

FOLKWAYS RECORDS Album NO. FG 3517

Copyright © 1958 by Folkways Records & Service Corp. 117 west 46 st. NYC. USA.

Edited By Kenneth S. Goldstein

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FG 3517

Scottish Folksongs For Women

Sung By Lori Holland
Accompanying
Herself On Guitar

Laddie With The Golden Hair

The Trees Are All Ivi'd

Mormond Braes

The Wars Of Germany

Eppie Morrie

Twine Well The Plaiden

The Blantyre Explosion

Thyme In My Garden

Comin' Through The Rye

My Love's In Germany

The Reel O'Stumpie

The Rantin' Laddie

Johnny Lad

Mary Hamilton

When I Was Noo But Sweet Sixteen

Go Away From My Window

Can Ye Sew Cushions

Ronald Clyne



P
h
o
t
o
g
r
a
p
h
b
y
L
A
W
R
E
N
C
E
P
H
O
T
O

ABOUT THE SINGER

LORI HOLLAND was born in the Bronx, New York City, in 1932. She first became interested in folk music as a result of attending square dances at City College, where she met many people interested in singing folk songs as well as dancing. Her interest in folk music was furthered when she attended concerts and folk song gatherings around the city, and she soon began to sing herself. Her friends and husband, himself a folksinger-guitarist, encouraged her to take voice lessons, and she studied voice training with Ed McCurdy. She has now been singing folksongs for some eight years and has performed widely at parties, folk-song gatherings and on Oscar Brand's "Folkmusic Festival" over station WNYC. This is Mrs. Holland's first recording, though she is presently preparing material for several more albums.

The songs performed in this recording were selected with a single major purpose in mind: to find songs which would naturally be part of a Scottish woman's repertoire. This is not to imply that Scottish women do not sing songs which are also performed by men, but rather that there are those songs which because of their very nature would be more often performed by women than men. Such songs would include songs of and about women, laments of women for their lost lovers, complaints by women of their status, and ballads and songs in which the main figure is a woman. Also included should be certain occupational categories for women, such as the singing of lullabies to their children. All of these are represented in this album.

Notes by KENNETH S. GOLDSTEIN

SIDE I, Band 1: LADDIE WITH THE GOLDEN HAIR

The stately words of this beautiful song suggest its having been composed by a fine poet. The inspiration for the song, however, lay in a folk creation, for the verses sung here are translated from the lines of a Gaelic folksong from the Scottish Highlands. Learned from Moffat's "Minstrelsy of Scotland."

O, laddie with the golden hair,
In wavy ringlets flowing;
O, laddie with the golden hair,
Thy locks were my undoing.

Thy beauty drew my heart to thee,
Though now I am deceived;
The promises you made to me,
My too fond heart believed.

O, would I were in yonder glen,
A-roaming with my dearie;
My heart would wake to joy again,
Though now tis sad and weary.

If I were dressed in satins rare,
Although of lowly station,
I'd to thy stately halls repair,
And face each proud relation.

O, laddie with the golden hair,
In wavy ringlets flowing;
O, laddie with the golden hair,
Thy locks were my undoing.

SIDE I, Band 2: THE TREES ARE ALL IVIED

This beautiful ballad is known by various titles in the countries where it is sung; in Scotland its titles are most frequently "Lang A-Growing" or "The Trees Are All Ivied", in England the usual title is "The Trees They Do Grow High", and in Ireland it is best known as "The Bonny Boy". The earliest printing of this ballad appeared in James Johnson's "Scots Musical Museum" (1792), under the title "Lady Mary Ann", and it thereafter appeared frequently in Scottish songbooks under the title "Young Craigston". Versions collected in recent years have lost all trace of specific identification of the ballad characters. The ballad appears to be founded on an actual occurrence. In 1631, Lord Craigton was married to Elizabeth Innes, several years his senior and the eldest daughter of Sir Robert Innes who had been appointed guardian of the young Lord upon the death of his parents. The young husband died three years later. Child marriages for the purpose of obtaining or consolidating family fortunes, or to assure the continuation of royal strains, appear to have been indulged in quite frequently prior to the 18th century

This version was learned from Ewan MacColl's "Scotland Sings".

The trees are all ivied, the leaves they are green,
The times they are past that I have seen;
It's I must lie alone in the cold winter's night,
For my bonnie laddie's lang, lang a-growin'.

O, faither, dear faither, you've done me muckle¹
wrong,

For you have wedded me to a lad that's over young;
He is but twelve and I am thirteen,
And my bonnie laddie's lang, lang a-growin'.

O, daughter, dear daughter, I have done you no
wrong,

For I have wedded you to a noble lord's son;
He shall be the lord and you shall wait on,
And all the time your lad'll be a -growin'.

O, faither, dear faither, if you think that it will
fit,

We'll send him to the school for a year or two yet,
And we'll tie a green ribbon around his blue
bonnet,

And that'll be a token that he's married.

O, faither, dear faither, and if it pleases you,
I'll cut my lang hair about my broo²;
Coat, vest and breeches I will gladly put on,
And I to the school will go with him.

In his twelfth year he was a married man,
And in his thirteenth he had gotten her a son,
And in his fourteenth, the grass it grew green,
And that put an end to his growin'.

¹muckle - much

²broo - brow

SIDE I, Band 3: MORMOND BRAES

This song has long been a favorite with the ploughman in Northeast Scotland. These ploughmen used to be housed in shacks, or bothies as they are known in Scotland, from which the whole group of bothy songs has taken its name. When the day's work was over, the ploughmen would gather together and the evening would be spent in singing these bothy songs. "Mormond Braes" is a typical bothy song, and its very sound philosophy (There's more fish in the sea than one) was very well understood and appreciated by most Scots ploughmen.

This version was learned from John Ord's "Bothy Songs and Ballads".

As I went down by Strichen town,
I heard a fair maid mourning,
And she was making sore complaint
For her true love ne'er returning.

CHORUS:

So fare you well, you Mormond Braes,
Where often I've been cheery,
Fare you well you Mormond Braes,
For it's there I lost my deary.

There's many a horse has snapped and fallen,
And risen again full rarely;
Many a lass has lost her lad,
And gotten another right early.

There's as good fish into the sea .
As ever yet was taken;
I'll cast my line and try again,
For I'm only once forsaken.

So I'll go down to Strichen town,
Where I was born and bred in,
And there I'll get another sweetheart
Will marry me in the morning.

SIDE I, Band 4: THE WARS OF GERMANY

Scotish boys and men have been fighting and dying in England's many wars since the time when the Treaty of Union took from the Scots their nationhood, and made them servile citizens of the British crown. The Scots, like most other people, have always viewed war as a tragic business, and the great bulk of their war songs are laments. "The Wars of Germany" is typical of these songs, and many versions of it are still sung in Scotland. The words of this song are said to have been written by William Motherwell, a Glasgow shoemaker. This version was learned from the singing of Ewan MacColl.

Oh, woe be to the orders that marched my love away,
And woe be to the cruel cause that makes my tears
downfall;
Oh, woe be to the cruel wars of high Germany,
For they have ta'en my love and left a broken
heart to me.

The drums beat in the morning before the screech
of day
And the wee, wee fifes played loud and shrill,
while yet the morn was gray;
And the bonnie flags were all unfurled, a gallant
sight to see,
But woe's me to my soldier lad that's gone to
Germany.

Oh, hard, hard is the travellin' to the bonnie
pier o' Leith,
And sad it is to go there with the snowdrift
in the teeth!
And oh! the cold wind froze the tears that gathered
in my e'e,
When I went there to see my love embark for Germany.

I looked out o'er the broad blue sea as far as could
be seen,
A wee bit sail upon the ship my soldier lad was in;
But the wind was blowing sharp and cold and the
ship sailed speedily,
And the waves and cruel wars have twined¹ my
winsome love from me.

¹twined - separated

SIDE I, Band 5: EPPIE MORRIE (Child #223)

This magnificent ballad of abduction, number 223 in Francis James Child's great textual compilation, "The English and Scottish Popular Ballads", traces back to a period in the Scottish clan system when bride-capture was very common, though the specific incident described herein has not been successfully traced to an actual occurrence. Various authors have given vivid prose accounts of similar abductions in romantic novels describing the period.

The ballad has been rarely reported and until recently was believed to have completely disappeared from tradition. In recent years, various fragmentary texts have been collected in Scotland. This version was learned from the singing of Ewan MacColl.

Four and twenty hieland¹ men
Came from the Carron side,
To steal away Eppie Morrie,
For she would not be a bride, a bride,
She would not be a bride.

Then out its come her mother,
It was a moonlit night,
She could not see her daughter,
For the waters shone so bright, so bright,
The waters shone so bright.

"Haud awa² from me, mother,
Haud awa from me!
There's not a man in all Strathdon
Shall wedded be with me, with me,
Shall wedded be with me."

They've taken Eppie Morrie, then,
And a horse they've bound her on,
And they have rid to the minister's house
As fast as horse could run, could run,
As fast as horse could run."

Then Willie's ta'en his pistol out,
And set it to the minister's breast;
"Oh, marry me, marry me, minister,
Or else I'll be your priest, your priest,
Or else I'll be your priest."

"Haud awa from me, Willie,
Haud awa from me,
I dare not avow to marry you,
Except she's willing as thee, as thee,
Except she's willing as thee."

"Haud awa from me, good sir,
Haud awa from me,
There's not a man in all Strathdon
Shall married be with me, with me,
Shall married be with me."

They've taken Eppie Morrie then,
Since better could not be,
And they have rid o'er the Carron side,
As fast as horse could flee, could flee,
Fast as horse could flee.

Then Mass was sung and bells were rung,
And they're away to bed,
And Willie and Eppie Morrie
In one bed they were laid, were laid,
In one bed they were laid.

He's ta'en the shirt from off his back
And kicked away his shoon³,
And thrown away the chamber key,
And naked he lay down, lay down,
And naked he lay down.

"Haud awa from me, Willie,
Haud awa from me,
Before I lose my maidenhead,
I'll try my strength with thee, with thee,
I'll try my strength with thee."

He's kissed her on the lily breast
And held her shoulders twa,
And aye she grat⁴, and aye she spat,
And turned to the wall, the wall,
And turned to the wall.

All through the night they wrestled there,
 Until the light of day,
 And Willie grat, and Willie spat,
 But he could not stretch her spey, her spey,
 He could not stretch her spey.

Then early in the morning,
 Before the light of day,
 In came the maid of Scallater
 With a gown and shirt alone, alone,
 With a gown and shirt alone.

"Get up, get up, young woman,
 And drink the wine with me,
 You might have called me maiden,
 For I'm sure as hale as thee, as thee,
 For I'm sure as hale as thee."

"Weary for you Willie then,
 You could not prove a man,
 If you'd have ta'en her maidenhead,
 She might have hired your hand, your hand,
 She might have hired your hand."

Then in there came young Breadalbane,
 With a pistol by his side,
 "Oh, come away, Eppie Morrie,
 And I'll make you my bride, my bride,
 And I'll make you my bride."

"Go get to me a horse, Willie,
 Get it like a man,
 And send me to my mother,
 A maiden as I came, I came,
 A maiden as I came."

The sun shine o'er the western hills,
 By the lamplight of the moon,
 "Oh, saddle your horse, young John Forsythe,
 And whistle and I'll come soon, come soon,
 Whistle and I'll come soon."

1hieland - highland 3shoon - shoes
 2haud awa - stay away 4grat - wept

SIDE I, Band 6: TWINE WELL THE PLAIDEN

This lament of a rejected maiden traces back to the 18th century. The silken snood, mentioned so prominently in this song, is not merely a figure of speech, but is rather a symbol of maidenhood whose loss is sorely lamented by the young lady. This version was learned from James Johnson's "Scots Musical Museum".

Oh, I have lost my silken snood
 That tied my hair so yellow;
 I have given my heart to the lad I loved,
 He was a gallant fellow.

CHORUS:

And twine it well, my bonnie dow,
 And twine it well the plaiden,
 The lassie lost her silken snood
 In pulling of the bracken.

He praised my eyes so bonnie blue,
 So lily-white my skin, O,
 And soon he pried my bonnie mouth,
 And swore it was no sin, O.

But he has left the lass he loves,
 His own true love forsaken,
 Which hurts me sore to greet the snood
 I lost among the bracken.

SIDE I, Band 7: THE BLANTYRE EXPLOSION

The disaster described in this ballad occurred at Messrs. Dixon's colliery, High Blantyre, near Glasgow, on October 22, 1877, with the resulting death of over 200 miners. Unlike many pit-disaster ballads which take the form of the Irish 'come all ye' songs, "The Blantyre Explosion" is in the tradition of the South-West Scottish elegy. It is rare indeed that such a completely localized topical ballad is found far from its home, but this song has even been reported in the mining area of Pennsylvania.

This version was collected by A.L. Lloyd in 1951 near Glasgow, and appears in Lloyd's "Come All Ye Bold Miners".

By Clyde's bonnie banks where I sadly did wander,
 Amid the pit heaps when evening drew nigh,
 I spied a fair maiden all wrapped in deep
 mourning,
 A-weeping and sobbing, with many a sigh.

I stepped up beside her, and thus I addressed her,
 "Pray tell me, fair maid, of your trouble and pain."
 Weeping and sobbing, at last she did answer,
 "Johnny Murphy, kind sir, was my true lover's name."

"Twenty-one years of age, full of youth and good
 looking,
 To work in the mines from high Blantyre he came.
 The wedding was set, all the guests were invited,
 That cold summer's evening young Johnny was slain."

"The explosion was heard, all the women and
 children,
 With pale anxious faces made haste to the mines,
 When the truth was made known the hills rang with
 their mourning,
 Three hundred and ten young miners were slain."

Now husbands and wives, and sweethearts and
 brothers,
 That Blantyre explosion they'll never forget,
 And all you young miners that hear my sad story,
 Shed a tear for the victims who're laid to their
 rest."

SIDE I, Band 8: THYME IN MY GARDEN

This song, in any of numerous variant forms, is known widely throughout the British Isles and America. It is typical of the numerous folk love lyrics which make use of varied and beautiful metaphors. In this song, "thyme" is a symbol of virginity, and rue symbolizes sorrow for its loss. This version was learned from A.C. MacLeod's "Songs of the North", Volume II.

Oh, once my thyme was young,
 It flourished night and day,
 But by there came a false young man,
 And he stole my thyme away,
 And he stole my thyme away.

Within my garden gay
 The rose and lily grew;
 But the pride of my garden is withered away,
 And it's all grown o'er with rue,
 And it's all grown o'er with rue.

My garden is now run wild,
When shall I plant anew?
My bed that once was filled with thyme,
Is all o'er run with rue,
Is all o'er run with rue.

SIDE II, Band 1: COMIN' THROUGH THE RYE

There are numerous versions of this old Scottish song, some dating back more than 200 years. It may well be one of the best known of all Scottish songs in America, where it has been a favorite with school children of all ages. Mrs. Holland learned this song in public school when still a little girl.

If a body meet a body
Comin' through the rye,
If a body kiss a body
Need a body cry.

CHORUS:

Ilka lassie has her laddie
Nane they say ha' I,
Yet all the lads they smile at me
When comin' through the rye.

If a body meet a body
Comin' fra' the town,
If a body greet a body
Need a body frown.

Among the train, there is a swain,
I dearly love myself,
But what his name, or where his hame,
I dinna care to tell.

SIDE II, Band 2: MY LOVE'S IN GERMANY

This lament of a Scottish woman whose husband has been sent to fight in Germany is similar in emotional content to "The Wars of Germany" (Side I, Band 4). Though frequently appearing in collections as being of anonymous composition, it has been fairly well established that it was written by Hector MacNeill, a Scottish poet who lived from 1746 to 1818. The song was first published in Edinburgh in 1794. Learned from MacCunn's "Songs and Ballads of Scotland".

My love's in Germany, send him hame, send him hame,
My love's in Germany, send him hame.
My love's in Germany, fighting for royalty,
He may ne'er his Jeannie see,
Send him hame, send him hame,
He may ne'er his Jeannie see, send him hame.

He is brave as brave can be, send him hame,
send him hame,
He is brave as brave can be, send him hame.
He is brave as brave can be, he would rather
fall than flee,
But his life is dear to me,
Send him hame, send him hame,
But his life is dear to me, send him hame.

He'll ne'er come o'er the sea, Willie's slain,
Willie's slain,
He'll ne'er come o'er the sea, Willie's gane.
He'll ne'er come o'er the sea, to his love and
own country,
This world's no more for me,
Willie's gane, Willie's gane,
This world's no more for me, Willie's gane!

SIDE II, Band 3: THE REEL O' STUMPIE

This delightful song traces back to at least the 18th century and perhaps earlier. It presents a rather realistic and healthy attitude towards love which the rantings of John Knox and Calvinistic preaching could do nothing to breach. Nor were the consequences of unwed love-making to be taken lightly, for the "cutty Stool" or "Stool of Repentance" was as sadistic a device for condemnation and humiliating public admonition as has ever been invented. Still the joys of love were stronger invitations to instinctive action than even the church and its prying elders could stop. And so the heroine of this song is ready to face the consequences of her actions with a great deal of fortitude, and ever more, of humor. This version was learned from Ewan MacColl's "Scotland Sings."

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

My daddie was a fiddler fine,
My minnie made a mankie, O,
And I myself a thumpin' queen,
Wha danced the reel o' Stumpie, O.

Dance and sing, dance and sing,
Hey the merry dancing, O,
And all their love-locks waving round,
And all their bright eyes glancing, O.

The pipes come with their gladsome note,
And then with dool and dumpie, O,
But the lightest tune to a maiden's feet
Is the gallant reel of Stumpie, O.

The gossip cup, the gossip cup,
The kimmer clash and caudle, O,
The waning moon, the wanton loon,
The cutty stool and cradle, O.

Douce dames must have their bairntime borne,
So dinna glower so glumpie, O,
Birds love morn and crows love corn,
And maids the reel o' Stumpie, O.

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

SIDE II, Band 4: THE RANTIN LADDIE (Child #240)

If there is the slightest historical basis for this ballad, research has not yet revealed it. The Earl of Aboyne, the hero and "rantin laddie" of the ballad, has not been identified as any one of the lords of Aboyne who played a large part in Scottish history.

This version was learned from the singing of Ewan MacColl, who learned it from his father.

Oft have I played at the cards and dice
With my own dear rantin' laddie,
But now I must sit in my father's hall,
And sing to my bastard baby.

If I'd a been wise as I've been nice,
And done what my bonnie lad told me,
I'd have been married a year or more
And been with my rantin' laddie.

My father dear, he knows me not,
My mother she ignores me;
My friends and relations all slight me,
And the servants they quite hate me.

If I had one horse at my command,
As ofttimes I've had many,
I'd ride it on to the gates of Aboyne,
With a letter to my rantin' laddie.

Is your love a lord or is he a laird,
Or is he but a caddie,
That you so oft call on his name,
Your own dear rantin' laddie.

Then out there spoke a kitchie boy,
Says though I'm but a caddie,
It's I will run to the gates of Aboyne,
With a letter to your rantin' laddie.

When he was near to the banks of Dee,
The birds they sang so bonnie,
And there he spied the Earl of Aboyne,
That they call the rantin' laddie.

And when he looked the letter on,
But O and he was sorry,
They've been cruel and fell unkind
To my own dear rantin' lassie.

"My father dear, he knows me not,
My mother she ignores me,
My friends and relations all slight me,
And the servants they quite hate me."

"Go get to me 500 men,
And they'll ride out so bonny,
And we'll bring the bonnie lassie back to Aboyne,
My own dear rantin' lassie."

When she was up behind his back,
Wrapped in a Hieland plaidie,
The birds in the trees sang not so sweet
As the bonnie, bonnie rantin' lassie.

If you lay your love on a lowland lad,
Be sure that he'll betray you,
But lay your love on a highland lad,
He'll do all he can to raise you.

SIDE II, Band 5: JOHNNY LAD

This delightful ditty was originally a very beautiful pastoral song in the tempo of a slow strathspey. During the late 19th century, it moved to Glasgow and became a favorite children's skipping game song. It's ribaldry seems hardly in keeping with the use to which it has been put by children. At the present time it is a great favorite at concerts and parties throughout Great Britain, and numerous parodied and improvised stanzas have been added to it. Learned from the singing of Ewan MacColl.

O ken you my love Johnnie,
He's down on yonder lea,
And he's lookin' and he's jokin',
And he's aye watchin' me.

He's pullin' and he's teasin',
But his meanin's not so bad,
If it's ever gonna be,
Tell me noe, Johnnie lad.

Tell me now my Johnnie laddie,
Tell me now my Johnny lad,
If it's ever gonna be,
Tell me now Johnnie lad.

O, Johnnie's blythe and bonnie,
He's the pride of all yon lea,
And I love him best of any
Though he's aye teasin' me.

Though he teases me and squeezes me,
And tickles me like mad,
None comes near me that can cheer me
Like my own Johnnie lad.

Aye it's you my Johnnie laddie,
Aye it's you my Johnny lad;
None can tease me and can please me
Like my own Johnnie lad.

O, Johnnie's not a gentleman,
Nor yet is he a laird,
But I would follow Johnnie lad
Although he was a caird.

O, Johnnie is a bonnie lad,
He was once a lad of mine,
And I've never had a better lad,
Though I've had twenty-nine.

And with you, my Johnnie laddie,
And with you my Johnnie lad,
And I'll dance the buckles off my shoon
With you, Johnnie Lad.

SIDE II, Band 6: MARY HAMILTON (Child #173)

Two forms of this ballad have come down to us, existing side by side. The first of these is the full ballad tale sung on this recording. A second form consists merely of a lyric lament which is Mary Hamilton's farewell speech, with no indication of the events which lead up to her punishment.

The events detailed in the ballad appear to be based either on an incident which happened in 1563, in which a French woman servant of Mary, Queen of Scots, had an affair with the Queen's apothecary, or with an incident which took place in the court of Russia's Czar Peter in 1718 involving one Mary Hamilton and the Czar's aide-de-camp. If either of these events is the basis for the ballad tale, then it has obviously suffered great alterations in being handed down through tradition. Ballad scholars today are inclined to believe that both stories influenced the Mary Hamilton ballad.

The version sung here is a compilation. The text is from Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe's "A Ballad Book" (1823); the tune is from the singing of Jeannie Robertson, an Aberdeen housewife.

Word's gone to the kitchen,
And word's gone to the hall,
That Mary Hamilton gangs with bairn
To the highest Stewart of all.

He's courted her in the kitchen,
He's courted her in the hall,
He's courted her in the low cellar,
And that was worst of all.

She's tied it in her apron,
And she's thrown it in the sea,
Says, "Sink ye, swim ye, bonnie sweet babe,
You'll ne'er get mair of me.

Down then came the old Queen,
Gold tassels tying her hair;
"Oh, Mary, where's the bonny wee babe
That I heard greet sae sair?"

There was never a babe intill my room,
As little designs to be;
It was but a touch of my sair side,
Come o'er my fair body.

"Oh, Mary, put on your robes of black,
Or else your robes of brown,
For you must gang with me the night,
To see fair Edinbro' town."

I will not put on my robes of black,
Nor yet my robes of brown,
But I'll put on my robes of white,
To shine through Edinbro' town.

When she went up the Cannogate,
She laughed loud laughters three;
But when she came down the Cannogate,
The tear blinded her e'e.

When she went up the parliament stair,
The heel came off her shée,
And lang or she came down again,
She was condemned to dee.

Bring me a bottle of wine, she says,
The best that e'er ye hae,
That I may drink to my well wishers,
And they may drink to me.

Here's a health to the jolly sailors
That sail upon the sea,
Let them never let on to my father and mother,
That I came here to dee.

O, little did my mother think,
The day she cradled me,
What lands I was to travel through,
What death I was to dee.

Last night I washed the Queen's feet,
And gently laid her down;
And all the thanks I've gotten the night,
To be hanged in Edinbro' town.

Last night there was four Maries,
The night there'll be but three,
There was Mary Seton and Mary Beton,
And Mary Carmichael and me.

SIDE II, Band 7: WHEN I WAS NOO BUT SWEET SIXTEEN

This song of a rejected maiden is best known on Speyside, and often is known by the title "Peggy On the Banks of the Spey". It's a lullabye to be sung to children in their cradles still too young to comprehend their mother's words. Its message is a tragic one, but the complaint against the plowmen lads is softened with self reproach for

the young mother's having been so naive in the first place. This version was learned from the singing of Jeannie Robertson.

When I was noo but sweet sixteen,
In beauty just a-bloomin', O,
O, little, little did I think
At nineteen I'd be greetin', O.

For the ploughman lads they are gay well lads,
They are false and deceiving, O,
They'll gang awa', they'll sail awa',
And they'll leave their lasses greetin', O.

If I'd a kent what I do ken,
And done my mother's biddin', O,
I would not be at your firside,
Cryin': Hishie ba, ma bairnie, O.

O, Hishie ba, for I'm your ma,
But the Lord knows where's your daddie, O,
But I'll take good care and I'll be aware
Of the young men in the gloamin', O.

When I was noo but sweet sixteen,
In beauty just a-bloomin', O,
O, little, little did I think
At nineteen I'd be greetin', O.

SIDE II, Band 8: GO AWAY FROM MY WINDOW

This appears to be but a fragment of a folksong. Its origin is quite obscure. The first line is a familiar one in both British and American folksongs, though a historical connection between the various songs is not necessarily implied. This song was learned from the singing of Jeannie Robertson.

Go away from my window
Don't bother me,
Go away from my window,
Don't enter in.

I'll give you back your letters,
I'll give you back your ring,
Go away from my window,
Don't enter in.

I'll go tell all my brothers,
I'll tell them of my sin,
Go away from my window,
Don't enter in.

SIDE II, Band 9: CAN YE SEW CUSHIONS

This beautiful little lullaby traces back to at least the 17th century, if not earlier. This version was learned from James Johnson's "Scots Musical Museum."

O can ye sew cushions, or can ye sew sheets,
And can ye sing ba-loo-loo when the bairnie greets?
And hee and ba-birdie, and hee and ba lamb,
And hee and ba-birdie, my bonnie wee lamb.

CHORUS:

Hee-o, wee-o, what would I do with you?
Black's the life that I lead with you,
Ower many of you, little for to give you,
Hee-o, wee-o, what would I do with you?

I've placed my cradle on yon holly top,
And, aye, as the wind blew, my cradle did rock.
And hush-a-ba baby, and ba-lilly loo,
And hee and ba birdie, my bonnie wee doo.