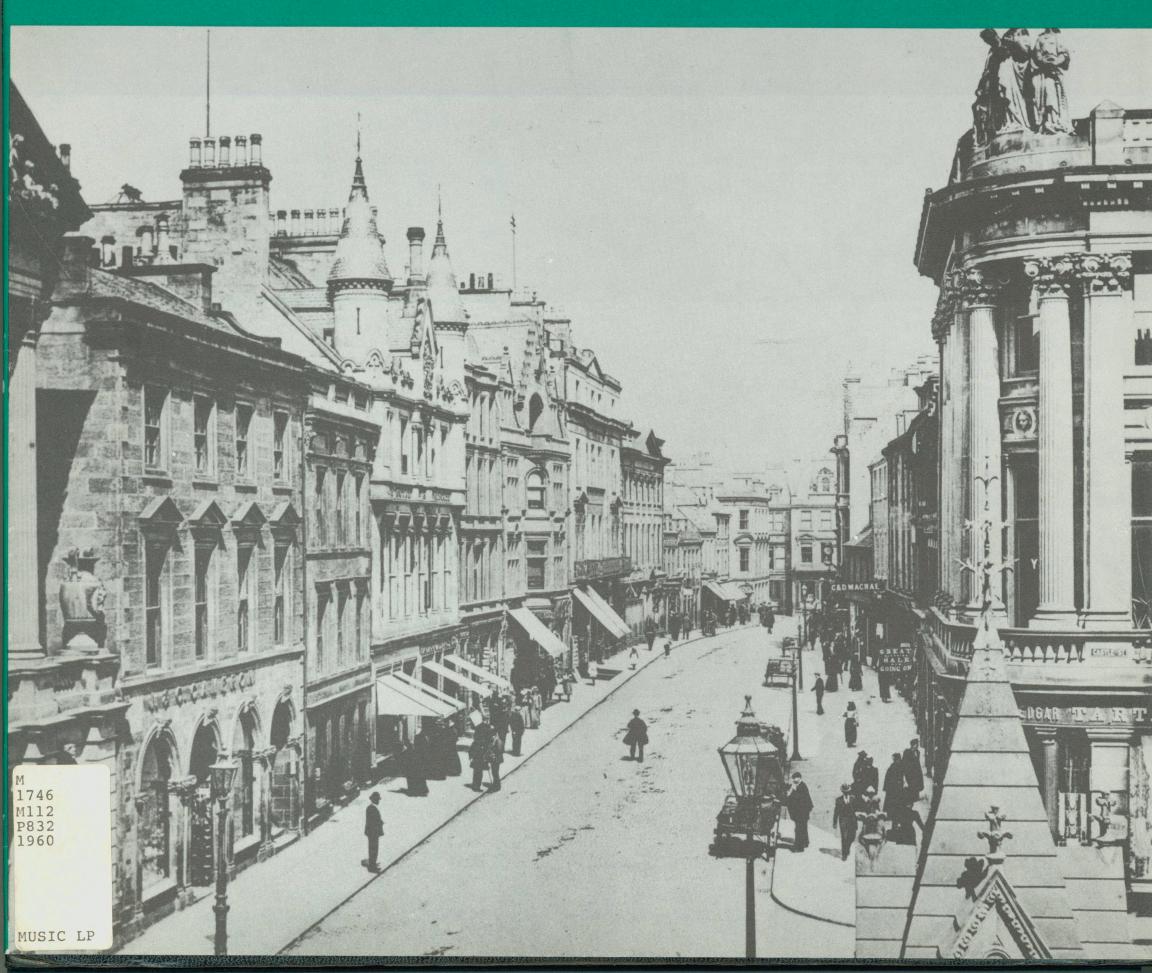
# POPULAR SCOTTISH SONGS

Sung by Ewan MacColl with Peggy Seeger Folkways Records FW 8757



# POPULAR SCOTTISH SONGS

# Scottish Popular Songs

sung by

MUSIC LP

# Ewan MacColl

ASSISTED BY PEGGY SEEGER

SIDE T

# Band 1. THE BARNYARDS OF DELGATY.

It was the custom in N.E. Scotland for a ploughman to be hired by the season at seasonal hiring fairs. During their period of service the ploughmen slept in sheds (bothies) usually situated some distance from the main farm building. When the day's work was done and the evening meal finished, the ploughmen would often amuse themselves by singing and making up songs. In this way an enormous repertoire of bothy songs was created. The Barnyards of Delgaty is a perfect example of the species.

As I cam in by Turra market, Turra market for to fee, It's I fell in wi' a wealthy fairmer, The barnyards o' Delgaty.

Linten adie toorin adie, Linten adie toorin ee, Linten lowrin, lowrin, lowrin, The Barnyards o' Delgaty.

He promised me the ae best pair I ever set my e'en upon; When I gaed hame tae the Barnyards There was naething there but skin and bone,

The auld black horse sat on his rump, The auld white mare lay on her wime; For a' that I could 'Hup' and crack, They wouldna rise at yoking time,

When I gae to the kirk on Sunday, Mony's the bonnie lass I see, Sitting by her faither's side And winking ower the pews at me,

### (CHORUS)

I can drink and no' be drunk And I can fecht and no' be slain. I can lie wi' anither man's lass And aye be welcome to my ain,

My caunle noo it is brunt oot, The snotter's fairly on the wane; Sae fare ye weel, ye Barnyards, Ye'll never catch me here again,

### (CHORUS)

# Band 2. THE HIGHLAND MUSTER ROLL

This Jacobite song was undoubtedly made and sung about the time that the Earl of Mar raised the standard of King James in the North. In James

Hogg's The Jacobite Relics of Scotland, each of the clan chiefs mentioned in this rallying song is identified. The printed tune is different from the one given here, which I learned from William Miller of Stirling.

# CHORUS:

Little wat ye wha's coming, Little wat ye wha's coming, Little wat ye wha's coming, Little wat ye wha's coming.

Duncan's coming, Donald's coming, Colin's coming, Ronald's coming, Dougal's coming, Saughlin's coming, Alaister and a's coming.

CHORUS: Little wat ye wha's coming, Little wat ye wha's coming, Little wat ye wha's coming, Jock and Tam and a's coming.

Borland and his men's coming, The Cameron's and MacLean's coming, The Gordon's and MacGregor's coming, A' the Duniewastle's coming.

Little wat ye wha's coming, Little wat ye wha's coming, Little wat ye wha's coming, MacGilvray o' Drumglass is coming.

The Laird o' MacIntosh is coming, Macrabie and MacDonald's coming, The MacKenzies and MacPherson's coming, A' the wild MacCraw's coming.

Little wat ye wha's coming, Little wat ye wha's coming, Little wat ye wha's coming, Donald Gun and a's coming.

They gloom, they glower, they look sae big, At ilka stroke they'll fell a Whig; They'll fright the guds o' the Pockpuds; For mony a bare ass is coming.

Little wat ye wha's coming, Little wat ye wha's coming, Little wat ye wha's coming, Jock and Tam and a's coming.

# Band 3. THE WEE WEE GERMAN LAIRDEE

Wha' the deil hae we gotten for a king But a wee, wee German lairdee, And when we gaed to bring him hame, He was delving in his yardie. Shenghing kail and laying leeks, But the hose and but the breeks, And up his beggar duds he cleeks, This wee, wee German lairdee.

And he's clapt doun in our guidman's chair, The wee, wee German lairdie;
And he's brought fourth o' foreign trash, And dibbled them in his yardie.
He's pu'd the rose o' English loons,
And broken the harp o' Irish clowns;
But our thistle taps will jag his thumbs This wee, wee German lairdie.

Come up amang our Highland hills,
Thou wee, wee German lairdie,
And see how the Stuarts' lang-kail thrive
They dibbled in our yardie:
And if a stock ye dare to pu',
Or haud the yoking o' a plough,
We'll break your sceptre ower your mou',
Thou wee bit German lairdie.

Our hills are steep, our glens are deep,
Nae fitting for a yardie;
And our Norland thistles winna pu',
Thou wee bit German lairdie:
And we've the trenching blades o' weir,
Wad prune ye o' your German gear We'll pass ye 'neath the claymore's shear,
Thou feckless German lairdie!

Auld Scotland, thou'rt ower cauld a hole For nursin' siccan vermin; But the very dogs o' England's court They bark and howl in German.
Then keep thy dibble in thy ain hand, Thy spade but and thy yardie; For wha the deil now claims your land But a wee, wee German lairdie?

### Band 4. FRIENDLESS MARY

The beautiful air of this song is frequently found married to traditional ballad texts. It was a favourite with Mrs. Margaret Logan of Corsham, Wiltshire, from whom I learnt it. In the course of the same afternoon she used it to carry the somewhat humdrum text of "Friendless Mary" as well as the traditional ballad of "The Cruel Mother".

Far ael yon hoose whar heather grells I met a lass wi her lambs and yews, The lambs cam fresclin all the knell, And the sun was shining clearly-0. The lambs cam fresclin ael the knell, And the sun was shining clearly-0.

Says I "My fair and comely dame, Wud ye be sae kind as tell me your naim? Or tell me the place ye call yar hame, For yur beauty shines so early-0."

"D'ye see yon hoose a'hint the green? This last six weeks I hunny been seen, Ma mither she clost her twa black e'en, Sayin' 'Fair thee weel my Mary-O'."

"D'ye see yon hoose a'hint that tree? When I was born me faither he dee, Me mither was left tae be ma guid And she ca'ed me Friendless Mary-0."

"If ye'll consent tae cum wi me, And be my bride across the sea, A braw' guid man I'll be tae ye And ye'll be ma mair Friendless Mary-0."

"I'll consent tae gang wi ye, And be a bride across the sea, A braw guid wife I'll be tae thee And I'll be na mair Friendless Mary-O."

## Band 5. THE BONNIE LASS OF FYVIE

A great favourite among country singers, particularly in Northeast Scotland, this ballad almost certain-

ly started life as a broadside. Today it is part of the folk tradition and exists in many variants.

It was a troop o' Irish dragoons Cam marchin- doon through Fyvie, O, an' the captain's fa'n in love wi' a very bonnie lass An 'her name it was ca'd pretty Peggy O.

Noo there's mony a bonnie lass in the howe o'
Auchterless,
There's mony a bonnie lassie in the Geerie O,
There's mony a bonny Jean in the streets o' Aberdeen
But the flower o' them a' is in Fyvie O.

"O come doon the stair, pretty Peggy, my dear;
O come doon the stair, pretty Peggy O.

It's come doon the stair - comb back your yellow hair,

Tak' a last fareweel o' your daddy O."

"It's braw, ay it's braw a Captain's lady to be - It's braw to be a Captain's lady 0. It's braw to ride and rant, and to follow wi' the camp,
And to march when your Captain he is ready 0."

"It's I'll gie ye ribbons, love, and I'll gie ye rings
And I'll gie ye a necklace o' amber 0.
I'll gie ye silken petticoats wi' flounces to the knee

"Fit wouli your mammy think if she heard the guincas clink
And the hautboys playin' afore ye 0?"
"O little wad ma mammy think, though she heart the guincas clink,
If I followed a sodger laddie 0."

Gin ye'll convoy me doen to my chamber 0."

"A sodger's wife I never shall be -A sodger shall never enjoy me 0. I never do intend to go to 'a foreign land, And I never will marry a sodger 0."

The Colonel cries, "Mount, boys - mount, boys - mount!"

But the Captain he cries, "O tarry O. O tarry a while, just anither day or twa,

For to see if this bonnie lass will marry O."

"I'll drink nac mair o' your guid clarct wine - I'll drink nae mair o' your glasses 0. Ay, the morn is the day that I maun march away, So adieu to ye, Fyvie lasses 0."

It's early next mornin' that we marched awa, And 0 but wer Captain he was sorry 0. The drums they did beat ower the bonnie braes o' Gight And the band played 'The Bonnie Lewes o' Fyvie' 0.

It's lang ere we wan tae Auld Meldrum toon We had wer Captain to cairry O. And lang ere we wan into bonnie Aberdeen We got wer Captain to bury O.

O green grow the birks upon bonnie Ythanside And low lie the lowlands o' Fyvie O. The Captain's name was Ned. He died for a maid, He died for the chambermaid o' Fyvie O.

### Band 6. ROY'S WIFE.

The 18th. century Scots song-writer, Mrs. Grant of Carron, made a version of this song, basing her text on an older "vulgar" version. Today, both versions are found in circulation. This variant of the older version was learned from Hamish Henderson.

CHORUS:
Roy's wife of Aldiwaloch,
Roy's wife of Aldiwaloch,
Wat ye how she cheated me,
As I cam owre the Braes o' Balloch?

As we cam toddlin roon the Buck It's Roy cam belgen thro' the Balloch. Weary for the faithless quean, She's on the road Aldwaloch,

(CHORUS)

Davie Gordon o' Kirkhill And Johnnie Gordon o' Carshalloch, Wat ye how she cheated me As we cam owre the Braes o' Balloch,

(CHORUS)

As we went oot a-yont the Buck She cam in aboot the Balloch Roy's piper he was playin': "She's welcome hame to Aldwaloch,"

(CHORUS)

Though ye would ca' the ca' brach wide, Frae Ordieton to the Balloch, Ye wadna get sic a strappin' quean, As Roy's wife o' Aldwalloch.

(CHORUS)

### Band 7. CHARLIE O CHARLIE

There are few bothy songs which speak with the farmer's voice, and when they do, they often tend to be rather dull. This is not the case with this song, however. The thread of tender irony which runs through it helps to make the farmer's portrait a realistic one. I learned this song from the singing of John Mearns of Fyvie.

O Charlie O Charlie, cum oot fippet gair And I'll gae ye oer tae yur orders, For a' man a war tae the high hill and hells, For a while tae leave the bonnie boch and borders.

O Charlie O Charlie, tak notice fit I sae: And fit every man tae his station, For I'm gang awa' tae the bonny hill and hells, For tae view a' the pearts o' the nation.

Tae the lousen, ye'll pit Shaw
Ye'll pit Saudersen tae lor,
Tae the callin' ye'll pit a' dandra kate nas
Ye'll guard callin' hell aye, tae feed the
threshin mill,

And ye'll see that he daren't weaken in faintness.

Tae the gatherin o' the hay, Ye'll put little Isa Grey, And wi her ye'll put her couzin Peggy, And underneath the barns, it's there Ye'll put yur arns And ye'll see that they dare tae act tidy.

And fur you Wally Bard Ye'll carry on mistard And ye'll keep a' the lasses a' howlin' And ye'll tak care o' Jake Or he'll play you a trick, And settle yur merry maids a mowin'.

And fur you, Annie Scot, ye'll put on ma muckle port,
And ye'll mark til them pottage an' plenty,
Fur yon hungry grossegs are comin' fippet gair,
And their kippit icy bare and sae scanty.

O Charlie, O Charlie, Sae early ye'll rise, And see a' ma merry men a yokin' And you, Missy Poke, You'll set in the parlor newk And keep a' my merry men fair smokin'.

### Band 8. TAIL TODDLE

Robert Burns included this small gem in his collection of Scots bawdry, The Merry Muses of Caledonia.

Scott-Douglas, that indefatigable bowdlerizer of good verse, attributes it to the Bard himself. But, as usual, he produces no evidence to back this assertion.

CHORUS:

O tail toddle, tail toddle,
Tammie gars my tail toddle,
But an' ben, wi diddle doddle,
Tammie gars my tail toddle.
O tail toddle, tail toddle,
Tammie gars my tail toddle,
But an' ben, wi diddle doddle,
Tammie gars my tail toddle.

When I'm deid, I'm oot o' date, When I'm seik I'm fu' o' trouble, When I'm weel, I strap aboot An' Tammie gars my tail toddle.

(CHORUS)

Jessie Jack, she gied a plack, Helen Wallace gied a boddle Quo' the bride, "It's ower little For to mend a broken doddle."

(CHORUS)

Oor guid-wife held ower to Fife For to buy a coal riddle, Sang or she cam' back again, O Tammie garred my tail toddle.

(CHORUS)

### Band 9. LASSIE WI' THE YELLOW COATIE

The author of this song, James Duff, known as "The Methven Poet", was a gardener by trade. A volume of his poems which includes the text of this song, was published in Perth in 1816. It is now fairly well known throughout Northeast Scotland.

CHORUS: Lassie wi' a yellow coatie Will ye wed a mewlin jokie? Lassie wi' a yellow coatie, Will ye bosc and gang wi' me?

I hae meat and milk a' plenty, I hae keel and cakes fo' denty, I've a bottom ben fo' genty But I want a wife like thee.

(CHORUS)

Wi' ma lassie, I'm my dogie Oot the lea and thru the boggie, Ni' none other was e'er servante Our as glie as we will be.

(CHORUS)

Haste ye lassie tae my bosum, While the roses are in blossom, Time is precious tae my roseland Flowers will fade and sae will ye.

(CHORUS)

# Band 10. KISSIN'S NO SIN

The frank expression of physical desire in Scots love songs has been a subject of dismay among collectors and folklorists who, for almost 200 years, have been apologizing for Herd and the lower classes' capacity for love-making. But it is the common people who have the last word and if the intonation of this ironical little song is mock minister, the sentiments are pure republican.

Some say that kissin's a sin; But I think it's nane ava, For kissin' has worn'd in this world Since ever there was twa. Oh if it wasna lawfu',

3

Lawyers wouldna allow it; If it wasna holy, Ministers wouldna do it; If it wasna modest, Maidens wouldna tak' it; If it wasna plenty, Puir folks wouldna get it!

# SIDE II. BONNIE ANNIE (Child 24)

Jonah ballads have never had the wide currency in Scotland that they have in England. Gavin Grieg was able to report only two fragmentary Scottish texts of "Bonnie Annie" against the 9 versions collected by Cecil Sharpe in England.

The Jonah ballads are generally built round a central character who has committed a crime and who has taken ship in an attempt to fly from the consequences of it. In Child's "A" text of this ballad, the passengers on board a ship cast lots to determine which of them is guilty of a crime, and the lot falls repeatedly on Annie. The details of her "crime" are not given and, indeed, it is possible that her crime lies in the simple fact that she is a woman, since an old sea superstition holds that women on board inevitably bring bad luck at sea.

This belief is still widely held by fishermen in Great Britain today.

There was a rich merchant who lived in Strathdinnah. And he had ae dochter who'se name it was Annie.

There was a rich merchant who cam' frae Dunbarton And he's got this bonnie lassie big, big wi' bairn.

Ye'll tak' ship wi' me and ye'll be my honey, Whatmore can a woman do than I can do for ye?

O, captain, tak gold, O captain tak' money, And sail to dry land for the sake of my honey.

How can I tak' gold, how can I tak' money? There's fey folk on my ship, she winna sail for me.

Tak' me by the fingers and lift me up heely, And throw me ower board, and hae nae pity on me.

He's ta'en her by the fingers and did lift her up heely, And thrown her ower board, she was his ain dearie.

Her goon it was wide and her petticoat narrow, And she swam afore them till they came to Yarrow.

His love she was there when they ca'd to dry land, And her lying deid on the saut sea strand.

The baby was born and lying at her feet, For the loss o' his bonnie love, sore did he weep.

He's caused mak' a kist o' the gowd sae yellow, And they a' three sleep i' the braes o' yarrow.

### Band 12. JOHNIE COPE

Cope sent a letter frae Dunbar O Charlie meet me an ye daur, And I'll learn you the art o' war, If you'll meet me in the morning.

CHORUS:
Hey, Johnie Cope, are ye wauking yet?
Or are your drums a-beating yet?
If ye were wauking, I wad wait,
To gang to the coals i' the morning.

When Charlie look'd the letter upon, He drew his sword the scabbard from: Come fellow me, my merry merry men, And we'll meet Cope in the morning.

### (CHORUS

Now, Johnie, be as good's your word: Come, let us both try fire and sword; And dinna rin away like a frighted bird That's chased frae its nest in the morning.

### (CHORUS)

When Johnie Cope he heard of this, He thought it wadna be amiss To hire a horse in readiness To flee awa' in the morning.

### (CHORUS)

Fy now, Johnie, get up and rin, The Highland bagpipes mak a din; It is best to sleep in a hale skin, For 'twill be a bluidy morning.

### (CHORUS)

When Johnie Cope to Berwick came, They speer'd at him, Where's a' your men? The deil confound me if I ken, For I left them a' i' the morning.

### (CHORUS)

Now, Johnie, troth ye are na blate To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat And leave your men in sic a strait Sae early in the morning.

### (CHORUS)

Oh! faith, quo' Johnie, I got a fleg Wi' their claymores and philabegs; If I face them again, deil break my legs -So I wish you a guid-morning.

### (CHORUS)

### Band 1.3. THE WARS OF GERMANY

Ever since the Scots nation was disinherited by the Act of Union, its sons have been killing and getting themselves killed in the service of foreign powers. The Scots people, however, have never ceased to look upon war as a wasteful and tragic business. The great number of Scotland's war songs (excepting the Jacobite songs and ballads) are laments, like "The Flowers of the Forest," "Jamie Foyers," and "The Wars of Germany". The words of this particular song are the work of William Motherwell, a Glasgow shoemaker who plied his craft at the beginning of the 19th-century. I learned the song from Margaret Logan of Corsham, Wiltshire.

Oh, wae be to the orders that marched my luve awa',
And wae be to the cruel cause that gars my tears to fa';
Oh, wae be to the bluidy wars in Hie Germanie,
For they hae ta'en my luve and left a broken heart to
me.

The drums beat in the mornin' afore the scriech o' day, And the wee, wee fifes played loud and shrill, while yet the morn was gray;

The bonnie flags were a' unfurled, a gallant sight to see,

But wae's me for my sodger lad that marched to Germanie.

Oh lang, lang is the travel to the bonnie pier o'
Leith;
Oh dreich it is to gang wi' the snawdrift in the teeth!
And oh, the cauld wind froze the tear that gathered in
my e'e,
When I gaed there to see my luve embark for Germanie.

### Band 14. MAGGIE LAUDER

This song is widely known in Scotland, both by those who accept it at its face value as a rolicking description of a country dance and by those who see in it a highly elaborate piece of sex symbolism. Burns said of it: "This old song, so pregnant with Scottish naivete and energy, is much relished by all ranks, notwithstanding its broad wit and palpable allusions." It first appeared in print in Herd's

collection and has often been attributed, with little supporting evidence, to Francis Sempill, who lived and wrote during the middle of the 17th-century.

Wha' wad-na be in love wi bonnie Maggie Lauder? A piper met her gaun to Fife, And spier'd what was't they ca'd her, Richt scornfully she answered him. Begone, you hallanshaker! Jog on your gate, you bladderskate!
My name is Maggie Sauder!"

Maggie! quoth he; and, by my bags, I'm fidgin' fain to see thee! Sit down by me, my bonnie bird, In troth I winna steer thee; For I'm a piper to my trade; My name is Rab the Ranter: The lasses loup as they were daft, When I blaw up my chanter.

Piper quo' Meg, hae ye your bags, Or is your drone in order?
If ye be Rab, I've heard o' you; Live you upon the border? The lasses a', baith far and near, Have heard o' Rab the Ranter; I'll shake my foot wi' richt guid will, Gif ye'll blew up your chanter.

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed; About the drone he twisted; Meg up and walloped ower the green, For brawly could she frisk it! Weel done! quo' he. Play up! quo' she. Weel bobb'd! quo' Rab the Ranter; It's worth my while to play indeed, When I hae sic a dancer!

Weel hae ye play'd your part! quo' Meg; Your cheeks are like the crimson! There's name in Scotland plays sae weel Sin' we lost Habbie Simpson. I've lived in Fife, baith maid and wife, This ten years and a quarter; Gin ye should come to Anster Fair, Spier ye for Maggie Lauder.

### Band 15. NICKY TAMS

Bothy songs are also known as "cornkisters". Every bothy had its corn kist (corn chest), and when rhythmical songs were being sung, it was the practice of the singer to keep time by tapping his foot against the wooden chest which also served as a seat. "Nicky Tams" is one of the most famous of the cornkisters. The title refers to those leggings, leather straps or mere loops of string, with which farm servants used to protect the bottoms of their trousers. This version comes from David Johnson of Cupar, Fyfeshire.

When I was barely ten years auld I left the parish schule

My parents feed me to the Mains, to chew his milk and meal.

I first put on my narrow breeks to hap my spinnel trams,

And buskit roond my nappin' knees a pair o' Nicky

It's first I gaed for bailey's loon and syne I got for third,
And syne of course I had to get the horseman's

grip and word.

A loaf o' breid to be my piece and a bottle for drinking drams;

You couldna get through the cattle coort without your Nicky Tams.

The fairmer I am wi' the noo he's wealthy but he's mean;

Tho' corn's cheap his horses thin, his harness fairly done:

He gars us load our cairts ower fu', his conscience has nae qualms,

When breist straps break there's naithing like a pair o' Nicky Tams.

I'm coortin' bonnie Annie, noo, tho' damsel ticht she be, She is five-and-forty and I'm but seventeen; She clorts a muckle piece to me wi' different kinds

And tells me ilka nicht that she admires my Nicky Tams .

Ae mornin' I put on my claes, the kirk for to gang, My collar it was unco ticht, my breeks were name ower lang;

I had my bible in my hand, likewise my buik o' psalms, When Annie roars, "Ye muckle gowk, tak' aff your Nicky Tams!"

So unco sweir I took them off, the lassie for to please, But aye my breeks they birkit up around about my

knees: A rat gaed crawling up my leg in the middle o' the psalms, -Never again will I ride the kirk without my Nicky Tams.

I've often tho't I'd like tae be a bobby on the force, Or maybe I'll get on the trams to drive a pair o'

horse, Whatever it is that I'm tae be, the bobby or the trams, I'll never forget the happy days I wore my Nicky Tams!

### Band 16. JOHNNY LAD

Originally a song of rural courtship in the tempo of a slow (minor) strathspey, "Johnny Lad" moved to Glasgow during the late 19th-century and was transformed into a children's street song. As the lyric became urbanized, the original air was abandoned in favor of a catchy but much plainer tune. I bought a wife in Edinburgh For ae baw-bee, I got a farthing back again To buy tobacco wi'.

And wi' you, and wi' you, And wi' you, Johnnie lad, I'll drink the buckles o' my sheen Wi' you my Johnnie lad.

And focht wi' cuddie's jaws; And focht a score o' battles Wearing crimson flannel drawers.

There was a man in Nineveh, And he was wondrous wise: He lowped into a hawthorn hedge And scratched oot baith his eyes.

### (CHORUS)

And when he saw his eyes were oot He was gey troubled then; He lowped into anither hedge And scratched them in again.

### (CHORUS)

Napoleon was an emperor, He ruled by land and sea; He was King of France and Germany But he never ruled Polmadie.

### (CHORUS)

One Sunday I went walking And there I saw the Queen Playing at the fit-ba' Wi' the lads on Glesca-Green.

The captain o' the ither side Was scoring wi' great style, So the Queen she ca'd a polisman And stuck him in the jail.

(CHORUS)

Johnnie is a bonnie lad, He is a lad o' mine; Inever had a better lad, And I've had twentynine.

### Band 17. EPPIE MORRIE (Child 223)

Child knew this ballad from a single printed source, Maidment's A North Country Garland (1824). Of it, Maidment wrote: "This ballad is probably much more than a century old though the circumstances which have given rise to it were unfortunately too common to preclude the possibility of its being of a later This version I learned in part from my father, partly from Samuel Wylie of Falkirk, and partly from the text printed by Child.

Four and twenty hieland men cam' frae the Carron side, To steal awa' Eppie Morrie for she wouldna be a bride, a bride, She wouldna be a bride.

Then oot it's cam her mither, then, it was a moonlicht nicht,

She couldna see her dochter, for the waters shone sae bricht.

"Haud awa' frae me, mither! Haud awa' frae me! There's no' a man in a' Strathdon, shall wedded be wi'

They've taken Eppie Morrie, then, and a horse they've

bound her on; And they ha'e rid to the minister's hoose as fast as horse could gang.

Then Willie's ta'en his pistol oot and set it to the minister's breist:

"O, marry me, marry me, minister, or else I'll be your priest."

"Haud awa' frae me, Willie! Haud awa' frae me! I daurna avow to marry you, except she's willing as thee."  $\,$ 

"Haud awa' frae me, good sir, haud awa' frae me! There's no' a man in a' Strathdon shall married be by me."

They've taken Eppie Morrie then, sin' better couldna

be, And they ha'e rid ower Carron side, as fast as horse could flee.

Then mass was sung and bells were rung and they're awa' his shoon,

And Willie and Eppie Morrie, in ane bed they were laid.

He's ta'en the sark frae aff his back and kicked awa his shoon,

And thrawn awa' the chaumer key, and naked he lay doon.

"Haud awa' frae me, Willie! Haud awa' frae me! Before I'll lose my maidenheid, I'll try my strength with thee."

He's kissed her on the lily breist and held her shouthers twa,

And aye she grat and aye she swat and turned to the

"Haud awa' frae me, Willie! Haud awa' frae me! Before I lose my maidenheid, I'll fecht wi' you till day."

A' through the nicht they warssled there until the licht o' day,
And Willie grat and Willie swat but he couldna

streitch her spey.

Then early in the morning, before the licht o' day, In cam' the maid o' Scallater, wi' a gown and shirt

"Get up! Get up, young woman! And drink the wine wi'

"You micht ha'e ca'd me maiden for I'm sure as hale

"Weary fa' you, Willie, then, that ye couldna prove a man:

You micht ha'e ta'en her maidenheid, she would ha'e hired your hand."

"Haud awa' frae me, Willy! Haud awa' frae me! There's no a man in a' Strathdon shall wedded be with

Then in there came young Breadalbane, wi' a pistol on each side,

"O, come awa', Eppie Morrie, and I'll mak' you my bride."

"Go, get to me a horse, Willie; get it like a man, And send me back to my mither, a maiden as I cam'."

The sun shines o'er the westlin' hills by the lamplicht o' the moon,

"O, saddle your horse, young John Forsythe, and whistle and I'll come soon.

### Band 18. THE REEL OF STUMPIE

This is another of the songs collected by Burns and published in his collection of amorous verses. The Merry Muses of Caledonia, where it has three stanzas. The version given in the Scots Musical Museum possesses only two. The air is well-known as a dance tune and many traditional fiddle variants exists.

Hap and rowe, hap and rowe, Hap and rowe the feetie o't; I thocht I was a maiden fair Till I heard the greetie o't. My daddie was a fiddler fine My minnie she made a mankie-0 And I myself a thumpin' quean Wha danced the reel o' Stumpie-O.

The gossip cup, the gossip cup, The kimmer clash and caudle-0 -The glowing moon, the wanton loon, The cutty stool and cradle-0. Douce dames maun hae their bairntive borne, Sae dinna glower sae glumpie-0; Birds love the morn and craws love corn. And maids the reel of Stumple-O.

Hap and rowe, hap and rowe, Hap and rowe the feetie o't, I thocht I was a maiden fair, Till I heard the greetie o't.

hieland		Highland	ane		one
frae	-	from	bark	-	shirt
	-			•	
awa'	-	away	aff	-	off
wouldna	-	wouldn't	shoon	-	shoes
oot	-	out	thrawn	-	thrown
mither	-	mother	chaumer	-	chamber
moonlicht	-	moonlight	doon	-	down
nicht	-	night	maidenheid	-	virginity
dochter	-	daughter	shouthers	-	shoulders
sae	-	80	twa	-	two
bricht	_	bricht	grat	-	wept
haud awa!		stay away	Wa.	-	wall
a!		all	fecht	-	fight
wi'		with	warssled	-	wrestled
ha'e	-	have	licht		light
			svat		sweated
rid	-	ridden			
hoose	-	house	streitch he	-	
gang	-	go		er n	aidenhead
ta'en	-	taken	cam'	-	came
breist	-	breast \	micht	-	might
daurna	-	daren't	hale	-	whole
sin'	-	since	mak '	-	make
			westlin'	1 - 1	western



### EWAN MacCOLL

Ewan MacColl is that rare combination of traditional and revival singer at one and the same time. Born in Auchterarder, Perthshire, Scotland on January 25, 1915 (on Bobby Burns' birthday), MacColl learned most of his songs from his father and other members of his family, as well as from Scottish and English neighbors of childhood days. "My old man was the best singer I ever heard," he says. Unlike so many traditional singers whose music was kept alive in relatively isolated rural areas, the MacColl family was a product of the industrial age. His father was an ironmoulder who worked at his trade irregularly as a result of being blacklisted for trade union organizing activities. His mother, from whom he also learned many songs worked on and off as a charwoman in all the industrial cities of England and Scotland as the MacColls moved from town to town trying to escape the penalties of the father's trade union activities. One writer has called him the "Folksinger of the Industrial Age." During the 1930's, MacColl found himself in the burgeoning British workers' theater movement. His natural political inclinations, together with an instinctive flair for drama and song led him to the "agitprop" performing groups of the depression era whose stage was more often a street before a factory gate or a union meeting hall than a formal theater. In the years since then, he has become the leading presenter of folk songs on British radio and television, either writing or appearing in more than 50 different BBC programs. Song-writer, recording and concert artist (he has toured throughout Europe and Canada), Ewan MacColl is a towering figure in the world of folk music RECORDINGS

FOLKWAYS
Singing Streets (FW 8501)
Songs of Robert Burns (FW 8758)
Songs of Two Rebellions (FW 8756)

### PEGGY SEEGER

The trip which brings Peggy Seeger to Newport marks her first visit to the United States since 1957. Darkhaired, pretty Peggy Seeger, daughter of folk musicologists Charles and Ruth Crawford Seeger, has spent the last three years traveling throughout Europe and Asia while maintaining residence in England. At the World Youth Festival in Moscow in 1957, together with Guy Carawan, Peggy Seeger was the voice of American folk song. For the past few years she has collaborated closely with Ewan MacColl, sharing joint concert programs and accompanying the great Scottish folksinger on concerts and recordings. RECORDINGS: FOLKWAYS American Folksongs for Christmas (FC 7053) Animal Songs for Children (FC 7051) The Seeger Family (FA 2005) Folk Songs of Courting and Complaint (FA 2049)

Ewan MacColl and Peggy Seeger
appeared at the 2nd Annual Newport
Folk Festival at Newport, Rhode
Island, in the summer of 1960.
These biographical notes are reprinted from the official program
of the 1960 Newport Folk Festival.