

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FW 8470

# *Music from the Orkney Islands*



Featuring Allie Windwick and Hugh Intaker with Billy and Ingirid Jolly, and Nancy Cassell

PRODUCED BY NANCY CASSELL

M  
1746  
W766  
M987  
1979

MUSIC LP

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE



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### SIDE 1: ALLIE WINDWICK

- Band 1: "Chappan at the Door" 1.42  
vocal: Billy and Ingrid Jolly  
mandolin: Allie Windwick  
Guitar: Ingrid Jolly
- Band 2: "Partans in his Creel" 2.23  
vocal and guitar: Ingrid Jolly
- Band 3: "Peedie Pakistani" 4.16  
vocal: Billy and Ingrid Jolly  
mandolin: Allie Windwick  
guitar: Ingrid Jolly
- Band 4: "Steeple Laddie" 3.03  
vocal: Nancy Cassell and  
Ingrid Jolly  
guitar: Nancy Cassell
- Band 5: "Charlie's Jukebox"  
"Weary O' the Darning" 1.20
- Band 6: "Picky by the Sea"  
"Cubbie Rod" 2.56  
mandolin: Allie Windwick  
guitar: Ingrid Jolly
- Band 7: "Isle's Gaan tae Brew" 1.33  
vocal: Billy and Ingrid Jolly  
guitar: Ingrid Jolly
- Band 8: "Weary O' the Darning" 1.46  
vocal: Billy and Ingrid Jolly  
guitar: Ingrid Jolly  
mandolin: Allie Windwick
- Band 9: "Butter on the Bow" 3.10  
vocal: Billy and Ingrid Jolly  
guitar: Ingrid Jolly  
mandolin: Allie Windwick

### SIDE 2: HIGH INKSTER

- fiddle: Hugh Inkster  
guitar: Nancy Cassell
- Band 1: "The Orphan Boy" (Slow Air)  
trad. Scottish  
"Hellar Holm"  
"Brinkie's Bras" 3.35  
Allie Windwick
- Band 2: Medley of Scandinavian tunes 2.50
- Band 3: "Road to Hammer Chunkie"  
(Strathspey)  
"Nether Bow" (Reel) 1.35  
James Craigie
- Band 4: "Whaals Rest" 1.30  
James Craigie
- Band 5: "Scottish Hornpipe"  
"Flowers O' Edinburgh" 2.17  
trad. Scottish
- Band 6: "Inganess"  
"The Strynd"  
"El Adhem" 4.13  
Hugh Inkster
- Band 7: "The Old Polka"  
trad. Orcadian  
"Dancing Waves" 2.40  
David Eunson
- Band 8: "Gardebylaten"  
F. Olsson, Swedish  
"Stockholmslaten" 2.37  
trad. Swedish
- Band 9: "Salute to the Lasses" 1.20  
(Ronnie Aimi)
- Band 10: Shetland Selection  
(trad.)  
"Nannie an Andrew"  
"My Wife's a Drunkard"  
"Shalder Geo"  
"Sail her ower da Rufftrees" 2.25

Recorded: Phoenix Cinema, Kirkwall, Orkney, November, 1978  
Sound technician: Bert Stockan  
Photographs: Douglas Shearer, Phoenix Photos  
Production: Nancy Cassell

Nancy Cassell, from Syracuse, New York, has been living in Orkney and collecting folk music on the islands for the past two years

Special thanks to Mr. George Argo, Kirkwall, Orkney, for the use of his ancient croft, "Kirkbister," for the cover photograph.

("Kirkbister," on the north mainland of Orkney, was built in approximately 1462.)

# Music from the Orkney Islands

Photo (left to right): Nancy Cassell, Ingrid Jolly,  
Allie Windwick, Billy Jolly, Hugh Inkster

PRODUCED BY NANCY CASSELL

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

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# Music from the Orkney Islands

featuring Allie Windwick and Hugh Inkster



Top row (l-r): Nancy Cassell, Billy Jolly, Ingrid Jolly

Bottom row (l-r): Allie Windwick, Hugh Inkster

Ask an Orcadian if he is a Scot, and the answer you receive will likely be a very firm "no". Although these islands may be, as far as governmental jurisdiction is concerned, a part of Britain, with only the tempestuous Pentland Firth between them and the northeast Scottish coast, it seems there is more than a physical separation between Orkney and all parts "sooth". The Orcadians have not forgotten their Scandinavian ancestry; this northern influence, combined with the inhabitants' quiet, stubborn sense of independence, helps to keep the Orkney world unmistakably distinct.

In the field of music, this juxtaposition of north and south is also evident. Although many Orkney melodies are clearly of Scottish origin, others exhibit traits belonging to the northern neighbors of Shetland, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. When these elements are combined and placed in the hands of talented Orcadian composers and musicians, the results can be of a pleasing and highly individual nature.

For this record, we focus attention on two Orkney men, Allie Windwick and Hugh Inkster. The first, Allie Windwick, is a native of Kirkwall, the main city of the Orkney Islands, where he now lives with his wife "Sis" and his son William. For all of his working life, Allie has been two people: one is linotype operator for the local newspaper, "The Orcadian", a position he has held for forty-eight years; the other is com-

poser, a career to which he has devoted much of his spare time for more than a quarter of a century. Some of his songs, including "Lonely Scapa Flow" and "Partans in his Creel", have brought him international recognition; others are appreciated within a more limited area. For the selections which have true incidents as their base, Mr. Windwick demonstrates his ability as a storyteller as well as songwriter. As there are samples in these lyrics of both Scottish and Orcadian dialect, we have included a brief glossary to help with interpretation.

Allie's songs are performed here by a young couple, Billy and Ingrid Jolly, also from Kirkwall. Whenever they have a free moment in their busy life of managing a fish shop and raising two lively daughters, they bring out the guitar and practice Allie's music. If Allie composes a new song, he presents it first to Billy and Ingrid, and it is they who are responsible for sharing it with future audiences.

The second side of this record concentrates on the music of Hugh Inkster. Hugh, originally from the island of Rousay, has been living in Kirkwall for the past forty years with his wife Dorothy. Now retired as secretary of the Auctin Mart in Kirkwall, he has more time to devote to playing the fiddle, an occupation which has earned him a reputation as one of the best musicians in Orkney.

In the pieces he has selected for this record, he gives us

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samples of Scottish, Scandinavian, Shetland, and Orcadian tunes, each made distinctive by his light touch and choice of ornaments. Of the Orcadian tunes represented, two are Allie Windwick's, three are Hugh's own compositions, three are those of his uncle James Craigie, of the island of Rousay; one, "The Salute to the Lasses", is composed by Ronnie Aim, the director of the local Strathspey and Reel Society, and another, "Dancing Waves", is by David Eunson of Deerness, a local musician and instrument maker.

#### SIDE ONE: ALLIE WINDWICK

"Chappan at the Door" 1.42

vocal: Billy and Ingirid Jolly

mandolin: Allie Windwick

guitar: Ingirid Jolly

"Partans in his Creel" 2.23

vocal and guitar: Ingirid Jolly

"Peedie Pakistani" 4.16

vocal: Billy and Ingirid Jolly

mandolin: Allie Windwick

guitar: Ingirid Jolly

"Sleepie Laddie" 3.03

vocal: Nancy Cassell and

Ingirid Jolly

guitar: Nancy Cassell

"Charlie's Jukebox"

"Weary O' the Darning" 1.20

"Picky by the Sea"

"Cubbie Roo" 2.56

mandolin: Allie Windwick

guitar: Ingirid Jolly

"Isie's Caan tae Brew" 1.33

vocal: Billy and Ingirid Jolly

guitar: Ingirid Jolly

"Weary O' the Darning" 1.46

vocal: Billy and Ingirid Jolly

guitar: Ingirid Jolly

mandolin: Allie Windwick

"Butter on the Bow" 3.10

vocal: Billy and Ingirid Jolly

guitar: Ingirid Jolly

mandolin: Allie Windwick

#### SIDE TWO: HUGH INKSTER

fiddle: Hugh Inkster

guitar: Nancy Cassell

"The Orphan Boy" (Slow Air) trad. Scottish

"Helliari Holm"

"Brinkie's Brae" Allie Windwick 3.35

Medley of Scandinavian tunes 2.50

"Road to Hammer Chunkie" (Strathspey)

"Nether Bow" (Reel) James Craigie 1.35

"Whaal's Rost" James Craigie 1.30

"Scottish Hornpipe" trad. Scottish  
"Flowers O' Edinburgh" trad. Scottish 2.17

"Inganess"

"The Strynd"

"El Adhem" Hugh Inkster 4.13

"The Old Polka"

"Dancing Waves" trad. Orcadian David Eunson 2.40

"Gardebylaten"

"Stockholmslaten" F. Olsson, Swedish trad. Swedish 2.37

"Salute to the Lasses"

Ronnie Aim 1.20

Shetland Selection

trad.

"Nannie an Andrew"

"My Wife's a Drunkard"

"Shalder Geo"

"Sail her ower da Ruftrees" 2.25

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Special Thanks to Mr. George Argo, Kirkwall, Orkney, for the use of his ancient croft, "Karbister", for the cover photograph.

("Karbister," on the north Mainland of Orkney, was built in approximately 1462.)

#### GLOSSARY

|            |   |
|------------|---|
| biggit     | built (from Old Norse, bygging)                                 |
| bogey      | a ghost   |
| The Bu     | the main farm in the area (from old Norse, "bu"—a farm, estate) |
| chap       | knock   |
| dookit     | ducked, dived   |
| dortan     | sulking   |
| feeding    | treacle for feeding cattle                                      |
| treckle    |   |
| fu'        | drunk (also full)   |
| girnan     | whimpering  |
| glory hole | an untidy cupboard where odds and ends are kept                 |
| partans    | edible crabs  |
| peedie,    | small (from Norwegian)  |
| peerie     |   |
| Sankey     | a lively Baptist hymn   |
| sark       | shirt, vest   |
| sillerless | pennyless   |
| skirlan    | a rough sound, almost a screech                                 |
| sneck      | latch   |
| stotted    | bounced, stuttered  |
| thole      | stand, put up with  |
| throwie    | a person who is not well  |
| unkan      | unknown in the neighborhood                                     |
| wag-upon-  | a clock with a pendulum   |
| the-wa'    |   |

## Lyrics

### "Chappan at the Door"

Boy! There's somebody chappan at the door, Jock Scott!  
 Aye a chap-chap-chappan at wir door!  
 'Tis a cowl'd dark night, and wae dinna hae a light,  
 And there isn't any rug tae the floor.  
 But I sleep at the back o' the bed, Jock Scott  
 While thoo're aye gey weel tae the fore,  
 So A'll laeve it tae thee tae get oot o' bed an' see  
 Wha's a-chap-chap-chappan at the door!

At the door (chap chap); at the door (chap chap);  
 Aye a-chap-chap-chappan at wir door.  
 So A'll lave it tae thee tae get oot o' bed an' see  
 Wha's a-chap-chap-chappan at the door!

Na! There's naebody chappan at the door, Jean Scott!  
 No' a-chap-chap-chappan at wir door!  
 'Tis the wind i' the sneck, or wae mebbe hae a lack  
 An' sheu's drippan wi' a pleenk on the floor.  
 So A'll bide whar I am in me bed, Jean Scott,  
 An' wae'll baith hae a right geud snore!  
 For the man isna' right wha'd be oot on sic a night  
 Tae come chap-chap-chappan at the door!

At the door (chap chap); at the door (chap chap);  
 Aye a-chap-chap-chappan at wir door.  
 For the man isna' right wha'd be oot on sic a night  
 Tae come chap-chap-chappan at the door!

### "Partans in his Creel"

Oh! I lay in bed ower lang this morning, heedless o' me mither's scorning  
 Turned and twisted a' last night and never closed an e'e: thinking  
 While ootside a million stars were winking, sleep it wadna come for  
 o' the three sma' loving words that Willie said tae me!  
 Willie's tall and Willie's bonnie; Willie hasna muckle money-  
 No' that siller matters when I ken I lo'e him weel.  
 Still, I think I'd better tarry; bide a wee afore I marry-  
 No' till Willie catches mair than partans in his creel!

For me Mither ca's me young and silly- far too young tae marry Willie;  
 Seventeen comes Christmas Day tae Willie's twenty-three;  
 And that aa' he's ever saved or striven wadna' gae the cat a living-  
 Aa' the wark that Willie does is runnin' efter me!  
 Willie's slow and Willie's lazy; Willie tak's things ower aisy;  
 Faither says he's naithing but a trowie ne'er-dae-weel!  
 So I think I'd better tarry; bide a wee afore I marry-  
 No' till Willie catches mair than partans in his creel!

## Lyrics (2)

There's a peerie croft amang the heather, whar he says we'll bide taegether;  
 Whiles, he'll mak' a living wae his boatie on the sea;  
 There's a wee bit hoose his faither biggit, stootly thatched and snugly  
 riggit,   
 Waiting tae be taken ower by Willie an' by me!  
 Willie stands aroond an' whistles; Willie's fields are fu' o' thistles-  
 Thistles never brought a body any milk an' meal;  
 Na! I think I'd better tarry; bide a wee afore I marry-  
 No' till Willie catches mair than partans in his creel!



## "Peedie Pakistani"

As a lad I used tae dream I'd be captain o' the team  
Or the driver o' an omnibus or train;  
Be a future Jacques Cousteau efter skett in Scapa Flow  
Or the pilot o' a transatlantic plane . . .  
I left the Grammar School tae work for Cookie Yule  
In his bakery, his grocery an' store,  
Wae the turpentine an' breid, smokit fish an' pottitheid  
An' a cask o' feeding treckle by the door!

Wae a pail o' weel cement up a ladder I wis sent,  
Be'an joiner, cook an' scavenger an' aa!  
Then a former fae the Mert, wi' a Clydesdale an' a kert  
Caa'd the ladder, boy an' bucket aff the waa!  
The view fae upside-doon wis like lukkan fae the moon:  
For a-cumman up tae meet me wis the floor;  
Aal the turpentine an' breid, smokit fish an' pottitheid  
An' the cask o' feeding treckle by the door!

Though the night be afill dark A'm as chirpy as a lark,  
No' a-feared tae luk a bogey in the face . . .  
But the scene in Cookie's cask (chuiet in case yer gaan tae ask!)  
Was as black as aal the holes in ooter space!  
They dredged me fae me drook, and hung me on a hook  
Ower the cask o' feeding treckle by the door;  
Scraped me chin an' both me cheeks, wrung me simmit  
draars an' breeks  
Cheust tae keep their measly treckle aff the floor!

Both me hands were ferly stuck in me pockets wi' the muck  
An' wurr door I couldna open by mesel':  
So I straitched upon me toes, dabbed around wi' sticky nose  
Till I fund the peedie knob an' rang the bell!  
I heard me mither call me sister in the hall,  
Then me faither fae the kitchen gaed a roar:  
"Dinna answer, Maggie May, an' he'll mebbe go away:  
There's a Peedie Pakistani at the door!"

I felt such as aafil fool back I ran an' vowed tae Yule  
I wid emigrate fae Orkney right away . . .  
Fell he doon on bended knee—ferly sookan up tae me—  
Wae a bid tae pit a shilling on me pay!  
I snorted: "Don't be daft—A'm no' so bliddy saft!  
I wid rather sterve tae daith in Singapore!  
Stuff yer turpentine an' breid, smokit fish an' pottitheid  
Up yer cask o' feeding treckle by the door!"

Then I laboured long and late at my books to graduate,  
And at last became a Servant of the Crown;  
Often sailed across the Firth—now a gentleman of worth—  
I'm a Fac-tory Inspector of renown!  
I didna knock his breid; condemn his pottitheid,  
For I kent they'd be as wholesome as of yore.  
Na! The only thing I did wis tae MAK HIM PIT A LID  
On his cask o' feeding treckle by the door!

## Lyrics (3)

### "Sleepy Laddie"

Lies low the sun, and shadows tall  
Across the fields are creeping;  
And soon the big round yellow moon  
Will ower the brae come peeping.  
Haste ye, noo, lay by your barrow:  
Daddy'll mend the broken wheel tomorrow.  
Come ye in, and get ye bedded doon  
It's time my lad was sleeping.

Come put ye on your wee white goon  
 Afore the peat-fire cheery:  
 We'll gang the morn intae the toon  
 For sweeties for my dearie.  
 Hush ye noo, and stop your sighing  
 Or Wee Willie Winkie'll come a-prying.  
 Snug ye doon, my lad, and sleep ye soond  
 For Mammy's sitting near ye.

He's played all day wi' golden sand  
 And weary is my laddie;  
 His curly head is noddan and  
 He's greetan for his Daddy.  
 Wheesht ye noo, my brave wee fellow-  
 Tears'll weet your cosy, cosy pillow:  
 Close your eyes, while Mother sings to you  
 My sleepy peedie laddie.

Oh, softly, softly, ane and a'!  
 And gentle wi' your speaking:  
 He's turned his wee face tae the wa'  
 And ceased his plaintive weeping.  
 Dream ye sweet, my bonnie fellow-  
 Eyes so blue, and hair so yellow, yellow:  
 Hush now! Lightly let your footsteps fa'!  
 For my wee laddie's sleeping!

#### Lyrics (4)

#### "Isie's Gaan Tae Brew"

If A'm no' hame on Friday night, thoo'll fin' me at the Bu, boy;  
 For when I've gaen me face a dight, A'm gaan ower tae visit Isie.  
 A'll be there till broad daylight, an' maybe A'll get fu' boy  
 When I geung ower on Friday night, for Isie's gaan tae brew!  
 Tae brew-ew-ew; tae brew-ew-ew; owld Isie's gaan tae brew!

It's weary workan a' the day wi' harrow an' wi' plow, boy;  
 There's hens tae maet an' calves tae gae, an' seun we'll hae a soo tae ferry.  
 Ach! I think it's time tae quite—so divvie tak' the soo, boy  
 When I geung ower on Friday night, for Isie's gaan tae brew!  
 Tae brew-ew-ew; tae brew-ew-ew; owld Isie's gaan tae brew!

A'm plaguit wae a dorian wife, aye doon about the mou', boy,  
 An, girnan ower the storms o' life; dour an' cauld in every weather.  
 Late yistreen I tell her strite tae sleep aside the coo, boy  
 When I geung ower on Friday night, for Isie's gaan tae brew!  
 Tae brew-ew-ew; tae brew-ew-ew; owld Isie's gaan tae brew!

So if thoo're roond on Friday night, A'll tell thee whit tae deu, boy:  
 Cheust speir the len' o' Mansie's bibe an' come thoo ower tae visit Isie.  
 Wu'll be there till broad daylight, an' mebbe wu'll get fu', boy  
 When wae geung ower on Friday night, for Isie's gaan tae brew!  
 Tae brew-ew-ew; tae brew-ew-ew; owld Isie's gaan tae brew!

## "Weary O' the Darning"

Here's a tinkler seekan rags, seekan rags an' seekan rags;  
Begg wi' plea that never flags, tho' Collie growls a warning.  
What's the use o' coman here: we're sillerless, wi' little gear;  
A' the time the billows roar, men wha fish must bide ashore.

Come ye back some ither day, ither day, some ither day,  
We're wearan a' the rags wae hae, an' weary o' the darning!

Here's a man wha winna ploo, winna ploo, wha winna ploo;  
Ne'er a thowt tae keep a coo—he canna thole the farming!  
Cauld the wind wi' whistle seeks the muckle holes in Willie's breeks!  
A' the time the billows roar, men wha fish must bide ashore.

Come ye back some ither day, ither day, some ither day,  
We're wearan a' the rags wae hae, an' weary o' the darning!

In an' oot the needle flies, needle flies, the needle flies;  
Patches here o' sic a size, 'twill keep her gaan till morning!  
Gang wae a' wi' tattered sark while faither's creels are oot o' wark!  
A' the time the billows roar, men wha fish must bide ashore.

Come ye back some ither day, ither day, some ither day,  
We're wearan a' the rags wae hae, an' weary o' the darning!

## Lyrics (5)

### "Butter on the Bow"

When I first tried a teun on me Faither's violin  
Wi' a dee-a-doo-a-dirna-diddle eye-dum-doh!  
A' me folk were away on the summer Sabbath day  
That I scrapit on his fiddle wi' the Owld Man's bow!  
Gaed a twiddle tae the string an' pat the fiddle tae me chin,  
Wi' a mind tae keep the Sabbath, so I thowt I'd try a hymn.  
But I got an affil skreek—no' a doo-a-dirna-diddle!  
When I scrapit on his fiddle wi' the Owld Man's bow!

Oh! The wee ginger cat dookit underneath the mat  
Wi' a dee-a-doo-a-dirna-diddle eye-dum-doh!  
An' the dug raised his jowl an' gaed such a faerfil howl  
That he drooned all the skirlan o' the Owld Man's bow!  
Then I tried tae tak' me tempo fae the wag-upon-the-waa,  
But me Sankey soounded affly like the 'Turkey in the Straa!  
So I tried anither key, but the skreek wis warse than iver  
When I scrapit on his fiddle wi' the Owld Man's bow!

Noo I ken ower weel hoo tae cure a squeakan wheel  
Wi' a dee-a-doo-a-dirna-diddle eye-dum-doh!  
An' A'm thinkan, says I, that there's something gettan dry  
So I doot wae'll need tae lubricate the Owld Man's bow!  
Boy! I hunted in the glory-hole that's in below the stair;  
In the box ahint the tractor, but there wisna any there!  
Feth! I hunted a' the hoose, but the oil had geen amissing—  
So I rubbed a bit o' butter on the Owld Man's bow!

Gaed a twirl tae the string; pat the fiddle tae me chin  
Wi' a dee-a-doo-a-dirna-diddle eye-dum-doh!  
But alas for me teun—ye wad heard a droppan pin—  
For there wisna even a whisper fae the Owld Man's bow!  
Boy! I workit at the fiddle like a joiner wi' a saa  
Till the clairs o' Orkney butter ferly stotted aff the waa!  
Bit I couldna' get a dee, or a doo-a-dirna-diddle  
When I scrapit on his fiddle wi' the Owld Man's bow!

Then the kirk folk cam' in and I smerted for me sin  
Wi' a dee-a-doo-a-dirna-diddle eye-dum-doh!  
For he played such a tune that I couldna sit me doon  
But wis minded o' the butter on the Owld Man's bow!  
So A'm finished wi' the fiddle, and there's no' the slightest doot,  
If I ever learn an instrument hid's gaan tae be the fute!  
For when unkan folk come by, and they mak' the introductions  
A'm the boy that pat the butter on the Owld Man's bow!





## Smithsonian Folkways

It is the policy of Smithsonian Folkways to consider graphics and texts from our collections as historical artifacts and therefore to reproduce album jacket covers, notes and booklets as originally published. However, over the years new scholarship generates additional knowledge and sometimes corrections to the original publications are called for. We publish such items as errata.

### ERRATA

|           |         |              |
|-----------|---------|--------------|
| PAGE      | FOR     | READ         |
| Cover Art | FW08470 | Hugh Intaker |

The cover art contains a misspelling of Hugh Inkster's name. He is incorrectly credited as "Hugh Intaker."