

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

LUM HAT WANTIN' A CROON

JACK O' HAZELDEEN THE TWA RIVERS

THE LASS O' PATIE'S MILL FATHER ADAM

LOWLANDS OF HOLLAND CA' THE EWES

LIEZEY LINDSEY SOUR MILK CAIRT

PALWORTH ON THE GREEN

THE CRAW KILLED THE PUSSIE

LO! WHAT IT IS TO LOVE PEERIE FAIRIES

FOLKWAYS RECORDS, NY / FW 6930



M  
1746  
M113  
S432  
1957

MUSIC LP

SCOTTISH SONGS AND BALLADS

FOLKWAYS FW 6730

# Scottish Songs and Ballads

Illustrated Notes are Inside Pocket

FOLKWAYS RECORDS Album No. FW 6930

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Sung By RORY and ALEX McEWEN

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Notes and Introduction  
by  
DEAN GITTER

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<sup>1</sup> was big with spate<sup>2</sup>,  
And there came tumlin' doon,  
Tapsilteerie<sup>3</sup> the half o' a gate,  
And a big fish hake, and a muckle<sup>4</sup> great skate,  
And a Lum Hat wantin' a croon<sup>2</sup>, a-oon,  
A Lum Hat wantin' a croon.

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,  
A lum hat wantin' a croon.

She grippit the branch o' a saugh<sup>6</sup>,  
She kickit off ane o' her shoon<sup>7</sup>,  
She gie'd a great hoor<sup>8</sup> 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.

She floated fu' mony a mile,  
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.

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.

"There's a man oer-board", cried he,  
"Ye lee'r", quo' she, "'gin I droon,"<sup>9</sup>  
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,  
A Lum Hat wantin' a croon, a-oon,

Was she nipit<sup>10</sup> to deeth at the Pole?  
Has India bakit her broon<sup>11</sup>?  
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.

There's a moral attached to my song,  
On greed you should all gie a frown<sup>12</sup>,  
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            |
| 2) flood                     | 8) huff             |
| 3) topsy-turvy               | 9) you'll know, she |
| 4) big                       | said, if I drown.   |
| 5) A Top Hat lacking a crown | 10) frozen          |
| 6) willow                    | 11) baked her brown |
|                              | 12) give a frown    |

SIDE I, Band 2: JOCK O' HAZELDEAN

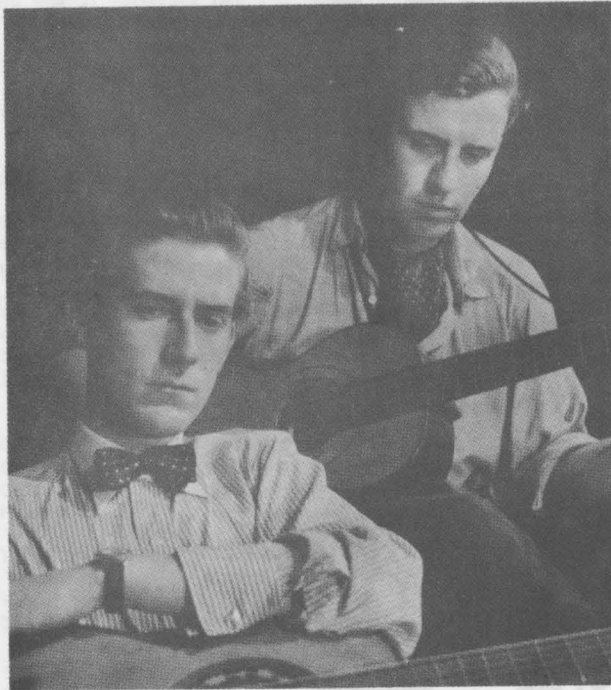
Sir Walter Scott provides the text for this version, while the tune is traditional. Child prints the identical first verse in variant E of John of Hazelgreen (293), but beyond the bare outlines of the story, there is no other textual similarity between Child and Scott.

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.



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 the Rockies.

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

Some of the songs contained here were learned from tradition. 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



