Ding Dong Dollar
Anti-Polaris and Scottish republican songs
Folkways Records FD 5444
Ding Dong Dollar

Recorded in Scotland

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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET
DING DONG DOLLAR

Anti-Polaris and Scottish Republican Songs Recorded In Scotland

--- sings and surges full and free in the rich mainstream of Scottish satire, with ten centuries of authority and impetus behind it, vaunting the ethos of our Celtic ancestors, whip-lashing and riving its way through the rock of Scottish history and character. And full from the teeth and tongue of this flood the ethnic soars, proud, joyous and defiant: "Fredome is ane nobil thing."

In more circuitous idiom the story runs like this: In early Celtic society the bards enjoyed enviable power and prestige. They were respected and feared, because they were able, whenever they felt inclined, to administer the poetic corrective of aoir (satire). Rather than suffer the humiliation of being made "infamous in the mouths of all men" as a result of bardic ridicule, the haughty and the mighty were ready to go to extraordinary lengths to conciliate the poets and even to buy them off, for they found themselves helpless against the whiplash of satirical invective. Sometimes even, the poets rounded on each other, and the result was savage flytings (sustained bardic slanging matches) - often masterpieces of extravagant grotesque mockery. Many of the latter are on record, both in Gaelic and in Scots; in Gaelic, for example, the flyting between the rival bardesses of Barra and South Uist, and in Scots the immortal pantagruelian flyting of Dunbar and Kennedy.

Parallel with this literary tradition - the examples quoted are from cultivated art-poets - there is a

'sub-literary' tradition of partisan and often scurrilous satirical verse and song, which has enlivened every conflict and controversy in Scottish history. Reformation satires against "the Paip, that Pagan full of Pride"; anti-Calvinistic satires pillorying the Whigs as canting, sleekit hypocrites; Jacobite insults to the Hanoverian monarchs.

These traditions, the literary and the sub-literary, cross-fertilised each other through the centuries; they meet in the satirical works of Robert Burns e.g. his "You're welcome to despots, Dumourier", "Holy Willie's Prayer", or his savage "Election Ballad"

"---I pray with holy fire:
Lord, send a rough-shod troop o Hell
Ower aa wad Scotland buy or sell,
The grind them in the mire!"

In our own days, Hugh MacDiarmid has dragged Scotland kicking and screaming into a Twentieth Century literary renaissance, reasserting with all the power of faith, passion and intellectual fervority, everything that is most mordant in this tradition. His searing, implacable denunciations of the English overlordship and of his own people's acceptance of the fake and the false, reach to the heights of the visionary and the prophetic. MacDiarmid, in fact, in height, depth and sheer mass is practically a culture on his own.

It is not surprising, then that the younger poets following in such yeal footsteps should see so clearly the line of advance: a Scottish folk-song renaissance. The line was so clear in fact that
they were able to cover every phase of it, from Christmas Day, 1950, when the Stone of Destiny was retrieved from Westminster Abbey, right up to the arrival of Abi Yoyo, in the Holy Loch, March, 1961.

Everything was thrown in the pot: the missionaries first to give it the bite, army ballads from World War I I, football songs, orange songs, Fenian songs, Child ballads, street songs, children's songs, bothy ballads, blues, skiffle, Australian bush ballads, calypso, MacColl and Lowar, Ives and Leadbelly, songs about the Stone of Destiny, Dominic Behan, S.R.A. songs, I.R.A. songs, Guthrie and Houston, pantomime and vaudeville, Billy Graham, Scottish Land League songs, Gaelic songs and mouth-music, Wobblj songs, spirituals, mountaineering and hiking ballads, Elliot and Seeger, mock-precenting, the Royal Family, Roddy MacMillan and Matt McGin.

As a result of this genial eclecticism, we finished up with a banquet:

Firstly, as a result of recovery, regrouping, re-editing and recirculation, a new metropolitan folk-song corpus was established.

Secondly, the Orange-Fenian monopoly in the rebel songs was broken by the emergence of a strong folk-rebel corpus which subsumed all the best elements in the two opposing sectarian traditions: Hampden had taken over from Ibrox and Parkhead.

Thirdly, a rich skallag and immensely popular Glasgow street song corpus emerged with dozens of writers to add new verses, new melodies and new material.

Fourthly, a structure of ceilidh, concert, soiree, 'Yankee Doodle' treat the demonstrators with great courtesy and make special provisions for the singers - subject to the Noise Abatement Act'.

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Ye'll no sit here: In the list of American exports to Scotland, Yogi Bear has found much happier acceptance than Polaris - or Billy Graham.

"Billy hooked up the Kelvin Wall. Man, you should have seen his circus. It was bigger, it was better than the one that comes at Christmas."

The tune is a great favourite with the polis, when they're doing their folk-friend, leaving the sit-downers to sit with the sit-downers, themselves, reminding them of the polis, just who's co-operating with whom.

The tune is only faintly 'Hey Jock, on Cuddy'. It is much more appreciated, popularly, as 'Ye'll no sh-- here'. A variant has been collected in Arkansas.

Style: rebel-burlesque.

The third tune is known in English as "ho-ro My Nut-brown Maiden" and parodied in the Scottish regiments as 'Ah canny see the Target'.

Style: rebel-medley.

The misguided Missile: Glasgow music-hall has always been popular in inspiration. It takes its material directly from the sayings and doings of the citizens themselves. (cf. Will Fyffe's "I belong to the Glesca" - the city's theme-song.) Since Glasgow folk-song takes a large part of its material from the same sources, it's not surprising that folk and music-hall often overlap. Note some of the characteristics: the original tunes, you think you've heard before; the wayward rhyme scheme, tying the familiar to the new departure; the exaggeration and over-interpretation of the line of argument; the overtones from the English '50s. (the mock tragic ballad); and from the Hollywood '20s and '30s. (cf. Al Jolson's 'Mammy'); the Cantor musicals and the sustained finale exit.

Dine Done Dollar: Same pattern as We Dinn's Want Polaris plus unassimilable logic, Key-song in the repertoire. Style: rebel-commercial.

I shall not be moved: Work-shopped on one of the early marches. Many variants, including 'ad lib for the polis' verses. Theme song of the sit-downers. Style: rebel-anthem.
"The Yanks are a great people, a great people! They'd do anything for you. First they send Billy Graham over to tell us where to go. And now they're sending Ian Ling to make sure we get there" — The Half-Past Eight Show.

**Style:** rebel-vaudeville.

**Camp in the Country:** Started as a one-verse fragment, a private theme for the singers themselves.

'Off to the Camp in the Country' meant 'Off to the demonstration'. The tune is only theoretically war-chest.

The Freedom Come-All-Ye: Non-workshop, much richer counterpart. This is not sickness. This is Judge-the Scottish tradition: no quarter for the Quislings.

The Glesca Eskimos: Goebbels referred to the 8th Army as 'Rats caught in a trap'. But Mephisto was caught himself. The epithet became a badge of honour, and the famous Desert Rats chased Nazism out of Africa. Captain Laning followed in the Doktor's fateful footsteps when he dismissed the Holy Loch demonstrators as 'Eskimos', not realising that these friendly people had been long es-conced in Glasgow song:

"Sitting among the Eskimos, Playing a gemma o dominoes, Ma Maw's a millionaire."

It's sad that this hoary old sea-dog has been muzzled. His every yap was pure gold to the war-chest.

The tune is only theoretically 'Marching through Georgia'. It has long been acclimatised in Glasgow as the 'Brighton Billy Boys', an Orange song, and half its popularity stems from this fact.

**Style:** rebel-direct.

The Freedom Come-All-Ye: Non-workshop, much richer language. The Scots has been wedded, after the Gaelic fashion, to the pipe-tune.

**Style:** rebel-bardic.

Ban Polaris - Hallelujah! This is the granite in the Scottish tradition: no quarter for the quailings. Contrast this mordant humour with its American counterpart. This is not sickness. This isJudgement.

**DING . . . DONG . . . DOLLAR**

(Tune: Ye canny shove yuir Granny off a bus)

Chorus: O ye canny spend a dollar when ye're deid, O ye canny spend a dollar when ye're deid: Singin Ding . . . Dong . . . Dollar; Everybody holler Ye canny spend a dollar when ye're deid.

O the Yanks have just drapt anchor in Dunoon An they've had their civic welcome fae the toon, As they cam up the measured mile Bonnie Mary o Argyll Wis wearin spangled drawers ablow her goun.

An the publicans will aa be daein swell, For it's just the thing that's sure tae ring the bell, O the dollars they will jingle, They'll be no a lassie single, Even though they maybe blow us aa tae hell.

But the Glesca Moderator disnae mind; In fact, he thinks the Yanks are awfy kind, For if it's heaven that ye're goin' It's a quicker way than rowin', An there's sure tae be naebody left behind.

**Final Chorus:**

O ye canny spend a dollar when ye're deid Sae tell Kennedy he's got tae keep the heid, Singin Ding . . . Dong . . . Dollar; Everybody holler Ye canny spend a dollar when ye're deid.

**WE DINNA WANT POLARIS**

*(Tune: Three Crows)*

The U.S.A. are gie'n subs away, Gie'n subs away, Gie'n subs away, hay, hay, The U.S.A. are gie'n subs away, But we dinna want Polaris.

Tell the Yanks tae drap them doon the stanks, Drap them doon the stanks, etc.

The Cooncil o Dunoon, they want their hauf-a-croon, Want thir hauf-a-croon, etc.

The hairies o the toon are sailin tae Dunoon, Sailin tae Dunoon, etc.

It's suicide tae hae them on the Clyde, Hae them on the Clyde, etc.

Tak the haill dam show up the River Alamo, River Alamo, etc.

Anchors aweigh for Poppa Kennedy, Poppa Kennedy, Poppa Kennedy, hay, hay, Anchors aweigh for Poppa Kennedy, An ta-ta tae Polaris.

**THE POLIS O ARGYLL**

*(Tune: Johnson's Motor Car)*

You may talk about your Nelson, and Francis Drake as well, And how they blew the Spaniards and pirates all to hell, But they've nothing on the Yankee subs that sneaked past Arran Isle And left the Battle o Dunoon to the Polis o Argyll.
These worthy sons of Robert Peel are trained to keep the law,
And any danger they'll confront, providin it is sma;
In naval operations they specialise in style,
But the Holy Loch proved quite a shock to the Polis o Argyll.

With only frogmen to assist and "specials" by the score,
The Polis proved they're gallant men, all heroes to the core:
With Proteus squat behind them and nuclear missiles, too,
They did the near-impossible and captured a canoe.

Now all you Russian astronauts who navigate the globe
Stay far away from Scotland in your Cosmo-Rocket probe,
For should you land near Gourock, you'll be conquered in fine style
By the Yanks combining forces with the Polis o Argyll.

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**PAPER HANKIES**

*(Tune: Yankee Doodle Dandy)*

The Proteus sailed intae the Clyde
Amidst a blaze o glory
When the C.N.D. drap in for tea
It'll be a different story.

Chorus: Chase the Yankees oot the Clyde,
Away wi Uncle Sammy;
Chase the Yankees oot the Clyde
An send them hame tae mammy.

Down in Dunoon they think it's great
The place is faw o Yankees,
They fling their money aa aroon
Like it was paper hankies.

The Proteus is made o steel,
The Yanks are widden-heidit,
They're bein jouked tae volunteer.

Lanin's in the Holy Loch,
He canny hae much vision;
The C.N.D. will hoard his ship
An hing him faw the mizzen.

---

**Ye'll no sit here**

*(Tune: Hey, Jock, Ma Cuddy)*

Doon at Ardnadam, sittin at the pier,
When ah heard a polis shout—*Ye'll no sit here*!

Chorus: Aye, but ah wull sit here!
Naw, but ye'll no sit here!
Aye, but ah wull! Naw but ye'll no!
Aye, but ah wull sit here.

Twa a shiff, Inspector, enhancin his career,
Princin up an doon the road like Yogi Bear.

He caan't for help tae Glesca, they nearly chowed his ear: *We've got the G's an ers demonstrators here*
He telephoned the sodgers, but didnae mak it clear
The sodgers sent Andy Stewart tae volunteer.

He radioed the White House, but aa that he could hear,
Wis *... two ... one ... zero*—an the set went quere.

For Jack had drap an H-bomb an gied his-sel a shroud.
An he met wi Billy Graham on a wee white cloud.

---

**ANTI-POLARIS**

*(Tune: The Captain and His Whiskers)*

There's a high road tae Gourock
And a ferry tae Dunoon
And the world will be watchin
When we're marchin through the toon.

Ban the Bomb an biff the Base
Till it's sunk without a trace.

For drinking Johnnie Walker
He's collecting extra bars.

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**THE MISGUIDED MISSILE AND THE MISGUIDED MISS**

The maid was young and pretty
And she came down from the City
And maybe twas a pity
That she left old Glesca Toon.

She met a son of Uncle Sammy
From the heart of Alabamy,
He had never left his mammy
Till he came ower tae Dunoon.

So while you wet your whistle—whistle
I'll sing you this
O the misguided missile
And the misguided miss.

In his wee bit sailor suitie—oh!
He looked so brave and smart
At the Battle o the Holy Loch
He won a Purple Heart,
And noo that he's been overseas
Six medals and five stars;
For drinking Johnnie Walker
He's collecting extra bars.

So while you wet, etc.

You may come frae Odessa, mate,
Frai Baltimore or Perth,
But the threat o Polar is
Mak's a country o the Earth.

Ban the Bomb, an blass the base
Far awa tae Outer Space,
It's tae Hell wi Polar is—or
The puir aul human race.

O, K. stands for Kennedy
Wha makes us aa sae blue,
An H. stands for Holy Loch
An Hiroshima, too.

Ban the bomb and blass the base
Tae someither hotter place,
It's tae hell wi Polar is or
The puir aul human race.

*(Tune: The Keel Row)*

As I cam by Sandbank,
By Sandbank, by Sandbank;
As I cam by Sandbank,
I heard a Yankee cuss—
O deil tak the mairchers,
The mairchers, the mairchers,
"O deil tak the mairchers,
They've got it in for us."

We'll hae tae shift Polar is,
Polar is, Polar is.
We'll hae tae shift Polar is,
An Proteus an aa.

For if we dinna shift them,
Shift them, ay, shift them,
For if we dinna shift them,
We'll get nae peace at aa.

*(Tune: Ho ro mo nighean donn bhusiheach)*

Oor een are on the target
Oor een are on the target
Oor een are on the target
We'll blass the base awa.

We'll hae tae shift that target,
We'll hae tae shift that target,
An noo juist doon tae Margate!
We'll blass the base awa.

O I can see a captain,
A cocky Yankee captain,
I can see a captain,
Wi ribbons up an aa.

We'll pit him intae orbit,
We'll pit him intae orbit,
The shock he'll jist absorb it,
He'll soak as weel as blass.
proved the submarine attack on the The approach to the shores of the Holy Loch where
consider the question of prosecution to them to
custody at Dunoon
It saUed out (rom Ardnadam
to board the submarine

it SaUed out (rom Ardnadam
to board the submarine

POLICE GUARD IN
GREENOCK

Two navalaboats try to pull a demonstrator from the mooring chain of the Proteus.

HOLIDAYMAKERS SEE DEMONSTRATORS REMOVED BY POLICE

WET WELCOME ON THE LOCH

Proteus sailors turn hoses on anti-Polaris canoecists

BY OUR OWN REPORTER

With a barrage of fire hoses, the United States Navy yesterday repulsed the seaborne invasion of anti-Polaris demonstrators who tried to board the submarine depot ship Proteus in the Holy Loch.

A second, and equally unsuccessful, assault was launched last night. It was made when a more powerful force of about 200 people boarded a yacht as it sailed into the Holy Loch to board the target vessel. The landing was repulsed by fire hoses.

NAVAL LAUNCHES

As the 11 canoes, which had been assembled near the mooring chalD of the Proteus, were pulled into the water and headed rapidly towards the Proteus, police and frogmen in five naval launches were circling the vessel.

All U.S. naval personnel had been ordered to ship and the gangways had been removed. A dozen police were already on board normally lying on the pier side had also been pulled inboard.

As the canoes made for the deck of the Proteus they were followed by more launches carrying photographers and reporters, and by yachts and pleasure craft,

TIME FOR A SMOKE

Smoke, grey flannel and a red knitted skull cap, Gow jumped on the side and made for the Proteus, which was already bemoored.

For the next half-hour the canoists sat in the road at the shore, were heavily pressed, as were the telephone cables running to the shore.

A woman demonstrator was pulled out of the water and taken on to the pier. Two other women were at hand to help her into the transport.

NO REPLY

Jet of water

There was no reply. But when the canoists tried to secure their flags, demonstrating for nuclear disarmament, symbol, a jet of water shot over them from the deck.

When it was apparent that the canoists were giving a little progress the demonstrators bored a rowboat to the Proteus.

The canoists were on the other side of the whiteknitted hill. Some of the crew were carrying ropes and a type of rope ladders fastraced in a bateau pole. The launch, however, was warped off by a police boat. They were

The canoists were next used a lifeboat hand, with a boarding party of 17 men and women aboard. They approached the deep ship, sing

recording the Proteus twice they decided that an attempt could be made near the centre of the towering hill.

As the launch drew close to the side of the ship, a police officer called out to them to clear away. When they didn't move, jets of water swamped over the canoists, whose bodies could not be seen as they lay prostrate on the deck.

Singing by the powerful jets and shouting with cold, the demonstrators chanted: "We shall not be moved. We shall not be moved;"

Though crestfallen, the demonstrator promptly "This is the flagship. Can we tie a boat to the Proteus?"

The reception committee had had a good time. It was a surprise to the police. They had not had any time to think what would happen. They were not prepared.

A police boat insisted on pulling it dear.

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A police boat insiste...
Edinburgh

Fit for a Queen?

A Correspondent writes: Twelve months ago Edinburgh rocked with shame when the city's Arthur Street slums were exposed on television. For who saw the programme will forget those fractured downpipes pouring their soil into the ghastly tenement back- courts. Seriously jolted, the Tory city council quickly got to work on Arthur Street, closing houses, moving in demolition squads and getting the city architect to speed up redevelopment plans. Now, because it is alleged that redevelopment, as so far envisaged by the architect, will mar the Royal Family's amenities, the original plan has been abandoned — although the housing committee had given it their unanimous approval.

With a desperate housing shortage and with virtually no building sites available inside the city boundary (most sites have been sold to speculative builders), redevelopment in Arthur Street was intended to include five 25-storey blocks at a density of 190 people per acre. But the architect, busy at his drawing board, ignored the fact that Arthur Street is on the fringe of the half-mile zone around the Palace of Holyroodhouse, over which the Ministry of Works can veto all new building. The Queen and her family rarely live at the Palace. This year, for example, she will stay there only six days — from 30 June to 3 July. And for most of this time the Queen will be fulfilling public engagements, merely using the Palace as a dormitory. There are years when royalty never visit the Palace; the huge, costly building stands quite empty, except when occupied by church officials during the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

Nevertheless, the new scheme — which would have provided over 1,000 new homes for Edinburgh slum-dwellers — has been firmly vetoed by the Ministry of Works on the grounds that the new flats would detract from the privacy of royalty. Oddly enough, until now, there has been no objection from either the Ministry or royalty, about other buildings within the half mile zone. They include breweries, two gasometers, a chemical works, the main railway line, some derelict pubs and — until demolition started recently — the worst slums in Britain.

NEW STATFSMAN - 9 FEBRUARY 1962

The Coronation Coronach: Popularly known as the 'Scottish Breakaway', is the archetypal type of the folk-rebel song. The tune, an Orange one: The Sash Me Father Wore, is the archetypal rebel tune. The later verses were added as Court Circulars dictated.

Style: rebel-direct.

N.A.B.: Variations of the same portrait-gallery. More working-class in reference. The N.A.B. is the National Assistance Board. Nearly gave rise to a 'cause celebre', when an attempt was made to ban it from the public halls.

Style: rebel-burlesque.

Never Had it Sae Guid: Against the Tories, the English overlordship and the acceptance of false gods (cf. MacDiarmid's poetry).

Style: rebel-direct.

Coronation Coronach

(Tune: The Sash)

Noo Scotland hasnae got a King,
An it hasnae got a Queen;
For ye cannae bae the second Liz
When the first yin's never been.

CHORUS:
Nae Liz the Two, nae Lilibet the Wan --
Nae Liz will ever dae;
For we'll mak oor land republican
In a Scottish break-away.

Noo he's cried the Duke o Edinburgh --
He's wan o yon kilty Greeks.
Here, but dinnae baw my kilts awa,
Foe it's Lizzie wears the breeks.

He's a handsome man, an' he looks like Don Juan;
He's beloved by the younger sex.
But it dinnae really matter a damn,
For it's Lizzie signs the cheques.

Noo her sister Meg's got a bonny pair o legs,
But she dinnae want a German or a Greek.
Puir said Peter was her choice, but he dinnae suit the boys,
So they salt him up the cheek.

They say that we've Never Had it Sae Guid

(Tune: Kellyburn Braes
Alias
The Farmer's Curst Wife)

They say that we've never had it sae guid
Right fol right fol tittle fol day
They say that we've never had it sae guid
But who in the hell are they tryin' tae kid?
Wi a right fol dol
Tittle fol dol
Right fol right fol tittle fol day.

They gie the auld folk fifty shillin's:
Three cheers for Mister Harold Macmillan.

We've an got fridges an tellies sae grand
God bless the Queen, an the H. P. man!

We've an got rockets an missiles as well
Let's gie them tae Gaitskell, an send him tae hell!

I wish some power the gift wad gie me
Tae clap aa the Scottish M.P's in Barlinnie.

I doot but oor heids are made oot o vuid,
Because we've never been had sae guid!
CAMP IN THE COUNTRY

(Tune: Camp in the Country)

We're off tae the camp in the country
— Hooray! Hooray!
We're off tae the Asian restaurant
— Hooray! Hooray!
Irish stew for dinner, aiple-pie for tea,
Roly-poly doon yuir belly
— Hip, hip, hip, hooray!
We’re off tae the Holy Watter
— Hooray! Hooray!
We’re off tae the Holy Watter
— Hooray! Hooray!
Curry for yuir dinner, tahari for yuir tea,
Burny, burny doon yuir belly
— Hip, hip, hip, hooray!

THE GLESCA ESKIMOS

(Tune: Marching through Georgia.)

It's up the Clyde comes Lanin—a super duper Yank,
But doon a dam sight quicker when we coup him doon the stalk,
Up tae the neck in sludge an sewage fairly stops yuir swank.
— We are the Glesca Eskimos.

Chorus: Hullo! hullo! we are the Eskimos,
Hullo! hullo! the Glesca Eskimos,
We'll gaff that naff ca'd Lanin,
We'll spear him whaur he blows.
We are the Glesca Eskimos.

It's in an oot, an up an doon, an on an aff the piers,
There's cooncillors, collaborators, pimps an profiteers—
The hairies jouk the polis, an the polis jouk the queers,
— We are the Glesca Eskimos.

There's dredgers an there's sludgie-boats tae keep the river clean,
Ye lift yuir haun an pu the chain—Ye ken fine whit ah mean,
But why in the hell has the Holy Loch been left ousside the scheme
— We are the Glesca Eskimos.

We've been in mony a rammy, lads, we've been in mony a tear,
We've sortit oot this kind afore, we'll sort them anywhere,
O, get yuir harpoons ready—he's comin up for air
— We are the Glesca Eskimos.

THE FREEDOM COME-ALL-YE

FOR THE GLASGOW PEACE MARCHERS
MAY, 1960

Tune: "The Bloody Fields o Flanders"

Roch the wind in the clear day's dawin
Blaws the clouds heelster-gowdie ow'r the bay,
But there's mair nor a roch wind blawin
Through the great glen o the world the day.

It's a thocht that will gar oor rottans,
Aa they rogues that gang gallus, fresh an gay,
Tak the road an seek tither loamins
For their ill ploys, tae sport an play.

Nae mair will the bonnie gallants
March tae war, when oor braggarts crousely craw,
Nor wee weans frae pit-heid an clachan
Mourn the ships sailin doon the Broomielaw;
Broken familys, in lands we herriet
Will curse Scotland the Brave nae mair, nae mair;
Black an white, aine tilither mairriet
Mak the vile barracks o their maisters bare.

O come all ye at hame wi freedom,
Never heed whit the hoodies croak for doom;
In your hoose an the barns o Adam
Can find breid, barley bree an painted room.
When Maclean meets wi's freens in Springburn
Aa the roses an the peas will turn tae bloom,
An a black boy fray oent Nyanga
Dings the fell gallowss o the burghers doon.

BAN POLARIS—HALLELUJAH!

(Tune: John Brown's Body)

O Dunoon is doon the watter
but it's up the creek an a,
It hasnae got a paddle,
it can sook while Yankees blaw,
They'll sook the dollars fae them,
till they're yellin fur their Maw;
Send the Yankees hame.

Chorus: Ban Polaris — Hallelujah,
Ban Polaris — Hallelujah,
Ban Polaris — Hallelujah,
And send the Yankees hame.

Now we're sorry fur the Yankees,
they've an awfy lot tae thole,
They're either hauf-wey roon the bend,
or hauf-wey up the pole,
They dither on the Dulles brink and dae the rock-an-roll,
Send the Yankees hame.

O Quislin is a traitor name that's
kent the world aroon;
It's Scotland's shame tae gie a name
tae ony traitor toon,
They've sunk their pride in the Firth o Clyde, a place they ca Dunoon;
Send the Yankees hame.

When Dunoon folk breathe atomic dust
and drink the strontium waste,
They'll ha'e clever deils for hairnies,
dooble-heidit, dooble-faced.
Like the fish that soon in the Holy Loch
the first three-leggit race,
Send the Yankees hame.

Repeat first verse.
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