Music from the Orkney Islands

Featuring Allie Windwick and Hugh Intaker with Billy and Ingrid Jolly, and Nancy Cassell

Produced by Nancy Cassell
**FOLKWAYS RECORDS FW 8470**

**SIDE 1: ALLIE WINDWICK**

Band 1: "Chappin at the Door" 1.42
   vocal: Billy and Ingrid Jolly
   mandolin: Allie Windwick
   guitar: Ingrid Jolly

Band 2: "Partina in the Creel" 2.23
   vocal and guitar: Ingrid Jolly

Band 3: "Feidie Pahkister" 4.16
   vocal: Billy and Ingrid Jolly
   mandolin: Allie Windwick
   guitar: Ingrid Jolly

Band 4: "Sleepie Laddie" 3.00
   vocal: Nancy Cassell and Ingrid Jolly
   guitar: Nancy Cassell

Band 5: "Charlie's Jukebox"
   "Weary O' the Darning" 1.20

Band 6: "Picky by the Sea"
   "Cubball Roo" 2.56
   mandolin: Allie Windwick
   guitar: Ingrid Jolly

Band 7: "Issie's Gant a Tae Brew" 1.33
   vocal: Billy and Ingrid Jolly
   guitar: Ingrid Jolly

Band 8: "Weary O' the Darning" 1.40
   vocal: Billy and Ingrid Jolly
   guitar: Ingrid Jolly
   mandolin: Allie Windwick

Band 9: "Butter on the Bow" 3.10
   vocal: Billy and Ingrid Jolly
   guitar: Ingrid Jolly
   mandolin: Allie Windwick


**SIDE 2: HUGH INKSTER**

fiddler:
   Hugh Inkster
   Nancy Cassell

Band 1: "The Orphan Boy" (Slow Air)
   trad. Scottish
   "Heilfia Holm"
   "Brinkie's Brae" 3.35
   Allie Windwick

Band 2: Medley of Scandinavian tunes 2.50

Band 3: "Road to Hammer Chunkie" (Strathspey)
   "Neither Bow" (Reel) 1.35
   James Craigie

Band 4: "Wheals Ross" 1.30
   James Craigie

Band 5: "Scottish Hornpipe"
   "Flowers O' Edinburgh" 2.17
   trad. Scottish

Band 6: "Inghana"
   "The Stryrndo"
   "El Artham" 4.13
   Hugh Inkster

Band 7: "The Old Polka"
   trad. Orcadian
   "Dancing Waves" 2.40
   David Eunson

Band 8: "Gastebystalen"
   F. Olsson, Swedish
   "Stockholmsliten" 2.37
   trad. Swedish

Band 9: "Salute to the Lasses" 1.20
   (Ronnie Aitk)

Band 10: Shetland Selection
   (trad.)
   "Nannie an' Andrew"
   "My Wife's a Drunke"n
   "Shalder Geo"
   "Sail her ower da Rutfrees" 2.23

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**Sound Technician: Bert Stockman**

**Photographs: Douglas Shearer, Phoenix Photos**

**Production: Nancy Cassell**

Nancy Cassell, from Syracuse, New York, has been living in Orkney and collecting folk music on the islands for the past two years.

Special thanks to Mr. George Argo, Kirkwall, Orkney, for the use of his ancient croft, "Kirbister," for the cover photograph.

("Kirbister," on the north mainland of Orkney, was built in approximately 1482.)

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**Music from the Orkney Islands**

*Photo (left to right): Nancy Cassell, Ingrid Jolly, Allie Windwick, Billy Jolly, Hugh Inkster*

**Produced by Nancy Cassell**

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**FOLKWAYS RECORDS FW 8470**

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Music from the Orkney Islands
featuring Allie Windwick and Hugh Inkster

Ask an Orcadian if he is a Scot, and the answer you receive will likely be a very firm “no”. Although these islands may be, as far as governmental jurisdiction is concerned, a part of Britain, with only the tempestuous Pentland Firth between them and the northeast Scottish coast, it seems there is more than a physical separation between Orkney and all parts “sooth”. The Orcadians have not forgotten their Scandinavian ancestry; this northern influence, combined with the inhabitants’ quiet, stubborn sense of independence, helps to keep the Orkney world unmistakably distinct.

In the field of music, this juxtaposition of north and south is also evident. Although many Orkney melodies are clearly of Scottish origin, others exhibit traits belonging to the northern neighbors of Shetland, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. When these elements are combined and placed in the hands of talented Orcadian composers and musicians, the results can be of a pleasing and highly individual nature.

For this record, we focus attention on two Orkney men, Allie Windwick and Hugh Inkster. The first, Allie Windwick, is a native of Kirkwall, the main city of the Orkney Islands, where he now lives with his wife “Sis” and his son William. For all of his working life, Allie has been two people: one is linotype operator for the local newspaper, “The Orcadian”, a position he has held for forty-eight years; the other is composer, a career to which he has devoted much of his spare time for more than a quarter of a century. Some of his songs, including “Lonely Scapa Flow” and “Partans in his Creel”, have brought him international recognition; others are appreciated within a more limited area. For the selections which have true incidents as their base, Mr. Windwick demonstrates his ability as a storyteller as well as songwriter. As there are samples in these lyrics of both Scottish and Orcadian dialect, we have included a brief glossary to help with interpretation.

Allie’s songs are performed here by a young couple, Billy and Ingrid Jolly, also from Kirkwall. Whenever they have a free moment in their busy life of managing a fish shop and raising two lively daughters, they bring out the guitar and practice Allie’s music. If Allie composes a new song, he presents it first to Billy and Ingrid, and it is they who are responsible for sharing it with future audiences.

The second side of this record concentrates on the music of Hugh Inkster. Hugh, originally from the island of Rousay, has been living in Kirkwall for the past forty years with his wife Dorothy. Now retired as secretary of the Auction Mart in Kirkwall, he has more time to devote to playing the fiddle, an occupation which has earned him a reputation as one of the best musicians in Orkney.

In the pieces he has selected for this record, he gives us
samples of Scottish, Scandinavian, Shetland, and Orcadian tunes, each made distinctive by his light touch and choice of ornaments. Of the Orcadian tunes represented, two are Allie Windwick's, three are Hugh's own compositions, three are those of his uncle James Craigie, of the island of Rousay; one, "The Salute to the Lasses", is composed by Ronnie Aim, the director of the local Strathspey and Reel Society, and another, "Dancing Waves", is by David Eunson of Deerness, a local musician and instrument maker.

SIDE ONE: ALLIE WINDWICK

"Chappan at the Door" 1.42
vocal: Billy and Ingrid Jolly
mandolin: Allie Windwick
guitar: Ingrid Jolly

"Partans in his Creel" 2.23
vocal and guitar: Ingrid Jolly

"Peedie Pakistane" 4.16
vocal: Billy and Ingrid Jolly
mandolin: Allie Windwick
guitar: Ingrid Jolly

"Sleepie Laddie" 3.03
vocal: Nancy Cassell and Ingrid Jolly
guitar: Nancy Cassell

"Charlie's Jukebox"

"Weary O' the Darning" 1.20
"Picky by the Sea"
"Cubbie Roo" 2.56
mandolin: Allie Windwick
guitar: Ingrid Jolly

"Isie's Caan tae Brew" 1.33
vocal: Billy and Ingrid Jolly
guitar: Ingrid Jolly

"Weary O' the Darning" 1.46
vocal: Billy and Ingrid Jolly
guitar: Ingrid Jolly
mandolin: Allie Windwick

"Butter on the Bow" 3.10
vocal: Billy and Ingrid Jolly
guitar: Ingrid Jolly
mandolin: Allie Windwick

SIDE TWO: HUGH INKSTER

fiddle: Hugh Inkster
guitar: Nancy Cassell

"The Orphan Boy" (Slow Air) trad. Scottish

"Helliar Holm" Allie Windwick 3.35
"Brinkie's Brae"

Medley of Scandinavian tunes 2.50

"Road to Hammer Chunkie" (Strathspey)
"Nether Bow" (Reel)
James Craigie 1.35

"Whaal's Rost" James Craigie 1.30

"Scottish Hornpipe" trad. Scottish
"Flowers O' Edinburgh" trad. Scottish 2.17

"Inganess" Hugh Inkster 4.13
"The Strynd" trad. Scottish
"El Adhem"

"The Old Polka" trad. Orcadian
"Dancing Waves" David Eunson 2.40

"Gardebylaten" F. Olsson, Swedish
"Stockholmslaten"

"Salute to the Lasses" trad.

Shetland Selection

"Nannie an Andrew"
"My Wife's a Drunkard"
"Shalder Geo"
"Sail her ower da Ruftrees" 2.25

Nancy Cassell, from Syracuse, New York, has been living in Orkney and collecting folk music on the islands for the past two years.


Sound technician: Bert Stockan

Photographs: Douglas Shearer, Phoenix Photos

Production: Nancy Cassell

Special Thanks to Mr. George Argo, Kirkwall, Orkney, for the use of his ancient croft, "Kirbister", for the cover photograph.

("Kirbister," on the north Mainland of Orkney, was built in approximately 1462.)

GLOSSARY

biggit built (from Old Norse, bygging)
bo'gy a ghost
The Bu the main farm in the area (from Old Norse, "bu"—a farm, estate
chap knock
dookit ducked, dived
dortan sulking
feeding treacle for feeding cattle
treacle
fu' drunk (also full)
girnan whimpering
glory hole an untidy cupboard where odds and ends are kept
partans edible crabs
pee're small (from Norwegian)
Sankey a lively Baptist hymn
sark shirt, vest
sillerless penniless
skirlan a rough sound, almost a squeal
sneek latch
stotted bounced, stuttered
thole stand, put up with
trowie a person who is not well
unkan unknown in the neighborhood
wag-upon-the-wa' a clock with a pendulum
"Chappan at the Door"

Boy! There's somebody chappan at the door; Jock Scott!
Aye a-chap-chap-chappan at wir door!
'Tis a coold dark night, and wae dinna hae a light,
And there isn't any rug tae the floor.
But I sleep at the back o' the bed, Jock Scott
While thoo're aye gey weel tae the fore,
So A'll laeve it tae thee tae get oot o' bed an' see
Wha's a-chap-chap-chappan at the door!

At the door (chap chap); at the door (chap chap);
Aye a-chap-chap-chappan at wir door.
So A'll laeve it tae thee tae get oot o' bed an' see
Wha's a-chap-chap-chappan at the door!

Na! There's naebody chappan at the door, Jean Scott!
No' a-chap-chap-chappan at wir door!
'Tis the wind i' the sneck, or wae mebbe hae a lack
An' sheu's drippan wi' a pleenk on the floor.
So A'll bide whar I am in me bed, Jean Scott,
An' wae'll baith hae a right gud snore!
For the man isna right wha'd be oot on sic a night
Tae come chap-chap-chappan at the door!

At the door (chap chap); at the door (chap chap);
Aye a-chap-chap-chappan at wir door.
For the man isna right wha'd be oot on sic a night
Tae come chap-chap-chappan at the door!

"Partans in his Creel"

Oh! I lay in bed ower lang this morning, heedless o' me mither's scorning
Turned and twisted a' last night and never closed an e'e:
While outside a million stars were winking, sleep it wadna come for
o' the three sma' loving words that Willie said tae me!
Willie's tall and Willie's bonnie; Willie hasna muckle money—
No' that sillier matters when I ken I lo'e him weel.
Still, I think I'd better tarry: bide a wee afore I marry—
No' till Willie catches mair than partans in his creel!

For me Mither ca's me young and silly—far too young tae marry Willie;
Seventeen comes Christmas Day tae Willie's twenty-three;
And that aa' he's ever saved or striven wadna gae the cat a living—
Aa' the wark that Willie does is runnin' efter me!
Willie's slow and Willie's lazy; Willie tak's things ower aisy;
Faither says he's naithing but a trowie ne'er-dae-weel!
So I think I'd better tarry; bide a wee afore I marry—
No' till Willie catches mair than partans in his creel!

"Partans in his Creel" (2)

There's a peerie croft amang the heather, whar he says we'll bides
Whilees, he'll mak' a living wae his boatie on the sea;
There's a wee bit hoose his faither biggit, stoutly thatched and snugly
Waiting tae be taken ower by Willie an' by me!
Willie stands aroond an' whistles; Willie's fields are fu' o' thistles—
Thistles never brought a body any milk an' meal:
Na! I think I'd better tarry; bide a wee afore I marry—
No' till Willie catches mair than partans in his creel!
"Peedie Pakistani"

As a lad I used tae dream I'd be captain o' the team
Or the driver o' an omnibus or train;
Be a future Jacques Cousteau efter skott in Scapa Flow
Or the pilot o' a transatlantic plane . . . .
I left the Grammar School tae work for Cookie Yule
In his bakery, his grocery an' store.
Wae the turpentine an' breid, smokit fish an' potlit-head
An' a cask o' feeding treacle by the door!

Wae a pail o' weel cement up a ladder I wis sent,
Be' an joiner, cook an' scavenger an' a' that?
Then a farmer fae the Mert, wi' a Clydesdale an' a kert
Can'd the ladder, boy an' bucket aff the waan!
The view fae upside-dooin wis like lukkan fae the moon:
For a cumman up tae meet me wis the floor;
Aal the turpentine an' breid, smokit fish an' potlit-head
An' the cask o' feeding treacle by the door!

Though the night be affi dark A'm as chirpy as a lark,
No' a-feared tae lük a bogey in the face . . . .
But the scene in Cookie's cask (chuist in case yer gaan tae ask!)
Was as black as saal the holes in ooter space!
They dredged me fae me drook, and hung me on a hook
Over the cask o' feeding treacle by the door;
Scraped me chin an' both me cheeks, wrung me simmit
drairs an' breeks.
Cheust tae keep their measly treacle aff the floor!

Both me hands were ferly stuck in me pockets wi' the muck
An' wurr door I couldna open by mesel';
So I stratchted upon me toes, dabbed around wi' sticky nose
Till I found the peedie knob an' rang the bell!
I heard me mither call me sister in the hall,
Then me faither fae the kitchen gaed a roar:
"Dinna answer, Maggie May, an' he'll mebbe go away;
There's a Peedie Pakistani at the door!"

I felt such as saffl fool back I ran an' vowed tae Yule
I wid emigrate fae Orkney right away.
Fell he doon on bended knee—ferly sookan up tae me—
Wae a bid tae pitt a shilling on me pay!
I snorted: "Don't be daft—A'm no' so bliddy saft!
I wid rather serve tae daith in Singapore!
Stoff yer turpentine an' breid, smokit fish an' potlit-head
Up yer cask o' feeding treacle by the door!"

Then I laboured long and late at my books to graduate,
And at last became a Servant o' the Crown;
Often sailed across the Firth—now a gentleman o' worth—
I'm a Fac-ty Inspector o' renown!
I didna knock his breid; condemn his potlit-head,
For I kent they'd be as wholesome as oore.
Na' the only thing I did wis tae MAK HIM PIT A LID
On his cask o' feeding treacle by the door!

Lyrics (3)

"Sleepy Laddie"

Lies low the sun, and shadows tall
Across the fields are creeping;
And soon the big round yellow moon
Will ower the brae come peeping.
Haste ye, noo, lay by your barrow:
Daddy'll mend the broken wheel tomorrow.
Come ye in, and get ye bedded doon
It's time my lad was sleeping.
Come put ye on your wee white goon
Afore the peat-fire cheery:
We'll gang the morn intae the toon
For sweeties for my dearie.
Hush ye noo, and stop your sighing
Or Wee Willie Winkie'll come a-prying.
Snug ye doon, my lad, and sleep ye sound
For Mamma's sitting near ye.

He's played all day wi' golden sand
And weary is my laddie;
His curly head is nodden and
He's greetan for his Daddy.
Whee'sht ye noo, my brave wee fellow-
Tears'll weet your cosy, cosy pillow:
Close your eyes, while Mother sings to you
My sleepy peedie laddie.

Oh, softly, softly, ane and a'!
And gentle wi' your speaking:
He's turned his wee face tae the wa'
And ceased his plaintive weeping.
Dream ye sweet, my bonnie fellow-
Eyes so blue, and hair so yellow, yellow:
Hush now! Lightly let your footsteps fa'!
For my wee laddie's sleeping!

Lyrics (4)

"Isie's Gaan Tae Brew"

If A'm no' hame on Friday night, thoo'll fin' me at the Bu, boy;
For when I've gae'n me face a dight, A'm gaen ower tae visit Isle.
A'll be there till broad daylight, an' maybe A'll get fu' boy
When I gae ower on Friday night, for Isie's gaan tae brew!
Tae brew-ew-ew; tae brew-ew-ew; owid Isie's gaan tae brew!

It's weary workan' a' the day wi' harrow an' ol' plow, boy:
There's hens tae maeet an' calves tae gae, an' soon we'll hae a sool tae ferry.
Ach! I think it's time tae quite—so divle tak' the sool. boy
When I gae ower on Friday night, for Isie's gaan tae brew!
Tae brew-ew-ew; tae brew-ew-ew; owid Isie's gaan tae brew!

A'm plaguit wae a dorian wife, aye doon about the mou', boy,
An, gairn ower the storms o' life; dour an' cauld in every weather.
Late yistreen I telt her strite tae sleep aside the coo, boy
When I gae ower on Friday night, for Isie's gaan tae brew!
Tae brew-ew-ew; tae brew-ew-ew; owid Isie's gaan tae brew!

So if thoo're roond on Friday night, A'll tell thee whut tae deu, boy:
Cheast speir the len' o' Mansie's bike an' come thoo ower tae visit Isle.
Wull be there till broad daylight, an' mebbe we'll get fu', boy
When we gae ower on Friday night, for Isie's gaan tae brew!
Tae brew-ew-ew; tae brew-ew-ew; owid Isie's gaan tae brew!
"Weary O' the Darning"

Here's a tinkler seekan' rags, seekan' rags an' seekan' rags;
Bega wi' plea that never flags, tho' Collie grows a warning.
What's the use o' coman' here; we're sillerless, wi' little gear;
A' the time the billows roar, men wha fish must bide ashore.

Come ye back some ither day, ither day, some ither day,
We're wearan' a' the rags wae hae, an' weary o' the darning!

Here's a man wha winna ploo, winna ploo, wha winna ploo;
Ne'er a thowt tae keep a coo—he canna thole the farming!
Could the wind wi' whistle seeks the muckle holes in Willie's breeks!
A' the time the billows roar, men wha fish must bide ashore.

Come ye back some ither day, ither day, some ither day,
We're wearan' a' the rags wae hae, an' weary o' the darning!

In an' oot the needle flies, needle flies, the needle flies;
Patches here o' sic a size, 'twill keep her gaan till morning!
Gang wae a' wi' tattered sark while father's creels are oot o' wark!
A' the time the billows roar, men wha fish must bide ashore.

Come ye back some ither day, ither day, some ither day,
We're wearan' a' the rags wae hae, an' weary o' the darning!

Lyrics (5)

"Butter on the Bow"

When I first tried a teun on me Faither's violin
    Wi' a dee-a-doo-a-dirna-diddle eye-dum-doh!
A' me folk were away on the summer Sabbath day
    That I scrapit on his fiddle wi' the Owd Man's bow!
Gaed a twiddle tae the string an' pat the fiddle tae me chin,
    Wi' a mint tae keep the Sabbath, so I thowt I'd try a hymn.
But I got an affil skreek—no' a doo-a-dirna-dirna-diddle!
    When I scrapit on his fiddle wi' the Owd Man's bow!

Oh! The wee ginger cat dookit underneath the mat
    Wi' a dee-a-doo-a-dirna-diddle eye-dum-doh!
An' the dug raised his jowl an' gaed such a fair ill bowl
    That he droonned all the skirlan' o' the Owd Man's bow!
Then I tried tae tak' me tempo fae the wag-upon-the-waa,
    But me Samkey soonded affly like the 'Turkey in the Straa!'  
So I tried another key, but the skreek wis worse than iver
    When I scrapit on his fiddle wi' the Owd Man's bow!

Noo I ken ower weel hoo tae cure a squeakan' wheel
    Wi' a dee-a-doo-a-dirna-diddle eye-dum-doh!
An' A'm thinkin', says I, that there's something gettan dry
    So I doot wae'll need tae lubricate the Owd Man's bow!
Boy! I hunted in the glory-hole that's in below the stair;
    In the box ahint the tractor, but there wisna any there!
Feth! I hunted a' the house, but the oil had been amissin'—
    So I rubbed a bit o' butter on the Owd Man's bow!

Gaed a twirl tae the string; pat the fiddle tae me chin
    Wi' a dee-a-doo-a-dirna-diddle eye-dum-doh!
But alas for me teun—ye wad heard a droppan' pin—
    For there wisna even a whisper fae the Owd Man's bow!
Boy! I workit at the fiddle like a joiner wi' a saa
    Till the clars o' Orkney butter ferty slootit aff the waa.
Bit I couldna' get a dee, or a doo-a-dirna-diddle
    When I scrapit on his fiddle wi' the Owd Man's bow!

Then the kirk folk cam' in and I smerted for me sin
    Wi' a dee-a-doo-a-dirna-diddle eye-dum-doh!
For he played such a tune that I couldna' sit me down
    But wis minded o' the butter on the Owd Man's bow!
So A'm finished wi' the fiddle, and there's no' the slightest doot,
    If I ever learn an instrument hid's gaan tae be the flute!
For when unkan' folk come by, and they mak' the introductions
    A'm the boy that pat the butter on the Owd Man's bow!
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ERRATA

PAGE FOR READ
Cover Art FW08470 Hugh Intaker

The cover art contains a misspelling of Hugh Inkster’s name. He is incorrectly credited as “Hugh Intaker.”