

DAVID WILKIE *and* COWBOY CELTIC

The Drover Road

featuring Denise Withnell



GILNOCKIE TOWER.

The Road from
DUNKELD,
to
AMBLEREE.



The DROVER ROAD

The drover road is much more than just the cattle trail
To Donaghadee in Ireland,
To Amulree, Falkirk and Crieff in Scotland;
More than the Chisholm or Goodnight Loving Trail
On the way to Abilene, Dodge City or Montana;
Not only the paths pounded out by the hooves of Spanish cattle
that came north with the Conquistadors or with the Californios
To ranchos on the El Camino Real in California.

It is more than the ruts and footprints left in the dust and mud
By immigrants, bees and buffalo, Indian and Vaquero, cowboy and drover.
It is also the journey of dreams, visions, stories and songs

Down ghost trails. . . These roads go on forever.
They fork off in many directions. Through our bloodlines and bloodstreams,
Leading to the horizon and beyond. Rising to heaven and descending to hell.
Roads to market, roads to home, to destiny and fame, death and shame.
Trails to temptation and treachery, hope and failure. Forward, retreating,
Crooked lines into the arms of loved ones and onto the steps of the gallows,
Desperation and dead ends.

Paths to the whorehouse and poorhouse,
To greatness,
Friendship and honour.
Highways to and from the heart, honest and clear.
Songs and stories can take us down these now faded and overgrown pathways.
They allow us to saddle up with our ancestors,
To ride the starlit night winds with border reivers and cattle thieves,
Walk the misty hills with Highland drovers,
Ford rivers with Texas cowboys,
And throw the harpoon at a whale in cold Atlantic waters.

DAVID WILKIE

1. THE DROVER ROAD TO AMULREE

(David Wilkie, Ghostwriters in Disguise, SOCAN)

Situated near the geographic centre of Scotland, a 20-minute drive from Dougie MacLean's pub in Dunkeld, is the tiny village of Amulree.

Amulree served as Scotland's first trysting ground, or cattle market, for drovers to sell their 'kye' to English cattlemen. The English viewed the Highlands and Islands as dangerous territory, occupied by cattle reivers (thieves), rebels and barbarians who spoke a strange language - Gaelic. It was considered too risky to travel through these enemy glens and moors to purchase beef for the English masses, so Amulree became the place on the edge of 'civilization' to do business.

The drove roads that led to Amulree came from the islands (Skye, Harris, Lewis, Barra, Mull, and North and South Uist), from the north, and from the northeast. They all converged at the north end of the strategic Sma' Glen. The glen was a natural shortcut south to Crieff, Falkirk, the Lowlands and beyond, and was used for centuries by drovers, travellers, and Highland and English soldiers. Most drovers at the time travelled on foot, with dogs to help them keep the cattle together. A typical drove would

have 100 to 300 cattle, with one drover to 50 or 60 head. By comparison, a Texas cattle drive would have one man for 200 head of cattle, the advantage of being on horseback.

Every fall, large herds of black cattle arrived by the thousands onto the trysting ground, and overflowed into the hills surrounding Amulree. The increasing volume of cattle traffic eventually forced the tryst south to Crieff, and then on to Falkirk.

Today, Amulree is a tiny village with a half dozen houses, a kirk, a shop and the historic Amulree Hotel. A drover inn built in 1712, the hotel has been host to poet Wordsworth and Bonnie Prince Charlie himself. It has become a favourite stop on our Cowboy Celtic tours.

The idea for the song came from our friend Willie Mackay, a poet from Reay in the northern Highlands. Willie told me the true story of an old drover from the north who chose to die back on the old drove road, rather than waste away in town, waiting to die.

~David

DENISE WITHNELL: vocal, harmony vocal
DAVID WILKIE: harmony vocal, guitars, tenor guitar, mandolins
JOHN HYDE: bass
KERI ZWICKER: harp
SCOTT RING: whistles
JOE HERTZ: fiddles



2. AURA LEA

(Lyrics: W.W. Fosdick. Music: George R. Poulton. Public domain, arranged by David Wilkie, Ghostwriters in Disguise, SOCAN)
It's hard not to think of Elvis when listening to *Aura Lea* - and that's a good thing! Elvis was a true son of the south, where this song kicked around during the American Civil War. The song was also a favourite among forlorn and homesick soldiers in the North who were missing their gals back home. Although not traditionally thought of as a cowboy song, it remained popular among ex-yankee and confederate soldiers who headed west to saddle up and herd cattle when the war ended. I can easily see this song as part of a lone-some cowboy's repertoire in the saddle and around the campfire. The lyrics, like Elvis's, are sentimental, depicting a fellow missing his "maid of golden hair." Jefferson Davis and Abraham Lincoln have left the building!

Here are some lyrics from *Aura Lea*:

When the blackbird in the spring
On the willow tree
Sat and rock'd, I heard him sing,
Singing *Aura Lea*.
Aura Lea, Aura Lea
Maid of golden hair;
Sunshine came along with thee,
And swallows in the air.

Aura Lea, Aura Lea
Maid of golden hair;
Sunshine came along with thee,
And swallows in the air.

When the mistletoe was green,
Midst the winter's snows,
Sunshine in thy face was seen,
Kissing lips of rose.
Aura Lea, Aura Lea,
Take my golden ring,
Love and light return with thee,
And swallows in the spring.
~David

DAVID WILKIE: guitars, tenor
guitar, mandolins, mandocello
JOHN HYDE: bass KERI ZWICKER:
harp SCOTT RING: whistles
BEN BEVERIDGE: fiddles



3. BONNIE DUNDEE / FAREWHEEL TAE TARWATHIE / THE RAILROAD CORRAL

(Trad. / George Scroggie, Public Domain
/ Joseph Mills Hanson - lyrics, published
in 1904 as *Cowboy Song*. All three
songs arranged by David Wilkie,
Ghostwriters in Disguise, SOCAN)

Probably the finest example of
describing a real cattle drive is the
song *The Railroad Corral*. It chroni-
cles with great detail the movement
of the herd from range to rail yard.
Jim Bob Tinsley, in his definitive
book on the history of cowboy
songs, *He Was Singin'* This Song,
states that the original melody put to
Joseph Mills Hanson's poem was
Bonnie Dundee. This makes sense, as
the lyrics fit perfectly into the
melody of this patriotic Scottish
song, which is not about the city of
Dundee but rather, the Viscount of
Dundee. It is a rousing song of great
spirit, calling the faithful to battle.
Somewhere along the line, however,
the melody was replaced by that of
the Scottish whaling song, *Fareweel
Tae Tarwathie*. We've put all three
songs together. Mormond Hill,
Crimond and Tarwathie are up the
coast from Aberdeen and are where
the whalers set off for Greenland to
hunt the whale. Saltwater cowboys!
~David



DAVID WILKIE: vocal, guitars,
tenor guitar, mandolins JOHN
HYDE: bass KERI ZWICKER: harp
SCOTT RING: whistles FIONA
COLL: fiddle MATT WOODWARD:
fiddle CHRISTINE HANSON: cello
NATHAN MCCAVANA: bodhran



4. MANDOCAROLAN

(David Wilkie, Ghostwriters in
Disguise, SOCAN)

The 17th century Irish harper and
composer Turlough O'Carolan
composed hundreds of melodies
on the harp in his lifetime. He
was not able to write down any of
his songs or tunes, for he did not
read or write music, and on top of
that, he was blind. He must have
had a great memory. I know of no
O'Carolan tunes that made it to

the wild west songbook, but they certainly could have. He had the cowboy spirit, and I'll bet he ran into a herd or two of Irish cattle while travelling the old roads of Erin. Mandocarolan is my tribute to the master. ~David

DAVID WILKIE: guitars, tenor guitar, mandolins, mandocello
JOHN HYDE: bass KERI ZWICKER: harp SCOTT RING: whistles
JOE HERTZ: fiddles



5. DARCY FARROW

(Steve Gillette and Tom Campbell, Cherry Bell Music, ASCAP)

This song brings back great memories of our Cowboy Celtic tour of Nevada, where we drove through much of the state's beautiful high desert and back country, and came across the places mentioned in this song, such as the Walker and Truckee Rivers, the Carson Valley Plain, Yerington and Virginia City.

Darcy Farrow was co-written in 1965 by Steve Gillette and Tom Campbell, and is based on a horse mishap that Steve's younger sister, Darcy, had when she was twelve years old. Darcy was running behind her horse, chasing it into the corral, when she was kicked. For three days, as she lay in the hospital with a broken cheekbone, there was grave concern that she

might have a concussion. As it turned out, there were no lasting effects, luckily. During that time, Steve's friend Tom, who had lived in Yerington for a while in his youth, came up with the story about the two young lovers and the tragic fall. Steve says he was a little taken aback, since the story involved his sister's name, but he became more comfortable with it as he and Tom reworked one of Steve's melodies and took the lyrics in the direction of the old cowboy songs. People tell them that they have captured something of the feeling of the high desert, and some have even looked for graves or other evidence of the old story.

The lyrics of Darcy Farrow follow the line of many Scottish, English, Irish and Welsh tragic ballads, such as Barbara Allen, where grief over the death of a lover brings about the death of the lover's partner, either through a broken heart or by self-inflicted means. ~Denise

DENISE WITHNELL: vocal

DAVID WILKIE: guitars, tenor guitar, mandolins JOHN HYDE: bass
KERI ZWICKER: harp SCOTT RING: whistles
JOE HERTZ: fiddles





6. LORENA / THE YELLOW ROSE OF TEXAS / FIELD OF THE YELLOW-HAIRED LAD

(Rev. H.D. Webster and J.P. Webster, Public Domain / Public Domain / David Wilkie. All arranged by David Wilkie, Ghostwriters in Disguise, SOCAN)

Lorena, like *Aura Lea*, was a big hit during the American Civil War, even though it was written pre-Civil War, in 1857. It was sung both north and south, but seemed to catch on more with the Confederacy. Many southern-born baby girls received this name as a direct influence of the song. And like *Aura Lea*, it travelled west with ex-soldiers, many of whom became cowboys after the war ended. While perhaps a little on the dramatic side, the song was standard fare for J.P. Webster, who wrote the melody. He co-wrote

several equally romantic classics, such as *The Irish Volunteer*, *The Negro Emancipation Song* and gospel hit of the era, *Sweet By and By*. Here's an excerpt from *Lorena*:

*The years creep slowly by, Lorena
The snow is on the grass again.
The sun's low down the sky, Lorena
The frost gleams where the flowers
have been.*

*But the heart throbs on as warmly now,
As when the summer days were nigh.
Oh, the sun can never dip so low,
Adown affection's cloudless sky.*

The Yellow Rose of Texas dates to the days of Texas' war of independence from Mexico, and to the time of Sam Houston, Stephen Austin, The Alamo, Santa Anna and Emily D. West. The story behind the song is debated as part fact and part legend, but many say that the yellow rose refers to Emily, the beautiful mulatto servant of Col. James Morgan.

*She's the sweetest rose of color
A fellow ever knew . . .*

She and a young boy were captured by Mexican General Santa Anna, who was quite taken by Emily's beauty. Emily persuaded the boy to escape and alert Sam Houston, and then she distracted and 'entertained' the General late into the morning of April 21, 1836. Sam Houston and his Texas loyalists, outnumbered two to one,

were able to sneak up and deliver a surprise attack on Santa Anna and his men. This was the Battle of San Jacinto, and was the turning point in Texas' fight for independence. To this day, the heroism of Emily D. West is celebrated each year at San Jacinto, and *The Yellow Rose of Texas* is referred to by many as the Texas national anthem. It became a popular marching song during the Civil War, and remained popular during cattle drives after the war. We have heard that the tune has earlier roots in Ireland, which gives it a Celtic history. And there's another Celtic connection to this story, in that many members of the Texan forces were Ulster Scots, or Scots-Irish, including Davy Crockett, who died at the Alamo, and Sam Houston.

The Field of the Yellow-Haired Lad is the translation from Gaelic to English of 'Achiltibuie,' a beautiful hamlet on the Scottish Highland west coast. This tune is dedicated to the people of Achiltibuie. And by the way, Custer's father called him 'the yellow-haired lad.'

~Denise & David

DAVID WILKIE: guitar, tenor guitar, mandolins, mandocello JOHN HYDE: bass KERI ZWICKER: harp SCOTT RING: whistles JOE HERTZ: fiddles

7. THE WILD RIPPLING WATER

(Public Domain, arranged by David Wilkie, Ghostwriters in Disguise, SOCAN)

During the 1800s and early 1900s, many young men came to North America from Ireland, Scotland, England and Wales to find work, with the hope that they could one day return home to their families with enough money to escape the poverty that they had left. We know of a few who made it back, but it's unlikely that many of those who became working cowboys took home a fortune. The lonely lifestyle that went along with working on trail drives gave rise to a number of songs about cowboys' encounters with young ladies along the way, and *The Wild Rippling Water* is one such song. It, and many other versions of the song, can be traced back to an ancient English song called *Villikins and His Dinah*, according to 'The Folk File – A Folkie's Dictionary' compiled by Bill Markwick. I'm not familiar with *Villikins and His Dinah*, but first heard *One Morning in May* many years ago, which has the same story line as *The Wild Rippling Water*. What's different is that it's about a lady and a soldier, and it has a different melody. It also contains the line, "I've a wife back in

Ireland, and children twice three." Markwick names other versions that evolved from the old original, such as *The Nightingale*, *The Nightingales Sing*, *The Bold Grenadier*, *Keepers and Poachers* and *The Soldier and the Lady*.

We have recorded the cowboy lyrics with the 'Ireland' line, and used the melody that I first heard with this song. ~Denise

DENISE WITHNELL: vocal

DAVID WILKIE: guitars, tenor guitar, mandolin JOHN HYDE: bass
KERI ZWICKER: harp SCOTT RING: whistles JOE HERTZ: fiddles



8. O'CAROLAN'S RAMBLE TO CASHEL

(Turlough O'Carolan, Public Domain, arranged by David Wilkie, Ghostwriters in Disguise, SOCAN)

That compositions of Turlough O'Carolan survive in the 21st century is, in itself, amazing. O'Carolan was born in 1670 and learned to play the harp at a relatively late age. A bout of smallpox left him blind at age 18, and it was common back then for the blind to take up the harp. With no formal music training, O'Carolan developed his own style of composition, leaning more to the traditional music of Ireland than to the classical-style European music. He rode the Irish countryside with a helper to lead the way, and made a living by composing music mostly for wealthy courtesans in exchange for lodging, food and whiskey. Nice work if you can get it! ~David

DAVID WILKIE: mandolins, guitars, tenor guitar JOHN HYDE: bass
KERI ZWICKER: harp SCOTT RING: whistles BEN BEVERIDGE: fiddle





9. WHOOPIE TI YI YO, GIT ALONG LITTLE DOGIES

(Trad., arranged by David Wilkie,
Ghostwriters in Disguise, SOCAN)

Whoopie Ti Yi Yo, Git Along Little Dogies is another of the great cowboy songs with roots in the Celtic world. It can be traced back to Ireland and England in the 1600s as *Rocking a Baby That's None of My Own*, *I Father a Child That's None of My Own*, and *The Old Man's Lament*. I've even heard of it as Joseph rocking the baby Jesus. Jim Bob Tinsley, in *He Was Singin' This Song*, notes that the cowboy version of the song first started showing up in print in North America around the turn of the 19th century. A few verses were printed in Andy Adam's classic

Log of a Cowboy, and not long after in the Lomax cowboy song collection.

Dogies are calves who have gorged themselves on grass before being weaned, and whose bellies have bloated like rising dough. The cowboys would call them 'little doughguts,' which eventually evolved to 'little dogies.' ~David

DAVID WILKIE: vocal, guitars, tenor guitar, mandolin

DENISE WITHNELL: harmony vocal

JOHN HYDE: bass KERI ZWICKER: harp

SCOTT RING: whistles

MATT WOODWARD: fiddle

CHRISTINE HANSON: cello

NATHAN McCAVANA: bodhran

10. MAXWELL'S THORNS

(David Wilkie, Ghostwriters in Disguise, SOCAN. Inspired by Child Ballad No. 195, *Lord Maxwell's Last Goodnight*.)

The borderland between England and Scotland was a gray shadow-land for centuries. The English raided Scottish border towns and strongholds, and the Scots returned the favour. It is said that these 'border people' owed no allegiance to any king, queen or country, and indeed, some of the worst feuds and deadly battles took place between neighbouring clans and families, and not with foreign enemies. Such was the feud between the Maxwells and

Johnstones. When a wrong was committed upon one clan, the grudge could be held for decades before revenge was finally taken. The sons of slain chieftans were bound by oaths of honour to avenge the deaths of their fathers and even grandfathers.

To make a centuries-long story short, Lord Maxwell was slain by Sir James Johnstone and his men at the battle of Dryffe Sands in December 1593, near Melrose. During the battle, Maxwell offered his arm in surrender, but Johnstone hacked it off and then dealt the fatal wounds. Roses were planted in the blood-stained grounds and were known for centuries as Maxwell's Thorns.

Maxwell's son, the young Lord Maxwell, was eight years old when his father was killed. He eventually avenged his father's death by shooting Sir James Johnstone in the back at a meeting, in 1608. However, he paid the ultimate price. He was beheaded at Edinburgh Castle for his crime five years later. ~David

DAVID WILKIE: guitars, tenor guitar, mandolins, mandocello
JOHN HYDE: bass KERI ZWICKER: harp
SCOTT RING: whistles
BEN BEVERIDGE: fiddle



11. THE BETRAYAL OF

JOHNNIE ARMSTRONG

(David Wilkie, Ghostwriters in Disguise, SOCAN. Based on Child Ballad No. 169, Johnnie Armstrong.)

In the American and Canadian West, all of our interest in cowboy legend and lore, romantic and otherwise, comes from a relatively short period of our history, roughly from the end of the American Civil War in 1865 to the turn of the 19th century. Billie the Kid, Jesse James, the Youngers, Nate Champion, Belle Starr and Tom Horn, to name a few, all operated during this period. John Ford, Louis L'Amour, Zane Grey, Clint Eastwood, John Wayne and Owen Wister, in celluloid and print, have documented well the life of the cowboy, the stories along cattle trails, and the cattle wars. This was the golden era of the wild West.

Across the sea in Scotland, centuries earlier, scenarios similar to those in the old West were being played out. Cattle men were swimming herds through rivers, trailing cattle through glens controlled by rival chieftans, getting ambushed by reivers (cattle thieves) and being hung for rustling. The Highland Scots were traditionally cattle people, until sheep were forced upon them by the English – but that's another story. Before the beef industry was stabilized, cattle reiving

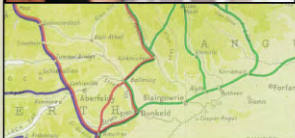
was a way of life in the Highlands, in the Borders between Scotland and northern England, and among neighbouring clans. One clan would take cattle from another. That clan would return the favour, often taking a few extra for interest. This would bring yet another reprisal, with the occasional lifting of salmon as interest, too. Such cycles would go on for centuries. Stolen cattle were hidden in places like the Devil's Beef Tub, which can still be seen near Moffat. This 'beef tub,' not unlike the Hole in the Wall in Wyoming, is a natural anomaly that allowed reivers to hide their bounty off the beaten track, until their pursuers gave up searching for them and returned home.

It was considered honourable to bring stolen cattle 'back' to the clan, just as it was for North American Indians to return to their tribe with extra horses in tow. And so it was that Johnnie Armstrong was revered by many, despised by more, and ultimately betrayed because of his great success.

The Armstrongs operated out of Gilnockie Tower on the River Esk, and dominated the border 'shadowlands' Johnnie Armstrong seemed to have more control over these lands than did King James V of Scotland or King Henry VIII of England, a fact that made both

royals uneasy. In a plot to end the reign of Johnnie Armstrong, King James sent Johnnie a 'loving' message to meet with him at Carlenrig on the Teviot River. There, Johnnie was captured and hung with his men. His lands and property were given to his arch enemy, Lord Maxwell. But this was not the end of the Armstrongs. The clan would ride yet again. ~Denise & David

DAVID WILKIE: vocal, harmony
vocal, guitar, tenor guitar
SCOTT RING: whistles



12. BLACK UPON TAN

[Lyrics: Paul Zarzyski, Bucking Horse Moon Music, ASCAP. Music: David Wilkie, Ghostwriters in Disguise, SOCAN] Montana poet and writer extraordinaire Paul Zarzyski (or the Zed Man as he is known North of the Medicine Line) sent me his lyric, *Black Upon Tan*, and wondered if music could be set to it. I've always had a soft spot in my heart for love and lust in the neon glow of Billings, Montana, so I was happy to give it a try. This tale takes place in the darkened recess of an Irish pub in Billings called Pug Mahon's, not to be confused with 'pog ma hone' (póg mo thóin in proper Irish), which is a whole other matter. A black and tan is a pub concoction where Guinness is poured on top of a Harp lager, and the idea is to keep the two from intermingling. Not for the faint of heart.

Paul Z. used to ride broncs, loves the Stones, and tends a small herd of horses and wild rabbits west of Great Falls— in true cowboy tradition. *The night is the woman, the day is the man!* ~David

DENISE WITHNELL: vocal
DAVID WILKIE: guitars, tenor guitar, mandolin, mandocello
KERI ZWICKER: harp SCOTT RING: whistles JOE HERTZ: fiddles



13. JACKIE COLEMAN'S REEL

[Jackie [John] Coleman, Gurteen, Co. Sligo, Ireland]

Jackie Coleman's Reel is such a popular tune that most people assume it's traditional. Our efforts to find out if a composer could be named for it were inconclusive, until we got Calgary flute player Greg Hooper involved. Greg contacted Philippe Varlet, an American ethnomusicologist who, as it turned out, had read a thesis by Stephen Jardine on the assimilation of new tunes into the Irish tradition.

Several of Jackie Coleman's compositions, including the reel, were cited as examples of this trend. Varlet also added that Jackie, born in 1928, is a flute and whistle player; that he was born in England of parents from Gurteen,

Co. Sligo; that he lived in England for a long time, but eventually moved to Gurteen; and that he might still be there if he is still alive.

The good news is that Jackie Coleman is indeed alive and well, and a character to be reckoned with. A few phone calls to Ireland was all it took, and I couldn't believe my luck when I actually got the man himself on the phone! He listened to a short sample of our recording of the reel, and confirmed that, yes, it is his tune. In Jackie's modest Irish way, he seemed reluctant to say that he 'wrote' the tune, but he eventually admitted that he had composed it in 1955, on the fiddle, and that it was the first thing he ever wrote. He says that, in all the tunes that a person might write, there's usually one that shines. Perhaps this reel is the one that shines the most for him. When Jackie found out that I wanted to write something about him in these CD liner notes, he jokingly said, "Tell them I'm a darling fellow," and we had a good laugh. Well, a darling fellow he is, in my opinion. Although he wasn't sure whether to take me seriously or not, he was kind enough to divulge a little more about himself. He moved to Ireland in 1964, and although he didn't

make his living as a professional musician, he has played music all his life, and still does. One of the telling things he said was, "Even though I travelled quite a lot, music was the first and last thing in my mind." That's the sign of a true musician. We hope you find that this recording does your tune justice, Jackie Coleman.

~Denise

DAVID WILKIE: guitars, tenor guitar, mandolin **JOHN HYDE:** bass
KERI ZWICKER: harp **SCOTT RING:** whistles **JOE HERTZ:** fiddles



14. THE LADIES OF SCATWELL (BOIREANNAICH SCATIL)

(David Wilkie, Ghostwriters in Disguise, SOCAN)

Just outside of Inverness in the Scottish Highlands, located amidst the mountains of Ross-shire, is Scatwell House, home of our friends Dennis and Glynis Macleod and their daughters Ceilidh and Kirsten. The Macleods have extended their outstanding Highland hospitality to us many times, welcoming us and our sometimes unruly entourage into their home and offering it to us as a 'home base.' This kind and generous gesture has meant more to us than they know, and has made our forays into the 'wilds' of Scotland all the more memorable. Dennis and Glynis are great fans of all kinds of music, so it's not unusual to hear anything from Celtic harp to Hank Williams, Elvis or Stompin' Tom Connors echoing through the ancient halls! Scatwell House was built in the early 1600s on a site once occupied by Picts and Vikings, and was originally the seat of the Chieftan of the Mackenzies of Scatwell.

Over the centuries, there have been many ladies of Scatwell, but perhaps none with such a delightful balance of spunk and elegance as the current ladies, Glynis, Ceilidh and Kirsten. This tune was written for them. ~Denise & David

DAVID WILKIE: guitars, tenor guitar, mandolins, mandocello **JOHN HYDE:** bass **KERI ZWICKER:** harp **SCOTT RING:** whistles **JOE HERTZ:** fiddles

15. THE BARON OF BRACKLEY (CHILD BALLAD No. 203)

(Trad., arranged by David Wilkie, Ghostwriters in Disguise, SOCAN)

This ballad tells the story of an incident that occurred in a long-running cattle feud between the Farquharsons and the Gordons. The Baron of Brackley, John Gordon, is the victim of betrayal by his wife Peggy, in a plot with enemy John Farquharson of Inverry.

In the song, John Farquharson of Inverry heads down (doon) the River Dee, arriving at the Baron of Brackley's gates (yetts) at daybreak. He shouts up that he has come to reclaim his cattle (kye) from Brackley, announcing that his men are well-armed and will spill his blood (will gar yer bluid spin) if he wishes to challenge him. Brackley, knowing that he and his brother William are the only two (twa) in the castle who can go and fight, declines the invitation, until shamed into battle by Peggy. Peggy says, "Well if I had a husband, whereas I have none," ("Well gin I had a husband, whereas I hae nane), that he

wouldn't stand by and watch his cattle be taken (watch his kye taen). Kye is short for kylee, the shaggy small black cattle of ancient Scotland. So out go Brackley and his brother, even though they will be fighting against 33.

The fighting begins at the head (heed) of the Etnach and the first man is killed at Little Auchoilzie. Inverey's men then surround (surround) Brackley and he receives his many fatal wounds (monies the wound). Brackley, 'the flour of them all,' lies dead on the field. A neighbour visits Brackley's castle later to find that Peggy, instead of mourning (rivin' her hair) is making (makkin') good cheer and celebrating Brackley's death. She then welcomes Inverey in and keeps him 'til morning, 'the one who slew her good man.' The song ends with:

*There's grief in the kitchen,
but there's mirth in the ha (hall)
For the Baron of Brackley is deed and
ava (dead and gone)
But up spoke his young son on his
nurse's knee,
'It's afore I hae to be a man, revenged I'll be.'*

I first heard this song at the Novar Arms Hotel in Evanton, Scotland, where Iain MacDonald of Aberdeen sang it unaccompanied for me. Wow! A cattle battle from the 17th century.
~David

DAVID WILKIE: vocal, guitars,
tenor guitar JOHN HYDE: bass
KERI ZWICKER: harp SCOTT RING:
whistles BEN BEVERIDGE: fiddle



16. INDIANA

(Andy Mitchell, Kinnor Music, PRS, MCPS)

There are many songs and stories of Scots who crossed the ocean and came west. This is a song of Scots returning to the Highlands. *Indiana* evokes an intense feeling of longing for one's homeland, and it's one of those timeless songs that could have been written two hundred years ago. It's actually a modern creation of Andy Mitchell, who resides on the Isle of Skye on Scotland's west coast. He wrote

the song about his friends Val and Tom, who were living in Indiana. Life was good in America, but there was always something pulling them back toward home in Scotland. Eventually, when they couldn't ignore the longing anymore, they moved back.

Andy Mitchell is known all over the Highlands and beyond for *Indiana*, and at the Highland Traditional Music Festival in Dingwall each year, the singing of at least one stirring rendition has become a bit of a ritual for loyal festival goers. Andy is also known for his classic, *The Buffalo Farm in Achiltibuie*. He is an authentic Buccaneer – Buckaroo. We can see him now, balancing from the rafters of the National Hotel pub, and leading the crowd in a rousing chorus: *Oh, the pies are fine and the meat's quite chewy*

*On the Buffalo Farm in Achiltibuie
Run by Big Neil and Wee Hughie
Home on the Range!*

Calgary piper Annie Gray plays the beautiful solo on *Indiana*.

~Denise & David

DENISE WITHNELL: vocal
DAVID WILKIE: guitars, tenor guitar,
mandolin JOHN HYDE: bass
KERI ZWICKER: harp SCOTT RING:
whistles JOE HERTZ: fiddles
ANNIE GRAY: Highland pipes

THE BETRAYAL OF JOHNNIE ARMSTRONG

Come all you border riders
And listen to my song
My story has been told before
I'll not detain you long.
It's the tale of Johnnie Armstrong
And the king who did betray
A man of trust and honesty
His cattle taken from the enemy
But they hung him from the
gallows tree
Johnnie Armstrong's gone away.

Now some called him a reiver
And there are those who'd say
That all down to Newcastle
Blackmeal to Johnnie pay.
From the tower at Gilnockie
Through the shadowlands below
Rode the outlaw royalty
With honour and integrity
But they hung him from the
gallows tree
Johnnie Armstrong's gone away.

A plan relayed with whispers
To bring poor Johnnie down
A gathering at Carlenrig
With the northern crown.
Then the message was delivered,
"John you must come today."
The King said, "Johnnie, come to me
Your safety I will guarantee."
But they hung him from the
gallows tree
Johnnie Armstrong's gone away.

Then with 800 riders
John's men they did surround
But with five and thirty
He'd lost the upper ground.
No bargain then was offered
No bargain then was made
Johnnie offered white steeds
twenty-three
Gold, blackmeal and property
But they hung him from the
gallows tree
Johnnie Armstrong's gone away.

"Kings don't need competition
From broken men like you.
The English Queen is nervous
So your reivin' days are through."
The sentence was delivered
With death he had to pay
The rope returned his liberty
From earthly troubles set him free
When they hung him from the
gallows tree
Johnnie Armstrong's gone away.

Note: A 'broken man' is one who lives outside the law. Blackmeal (blackmail) originated when drovers paid black cattle as a bribe to pass through a hostile glen.



THE BARON OF BRACKLEY

Doon Deeside came Inverey a
whistlin' and playin'
And he was at Brackley's yetts ere
the day was dawin'.
'Oh are ye there Brackley, an are
ye within?

There are sharp swords doon at
your yetts that'll gar yer bluid spin.'

'Then rise up my baron and turn
back yer kye
For the lads of Drumwharran are
drivin' them by.'
'Oh how can I rise up and turn
them again
For where I hae ae man I am sure
they hae ten.'

'Well gin I had a husband where
as I hae nane
He would never lie in his bed and
watch his kye taen.'
Say up gets thee baron, 'an gie me
my gun
For I will go out though I may
never return.'

When Brackley was mounted and
rade on his horse
A bonnier baron never rade owre
a close.
'Come kiss me my Peggy, don't think
I'm to blame
For I will go out though it's
there I'll remain.'

Though there came wi Inverey
thirty and three
There was nane with bonnie
Brackley but his brother and he
Twa gallanter Gordons did never
sword draw
Oh but against three and thirty
woe is me what was twa.

At the heed of the Etnach the
battle begun
And at little Auchoilzie they
killed the first man.
First they killed one man and then
they killed twa
Aye they killed bonnie Brackley
he was the flour of them all.

Wi swords and wi daggers they
did him suroond
And they pierced bonnie Brackley
wi monies the wound
From the heed o' the Dee to the
banks o' the Spey
All the Gordons shall mourn him
and bann Inverey.

'Now come ye by Brackley's yetts,
son were you in there
And saw ye bonnie Peggy a rivin'
her hair?'
'Yes I come by Brackley's yetts
and I was in there
And I saw his bonnie Peggy, she
was makin' good cheer.'

She was rantin', she was dancin',
she was lopin' for joy
And vowed on that night she
would feast Inverey
She laughed wi him, drank wi
him, welcomed him ben
And she kept him 'til morning,
the one that slew her good man.

There's grief in the kitchen but
there's mirth in the ha

For the Baron of Brackley is deed
and awa
But up spoke his young son on his
nurse's knee,
'It's afore I live to be a man
revenged I will be.'



INDIANA

Fare thee well, now, Indiana,
Your green land's been good to me.
There I travelled, there I settled,
There I raised up my family.
But the cord has never severed,
And the longing each day
has grown,
So tomorrow, I'll be leaving
For the land I call my home.

Friends they tell me I am crazy,
Going back to just poverty.
America is, so they say now,
The rich land of opportunity.
But the red deer runs so freely,
And the heron slowly flies.
These are treasures of my homeland
All the money couldn't buy.

While the ship lies by the harbour,
I will look back on that shore.
I'll feel sorrow that I'm leaving
This green land forevermore.
But when the ship is on the ocean,
For each day we're on the sea,
All the dreams I've had for years now
Draw nearer to reality.

Fare thee well now, Indiana,
Your green land's been good to me.
There I settled, there I married,
There I raised up my family.
But the cord has never severed,
And the longing each day has grown.
So tomorrow, I'll be leaving
For the land that I call my home.



Produced by David Wilkie
Producer's Apprentice: Scott Ring
Recorded and mixed at Rocky
Mountain Recording Studio,
Calgary, Alberta, Canada.
Rob Smith: Engineer

Except for *Bonnie Dundee / Farewell
Tae Tarwathie / Railroad Corral* and
*Whoopie Ti Yi Yo, Git Along Little
Dogies*, both recorded at Sundae
Sound in Calgary, Alberta and
mixed at Beta Sound, Edmonton,
Alberta, by Colin Lay, engineer.

Mastered by Robert Vosgien and
Pete Papageorges at Capital
Mastering, Hollywood, CA

Saddle Pal guitar handcrafted by
Chris Jenkins, Mansfield, Texas.

Primary photography by Kate
Kunz (Calgary). Additional photos by
Ira Mark Gostin/gostinphoto.com
(Reno, NV) and Les Parker (The Press
and Journal, Aberdeen).

Design by michael@karo.com

Thanks –The Macleods of Strathconnon, Eleanor Scott, Rob Gibson and Ceilidh Menage, The Herd at WJRC in Colorado Springs – Kathleen Collins, Dane Scott, Scott O'Malley, Laraine MacLauchlan and Jeff Kallaus, Waddie of Elko, Lisa Hackett, John and Robbin Dofflemyer, John and Dagny Grant, Michael Dangelmaier at Karo, Tom Skinner and Willie Mackay in the Highlands, Michael Marks at the Melody Ranch in Newhall, California, Kate and Graham Stewart at the Amulree Hotel, Greg Hooper, Michael Martin Murphey and Westfest, Glenis Currie and her helpful family (too numerous to name), Muriel and Dave Knowler, Joy and Bob Hinman, Tom Gamm, Tim Auvigne, Kate Kunz, Witold Twardowski at Mescalero Restaurant, Mary, Chris, Peggy, Thayre and Deanne at Cornwall Communications, JoAnn at The Snob Shop in Denver, The Artisan Café, Linda at Wonders, Don Freckleton at Print Three, Doug and Lana Wong, Chuck and Heather Stormes, Rob Smith, and Colin Lay.



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1# The Drover Road
to Amulree

2# Aura Lea

3# Bonnie Dundee / Fareweel Tae
Tarwathie / The Railroad Corral

4# Mandocarolan

5# Darcy Farrow

6# Lorena / The Yellow Rose of Texas /
Field of the Yellow-Haired Lad

7# The Wild Rippling Water

8# O'Carolan's Ramble to Cashel

9# Whoopie Ti Yi Yo,
Git Along Little Dogies

10# Maxwell's Thorns

11# The Betrayal of Johnnie Armstrong

12# Black Upon Tan

13# Jackie Coleman's Reel

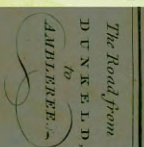
14# The Ladies of Scatwell

15# The Baron of Brackley

16# Indiana



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David Wilkie & Cowboy Celtic - The Drover Road



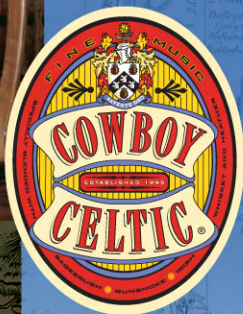
The Drover Road

"This album does it all ... stirs emotion, intrigues, makes you tap your feet while it taps your nerves, and leaves you contented from a journey well explored." ~ Waddie Mitchell

"...theatre and imagery and history and storytelling and more, all wrapped up in sagebrush and tartan."

~ Rod Campbell, Penguin Eggs Magazine

- 1** The Drover Road to Amulree 3:40 **2** Aura Lea 3:38 **3** Bonnie Dundee / Farewell Tae Tarwathie / The Railroad Corral 3:25 **4** Mandocarolan 3:47 **5** Darcy Farrow 3:23 **6** Lorena / The Yellow Rose of Texas / Field of the Yellow-Haired Lad 3:51 **7** The Wild Rippling Water 4:28 **8** O' Carolan's Ramble to Cashed 3:09 **9** Whoopie Ti Yi Yo, Git Along Little Dogies 3:49 **10** Maxwell's Thorns 2:48 **11** The Betrayal of Johnnie Armstrong 3:49 **12** Black Upon Tan 3:16 **13** Jackie Coleman's Reel 1:41 **14** The Ladies of Scatwell 4:12 **15** The Baron of Brackley 4:10 **16** Indiana 4:49



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DAVID WILKIE *and* COWBOY CELTIC
The Drover Road
featuring Denise Withnell

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