# SCOTTISH SONGS and BALLADS SUNG BY RORY and **ALEX**

LUM HAT WANTIN' A CROON

JACK O' HAZELDEEN THE TW

THE TWA RIVERS

THE LASS O' PATIE'S MILL

CA' THE EWES

LOWLANDS OF HOLLAND

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LIEZEY LINDSEY SOUR

SOUR MILK CAIRT

PALWORTH ON THE GREEN

THE CRAW KILLED THE PUSSIE

LO! WHAT IT IS TO LOVE

PEERIE FAIRIES



Scottish Songs and Ballads

Illustrated Notes are Inside Pocket

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## SCOTTISH SONGS and BALLADS

### Sung By RORY and ALEX McEWEN

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JACK O' HAZELDEEN THE TWA RIVERS

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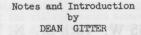
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#### SIDE I, Band 1: A LUM HAT WANTIN' A CROON

The McEwens themselves know little of the origin of this delightful ditty. One point, however, is clear: the account of the frugal Mrs. Mackintosh and her chase after the Top Hat Lackin' a Crown is proof that the Scots are not unaware of their reputation for thrift. The brothers learned this some years ago from Mr. Walter Elliot, M.P. from Glasgow.

The burn was big with spate,
And there came tumlin' doon,
Tapsilteerie' the half o'a gate,
And a big fish hake, and a muckle great skate,
And a Lum Hat wantin' a croon, a-oon,

And auld wife stood by the bank, As they gae'd swirling doon, She took a good look and syne said she, "There's food and there's firin' gaun doon to the sea, And a Lum Hat wantin' a croon, a-oon,

She grippit the branch o' a saugh She kickit off ane o' her shoon, She gie'd a great hoof8 and oure gae'd she, And awa' she went wi' the big muckle skate, And the Lum Hat wantin' a croon, a-oon, The Lum Hat wantin' a croon.

By village and cottage and toon, She'd a terrible tumblin' astride of the gate, But it seemd to 'gree fine wi' the big muckle skate, And the Lum Hat wantin' a croon, a-oon, The Lum Hat wantin' a croon.

"There's a man oer-board", cried he, "Ye lee'r", quo' she, "'gin I droon,"9
A man on a board, it's a wife on a gate It's auld Mrs. Mackintosh here wi' a skate, And a Lum Hat wantin' a croon, a-oon,

Was she nippit 10 to deeth at the Pole? Has India bakit her broon 1? I dinna ken which, but I'll wager her fate, Was shared wi' a hake and a big muckle skate, And a Lum Hat wantin' a croon, a-oon, A Lum Hat wantin' a croon.

The burn was big with spate2,

A Lum Hat wantin' a croon.

A lum hat wantin' a croon.

She flooted fu' mony a mile,

A skipper was pacing his deck, By the licht o' his pipe and the moon, When he sees an old body astride of a gate, Come bobbin' along in the waves wi' a skate, And a Lum Hat wantin' a croon, a-oon, A Lum Hat wantin' a croon.

A Lum Hat wantin' a croon, a-oon,

dition. Others are the work of noted Scottish poets. Similarly with the airs, some of which they learned in their native Berwickshire, others they picked up while in service with the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders. Recorded by KENNETH S. GOLDSTEIN Edited by DEAN GITTER

ABOUT THE SINGERS

Seemingly tireless globetrotters, Rory and Alex McEwen

made their first trip to America in 1956. This album

was recorded in New York where they stopped to catch

their breaths before plunging westward for a tour of

Some of the songs contained here were learned from tra-

The McEwens were born in Berwickshire, Scotland in 1932 and 1935, respectively, and attended school in

the Rockies.

England.

There's a moral attached to my song, On greed you should all gie a froon 12, When you think on the wife that was lost for a gate, And a big fish hake, and a muckle great skate, And a Lum Hat wantin' a croon, a-oon, A Lum Hat wantin' a croon.

- 1) brook 7) shoes 8) huff 2) flood
  - 9) you'll know, she topsy-turvy said, if I drown. big A Top Hat lacking a crown 10) frozen
- 5) 11) baked her brown willow 12) give a frown

#### SIDE I, Band 2: JOCK O' HAZELDEAN

Sir Walter Scott provides the text for this version, while the tune is traditional. Child prints the identical first verse in variant E of John of Hazelgreen (293), but beyond the bare outlines of the story, there is no other textual similarity between Child and Scott.

Why weep ye by the tide, lady, why wheep ye by the tide? I'll wed ye to my youngest son, and you shall be his bride. And you shall be his bride, lady, sae comely to be seen, But aye she loot the tear doon fa', for Jock o' Hazeldean.

Now let this waefu' grief be done and dry this cheek so pale. Young Frank is chief o' Errington and Lord o' Langleydale. His step is frist in peacefu' ha! his sword in battle keen, But aye she loot the tear doon fa', for Jock'o' Hazeldean.

A chain of gowd ye shallna lack, nor braid to bind your hair, Nor mettled hound nor managed hawk, nor palfrey fresh and fair.
And ye the foremost o' them a'shall ride, our forest queen. But aye she loot the tear doon fa' for Jock o' Hazeldean.

The kirk was decked at morning-tide, the taper glimmered fair, The priest and bridegroom wait the bride, the dame and knight are there. They searched her baith by bower and ha', the lady was not seen, She's ower the border and awa! wi' Jock o' Hazeldean.

#### SIDE I, Band 3: THE LASS O' PATIE'S MILL

This song is the work of Allan Ramsay who has been called, "The Restorer of Scottish Poetry." The story goes that while on a visit to the town of New Mills near the waters of the Irvine he saw a beautiful country girl pass by a place called Patie's Mill. He was so struck with her beauty and charm, that his host suggested he compose a song about her. The result was printed in his "Tea Table Miscellany" around 1686.

The lass o' Patie's mill, sae bonny, blythe and gay, In spite o' all my skill, she stole my heart away. A-teddin' o' the hay, bareheaded on the green, Love mid her locks did play, and wanton'd in her een.

Without the help of art, like flowers that grace the wild She did her sweets impart, whene'er she spoke or

smiled. Her looks they were so mild, free from affected pride, She me to love beguiled, I wished her for my bride.

Had I sufficient wealth Hopetouns high mountains fill Insured lang life and health and pleasure at my will, I'd promise and fulfill that nane but bonny she, The lass o' Patie's mill, should share the same wi' me.

#### SIDE I, Band 4: THE LOWLANDS OF HOLLAND

Though the first printed version of this ballad appeared in 1776 in David Herd's collection, ANCIENT AND MODERN SCOTTISH SONGS, it is almost certainly of traditional origin. It has been found in both England and Ireland set to various tunes. This one is traditional.

My love he built a bonny ship and set her on the sea.
Wi' seven score guid mariners to bear her company.
There's one score sunk and two score drunk,
and three score dead at sea,
And the Lowlands of Holland they twined my love and me.

My love then built another ship and set her on the main. With name but twenty mariners to see her hame again, But the weary wind began to rise, and the sea began to rout,

My love then and his bonny ship turned withershins 2 about.

There shall ne'er quaff come on my heed,
nor caem come in my hair,
There shall ne'er coal nor cannellight
come in my bower mair,
Nor will I love another man until the day I die,
For I never loved a love but yen<sup>3</sup>
and he's drooned in the sea.

Oh haud your wisht my dochter dear,
be still and be content,
There are mair lads in Galloway ye need nae sae lament,
Oh there is nane in Galloway, there's
nane a' ta' for me,
And the Lowlands of Holland,
they twined my love and me.

1) separated 3) one 2) in the wrong direction 4) hold your silence

#### SIDE I, Band 5: LEEZEY LINDSEY

Though Child prints a Lizie Lindsay as number 226 of his collection, there is little similarity between that long ballad and this short song, the work of Robert Burns. Burns got it from traditional sources and it first appeared in print in James Johnson's SCOTS MUSICAL MUSEUM.

Will ye gang tae the Hielands, Leezie Lindsey? Will ye gang tae the Hielands wi' me? Will ye gang tae the Hielands, Leezie Lindsey My pride and my darling tae be?

Tae gang tae the Hielands wi' you, sir I dinna ken how that may be, For I ken na the land you live in Nor ken I the lad I'm gaun wi'.

Oh Leezie, lass, you maun ken little, If sae be that ye dinna ken me, My name is Lord Ronald MacDonald, A chieftain o' high degree.

She has kilted her coats o' green satin, She has kilted them up tae her knee, And she's aff wi' Lord Ronald MacDonald His bride and his darlin' tae be.

1) you must know

#### SIDE I, Band 6: THE TWA RIVERS

This grizzly little piece is an adaptation of a proverb common along the Scots border near the river Tweed. The tune is the work of Rory McEwen who sings it here.

Says Tweed to Till, what gars ye rin sae still? Says Till tae Tweed, though ye rin with speed And I rin slaw For ae man that ye droon, I droon twa.

(Says Tweed to Till, "What makes you run so still?"
Says Till to Tweed, "Though you run with speed and
I run slow,
For every man you drown, I drown two!")

#### SIDE I, Band 7: FATHER ADAM

Beyond the obvious original source of this text there is little else that can be said of it with certainty. It is doubtful that the Biblical tale was merely set

to music as an aid to memory, and it has been suggested that it is perhaps a political satire which at some date had allegorical significance. If so, the satirist and his intended victim remain anonymous.

When father Adam first did flee,
From presence of the Lord his face,
His clothes were short, scarce covered his knee,
They cryit God pitie and hald him in chaiss.
Stay Adam, stay Adam saith the Lord;
Where art thou Adam, turn thee and stay.
"I was afraid to hear thy voice and
naked thus to come in thy way."
"Who hast revealed to the,

that naked thou shouldst be?
Or hast thou eaten of the tree!?
Which I commanded thee
It touched should not be,
therefore beginneth thy misery!"
Oh Adam, oh Adam, I pity thee.

Away went Satan maist discontent,
Christ being promised for tae ring
For he could not have his intent,
for power of that almighty king.
Our freedom, Lord, we have from Thee,
that bowls of mercy poured out
Upon Thy whole posterity of thy free
grace withouten doubt.
Therefore we all humbly entreat Thy Majesty
that we may ever thankful be.
And for our sins contrite praying to thee most sweet
Dear Jesus, have pity on me.
Oh Adam, oh Adam, I pity thee.

#### SIDE II, Band 1: THE SOOR MILK CAIRT

Since the McEwens learned this not out of a book or from a piece of sheet music, this piece is a fine example of the free interchange of material from tradition to popular "commercial" circles and vice versa. The song is probably a product of the music halls of the late nineteenth century and its robust good humor appealed enough for the people to keep it alive until the present day when the McEwens collected it.

Oh I am a country chappie and I'm servin' in Polnoon Fair and tae Eaglesham that fine auld fashioned toon And in the mornin' early a little aifter three I takes the road richt merrily, the auld black horse and me.

The ither mornin' early as the Morlan I did pass, I chanced tae be foregatherin' wi' a handsome kintra'lass, I says "My bonny lassie, gin ye be gaun this airt, I will drive ye in tae Glesca in my soor milk cairt.

#### CHORUS

Her cheeks were reid and rosy and her een was bonny blue Dancin' and glancin' she pierced me through and through She's fairly won my fancy, she's stauln awa my heart Ridin' in tae Glasca toon in my soor milk cairt. I raised her up beside me and we soon got on the crack I slipped my arms around her waist as by my side she sat, I told the old old story as the woods around me rang Wi' the whistlin' o' the mavis and the blackbird's cheery song.

For she never had a hurl insode a carraige a' her days So when I promised her I'd hae a pair o' prancin' greys "No na", quo she, "wir siller's scarse ye ken we canna spare't,

I would rather hae the jiltin' o' the soor milk cairt.

(CHORUS)

#### SIDE II, Band 2: CA' THE EWES

The great Burns adapted this version from what he thought was tradition. He apparently remained unaware that the song was originally the work of a justly undistinguished songstress of the eighteenth century. Isabel Pagan, none of whose other work is of any consequence, published the song in 1773. It has remained in tradition, however, and is still widely popular.

Ca' the yowes tae the knowes Ca' them where the heather grows Ca' them where the burnie rows My Bonnie dearie.

We'll gang doon by Clooden side 'Neath the hazel, spreading wide Where the waves at midnight glide Tae the moon sae clearly.

Yonder Clooden's silent towers Where the moon at midnight hours Oer the dewy bendin' flowers Fairies dance sae cheerie.

Chaist nor bogle shalt thou fear, Thou art tae love, and that sae dear, Nought of ill shall gang thee near My Bonnie dearie.

Fair and lovely as thou art Thou hast stole my very heart, I can die but can not part, My bonnie dearie.

- 1) call the ewes
- 3) little brook
- 2) hillocks
- 4) ghost nor apparition

#### SIDE II, Band 3: PALWORTH ON THE GREEN

The small and undistinguished village of Palworth lies only a few miles from the McEwen's birthplace in Berwickshire. It is said that in earlier times the inhabitants of this town, following the example of the presiding nobleman of the district, the Earl of March-

mont, held their weddings on the village green and the young girls of the village danced around the huge thorn tree which was the green's only adornment. This particular account of the proceedings is the work of Allan Ramsey. Somehow in the four centuries which intervened the original composition and the McEwens' discovery of it, two verses have been misplaced and the half of another introduced.

At Palwort on the green, if you meet me the morn, Where lasses do convene to dance about the thorn, A kindly welcome you shall have, Frae her who likes tae view A lover and a lad complete, The lad and lover you!

At Palwort on the green, among the new-mown hay With songs and dancing keen,
we'll pass the hairtsome day.

And when beneath the moon at night
The cold grass drinks the dew,
I'll cradelled lie in memories bright
And sweetly dream of you.

#### SIDE II, Band 4: PEERIE FAIRIES

Beyond the surmise that this lullaby is a translation from the Gaelic, little can be said of it. The McEwens learned it from the Scottish actress and singer, Isla Cameron. Miss Cameron, in turn, admits she knows nothing of its source.

CHORUS:
Baloo baleerie, baloo baleerie, baloo baleerie,
Baloo balee.

Gang awa' peerie fairies Gang awa' peerie fairies Gang awa' peerie fairies Frae oor ben noo.

#### (CHORUS)

Sleep saft my baby Sleep saft my baby Sleep saft my baby In oor ben noo.

(CHORUS)

#### SIDE II, Band 5: THE CRAW KILLED THE PUSSIE

This nonsense song was collected by the McEwens from a recording made by the BBC on a field trip to Aberdeenshire. It is probably a bothy song. Though the individual words of the last verse yield to individual translation (lickit: received a gratuity of meal, piockie: pocket) no overall sense can be made of it. It is possibly the addition of itinerant beggars. The magnificent melancholy of the tune, however, justifies its inclusion in this collection.

The craw killed the pussie-o
The craw killed the pussie-o
The muckle cat sat doon and grat
In Johnny's little hoosie-o.

It happened on a Wednesday A windy, windy Wednesday, It happened on a Wednesday Gin I can richtly mind on't-o<sup>2</sup>.

Comin' through the Mossie-o Comin' through the mossy-o I lickit oot my puckle meal And played my wee, my pickie-o.

1) wept 2) If I can remember it correctly.

#### SIDE II, Band 6: LO! WHAT IT IS TO LOVE

The poet Alexander Scott, who was called the "Scottish Anacreon," composed this in the late sixteenth century. Its given title was, "A Rondel of Love." The tune is Rory's.

Lo, what it is tae love, Learn ye that last tae prove By me, I say, that no ways may The ground of grief remove, But still decay both nicht and day: Lo, what it is to love.

Love is ane fervent fire Kindlit without desire, Short pleasure, long displeasure Repentence is the hire; And pure tressour without measure; Love is ane fervent fire.

To love and to be wise
To rage with good advice
Now thus, now than, so gois the game
Incertain is the dice;
There is nae man, I say, that can
To love and to be wise.

Flee always from the snare Learn at me to beware It is ane pain and double trane Of endless woe and care; For to refrain that danger plain, Flee always from the snare.

- The church with its cemetery and a shelter are on opposite sides of the square in Potam. Here the annual four-day pre-Easter festival, as well as numerous other Yaqui gatherings, are held.
- 2) Woven twig house in Potam. The living quarters face inward to a green courtyard.
- 3) Living group in Potam. Part is made of woven twigs and part is of more "progressive" adobe.

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