POPULAR SCOTTISH SONGS
Sung by Ewan MacColl with Peggy Seeger
Folkways Records FW 8757
Scottish Popular Songs

sung by

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SIDE I

**Band 1. THE BARNYARDS OF DELGATY.**

It was the custom in N.E. Scotland for a ploughman to be hired by the season at seasonal hiring fairs. During their period of service the ploughmen slept in sheds (bothies) usually situated some distance from the main farm building. When the day's work was done and the evening meal finished, the ploughmen would often amuse themselves by singing and making up songs. In this way an enormous repertoire of bothy songs was created. The Barnyards of Delgaty is a perfect example of the species.

As I cam in by Turra market,
Turra market for to see,
It's I fell in wi' a wealthy fairmer,
The barnyards o' Delgaty.

**CHORUS:**

Lichten adie loolin adie,
Lichten adie loolin adie,
Lichten loolin, loolin, loolin,
The Barnyards o' Delgaty.

He promised me the best pair
I ever set my e'en upon;
When I gaed home tae the Barnyards
There was naething there but skin and bone.

**(CHORUS)**

The auld black horse sat on his rump,
The auld white mare lay on her wise;
For a' that I could 'Bop' and crack,
They wouldna rise at yoking time.

**(CHORUS)**

When I gae to the kirk on Sunday,
Mony's the bonnie lass I see,
Sitting by her father's side
And winking over the pevs at me.

**(CHORUS)**

I can drink and no' be drunk
And I can fecht and no' be slain.
I can lie wi' anither man's lass
And aye be welcome to my ain.

**(CHORUS)**

My causee no it is brunt out,
The smooter's fairly on the wane;
Sae fare ye weel, ye Barnyards,
Ye'll never catch me here again.

**(CHORUS)**

**Band 2. THE HIGHLAND MISTRESS ROLL**

This Jacobite song was undoubtedly made and sung about the time that the Earl of Mar raised the standard of King James in the North. In James Hogg's The Jacobite Relics of Scotland, each of the clan chiefs mentioned in this rallying song is identified. The printed tune is different from the one given here, which I learned from William Miller of Stirling.

**CHORUS:**

Little wat ye who's coming,
Little wat ye who's coming,
Little wat ye who's coming,
Little wat ye who's coming.

Duncan's coming, Donald's coming, Colin's coming,
Donald's coming,
Douglas's coming, Saughlin's coming, Alan and a's coming.

**CHORUS:**

Little wat ye who's coming,
Little wat ye who's coming,
Little wat ye who's coming,
Little wat ye who's coming.

MacGilvray o' Drumglass is coming.

The Laird o' MacIntosh is coming,
MacCrabbe and Macdonald's coming,
The MacKenzies and MacPherson's coming,
A' the wild MacCraw's coming.

**CHORUS:**

Little wat ye who's coming,
Little wat ye who's coming,
Little wat ye who's coming,
Donald Gun and a's coming.

They gloom, they glover, they look sae big,
At lika stroke they'll fell a Whig;
They'll fright the guds o' the Pockpuds;
For mony a bare ass is coming.

**CHORUS:**

Little wat ye who's coming,
Little wat ye who's coming,
Little wat ye who's coming,
Jock and Tam and a's coming.

**Band 3. THE WEE WEE GERMAN LAIRDIE**

Wha' the dell hae we gotten for a king
But a weel, wee German lairdie,
And when we gaed to bring his hame,
He was delving in his yardie.
Shewing kail and laying leeks,
But the hose and but the breeks,
And up his beggar dogs he ickis,
This wee, wee German lairdie.
And he's clapt down in our guidman's chair,
The wee, wee German Lairdie;
And he's brought forth o' foreign trash,
And dabbled them in your yard.

He's pu'd the rose o' English loons,
And broken the harp o' Irish clowns;
But our thistle taps will jag his thumbs -
This wee, wee German Lairdie.

Come up amang our Highland hills,
Thou wee, wee German Lairdie,
And see how the Stuarts' lang-wail thrive
They dabbled in your yard;
And if a stock ye dare to pu',
Or bauld the yoking o' a plough,
We'll break your sceptre over your mou',
Thou wee bit German Lairdie.

Our hills are steep, our gleans are deep,
Nae fitting for a yardie;
And our Norland thistles winnie pu',
Thou wee bit German Lairdie;
And we've the trenched blades o' weir,
Wad prune ye o' your German gear -
We'll pass ye 'neath the claymores shear,
Thou feckless German lairdie!

Auld Scotland, thou 'rt over cauld a hole
For nurin' siccan vermin;
But the very dogs o' England's court
They bark and howl in German.
Then keep thy dibble in thy ain hand,
Thy spade but and thy yardie;
For wha the devil now claims your land
But a wee, wee German lairdie?

**Band 4: FRIENDLESS MARY**

The beautiful air of this song is frequently found married to traditional ballad texts. It was a favourite with Mrs. Margaret Logan of Corban, Wiltshire, from whom I learnt it. In the course of the same afternoon she used it to carry the somewhat humdrum text of "Friendless Mary" as well as the traditional ballad of "The Cruel Mother".

Far ael yon hoose whar heather grells
I met a lass wi her lambs and yeas,
The lambs cam fresclin all the knell,
And the sun was shining clearly.

Says I "My fair and comely dame,
Wad ye be sae kind as tell me your name?"
Or tell me the place ye call yer bane,
For yer beauty shines so early."

"B'ye see yon hoose a'hint the green:
This last six weeks I hanny been seen,
Mair mither she clos't her twa black e'en,
Savin' 'Fair thee weel my Mary-O'."

"B'ye see yon hoose a'hint that tree:
When I was born me father he dees,
Me mither was left tae be a guid
And she ca'ed me Friendless Mary-O."

"If ye'll consent tae cum wi me,
And be my bride across the sea,
A braw guid man I'll be tae ye
And ye'll be my mair Friendless Mary-O."

"I'll consent tae gang wi ye,
Be a bride across the sea,
A braw guid wife I'll be tae thee
And I'll be my mair Friendless Mary-O."

**Band 5: THE BONNIE LASS OF FYVIE**

A great favourite among country singers, particularly in Northeast Scotland, this ballad almost certainly started life as a broadside. Today it is part of the folk tradition and exists in many variants.

It was a troop o' Irish dragoons
Cam marchin' - document through Fyvie
O, an' the captain's fa'in in love wi' a very
Bonnie lass
An' her name it was ca'd pretty Peggy O."

Noo there's noo a bonnie lass in the hawe o' Auchtnerless,
There's noo a bonnie lassie in the Geerie O,
There's noo a bonny Jean in the streets o' Aberdeen
But the flower o' them a's in Fyvie O.

"O come doon the stair, pretty Peggy, my dear;
O come doon the stair, pretty Peggy 0.
It's come doon the stair - comb back your yellow hair,
Tak' a last, farewell o' your daddy O."

"It's bravely, ay it's bravely a Captain's lady to be -
It's bravely to be a Captain's lady.
It's bravely to ride and rant, and to follow wi' the camp,
And to march when your Captain he is ready O."

"It's I'll gie ye ribbons, love, and I'll gie ye rings
And I'll gie ye a necklace o' amber 0.
I'll gie ye silken peticoats wi' flounces to the knee
Gin ye'll convey me doon to my chamber 0."

"Fit would your manic think if she heard the guinea clink
And the hautboys playin' afore ye 0."
"O little wad ma manic think, though she heart
The guinea clink,
If I followed a sodger laddie 0."

"A sodger's wife I never shall be -
A sodger shall never enjoy me 0.
I never do intend to go to 'a foreign land,
And I never will marry a sodger 0."

The Colonel cries, "Mount, boys - mount, boys - mount!
But the Captain he cries, "O tarry 0.
O tarry a while, just another day or two,
For to see if this bonnie lass wi marry 0."

"I'll drink nae smir o' your guld claret wine -
I'll drink mae smir o' your glasses 0.
Ay, the morn is the day that I maun march away,
So adieu to ye, Fyvie lasses 0."

It's early next mornin' that we marched awa,
And O but wey Captain he was sorry 0.
The drums they did beat over the bonnie brass o' Slight
And the band played 'The Bonnie Lasses o' Fyvie' 0.

It's lang ere we wan tae Auld Meldrum toon
We had wer Captain to carry 0.
And lang ere we wan int0 bonnie Aberdeen
We got wer Captain to bury 0.

O green grow the birks upon bonnie Ythan'side
And low lie the lowlands o' Fyvie 0.
The Captain's name was Ned. He died for a maid,
He died for the chambermaid o' Fyvie 0.

**Band 6: ROY'S WIFE**

The 18th century Scots song-writer, Mrs. Grant of Carron, made a version of this song, basing her text on an older "vulgar" version. Today, both versions are found in circulation. This variant of the older version was learned from Hamish Henderson.

**CHORUS:**
Roy's wife of Aldivaloch,
Roy's wife of Aldivaloch,
What ye she cheated me,
As I can o'er the brass o' Balloch?
As we can toddlin roon the Buck
It's Roy can belgen throu' the Balloch.
Wearry for the faithless queen,
She's on the road Alldwaloch.

(Chorus)

David Gordon o' Kirkhill
And Johnnie Gordon o' Carshalloch,
Wot ye how she cheated me
As we can ower the Braes o' Balloch.

(Chorus)

As we went oat a-yont the Buck
She cam in aboot the Balloch
Roy's piper he was playin':
"She's welcome hame to Alldwaloch."

(Chorus)

Though ye would ca' the ca' brauch vide,
Free Greldton to the Balloch,
Ye wamna get sic a strappin' queen,
As Roy's wife o' Alldwalloch.

(Chorus)

Band 7. CHARLIE O CHARLIE

There are few bothy songs which speak with the farmer's voice, and when they do, they often tend to be rather dull. This is not the case with this song, however. The thread of tender irony which runs through it helps to make the farmer's portrait a realistic one. I learned this song from the singing of John Weans o' Fyvie.

O Charlie o Charlie, cum out fippet gair
And I'll gae ye oer teh yur orders,
For a' men a war teh the high hill and hells,
For a while teh leav the bonnie boch and borders.

O Charlie o Charlie, tak notice fitt I see:
And fit every man teh his station,
For I'm gang awa' teh the bonny hill and hells,
For teh view a' teh pearts o' the nation.

Tae the lounsen, ye'll pit Shaw
Ye'll pit Saudersen teh lor,
Tae the callin' ye'll pit a' dandra kate nas
Ye'll guard callin' bell eye, teh feed teh
threeshin' mill,
And ye'll see that teh daren't weaken in faintness.

Tae the gatherin' o' the bay,
Ye'll put little Isie Grey,
And wi her ye'll put her cousin Peggy,
And underweeth the barns, it's there
Ye'll put yer arns
And ye'll see that they dare teh act tidy.

And fur you Wally Bard
Ye'll carry on mistard
And ye'll keep a' teh lasses a' hovlin'
And ye'll tak care o' Jake
Or he'll play you a trick,
And settle yer merry maids a movin'.

And fur you, Annie Scott, ye'll put on ma muckle port,
And ye'll mark til them potage an' plenty,
Pur you hungry grossees are comin' fippet gair,
And their kippit icy bare and sees scanty.

O Charlie, O Charlie,
Sae early ye'll rise,
And see a' ma merry men a yokin'
And you, Missy Poke,
You'll set in teh parlor newk
And keep a' my merry men fair smokin'.

Band 8. TAIL TODED

Robert Burns included this small gem in his collection of Scots bawdry, The Merry Muses of Caledonia.

Scott-Douglas, that indefatigable bowlerizer of good verses, attributes it to the Bard himself. But, as usual, he produces no evidence to back this assertion.

Chorus:
0 tail toddle, tail toddle,
Tammie gars my tail toddle,
But an' ben, wi diddle dodle,
Tammie gars my tail toddle.
0 tail toddle, tail toddle,
Tammie gars my tail toddle,
But an' ben, wi diddle dodle,
Tammie gars my tail toddle.

When I'm deid, I'm oat o' date,
When I'm seik I'm fu' o' trouble,
When I'm weel, I strap about
An' Tammie gars my tail toddle.

(Chorus)

Jessie Jack, she gled a plack,
Helen Wallace gled a boddle
Goo' the bride, "It's over little
For to mend a broken Doddle."

(Chorus)

Oor guid-wife held ower to Pife
For to buy a coal riddle,
Sang or she cam' back again,
0 Tammie garr'd my tail toddle.

(Chorus)

Band 9. LASSIE W' THE YELLOW COATIE

The author of this song, James Duff, known as "The Methven Poet", was a gardener by trade. A volume of his poems which includes the text of this song, was published in Perth in 1846. It is now fairly well known throughout Northeast Scotland.

Chorus:
Lassie w' a yellow coatie
Will ye wed a soildin' jokie?
Lassie w' a yellow coatie,
Will ye bosc and sang wi' me?
I hae meat and milk a' plenty,
I hae keel and cakes fo' denty,
I've a bottom ben fo' genty
But I want a wife like thee.

(Chorus)

Wi' ma lassie, I'm my dogie
Got the lea and thru the boggie,
Nil' none other was e'er servee
Our as gle as we will be.

(Chorus)

Haste ye lassie tae my bosom,
While the roses are in blossom,
Time is precious tae my roseland,
Flowers will fade and saw will ye.

(Chorus)

Band 10. KISKIN'S NO SIN

The frank expression of physical desire in Scots love songs has been a subject of dismay among collectors and folklorists who, for almost 200 years, have been apologizing for Herd and the lower classes' capacity for love-making. But it is the common people who have the last word and if the intimation of this ironical little song is mock minister, the sentiments are pure republican.

Some say that kiskin's a sin;
But I think it's none a' woe,
For kiskin' has won'd in this world
Since ever there was two.

Oh if it wanna lawf,
Lawyers wouldn'a allow it;
If it wasa holy,
Ministers wouldn'a do it;
If it wasa modest,
Maidens wouldn'a tak' it;
If it wasa plenty,
Fur folks wouldn'a get it!

SIDS II.  BONNIE ANNIE (Child 2k)

Jonah ballads have never had the wide currency in
Scotland that they have in England. Gavin Greig
was able to report only two fragmentary Scottish
texts of "Bonne Annie" against the 9 versions
collected by Cecil Sharp in England.

The Jonah ballads are generally built round a central
character who has committed a crime and who
has taken ship in an attempt to fly from the conse-
quences of it. In Child's "A" text of this ballad,
the passengers on board a ship cast lots to deter-
mine which of them is guilty of a crime, and the
lot falls repeatedly on Annie. The details of her "crime"
are not given and, indeed, it is possible
that her crime lies in the simple fact that she is
a woman, since an old sea superstition holds that
women on board inevitably bring bad luck at sea.

This belief is still widely held by fishermen in
Great Britain today.

There was a rich merchant who lived in Strathdinnah.
And he had a dochter who'se name was Annie.

There was a rich merchant who cam' frae Dunbarston
And he's got this bonnie laaside big, big wi' airm.

Ye'll tak' ship wi' me and ye'll be my honey,
Whatmore can a woman do than I can do for ye?

O, captain, tak' gold, O captain tak' money,
And sail to dry land for the sake of my honey.

Now can I tak' gold, how can I tak' money?
There's fey folk on my ship, she wins sail for me.

Tak' me by the fingers and lift me up heely,
And throw me over board, and hae me a pint on.

He's ta'en her by the fingers and did lift her up heely,
And throw her over board, she was his ain dearie.

Her goun it was wide and her petticote narrow,
And she swaen afore them till they came to farrow.

His love she was there when they ca'd to dry land,
And her lying deid on the saut sea strand.

The baby was born and lying at her feet,
For the loss o' his bonnie love, sore did he weep.

He's caused mak' a kist o' the good sae yellow,
And they a' three sleep i' the braise o' yarrow.

Band 112. JOHNIE COPE

Cope sent a letter frae Dunbar
O Charlie meet me an ye daur,
And I'll learn you the art o' war,
If you'll meet me in the morning.

(Chorus)

Hey, Johnie Cope, are ye wauking yet?
Or are your drums a-beating yet?
If ye were wauking, I wad wait,
To gang to the coals i' the morning.

When Charlie lock'd the letter upon,
He drew his sword the scabbard from:
Come fellow me, my merry merry men,
And we'll meet Cope in the morning.

(Chorus)

Now, Johnie, be as good's your word;
Come, let us both try fire and sword;

And dinna rin away like a frightened bird
That's chased frae its nest in the morning.

(Chorus)

When Johnie Cope he heard of this,
He thought it wadna be amiss
To hire a horse in readiness
To flee awa' in the morning.

(Chorus)

Fy now, Johnie, get up and rin,
The Highland bagpipes mak' a din;
It is best to sleep in a stale skin,
For 'twill be a bluddy morning.

(Chorus)

When Johnie Cope to Berwick came,
They speer'd at him, Where's a' your men?
The dell confound me if I ken,
For I left them a' i' the morning.

(Chorus)

Now, Johnie, truth ye are na blate
To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat
And leave your men in sic a strait
See early in the morning.

(Chorus)

Oh! faith, quo' Johnie, I got a plug
Wi' their claymores and philabegs;
If I face them again, deid break my legs
So I wish you a guid-morning.

(Chorus)

Band 113. THE WARS OF GERMANY

Ever since the Scots nation was disinfanted by the
Act of Union, its sons have been killing and getting
themselves killed in the service of foreign powers.
The Scots people, however, have never ceased to look
upon war as a wasteful and tragic business. The
great number of Scotland's war songs (excepting the
Jacobite songs and ballads) are laments, like "The
Flowers of the Forest," "Jamie Foryer," and "The
Wars of Germany." The words of this particular song
are the work of William Motherwell, a Glasgow shoe-
maker who plied his craft at the beginning of the 19th-century.
I learned the song from Margaret Logan
of Corsham, Wiltshire.

Oh, wae be to the orders that marched my luve awa',
And wae be to the cruel cause that gars my tears to fa';
Oh, wae be to the bloody wars in Hie Germanie,
For they haen ta'en my luve and left a broken heart to
me.

The drums beat in the mornin' afore the scrich o' day,
And the wee, wee fiffes played loud and shrill, while
yet the morn was gray;
The bonnie flags were a' unfurled, a gallant sight to
see,
But wae's me for my sodger lad that marched to
Germanie.

Oh lang, lang is the travel to the bonnie pier o' Leith;
Oh dreich it is to gang wi' the smawdrift in the teeth;
And oh, the cauld wind froze the tear that gathered in
my e'e,
When I gae thare to see my luve embark for Germanie.

Band 114. MAGGIE LAUNDER

This song is widely known in Scotland, both by those
who accept it at its face value as a rollicking
description of a country dance and by those who see
in it a highly elaborate piece of sex symbolism.
Burns said of it: "This old song, so pregnant with
Scottish nativity and energy, is much relished by all
ranks, notwithstanding its coarse wit and palpable
allusions." It first appeared in print in Reid's
I'm coorting bonnie Annie, noo, tho' damsel ticht she be,
She is five-and-forty and I'm but seventeen;
She clorts a muckle piece to me wi' different kinds o' jammies,
And tells me ills nicht that she adores my Nicky Tams.

As mornin' I put on my claes, the kirk for to gang,
My collar it was unco ticht, my breeks were nae ower lang;
I had my bible in my hand, likewise my bulk o' psalms,
When Annie roars, "Ye muckle govk, tak' aff your Nicky Tams!"

So unco aye I took them off, the lassie for to please,
But aye my breeks they birkit up around about my knees;
A rat gaed crawlin' up my leg in the middle o' the psalms,

Ne'er again will I ride the kirk without my Nicky Tams.
I've seen that I'd like tae be a bobby on the force,
Or maybe I'll get on the trains to drive a pair o' horses,
Whatever it is that I'm tae be, the bobby or the tram,
I'll ne'er forget the happy days I wore my Nicky Tams!

Band 16. JOHNNY IAD

Originally a song of rural courtship in the tempo of a slow (minstrel) straucht and "Johnny Iad" moved to Glasgow during the late 19th-century and was transformed into a children's street song. As the lyric became urbanized, the original air was abandoned in favor of a catchy but much plainer tune.

I bought a wife in Edinburgh
For ae baw-bee,
I got a farthing back again
To buy tobacco wi'.

(Chorus)
And wi' you, and wi' you,
And wi' you, Johnnie lad,
I'll drink the buckles o' my sheen
Wi' you my Johnnie lad.

Samson was a mighty man
And fought wi' cudde's jaws;
And fought a score o' battles
Wearing crimson flannel drawers.

(Chorus)
There was a man in Nineveh,
And he was wondrous wise;
He leaped into a hawthorn hedge
And scratched out beith his eyes.

(Chorus)
And when he saw his eyes were oot
He was gey troubled then;
He leaped into another hedge
And scratched them in again.

(Chorus)
Napoleon was an emperor,
He ruled by land and sea;
He was King of France and Germany
But he never ruled Polmadie.

(Chorus)
One Sunday I went walking
And there I saw the Queen
Playing at the fit-ter-
Wi' the lairs on Oleoca-Green.

(Chorus)
The captain o' the other side
Was scoring wi' great style,
So the Queen she ca'd a polisman
And stuck him in the jail.
(CHORUS)

Johnnie is a bonnie lad,
He is a lad o' mine;
In ever a better lad,
And I've had twenty-nine.

(CHORUS)

**Band 17, EPPIE MORRIS (Child 223)**

Child knew this ballad from a single printed source, Maidment's *A North Country Garland* (1904). Of it, Maidment wrote: "This ballad is probably much more than a century old though the circumstances which have given rise to it were unfortunately too common to preclude the possibility of its being of a later date." This version I learned in part from my father, partly from Samuel Wylie of Falkirk, and partly from the text printed by Child.

Four and twenty hieland men can' frawe the Carron side,
To steal aw' Eppie Morrie for she wouldn' be a bride,
She wouldn' be a bride.

Then oot it's cam' her mither, then, it was a moonlight nicht,
She couldn' see her dochter, for the waters shone sae bricht.

"Haud aw' frawe me, mither! Haud aw' frawe me!
There's no man in a' Strathdon, shall wedded be wi' me."

They've taken Eppie Morrie, then, and a horse they've bound her on;
And they he's rid to the minister's hose as fast as horse could gang.

Then Willie's ta'en his pistol aut and set it to the minister's breast;
"O, marry me, marry me, minister, or else I'll be your priest."

"Haud aw' frawe me, Willie! Haud aw' frawe me!
I daurna sow to marry you, except she's willing as thee."

"Haud aw' frawe me, good sir, haud aw' frawe me!
There's no man in a' Strathdon shall married be by me."

They've taken Eppie Morrie then, sin' better couldn' be,
And they he's rid over Carron side, as fast as horse could flee.

Then mass was sung and bells were rung and they're aw' his shoon,
And Willie and Eppie Morrie, in one bed they were laid.

He's ta'en the sark frae aff his back and kicked aw' his shoon,
And thrwan aw' the chaumer key, and naked he lay doon.

"Haud aw' frawe me, Willie! Haud aw' frawe me!
Before I'll lose my maidenhead, I'll try my strength with thee."

He's kissied her on the lily breast and held her shouthers two,
And eve she gras and eve she awat and turned to the wa'.

"Haud aw' frawe me, Willie! Haud aw' frawe me!
Before I lose my maidenhead, I'll fecht wi' you till day."

A' through the nicht they werealed there until the licht o' day,
And Willie gras and Willie swat but he couldn' stretch her spey.

Then earlie in the morning, before the licht o' day,
In cam' the maid o' Scallater, wi' a gown and shirt

"Get up! Get up, young woman! And drink the wine wi' me."

"You might ha' ca' d me maiden for I'm sure as hale as thee."

"Weary fa' you, Willie, then, that ye couldna prove a man;
You might ha' ta'en her maidenhead, she would ha' hired your hand."

"Haud aw' frawe me, Willy! Haud aw' frawe me!
There's no man in a' Strathdon shall wedded be wi' me."

Then in there came young Breadalbane, wi' a pistol on each side,
"O, come aw'! Eppie Morrie, and I'll mak' you my bride."

"Do, get to me a horse, Willie; get it like a man,
And send me back to my mither, a maiden as I cam'."

The sun shines o'er the westlin' hills by the lamplicht o' the moon,
"O, saddle your horse, young John Forsythe, and whistle
And I'll come soon."

**Band 18, THE REEL OF STUMPLE**

This is another of the songs collected by Burns and published in his collection of amorous verses. The *Merry Muses of Caledonia*, where it has three stanzas. The version given in the Scots Musical Museum possesses only two. The air is well-known as a dance tune and many traditional fiddle variants exists.

Hap and rowe, hap and rowe,
Hap and rowe the festie o' t;
I thocht I was a maiden fair
Till I heard the greacst o'.
My daddie was a fiddler fine
My minnie she made a make-0
And I myself a thumpin' queen
Wsha danced the reel o' Stumple-0.

The gossip cup, the gossip cup,
The ismer crash and cauldle-0
The glowering moon, the waxton loon,
The scitty stool and cradle-0.
Dous and dancin' maller has the brightin' borne
She dinnae glosse seae glumpe-0
Birds love the morn and craws love corn,
And sauls the reel of Stumple-0.

Hap and rowe, hap and rowe,
Hap and rowe the festie o' t,
I thocht I was a maiden fair,
Till I heard the greacst o'.

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EWAN MacColl

Ewan MacColl is that rare combination of traditional and revival singer at one and the same time. Born in Auchtermuchty, Fife, Scotland on January 23, 1915 (on Bobby Burns' birthday), MacColl learned most of his songs from his father and other members of his family, as well as from Scottish and English neighbors of childhood days. "My old man was the best singer I ever heard," he says. Unlike so many traditional singers whose music was kept alive in relatively isolated rural areas, the MacColl family was a product of the industrial age. His father was an ironmoulder who worked at his trade irregularly as a result of being blacklisted for trade union organizing activities. His mother, from whom he also learned many songs worked on and off as a charwoman in all the industrial cities of England and Scotland as the MacColls moved from town to town trying to escape the penalties of the father's trade union activities. One writer has called him the "Folk Singer of the Industrial Age." During the 1930's, MacColl found himself in the burgeoning British workers' theater movement. His natural political inclinations, together with an instinctive flair for drama and song, led him to the 'agit-prop' performing groups of the depression era whose stage was more often a street before a factory gate or a union meeting hall than a formal theater. In the years since then, he has become the leading presenter of folk songs on British radio and television, either writing or appearing in more than 50 different BBC programs. Song-writer, recording and concert artist (he has toured throughout Europe and Canada), Ewan MacColl is a towering figure in the world of folk music.

RECORDINGS:
FOLKWAYS
Scottish Street (FW 9301)
Songs of Robert Burns (FW 8738)
Songs of Two Rebellions (FW 8756)

PEGGY SEGER

The trip which brings Peggy Seeger to Newport marks her first visit to the United States since 1957. Dark-haired, pretty Peggy Seeger, daughter of folk musicologists Charles and Ruth Crawford Seeger, has spent the last three years traveling throughout Europe and Asia while maintaining residence in England. At the World Youth Festival in Moscow in 1957, together with Guy Carawan, Peggy Seeger was the voice of American folk song. For the past few years she has collaborated closely with Ewan MacColl, sharing joint concert programs and accompanying the great Scottish, folksinger on concerts and recordings.

RECORDINGS:
FOLKWAYS
American Folksongs for Christmas (FC 7053)
Animal Songs for Children (FC 7031)
The Seeger Family (FA 2005)
Folk Songs of Courting and Complaint (FA 2049)

Ewan MacColl and Peggy Seeger appeared at the 2nd Annual Newport Folk Festival at Newport, Rhode Island, in the summer of 1960. These biographical notes are reprinted from the official program of the 1960 Newport Folk Festival.