

Ray Fisher

WILLIE'S LADY

FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS, INC.

FSS-91

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Ray Fisher WILLIE'S LADY

For many years we have wanted to record Ray Fisher, so we are especially pleased and proud to have this record available at last. And about time, too! Ray is one of Scotland's finest singers, yet this is her first solo record on an American label, and a decade has passed since the release of her first solo album, *The Bonny Birdy* (Leader Records LER 2038).

The advent of this record just goes to prove that we at Folk-Legacy have been thrice-blessed, for we have had the honor of recording two other members of the incomparable Fisher family: Ray's brother Archie (*The Man with the Rhyme*, FSS-61) and her youngest sister Cilla (Cilla Fisher and Artie Trezise, *For Foul Day and Fair*, FSS-69).

Ray Fisher was born and brought up in Glasgow, one of seven children of a Gaelic-speaking mother from the Isle of Barra in the Outer Hebrides, and a father who was a soloist in the City of Glasgow Police Choir. Norman Buchan, a schoolteacher with a special interest in Scottish singing styles, introduced Ray to Scottish traditional music through singers like Jeannie Robertson, Jimmy MacBeath, and the Stewarts of Blair, first on recording and later in person. Jeannie Robertson was undoubtedly the most important single influence. When she met Ray, she invited her to visit, and Ray spent six weeks in Aberdeen learning songs and singing styles from the great ballad singer.

Ray Fisher is a magnificent singer. Her voice is rich and strong, and she has been able to integrate her knowledge of traditional performance into her own unique style. The songs on this album are both traditional and contemporary, ranging from ballads to love lyrics to saucy street songs. Ray has a delightful sense of humor that shines through on the light-hearted songs, and her delivery of a "big ballad" has a power and intensity that is truly mesmerizing. "Willie's Lady" is one of the most gripping stories in ballad literature, and Ray's singing of it, accompanied by Johnny Cunningham on fiddle, is one of the finest ballad performances I have ever heard.

Ray now lives near Newcastle-on-Tyne with her husband, Colin Ross, and their three children. Colin builds Northumbrian pipes and plays pipes and fiddle with the High Level Ranters. Ray is in great demand for concerts, clubs, and festivals in England and Scotland, often tours on the continent, and is looking forward to her seventh tour in this country in the fall of 1982.

Caroline Paton
Sharon, Connecticut
September, 1982

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Recorded by Sandy Paton and Mike Rivers
Cover Photo by Sandy Paton
Jacket Design by Walter A. Schwarz / Silver Lining Productions

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RAY FISHER
Willie's Lady



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1933

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NOTES ON THE SONGS

THE PRESSERS (Mary Brooksbank)
Side 1, Band 1.

The theme of this press gang song is based on remnants of a traditional song. Mary Brooksbank, of Dundee, composer of the widely-known "Jute Mill Song" (or "Ten and Nine"), added some verses of her own to the existing snippet that she had retained in her memory. The reference to "Boney" (Napoleon Bonaparte) suggests this to be the case. Wee Mary was a bundle of enthusiasm and a joy to listen to. I recall at an early TMSA* festival in Blairgowrie, Scotland, she enthralled everyone with her songs and poems of love, work and politics. She was one of the quiet giants, although she stood just over five feet tall.
(*TMSA - Traditional Music and Song Association of Scotland)

There is nocht in this wide world
but sorrow and care.
I weary on Johnnie, but Johnnie's
no' there.

Sae waesome and dowie, I feel like
tae dee,
Since the pressers hae stolen my
laddie fae me.

I look a' roond the steading, but
Johnnie's no' there.
At toil in the hairst field, my
hert it feels sair.
When I look tae yon high hills, a
tear blin's my e'e,
Since the pressers hae stolen my
laddie fae me.

For he's far ower yon high hills
and syne ower the sea.
I ken no' where my ain dear laddie
micht be.
In some foreign battlefield maybe
he'll dee.
O, a curse on ye, Boney, took my
laddie fae me.

Now the bonnie lark's singin' mocks
me in my care,
But I'll go on still hopin' till
grey grows my hair.
O, ye wild winds a-blawin' far ower
the sea,
Will ye blaw back my bonnie lad
Johnnie tae me?

nocht - nothing
waesome - woeful
dowie - mournful
dee - die
fae - from
hairst - harvest
hert - heart
sair - sore
blin's my e'e - blinds my eye
syne - then
ken - know
ain - own
micht - might

THE BONNIE WEE LASSIE THAT NEVER SAID NO
Side 1, Band 2.

A fine song from the singing of Jeannie Robertson. There are many songs, sung mainly by men, about young women outwitting them — this one redresses the balance a little. I feel the tune of this song has an Irish flavor.

I come till a cross and I met a
wee lass.
Said I, "My wee lass, are ye willin'
tae go
Tak' share o' a gill?" She said, "Sir,
I will,
For I'm the wee lassie who never
said no."

So intae an alehoose we merrily did go,
And we never did rise till the cock
it did crow.
And it's glass after glass we merrily
did toss
Tae the bonnie wee lassie who never
said no.

The landlady opened the door and
 come in,
 She opened the door and come in wi'
 a smile.
 And she's lifted a chair wi' freedom
 and air,
 "Here's a health tae the lass that
 can jigget in style."

Well, the drink they took in, bein'
 the best o' the gin,
 Me bein' myself and sober tae view.
 And it's glass after glass they
 merrily did toss,
 Till the lass and the landlady
 filled theirsels fu'.

"Look intae yon pocket," the lassie
 she said,
 "You are two and six for tae pay for
 your bed;
 And for layin' me down you owe me
 a crown,
 Look intae yon pocket," the lassie
 she said.

Put my hand in her pocket and five
 pound I took.
 Thinks I to myself, "I will bundle
 and go."
 And I bade her goodbye, but she made
 no reply,
 This bonnie wee lassie who never
 said no.

till - to
 cross - crossroads
 Tak' share o' a gill - share a measure
 of whiskey
 jigget - to jog, or to move from side
 to side

THE RED-HAIRED MAN'S WIFE
 Side 1, Band 3.

Here is a song that sums up all the
 anguish, emotion, and controlled anger
 of unrequited love. I had heard Kevin
 Mitchell, from Ireland, now living in
 Glasgow, sing this song many times in
 the purest tenor voice ever. I loved
 the song and tune dearly. About two
 years ago, Kevin decided to sing it to
 a different 'air.' The 'new' tune was
 a fine one, but I much preferred the
 other 'old' tune. I have taken the
 liberty of singing Kevin's original
 combination - for fear I'll forget it.
 No chance!!

O ye Muses divine, combine and lend
 me your aid
 To pen these few lines, for I find
 that my heart is betrayed
 By a Virgin most pure, who is dearer
 to me than my life,
 But from me she is flown, and is
 known as the red-haired man's wife.

O, a letter I'll send with a friend
 down to the seashore,
 To let her understand I'm the man
 that does her adore.
 And if she would but leave that slave,
 I will forfeit my life.
 She'd live like a lady and ne'er be
 the red-haired man's wife.

I offered a favour and sealed it with
 my own hand.
 She thus answered and said, "Would you
 lead me to break the command?
 O, take it easy, since Nature can cause
 so much strife.
 I was given away and will stay as the
 red-haired man's wife."

May my life never end nor my yearning
 for passion abate,
 Till me and my darling lie as one 'neath
 the pleasant trees' shade.
 With no one to be near us, save the
 blackbird in the green leaves alone.
 And the red-headed man in his grave,
 with his head 'neath a stone.

THE KYE HAVE COME HAME
 Side 1, Band 4.

Johnny Handle, front man in the High
 Level Ranters, also took an existing
 traditional verse and added additional
 words to create a touching song of a
 missing child. The tune is known in
 Northumberland as "Felton Lonnen" and
 suits the new text admirably. I have
 changed some of his words — he sang
 "hinny" where I have "laddie." "Hinny"
 is the affectionate Geordie term meaning
 "honey" or "dear one." The Geordie words
 are very close in meaning and pronouncia-
 tion to those used in Scotland. This
 song brings a lump to my throat when I
 sing it!

The kye have come hame, but I saw
not my laddie,
The kye have come hame, but I saw
not my bairn.
I'd rather loss a' the kye than lose
my laddie,
I'd rather loss a' the kye than lose
my bairn.

Fair-faced is my laddie, his blue
eyes is shining,
His hair in gold ringlets hangs sweet
tae my sight.
So mount the old pony and gang and
seek after him;
Bring tae his mammy her only delight.

For he's always oot roamin' the lang
simmer day thro',
He's always oot roamin' away from
the fairm,
Thro' hedges and ditches and valleys
and fellsides.
I hope that my bairnie has come tae
nae hairm.

For I've searched in the meadow and
in the fower-acre,
Thro' stackyards and byres, but
nocht could I find.
So, off ye gang, daddy, and look
for your laddie,
And bring tae his mammy some peace
tae her mind.

For the kye have come hame but I
saw not my laddie,
The kye have come hame, but I saw
not my bairn.
I'd rather loss a' the kye than lose
my laddie,
I'd rather loss a' the kye than lose
my bairn.

kye - cattle, cows
bairn - child
gang - go
lang simmer - long summer
fairm - farm
hairm - harm
fower - four
stackyards - stockyards
byres - cowhouse

WILLIE'S LADY
Side 1, Band 5.

I have set this magnificent ballad
to the tune of a Breton drinking song -
I've no idea what it's called. The text

is based entirely on the contents in
Francis James Child's massive collection,
The English and Scottish Popular Ballads.
I have omitted, added, and "telescoped"
some of the verses.

For immediate understanding, the plot is
as follows: Willie marries a young and
beautiful girl. His mother, a witch,
disapproves of the girl and curses her.
The girl will never produce a child; she
and the child will die in childbirth.
Offers of gifts to the mother to lift
the curse prove fruitless. Willie seeks
and gets help from a servant, the Billy
Blind. Willie follows the Billy Blind's
instructions and foils his mother's
scheme and eventually fathers a son.

The Billy Blind: some Scottish households
retained a non-working servant who
possessed some disability, e.g., deaf,
dumb, hare-lipped or blind. The belief
was held that they had second-sight,
wisdom, or some supernatural power to
compensate for their disability. They
were feared by many, mainly due to ig-
norance. A blind man may well develop
an extra keen hearing capacity and a
refined sense of touch, so the belief
was reasonably well-founded. Thus, as
a means of protection or insurance
against evil, a household would shelter
such a person. In this ballad he was
blind.

A brief clarification of the curses:
the knots in the girl's hair (note the
magic number, nine; 3 X 3 = powerful)
symbolize the constricting elements -
holding back the free-flowing birth of
the child. Even today, in some parts
of Scotland, during childbirth a girl's
garments are loose, unbuttoned, without
pins or fastenings. The combs (kaims
o' care) of care were pressed through
the long, golden hair, accompanied by a
curse each time, and then left in the
hair to hold in the curse. The hair
is a powerful vehicle for curse-making.
The Master kid (a young goat) was the
link between the forces of evil and the
witch - the catalyst or carrier. This
invariably is an animal - the witch's
cat being the most widely-known example.
The woodbine is a clinging, constricting
plant that holds on and winds around
other plants and branches - holding in
again is symbolized here. Lastly, the
left-side shoe (leften shee) again has
evil influences (i.e., Latin: sinister).

This was tightly knotted to strengthen the curse. Finally, the advice from the Billy Blind to make a wax baby and invite the mother to the christening is a master stroke indeed. This results in the eventual birth of a son.

Comment: The mother really laid it on pretty heavily with the curses — any one would have done the trick! She must either have doubted her own skills or have feared the power of the love bond between her son and the girl.

O Willie's ta'en him ower the raging
faem;
He's woo'd a wife and he's brocht
her hame.

He's woo'd her for her lang
yellow hair,
But his mother wrocht her muckle care.

And muckle dolour gar'd her dree,
For light o' bairn his lady canna be,
For light o' bairn she canna be.

And aye she lies in her bower wi'
pain.
And Willie mourns his lady a' in vain,
And Willie mourns her a' in vain.

So Willie's tae his wicked mither
gane,
The vilest witch o' womankind.

And says, "My lady has a bonnie cup
Wi' gowd and silver set about.

"This goodly gift it shall be yer ain,
Gin ye let her be lighter o' her
bairn,
Gin ye let her be light o' bairn."

"O, light o' bairn she ne'er will be,
Nor in her bower will shine sae
bricht for ye,
Nor in her bower will shine for thee.

"But she will die and slowly turn tae
clay,
You will wed wi' anither may."

"O, anither may I'll never wed,
Anither may shall never share my bed;
I'd rather die," young Willie said.

So Willie's tae his mither yet again,
That vilest witch o' womankind.

And says, "My lady has a milk-white
steed,
Like o' it's no' in the lands o' Leed.

"At ilka tett o' that horse's mane
Hangs fifty bonnie siller bells and ten,
Fifty siller bells and ten."

"This goodly gift it shall be yer ain,
Gin ye let her be lighter o' her bairn,
Gin ye let her be light o' bairn."

"O, light o' bairn she ne'er will be,
Nor in her bower will shine sae bricht
for ye,
Nor in her bower will shine for thee.

"But she will die and slowly turn tae
clay,
And you will wed wi' anither may."

"O, anither may I'll never wed,
Anither may shall never share my bed;
I'd rather die," young Willie said.

So Willie's tae the wise old Billy
Blind,
And aye he spoke oot in good time.

He says, "Go down intae the market
place,
There ye'll buy a loaf of wax.

"And shape it bairn and bairnie-like
And in its heid twa glassen e'en
ye'll put,
And in its heid twa e'en ye'll put.

"And you will tae yer wicked mither
gae,
Invite her tae yer son's christenin'.

"But ye must stand a wee forbye
And listen weel what yer wicked mither
says,
Listen weel what she does say."

So Willie's tae his wicked mither gae,
Invited her tae his son's christenin'.

And he did stand a wee forbye
And listened weel what his wicked mither
said,
Listened weel what she did say.

"O, wha has loosened the nine and
witchen knots
That were amang yon lady's locks?

"And wha has ta'en oot a' the kaims
o' care
That hung amang yon lady's hair?

"And wha has killed the Master kid
That ran beneath that bonnie lady's
bed,
That ran beneath that lady's bed?

"And wha has ta'en doon the bush o'
woodbine
That hung atween that lady's bower
and mine,
That hung atween her bower and mine?

"And wha has loos'd her left-foot
shee,
So light o' bairn this lady then
might be,
So light o' bairn this lady be?"

Then Willie's ta'en oot the nine and
witchen knots
That were amang his lady's locks.

And Willie's ta'en oot a' the kaims
o' care
That hung amang his lady's hair.

And Willie's killed the Master kid
That ran beneath his bonnie lady's
bed,
That ran beneath his lady's bed.

And Willie's ta'en doon the bush o'
woodbine
That hung atween his lady's bower
sae fine,
Hung atween her bower sae fine.

Then Willie's loosened his lady's
leften shee,
That light o' bairn she then might be.

And when and a' these things were
done,
His lady's brocht forth untae him
a son,
His lady's brocht forth a bonnie son.

faem - foam, sea
brocht - brought
hame - home
wrocht her muckle care - brought about
great grief
muckle dolour gar'd her dree' - much
misery made her suffer
light o' bairn - delivered of her
child

aye - ever
a' - all
gowd - gold
set aboot - decorated
ain - own
gin - if
bricht - bright
may - maiden, virgin
like o' it's no' - it's equal is not to
be found
at ilka tett - at every strand of hair
siller - silver
oot - out
heid - head
twa glassen e'en - two glass eyes
a wee forbye - near at hand
weel - well
gane - gone
wha - who
witchen knots - bewitched knots
kaims o' care - combs of care
atween - between
shee - shoe
brocht forth - brought forth, delivered

ARE YE SLEEPIN' MAGGIE
Side 2, Band 1.

A song from the Tannahill collection.
Marvelous build-up of atmosphere with
powerful emotive words which combine with
a wonderful tune to produce the finest of
our Scottish "night-visiting" songs. I
heard Jeannie Robertson sing it a few
times, but I didn't learn it directly
from her. I confess that I had to consult
a book with a glossary to get the full
understanding of the text.

O, mirk and rainy is the nicht,
There's no' a star in a' the cairey.
Lightning gleams across the sky
And winds they blaw wi' winter fury.

O, are ye sleepin', Maggie?
O, are ye sleepin', Maggie?
Let me in, for loud the linn
Is roarin' ower the warlock's
craigie.

Fearfu' saughs the boortree bank,
The rifted wood roars wild and dreary.
Loud the iron yett does clank,
And cries o' howlets mak' me erie.

O, are ye sleepin'

Abune my breath I daurna speak
For fear I'll rouse your wakeful
daddy.
Cauld's the blast upon my cheek,
O rise, O rise, my bonnie lassie.

O, are ye sleepin'

Well, she's op'ed the door; she's let
 him in.
 He's cuist aside his dreepin'
plaidie.
 Ye can blaw your worst, ye winds and
 rain,
 Since, Maggie, noo I'm here aside ye.

O, noo that you're waukened, Maggie,
 O, noo that you're waukened, Maggie,
 What care I for howlet's cry,
 For roarin' linn or warlock's
 craigie?

mirk - dark
 nicht - night
 cairey - the heavens, sky
 warlock's craigie - wizard's crag,
 enchanted rock
 linn - waterfall
 fearfu' saughs - frightening sighs
 boortree - elder tree
 rifted - split
 yett - gate
 howlets - owls
 eerie - apprehensive, afraid
 abune - above
 daurna - dare not
 cauld - cold
 op'ed - opened
 cuist - cast
 dreepin' plaidie - dripping cloak,
 soaking wet plaid (tartan blanket)
 noo - now
 waukened - awake, no longer asleep

MILLER TAE MY TRADE

Side 2, Band 2.

An outstanding song from the im-
 pressive repertoire of Lucy Stewart of
 Fetterangus. Norman Buchan played me
 a tape of the song and verbally ex-
 plained how Lucy produced the watermill
 wheel sound. The movements that I do
 are not absolutely the same as Lucy's,
 but I think the end effect is the same.
 This type of rhythmic accompaniment is
 unique — so, too, is Lucy Stewart.

I am a miller tae my trade, and that
 sae weel ye ken, O,
 I am a miller tae my trade, and that
 sae weel ye ken, O,
 I am a miller tae my trade, aye, and
mony a sack o' meal I've made,
 And mony a lassie I hae laid at the
 back o' the sacks o' meal, O.

As merrily as the wheel gaes roond, the
 rate sae weel ye ken, O,
 As merrily as the wheel gaes roond, the
 rate sae weel ye ken, O,
 O, as merrily as the wheel gaes roond,
 wi' grindin' peas and corn, O,
 A better job was never foond since ever
 I been born, O.

It happened ae nicht in June, when I
 was in mysel', O,
 It happened ae nicht in June, when I
 was in mysel', O,
 O, the lassie cam' tripplin' doon the
 lane, said, "I hear your mill
 a-clackin' in,
 Aye, and I thocht that I would just
 look in, for tae see if you're in
 yoursel', O."

"You're welcome here, my bonnie lass,
 you're welcome here for aye, O,
 You're welcome here, my bonnie lass,
 you're welcome here for aye, O.
 You're welocme here, my bonnie lass,
 aye, whit's the news that I maun
 hear?
 Will ye consent tae bide wi' me, aye,
 and bide wi' me for aye, O?"

The lauchin' lassie gied a smile, she
 said she couldna tell, O,
 The lauchin' lassie gied a smile, she
 said she couldna tell, O,
 O, the lauchin' lassie gied a smile,
 she said, "Young man, ye'll wait
 awhile.
 When I hear your mill a-clackin' in,
 then ye'll hae me tae yersel', O."

I kissed her lips as sweet as honey, as
 sweet as honey dew, O,
 I kissed her lips as sweet as honey, as
 sweet as honey dew, O.
 I kissed her lips as sweet as honey,
 until a tear cam' in her e'e,
 "O, I'll leave my mammy a' for thee,
 aye, and I'll bide wi' you for aye, O.

(repeat first verse)

mony - many
 gaes roond - goes around
 foond - found
 ae nicht - one night
 for aye - forever, always
 maun - must
 lauchin' - laughing
 gied - gave

THE WEARY CUTTERS

Side 2, Band 3.

I first heard this song from Mrs. Pat Elliott, of the famous Elliotts of Birtley, Co. Durham. I recall her telling me that she had obtained it with help from Louis Killen. There is a reference made to "The Lousy Cutter" in Bruce & Stokoe's *Northumbrian Minstrelsy* (1882) containing two verses similar to those in this song. It is a coincidence that in the notes on a tune called "The Wedding o' Blyth," which appears alongside the "Lousy Cutter" text, Bruce and Stokoe describe the aforementioned tune as a "weary" one.

Here we have a strong social comment on the feelings of the ordinary folk towards "press-ganging," and the lengths to which people would go in order to avoid being recruited.

I introduce this song with a single verse which was taken down by Mr. Thomas Doubleday, of Newcastle; he was unable to recover any more of the ballad. Captain John Bover, who died in 1782, had indulged in "harsh and tyrannical measures"(*) in order to furnish the British Navy with "pressed" men.

(*) Quoted from *Northumbrian Minstrelsy*

Whaur hae ye been, my canny hinny?
Whaur hae ye been, my winsome man?
Whaur hae ye been, my canny hinny?
Whaur hae ye been, my winsome man?

I've been tae the nor'ard,
Cruisin' back and for'ard,
I've been tae the nor'ard,
Cruisin' sair and lang.
I've been tae the nor'ard,
Cruisin' back and for'ard,
But I daur not gang ashore
For fear of Bover and his gang.

O, the weary cutters, they've ta'en
my laddie from me,
O, the weary cutters, they've ta'en
my laddie from me.
They've pressed him far away foreign
Wi' Nelson ayont the salt sea.
They've pressed him far away foreign,
And ta'en my laddie from me.

O, the weary cutters, they've ta'en
my laddie from me, (2X)
They always come in the neet,
They never come in the day;
They always come in the neet
To steal our laddies away.

O, the weary cutters, they've ta'en
my laddie from me, (2X)
I'll gie the cutters a guinea,
I can't gie the cutters no more;
I'll gie the cutters a guinea
To steal my laddie ashore.

(repeat first verse)

whaur - where
canny hinny - my darling, my dear
sair - sore
lang - long
daur - dare
ayont - beyond
neet - night

BETSY BELL

Side 2, Band 4.

I learned this song from Jeannie Robertson. She would sing "Fit's a dae" in her Aberdeenshire tongue, meaning directly in English "What is to do?" This phrase is translated as "What is the matter?" In this case she is condemning the local male population for their lack of attention to her. Whenever Jeannie sang this wee song, she'd pick out some poor, innocent male listener and sing directly to him, and he would blush with embarrassment.

O, my name is Betsy Bell, in the
Gallowgate I dwell,
Nae doot ye'll wonder whit I'm dae'in
here.
Well, I'm lookin' for a man, be he old
or be he young,
And onything in breeks will dae wi'
me.

Well, 'twas on last Friday nicht, I
met old Sandy Wright,
And he asked me for tae be his lovin'
bride.
But I couldnae let him see I was
desperate as can be,
So I tellt him for tae come awa'
inside.

Well, he jumpit at the chance, aye, it
fairly made me dance,
And I gied tae him my answer there
and then.
But when I'd bought my wedding frock,
he said, "Lord, it's all a joke!"
O, I wonder fit's a dae wi' a' the
men.

So, if there's onybody here that would
like a nice wee dear,
Although I'm only three-score and ten,
Be he young or be he auld, curly-
heided, fringed or bald,
O, I wonder fit's a dae wi' a' the
men.

For of lads I've had my share; I've
had a score or mair,
But why they threw me up, I dinna ken.
For I'm neither prude nor shy, that
the lads should pass me by.
O, I wonder fit's a dae wi' a' the
men!

(repeat first verse)

nae doot - no doubt
whit I'm dae'in' - what I'm doing
onything - anything
breeks - trousers
auld - old
dinna ken - don't know
fit's a' dae - what's to do, what is
the matter

OVER YONDER BANKS (Graeme Miles)
Side 2, Band 5.

This is a recently written song,
sent to me by the composer, Graeme Miles,
of Middlesborough, Teesside, England.
All of Graeme's songs have a mark of
pure and sincere simplicity. Here he
recalls his youth and his hometown en-
vironment and says that it takes more
than bulldozers to erase the memories
that have been re-awakened on a return
visit to the playground of his youth.
On my return visits to Glasgow, I feel
just this way.

We lived over yonder banks,
Where those tall cranes touch the sky,
By the railway siding wall,
Where those terraced houses lie.
And we used to live at twenty-four,
Or was it twenty-six?
'Twas such a long, long time ago
I can't remember which.
We lived over yonder banks, over there.

And we played tag on yonder tip
When the watchman was away.
Up and down we used to run,
Oh, a hundred times a day.
And when the shipyard siren blew
We chased each other home.
But that was some long time back since,
Some thirty years ago.
We lived over yonder banks, over there.

Well I'm at the station now,
Waiting for the evening train,
Wondering if by some small chance
I might pass this way again.
Tho' I left the town when I was young,
Deep inside I know
A little will remain with me,
No matter where I go.
We lived over yonder banks, over there.

WHEN FORTUNE TURNS THE WHEEL
Side 2, Band 6.

I first heard Louis Killen, of Gates-
head, Co. Durham, sing this song. His
version had come from Alan Rogerson of
Northumberland and had a "south of the
border" flavour. I subsequently gleaned
the Scottish text from Greig's *Folksongs
of the Northeast* which was remarkably
similar in tune and content, but varied
only in local references, i.e., place-
names, etc. This is one of the great
parting songs.

Come fill your glass, let's drink aboot,
For this nicht we'll merry be.
Good liquor and good company,
Likewise my comrades three.
For tae see ye a' again, dear freends,
A secret joy I feel,
Though I must stray, soon far away,
When fortune turns the wheel.

It's not from gowd or costly claites
I tak' my estimate of man.
But when I meet a friend in need,
I'll stretch oot-a helping hand.
And wi' him I'll drink, for him I'll
fecht,

Tae him my mind reveal,

And freends we'll be, whatever way
Blind fortune turns the wheel.

Now, some of my pretended friends,
If friends I can them call,
Proved false and turned their backs on me
When mine was at the wall.
Well, in a glass, I'll let it pass,
Ye ken I'll wish them weel,
But someday I'll return the debt
When fortune turns the wheel.

O, it was of a bonnie laddie,
It's him I'll justly blame.
When sad misfortune on me frowned,
He denied he ken't my name.
Now sorrow and remorse they are past,
Tae him I'll never kneel,
And I'll sweethearts find, baith true
and kind,
When fortune turns the wheel.

Ye dewy hills of Caledonia,
Likewise sweet Liddlesdale,
Whaur friendship bides, wi' foremost ties,
And love tells the fondest tale,
O, it's noo that I maun rise tae go,
Kind freends, I wish ye weel,
That we'll a' meet some ither nicht,
When fortune turns the wheel.

claithes - clothes
fecht - fight
whaur - where
ither - other

And friends as it be, whatever way
I find fortune turns the wheel.

Now, some of my pretended friends
I found I can't rely on;
And false and fickle friends
I found I can't rely on;
And false and fickle friends
I found I can't rely on;
And false and fickle friends
I found I can't rely on;

And some of a double trade,
I'll justly blame;
And some of a double trade,
I'll justly blame;
And some of a double trade,
I'll justly blame;
And some of a double trade,
I'll justly blame;

And some of a double trade,
I'll justly blame;
And some of a double trade,
I'll justly blame;
And some of a double trade,
I'll justly blame;
And some of a double trade,
I'll justly blame;

And some of a double trade,
I'll justly blame;
And some of a double trade,
I'll justly blame;
And some of a double trade,
I'll justly blame;
And some of a double trade,
I'll justly blame;