

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FW 8731

Peggy Seeger & Ewan MacColl

Saturday Night at the Bull & Mouth



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1627
S447
S254
1978

MUSIC LP

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FW 8731

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(Oak Pub.)

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trad. arr. Peggy Seeger
- originally issued in England on Blackthorne Records BR 1055

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Peggy Seeger & Ewan MacColl Saturday Night at the Bull & Mouth

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FW 8731

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Side 1

Band One BLACKLEG MINER

The term *blackleg* was originally used to describe racehorse swindlers and gamblers who betted without intending to pay their losses, and is thought to allude to the legs of a *rook*, another name for a swindler. Since 1865, it has become the generally accepted term for a scab or strikebreaker. The hatred and contempt of organised workers for those who desert to the enemy is perfectly expressed in this hard-hitting song from County Durham.
(mandolin, Neill MacColl; Appalachian dulcimer, Peggy Seeger)

It's every evening after dark,
The blackleg miner creeps to work
Wi' moleskin pants and dirty shirt,
There goes the blackleg miner.

They take their picks and doon they go
To hew the coal that lies below,
There's not a woman in our town row
Will look at a blackleg miner.

Delaval is a terrible place,
They rub wet clay on a blackleg's face
And around the pit heap they run a foot race
To catch the blackleg miner.

Don't go near that Seghill mine,
Across the way they stretch a line,
To catch the throat and break the spine
Of the dirty blackleg miner.

They'll take your tools and claes as well
And hoy them doon the pit of hell (throw)
It's doon you go and fare thee well,
Thou dirty blackleg miner!

So join the union while you may
Don't wait until your dyin' day
For that may not be far away
Thou dirty blackleg miner.

Band Two THE RAMBLIN' MAN

This American version of "The Gaberlunzie-Man" (No. 279, Appendix, in the Child collection of ballads) has turned the Scots beggarman into a new world nomad. The ballad has rarely been collected at all in the United States, but to this day it is a favourite amongst traditional and revival singers in Scotland, where it lives a vigorous and varied life.
(guitar, Peggy Seeger)

CHORUS: IDDI RAN DIDDI RAN ORAN DEE
RAMBLE TO RICHMOND ALONG WITH ME,
RAMBLE TO RICHMOND ALONG WITH ME,
AWAY WITH THE RAMBLIN' MAN.

O, the ramblin' man was weary and wet
Down by the side of the fire he sat,
He had a bundle and a walkin' stick
And merrily he did sing.

With his pipe in his jaw, and his jaw full of smoke,
A beard hung down to the top of his coat,
He laughed and danced with a ramblin' joke,
For he was a ramblin' man. (chorus)

O, the youngest girl sat down by the fire,
O, she sang to his desire;
With every verse she did enquire,
Could I ramble along with you?

O, pretty little girl, try if you can
To walk and talk like a ramblin' man,
Chaw your tobacco like a ramblin' man
And away with me you'll go.

O, she bent her back and she winked her eye,
Shuffled along with many a sigh,
And when he laughed she began to cry,
Could I ramble along with you? (chorus)

He says, "My dear, if I was free
As when I came to your country,
I'd dress you up like a fine lady
And away with me you'd go."

She says, "My dear, if I was free
I'd leave my ma and my own country
I'd dress me up all beggarly
And away with you I'd go." (chorus)

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When the song was sung, when the tale was told,
She was sly and he was bold,
And though the night was wet and cold,
Away they both did go.

O, down in the holler there's a white oak tree,
The grass as green as you ever did see,
She was lovin' and he was free,
For he was the ramblin' man. (chorus)

When the years was passed about three or four,
And the corn was cut five times or more,
A ramblin' man came up to my door
The same old ramblin' man.

Well, I don't welcome a ramblin' man,
That's where sorrow and tears began,
I had a daughter and away she ran,
Away with the ramblin' man. (chorus)

O, yonder's a lady, comin' with me,
She has babies, one-two-three;
One at her hip and one at her knee
And another one a-ramblin' home.

She has a wagon, she rides to town,
Silver spoons and a taffety gown,
She has a pig and a muley cow
Since she went with the ramblin' man. (chorus)

Band Three YOUNG PEGGY

It isn't often that one finds a traditional ballad as lyrical and tender in feeling as this one. Here there is no blood, no cruelty, just two people in love and determined to consummate their love as quickly as possible.

Whaur hae ye been, Peggy,
Whaur hae ye been?
In the gairden 'mang the gillyflowers,
'Tween the hours of twelve and ane.

Ye werena yourself!, Peggy,
No' there your lane (alone)
Your faither saw ye in Jamie's airms
'Tween the hours o' twelve and ane.

What though we were seen, mither,
Though we were seen?
I would sleep in Jamie's airms
Though his grave was growin' green.

Your Jamie's a rogue, Peggy,
Jamie's a loon, (a boy, a lazy person)
For the trystin' o' oor ae dochter (only)
And her saw very young.

Jamie's no' to blame, mither,
The blame lies on me,
For I would sleep in Jamie's airms
Though a' the world should dee. (die)

She's gane tae her ain chaulmer,
Jamie was there,
I'm blithe to see ye, Jamie dear,
Though we maun meet nae mair. (must)

We'll tak' a pairtin' glass, Jamie,
Pour oot the wine -
And since we maun meet nae mair, my love,
We'll drink your health and mine.

Tak' me in your airms, laddie,
Here's kisses five,
And since we maun meet nae mair, my love
We'll drink weel may we thrive.

Come to my airms, Peggy,
Close to my hairt,
And as lang's the sun hings in the lift (sky)
I swear we'll never pairt.

Your faither keeps a crawin' cock,
Divides nicht frae day,
And in the middlewatch o' the nicht
In greenwood ye'll meet me.

When mass was sung and bells were rung
And a' bound for bed,
She's kilted up her gay clothing,
Met Jamie in the wood.

'Twas early in the morning,
The clock chappit twa, (struck two)
Her faither rose up in his bed,
Cryin', "Peggy, she's awa'!"

They've mounted their horses
And fast they did rin,
But lang ere they come to the top o' the hill
The lad and lass were vin. (one)

Band Four JOHN J. CURTIS

This song was taken from the singing of Andrew Rada, Shenandoah, Pennsylvania in 1946. John J. Curtis was a shotfirer in the Morea Colliery and he lost his sight in 1888. Thereafter, led by a boy, he roamed the anthracite region singing this ballad and selling broadsheets on which it was printed. The text was made for him by the Lansford bard, Joseph Gallagher. (guitar, Peggy Seeger)

My name is John J. Curtis, my age is twenty-eight,
Born in Schuylkill County, and there I met my fate;
So friends with your attention, if you will be so kind,
I'll tell you of that fatal day that I was stricken blind.

It was a fine May morning, the sun peeped o'er the hill,
The little birds sang loud and sweet, I seem to see them still;
My heart was full of purest joy as to the mines I'd stray
To earn an honest living in the colliery of Morea.

At eight o'clock I climbed my pitch and to my work did go,
I drilled two holes and loaded them, lit one and ran below;
It soon went off, I then went back, to the one that did remain,
When by its mouth it, too, went off and blew me down again.

I lay there in the darkness, covered up with coal,
Like tears my blood ran down my face, great lumps did on me roll;
When I got up, my cap and lamp was all that I could find,
And when I lit a match, my friends, I saw that I was blind.

So, kind friends, do take pity, on him you chance to find,
Wandering through your city, that in both eyes is blind;
You know not when your time may come, that this same road you'll stray,
So, good friends, be so generous to the collier of Morea.

Band Five JOHN HARDY

The "hero" of this song died on the gallows on January 19, 1894, in McDowell County, West Virginia. He worked for the Shawnee Coal Company and was said to be "black as a crow, over six feet tall, weighed about 200 pounds, was raw-boned and had unusually long arms." One pay-day night, he killed a man in a crap game over a dispute of twenty-five cents. In the traditional song repertory, the gambler, drunkard and murderer John Hardy is occasionally confused with the epic black railroader, John Henry. (banjo, Peggy Seeger)

John Hardy was a desperate little man
He carried two guns every day,
Killed a man on the West Virginia line
Y'oughta seen John Hardy gettin' away, poor boy (2).

John Hardy stood at the gamblin' table
Didn't have no interest in the game,
'Long come a little gal, threw a dollar down,
Says, "Deal my Johnny in the game, poor boy (2) "

John Hardy took that little gal's dollar
And then he began to play,
"The man that wins my little gal's dollar,
That'll be his dyin' day, poor boy (2) "

John Hardy drew to a four-card straight
And the Chinaman drew to a pair;
Johnny failed to catch and the Chinaman won
And he left him sittin' dead in his chair, poor boy (2)

Then he ran to catch that eastbound train,
So dark that he could not see.
'Long comes the deputy, took him by the arm,
Says, "Johnny, come and go along with me, poor boy (2) "

He called for his father and his father come down
To come and to go his bail:
But money don't go for a murderin' man
And they threw John Hardy back in jail, poor boy (2)

John Hardy had a pretty little wife,
Children she had three,
He cared no more for his wife and his babes
Than he did for the bottom of the sea, poor boy (2)

John Hardy had another little girl
The dress that she wore was blue,
She come a-runnin' to the old jailhouse,
Says, "Honey, I'll be true to you." (2)

I been to the east and I been to the west
Been this wide world round,
Been to the river and I been baptised
And now I'm on my hangin' ground, poor boy (2)

They took John Hardy to his hangin' ground
They hung him there to die,
Very last word that poor boy said,
My forty-gun it never told a lie, poor boy (2)

Band Six WILLIE'S LYKE-WAKE

Feigning death in order to entice a shy young woman into one's bed might, in these times, be regarded as an unnecessarily devious stratagem. But for Willie it works. According to Professor Child the theme "enjoys considerable popularity in European ballads". The song is a great favourite with Singers' Club audiences.

O Willie, my lad, what mak's ye sae sad?
FINE FLOOERS IN THE VALLEY
I lie sorely sick for the sake o' a maid,
AMANG THE BLUE FLOOERS AND THE YELLOW.

O, is she an heiress or lady fine?
FINE FLOOERS (etc.)
That she winna tak' ony pity on thee?
AMANG THE (etc.)

O Willie, my lad, I'll learn ye a wile, (etc.) (trick)
And this bonnie lassie ye may beguile (etc.)

O, ye'll lie doon as if ye were deid
And hap your windin'-sheet aroond about your heid. (wrap)

Ye'll pay the bellman his deid-groat,
To ring the deid-bell at your lover's gate.

He's laid doon as if he was deid,
And he's happed the windin'-sheet aroond about his heid.

He's paid the bellman his deid-groat,
To ring the deid-bell at his lover's gate.

O, wha is this that's deid I hear?
O, wha but Willie, that loved ye sae dear?

O faither, it's a' for pity's sake,
I maun gang to Willie's lyke-wake (must go)

When she cam' to her true-love's gate,
She's gien oot the red gowd and siller for his sake. (given, gold, silver)

When she cam' to her love's bedheid.
She's ta'en aside the windin'-sheet to look upon the deid.

But he's ta'en her by the middle sae jimp and sae sma' (neat)
And he's laid her doon between him and the wall.

Though a' your folk were about this bower,
Ye'd no' stay a maiden a single hour.

Ye cam' here a maiden sae meek and sae mild,
But ye will gang hame a wedded wife wi' a child.

Band Seven THE BALLAD OF SHARPEVILLE

In 1960, in the township of Sharpeville, South Africa, blacks taking part in a peaceful demonstration against the iniquitous pass-law were mowed down by the police. Sixty-seven blacks were killed in the space of seven minutes. This song was written a few days after the event. The mounting struggle of the people of Southern Africa and, in particular, the recent events in Soweto, have had the effect of maintaining the song's topicality. (guitars, Neill MacColl and Peggy Seeger)

From the Cape to South West Africa
From the Transvaal to the sea,
In farm and village, shanty town,
The Pass Law holds the people down,
The pass of slavery, DOM PASS!
The pass of slavery.

The morning wind blows through the land,
It murmurs in the grass:
And every leaf of every tree
Whispers words of hope to me,
"This day will end the pass, DOM PASS!
This day will end the pass".

The sun comes up on Sharpeville Town,
And drives the night away,
The word is heard in every street,
Against the Pass Law we will meet,
No-one will work today, DOM PASS!
No-one will work today.

It was on the twenty-first of March,
The day of Sharpeville's shame,
Hour by hour the crowd did grow
One voice that cried, "The pass must go!"
It spoke in freedom's name, DOM PASS!
It spoke in freedom's name.

Outside the police headquarter's fence
The Sharpeville people stand,
Inside the fence the white men pace,
Drunk with power and pride of race
Each with a gun in hand, DOM PASS!
Each with a gun in hand.

The Sharpeville crowd waits patiently
They talk and laugh and sing,
At eleven-fifteen the tanks come down
Roll through the streets of Sharpeville Town
To join the armoured ring, DOM PASS!
To join the armoured ring.

Neighbour talks to neighbour
And the kids play all around,
Until - without a warning word -
The sound of rifle fire is heard
And men fall to the ground, DOM PASS!
And men fall to the ground.

The panic-stricken people run
To flee the wild attack,
The police re-load and fire again
At running children, women, men
And shoot them in the back, DOM PASS!
And shoot them in the back.

Sixty-seven Africans
Lay dead there on the ground,
Apartheid's harvest for a day
Three times their number wounded lay,
Their blood stained all around, DOM PASS!
Their blood stained all around.

There's blood on the men who fired the guns,
On the men who made the laws -
There's blood on the hands of the Whitehall ranks,
Who gave the thugs their guns and tanks,
Who help in oppression's cause, DOM PASS!
Who help in oppression's cause.

Side 2

Band One FREIGHT TRAIN

I first heard this song from Elizabeth Cotten, a black woman from North Carolina who had come up to Washington D.C. It has changed since then - Libba used to play with a two-fingered left-handed style, gently and with a kind of almost tender urgency. The song has now become an old favourite and has passed through the often careless hands of the revival and become many things to many people. To me, it is still Libba's song, and I have inserted another of her pieces, "The Wilson Rag" into the break in the middle. (autoharp, Peggy Seeger; guitars, Calum and Neill MacColl)

CHORUS:

FREIGHT TRAIN, FREIGHT TRAIN, GOING SO FAST,
FREIGHT TRAIN, FREIGHT TRAIN, GOING SO FAST,
PLEASE DON'T TELL THEM WHAT TRAIN I'M ON
SO THEY WON'T KNOW WHAT ROUTE I HAVE GONE.

When I die, just bury me deep,
Down at the end of old Chestnut Street,
Place a stone at my head and my feet
And tell them not to grieve after me. (chorus)

When I die, just bury me deep,
Down at the end of old Chestnut Street
So I can't hear old Number Nine
As she goes roarin' on by.

("The Wilson Rag")

When I die, just bury me deep,
Down at the end of old Chestnut Street,
Place a stone at my head and my feet,
And tell them all I've gone to see. (chorus)

Band Two YTHANSIDE

The river Ythan rises at the Wells of Ythan in Aberdeenshire and empties into the North Sea near Newburgh, a mere 35 miles away. Not much of a competitor in the big river stakes! Nevertheless, the Ythan has inspired this almost perfect portrayal of rural courtship proving, once again, that small can be beautiful.

As I gaed doon by Ythanside,
Where gently flows the rolling tide,
A bonnie lass come me beside,
Her looks did me ensnare.

I own she was a beauty bricht
As ever trod the braes o' Gight,
I would hae spent the leelang nicht (entire)
Wi' her on Ythanside.

So I turned my back on Fyvie's belles
And my poor heart gied mony a knell,
I spiered the road for St. John's Wells (asked)
With courage stout and bold.

This lassie turned without delay
And unto me these words did say,
"I scarcely gang twa miles this way,
The truth I'll tell you plain."

"But if ye gang the road ye cam'
I'll get a man will show ye hame,
Oot ower yon bonnie flowery glen
And doon by Ythanside."

I thanked the maid and grew richt bold,
Her flocks were drivin' to the fold,
And mony a lively tale she told
Just as we gaed alang.

At length we reached her faither's hame,
Sac bashfully as I gaed ben, (went in)
Thinks I mysel', 'I'm far frae hame
Although on Ythanside."

But a' the folks they were discreet
And ilka ane aboot did creep (every one)
The auld guidwife brocht ben a seat
And bid me to sit doon.

I sat me doon the folk to please,
They treated me tae breid and cheese,
The bairnies flocked aroond like bees (children)
A blithesome sicht tae see.

I sat me doon there weel content
The auld guidman for news was bent;
To court the lass was my intent,
The truth I'll tell ye plain.

But the servant lads began to spit
And gather a' up tae their feet,
Thinks I, "My lads, you're gaun tae flit
And all bound for your beds."

So up I rose then, straight upright,
And bid them a' a blithe guidnicht,
And speired the road to Main's o' Gight
To which this maid replied:

"I'll show ye by the barn door,"
Judge ye gin oor twa hairts were sore (if)
To think we'd pairt to meet nae more
On bonnie Ythanside.

So I took the lassie by the hand,
For time was short, we had to stand,
I got a kiss upon demand,
And then these words she said:

"When you come by this road again,
It's then wi' you I will be gaun,"
So I gaed whistlin' doon the glen
And hame by Ythanside.

Band Three SOAP

This story is told in North Carolina, but its theme is a common one in European folktales. Usually the central figure is a simpleton who repeats his instructions over and over, forgetting them when he stumbles.

Band Four TH'OWD CHAP

In this Lancashire version of "Our Gudeman" (Child 274), our unfortunate hero is neither drunk nor particularly scandalised by the evidence of his wife's infidelity. One feels that he has become accustomed to the weight of his horns and all that matters to him now is having the last querulous work in the verbal battle with his contemptuous spouse.

Th'owd chap came ower t' bank, bawling for his tea,
Saw a pair o' mucky clogs where his owd clogs should be,
Come here wife, come here wife, what's this here I see?
How come this mucky pair o' clogs where my owd clogs should be?
Y'owd bugger, ye daft bugger, can't you plainly see?
Them's just a couple of pickle-jars me owd mam sent to me,
I'VE BEEN OWER HILLS AND DALES, ME LASS,
AND MANY A GRASSY MOOR,
BUT GIRT HOB-NAILS ON A PICKLE-JAR I'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE

Th'owd chap came ower t' bank, bawling for his tea,
Saw a coat on back o' t' door, where his owd coat should be,
Come here wife, come here wife, what's this here I see?
How come this coat on t' back o' t' door, where my owd coat should be?
Y'owd bugger, ye daft bugger, can't you plainly see?
That's just an owd dish-clout me old mam sent to me.
I'VE BEEN OWER HILLS AND DALES, ME LASS,
AND MANY A GRASSY MOOR,
BUT BUTTONS ON A DISH-CLOUT I'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE.

Th'owd chap came ower t' bank, bawling for his tea,
Saw a head on t' pillow where his owd head should be,
Come here wife, come here wife, what's this here I see?
How come this head on t' pillow, where my owd head should be?
Y'owd bugger, ye daft bugger, can't you plainly see?
That's just a home-grown turnip me owd mam sent to me.
I'VE BEEN OWER HILLS AND DALES, ME LASS,
AND MANY A GRASSY MOOR,
BUT GIRT BIG TEETH IN A TURNIP I'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE.

Th'owd chap came ower t' bank, bawling for his tea,
Saw a pair of hairy cods where his own cods should be.
Come here wife, come here wife, what's this here I see?
How come this pair of hairy cods where my own cods should be?
Y'owd bugger, ye daft bugger, can't you plainly see?
That's just a couple of home-grown spuds me owd mam sent to me.
I'VE BEEN OWER HILLS AND DALES, ME LASS,
AND MANY A GRASSY MOOR,
BUT HOME-GROWN SPUDS WITH HAIRS ON I'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE.

Th'owd chap came ower t' bank, bawling for his tea,
Saw a girt big standing prick where his owd prick should be,
Come here wife, come here wife, what's this here I see?
How come this girt big standing prick where my owd prick should be?
Y'owd bugger, ye daft bugger, can't you plainly see?
That's just a home-grown carrot me owd mam sent to me.
I'VE BEEN OWER HILLS AND DALES, ME LASS,
AND MANY A GRASSY MOOR,
BUT A CARROT DIGGIN' A GREAT BIG HOLE I'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE.

Band Five RATTLING ROARING WILLIE

The hero of this short piece is a fiddle player. Robert Burns added the third stanza as a compliment to his friend William Dunbar, a member of the Edinburgh club, The Crochallan Fencibles, and "one of the worthiest fellows in the world".
(English concertina, Peggy Seeger)

O rattling roaring Willie, and he come to the fair
And for to sell his fiddle and buy some other ware,
But partin' wi' his fiddle the saut tear blin't his e'e (eye)
O rattlin' roarin' Willie, you're welcome hame to me.

O Willie, come sell your fiddle, come sell your fiddle sae fine,
O Willie, come sell your fiddle and buy a pint o' wine!
If I should sell my fiddle, the warld would think I was mad
For mony the rantin' day my fiddle and I hae had.

As I come by Crochallen, I cannily keekit ben (looked in)
And rattlin' roarin' Willie was sittin' at yon board-end,
Sittin' at yon' board-end amang good company
O rattlin' roarin' Willie, you're welcome hame to me.

Band Six UP IN WISCONSIN

The writer of this song, Don Lange, lives in Iowa, where he drives trucks for a living. The last verse was written by Peggy.
(guitars, Neill MacColl and Peggy Seeger)

Up in Wisconsin just the other day
They bombed a timber with a chemical spray
Wanted it cleared, didn't care how,
Had to have a place to feed the cows....

Up in Alaska, where the men are men,
They hunt timber wolves from an aeroplane;
Pelts don't bring but a dollar or two,
Just enough to pay the pilot and the crew.

CHORUS: LORD I WANT TO GO BACK HOME
AND FISH THOSE COLD CRYSTAL STREAMS,
O LORD, I WANT TO GO BACK HOME ONCE AGAIN
WHERE THE EVERGREENS ARE GREEN.

Way down south, in a bayou swamp,
Alligator lived in a cypress stump.
Poacher-man comes with a hook and gun,
Make a briefcase for a rich man's son....

Farmer had a field of oats and hay
Till they come to build another highway,
Condemned his land, bought at their price,
Made a concrete runway out of paradise. (chorus)

They say somewhere, just this side of hell,
You might still find a big blue whale,
They say somewhere, in the land of love,
You can hear the song of the mourning dove....

They say somewhere, out in the wild,
They wouldn't napalm a little child,
They say somewhere, beyond the screams,
You can still find an American dream. (chorus)

Band Seven MYSTERIOUS LOVER

Christine Culbert is a London teacher who hails from Yorkshire. She wrote this song as part of a song-writing seminar, which took place in London in 1968.

A young girl walked out all alone
In the quiet mist of morning,
The fields were black as any stone,
And the winter day was dawning.

She dipped her hand into the stream,
In the quiet mist of morning,
She looked down where the alders lean
For springtime was coming.

There came a gentle, smiling man,
In the quiet mist of morning,
He took her gently by the hand,
And springtime was flowering.

He laid her down in the birchwood glade,
In the quiet mist of morning,
She were glad to be no more a maid,
For summertime was blooming.

He drew her up and held her there
In the quiet mist of morning,
She was a bird, she was a star!
And summertime was blazing.

But when she turned to look at him,
In the quiet mist of morning,
She held an oak tree in her arms,
And winter snow was falling.

Band Eight I'M A ROVER

This handsome night-visit song has become one of the great club choruses throughout Britain. It is generally used to wind up a Saturday night at the Singers' Club.
(English concertina, Peggy Seeger)

CHORUS: I'M A ROVER AND SELDOM SOBER
I'M A ROVER OF HIGH DEGREE,
IT'S WHEN I'M DRINKIN' I'M ALWAYS THINKIN'
HOW TO GAIN MY LOVE'S COMPANY.

Though the night be as dark as dungeon
And no' a star to be seen above,
I will be guided without a stumble.
Into the arms o' my ain true love. (chorus)

He steppit up to her bedroom window,
Kneelin' gently upon a stone,
He rappit at her bedroom window,
O darlin', dear, do you lie alone? (chorus)

She raised her head on her snow-white pillow
Wi' her arms about her breast,
Wha is that at my bedroom window,
Disturbing me at my lang night's rest? (chorus)

It's only me, your ain true lover,
Open the door, love, and let me in,
For I am come on a lang journey
And I am near drenched to the skin. (chorus)

She opened the door wi' the greatest pleasure,
She opened the door and she let him in,
They baith shook hands and embraced each other,
Until the morning they lay as vin. (chorus) (one)

The day was dawnin', the cocks were crawin',
The burns they ran frae abune the brae (streams; above the hill)
Remember lass, I'm a plooman laddie
And the fairmer I must obey. (chorus)

Fare ye weel, lass, I maun leave thee (must)
Though the hills they are high above,
But I will climb them wi' greater pleasure
Since I've been in the arms o' my love. (chorus)

LITHO IN U.S.A. 