



Smithsonian Folkways Recordings



SCOTLAND

THE REAL

MUSIC FROM CONTEMPORARY CALEDONIA

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FIONA RITCHIE, producer/host of NPR's nationally syndicated weekly show *The Thistle & Shamrock®*, invites you to discover 20 of her favorite Scottish vocal and instrumental tracks. This recording features the very best of a vibrant generation of singers, songwriters, composers, and musicians who through their own voices, tunes, and interpretations are writing the next chapter in a tradition that stretches back centuries. Scotland the Real is the ultimate insider's view of a vital part of the pan-Celtic revival, filled with talented, creative artists who build on the best of Caledonia's musical past to forge the Scottish music traditions of tomorrow.

1. **BRIAN MCNEILL** The Atlantic Reels: Mac Iain Oig's/The Scot Erin Reel/Yester Man's Hand/The Old Man's Answer 3:08
2. **CILLA FISHER** Norland Wind 3:20
3. **ALASDAIR FRASER & PAUL MACHLIS** Ruileadh Cailleach, Sheatadh Cailleach/The Bird's Nest/Harris Dance 3:34
4. **BATTLEFIELD BAND** The Last Trip Home/The Luckenbooth 4:54
5. **THE TANNAHILL WEAVERS** Flashmarket Close/MacArther/Colonel Fraser/The Swallow's Tail 4:20
6. **DOUGIE MACLEAN** Garden Valley 3:44
7. **CATHERINE-ANN MACPHEE** Cànan Nan Gàidheal 4:40
8. **BATTLEFIELD BAND WITH ALISON KINNAIRD** The Silver Darlin's 1:50
9. **TONY CUFFE** Miss Wharton Duff/The Mare 3:07
10. **MALINKY** Thaney 3:58
11. **CHANTAN** Slave's Lament 3:40
12. **DICK GAUGHAN** No Gods and Precious Few Heroes 2:55
13. **JENNIFER & HAZEL WRIGLEY** Eynhallow Soond/The Halloween Flit 2:28
14. **JIM MALCOLM** Jimmy's Gone to Flanders 4:20
15. **MAGGIE MACINNES** Two Waulking Songs 3:42
16. **ED MILLER** Men o' Worth 2:48
17. **ALY BAIN & PHIL CUNNINGHAM** The Pearl 3:55
18. **ADAM MCNAUGHTAN** Oor Hamlet 3:00
19. **FIDDLERS' BID** Da Sneck o' Da Smaalie/Doon Fae Nort/Jenna Reid of Quarff 4:25
20. **CAPERCAILLIE** Both Sides the Tweed 5:02



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Smithsonian Folkways Recordings

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Scottish
Arts Council



SCOTTISH EXECUTIVE

SCOTLAND

THE REAL MUSIC FROM CONTEMPORARY CALEDONIA

1. **BRIAN MCNEILL** The Atlantic Reels: Mac Iain Oig's/The Scot Erin Reel/
Yester Man's Hand/The Old Man's Answer 3:30 (B. McNeill/Grian Music)
2. **CILLA FISHER** Norland Wind 3:30 (V. Jacob—J. Reid; arr. A. Trezise/Topic Records/Happy Valley Music, BMI)
3. **ALASDAIR FRASER** Ruileadh Cailleach, Sheatadh Cailleach/The Bird's
& **PAUL MACHLIS** Nest/Harris Dance 3:14 (Trad. arr. A. Fraser—P. Machlis/Culburnie Music, BMI)
4. **BATTLEFIELD BAND** The Last Trip Home/The Luckenbooth 4:54
(D. Steele — J. McCusker/Kinnor Music)
5. **THE TANNAHILL WEAVERS** Flashmarket Close/MacArther/Colonel Fraser/
The Swallow's Tail 4:21 (Trad. arr. The Tannahill Weavers)
6. **DOUGIE MACLEAN** Garden Valley 3:44 (D. MacLean/Limetree Arts and Music, MCPS/PRS)
7. **CATHERINE-ANN MACPHEE** Cànan Nan Gàidheal 4:40 (M. MacFarlane/Copyright Control)
8. **BATTLEFIELD BAND** The Silver Darlin's 1:59 (B. McNeill — D. Pincock/Kinnor Music)
WITH **ALISON KINNAIRD**

9. **TONY CUFFE** Miss Wharton Duff/The Mare 3:07 (Trad. arr. Tony Cuffe/Isa Music, MCPS)
10. **MALINKY** Thaney 3:50 (K. Polwart, MCPS/PRS)
11. **CHANTAN** Slave's Lament 3:11 (Words R. Burns; tune trad; arr. Chantan, MCPS/PRS)
12. **DICK GAUGHAN** No Gods and Precious Few Heroes 3:55
(B. McNeill — H. Henderson/Grian Music)
13. **JENNIFER & HAZEL WRIGLEY** Eynhallow Soond/The Halloween Flit 3:20 (J. Wrigley/MCPS/PRS)
14. **JIM MALCOLM** Jimmy's Gone to Flanders 4:39
(Words J. Malcolm; tune trad./James D. Malcolm, MCPS/PRS)
15. **MAGGIE MACINNES** Two Waulking Songs 3:42 (Trad. arr. M. MacInnes — G. Hughes)
16. **ED MILLER** Men o' Worth 2:40 (A. Fisher; arr. Ed Miller/A. Fisher)
17. **ALY BAIN & PHIL CUNNINGHAM** The Pearl 3:55 (P. Cunningham/MCPS/PRS)
18. **ADAM MCNAUGHTAN** Oor Hamlet 3:09 (Words A. McNaughtan; tune trad.)
19. **FIDDLERS' BID** Da Sneck o' Da Smaalie/Doon Fae Nort/Jenna Reid of
Quarff 4:26 (C. Stout — K. Henderson/ MCPS/PRS)
20. **CAPERCAILLIE** Both Sides the Tweed 5:02 (D. Gaughan/Topic Records/Happy Valley Music, BMI)

INTRODUCTION

“Spoiled for choice” is a Scottish phrase for being overwhelmed by too many options. It’s one that I’ve thought of often during the difficult task of compiling this CD. The Scottish traditional music scene has never been healthier or more exciting. The last few years have seen an explosion of renewed interest in Scottish traditional music and culture. Throughout Scotland, a new generation of singers, songwriters, composers, and musicians are adding their own voices and interpretations to a tradition that stretches back centuries. Their inspiration and creativity is reflected in this compilation.

This CD is meant to be only a “taster” — a “sampler” designed to introduce listeners to some of the outstanding composers, performers, and ensembles of traditional music currently enriching the Scottish musical landscape. To help us through this landscape, we are honored to have as our guide Fiona Ritchie, host of National Public Radio’s award-winning Celtic music program *The Thistle & Shamrock*®. Ritchie grew up in Gourrock, attended university in North Carolina,

and returned there to live after her graduation in Scotland. She began *The Thistle & Shamrock*® on WFAE-FM in 1981, and the show’s popularity soon led to its national distribution. Today, more than 380 stations throughout the United States carry the program via National Public Radio. Fiona, who has since returned to Scotland, is acknowledged to be one of the foremost experts on the Scottish and Celtic music scene, and her contributions to this compilation have been invaluable.

Additional information on Scottish and Celtic music and a list of stations carrying Fiona’s radio program can be found by visiting *The Thistle & Shamrock*® website: thistle.npr.org.

NANCY GROCE, PH.D., CURATOR

Scotland at the Smithsonian

2003 Smithsonian Folklife Festival

This collection could easily have been many times its present length had we been able to include everyone on our wish list. So please use this CD as a road map, seeking out recordings and performances by the artists you enjoy here and others you may encounter along the way.

— FIONA RITCHIE

Producer/host, *The Thistle & Shamrock*®
from National Public Radio

1. BRIAN MCNEILL — The Atlantic Reels: Mac Iain Oig's/The Scot Erin Reel/
Yester Man's Hand/The Old Man's Answer.

From *The Back o' the North Wind* (CDTRAX 047). Courtesy Greentrax Recordings (www.greentrax.com).

Brian McNeill works with Scottish musical traditions in a variety of ways and has made a substantial contribution as a composer. He began writing during his years with Battlefield Band, which he co-founded. Since leaving in 1990, Brian has added an immense number of tunes and songs, and inspires young musicians to do the same in his work as director of the Scottish Music program at the Royal Scottish Academy of Music and Drama in Glasgow. This set of driving reels appears on Brian's collection *The Back o' the North Wind*, a cycle of songs and tunes tracing the exploits of Scottish immigrants to North America. Although best known as a fiddler, he is a multi-instrumentalist and plays all the string instruments you hear on this track.

2. CILLA FISHER — Norland Wind

From *Cilla & Artie* (CDTRAX 9050). Released under license from Topic Records Ltd. (UK)
(www.topicrecords.co.uk).

This seems like a timeless folk song. The words, however, are by poet Violet Jacob (1863–1946) from the East Coast county of Angus, who captured the wanderer's feelings of loneliness and longing in her poem of 1916. Around sixty years later, singer Jim Reid, from nearby Dundee, added the tune. Cilla Fisher, from one of the first families of the Scottish folk song revival, recorded it with her husband Artie Trezise in 1979 on their widely praised album *Cilla & Artie*. The arrangement includes Johnny and Phil Cunningham on fiddle, accordion, and whistle.

LYRICS :

"Tell me what was on yer road, ye roarin Norland wind?

As ye come blawin frae the north that's never frae [from] ma mind.

Ma feet they've travelled England, but I'm deen for the North."

"Oh man, I saw the siller [silver] tides run up the Firth o' Forth."

"Wind, I ken them weel eneuch [I know them well enough], an fine they fa' and rise,
And frae the fields the creepin mist on yonder shore that lies.

But tell me as ye passed them by, what saw ye on your way?"

"Oh man, I rouch [toss about] the rovin gulls that sail abin [toss] the Tay."

*"But saw ye nothin leein [lying] wind afore you cam tae Fife?
For there's muckle lyin yond [much lies beyond] the Tay that's mair tae me than life."
"Aye man, I swept the Angus braes ye havnae [haven't] trod for years."
"Oh wind, whaur gae a hameless loon [where goes a homeless lad (loon is also a
nickname for a native of the town of Forfar)]/that canna see for tears?"*

*"And far above the Angus straths [river valleys] I heard the wild geese flee,
A lang, lang skean [long dagger] o' beatin' wings wi their heids towards the sea,
And aye [continually] their roaring voices trailed ahint [behind] them on the air."
"Oh wind, hae mercy, haud your wheesht [hush/be silent] for I daurna listen mair
[dare not listen more]."*

3. ALASDAIR FRASER & PAUL MACHLIS — Ruileadh Cailleach, Sheatadh Cailleach/The Bird's Nest/Harris Dance

From *Skyedance* (CUL 101D). Courtesy Culburnie Records (www.culburnie.com).

Alasdair Fraser is a major force for Scottish fiddle on both sides of the Atlantic. Many Americans will know him for movie soundtracks (*The Last of the Mohicans*, *Titanic*), performances at Kennedy Center and Lincoln Center, and for work with his critically acclaimed band Skyedance. Now based in California, he directs the 100-member San Francisco Fiddlers and his Valley of the Moon Scottish Fiddle School, which has spread interest in Scottish fiddle styles throughout North America. In Scotland, Alasdair has served as musician in residence at the Celtic

Connections festival and has led hugely popular fiddle workshops from Edinburgh to the Isle of Skye. He begins this medley of traditional tunes with a very old Gaelic *puirt-a-beul* (mouth music) tune from the Isle of Barra.

4. BATTLEFIELD BAND — The Last Trip Home/The Luckenbooth

From *Leaving Friday Harbor* (COMD2080). Courtesy Temple Records (www.templerecords.co.uk).

Founded in 1969, Battlefield Band exerts an influential and lasting impact on contemporary Scottish traditional music. Through numerous personnel changes over the years, co-founder, singer, and songwriter Alan Reid remains a mainstay on the keyboards and continues to lead this innovative ensemble. John McCusker's tunes are popping up everywhere these days but were first widely heard during his decade with Battlefield Band. Here his melodies are woven among words by one of the rallying voices of Scottish song in the 1980s and 90s, Davy Steele (1949-2001). Davy worked around the scene for years, most notably with Ceolbeg, joining Battlefield Band in 1998 and creating an ideal vocal blend with Alan Reid. A leader of many a singing session from folk club to festival, Davy aptly contributes one of the most memorable choruses in this collection: concerning a lifestyle from the recent past, when Clydesdale horses were the powerhouses of the Scottish farm.

LYRICS:

*A've aye worked on farms an frae the start the muckle [big/great] horses won my heart
Wi big broad backs they proudly stand, the uncrowned kings o' a' the land
And yet for a' their power and strength, they're as gentle as a summer's wind.*

*CHORUS: So steady boys, walk on, oor work is nearly done,
No more we'll till or plough the fields, the horses' day is gone;
An' this will be our last trip home, so steady boys, walk on.*

*Now, you'll hear men sing their songs of praise, of Arab stallions in a race,
Or hunters that fly wi' the hounds, tae chase the fox and run him down;
But none o' them compare I vow, tae a workin' pair that pulls a plough.*

*And a' the years I've plied my trade, an a' the fields we've ploughed and laid,
I never thought I'd see the time when a Clydesdale's work wid ever end.
But progress runs its driven course, and tractors hae [have] replaced the horse.*

*As we head back, oor friends have lined the road tae be there one last time,
For nane of them would want tae miss, the chance tae see us pass like this.
They'll say they saw in years tae come the muckle horses' last trip home.*

5. THE TANNAHILL WEAVERS — Flashmarket Close/MacArther/Colonel Fraser/
The Swallow's Tail

From *The Mermaid's Song*. (GLCD 1121). Courtesy Green Linnet (www.greenlinnet.com).

Like Battlefield Band, the world has welcomed the Tannahill Weavers in tours spanning three decades. The band's heroic travel schedule brings them as often as not to the United States. They have opened pathways to communities from Alaska to Florida, introducing many Americans to live Scottish music. Countless bands have followed in their wake and have been equally inspired by their musical journey. This tune set is classic "Tannies" and grasps the essence of their energetic live shows.

6. DOUGIE MACLEAN — Garden Valley

From *Real Estate* (DUN 008). Courtesy Dunkeld Records (www.dougiemaclean.com).

Dougie MacLean began his remarkable international travels as a fiddler with the Tannahill Weavers in the 1970s, but his great impact on Scottish music has come from his work as a singer-songwriter, and primarily as a solo performer. Kathy Mattea, Mary Black, Dolores Keane, and many other artists have covered his songs, and his music has been used for soundtracks on the large and small screen. Whether singing about politics, the land, the environment, history, or relationships, Dougie's work is infused with a powerful sense of place. His 1977 song "Caledonia" is an anthem for Scots throughout the world. "Garden Valley" also

leads us home, to Dougie's Perthshire backyard by the banks of the River Tay. In the last verse, he recalls the horrors of the late 18th and 19th century Highland Clearances, when thousands were forced to emigrate from their ancestral lands.

LYRICS:

This is really not my home.

Where are you, my lovely Jenny?

I'm afraid and all alone.

There is no peace for me.

And I'm sitting in the stranger's room

Playing at the stranger's table

Shining empty like the moon.

There is no peace for me.

I'm blinded by your city lights.

I wander through these fearful places.

The colours fade to black and white

There is no peace for me.

These are not the friends I know

These are not their smiling faces.

A desert that no one should know

There is no peace for me.

CHORUS: *But in the darkness struggle cold*

I think about a garden valley

Gentle as the leaves unfold

Singing out along the Tay,

Distant and so far away

There is no peace for me.

Now I know and feel it well

The immigrant's deep sunken feeling

Standing at the gates of Hell.

There is no peace for me.

Burned out by their master's greed

Cruel exile, transportation

Robbed of every love and need.

There is no peace for me.

7. CATHERINE-ANN MACPHEE — Cànan Nan Gàidheal (The Language of the Gael)

From *Cànan Nan Gàidheal* (CDTRAX 009). Courtesy Greentrax Recordings (www.greentrax.com).

Catherine-Ann MacPhee from the Isle of Barra is a highly respected singer in the traditional style. Here she's singing a rallying song by the 20th century poet Murdo MacFarlane (1901–1982), whose words address the present state and future promise of the Gaelic language. Noted composer Billy Jackson, playing *clarsach* (Scottish small harp), arranged the track, which builds towards the Highland pipes of Iain MacDonald, a former fellow member of the groundbreaking traditional band Ossian.

A Note on Gaelic:

Scotland has three native languages: English, Scots (a rich dialect blending old English, French, Gaelic, and Norse with indigenous words), and Gaelic (an Indo-European language related to Irish). Gaelic speakers suffered tremendous intolerance for centuries. Today, Scots Gaelic is the mother tongue of less than 2% of the population, most of whom live in the western Highlands and Islands. The growing nationwide movement to revitalize Gaelic is reclaiming and expanding one of the world's most beautiful heritages of music, song, poetry, and stories.

LYRICS:

Cha b'e sneachda 's an reòthadh bho thuath,	It was not the snow and the frost from the North,
Cha b'e 'n crannadh geur fuar bho 'n ear,	It was not the sharp, cold blasts from the East,
Cha b'e 'n t-uisge 's a'ghaillionn bho 'n iar,	It was not the rain and the storms from the West,
Ach an galair a bhlian bho 'n deas	But the disease from the South, that has
Blàth, duilleach, stoc, agus freumh	starved
Cànan mo threubh 's mo shluaidh.	The bloom, foliage, stalk, and root
	Of the language of my race and my people.

Séist:

Thig thugainn, thig cò'rium gu siar	CHORUS:
Gus an cluinn sinn ann cànan nam Féinn,	Come with us, come with me, to the West
Thig thugainn, thig cò'rium gu siar	Until we hear the language of the Feín,
Gus an cluinn sinn ann cànan nan	Come with us, come with me to the West
Gàidheal.	Until we hear the language of the Gael.

Nuair chithear fear-fèilidh'sa ghleann,	When a kilted man was seen in the glen,
Bu chinnteach gur Gàidhlig a' chainnt.	It was certain that Gaelic was his language.
Nuair a spion iad a threumh as an fhonn,	But they have torn his roots from the ground,
'N àite Gàidhlig tha cànan a ghoill,	In place of Gaelic is the Lowlander's language,
'S a Ghaidhealtachd creadhal-nan-sonn,	And the Highlands, cradle of heroes,
'S tìr 'Mhajors' is 'Cholonels' 'n diugh innt'.	Today is the land of majors and colonels.

"Thoir a nuas dhuinn na coinnlearean òr
'S annt caraibh na coinnlean geal cèir
Lasaibh suas iad an seòmair a' bhròin
Tigh-aire seann chànan a' Ghàidheal."
'Se siud o chionn fhad' thuirt a nàmh,
Ach fhathast tha beò cànan a'
Ghàidheal.

Ged theich i le beath' às na glinn,
Ged na cluinnear a-nis muigh i's an Dùn,
O Dhùthaich MhicAoidh, fada Tuath
Gu an ruig thu Druim-Uachdar nam bò
Gidheadh, anns na n-Eileanan Siar
'Si fhathast ann ciad chainnt an
t'sloigh.

"Bring us down the golden candlesticks
And place in them candles of white wax
Light them in the Chamber of Sorrow —
The wake-house of the Gael's old language."
That's what the enemy has long been saying,
But the language of the Gael still lives.

Although she escaped with her life from the
glens,
Although she's not heard in the castle,
From MacKay's country in the far North
As far as Drumochter of the cattle,
Nevertheless in the Western Isles
She is still the mother tongue of the people.

8. BATTLEFIELD BAND WITH ALISON KINNAIRD — The Silver Darlin's

From *Music In Trust: Volume I* (COMD 2010). Courtesy Temple Records (www.templerecords.co.uk).

By the mid-1980s when this song was written, the shoals of “silver darlings” — herring — were disappearing. The economic impact was felt, as it is today, primarily on the East Coast of Scotland. Brian McNeill and Dougie Pincock chronicle the methods and traditions of the fishing trade and the changing economic conditions that saw many fisher folk “takin’ tae the oil” — pursuing new opportunity in the North Sea oil industry. Sung by Alan Reid of Battlefield Band.

LYRICS:

*Between the Beggar's Mantle and the lights o' Peterheid,
The fisher lads were heroes and the herrin was their creed.
The herrin paid the factor, the herrin fed the wean [child],
But now the herrin's gone and the fishin's no the same.*

*The likes o' me was put tae sea as soon as I could stand
To catch the silver darlin's for the folk upon the land.
Wi half a mile o' net between the bottom and the keel,
An' half a score o' years between the cradle and the creel [fishing basket/fish trap].*

*And I mind [remember] the rigs o' barley, I mind the rigs [measure of ploughed
land/farrows] o' rye,
I mind the riggin on the mast, so dark against the sky,*

*But the lads that used tae work them a' , they've gone for better pay,
And the rigs that work the oil are a' the rigs ye'll see the day.*

*So dinnae [don't] blame the fisher folk for takin tae the oil,
For if ye didnae find the fish, ye've nothing for yer toil.
And there's still as many families, as many mouths tae feed,
Between the Beggar's Mantle and the lights o' Peterheid.*

9. TONY CUFFE — Miss Wharton Duff/The Mare

From *When I First Went to Caledonia* (IRCD011). Used with permission of Iona Records (www.iona-records.com).

Tony Cuffe (1954–2001) was a singer and guitarist from the West of Scotland whose pioneering work with Alba, Jock Tamson's Bairns, and Ossian will be as enduring as it is influential. Settling near Boston in 1989, Tony became established there as a popular solo performer and added many instruments to his repertoire. In his virtuoso guitar playing, he married tunes from pipe and fiddle traditions with contemporary guitar techniques and tunings to great effect. With this pair of tunes, he recalls the musical traditions that flourished in the 18th century drawing rooms of the Scotland's “big houses.” The first was written by William Marshall, an 18th century fiddler, composer, astronomer, mathematician, and butler to the Duke of Gordon.

10. MALINKY — Thaney

From 3 Ravens (CDTRAX 233). Courtesy Greentrax Recordings (www.greentrax.com).

Still in lively use throughout rural and urban Scotland, the Scots “mither tongue” survived decades of disrespect and thrives despite a lack of much formal support today. Karine Polwart represents a new generation of singers performing and writing old-style songs in Scots. This one tells the incredible story of Thaney (or Thenew), daughter of the 6th-century Lowland King Loth (the Lothian regions around Edinburgh take their name from him). A survivor of rape and attempted murder, Thanew was canonised in the 13th Century as St. Enoch. Writers like Karine Polwart are giving new voice to the history and experiences of Scottish women, while celebrating the ancient form of the narrative ballad. In time, creations like these will find their own place in the tradition.

LYRICS:

*“Mak’ yer bed fu’ broad, dear Thaney,/Mak’ yer bed fu’ broad and wide.
There will lie a southern suitor,/And you shall be his bonnie bride.”*

*“Father dear, my bed is narrow./Narrow so it will remain.
Never will I wed a stranger,/I would rather lie my lane [lie alone].”*

*“Then I will call you no more daughter,/I will call you no more mine.
‘Til the day you die you’ ll wander./Wander oot among the swine.”*

*Thaney fae the ha’ [from the hall] was banished,/Banished oot in tae the night.
By and by there came a lady,/Busked [dressed/disguised] in linens lily-white.*

*Thaney beckoned tae the lady,/Through the mirk [darkness/gloom] she couldnae tell.
That it was a fair-faced laddie/Come loomin like the Earl o’ Hell.*

*“Tak yer hands fae aff my shoulders!/Tak yer hands fae aff my wame [belly]!”
“I will tak’ the one thing lady/I never can return again.”*

*He has left her lyin’ lowin’ [moaning]/Lowin’ there among the swine.
Thaney saw her belly growin’/Growin’ wi’ the rue [regret] and thyme.*

*Word has gone untae the castle,/Word has gone untae the ha’
“Thaney has lain wrang [wrong] wi’ a stranger,/She has let her snood doon fa’
[ribbon (symbol worn by young virgins) down fall].”*

*“Wae be tae the wanton Thaney,/She has hattered [battered/bruised] at my heart.
Take her tae the highest mountain,/Tie her fast intae a cart.”*

*The have shackled Thaney’s body/Wi’ her belly rowin’ fu’ [rolling full].
Every man wi’ stone stood ready/For to break her back in two.*

*But wonders on the bonnie lady,/Wonders on the Berwick Law [hill on East Lothian coast].
Tho’ the stanes rained doon wi’ fury/Not a one on her did fa’ [fall].*

*Word has gone untae the castle/Word has gone through a' the land
"Thaney rose up like the morning/She stepped softly on the strand [beach]."*

*"Wae be to the wanton Thaney,/Curses on her blithesome head!
Let it be by Loth [Thaney's father, 6th-century King Loth Lowland Scotland]
here commanded/I will live to see her dead.*

*"Without sail or row or rudder/It's you shall toss the wild, wild faem [foam].
Let the ocean's dogs devour ye,/Never more you' ll rise again."*

*But wonders on the bonnie lady,/Wonders on the silver spray.
Cradled by five thousand fishes/It's she has reached the Isle o' May [island in the
Firth of Forth].*

*Through the turning tide they tumbled,/Through the rattlin', rollin' storm.
Safe at Culross Kirk [church in village of Culross, Fife] she has landed/There she has
her baby born.*

*"I will make my bed fu' narrow/And in it I will lie my lane.
And my bonnie boy there beside me/Nothing more to rue again."*

II. CHANTAN — Slave's Lament

From *Primary Colours* (CUL 108D). Courtesy Culburnie Records (www.culburnie.com).

No one has spread Scottish music around the world as successfully as Robert Burns (1759–1796). In collecting and extending fragments of traditional verse for his five volumes of *The Scots Musical Museum*, and in preserving old melodies by using them for his songs, his bequest has had immeasurable impact. This is one of his less well-known songs. Visiting Dundee, he was troubled by the sight of a slave ship in the harbor, en route from Senegal to Virginia. Moved to write these words reflecting his abhorrence of slavery, Burns set them to a Sephardic tune ("Rachel's Lamentation for Her Children") found in another Scottish collector's tome. He no doubt believed that the melody was also known in Moorish North Africa. Singer, songwriter, and teacher Christine Kydd is renowned for her sensitive and imaginative arrangements of traditional songs. She sings here as part of the jazz-influenced vocal trio Chantan, with Corrina Hewat on *clarsach* (Scottish small harp).

LYRICS:

*It was in sweet Senegal that my foes did me enthrall
For the lands of Virginia, -ginia O;
Torn from that lovely shore and must never see it more,
And alas! I am weary, weary, O.*

*All on that charming coast is no bitter snow or frost,
Like the lands of Virginia, -ginia O;
There streams forever flow, and there flowers forever blow,
And alas! I am weary, weary, O!*

*Now, the burden I must bear, while the cruel scourge I fear,
In the lands of Virginia, -ginia O;
And I think on friends most dear with a bitter, bitter tear,
And alas! I am weary, weary, O!*

12. DICK GAUGHAN — No Gods and Precious Few Heroes

From *Sail On* (Appleseed 1016). Courtesy Appleseed Records (www.appleseedrec.com).

As Dick Gaughan says, “What most people regard as being Scotland is largely a work of fiction.” Trust songwriter Brian McNeill to denounce many of the romantic myths in the baggage of Scottish history and offer this reality-check in their place. Brian’s friend Dick is a brilliant song interpreter and writer and has been an inspirational force within Scottish folk-music circles since the 1970s. It is fitting that this song’s title quotes a man greatly admired by McNeill, Gaughan, and everyone involved in contemporary Scottish songwriting: the late folklorist, song collector, and writer Hamish Henderson.

LYRICS:

*I was listening to the news the other day.
I heard a fat politician who had the nerve to say
He was proud to be Scottish, by the way,
With the glories of our past to remember.
“Here’s tae us, wha’s like us [Here’s to us, who’s like us]?” Listen to the cry!
No surrender to the truth and here’s the reason why:
The Power and the Glory’s just another bloody lie
They use to keep us all in line.*

CHORUS: *For there’s no Gods and there’s precious few heroes
But there’s plenty on the dole in the Land o’ the Leal [Heaven- i.e., Scotland].
And it’s time now to sweep the future clear
Of the lies of a past that we know was never real.*

*Sae farewell to the heather an the glen.
They cleared us off once and they’d do it all again,
For they still prefer sheep to thinking men
Ah, but men who think like sheep are even better.
There’s nothing much to choose between the old laird and the new:
They still don’t give a damn for the likes of me and you.
Just mind ye pay your rent to the factor when it’s due,
And mind your bloody manners when ye pay.*

*And tell me will we never hear the end
 Of puir bluidy Charlie [poor bloody; Bonny Prince Charlie] at Culloden yet again?
 Though he ran like a rabbit down the glen
 Leaving better folk than him to be butchered.
 Or are you sittin in your council house [government housing] dreaming o' your Clan?
 Waitin' for the Jacobites [17th/18th-century supporters of deposed Stuart royalty]
 tae come an free the land?
 Try goin doon the broo [down to the welfare office] with your claymore [huge
 Highlanders' sword] in your hand
 And count a' the princes in the queue.*

*So don't talk to me of Scotland the Brave
 For if we don't fight soon there'll be nothing left to save.
 Or would you rather stand and watch them dig your grave
 While ye wait for the Tartan Messiah?
 He'll lead us tae the promised land wi laughter in his eye
 We'll all live on the oil and the whisky by and by,
 Free heavy beer, pie suppers in the sky,
 Will we never have the sense to learn?*

*That there's no Gods and there's precious few heroes
 But there's plenty on the dole in the Land o' the Leal
 And I'm damn sure that there's plenty live in fear
 Of the day we stand together with our shoulders at the wheel.
 Aye there's no Gods!*

13. JENNIFER & HAZEL WRIGLEY — Eynhallow Soond/The Halloween Flit
 From *Huldreland* (CDTRAX 148). Courtesy Greentrax Recordings (www.greentrax.com).

Jennifer Wrigley writes a great fiddle tune and finds no end of inspiration in the lore, landscapes, and people of her native Orkney, an archipelago lying north of the Scottish mainland. Like that of more distant Shetland, Orkney's culture is distinctive, owing as much to a Norse heritage as it does to Celtic or Scottish influences. Jennifer's musical partner Hazel offers truly imaginative accompaniment here on piano and guitar, probing the depths in her sister's melodies.

14. JIM MALCOLM — Jimmy's Gone to Flanders

From *Resonance* (CD101). Courtesy Beltane Records and Jim Malcolm (www.jimmalcolm.com).

Drive through any small village in Scotland and you'll be affected by the names — sometimes more than there are houses — on memorials to the fallen of the World Wars. For centuries, Scots have been disproportionately represented in the British military, and this subtle anti-war song from respected songwriter Jim Malcolm speaks for those left behind to wait in hope. Jim is the lead singer with the popular traditional group Old Blind Dogs.

LYRICS:

*Jimmy's gone to Flanders, his fiddle lies upon his bed.
 It was his father's fiddle, though he's aye [always] been shy to practice it.*

*Jimmy's gone to Flanders, his fishing creel's [fishing basket/fish-trap] a tangle
From the nìcht [night] he and Willie fished the Earn [Perthshire River] though there was
no moon.*

*Jimmy's gone to Flanders, he's spoilt the old dog rotten,
With scraps below the table, though I told him time and time again.*

*Jimmy's gone to Flanders, his football boots are sodden
For they've no been near dubbin [water-proofing wax for leather] since he bought them
new from Sandy Broon.*

CHORUS: *When Jimmy's home from Flanders, he'll be shamed to clean those football boots
And sort out all thon tangle, for the Earn I hear is fishing good,
When Jimmy's home from Flanders, we'll be sat down by the table
And we'll coax him to his fiddle: "Jimmy gie's [give us/play for us] "The Bonawe
Highlanders."*

*Jimmy's gone to Flanders, though he had a job at Logie's yard
But all the lads were joining, it'll all be over by Christmas time
Jimmy's gone to Flanders, though he's no' the strength his father was,
I'm sure he'll be worthy and that Jocky would have burst with pride.*

*Jimmy's gone to Flanders, and I ken [know] he has a lassie
Her father saw them walking by themselves below the Falls of May.
Jimmy's gone to Flanders, he's as secret as his father was
But I caught her weeping as the sergeant marched him to the train.*

15. MAGGIE MACINNES — Two Waulking Songs: Tha mulad, tha fadachd, tha cnàmh orm/Chuala mi 'n dè

From *Spiorad Beatha (The Spirit of Life)* (MARC01). Courtesy Maggie MacInnes
(www.maggiemacinnes.com).

Flora McNeill has an unsurpassed knowledge of Gaelic song, and she is a generous font of material for many of today's singers. Her chief beneficiary has been her daughter Maggie MacInnes, who arranged two waulking songs that bring together three generations of the family: her mum, herself, and her two sons, singing as part of a group from the Bunscoil Ghaidhlig Glaschu (The Glasgow Gaelic Primary School). Waulking songs were Hebridean weavers' work songs, used to lighten and coordinate the work of "waulking" or shrinking tweed cloth. Waulkings became social occasions in which groups of women pounded and passed the heavy, wet cloth around a table for hours until it was fully shrunk. The call-and-response songs, often enriched with improvised and sometimes rude lyrics, helped take the sting and monotony out of the work.

1. Tha mulad, tha fadachd, tha cnàmh orm (I'm Sad and Worn, Full of Longing)

Sèisd:

E ho libh o ho ro gheallaidh

E ho libh o ro hoireano

Eho libh o

Ho ro gheallaidh

CHORUS:

E ho libh o ho ro gheallaidh

E ho libh o ro hoireano

E ho libh o

Ho ro gheallaidh

Tha mulad, tha fadachd, tha cnàmh orm	I'm sad and worn, full of longing
Cha mhire tha 'n drasd air m'aire	No fun on my mind now

'S tric a rinn mi 'n cadal sàmhach	Often I slept peacefully with you
Leat am bàthach a' chruidh-bhainne	In the milking byre [<i>barn</i>]

'S tric a rinn mi 'n cadal diomhair	Often I slept gently, with the
Le òigear nam mìogshul meallach	Young man of the laughing eyes

Ciamar a nì mi dhuit an t-òran	How can I write a song for you, when
'S gun mi eòlach mu d'dhà sheanar?	I didn't know your two grandfathers?

Ciamar a nì mi dhuit an t-aodach	How can I write a song for you
'S gun do chaoraich air na beannan?	When your sheep are not in the hills?

2. Chuala mi'n dè (Yesterday I Heard)

Hu ri bho ho/Chuala mi'n dè	Hu ri bho ho/Yesterday I heard
Faile lio ho/Ro ho rean o ho	Faile lio ho/Ro ho rean o ho
Faile lio ho/Chuala mi'n dè	Faile lio ho/Yesterday I heard

Hu ri bho ho/Sgeul nach b'ait leam	Hu ri bho ho/News that did not please me
Faile lio ho/Ro ho rean o ho	Faile lio ho/Ro ho rean o ho
Faile lio ho/Sgeul nach b'ait leam.	Faile lio ho/News that did not please me

M'òg leannan donn*	My young brown-haired love.*
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Dol a phòsadh	Is going to be married
---------------	------------------------

Nighean òg an rìgh	To the King's young daughter.
--------------------	-------------------------------

Nuair a thèid thu mach	When you will go out
------------------------	----------------------

Seinnear pìob leat	Pipes will be played for you.
--------------------	-------------------------------

Nuair a thig thu steach	When you come inside
-------------------------	----------------------

Seinnear clàrsach	Clarsach [<i>harp</i>] will be played for you
-------------------	---

Nan teud binn leat	Clarsach of the sweet strings.
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* Line repeated for each verse

16. ED MILLER — Men o' Worth

From *The Scottish Voice* (Wellfield Records CD 020). Courtesy Ed Miller (www.songsofscotland.com).

Singer and songwriter Ed Miller moved from Scotland to Texas, where he has made his home for many years. Through his Austin radio programs Ed has introduced many Americans to other artists on this collection. Here, accompanied by fiddler Alasdair Fraser, he presents a fine interpretation of a song written by another singing radio broadcaster, Archie Fisher. A member of the Glasgow singing family, Archie is highly respected as a songwriter and performer and well-known in Scotland as the presenter of *Travelling Folk* on BBC Radio Scotland. He wrote this song in the early 1970s for a BBC television program about the North Sea oil and gas boom. At the time, its effect on the traditional lifestyles in Scotland was conspicuous, as offers of better pay uprooted men and tempted them offshore.

LYRICS:

*Leave the land behind laddie, there's better days to find,
The companies have the money, and they'll soon teach you the skill
There's green fields far away lad, at the Forties and the Brae [oilfields],
Be a mudman [mud engineer] or a roustabout [oilrig labourer], ye'll soon learn how to drill.
But who will tend my sheep when I'm far o'er the deep
On the Neptune or the Seaquest [names of rigs] when the snows come to the hill?*

*Leave the fishin trade lad, there's money tae be made,
The handline and the Shetland yawl [traditional style of boat] are from a bygone day.*

*Come tae Aberdeen lad, see sights ye've never seen,
Be a welder on the pipeline or a fitter at Nigg Bay.
But when the work is o'er, an my boat rots on the shore,
How will I feed my family when the companies move away?*

*There's harbours to be built lad, an rigs to tow an tilt,
That sit upon the ocean bed like pylons in the sea.
There's pipelines to be laid an a hundred different trades
That'll give a decent livin wage tae the likes o' you an me.
I ken ye're men o' worth, ye're the best men in the north,
Not men of greed but men who need the work that's come yer way.
From Flotta tae Kishorn, a new industry is born.
Now Peterhead and Cromarty will never be the same.*

17. ALY BAIN & PHIL CUNNINGHAM — The Pearl

From *The Pearl* (GLCD 3107). Courtesy Phil Cunningham and Aly Bain (www.philcunningham.com).

Accordion virtuoso Phil Cunningham started writing tunes when he was a member of the well-loved 1970s-80s band Silly Wizard. This air dates from that time. Highly regarded as a composer, these days Phil is also in great demand as a record producer and television presenter. Phil's playing partner for many years has been Aly Bain, the acclaimed Shetland fiddler, who joins him in this slow air.

18. ADAM MCNAUGHTAN — Oor Hamlet

From *The Words That I Used To Know* (CDTRAX 195D). Courtesy Greentrax Recordings
(www.greentrax.com).

In Scotland, Glasgow folk are admired for their brazen sense of humour. Which brings us to teacher, scholar, and prolific songwriter Adam McNaughtan. Having placed such classics as “The Yellow on the Broom” and “The Jeely Piece Song” into the public domain, he turned his hand to Shakespeare. He wrote the lyrics while teaching the play to his high school class and realized that it could be sung to the traditional tune, “The Mason’s Apron.” Culture, in just over 3 minutes.

LYRICS:

*There was this king sittin’ in his gairden aw alane [all alone],
When his brother in his ear pourt a wee tate [small amount] o henbane [poison];
Then he stole his brother’s crown and his money and his widow
But the deid king walked and goat [got] his son and said, “Hey, listen, Kiddo,
“Ah’ve been killt and it’s your duty to take revenge on Claudius;
Kill him quick and clean and tell the nation whit a fraud he is.”
The boay says, “Right, Ah’ll dae it but Ah’ll need tae play it crafty;
“So that naeb’dy will suspect me, Ah’ll kid oan [pretend] that Ah’m a dafty [fool].
Then wi aw except Horatio, and he trusts him as a friend,
Hamlet (that’s the boay) kids oan he’s roon the bend,
And because he wisnae ready for obligatory killin’
He tried to make the King think he was tuppence aff the shillin’[mentally deficient];*

*Took the mickey [made a fool of] oot Polonius, treatit poor Ophelia vile,
Tellt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern that Denmark was a jile [jail];
Then a troupe o travellin’ actors, like 7: 84 [radical theatre group founded in 1960s
when 7% of UK population owned 84% of the wealth]
Arrived to dae a special wan-night gig in Elsinore.*

Hamlet, Hamlet! Loved his Mammy;

Hamlet, Hamlet! Actin’ balmy;

Hamlet, Hamlet! Hesitatin’;

Wonders if the ghost’s a cheat and that is how [why] he’s waitin’.

*Then Hamlet wrote a scene for the players to enact
While Horatio and him would watch to see if Claudius cracked.
The play was ca’d The Moosetrap — no the wan [not the one] that’s runnin’ noo —
Sure enough the King walked oot afore the scene was through.
So Hamlet’s goat the proof that Claudius gi’ed his Da the dose,
The only problem bein’ noo that Claudius knows he knows;
So while Hamlet tells his Ma that her new husband’s no a fit wan,
Uncle Claud pits oot a contract wi the English king as hitman.
And when Hamlet killt Polonius the concealed Corpus Delecti
Was the King’s excuse to send him for an English hempen necktie,
Wi Rosencrantz and Guildenstern to make sure he goat there,
But Hamlet jumped the boat and pit the finger oan that pair.
Meanwhile, Laertes heard his Da had been stabbed through the arras;*

He cam racin' back to Elsinore, tout-de-suite, hot-foot fae Paris,
Ophelia, wi her Da killt by the man she wished to marry,
Efter sayin' it wi flooers, she committit hari-kari.

Hamlet, Hamlet! Nae messin';
Hamlet, Hamlet! Learnt his lesson;
Hamlet, Hamlet! Yorick's crust
Convinced him that men, good or bad, at last must come to dust.

Then Laertes loast the place [lost control] and was demandin' retributio.
And the King said, "Keep the heid an' Ah'll provide ye a solution."
He arranged a sword-fight for the interestit pairties,
Wi a bluntit sword for Hamlet and a shairp sword for Laertes.
Then to make things double sure — the auld belt-and-braces line —
He fixed a poisont sword-tip and a poisont cup o wine.
The poisont sword goat Hamlet but Laertes went an' muffed it,
'Cause he goat stabbed hisselt and he confessed afore he snuffed it.
Hamlet's Mammy drank the wine and as her face turnt blue,
Hamlet says, "Ah quite believe the King's a baddie noo;"
"Incestuous, murderous, damnéd Dane!" he said, tae be precise,
And made up for hesitatin' by killin' Claudius twice,
'Cause he stabbed him wi the sword and forced the wine atween his lips;
Then he cried, "The rest is silence!" That was Hamlet hud [cashed in] his chips.
They firet a volley ower him that shook the topmaist rafter

And Fortinbras, knee-deep in Danes, lived happy ever after.

Hamlet, Hamlet! Aw the gory! [Oh, how gory!]
Hamlet, Hamlet! End of story!
Hamlet, Hamlet! Ah'm away!
If you think this is borin', ye should read the bloody play!

19. FIDDLERS' BID — Da Sneck o' Da Smaalie/Doon Fae Nort/Jenna Reid of Quarff
From *Hamnataing* (CDTRAX 167). Courtesy Greentrax Recordings (www.greentrax.com).

There may be more fiddlers per capita in Shetland than anywhere else in the world. One thing's certain: a good few of them appear on this track. Located half way between Scotland and Norway, Shetland's distinctive music still reflects the Norse heritage of the islands. During the 1960s and 70s, these traditions seemed to be ebbing, but inspirational fiddle teacher Tom Anderson helped turn the tide. As a result, the late 20th century saw a dramatic revival of interest in Shetland music, and Fiddlers' Bid is one of a number of excellent bands to emerge from the islands in recent years. Dynamic and youthful, Fiddlers' Bid is very much rooted in the Shetland tradition. Band members Chris Stout and Kevin Henderson wrote the three tunes in this medley.

20. CAPERCAILLIE — Both Sides the Tweed

From *Sidewaulk* (GLCD 1094). Courtesy Green Linnet (www.greenlinnet.com).

Dick Gaughan created this song from a poem by James Hogg, the 18th-century Border shepherd. Dick's reworking gave the Hogg verses a more contemporary bearing, and developed his theme of friendship across the River Tweed, which forms part of the border between Scotland and England. Better known for their contemporary instrumental and Gaelic song sets, Capercaillie's sensitive arrangement frames a jewel of Scottish music: the singing voice of Karen Matheson.

LYRICS:

<i>What's the spring breathing jasmine and rose,</i>	<i>No sweetness the senses can cheer</i>
<i>What's the summer with all its gay train,</i>	<i>Which corruption and bribery bind,</i>
<i>What's the splendour of autumn to those,</i>	<i>No brightness the sun can e'er clear</i>
<i>Who've bartered their freedom for gain?</i>	<i>For honour's the sum of the mind.</i>

CHORUS: <i>Let the love of our land's sacred rights</i>	<i>Let virtue distinguish the brave</i>
<i>To the love of our people succeed,</i>	<i>Place riches in lowest degree</i>
<i>Let friendship and honor unite</i>	<i>Think them poorest who can be a slave</i>
<i>And flourish on both sides the Tweed.</i>	<i>Them richest who dare to be free.</i>

CREDITS

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RESOURCES

To find out more about the artists included in the compilation, we recommend visiting their websites: BATTLEFIELD BAND www.battlefieldband.co.uk; CAPERCAILLIE www.capercaillie.co.uk; PHIL CUNNINGHAM www.philcunningham.com; TONY CUFFE www.tonycuffe.com; FIDDLERS' BID www.fiddlersbid.com; CILLA FISHER & ARTIE TREZISE www.singingkettle.com; ALASDAIR FRASER www.alasdairfraser.com; DICK GAUGHAN www.dickalba.demon.co.uk; MAGGIE MACINNES www.maggiemacinnnes.com; JIM MALCOM www.jimmalcolm.com; MALINKY www.malinky.com; DOUGIE MACLEAN www.dougiemaclean.com; ED MILLER www.songsofscotland.com; BRIAN MCNEILL www.brianmcneill.co.uk; TANNAHILL WEAVERS ourworld.cs.com/tannahillweavers; JENIFER & HAZEL WRIGLEY www.wrigleysisters.com

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Ceilidh at the Fiddler's Arms by Michael McVeigh. Reproduced with artist's permission.



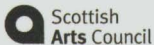
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