol lo lie do,
Fol ro lol, de rol lol lay.

But the bride soon followed after
under the name o' Richard Carr:
Snow-white fingers lang and slender,
a' covered ower wi' pitch and tar.

She's buttoned on the sailor's clothing,
dressed herself up like a man;
Awa' she sailed like a tarry sailor
all aboard the Mary Anne.

A storm arose upon the ocean,
she being there amang the rest.
The wind blew off her silver buttons;
then appeared her snow-white breast.

"Now," says the captain, "My fair lady,
what misfortune brought you here?"
"I'm in search o' my true lover,
whom ye pressed the other year."

"Now," says the captain, "My fair lady,
come pray tell me what's his name?"
"Some folk ca' him Billy Taylor,
but Willie Taylor is his name."

"If Billy Taylor's your true lover,
he has proved to you untrue;
He's got married tae another,
left ye here alone to rue.

"Rise ye early in the mornin',
early by the break o' day;
There ye'll see young Billy Taylor
walkin' oot wi' his lady gay."

She rose early the next mornin',
early by the break o' day;
There she saw young Billy Taylor
walkin' oot wi' his lady gay.

Gun and pistol she's commanded,
gun and pistol by her side;
She has shot young Billy Taylor
walkin' oot wi' his new-made
bride.

(Billy Taylor, cont.)

"Now," says the captain, "My fair lady,
come pray tell me what you've done."
"I have shot young Billy Taylor
wi' a double-barrel gun."

When the captain did behold her
and the deed that she has done,
He has made her chief commander
ower a ship and a hundred men.

Side 1, Band 7

Laird o' the Dainty Doonby

This version of the song is more or less as sung by Lizzie Higgins of Aberdeen, and we were inspired to learn it after hearing it sung by Barbara Dickson. The idea of the landowner eventually marrying the daughter of a farmworker because he has made her pregnant is an enjoyable fantasy.

Oh, a lassie sat milkin' her faither's
kye
When a gentleman on horseback, he
come ridin' by,
A gentleman on horseback, he come
ridin' by;
He was the laird o' the Dainty Doonby.

"Well, it's O, bonnie lassie, and
fit will ye dee
If I was tae lay aye nicht wi' ye?"
"A nicht wi' me, that would never,
never dee,
Though ye're laird o' the Dainty Doonby."

So he's ta'en her by the middle sae
sma',
He's laid her doon where the grass
grew ta',
An' it was lang, ower lang, afore he
raised her up again;
He says: "Ye're lady o' the Dainty
Doonby."

Well, it fell upon a day, and a
bonnie summer's day,
The day the lassie's faither some
money had to pay,
The day the lassie's faither some
money had tae pay
Tae the laird o' the Dainty Doonby.

"Well, it's O, good mornin', an'
how do ye do?
An' hoo's yer dochter Janet aye noo?
Aye, hoo's yer dochter Janet aye noo,
Since I laid her in the Dainty Doonby?"

"O, my lea Janet, she's no' very weel,
O, my dochter Janet, she looks unco'
pale,
O, my dochter Janet, she cowks at
her kail
Since ye laid her in the Dainty Doonby."

So he's ta'en her by the lily-white
hand,
He's led her through his rooms —
there were twenty and one —
He placed the keys in the bonnie
lassie's hand;
He says, "Ye're lady o' the Dainty
Doonby."

"Well, it's ah," says the auld man,
an' fit will A dae?"
"Ah," says the auld wife, "I'll dance
until A dee."
"Ah," says the auld man, "A think
I'll dae it tae,
Since she's lady o' the Dainty Doonby."

Kye = cows
Dainty = large
Doonby = down below, down yonder
Lea = love
Unco' = unusually, very
Cowks = retches
Kail = dinner, food

Side 2, Band 1

The First Time

This song was written by Archie Fisher about the feelings of his friend Owen Hand on his first trip on board a whaling ship out of Leith.

Another verse which only came to us after the recording goes as follows:

It won't be the first time you've
worked hard,
For you've mined and you've dug
ditches too,
And how can there be any loneliness
With three hundred men in the crew?

* * * * *

When you're sailin' out for the
first time,
Men will tell you of trips that
they've made,
Of the work and the sweat and the
loneliness,
And you feel just a little afraid.

They'll tell you of whales that they've
harpooned,
And of payoffs they've had in the past,
Of the men who have died, and the
boredom,
And of trips that were to be their
last.

They say when you've been out at
six months
In that cold and desolate place,
That you won't be able to sleep
at night
Or remember your own mother's face.

So when you ask them why they go
whaling,
And why from their families they part,
Oh, they may shrug and say, "It's the
money,"
Or that "man is a hunter at heart."

When you lie in your bunk on the
first night,
And you hope that it won't be too
tough,
And the roll of the ship puts you
off to sleep,
You'll find out for yourself soon
enough.

(repeat first verse)

Side 2, Band 2

The Shepherd Lad

Cilla's brother Archie sang this song
to her, and she enjoyed the humor of
its unusual euphemisms. Archie tells
us that the song comes from Sara Makem's
repertoire.

There was a bonnie shepherd lad
kept sheep on yonder hill;
He fell in wi' Logie's daughter,
and he vowed to hae his will.

Singin' hi, ho, the mornin' dew,
hi, ho, the rose and rue,
Follow me, ma bonnie lass,
fir I'll nae follow you.

Noo he coup'd her on a grassy bank
the lassie fir to please,
But aye she sighed and sweetly cried
but widnae pairt her knees.

Noo it's easy, easy wi' me, sir,
an' ye shall hae yer will,
Gin we lay doon in the bothy
at the back o' yonder hill.

But she snecked an' barred the bothy
door an' merrily did shout:
"Noo I'm a maiden here within,
an' you a fool without.

"An' ma faither bocht at great expense
a grand high-steppin' grey,
But when he pit her tae a fence
she backed and backed away.

"And ye're like a cock ma faither had,
it crowed an' waved its camb,
An' ne'er a hen trod in the yard —
I think ye're just the same.

"An' ma mither bocht a likely hen
on last St. Martin's Day;
She clucked an' clucked an' clucked
again, but still she never lay."

"O, the de'il gang wi' ye, lassie,
gin the bridal bed ye see;
Ye'll be coupit doon an' loupit on
by lesser man than me."

Coup = upset, tumble
Snecked = struck, closed
Camb = comb
Loupit = jumped, sprung

Twa Recruitin' Sergeants

This song has been sung by most singers in Scotland at one time or another, and, once we started singing it ourselves, we realized why: it's a great song to sing, and especially enjoyable in the acoustics of the Folk-Legacy studio.

Twa recruitin' sergeants cam'
frae the Black Watch
Tae markets and fairs, some recruits
for to catch,
But a' that they 'listed was forty
and twa:
Enlist, bonnie laddie, an' come awa'.

And it's over the mountain and
over the main,
Through Gibraltar tae France and
Spain;
Get a feather tae her bonnet and
a kilt aboon yer knee;
Enlist, ma bonnie laddie, an' come
awa' wi' me.

O, laddie, ye dinna ken the danger
that ye're in
If yer horses was tae flag an' yer
hosen was tae run;
This greedy auld fairmer, he winna
pay yer fee;
Enlist, ma bonnie laddie, an' come
awa' wi' me.

Wi' yer tattie pourin's an' yer meal
an' kale,
Yer soor sooin' sourin's an' yer ill-
brewed ale,
Yer buttermilk, yer whey, an' yer
breid fired raw;
Enlist, ma bonnie laddie, an' come awa'.

An' it's intae the barn an' oot o' the
byre,
This auld fairmer, he thinks ye'll
never tire;
It's a slavery job o' very low degree;
Enlist, ma bonnie laddie, an' come
awa' wi' me.

O, laddie, if ye've got a sweethairt
or a bairn,
Ye'll easily get rid o' that ill-spun
yairn:
Twa rattles o' the drum, aye, an'
that'll pay for a';
Enlist, ma bonnie laddie, an' come awa'.

Aboon = above

Tattie pourin's = water in which potatoes
have been boiled

Soor sooin' sourin's = sowens, a dish
made by steeping and fermenting the
husks, 'seeds,' or siftings of oats
in water, then boiling; likely a
poor substitute for beer

False Lover Won Back

Cilla started singing this song after hearing one of our favorite singers, Jimmy Hutchison, performing it. The song exists in many forms, and this version is one that Ewan MacColl sings.

The sun it shines on yonder hill
an' low on yonder dell,
An' the place that me and my love bide,
the sun it never goes doon,
Bonny love,
The sun it never goes doon.

Gae saddle to me the bonnie black steed
or saddle tae me the broon
That I may ride a' aroon, bonnie love,
that I may ride a' aroon.

But when will ye come back, bonnie love,
when will ye come hame?
When heather hills are nine times brunt
an' a' grown green again.

But that's ower lang to bide awa',
that's ower lang frae hame,
An' the baby that's nae born yet
will be ower lang wantin' its name.

He's mounted on his high horse back,
an' fast awa' rade he;
She's kilted up her gay clothin',
and fast, fast follaed she.

Noo, the firsten toon that they've
come til,
he's bocht her some hose and shoon,
An' he's bade her rue and return noo
an' nae mair follae him.

But it's love for love that I do want,
love for love again,
And it's hard when I like ye sae weel
an' ye nae me again.

The neesten toon that they've come 'til,
he's bocht her a brooch and ring,
An' he's bade her rue and return noo
an' nae mair follae him.

But it's love for love that I do want,
love for love again,
And it's hard when I like ye sae weel
an' ye nae me again.

So the neesten toon that they've
come 'til,
he's bocht her a waddin' ring,
An' he's bade her dry her rosy cheek,
an' he wid tak' her wi' him.

Now, it's love for love that I hae got,
love for love again,
So it's turn yer high horse heid aboot,
an' we will ride for hame.

Brunt = burned.
Follae = follow.

Side 2, Band 5

The Miller

We found this song in the "Scots Min-
strel" collection and liked the text.
Cilla put this tune to it.

O, merry may the maid be
That marries wi' the miller,
For foul day and fair day
He ay brings in the siller;
He's ay a penny in his purse,
For dinner and for supper,
And, gin she please, a good fat cheese
And lumps o' yellow butter.

When Jamie first did woo me,
I spier'd what was his calling.
"Fair maid," says he, "O come and see;
Ye're welcome tae my dwelling."
Though I was shy, yet I could spy
The truth in what he told me,
And that his hoose was warm and couth
And room in it to hold me.

Behind the door a bag o' meal,
And in the kist was plenty
O' guid hard cakes his mother bakes,
An' bannocks were na scanty;
A guid fat sow, a sleekit cow
Was standin' in the byre;
While lazy puss wi' mealy mouse
Was playin' at the fire.

"Guid signs are these," my mither says,
And bade me tak' the miller;
For foul day and fair day
He ay brings in the siller.
For meal and maut she doesnae want,
Nor ony thing that's dainty,
And noo and then a cecklin' hen
To lay her eggs in plenty.

In winter, when the wind and rain
Blaws o'er the hoose and byre,
He sits beside a clean hairth-stane
Before a rousing fire;
His canty wife has a' things right,
A supper warm and sappy;
Wha'd be a king, a pretty thing,
When a miller lives sae happy?

Ay = aye, always, continually, still.
Spier = ask, inquire
Maut = malt
Canty = lively, pleasant, cheerful;
small and neat
Sappy = savory

The Maid Gaed Tae the Mill

We had been singing another version of this song for a number of years and were only recently given this version by Peter Hall of Aberdeen. On this album we in fact missed out the last verse of the song, which tends to be misunderstood in a modern context:

*If the child should chance tae dee,
Sae wanton,...
The rum and whisky will be for me,
Because I hae her corn grun....*

Peter thinks this probably refers to the "funeral club" which was a type of insurance. If the child died at birth, it was often possible to have a cheap burial and make a profit.

*The maid gaed tae the mill ae nicht,
Sae wanton, sae wanton.
The maid gaed tae the mill ae nicht,
Hi, sae wanton she.
The maid gaed tae the mill ae nicht,
She swore by moon and stars sae bricht
That she would get her corn grun'
Mill and multure free.*

*Then oot an' cam' the miller's man,
Says he: "I'll dae the best I can
Fir tae get yer corn grun'.*

*He's laid her doon upon a sack;
Her maidenheid's gaed wi' a crack;
Richt weel she got her corn grun'.*

*It's easy up an' easy doon;
She scarce could tell her corn was
grun';
Richt weel she got her corn grun'.*

*When twenty weeks had passed an' gone,
This fair young maid grew pale
and wan
Fir gettin' a' her corn grun'.*

*When forty weeks had passed an' gone,
This fair young maid brought forth
a son
Because she'd got her corn grun'.*

*This young son maun hae a nurse;
This young man he'll draw oot his purse
Because he has her corn grun'.*

Grun' = ground.

Multure = the toll of meal taken by a miller for grinding corn; hence, multure free, exempt from multure dues.

The Final Trawl

This Archie Fisher song about the personal feelings of men involved in a declining Scottish fishing fleet stood the ultimate test on a visit to Ullapool. Cilla sang the song to a group of fishermen, who all thought Archie had captured the emotions of many of the locals who had been forced out of a once prosperous herring industry.

*Now, it's three long years since we
made her pay,
Sing haul away, ma laddie O,
And we can't get by on the subsidy,
And sing haul away, ma laddie O.*

*So pull away for the final trawl;
It's an easy pull, for the catch
is small.*

*Now it's stow your gear, lads, and
batten down,
Then I'll take the wheel, lads, and
turn her 'round.*

*And we'll join the Venture and the
Morning Star,
Riding high and empty beyond the bar.*

*For I'd rather beach her on the
skerry rock
Than to see her torched in the
breaker's dock.*

*And, when I die, you can stow me
down
In her rusty hold, where the breakers
sound.*

*Then I'll make the haven, and the
Fiddler's Green,
Where the grub is good, and the bunks
are clean.*

*I fished a lifetime, boy and man,
An' the final trawl scarcely nets
a cran.*

Cran = measure of herring taken from a net, averaging 750.

FROM THE PUBLISHERS

Folk-Legacy Records, Inc., was founded in 1961 by Lee B. Haggerty, Mary W. Haggerty, and Sandy Paton. Our primary purpose has been to preserve the rich heritage of our traditional music and lore while encouraging the best of what has been termed the "emerging tradition" — that is, the performance of authentic folk material by dedicated interpreters (those not born to the tradition but whose repertoires are derived from it), as well as the creation of new songs and ballads by contemporary songmakers whose original material has been influenced by their respect for our folk legacy.

This album is one example of the former; our several recordings of Gordon Bok might well represent the latter. We feel that the two aspects of our endeavor are of equal importance and urge our readers and listeners to investigate them both. To listen only to the interpretive artists is to overlook the sources of their inspiration; to listen only to the traditional performers is to ignore a new, non-commercial music that offers much of value to contemporary living.

In addition to the performances they contain, our records are engineered to our own high standards of sound quality, and nearly all are accompanied by a booklet of notes, comment, and full lyrics to the songs. We have been proud of these "hidden extras" in spite of the extra effort and cost they require — for a small company, a large factor, but, we believe, an indispensable one.

The best proof of the extent of our commitment to these policies is the list of our releases, every one still in print:

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