In Harmony's Way

Allan MacLeod



In 2007, I began hosting a monthly song circle in my home in Auburn, California. I had known Allan MacLeod and Dick Holdstock through In Harmony's Way when I lived in the San Francisco Bay Area, and both enthusiastically accepted my invitation to join the group. They came to our very first sing and became regular attendees. Allan brought songs from a lifetime of singing, along with books of lyrics he had collected. Many of us wanted to learn the songs he shared, and in early 2018 I photographed every page of just one of his collections, intending to make it available to others.

Those photographs waited longer than I intended, but they became the starting point for this songbook. My thanks to Margaret Miles, a singer and songwriter in our community, who shared seventeen more songs from Allan's repertoire for inclusion here. When Allan moved to Southern California to be near his son, we missed his presence and his songs in our circle. Following his passing earlier this year, I wanted to finish the book to share at the Davis gathering in his memory on November 11, 2026. I offer it with affection and gratitude for all he brought to our sings, and with the hope that these songs will continue to be learned, shared, and sung among friends.

—Sharon Carl

"And the singers who have gone will be singing once again,
when we sing the songs they sang!"

—Mick Ryan, "The Song Goes On"

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Allan MacLeod

(August 14, 1942—September 12, 2026)

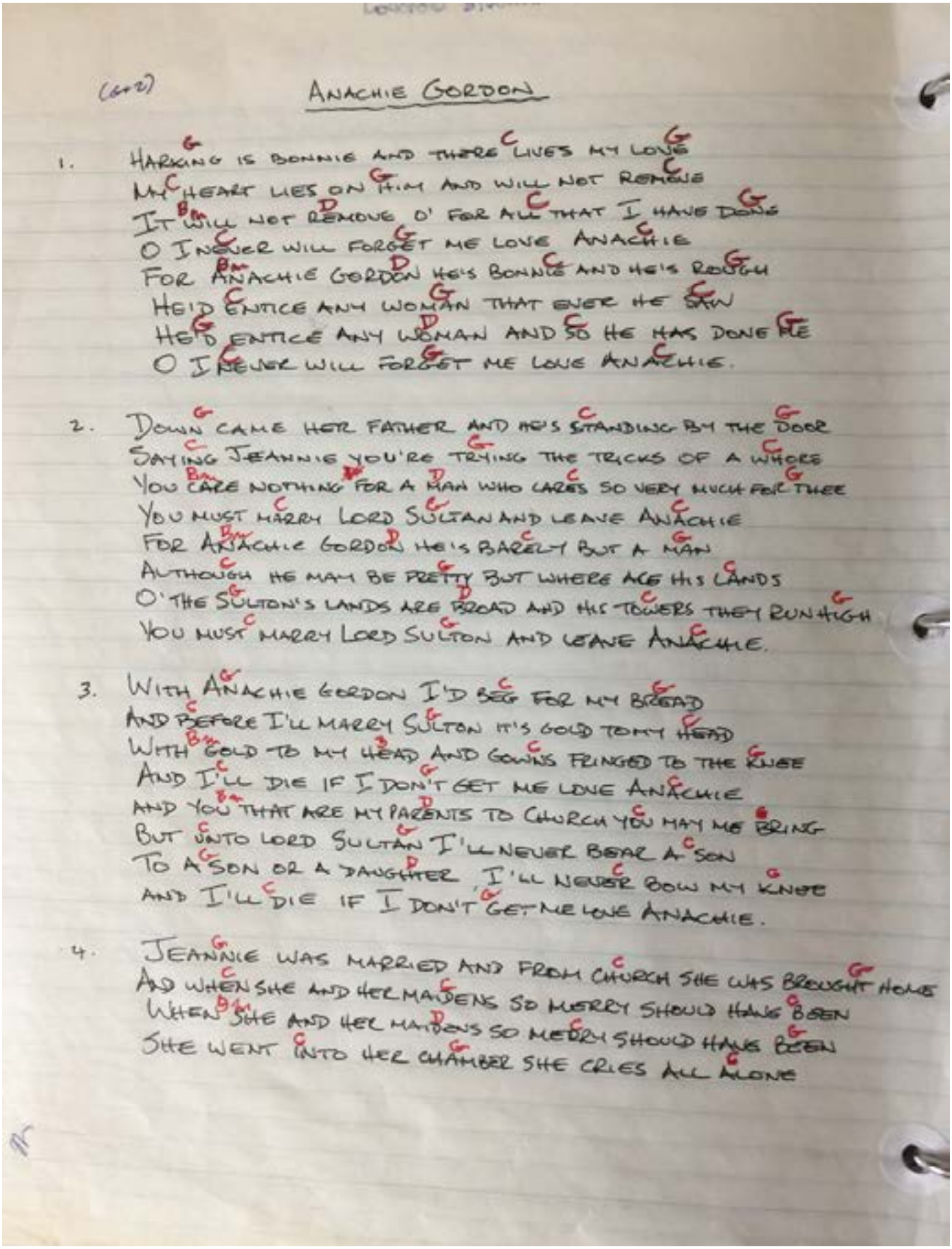
Allan was a much liked Scottish traditional folksinger, electrical engineer, and influential figure in the British Folk Revival. Best known for his nearly 35-year musical partnership in a duo known as Holdstock & MacLeod, he played a vital role in preserving and performing traditional English and Scottish sea and folk songs both in the UK and across the United States.

Born in Armadale, West Lothian, Scotland. He moved to London during the 1960s British folk song revival and developed his craft under the critical guidance of folk icons Ewan MacColl and A.L."Bert" Lloyd. He balanced his musical passions while working as a professional electrical engineer.

Allan emigrated to Northern California with his American wife and son, Duncan. During the early days of the Berkeley Folk Festival. He founded the popular Singers' Circle in Berkeley, California.

Allan met English singer Dick Holdstock at the 1976 San Diego Folk Festival, and they soon began a lifelong musical collaboration. As Holdstock and MacLeod they specialized in traditional maritime and folk music, performing powerful a cappella harmonies and accompanied by guitar and mandolin. They became a staple at major maritime events, including the San Francisco, Mystic Seaport Sea Music Festivals, and the Dana Point Tall Ships Festival. They performed at folk clubs on both coasts for several years. They recorded five albums together over 30 years. While living on Park Blvd in Oakland, Allan recorded an album of traditional Scottish ballads, currently available on Band Camp.

Allan MacLeod stepped away from public performances later in life, after suffering from dementia for over a decade. He passed away peacefully in his sleep at a care home in Los Angeles on September 12, 2026, leaving behind a rich legacy in the international maritime and traditional folk music communities.



(cont)

ANACHIE GORDON

1. HARKING IS BONNIE AND THERE LIVES MY LOVE
MY HEART LIES ON HIM AND WILL NOT REMOVE
IT WILL NOT REMOVE O' FOR ALL THAT I HAVE DONE
O I NEVER WILL FORGET ME LOVE ANACHIE
FOR ANACHIE GORDON HE'S BONNIE AND HE'S ROUGH
HE'D ENTICE ANY WOMAN THAT EVER HE SAW
HE'D ENTICE ANY WOMAN AND SO HE HAS DONE ME
O I NEVER WILL FORGET ME LOVE ANACHIE.

2. DOWN CAME HER FATHER AND HE'S STANDING BY THE DOOR
SAYING JEANNIE YOU'RE TRYING THE TRICKS OF A WHORE
YOU CARE NOTHING FOR A MAN WHO CARES SO VERY MUCH FOR THEE
YOU MUST MARRY LORD SULTAN AND LEAVE ANACHIE
FOR ANACHIE GORDON HE'S BARELY BUT A MAN
ALTHOUGH HE MAY BE PRETTY BUT WHERE ACE HIS LANDS
O' THE SULTON'S LANDS ARE BROAD AND HIS TOWERS THEY RUN HIGH
YOU MUST MARRY LORD SULTON AND LEAVE ANACHIE.

3. WITH ANACHIE GORDON I'D BEG FOR MY BREAD
AND BEFORE I'LL MARRY SULTON IT'S GOLD TO MY HEAD
WITH GOLD TO MY HEAD AND GOWNS FRINGED TO THE KNEE
AND I'LL DIE IF I DON'T GET ME LOVE ANACHIE
AND YOU THAT ARE MY PARENTS TO CHURCH YOU MAY ME BRING
BUT UNTO LORD SULTAN I'LL NEVER BEAR A SON
TO A SON OR A DAUGHTER I'LL NEVER BOW MY KNEE
AND I'LL DIE IF I DON'T GET ME LOVE ANACHIE.

4. JEANNIE WAS MARRIED AND FROM CHURCH SHE WAS BROUGHT HOME
AND WHEN SHE AND HER MAIDENS SO MERRY SHOULD HAVE BEEN
WHEN SHE AND HER MAIDENS SO MERRY SHOULD HAVE BEEN
SHE WENT INTO HER CHAMBER SHE CRIES ALL ALONE

5. COME TO BED NOW JEANNIE ME HONEY & ME SWEET
FOR TO STYLE YOU MY MISTRESS IT WOULD BE SO SWEET
BE IT MISTRESS OR JEANNIE IT'S ALL THE SAME TO ME
BUT IN YOUR BED LORD SULTON I NEVER WILL LIE
AND DOWN CAME HER FATHER & HE'S SPOKEN WITH RENOWN
SAYING YOU THAT ARE HER MAIDENS GO LOOSEN OFF HER GOWNS
BUT SHE FELL DOWN ON THE FLOOR SO CLOSE DOWN BY HIS KNEE
SAYING FATHER LOOK I'M DYING FOR ME LOVE ANNACHIE.

6. THE DAY JEANNIE MARRIED WAS THE DAY THAT JEANNIE DIED
AND THE DAY THAT YOUNG ANNACHIE CAME HOME ON THE TIDE
AND DOWN CAME HER MAIDENS ALL WRINGING OF THEIR HANDS
SAYING O IT'S BEEN SO LONG YOU'VE SPENT SO LONG ON THE SANDS
O SO LONG ON THE SANDS, SO LONG ON THE FLOOD
THEY HAVE MARRIED YOUR JEANNIE AND NOW SHE LIES DEAD

7. YOU THAT ARE HER MAIDENS GO TAKE ME BY THE HAND
AND TAKE ME TO THE CHAMBER THAT ME LOVE SHE LIES IN
AND HE'S KISSED HER COLD LIPS TILL HIS HEART HAS TURNED TO STONE
AND HE'S DIED IN THE CHAMBER THAT HIS LOVE SHE LIES IN.

Anachie Gordon

G C G
Harking is bonny and there lives my love
C G C
My heart lies on him and will not remove
Bm D C G
It will not remove o' for all that I have done
C G C
O I never will forget my love Anachie
Bm D C G
For Anachie Gordon he's bonnie and he's rough
C G C
He'd entice any woman that e'er he saw
G D C G
He'd entice any woman and so he has done me
C G C
O I never will forget me love Annachie.

G C G
Down came her father and he's standing by the door
C G C
Saying Jeannie you're trying the tricks of a whore
Bm D C G
You care nothing for a man who cares so very much for thee
C G C
You must marry Lord Sulton and leave Anachie
Bm D C G
For Anachie Gordon he's barely but a man
C G C
Although he may be pretty but where are his lands
G D C G
O the Sulton's lands are broad and his towers they run high
C G C
You must marry Lord Sulton and leave Anachie.

G C G
With Anachie Gordon I'd beg for my bread
C G C
And before I'll marry Sulton it's gold to my head
Bm D C G
With gold to my head and gowns fringed to the knee
C G C
And I'll die if I don't get me love Anachie
Bm D C G
And you that are my parents to church you may me bring
C G C
But unto Lord Sulton I'll never bear a son
G D C G
To a son or a daughter I'll never bow my knee
C G C
And I'll die if I don't get me love Anachie.

G C G
Jeannie was married and from church she was brought home
C G C
And when she and her maidens so merry should have been
Bm D C G
When she and her maidens so merry should have been
C G C
She went into her chamber she cries all alone.

G C G
Come to bed now Jeannie me honey and me sweet
C G C
For to style you my mistress it would be so sweet
Bm D C G
Be it mistress or Jeannie it's all the same to me
C G C
But in your bed Lord Sulton I never will lie
Bm D C G
And down came her father and he's spoken with reknown
C G C
Saying you that are her maidens go loosen off her gowns
G D C G
But she fell down on the floor so close down by his knee
C G C
Saying Father look I'm dying for my love Anachie.

G C G
The day Jeanne married was the day that Jeannie died
C G C
And the day that young Anachie came home on the tide
Bm D C G
And down came her maidens all wringing of their hands
C G C
Saying o it's been so long, you've spent so long on the sands
G D C G
O so long on the sands, so long on the flood
C G C
They have married your Jeannie and now she lies dead.

G C G
You that are her maidens go take me by the hand
C G C
And take me to the chamber that me love she lies in
Bm D C G
And he's kissed her cold lips till his heart has turned to stone
C G C
And he's died in the chamber that his love she lies in.

Tune: https://youtu.be/mrTqsHUiO28 and https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ep6-6ZFk558

Em ARE YE SLEEPIN MAGGIE

1. Em O MIRK AND RAINY D IS THE NIGHT
THERE'S Em NO A STAR IN D A' THE CAIRNEY Em
Em LIGHTNING GLEAMS D ACROSS THE SKY
AND Em WINDS THEY D BLAW G WI' WINTER Em FURY

CHO. Em O ARE YE SLEEPIN' MAGGIE
D O, ARE YE SLEEPIN' MAGGIE
Em LET ME IN FOR G LOUD THE LINN
IS Em ROARIN' D OVER THE G WARLOCK'S Em CRAIGIE.

2. G FEARFU' SAUGHS THE D BOURTREE BANK
THE Em RIPTED WOOD ROARS D WILD AND 'DREARY Em
Em LOUD THE IRON D YETT DOES CLANK
AND G CRIES O' D HOWLETS G MAK' ME Em EERIE.

3. Em ABUNE MY BREATH I D DAURNA SPEAK
FOR Em FEAR I'LL WAKE ROUSE YOUR D WAKEFUL DADDY
Em CAULD'S THE G BLAST UPON MY CHEEK
O RISE, O D RISE MY G BONNIE Em LASSIE.

4. Em WELL SHE'S OP'ED THE DOOR, SHE'S LET HIM IN
HE'S Em CAST ASSIDE HIS D DREEPIN' PLAIDIE
YE Em CAN BLAW YOUR D WORST, YE WINDS AND RAIN
SINCE G MAGGIE, NOO I'M HERE ASIDE Em YE.

LAST CHO. Em O NOO THAT YOU'RE WAUKENED MAGGIE
D O NOO THAT YOU'RE WAUKENED MAGGIE
Em WHAT CARE I FOR HOWLET'S CRY
D FOR G ROARIN' LINN OR G WARLOCK'S Em CRAIGIE.

Are Ye Sleepin' Maggie

Em D
O, mirk and rainy is the nicht,
Em D Em
There's no' a star in a' the cairney.
Em D
Lightning gleams across the sky
Em D
And winds they blaw wi' winter fury.

Chorus (after each verse):
D
O, are ye sleeping, Maggie?
D
O, are ye sleeping, Maggie?
Em G
Let me in, for loud the linn
Em D
Is roarin' ower the warlock's craigie.

Em D
Fearfu' saughs the boortree bank,
Em D Em
The rifted wood roars wild and dreary.
Em D
Loud the iron yett does clank,
Em D
And cries o' howlets mak' me eerie.

Em D
Abune ma breath, I daurnae speak,
Em D Em
For fear I rouse your wakeful daddy.
Em D
Cauld's the blast upon my cheek,
Em D
O rise, o rise my bonnie lassie.

Em D
Well, she's ope'd the door; she's let him in.
Em D Em
He's cuist aside his dreepin' plaidie.
Em D
Ye can blaw your worst, ye winds and rain,
Em D
Since, Maggie, noo I'm here aside ye.

Last Chorus
Em D
O, noo that you're waukened, Maggie,
Em D Em
O, noo that you're waukened, Maggie,
Em D
What care I for howlet's cry,
Em D
For roarin' linn or warlock's craigie?

Tune: https://youtu.be/RCw9Fnxq6YA?si=x6BnHmdXl1bDEU1m

THE BANKS O' THE ROSES (Gp 2)

1. ON THE BANKS O' THE ROSES MY LOVE AND I SAT DOOR
AND I TOOK OUT MY FIDDLE TO PLAY MY LOVE A TUNE
IN THE MIDDLE O'THE TUNE O'SHE SIGHED AND SHE SAID
O JOHNNY, LOVELY JOHNNY, DINNA LEANE ME.

2. WHEN I WAS A WEE THING I HEARD MY MITHER SAY
THAT I'D RATHER SEE YE DEID OR BURIED IN THE CLAY
THAN TAE SEE YE GET MAIRIT TAE ONY RUNAWAY
ON THE BONNIE, BONNIE BANKS O' RED ROSES

3. WELL THEN I AM A RUNAWAY & SOOK I'LL LET THEM KNOW
THAT I CAN TAK A GUID GLASS OR LEANE IT WELL ALONE
AND THE MAN THAT DOESN'T LIKE, HE CAN KEEP HIS GIRL AT HOME
AND YOUNG JOHNNY WILL GO ROAMIN' WI' ANOTHER.

4. AND IF EVER I GET MAIRIT, I'LL BE IN THE MONTH OF MAY
WHEN THE TREES THEY ARE BLOOMIN' WI' THE FLOORS BRIGHT & GAY
AND ME AND MY TRUE LOVE WILL RIN AND SPORT AND PLAY
ON THE BONNIE, BONNIE BANKS O' RED ROSES.

The Banks o' the Roses

On the banks o' the roses me love and I sat doon
And I took out my fiddle for to play my love a tune
In the middle o' the tune o she sighed and she said
O Johnny, lovely Johnny, dinna leave me

When I was a wee thing I heard my mither say
That I'd rather see ye deid or buried in the clay
Than tae see ye get mairit tae any runaway
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' red roses

Well then I am a runaway and soon I'll let them know
That I can tak a guid glass or leave it well alone
And the man that doesn't like, he can keep his girl at home
And young Johnny will go roamin' wi' another

And if ever I get mairit t'will be in the month of May
When the trees they are bloomin' wi' the flooers bright and gay
And me and me true love will rin and sport and play
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' red roses.

Tune: https://youtu.be/L3MzZlEvCJY

BLUE EYED BOSTON BOY

1. HE WAS JUST A BLUE EYED BOSTON BOY HIS VOICE WAS LOW WITH PAIN
I'LL DO YOUR BIDDING COMRADE MINE IF YOU WILL DO THE SAME.
BUT IF YOU RIDE BACK AND I SHOULD FALL YOU'LL DO AS MUCH FOR ME.
WHILE MOTHER AT HOME IS AWAITING THE NEWS SO WRITE TO HER TENDERLY.

2. SHE'S WAITING AT HOME LIKE A PATIENT SAINT HER FOND FACE FILLED WITH WOE.
HER HEART WILL BE BROKEN WHEN I AM DEAD, I'LL SEE HER FACE NO MORE.
JUST THEN THE ORDER CAME TO CHARGE FOR A MOMENT HAND TOUCHED HAND
THEY ANSWERED AYE AND ON THEY ROAD THAT BRAVE AND DEVOTED BAND.

3. STRAIGHT WAS THE COURSE TO THE TOP OF THE HILL AND THE REBELS WITH SHOT & SHELL
PLOWED FURROWS OF DEATH IN THE TOILING RANKS & GUARDED THEM AS THEY FELL
THERE SOON CAME A TERRIBLE DYING SOUND FROM THE HEIGHTS THEY COULD NOT GAIN
AND THOSE WHOM DOOM & DEATH HAD SPARED RODE SLOWLY BACK AGAIN.

4. BUT AMONG THE DEAD AT THE TOP OF THE HILL LAY THE BOY WITH THE GOLDEN HAIR
AND THE TALL DARK MAN WHO RODE BY HIS SIDE LAY STILL BESIDE HIM THERE.
THERE WAS NO USE TO WRITE TO THE BLUE EYED GIRL THE WORDS HER LOVER HAD SAID
WHILE MOTHER AT HOME IS AWAITING HER BOY SHE'LL ONLY FIND HE'S DEAD.

Blue Eyed Boston Boy

He was just a blue eyed Boston boy, His voice was low with pain
I'll do your bidding comrade mine, If you will do the same
But if you ride back and I should fall, You'll do as much for me
While Mother at home is awaiting the news, So write to her tenderly

She's waiting at home like a patient saint, Her fond face filled with woe
Her heart will be broken when I am dead, I'll see her face no more
Just then the order came to charge, For a moment hand touched hand
They answered "aye" and on they rode, That brave and devoted band

Straight was the course to the top of the hill, And the rebels with shot and shell
Ploughed furrows of death in the toiling ranks, And guarded them as they fell
There soon came a terrible dying sound, From the heights they could not gain
And those whom doom and death had spared, Rode slowly back again

But among the dead at the top of the hill, Lay the boy with the golden hair
And the tall dark man that rode by his side, Lay still beside him there
There was none to write to the blue eyed girl, The words that her lover had said
While mother at home is awaiting her boy, She'll only find he's dead

Tune: https://youtu.be/7_1CmXNXSE4

(D)

BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL

1. HIE UPON HIELANDS AND LAIGH UPON TAY
BONNY GEORGE CAMPBELL RADE OOT ON A DAY
SADDLED AND BRIDLED, SAE GALLANT RADE HE
HAME CAM' HIS GUID HORSE BUT NEVER CAM' HE.

2. SADDLED AND BRIDLED AND BOOTED RADE HE
A PLUME TAE HIS HELM' AND A SWORD AT HIS KNEE
BUT DOON CAM' HIS SADDLE SAE BLOODY TAE SEE
HAME CAM' HIS GUID HORSE BUT NEVER CAM' HE.

3. DOON CAM' HIS AULD MITHER GREETIN' FUR SAIR
OOT CAM' HIS BONNY WIFE RUIN' HER HAIR
MY MEADOWS HE GREEN AND MY CORN IS UNSHORN
MY BARN IS THE BIGG AND MY BABE IS UNBORN.

4. OH WHERE IS HE LYIN' O' TELL ME BUT WHERE
IS HE LOST IN THE YARROW OR DREEN'D IN THE QUAIR
OH VAIN ARE THY WAILINGS THE ECHOES REPLY
BONNY GEORGE CAMPBELL, YE'LL SEE HIM NAE MAIR.

REPEAT FIRST VERSE.

Bonnie George Campbell (D)

High upon Highlands and laigh upon Tay,
Bonnie George Campbell rode out on a day.
Saddled and bridled sae gallant rode he,
Hame cam' his guid horse but never cam' he.

Saddled and bridled and booted rode he,
A plume in his helm' and a sword at his knee.
But doon cam' his saddle, all bloody tae see,
Hame cam' his guid horse but never cam' he.

Doon cam' his auld mother: greivin' fue sair.
Oot came his bonny wife: rivin' her hair.
My meadows lie green and my corn is unshorn,
My barn is the bigg and my babe is unborn.

Oh where is he lyin' o' tell me but where
Is he lost in the yarrow or taken'd in the Quair
Oh vain are the wilings the echoes reply
Bonny George Campbell, ye'll see him nae mair.

(repeat first verse)

Tune: https://youtu.be/bj3aTV5Jb8Y?si=Qfl9M_tk--Bc6RuH

Bonnie Woodhall (D)

1. Down by yon green bushes near Calder's clear stream
Where me and my Annie so often have been
When the hooks that flew past us right happy were we
'Twas little she thought that a soldier I'd be.

2. But it's farewell to Annie and I must away
For the King he needs soldiers, I must obey
But if Providence favours kind love until I return
Living wed with my Annie where Calder's clear burn

3. On the 14th of August our regiment was lost
And a ball from the enemy lines came across
Oh it struck me in the temple, the blood trickled down
I reeled and I staggered and I fell to the ground.

4. 'Come here' says our Captain, 'come here with good speed.
For I fear in this bullet, young Dinsmore lies dead'.
Two men with a stretcher did quickly prepare
And they carried me away to a hospital bed.

5. Cold water and brandy they poured out so free
They turned me all over my wounds for to see
But if I had my Annie to bind up my wounds
One kiss from her sweet lips would soon staunch the stream.

6. And when it's I am weary and think on lang syne
When I was a miner and worked in the mine
Other times then do trickle and down they do fall
Like dew on the roses round my Bonnie Woodhall.

Allan - lead w/ Twin Guitars and Fiddle.

Bonnie Woodhall (D)

Down by yon green bushes near Calder's clear stream
Where me and my Annie so often have been
When the hours that flew past us, right happy were we,
It was little she thought that a soldier I'd be

But it's farewell to Annie and I must away
For the King he needs soldiers, I must obey.
But if providence proves kind, love, until I return
I will wed with my Annie near Calder's clear burn

On the 14th of August our regiment was lost
And a ball from the enemy lines came across
Oh it struck me in the temple, the blood trickled down
I reeled and I staggered and I fell to the ground.

"Come here," says our captain, "come here with good speed
For I fear by this bullet, young Dinsmore, lies dead."
Two men with a stretcher did quickly prepare,
And they carried me away to a hospital bed.

Cold water and brandy they poured out so free,
They turned me all over my wounds for to see.
But if I had my Annie to bind up my wounds
One kiss from her sweet lips would soon staunch the stoun.

And when it's I am weary and think on lang syne
When I was a miner and worked in the mine
Oh, the tears they do trickle and down they do fall
Like dew on the roses round my Bonnie Woodhall.

Allan – Lead w Two Guitars and Fiddle

Tune: https://youtu.be/h8Jb2IgCbWw?si=xedLSFxmm7Wolveu

THE BOBBIN O' THE COUDENKNOWES

1. C HOW BLITHE EACH MORN WAS I D TAE G SEE
MY LASS CAM' OWER THE C HILL
SHE G SKIPPED THE BURN AND RAN D TAE G ME
I C MET HER WI' GOOD D WILL

CHORUS: OH THE BROOM, THE BONNIE, BONNIE BROOM
THE BROOM O' THE COUDENKNOWES
FAIN WOULD I BE IN MY AIN COUNTRY
HEEDIN' HER FATHER'S YOWES.

2. SHE NEITHER HERDED YOWES NOR LAMBS
WHILES THE FLOCK A' SLEEPIN' LAY
SHE GATHERED IN THE SHEEP AT NIGHT
AND CHEERED ME ALL THE DAY

3. IT'S HARD THAT I SHOULD BANISHED BE
GANG OWER LEA AND MOOR
BECAUSE I LOVE THE FAIREST LASS
THAT E'ER ON EARTH WAS BORN

4. ADIEU YE BONNY YOWES ADIEU
FAREWEEL ALL PLEASURES THERE
TO WANDER BY HER SIDE AGAIN
IS ALL I CRAVE OR CARE.

The Broom o' the Cowdenknowes

G D G
1. How blithe each morn was I tae see
C
My lass cam' over the hill,
G D G
She skipped the burn and ran tae me,
C D
I met her wi' goodwill.

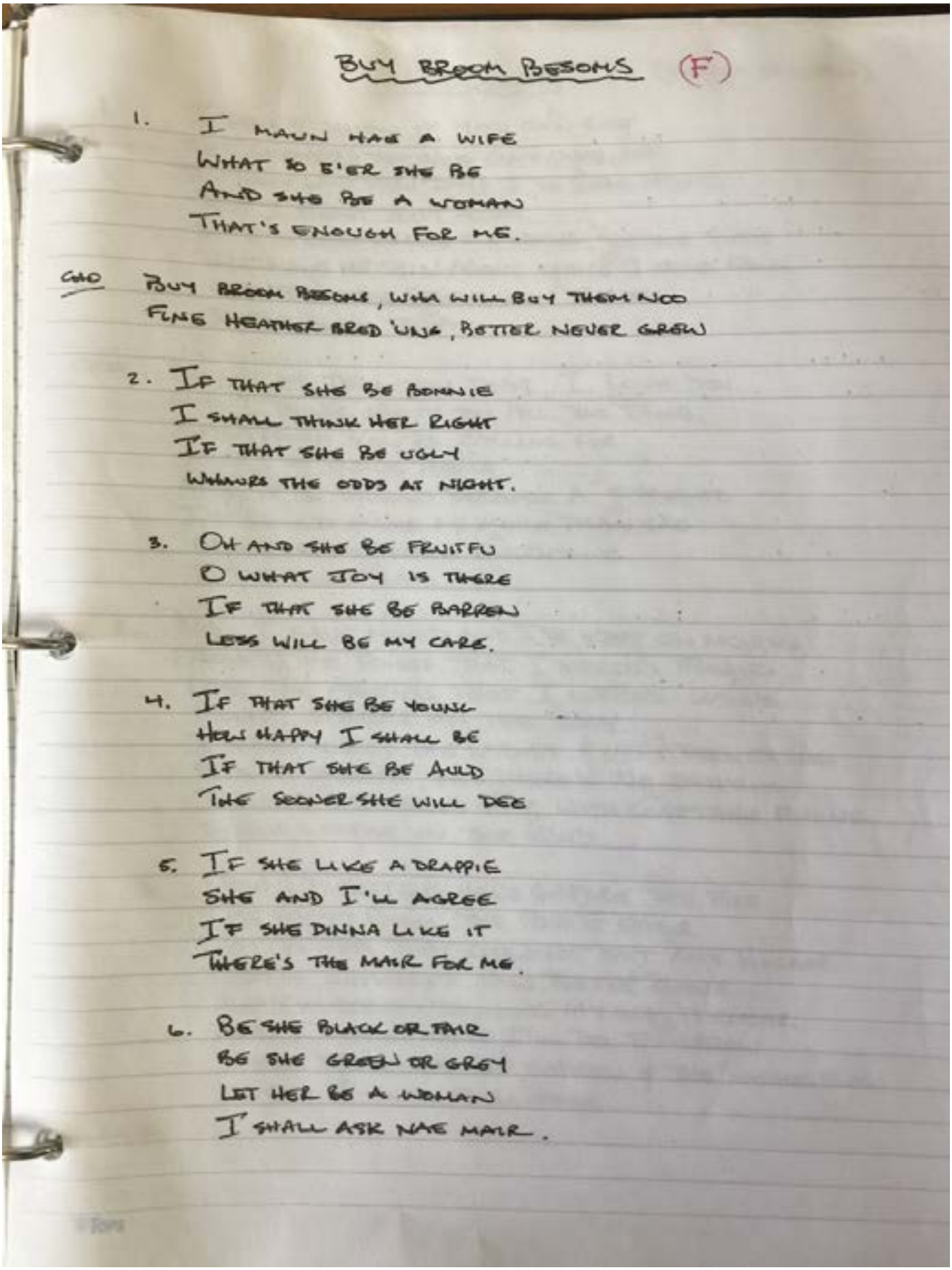
Chorus:
O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,
The broom o' the Cowdenknowes,
Fain would I be in my ain country
Herdin' my faither's yows.

2. She neither herded yowes nor lambs
While the flock a-sleepin' lay,
She gathered in the sheep at night,
And cheered me all the day.

3. It's hard that I should banished be,
Gang ower lea and moor,
Because I love the fairest lass
That e'er on earth was born.

4. Adieu, ye bonny yowes, adieu,
Fareweel a' pleasures there,
To wander by her side again
Is all I crave or care.

Tune: https://youtu.be/yZr9tFeP1j8?si=cYhuctNKl_W9Jaj_



BUY BROOM BESOMS (F)

1. I MAUN HAE A WIFE
WHAT SO E'ER SHE BE
AND SHE BE A WOMAN
THAT'S ENOUGH FOR ME.

CHO BUY BROOM BESOMS, WHA WILL BUY THEM NOO
FINE HEATHER BRED 'UNS, BETTER NEVER GREW

2. IF THAT SHE BE BONNIE
I SHALL THINK HER RIGHT
IF THAT SHE BE UGLY
WHANUS THE ODDS AT NIGHT.

3. OH AND SHE BE FRUITFU
O WHAT JOY IS THERE
IF THAT SHE BE BARREN
LESS WILL BE MY CARE.

4. IF THAT SHE BE YOUNG
HOW HAPPY I SHALL BE
IF THAT SHE BE AULD
THE SOONER SHE WILL DEE

5. IF SHE LIKE A DRAPPIE
SHE AND I'LL AGREE
IF SHE DINNA LIKE IT
THERE'S THE MAIR FOR ME.

6. BE SHE BLACK OR FAIR
BE SHE GREEN OR GREY
LET HER BE A WOMAN
I SHALL ASK NAE MAIR.

Buy Broom Besoms (F)

1. I maun hae a wife,
   What so e'er she be;
   An she be a woman
   That's enough for me.

Chorus:
Buy broom besoms! Wha' will buy them noo?
Fine heather bred 'uns, better never grew.

2. If that she be bonnie
   I shall think her right
   If that she be ugly
   Whaurs the odds at night.

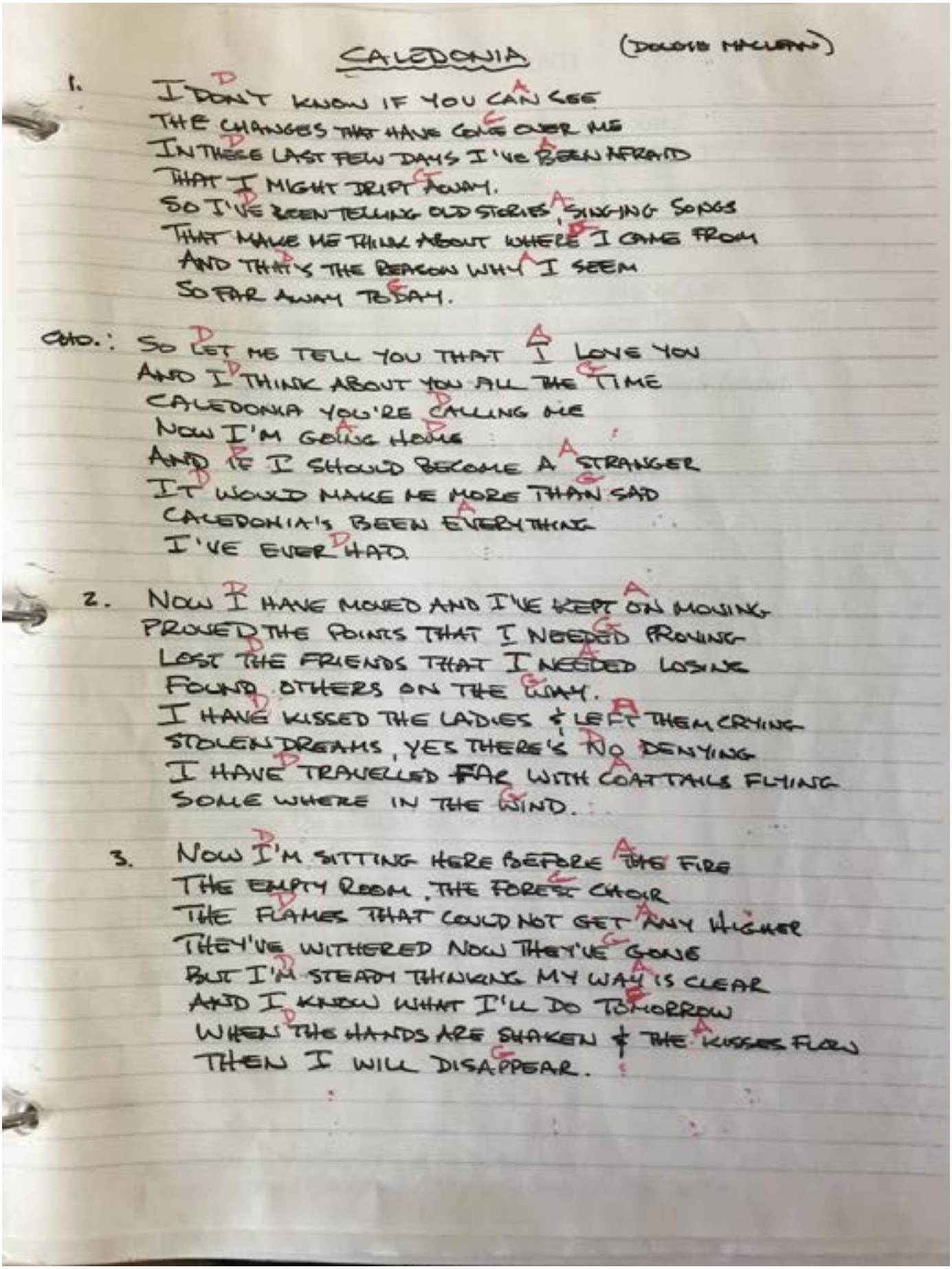
3. If that she be fruitfu',
   O! what joy is there!
   If she should be barren,
   Less will be my care.

4. If that she be young,
   How happy I shall be
   If that she be auld,
   The sooner she will dee.

5. If she like a drappie
   She and I'll agree;
   If she dinnae like it
   There's the mair for me

6. Be she black or fair;
   Be she green or gray;
   Let her be a woman,
   I shall ask nae mair.

Tune: https://youtu.be/AwZcqFQmw8A



CALEDONIA (DOUGIE MACLEAN)

1. I DON'T KNOW IF YOU CAN SEE
THE CHANGES THAT HAVE COME OVER ME
IN THESE LAST FEW DAYS I'VE BEEN AFRAID
THAT I MIGHT DRIFT AWAY.
SO I'VE BEEN TELLING OLD STORIES, SINGING SONGS
THAT MAKE ME THINK ABOUT WHERE I CAME FROM
AND THAT'S THE REASON WHY I SEEM
SO FAR AWAY TODAY.

CHO.: SO LET ME TELL YOU THAT I LOVE YOU
AND I THINK ABOUT YOU ALL THE TIME
CALEDONIA YOU'RE CALLING ME
NOW I'M GOING HOME
AND IF I SHOULD BECOME A STRANGER
IT WOULD MAKE ME MORE THAN SAD
CALEDONIA'S BEEN EVERYTHING
I'VE EVER HAD.

2. NOW I HAVE MOVED AND I'VE KEPT ON MOVING
PROVED THE POINTS THAT I NEEDED PROVING
LOST THE FRIENDS THAT I NEEDED LOSING
FOUND OTHERS ON THE WAY.
I HAVE KISSED THE LADIES & LEFT THEM CRYING
STOLEN DREAMS, YES THERE'S NO DENYING
I HAVE TRAVELLED FAR WITH COAT TAILS FLYING
SOME WHERE IN THE WIND.

3. NOW I'M SITTING HERE BEFORE THE FIRE
THE EMPTY ROOM, THE FOREST CHOIR
THE FLAMES THAT COULD NOT GET ANY HIGHER
THEY'VE WITHERED NOW THEY'VE GONE
BUT I'M STEADY THINKING MY WAY IS CLEAR
AND I KNOW WHAT I'LL DO TOMORROW
WHEN THE HANDS ARE SHAKEN & THE KISSES FLOW
THEN I WILL DISAPPEAR.

Caledonia

Dougie Maclean

D A G
I don't know if you can see the changes that have come over me
D A G
In these last few days I've been afraid that I might drift away
D A G
So I've been telling old stories, singing songs that make me think about where I came from
D A G
And that's the reason why I seem so far away today

Chorus:

D A G
So let me tell you that I love you, and I think about you all the time
D A D
Caledonia you're calling me now I'm going home
D A D G
And if I should become a stranger, it would make me more than sad
A D
Caledonia's been everything I've ever had

D A G
Now I have moved and I've kept on moving, proved the points that I needed proving
D A G
Lost the friends that I needed losing, found others on the way
D A D
I have kissed the ladies and left them crying, stolen dreams, yes there's no denying
D A G
I have travelled far, with coattails flying somewhere in the wind

D A G
Now I'm sitting here before the fire, the empty room, the forest choir
D A G
The flames that couldn't get any higher, they've withered now they've gone
D A G
But I'm steady thinking my way is clear, and I know what I will do tomorrow
D A G
When the hands are shaken and the kisses flow, then I will disappear

Tune: https://youtu.be/wP8A9rtg0iI

(Am+3)

CA' THE YOWES

CHO. CA' Am THE YOWES G THE THE KNOWES
CA' THEM WHAUR THE D HEATHER GROWS
CA' THEM WHAUR C THE PARNIE G ROWES
MY Am BONNIE G DEARIE. C

1. AND Am I GAED G DOON THE WATER SIDE
IT'S THERE I D MET MY SHEPHERD LAD
HE G ROW'D ME C SWEETLY IN HIS G PLAID
AND Am AND G ME HIS C DEARIE.

KATE COMES IN

2. WILL Am YE GANG G DOON THE WATER SIDE
TO SEE D THE WAVES SAE SWEETLY GLIDE
BEYOND G THE HAZELS C SPREADING G WIDE
THE Am MOON G IT SHINES C FU' CLEARLY. +

PAR.

3. I Am WAS BRED G UP AT NAE SIC SCHOOL
MY SHEPHERD LAD D TO PLAY THE FOOL
AND G ALL THE DAY C TO SIT IN G DOOL
AND Am NAEBODY G TO SEE C E MEE.

4. YE Am SHALL GET G GOONS AND RUSSONS HEET (FINE)
CANE - LEATHER D SHUNS UPON YOUR FEET
AND G IN MY ARMS C E YOU'LL LIE AND G SLEEP
AND Am YOU SHALL G BE MY C DEARIE

5. IF Am YOU'LL BUT G STAND BY WHAT YOU'VE SAID
I'LL GO WI' YE MY D SHEPHERD LAD
AND G YOU MAY C RAW ME IN YOUR G PLAID
AND Am I G SHALL BE YOUR C DEARIE.

GUITAR

+

CHO.

→ BREAK TO END.

Ca' the Yowes

Chorus

Am G
Ca' the yowes tae the knowes,
D
Ca' them where the heather grows
G C G
Ca' them where the burnie rows,
Am G C
My bonie dearie.

Am G
1. As I gaed doon the water side
D
It's there I met myy shepherd lad
G C G
He row'd me sweetly in his plaid
Am G C
And ca'd me his dearie.

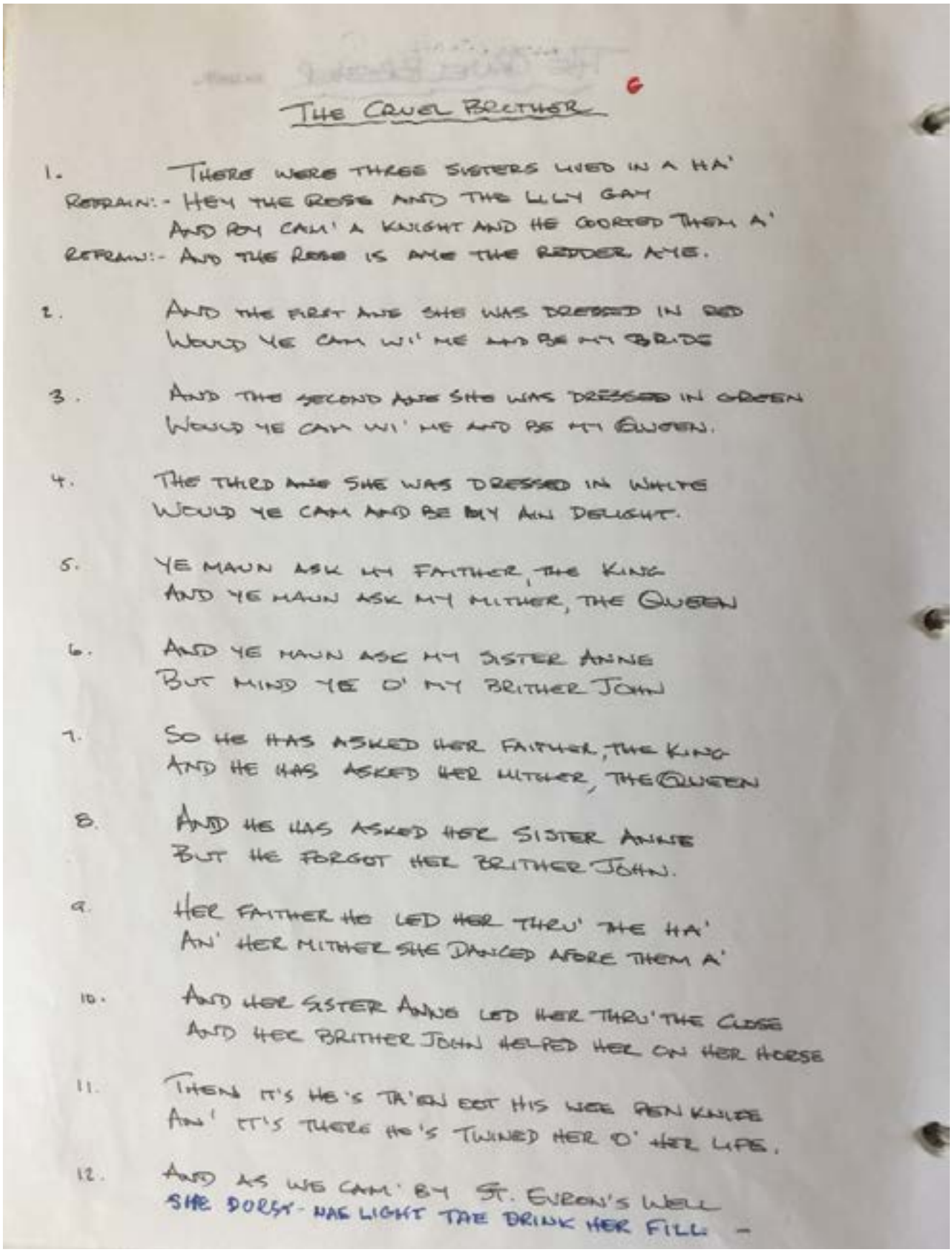
2. Will ye gang doon the water side,
To see the waves saie sweetly glide
Beyond the hazels spreading wide
The moon it shines fu' clearly.

3. I was bred up at nae sic school,
My shepherd lad, to play the fool,
And all the day to sit in dool,
And nae body to see me.

4. Ye shall get goons and ribbons meet,
Cauf-leather shune upon your feet,
And in my arms ye'se lie and sleep,
And you shall be my dearie.

5. If you'll but stand by what you've said,
I'll gang wi' ye, my shepherd lad,
And ye may row me in your plaid,
And I shall be your dearie.

Tune: https://youtu.be/WhD2G10jx9o?si=PGZIHIxSXnR28drB



THE CRUEL BRITHER

1. THERE WERE THREE SISTERS LIVED IN A HA'
REFRAIN:- HEY THE ROSE AND THE LILY GAY
AND BY CAM' A KNIGHT AND HE COURTED THEM A'
REFRAIN:- AND THE ROSE IS AYE THE REDDER AYE.

2. AND THE FIRST ANE SHE WAS DRESSED IN RED
WOULD YE CAM WI' ME AND BE MY BRIDE

3. AND THE SECOND ANE SHE WAS DRESSED IN GREEN
WOULD YE CAM WI' ME AND BE MY QUEEN.

4. THE THIRD ANE SHE WAS DRESSED IN WHITE
WOULD YE CAM AND BE MY AN DELIGHT.

5. YE MAUN ASK MY FAITHER, THE KING
AND YE MAUN ASK MY MITHER, THE QUEEN

6. AND YE MAUN ASK MY SISTER ANNE
BUT MIND YE O' MY BRITHER JOHN

7. SO HE HAS ASKED HER FAITHER, THE KING
AND HE HAS ASKED HER MITHER, THE QUEEN

8. AND HE HAS ASKED HER SISTER ANNE
BUT HE FORGOT HER BRITHER JOHN.

9. HER FAITHER HE LED HER THRU' THE HA'
AN' HER MITHER SHE DANCED AFORE THEM A'

10. AND HER SISTER ANNE LED HER THRU' THE CLOSE
AND HER BRITHER JOHN HELPED HER ON HER HORSE

11. THEN IT'S HE'S TA'EN OUT HIS WEE PEN KNIFE
AN' IT'S THERE HE'S TWINED HER O' HER LIFE.

12. AND AS WE CAM' BY ST. EVRON'S WELL
SHE DORST NAE LIGHT TAE DRINK HER FILL -

The Cruel Brother (G)

Thare were three sisters lived in a ha'
Hey the rose and the lily gay (refrain)
An by cam a knight an he courted them a'
The rose is aye the redder aye (refrain)

And the first ane she was dressed in red
Would ye cam wi' me and be my bride

An the second ane she was dressed in green
Would ye cam wi' me and be my queen

The third ane she was dressed in white
Would ye cam and be my ain delight

Ye maun ask my faither, the king
An ye maun ask my mither the queen

And ye maun ask my sister Anne
But mind ye o' my brither John

So he has asked her faither, the king
And he has asked her mither, the queen

An he has asked her sister Anne
But he forgot her brither John

Her faither he led her thru' the ha'
An' her mither she danced afore them a'

Her sister Anne led her thru' the close
An her brither John helped her on her horse

Then it's he's ta'en oot his wee penknife
An' it's there he's twined her o' her life

As we cam' by St Evron's well
She daurstnae light tae drink her fill

An as we cam by St Evron's close
Oor bonnie bride she fell aff her horse

An it's what will ye leave tae yer faither the king?
The bonnie steed that I ride on

An what will ye leave tae yer mither the queen?
The bloody robes that I lie in

An what will ye leave tae yer sister Anne?
My guid lord tae be her man

An it's what will ye leave tae yer brither John?
The rope an the halter tae hing him on

Tune: https://youtu.be/nCGO_cl_Uuc
https://youtu.be/rQrHV-sQD_c

13. AND AS WE CAM' BY ST. EVRON'S CLOSE
OOR BONNY BRIDE SHE FELL AFF HER HORSE.

14. AND IT'S WHAT WILL YE LEAVE TAE YOUR FAITHER THE KING
THE BONNY STEED THAT I RIDE ON.

15. AND WHAT WILL YE LEAVE TAE YOUR MITHER THE QUEEN
THE BLOODY ROBES THAT I LIE IN.

16. AND WHAT WILL YE LEAVE TAE YOOR SISTER ANNE
MY GUID LORD TAE BE HER MAN.

17. AND IT'S WHAT WILL YE LEAVE TAE YOUR BRITHER JOHN
THE ROPE AND THE HALTER TAE HANG HIM ON.

—

The Pressers

Video: https://youtube.com/shorts/khLf6kMunlY?feature=share



DARK ISLAND

In the years long gone by, when I first left my home,
I was young and I wanted the wide world to roam,
But now I am older and wiser you see,
That lovely Dark Island is calling to me.

Chorus

Oh, isle of my childhood, I'm dreaming of thee,
As the steamer leaves Oban and passes Tiree
Soon I'll capture the magic that lingers for me
When I'm back once more upon - The Dark Island.

Away to the west ward I'm longing to be,
Where the beauties of heaven unfold by the sea
Where the sweet purple heather blooms fragrant and free
On a hilltop high above - The Dark Island

With a sorrowful heart I look back through the years,
When I think of that Island my eyes fill with tears,
Once again then I long for the land I adore,
That lovely Dark Island I long for once more.

One day I'll return to that far distant shore,
And from that Dark Island I'll wander no more,
'Till the day that I die I will no longer roam,
For that lovely Dark Island will be my last home.

So gentle the sea breeze that ripples the bay
Where the stream joins the ocean and young children play
On the strand of pure silver I'll welcome each day
And I'll roam forever more - The Dark Island

Original Lyrics on Paragraphs 1, 3, & 4 by Stewart Ross
Lyrics of Chorus and Paragraphs 2, & 5 by David Silver for a BBC Thriller

Dark Island

1. In the years long gone by, when I first left my home,
I was young and I wanted the wide world to roam,
But now I am older and wiser you see,
That lovely Dark Island is calling to me.

Chorus:
Oh Isle of my childhood, I'm dreaming of thee,
As the steamer leaves Oban and passes Tiree
Soon I'll capture the magic that lingers for me
When I'm back once more upon—The Dark Island

2. Away to the west ward I'm longing to be
Where the beauties of heaven unfold by the sea
Where the sweet purple heather blooms fragrant and free
On a hilltop high above—The Dark Island

Chorus

3. With a sorrowful heart I look back through the years,
When I think of that Island my eyes fill with tears,
Once again then I long for the land I adore,
That lovely Dark Island I long for once more.

Chorus

4. One day I'll return to that far distant shore,
And from that Dark Island I'll wander no more,
'Till the day that I die I will no longer roam,
For that lovely Dark Island will be my last home.

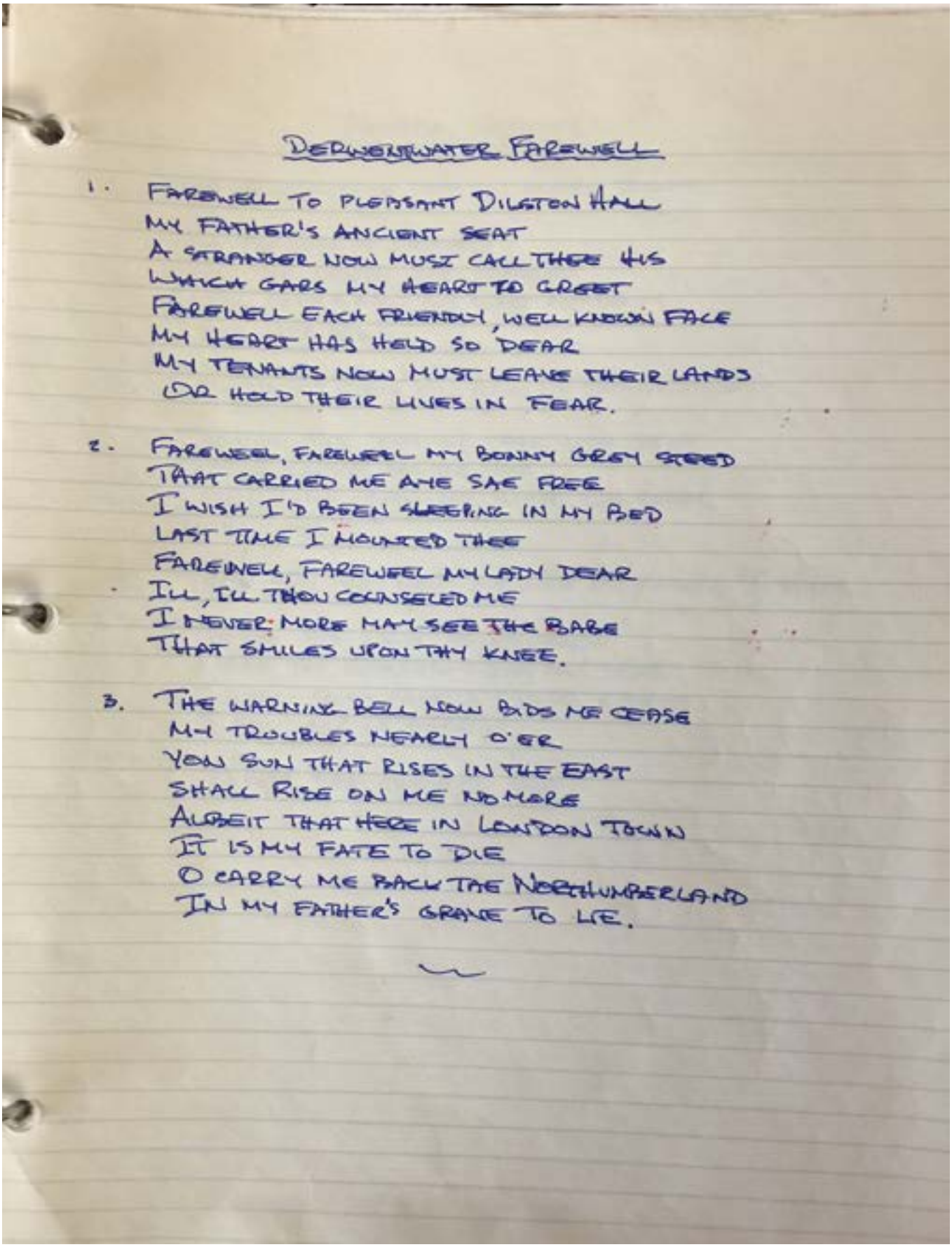
Chorus

5. So gentle the sea breeze that ripples the bay
Where the stream joins the ocean, and young children play
On a strand of pure silver I'll welcome each day
And I'll roam forever more—The Dark Island

Chorus

Original lyrics on Paragraphs 1, 3 & 4 by Stewart Ross
Lyrics of Chorus and Paragraphs 2 & 5 by David Silver for a BBC Thriller

Tune: https://youtu.be/qwdcgwTAR-M
https://youtu.be/pV3H3xTCRJQ



DERWENTWATER FAREWELL

1. FAREWELL TO PLEASANT DILSTON HALL
MY FATHER'S ANCIENT SEAT
A STRANGER NOW MUST CALL THEE HIS
WHICH GARS MY HEART TO GREET
FAREWELL EACH FRIENDLY, WELL KNOWN FACE
MY HEART HAS HELD SO DEAR
MY TENANTS NOW MUST LEAVE THEIR LANDS
OR HOLD THEIR LIVES IN FEAR.

2. FAREWEEL, FAREWEEL MY BONNY GREY STEED
THAT CARRIED ME AYE SAE FREE
I WISH I'D BEEN SLEEPING IN MY BED
LAST TIME I MOUNTED THEE
FAREWELL, FAREWEEL MY LADY DEAR
ILL, ILL THOU COUNSELED ME
I NEVER MORE MAY SEE THE BABE
THAT SMILES UPON THY KNEE.

3. THE WARNING BELL NOW BIDS ME CEASE
MY TROUBLES NEARLY O'ER
YON SUN THAT RISES IN THE EAST
SHALL RISE ON ME NO MORE
ALBEIT THAT HERE IN LONDON TOWN
IT IS MY FATE TO DIE
O CARRY ME BACK THE NORTHUMBERLAND
IN MY FATHER'S GRAVE TO LIE.

Derwentwater Farewell

Farewell to pleasant Dilston Hall
My father's ancient seat
A stranger must now call thee his
Which gars my heart to greet;
Farewell each friendly, well known face
My heart has held so dear
My tenants now must leave their lands
Or hold their lives in fear.

Fareweel, fareweel my bonny grey steed
That carried me aye sae free
I wish I'd been sleeping in my bed
Last time I mounted thee;
Fareweel, fareweel my lady dear
Ill, ill thou counseled me
I never more may see the babe
That smiles upon thy knee.

The warning bell now bids me cease
My troubles nearly o'er
Yon sun that rises in the east
Shall rise on me no more
Albeit that here in London town
It is my fate to die
O carry me back tae Northumberland
In my Father's grave to lie.

Tune: https://youtu.be/c1yfbZi-hcY

(D+3)

WORDS & TUNE BY SIR HUGH ROBERTSON.

EILEEN MOOLAH

1. D
SING ME O' THE CUILINS OF SKYE
A
OF HARRIS OR EIGG OR FAIR D IONA.
A
JOY OF MY HEART, EILEEN MOOLAH.
D A

CHO. WHETHER I WANDER EAST OR WEST
WAKING OR DREAMING THOU ART NEAR ME
JOY OF MY HEART, EILEEN MOOLAH

2. PEAT AND HEATHER OH HOW THEY CALL ME
LITTLE WEE BONUN BY THE HILLSIDE
JOY OF MY HEART EILEEN MOOLAH

3. WELCOMING ARMS ARE WAITING TO HOLD ME
WELCOMING HEARTS ARE THERE TO GUIDE ME
JOY OF MY HEART, EILEEN MOOLAH.

Eileen Moolah

D
1. Sing me o' the Cuilins of Skye
A D A
Of Harris or Eigg or fair Iona
D A G A
Joy of my heart, Eileen Moolah

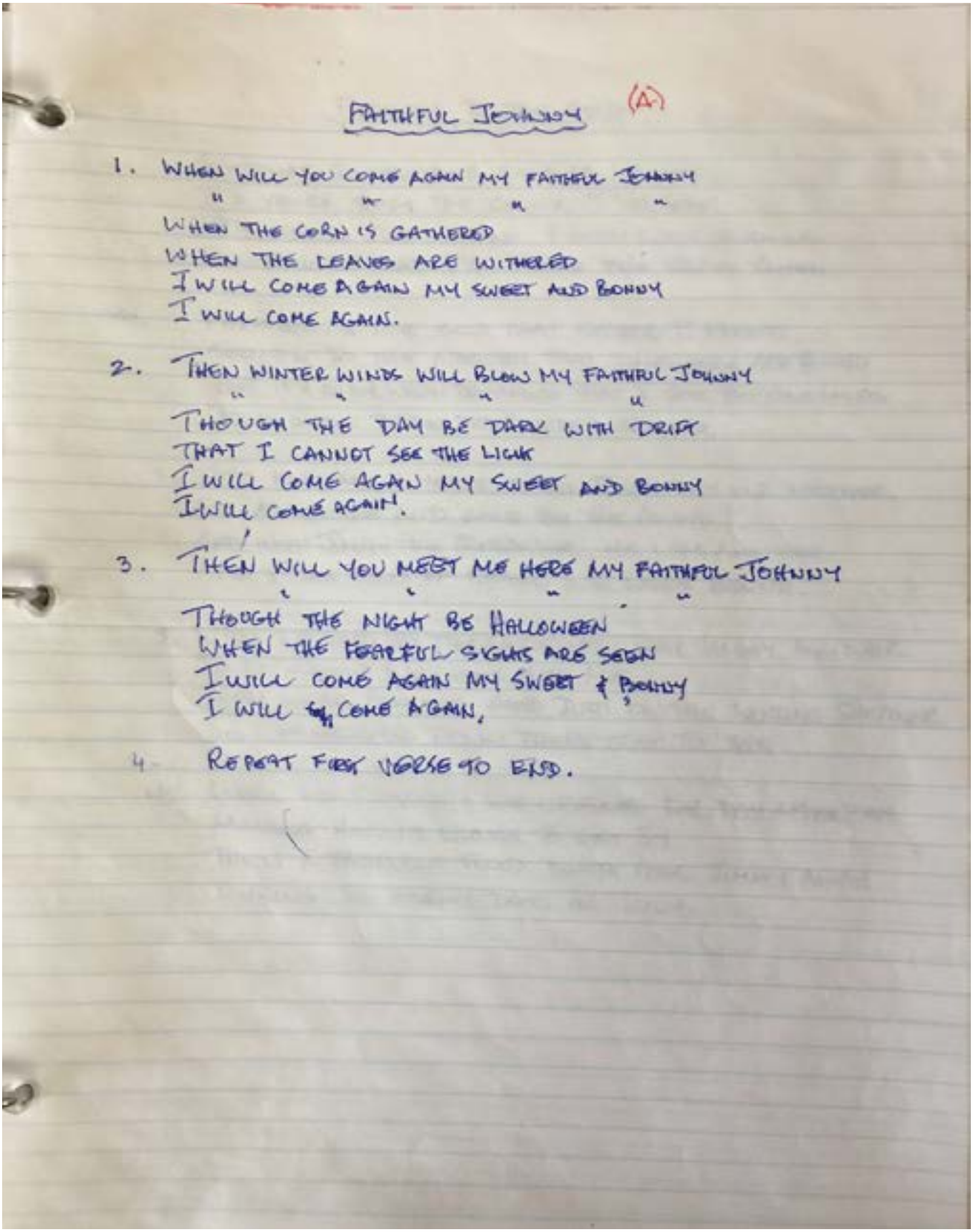
Chorus

Whether I wander east or west
Waking or dreaming thou art near me
Joy of my heart, Eileen Moolah

2. Peat and heather, how they call me
Little wee bohan by the hillside
Joy of my heart, Eileen Moolah

3. Welcoming arms are waiting to hold me
Welcoming hearts are there to guide me
Joy of my heart, Eileen Moolah

Tune: https://youtu.be/VF3TZ7erjZk?si=oUNk_geOtsFD7RBE



FAITHFUL JOHNNY (A)

1. WHEN WILL YOU COME AGAIN MY FAITHFUL JOHNNY
" " " "
WHEN THE CORN IS GATHERED
WHEN THE LEAVES ARE WITHERED
I WILL COME AGAIN MY SWEET AND BONNY
I WILL COME AGAIN.

2. THEN WINTER WINDS WILL BLOW MY FAITHFUL JOHNNY
" " " "
THOUGH THE DAY BE DARK WITH DRIFT
THAT I CANNOT SEE THE LIGHT
I WILL COME AGAIN MY SWEET AND BONNY
I WILL COME AGAIN.

3. THEN WILL YOU MEET ME HERE MY FAITHFUL JOHNNY
" " " "
THOUGH THE NIGHT BE HALLOWEEN
WHEN THE FEARFUL SIGHTS ARE SEEN
I WILL COME AGAIN MY SWEET & BONNY
I WILL COME AGAIN,

4 REPEAT FIRST VERSE TO END.

Faithful Johnny (A)

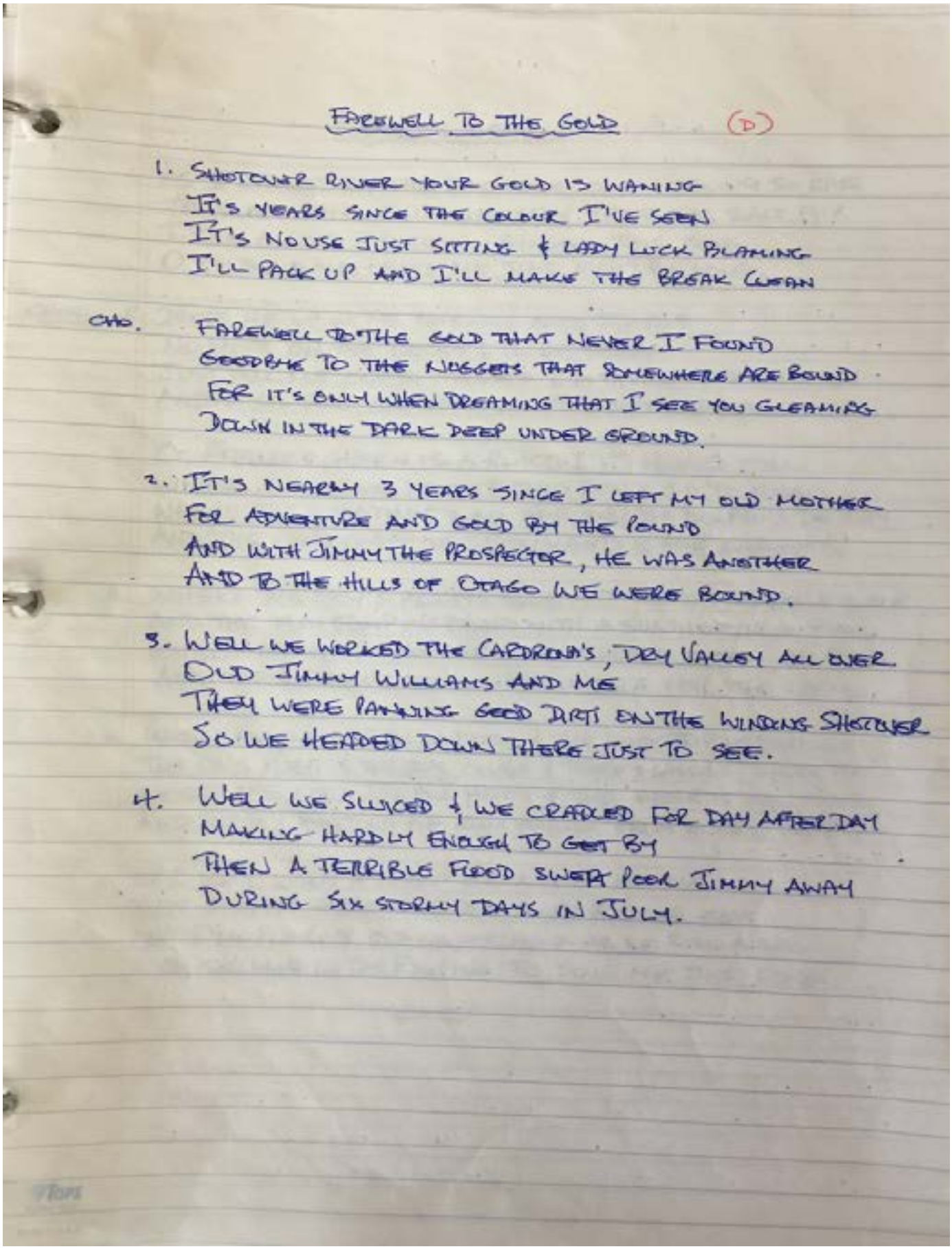
When will you come again, my faithful Johnny?
When will you come again, my faithful Johnny?
When the corn is gathered
When the leaves are withered
I will come again, my sweet and bonny
I will come again.

Then winter winds will blow, my faithful Johnny?
Then winter winds will blow, my faithful Johnny?
Though the night be dark with drift
That I cannot see the light,
I will come again, my sweet and bonny
I will come again.

Then will you meet me here, my faithful Johnny?
Then will you meet me here, my faithful Johnny?
Though the night be Halloween
When the fearful sights are seen
I will come again, my sweet and bonny
I will come again.

When will you come again, my faithful Johnny?
When will you come again, my faithful Johnny?
When the corn is gathered
When the leaves are withered
I will come again, my sweet and bonny
I will come again.

Tune: https://youtu.be/8X2awQ_MC1A



FAREWELL TO THE GOLD (D)

1. SHOTOVER RIVER YOUR GOLD IS WANING
IT'S YEARS SINCE THE COLOUR I'VE SEEN
IT'S NO USE JUST SITTING & LADY LUCK BLAMING
I'LL PACK UP AND I'LL MAKE THE BREAK CLEAN

CHO. FAREWELL TO THE GOLD THAT NEVER I FOUND
GOODBYE TO THE NUGGETS THAT SOMEWHERE ARE BOUND
FOR IT'S ONLY WHEN DREAMING THAT I SEE YOU GLEAMING
DOWN IN THE DARK DEEP UNDER GROUND.

2. IT'S NEARLY 3 YEARS SINCE I LEFT MY OLD MOTHER
FOR ADVENTURE AND GOLD BY THE POUND
AND WITH JIMMY THE PROSPECTOR, HE WAS ANOTHER
AND TO THE HILLS OF OTAGO WE WERE BOUND.

3. WELL WE WORKED THE CARDRONA'S, DRY VALLEY ALL OVER
OLD JIMMY WILLIAMS AND ME
THEY WERE PANNING GOOD DIRT ON THE WINDING SHOTOVER
SO WE HEADED DOWN THERE JUST TO SEE.

4. WELL WE SLUICED & WE CRADLED FOR DAY AFTER DAY
MAKING HARDLY ENOUGH TO GET BY
THEN A TERRIBLE FLOOD SWEPT POOR JIMMY AWAY
DURING SIX STORMY DAYS IN JULY.

Farewell to the Gold (D)

Shotover River, your gold is waning;
It's years since the colour I've seen.
It's no use just sitting and Lady Luck blaming.
I'll pack up and I'll make the break clean.

Chorus (repeated after each verse):

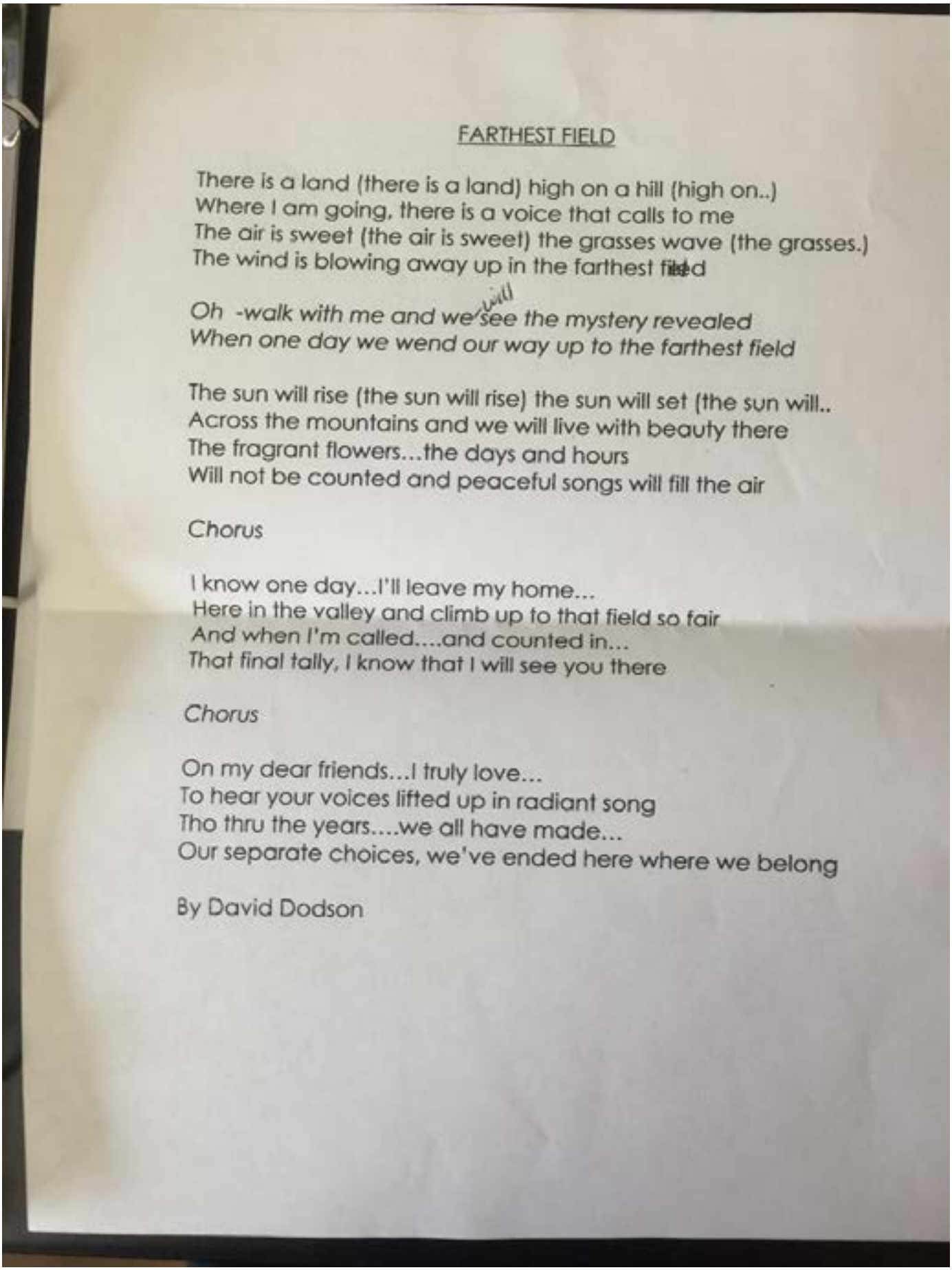
Farewell to the gold that never I found,
Goodbye to the nuggets that somewhere abound;
For it's only when dreaming that I see you gleaming
Down in the dark, deep underground

It's nearly 3 years since I left my old mother
For adventure and gold by the pound,
And with Jimmy the prospector—he was another
And to the hills of Otago we were bound.

Well we worked the Cardrona's dry valley all over,
Old Jimmy Williams and me.
They were panning good dirt on the winding Shotover,
And so we headed down there just to see.

Well, we sluiced and we cradled for day after day
Making hardly enough to get by.
Then a terrible flood swept poor Jimmy away
During six stormy days in July.

Tune: https://youtu.be/lswLTVtqzW8?si=bUI-Xb5GUPVeuxlJ



FARTHEST FIELD

There is a land (there is a land) high on a hill (high on..)
Where I am going, there is a voice that calls to me
The air is sweet (the air is sweet) the grasses wave (the grasses.)
The wind is blowing away up in the farthest field

Oh -walk with me and we will see the mystery revealed
When one day we wend our way up to the farthest field

The sun will rise (the sun will rise) the sun will set (the sun will..
Across the mountains and we will live with beauty there
The fragrant flowers...the days and hours
Will not be counted and peaceful songs will fill the air

Chorus

I know one day...I'll leave my home...
Here in the valley and climb up to that field so fair
And when I'm called....and counted in...
That final tally, I know that I will see you there

Chorus

On my dear friends...I truly love...
To hear your voices lifted up in radiant song
Tho thru the years....we all have made...
Our separate choices, we've ended here where we belong

By David Dodson

Farthest Field

David Dondson

There is a land (There is a land) high on a hill (high on a hill)
Where I am going there is a voice that calls to me
The air is sweet (The air is sweet) the grasses wave (the grasses wave)
The wind is blowing away up in the farthest field

Chorus
Oh—Walk with me and we will see the mystery revealed
When one day we wend our way up to the farthest field

The sun will rise (The sun will rise) the sun will set (the sun will set)
Across the mountains and we will live with beauty there
The fragrant flowers (The fragrant flowers) the day and hours (the day and hours)
Will not be counted and peaceful songs will fill the air

Chorus

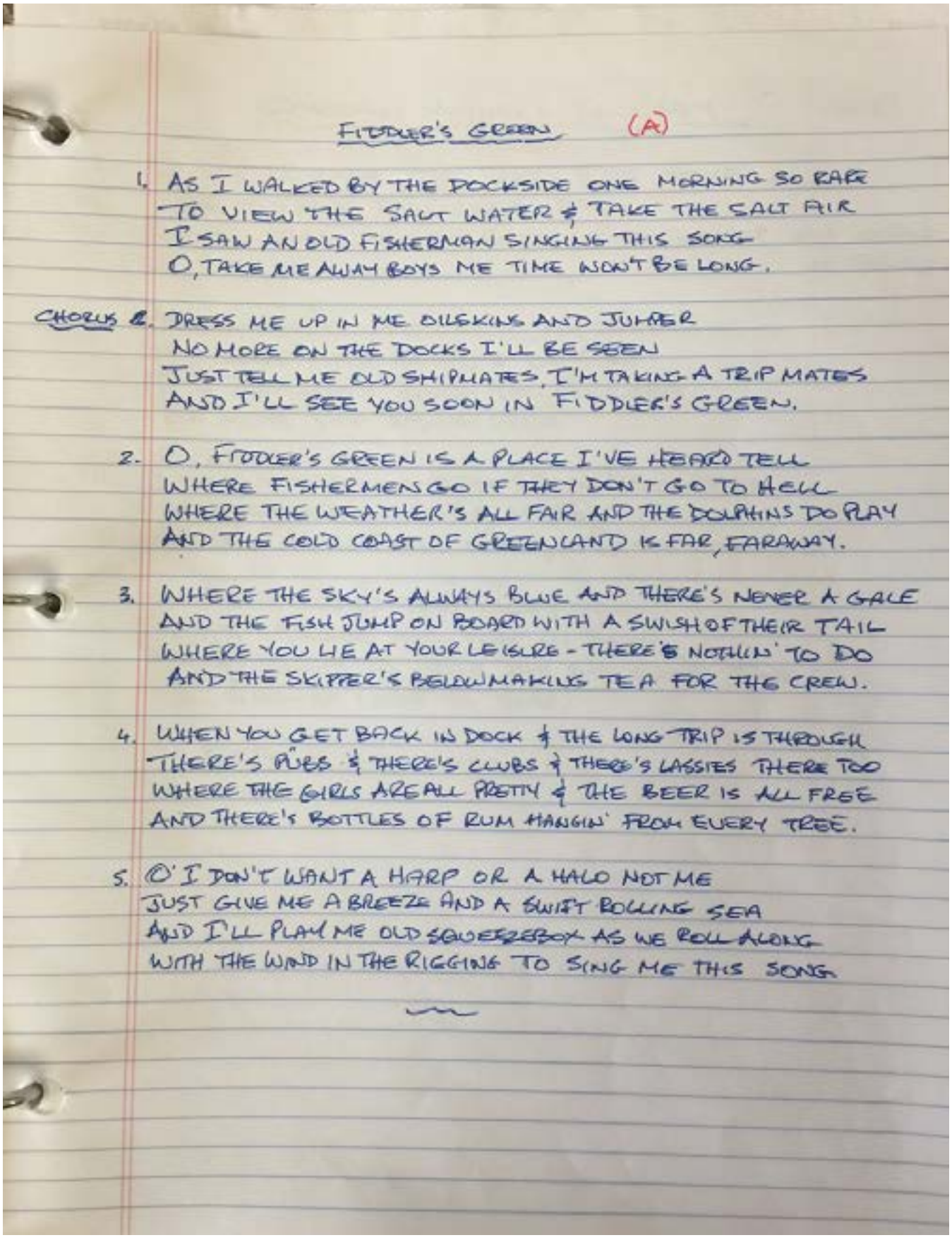
I know one day (I know one day) I'll leave my home (I'll leave my home)
Here in the valley and climb up to that field so fair
And when I'm called (And when I'm called) and counted in (and counted in)
The final tally I know that I will see you there

Chorus

Oh, my dear friends (Oh, my dear friends) I truly love (I truly love)
To hear your voices alifted up in the radiant song
Tho thru the years (Tho thru the years) we all have made (we all have made)
Our separate choices we've ended here where we belong

Chorus

Tune: https://youtu.be/y8nuRPwSgUg?si=5qOzjiBtTHICFFif



FIDDLER'S GREEN (A)

1. AS I WALKED BY THE DOCKSIDE ONE MORNING SO RARE
TO VIEW THE SALT WATER & TAKE THE SALT AIR
I SAW AN OLD FISHERMAN SINGING THIS SONG
O, TAKE ME AWAY BOYS ME TIME WON'T BE LONG.

CHORUS & 2. DRESS ME UP IN ME OILSKINS AND JUMPER
NO MORE ON THE DOCKS I'LL BE SEEN
JUST TELL ME OLD SHIPMATES, I'M TAKING A TRIP MATES
AND I'LL SEE YOU SOON IN FIDDLER'S GREEN.

2. O, FIDDLER'S GREEN IS A PLACE I'VE HEARD TELL
WHERE FISHERMEN GO IF THEY DON'T GO TO HELL
WHERE THE WEATHER'S ALL FAIR AND THE DOLPHINS DO PLAY
AND THE COLD COAST OF GREENLAND IS FAR, FARAWAY.

3. WHERE THE SKY'S ALWAYS BLUE AND THERE'S NEVER A GALE
AND THE FISH JUMP ON BOARD WITH A SWISH OF THEIR TAIL
WHERE YOU LIE AT YOUR LEISURE - THERE'S NOTHIN' TO DO
AND THE SKIPPER'S BELOW MAKING TEA FOR THE CREW.

4. WHEN YOU GET BACK IN DOCK & THE LONG TRIP IS THROUGH
THERE'S PUBS & THERE'S CLUBS & THERE'S LASSIES THERE TOO
WHERE THE GIRLS ARE ALL PRETTY & THE BEER IS ALL FREE
AND THERE'S BOTTLES OF RUM HANGIN' FROM EVERY TREE.

5. O I DON'T WANT A HARP OR A HALO NOT ME
JUST GIVE ME A BREEZE AND A SWIFT ROLLING SEA
AND I'LL PLAY ME OLD SQUEEZEBOX AS WE ROLL ALONG
WITH THE WIND IN THE RIGGING TO SING ME THIS SONG

Fiddler's Green (A)

As I walked by the dockside one morning so rare
To view the salt water and take the salt air
I saw an old fisherman singing this song
O, take me away boys me time won't be long

Chorus
Dress me up in me oilskins and jumper
No more on the docks I'll be seen
Just tell me old shipmates, I'm taking a trip mates
And I'll see you soon in Fiddler's Green

O Fiddler's Green is a place I've heard tell
Where fishermen go if they don't go to hell
Where the weather's all fair and the dolphins do play
And the cold coast of Greenland is far, far away

Chorus

Where the sky's always blue and there's never a gale
And the fish jump on board with one swish of their tail
Where you lie at your leisure, there's nothin' to do
And the skipper's below making tea for the crew

Chorus

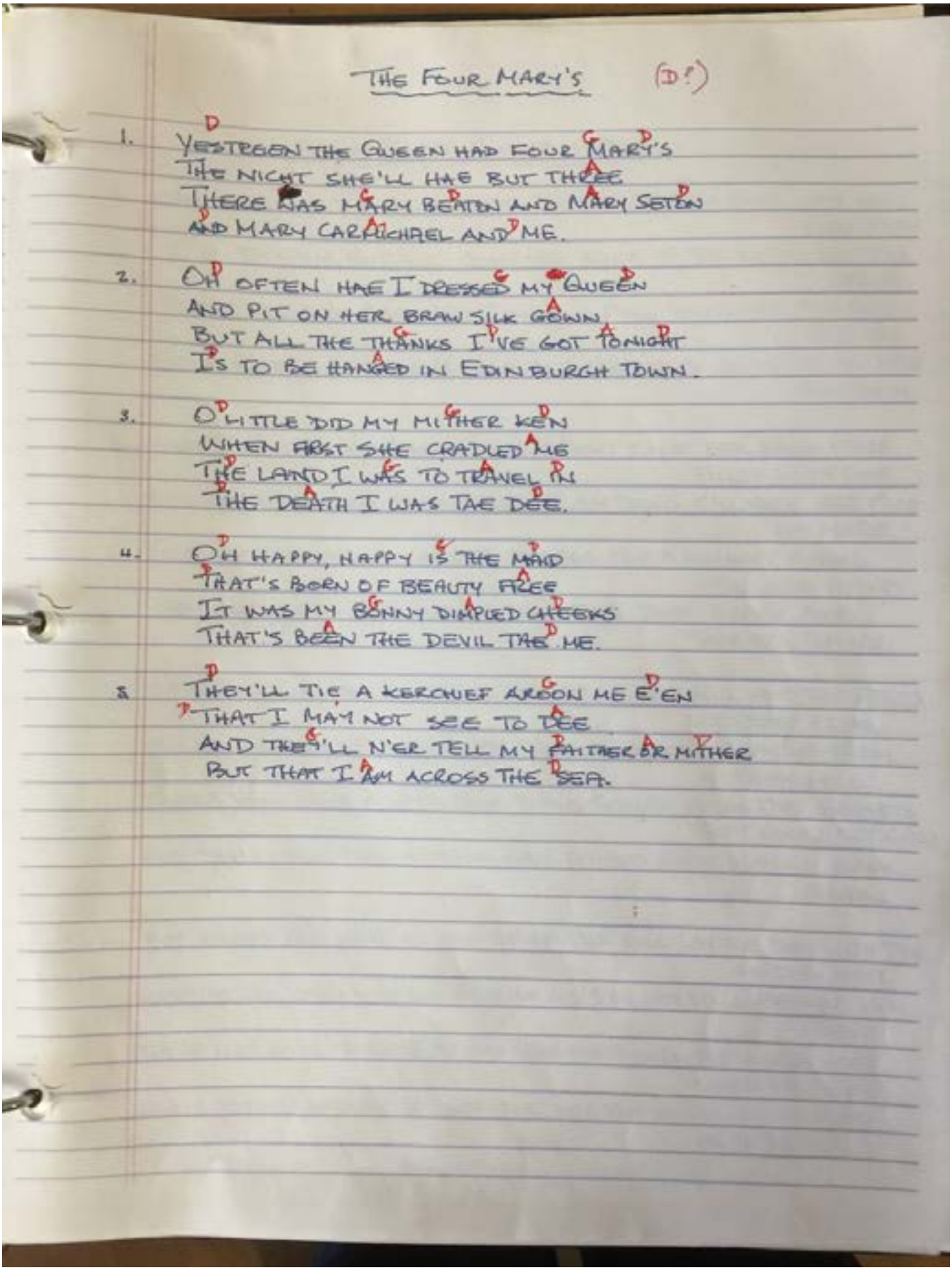
When you get back in dock and the long trip is through
There's pubs and there's clubs and there's lassies there too
Where the girls are all pretty and the beer is all free
And there's bottles of rum hangin' from every tree

Chorus

O I don't want a harp nor a halo not me
Just give me a breeze and a swift rolling sea
And I'll play me old squeeze-box as we roll along
With the wind in the riggin to sing me this song

Chorus

Tune: https://youtu.be/HMa1wCN-aVU?si=Pl5qiavaMFRI7uAv



THE FOUR MARY'S (D!)

1. YESTREEN THE QUEEN HAD FOUR MARY'S
THE NIGHT SHE'LL HAE BUT THREE.
THERE WAS MARY BEATON AND MARY SETON
AND MARY CARMICHAEL AND ME.

2. OH OFTEN HAE I DRESSED MY QUEEN
AND PIT ON HER BRAW SILK GOWN.
BUT ALL THE THANKS I'VE GOT TONIGHT
IS TO BE HANGED IN EDINBURGH TOWN.

3. O LITTLE DID MY MITHER KEN
WHEN FIRST SHE CRADLED ME
THE LAND I WAS TO TRAVEL IN
THE DEATH I WAS TAE DEE.

4. OH HAPPY, HAPPY IS THE MAID
THAT'S BORN OF BEAUTY FREE
IT WAS MY BONNY DIMPLED CHEEKS
THAT'S BEEN THE DEVIL TAE ME.

5. THEY'LL TIE A KERCHIEF AROON ME E'EN
THAT I MAY NOT SEE TO DEE
AND THEY'LL N'ER TELL MY FAITHER OR MITHER
BUT THAT I AM ACROSS THE SEA.

The Four Marys (D?)

D G D
Yestreen the Queen had four Marys
A
The night she'll hae but three
G D A D
There was Mary Beaton and Mary Seaton
D A7 D
And Mary Carmichael and me.

D G D
Oh, often hae I dressed my Queen
A
And pit on her braw silk gown
G D A D
But all the thanks I've got tonight
D A
Is to be hanged in Edinburgh Town.

D G D
Oh, little did my mither ken
A
When first she cradled me
D G A D
The land I was to travel in
D A D
The death I was tae dee.

D G D
Oh, happy, happy is the maid
A
That's born of beauty free
G A D
It was my bonny, dimpled cheeks
A D
That's been the devil tae me.

D G D
They'll tie a kerchief aroon my e'en
A
That I may not see to dee
G D A D
And they'll n'er tell my faither or mither
A D
But that I am across the sea.

Tune: https://youtu.be/S1JMijeWtpU?si=DlVj4qccG9t7B4so

GALLANA HILLS

1 I'LL TAK' MY PLAIDIE CONTENTED TO BE
A WEE BIT TY KILTED ABOVE MY KNEES
AND I'LL GIE AN PIPES ANOTHER BLAW
AND I'LL GANG OOT OWER THE HILLS INTAE GALLANA.

CHO. OH THE GALLANA HILLS ARE COVERED WI' BROOM
WI' HEATHERBELLS IN BONNIE BLOOM
WI' HEATHER BELLS AND RIVERS A'
AND I'LL GANG OOT OWER THE HILLS INTAE GALLANA.

2 I WILL SELL MY ROCK, I'LL SELL MY REEL
I'LL SELL MY GRANNY'S SPINNIN' WHEEL
I WILL SELL THEM A' WHEN DOON FA'S A'
AND I'LL GANG OOT OWER THE HILLS INTAE GALLANA.

3 I SAY BONNIE LASSIE WILL YE GANG WI' ME
TAE SHARE YOUR LOT IN A FOREIGN COUNTRY
TAE SHARE YOUR LOT WHEN DOON FA'S A'
AND I'LL GANG OOT OWER THE HILLS INTAE GALLANA

The Gallowa' Hills

I will tak' my plaidie, contented tae be,
A wee bitty kilted abune my knee,
And I'll gie ma pipes anither blaw
And I'll gang oot ower the hills intae Gallowa'.

Chorus:
Oh the Gallowa' hills are covered wi' broom,
Wi' heather bells in bonnie bloom;
Wi' heather bells and rivers a',
And I'll gang oot ower the hills tae Gallowa'.

I will sell my rock, I'll sell my reel,
I'll sell my granny's spinnin' wheel,
I will sell them a' when doon fa's a',
An' I'll gang oot ower the hills intae Gallowa'.

I say bonnie lassie, will ye gang wi' me,
Tae share your lot in a strange country,
Tae share your lot when doon fa's a',
And I'll tae gang oot ower the hills tae Gallowa'.

Tune: https://youtu.be/By8w2uVZYy8?si=7nw8KfA9OKjbUA4L

GARTAN MOTHER'S LULLABY (A+3)

1. A
SLEEP O' BABE THE RED BEE HUMS
THE SILENT TWILIGHT'S FALL
A E D A A D
EEVAL FROM THE GREY ROCK COMES TO WRAP THE WORLD
IN THRALL

A E D A
ALYAN VAN O MY CHILD, MY JOY
D A
MY LOVE AND HEART'S DESIRE
D G A
THE CRICKETS SING YOU LULLABY
B D A
BESIDE THE DYING FIRE

2. A
DUSK IS DRAWN AND THE GREEN MAN'S THORN
D A
IS WREATHED IN RINGS OF FOG
A E D A A D
SHEERA SAILS HIS BOAT TILL MORN, UPON THE STARRY BOG

A E D A
ALYAN VAN O THE PALEY MOON
D A
HATH BRIMMED HER CUSP IN DEW
D G A
AND WEEPS TO HEAR THE SAD SLEEP TUNE
E D A
I SING O' LOVE TO YOU.

REPEAT 1ST VERSE.

Gartan Mother's Lullaby (A + 3)

A
Sleep oh babe, for the red bee hums
D A
The silent twilight's fall,
A E D A A D
Eeval from the grey rock comes to wrap the world in thrall.

A E D A
Alyan Van O my child, my joy
D
My love and heart's desire,
D G A
The crickets sing you lullaby
G D A
Beside the dying fire.

A
Dusk is drawn and the Green Man's thorn
D A
Is wreathed in rings of fog,
A E D A A D
Sheera sails his boat till morn, upon the Starry Bog.

A E D A
Alyan Van O the paley moon
D
Hath brimmed her cusp in dew,
D G A
And weeps to hear the sad sleep tune,
G D A
I sing o' love, to you.

Repeat first verse

Tune: https://youtu.be/hNFlqKI31lE?si=9-GWsJuQVsWVgfuT

Mainly Norfolk: English Folk and Other Good Music

Gloryland

[words trad. arr. Waterson:Carthy, tune Eliza Carthy]

Eliza Carthy sang *Gloryland* on Waterson:Carthy's 2006 album **Holy Heathens and the Old Green Man**
Martin Carthy commented in the album's sleeve notes:

> In the field of sacred music where indeed it is often at its most intense, nowhere is this passion seen to soar higher, or felt to flow more deeply than in the Baptist hymns of Sankey where Liza found the beautiful *Gloryland* which closes this CD.

Lyrics

There is a land beyond the stars,
Oh Gloryland, bright Gloryland!
Beyond the sunset's crimson bars,
Oh Gloryland, bright Gloryland!
Land of peace without alloy,
Joy beyond all earthly joy,
Naught its calm can e'er destroy,
Oh Gloryland, bright Gloryland!

The city of our God is there,
Oh Gloryland, bright Gloryland!
Jasper walls with beauty fair,
Oh Gloryland, bright Gloryland!
Gates of pearl bright silver gleam,
Skies with fadeless sunlight beam,
Through it flows life's crystal stream,
Oh Gloryland, bright Gloryland!

We lift our eyes by faith and see,
Oh Gloryland, bright Gloryland!
Christ himself the light shall be,
Oh Gloryland, bright Gloryland!
Songs of praise glad heart shall sing,
The radiant air with music ring,
Each voice proclaim our Saviour King,
Oh Gloryland, bright Gloryland!

(Repeat first verse)

1.
There is a land beyond the stars
Gloryland, bright Gloryland
Beyond the sunset's crimson bars
Gloryland, bright Gloryland
A land of peace without alloy
Of joy beyond all earthly joy
And naught its calm can e'er destroy
Gloryland, bright Gloryland!

2.
The city of our God is there,
Gloryland, bright Gloryland
Its jasper walls with beauty fair
Gloryland, bright Gloryland.
Its gates of pearl like silver gleam
Its skies with fadeless sunlight beam
And through it flows life's crystal stream
Gloryland, bright Gloryland!

3.
We lift our eyes by faith and see
Gloryland, bright Gloryland,
Where Christ Himself the light shall be
Gloryland, Bright Gloryland
There songs of praise glad hearts shall sing
The radiant air with music ring
Each voice proclaim our Saviour King
Gloryland, bright Gloryland!

Last updated Sun Mar 27, 2011 by Reinhard Z

Gloryland

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Each voice proclaim our Saviour King,
Oh Gloryland, bright Gloryland!

(Repeat first verse)

Tune: https://youtu.be/d3IPUzcIWgI?si=da5h500Yl-9LSFlR

(D)

I've copied and pasted this from Reinhard Zierke's Watersons site (Blue Murder: No one stands alone). I'm sure Reinhard is grateful if someone corrects the last tiny unclear bits in his transcription.

Wolfgang

GOODNIGHT SONG

Chorus:
So goodnight my friends as the dawn comes pale
And the Eastern wind brings the threat of gales
Keep a hold on hope through the darkest veil
And we'll meet further on down the road

I have traveled far from this island strand
From the icy waste to the burning sand
Ploughed the raging sea, seen the verdant land
Been at home in a place far away

Chorus

Many ~~different sirs(?) bought(?)~~ differences, but much the same
Though the ways are strange and have different names
And a friendly face breaks a thousand chains
And a smile breaks the lock on the door

Chorus

We have joined in song, laughed a night away
Swapped our tales of woe, kept the clouds at bay
In the morning clear will be on our way
But we'll meet further on down the road

Chorus

So lets drink a health to good times gone by
When our spirits sored and we touched the sky
And we bid farewell but not goodbye
And we'll meet further on down the road

Chorus:
So goodnight my friends as the dawn comes pale
And the Eastern wind brings the threat of gales
|:Keep a hold on hope through the darkest veil
And we'll meet further on down the road:|

Subject: RE: Lyr Req: The Goodnight Song
From: GUEST,Guest

Goodnight Song

Chorus:
So goodnight my friends as the dawn comes pale
And the Eastern wind brings the threat of gales
Keep a hold on hope through the darkest veil
And we'll meet further on down the road

I have traveled far from this island strand
From the icy waste to the burning sand
Ploughed the raging sea, seen the verdant land
Been at home in a place far away

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Many differences, but much the same
Though the ways are strange and have different names
And a friendly face breaks a thousand chains
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When our spirits soared and we touched the sky
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Chorus:
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And the Eastern wind brings the threat of gales
|: Keep a hold on hope through the darkest veil
And we'll meet further on down the road :|

Tune: https://youtu.be/tiii6u2XyQw?si=PFRXp0wmzaCHFPDS

(C)

(Mostly) English Folk Music

English Folk Music
Harvey Andrews
Frankie Armstrong
Discography
Songs
Bibliography
Steve Ashley
Les Barker & Mrs Ackroyd
Peter Bellamy & The Young Tradition
Anne Briggs
Cara & Deitsch
Eliza Carthy
Martin Carthy
Shirley Collins
Sandy Denny
Fairport Convention
Ashley Hutchings
Nic Jones
Kipper Family
A.L. Lloyd
Trevor Lucas
Shelagh McDonald
Linde Nijland
Tony Rose
Leon Rosselson
Steeleye Span
Dave Swarbrick
June Tabor
Joseph Taylor
The Watersons
Martyn Wyndham-Read

Here's the Tender Coming

[Trad. arr. Frankie Armstrong]

Frankie Armstrong sang this press gang song on the LP **The Valiant Sailor: Songs and Ballads of Nelson's Navy**. It was also included on the French compilation album **Chants de Marins IV: Ballads, Complaintes et Shanties des Matelots Anglais**. Roy Palmer commented in the original album's sleeve notes:

> This poignant song comes from the North-East. Newcastle and Sunderland were second only to London in providing men for the navy during the French wars. Resistance was sometimes violent, with women playing a prominent part. The Lawe is a high vantage point, whence the hated tender could be seen lying out beyond the harbour bar. The pressing tenders were like floating prisons, where "recruits" were assembled before being distributed to the various ships.

Lyrics

Here's the tender coming, pressing all the men;
Oh dear hinny, what shall we do then?
Here's the tender coming, off at Shield's Bar,
Here's the tender coming, full of men of war.

Hide thee, canny Geordie, hide thyself away;
Hide thee till the tender makes for Druid's Bay.
If they take thee, Geordie, who's to win our bread?
Me and little Jackie better off be dead.

Here's the tender coming, stealing off my dear;
Oh dear hinny, they'l ship you out of here.
They will ship you foreign, that is what it means;
Here's the tender coming, full of red marines.

Hey, bonny lassie. let's go to the Lawe,
See the tender lying, off at Shield's Bar,
With her colours flying, anchor at her bow.
They took my bonny laddie, best of all the crew.

(repeat first verse)

Here's the Tender Coming

Here's the tender coming, pressing all the men
Oh dear hinny, what shall we do then?
Here's the tender coming, off at Shields Bar
Here's the tender coming, full of men of war.

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Hide thee till the tender makes for Druids Bay
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Here's the tender coming, pressing all the men
Oh dear hinny, what shall we do then?
Here's the tender coming, off at Shields Bar
Here's the tender coming, full of men-o'-war

Tune: https://youtu.be/ZL0rRZDcH1M?si=ZZ0-x55sU5BA3EOC

The Holly Bears A Berry

1. Now the Holly bears a Berry as white as the milk
And Mary bore Jesus who was wrapped up in silk
And Mary she bore Jesus our Saviour for to be
And the first tree that's in the greenwood it was the Holly.
Holly, Holly, And the first tree that's in the green-
wood it was the Holly.

2. Now the Holly she bears a Berry as green as the grass
And Mary she bore Jesus who died on the cross.

3. Now the Holly bears a Berry as black as the coal
And Mary she bore Jesus who died for us all.

4. Now the Holly she bears a Berry as blood it is red
And we trust in our Saviour who rose from the dead.

The Holly Bears a Berry

Now the holly bears a berry as white as the milk
And Mary bore Jesus who was wrapped up in silk

Chorus:
And Mary she bore Jesus our Saviour for to be
And the first tree that's in the greenwood it was the holly
Holly, Holly,
And the first tree that's in the greenwood it was the holly

Now the holly she bears a berry as green as the grass
And Mary bore Jesus who died on the cross

Chorus

Now the holly bears a berry as black as the coal
And Mary bore Jesus who died for us all

Chorus

Now the holly she bears a berry as Blood it is red
And we trust in our Savior who rose from the dead

Chorus

Tune: https://youtu.be/Gk4P4J6wdHY?si=_3MgmhoaXOtCtCiS

Home for Christmas—Old Style. Words-Cicely Fox Smith—tune-Alan Fitzsimmons

Built on the Clyde an' built to go,
by Bell an' Burnie for Keith an' Co.,
She was a beauty, she was a mover
An' our ol' man was the man to shove 'er! '
I'm goin' to git 'er 'ome
For Christmas', said the Skipper o' the Clipper Flyin' Foam

We cleared the 'Ead's the fust of October,
it was 'All 'ands aft' afore we was sober,
An' 'Boys says 'e, on board this packet,
you'll 'ave to jump or else stand the racket— '
I'm goin' to git 'er 'ome
For Christmas', said the Skipper o' the Clipper Flyin' Foam

Off ol' Cape Stiff it blowed a teaser,
a reg'lar snorter, a beast of a freezer,—
It blowed bad, an' it blowed bitter,
with lumps o' seas that froze when they 'it 'er,

With hail as stung like shot in our faces,
an' ice like iron on sheets an' braces:
But'ailin'an'freezin'an'snowin'an'blowin', '
E stuck to 'is topsails, 'e kep' 'er goin'—
'Cos 'e meant to git 'er 'ome
For Christmas', said the Skipper o' the Clipper Flyin'Foam

She took 'er Trade an' she run from the South,
with everything set an' a bone in her mouth,
She snored along with 'er lee rail under,
an' 'er main t'gan's'l bust like thunder!

It was breezing up an' the sea a smother,
but we laid aloft an we bent another
For 'e says says 'e 'By the Great Lord Harry,
shc must darn well drag what she can't carry
But I'm goin ' to git er home
For Christmas', said the Skipper o' the Clipper Flyin' Foam

We 'adn't 'ardly struck the Channel,
when a fog came down as thick as flannel:
You couldn't see, an' you couldn't 'ear,
an' all you could do was stand an' steer.
'An' I'm goin' to git 'er 'ome
For Christmas', said the Skipper o' the Clipper Flyin' Foam

An' where we was, well, there warn't no knowin',
but we blowed the 'orn an' we keep' on goin',
Till all of a sudden the fog got thinner,
an' there was the Foreland, as 1'm a sinner—
An' 'e'd got'er'ome
For Christmas', 'ad the Shipper o' the Clipper Flyin' Foam

Home For Christmas — Old Style

Words: Cicely Fox Smith
tune: Alan Fitzsimmons

Built on the Clyde, an' built to go,
By Bell an' Burnie for Keith an' Co.,
She was a beauty, she was a mover,
An' our ol' man was the man to shove 'er!
I'm goin' to get 'er 'ome
For Christmas," said the skipper
o' the Clipper Flyin' Foam.

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It was "All 'ands aft," afore we was sober,
An' "Boys," says 'e, "on board this packet
You'll 'ave to jump or else stand the racket . . . "
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Off o' Cape Stiff it blowed a teaser —
A reg'lar snorter, a beast of a freezer —
It blowed bad, an' it blowed bitter,
With lumps o' seas that froze when they 'it 'er,

With hail as stung like shot in our faces,
An' ice like iron on sheets an' braces:
But 'ailin' an' freezin' an' snowin' an' blowin',
'E stuck to 'is topsails, 'e kept 'er goin' —
'Cos 'e meant to get 'er 'ome
For Christmas, said the skipper
O' the Clipper Flyin' Foam.

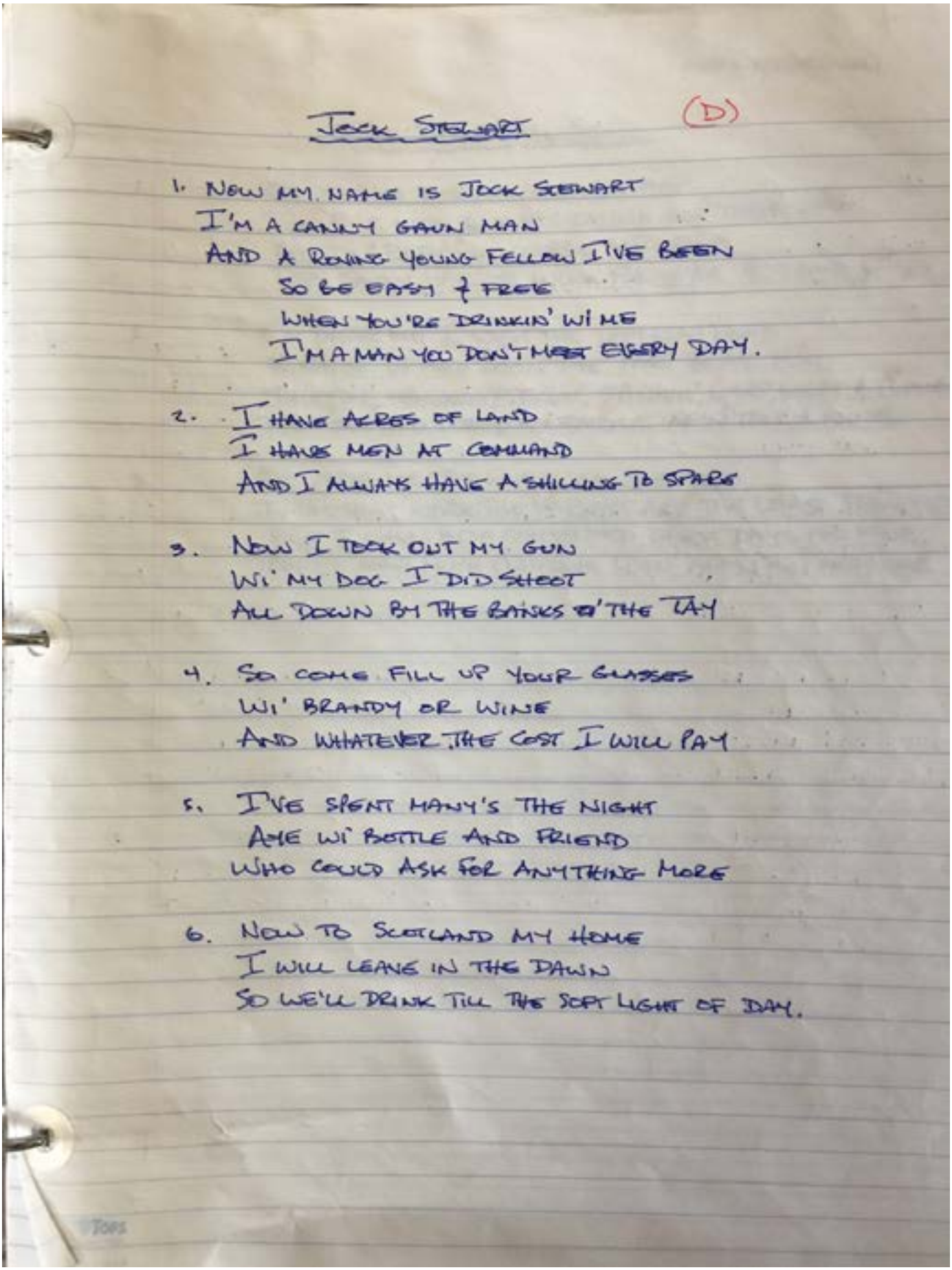
She took 'er Trade an' she run from the South
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She snored along with 'er lee rail under,
An' 'er main to'gal's'l bust like thunder!

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But we laid aloft an' we bent another —
For 'e says, says 'e, "By the Great Lord Harry,
She must darn well drag what she can't darn
carry,"
"But I'm goin' to git 'er 'ome
For Christmas," said the skipper
O' the Clipper Flyin' Foam.

We 'adn't 'ardly struck the Channel
When a fog come down as thick as flannel:
You couldn't see, an' you couldn't 'ear,
An' all you could do was stand an' steer.
'An' I'm goin' to get 'er 'ome
For Christmas," said the skipper
o' the Clipper Flyin' Foam.

An' where we was, well, there warn't no knowin',
But we blowed the 'orn an' we keep' on goin',
Till all of a suddent the fog got thinner,
An' there was the Foreland, as I'm a sinner . . .
An' 'e'd got 'er 'ome
For Christmas, 'ad the skipper
O' the clipper Flyin' Foam.

Tune: https://youtu.be/eOBGf4DKzFo?si=w6gFf2NX5KadZi3x



JOCK STEWART (D)

1. NOW MY NAME IS JOCK STEWART
I'M A CANNY GAUN MAN
AND A ROVING YOUNG FELLOW I'VE BEEN
SO BE EASY & FREE
WHEN YOU'RE DRINKIN' WI ME
I'M A MAN YOU DON'T MEET EVERY DAY.

2. I HAVE ACRES OF LAND
I HAVE MEN AT COMMAND
AND I ALWAYS HAVE A SHILLING TO SPARE

3. NOW I TOOK OUT MY GUN
WI' MY DOG I DID SHOOT
ALL DOWN BY THE BANKS O' THE TAY

4. SO COME FILL UP YOUR GLASSES
WI' BRANDY OR WINE
AND WHATEVER THE COST I WILL PAY

5. I'VE SPENT MANY'S THE NIGHT
AYE WI' BOTTLE AND FRIEND
WHO COULD ASK FOR ANYTHING MORE

6. NOW TO SCOTLAND MY HOME
I WILL LEANE IN THE DAWN
SO WE'LL DRINK TILL THE SOFT LIGHT OF DAY.

Jock Stewart (D)

Now, my name is Jock Stewart
I'm a canny gaun man,
And a roving young fellow, I've been.
So be easy and free
When you're drinkin wi' me.
I'm a man you don't meet every day.

I have acres of land;
I have men at command;
And I always have a shilling to spare.

Now, I took out my gun,
With my dog I did shoot,
All down by the banks of the Tay

So, come fill up your glasses
Wi' brandy and wine,
And whatever the cost, I will pay

I've spent many's the night
Aye wi' bottle and friend
Who could ask for anything more

Now to Scotland my home
I will leave in the dawn
So we'll drink till the soft light of day

Tune: https://youtu.be/PaoX-ageaNg?si=s4so5wqmKMpNGcYrtae

Mainly Norfolk: English Folk and Other Good Music

Joe Peel

[Peter Bond]

Peter Bond sang his own song *Joe Peel* in 1977 on his Trailer LP **It's All Right for Some**. The album's sleeve notes commented:

> Joe was a miner and ex-Rugby League player from Flimby in West Cumberland. Sicicosis forced him to give up work in the pit to work above ground but he never stopped doing things for people. The kindest man I've met—everyone knew Joe and everyone liked him.

June Tabor covered this song in 1980 on her and Martin Simpson's album **A Cut Above**. She was accompanied by Dave Bristow playing piano. This track was also included in June Tabor's 4CD anthology **Always**.

Lyrics

Workington way, when lads left school,
'Twas just the pit and foundry beckoned,
Young Joe went down to hew the coal,
But not for long, so some folks reckoned.
For Joe could tackle hard and Joe could run,
He only needed time for growing,
And soon he'd signed his name to play
And to the city moved away.

Now on the sports page he'd appear,
The idol of the local lasses.
Out on the field he played it fair
While all the girls made forward passes.
Until another match turned people's heads
Jarrow lads v ruling classes.
And with no future in it now
It's home again and up The Brow.

Back underground to hear no lark
For thirty years from dawn till evening,
Until the coal had left its mark
And to the bank the earth returned him,
No more to sweat his days out in the dark,
Some years on top the dust had earned him.
And all the while the sickness grew,
Still he'd ask what he could do for you.

He'd do odd jobs for one and all
Though snow was thick or rain was teeming
And all the world would seem to call:
The kettle never finished steaming,
"Reach up", he'd say, "By God, you're looking thin",
While mischief in his eyes was gleaming.

"If Lizzie thinks you're hungry still,
They'll be nowt for us in her will."

The day you left I stayed outside
With scalding tears, no comfort knowing.
We all turned up to say goodbye;
The church was filled to overflowing.
You'd never have believed it if you'd seen
How many people mourned your going,
And just how lucky folks still feel
To say they knew Joe Peel. ♦

Joe Peel

Peter Bond

Workington way, when lads left school,
'Twas just the pit and foundry beckoned,
Young Joe went down to hew the coal,
But not for long, so some folks reckoned.
For Joe could tackle hard and Joe could run,
He only needed time for growing,
And soon he'd signed his name to play
And to the city moved away.

Now on the sports page he'd appear,
The idol of the local lasses.
Out on the field he played it fair
While all the girls made forward passes.
Until another match turned all the heads –
Jarrow lads v ruling classes.
And with no future in it now
It's home again and up the brow.

Back underground to hear no lark
For thirty years from dawn till evening,
Until the coal had left its mark
And to the bank the earth returned him,
No more to sweat his days out in the dark,
Some years on top the dust had earned him.
And all the while the sickness grew,
Still he'd ask what he could do for you.

He'd do odd jobs for one and all
Though snow was thick or rain was teeming.
And all the world would seem to call;
The kettle never finished steaming.
"Reach up", he'd say, "By God, you're looking thin",
While mischief in his eyes was gleaming.
"If Lizzie thinks you're hungry still,
They'll be nowt for us in her will."

The day you left I stayed outside
With scalding tears, no comfort knowing.
We all turned up to say goodbye;
The church was filled to overflowing.
|: You'd never have believed it if you'd seen
How many people mourned your going,
And just how lucky folks still feel
To say they knew Joe Peel. :|

Tune: https://youtu.be/w8ipcgf1JoY?si=Iqs1CKs8eALxJEEB

Just a Hand to Hold

"When I heard the women wailing I looked down the street and saw a crowd gathering. Somebody called that a boy had been hit. John and I grabbed a blanket and ran to the scene. It was little David Anthony Lee, a boy in our pre-school program -- so little. He had lost a great deal of blood and was lying in it -- half on the pavement and half in the dirt. There was a large hole in his head with three or four pieces of skull embedded in it. His cap was in the middle of the street. A large elederly woman (his grandmother) dropped by his side wailing -- almost as a threat -- "So young." A few women collapsed and had to be helped away. And then everything was quiet, except for occasional sobs. It had been a hit and run murder.

"Now there is another little boy who comes to the Center, Timmy Chapel. And Timmy is the one who gave me the incentive to write JUST A HAND TO HOLD. I tried to write a song about David Anthony but I couldn't. But the feeling I have about David is in the song. You see, it is Timmy who always wanted to walk with me and hold my hand and be pushed on the merry-go-round. His is the face that is like a jewel -- and HE IS THE ONE WHO HAS ABOUT AS MUCH CHANCE TO MAKE IT IN THIS WORLD AS DID DAVID ANTHONY LEE. In some weird way I thought that by writing this song it might help give him the chance David Anthony did not have."

Mark Spoelstra

Words and music by Mark Spoelstra. ©1964 by Nina Music, division of Dyna Corp. Used by Permission. Appeared in N.Y. Broadside.



He was, he was only six years old
He was, he was only six years old
So I'd been told
He liked to play games
Push me on the swings
Push me on the merry-go-round
Go round and round.

Swing me, oh, swing me
  swing me all up and down
Spin me, oh, spin me
  spin me around and around
Till my feet touch the ground
He never was afraid
Cause he was brave and bold
And the only thing he ever
  asked for
Was a hand to hold.

It makes no difference where
  he's from or where he's bound
And it makes less difference if
  he's lost or been found.
He's dead and gone.
But there is no power
Anywhere in this land
Like the voice that used to say
Will you hold my hand.

There is a voice that rings
  loud throughout this land
There is a voice that speaks
  for the black and the tan,
And for all of man
It's young and it's old
It's brave and it's bold
And it can't be bought or be sold
-- Just a hand to hold.



Just a Hand to Hold

He was, He was a friend of mine,
He was, He was a friend of mine
Now he's dead and gone.
This morning my best friend
Lay still in his bed
His face like a jewel
And he was dead.

He was, he was only six years old
He was, he was only six years old
So I'd been told
He liked to play games
Push me on the swings
Push me on the merry-go-round
Go round and round.

Swing me, oh, swing me
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It's young and it's old
It's brave and it's bold
And it can't be bought or be sold
—Just a hand to hold.

Tune: https://youtu.be/uQM_gm6YZuA?si=1Ft0JUN_6ohFN1I1

"When I heard the women wailing I looked down the street and saw a crowd gathering. Somebody called that a boy had been hit. John and I grabbed a blanket and ran to the scene. It was little David Anthony Lee, a boy in our pre-school program—so little. He had lost a great deal of blood and was lying in it—half on the pavement and half in the dirt. There was a large hole in his head with three or four pieces of skull embedded in it. His cap was in the middle of the street. A large elderly woman (his grandmother) dropped by his side wailing—almost as a threat—"So young." A few women collapsed and had to be helped away. And then everything was quiet, except for occasional sobs. It had been a hit and run murder.
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Mark Spoelstra

(MARY BROOKSBANK)

(D+2)

THE JUTE MILL SONG

1. OH DEAR ME THE MILL'S GA'IN FAST
THE PUIR WEE SHIFTERS CANNA GET THEIR ~~REST~~
SHIFTIN' BOBBINS COORSE AND FINE
THEY FAIRLY MAK' YE WORK FOR YE'RE TEN AND NINE.

2. OH DEAR ME I WISH THE DAY WAS DONE
RINNIN' UP AND DOON THE PASS 'TISNAE FUN
SHIFTIN', ~~SPINNIN~~ PIECIN', SPINNIN', WARP, WEFT & TWINE
TAE FEED AND CLEED MY BAIRNIE AF'N TEN & NINE.

3. OH DEAR ME THE WORLD'S ILL DIVIDED
THEM THAT WORK THE HARDEST ARE THE LEAST PROVIDED
BUT I MAUN BIDE CONTENTED, DARK DAYS OR FINE
THERE'S NAE MUCH PLEASURE LIVIN' AFF'N TEN AND NINE

The Jute Mill Song (D+2)

Mary Brooksbank

D
Oh dear me the mills ga'in fast,
G D G A7
The puir wee shifters canna get their rest;
A7 D G
Shiftin bobbins, coorse and fine,
D G A7 D
They fairly mak' ye work for ye're ten and nine.

D
Oh dear me I wish the day was done,
G D G A7
Rinnin' up an doon the pass is nae fun;
D G
Shiftin, piecin', spinnin', warp, weft and twine,
D G A D
Tae feed and cleed ma bairnie aff'n ten and nine.

D
O dear me, the world's ill divided,
G D G A7
Them that work the hardest are the least provided;
A D G
But I maun bide contented, dark days or fine,
D G A
There's nae much pleasure livin' aff'n ten and nine.

Tune: https://youtu.be/5brQCPxxlSM

THE KING (F)

1. JOY HEALTH LOVE AND PEACE
BE ALL HERE IN THIS PLACE
BY YOUR LEAVE WILL SING
CONCERNING OUR KING.

2. OUR KING IS WELL DRESSED
IN THE SILKS OF THE BEST
IN RIBBONS SO RARE
NO KING CAN COMPARE

3. WE HAVE TRAVELLED MANY MILES
OVER HEDGES AND STILES
IN SEARCH OF OUR KING
UNTO YOU WE BRING.

4. WE HAVE POWDER AND SHOT
TO CONQUER THE LOT
WE HAVE CANNON AND BALL
TO CONQUER THEM ALL.

5. O, CHRISTMAS IS PAST
TWELTH TIDE IS THE LAST
AND WE BID YOU ADIEU
GREAT JOY TO THE NEW.

The King (F)

Joy, health, love, and peace
Be all here in this place
By your leave, we will sing
Concerning our king

Our king is well dressed,
In the silks of the best
In ribbons so rare,
No king can compare

We have travelled many miles,
Over hedges and stiles
In search of our king,
Unto you we bring

We have powder and shot
To conquer the lot
We have cannon and ball
To conquer them all

Old Christmas is past,
Twelvetide is the last
And we bid you adieu,
Great joy to the new

Tune: https://youtu.be/6xJ8c63TvgI?si=-3-KykefBtF1PocL

(D)

MORMOND BRAES

1. AS I GAED IN BY STRICHEN TOON
I HEARD A FAIR MAID MOURNIN'
AND SHE WAS MAKIN' SAIR COMPLAINT
FOR HER TRUE LOVE NE'ER RETURNIN'.

CHO. SAE FARE YE WEEL YE MORMOND BRAES
WHERE ART TIMES I'VE BEEN CHEERY
FARE YE WEEL YE MORMOND BRAES
FOR IT'S THERE I LOST MY DEARIE.

2. THERE'S AS GUID FISH INTAE THE SEA
AS EVER YET WAS TAKEN
SO I'LL CAST MY NET AN' TRY AGAIN
FOR I'M ONLY ANCE FORSAKEN.

3. THERE'S MONY A HORSE HAS SNAPPERT AN' FA'N
AN' RISEN AGAIN FU' RARELY
THERE'S MONY A LASS HAS LOST HER LAD
AN' GOTTEN ANITHER RICHT EARLY.

4. SAE I'LL PUT ON MY GOON O' GREEN
FOR IT'S A FORSAKEN TOKEN
AN' THAT WILL LET THE YOUNG LADS KEN
THAT THE BONDS O' LOVE ARE BROKEN

5. SAE I'LL GYANG BACK TAE STRICHENTOON
WHAUR I WAS BRED AN' BORN IN
AN' THERE I'LL GET ANITHER TRUE LOVE
WILL MARRY ME IN THE MORNING.

Mormond Braes (D)

D G D
1. As I gaed in by Strichen Toon,
A
I heard a fair maid mournin'
D G D
And she was makin sair complaint,
D A D
For her true love ne'er returnin'

Chorus

Sae fare ye weel, ye Mormond Braes
Where aft times I've been cheery
Fare ye weel ye Mormond Braes
For it's there I lost my dearie

2. There's as guid fish intae the sea
As ever yet was taken
So I'll cast my net an' try again
For I'm only aince forsaken

3. There's mony a horse has snappert an' fa'n
An' risen again fu' rarely
There's mony a lass has lost her lad
An' gotten anither richt early

4. Sae I'll put on my goon o' green
For it's a forsaken token
An' that will let the young men know
That the bonds o' love are broken

5. Sae I'll gyang bacl tae Strichen Toon
Whair I was bred an' born
An' there I'll get anither true love
Will marry me in the morning

Tune: https://youtu.be/0sdcGuqJZWo?si=X6QhsDXke6XG3FrS


My Wild Irish Rose
Chauncey Olcott
If you listen I'll sing you a melody I know Of a flo wer that's never seen by the day, Yet
Anyone sing of her, one or two more, Would immediately re cord it to my say, But
dear er to me, yes, than all of the rest, Though mer chil dren I have three one name is dear a way. For
D7 G B7 Em A7 D7
giv en to me by a girl fair I know, Sincere and faith ful to me you, She is
you are shy where'er I ram ble, Be true to me where my true love you are, And my
dear er by far than the world's high est star, And I call her my Wild I rish Rose. My
one white hair tone but some day I may wed, She sweet as my Wild I rish Rose.
Wild I rish Rose. The sweet est flow'r that grows. You may
search or ly where but none can com pare with my Wild I rish Rose. My
Wild I rish Rose. The dear est flow'r that grows. And some
day for my sake, she may let me take The kisses from my Wild I rish Rose.

My Wild Irish Rose

Chauncey Olcott

If you'll listen, I'll sing you a sweet little song,
Of a flower that's now drooped and dead,
Yet dearer to me, yes, than all of its mates,
Tho' each holds aloft its proud head.

'Twas given to me by a girl that I know,
Since we've met, faith, I've known no repose,
She is dearer by far than the world's brightest star,
And I call her my wild Irish Rose

Chorus

My wild Irish Rose,
The sweetest flow'r that grows,
You may search ev'rywhere,
But none can compare
With my wild Irish Rose.

My wild Irish Rose,
The dearest flow'r that grows,
And some day for my sake,
She may let me take
The bloom from my wild Irish Rose.

They may sing of their roses which, by other names,
Would smell just as sweetly, they say,
But I know that my Rose would never consent
To have that sweet name taken away.

Her glances are shy when e'er I pass by
The bower, where my true love grows;
And my one wish has been that some day I may win
The heart of my wild Irish Rose.

Tune: https://youtu.be/akG_mAp1jpw?si=dhV1HM1izseBW8p9

Words by Violet Jacobs (1922)
Tune by Jim Reid (1983)

Norland Wind

1. Oh tell me what was on your road, ye roarin' Norland wind?
As ye came roarin' frae the North, that's never frae my mind
My feet they've travelled England, but I'm doon for the North
Oh man, I saw the siller tides rin up the Firth o' Forth.

2. Aye, wind I ken them weel enough an' fine they fa' and rise
An' frae the fields o' creepin' mist on yonder shore that lies
But tell me as ye pass them by what saw ye on your way?
Oh man, I saw Roch the Rovin' Gulls that sail abin the Tay.

3. But saw ye naethin' leein' wind afore ye came the Fife?
For there's muckle lyin' yont the Tay that's nair to me than life
Aye man I swept the Angus braes that ye hanena trod for years
Oh wind, whaur gae a hameless loon that canna see for tears.

4. And far abune the Angus straths I saw the wild geese flee
In lang, lank skein o' beatin' wings, wi' their heids towards the sea
And aye their roarin' voices trailed ahint them on the air
Oh wind hae mercy, haud your wheesht, for I daurna listen mair.

Norland Wind

Words by Violet Jacobs (1922) Tune by Jim Reid (1983)

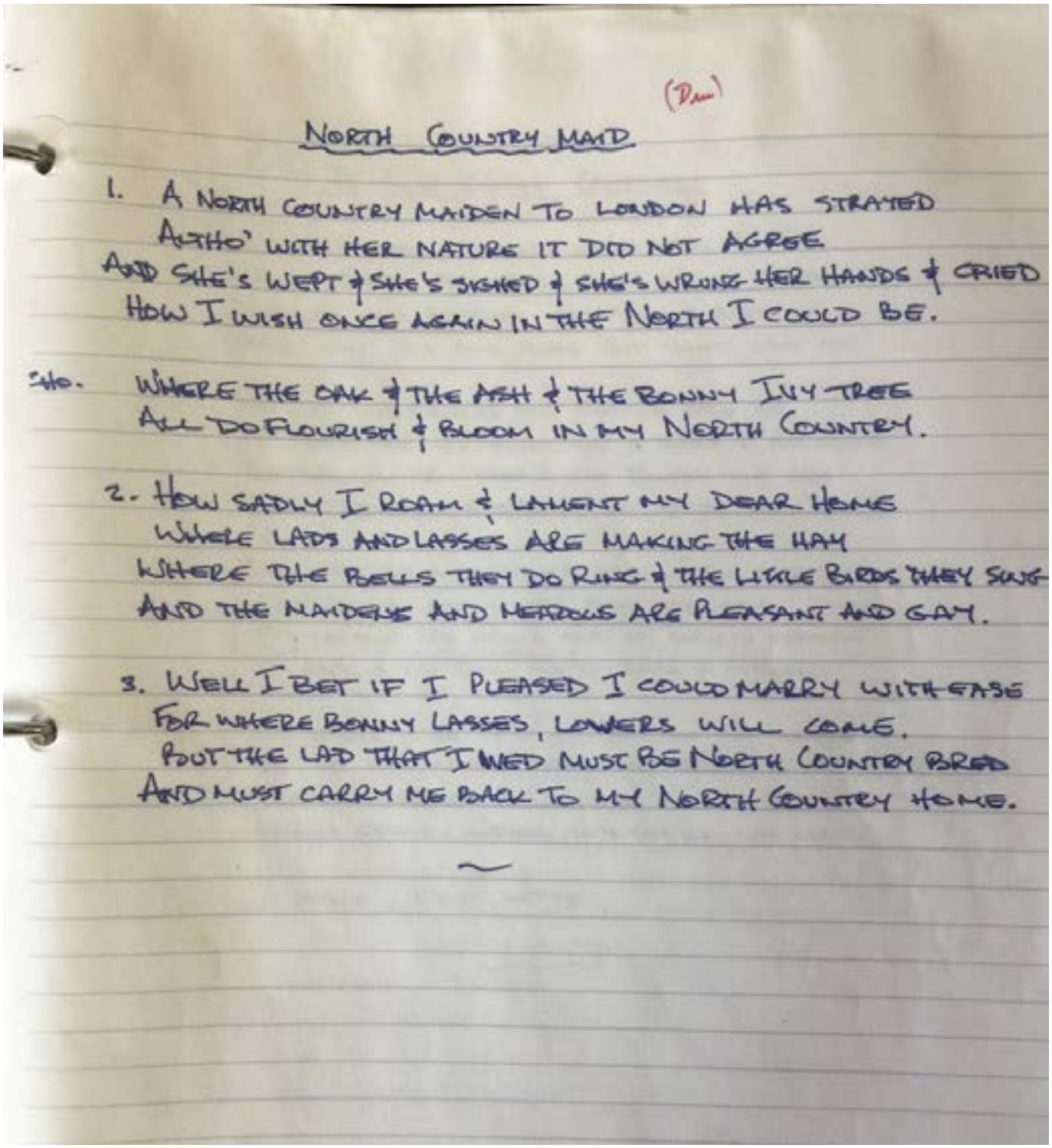
1. Oh tell me what was on your road, ye roarin' Norland wind?
   As ye came blowin frae the north, that's never frae ma mind
   My feet they've travelled England, but I'm dee'in for the North."
   Oh man, I saw the siller tides rin up the Firth o' Forth."

2. Aye wind, I ken them weel enough, an' fine they fa' and rise
   An' fain the fields o' creepin' mist on yonder shore that lies
   But tell me as ye pass them by, what saw ye on your way?
   Oh man, I roch the rovin' gulls that sail abin the Tay.

3. But saw ye naethin' leein' wind afore ye cam tae Fife?
   For there's muckle lyin yont the Tay that's mair to me than life
   Aye man I swept the Angus braes that ye havena trod for years
   Oh wind, whaur gae a hameless loon that canna see for tears

4. And far above the Angus straths I saw the wild geese flee
   A lang, lank skein o' beatin' wings wi' their heids toward the sea
   And aye their roarin' voices trailed ahint them on the air
   Oh wind hae mercy haud your wheesht for I darnae listen mair

Tune: https://youtu.be/PA9SKxMNWdo?si=xuo_UxvXqt7MRvtM



(D♭m)

NORTH COUNTRY MAID

1. A NORTH COUNTRY MAIDEN TO LONDON HAS STRAYED
ALTHO' WITH HER NATURE IT DID NOT AGREE
AND SHE'S WEPT & SHE'S SIGHED & SHE'S WRUNG HER HANDS & CRIED
HOW I WISH ONCE AGAIN IN THE NORTH I COULD BE.

2no. WHERE THE OAK & THE ASH & THE BONNY IVY TREE
ALL DO FLOURISH & BLOOM IN MY NORTH COUNTRY.

2. HOW SADLY I ROAM & LAMENT MY DEAR HOME
WHERE LADS AND LASSES ARE MAKING THE HAY
WHERE THE BELLS THEY DO RING & THE LITTLE BIRDS THEY SING
AND THE MAIDENS AND HEIFERS ARE PLEASANT AND GAY.

3. WELL I BET IF I PLEASED I COULD MARRY WITH EASE
FOR WHERE BONNY LASSES, LOVERS WILL COME.
BUT THE LAD THAT I WED MUST BE NORTH COUNTRY BRED
AND MUST CARRY ME BACK TO MY NORTH COUNTRY HOME.

~

North Country Maid (Dm)

A north country maiden to London has strayed
Altho' with her nature it did not agree
And she's wept and she's sighed and she's wrung her hands and cried
How I wish once again in the North I could be

Chorus:
Where the oak and the ash and the bonny ivy tree
All do flourish and bloom in my North Country

How sadly I roam and lament my dear home
Where lads and lasses are making the hay
Where the bells they do ring and the little birds they sing
And the maidens and meadows are pleasant and gay.

Chorus:

Well I bet if I pleased I could marry with ease
For where bonnie lasses, lovers will come
But the lad that I wed must be North Country bred
And must carry me back to my North Country home.

Chorus:

Tune: https://youtu.be/yM_1gLvySHw
[song starts at 0:45]

The Ploughman Lads

1. In yonder glen there's a ploughman lad
And some summer's day he'll be a' mine a.

Chorus: Singin' laddie aye, singin' laddie o
The ploughman laddie's aye a' the go

2. Doon yonder glen comes a Gourock merchant
But wi' a' his goods he's nae wealth a groat.

3. Doon yonder glen comes a dusty miller
But wi' a' his dust it wadna mak' me bonie.

4. Oh I see him comin' frae doon the toon
Wi' a' his ribbons a-hangin doon

5. Oh I love his face and I love his chin
I love the bonnie cadet that he wears in.

6. In yonder glen there's a ploughman lad
An' some summer's day he'll be a' mine.

The Plooman Lads

1. In yonder glen there's a plooman lad
   And some simmer's day he'll be all my ain.

Chorus

Singing laddie-aye, and sing laddie-O,
The Plooman laddie's are a' the go.

2. Doon yonder glen, comes a gudena merchant
   But wi' his goods he's nae worth a groat.

3. Doon yonder glen comes a dusty miller,
   But wi' a' his dust it would mak' ye choke.

4. Oh see him comin' frae doon the toon
   Wi' all his ribbons a-hanging doon.

5. Oh I love his face and I love his chin,
   I love the bonnie cart that he hurls in.

6. In yonder glen there's a plooman lad
   An' some simmers day he'll be a' my ain

Tune: https://youtu.be/BP1J23Pd7tg?si=8q0b2qbhmxpy_2GS

ROLLING HOME (G)

1. CALL ALL HANDS TO MAN THE CAPSTAN
SEE THE CABLE RUNNING CLEAR
HEAVE AWAY & WITH A WILL BOYS
FOR OLD ENGLAND WE WILL STEER

CHO. ROLLING HOME, ROLLING HOME, ROLLING HOME ACROSS THE SEA
ROLLING HOME TO DEAR OLD ENGLAND, ROLLING HOME DEAR LAND TO THEE

2. FARE YOU WELL, YOU SPANISH MAIDENS
IT IS TIME TO SAY ADIEU
HAPPY TIMES WE'VE SPENT TOGETHER
HAPPY TIMES WE'VE SPENT WITH YOU.

3. ROUND CAPE HORN ONE FROSTY MORNING
WHEN OUR SAILS WERE FILLED WITH SNOW
CLEAR YOUR SHEETS & BRACE YOUR HALLIARDS
SWING HER OUT AND LET HER GO.

4. UP ALOFT AMID THE RIGGING
BLOWS A WILD AND RUSHING GALE
LIKE A MONSOON IN THE SPRING TIME
FILLING OUT EACH WELL KNOWN SAIL

5. AND THE WAVES WE LEAVE BEHIND US
SEEM TO MURMUR AS THEY FLOW
THERE'S A HEARTY WELCOME WAITING
IN THAT LAND TO WHICH WE GO.

6. MANY THOUSAND MILES BEHIND US
MANY THOUSAND MILES BEFORE
OCEAN LIFTS HER WINDS TO BRING US
TO THAT WELL REMEMBERED SHORE.

Rolling Home (G)

G
Call all hands to man the capstan
C
See the cable running clear
D G
Heave away, an' with a will boys
D C G
For ol' England we will steer,

Rolling home, rolling home,
Rolling home across the sea,
Rolling home to dear Old England,
Rolling home, dear land, to thee.

Fare you well, you Spanish maidens
It is time to say adieu
Happy times we've spent together
Happy times we've spent with you.

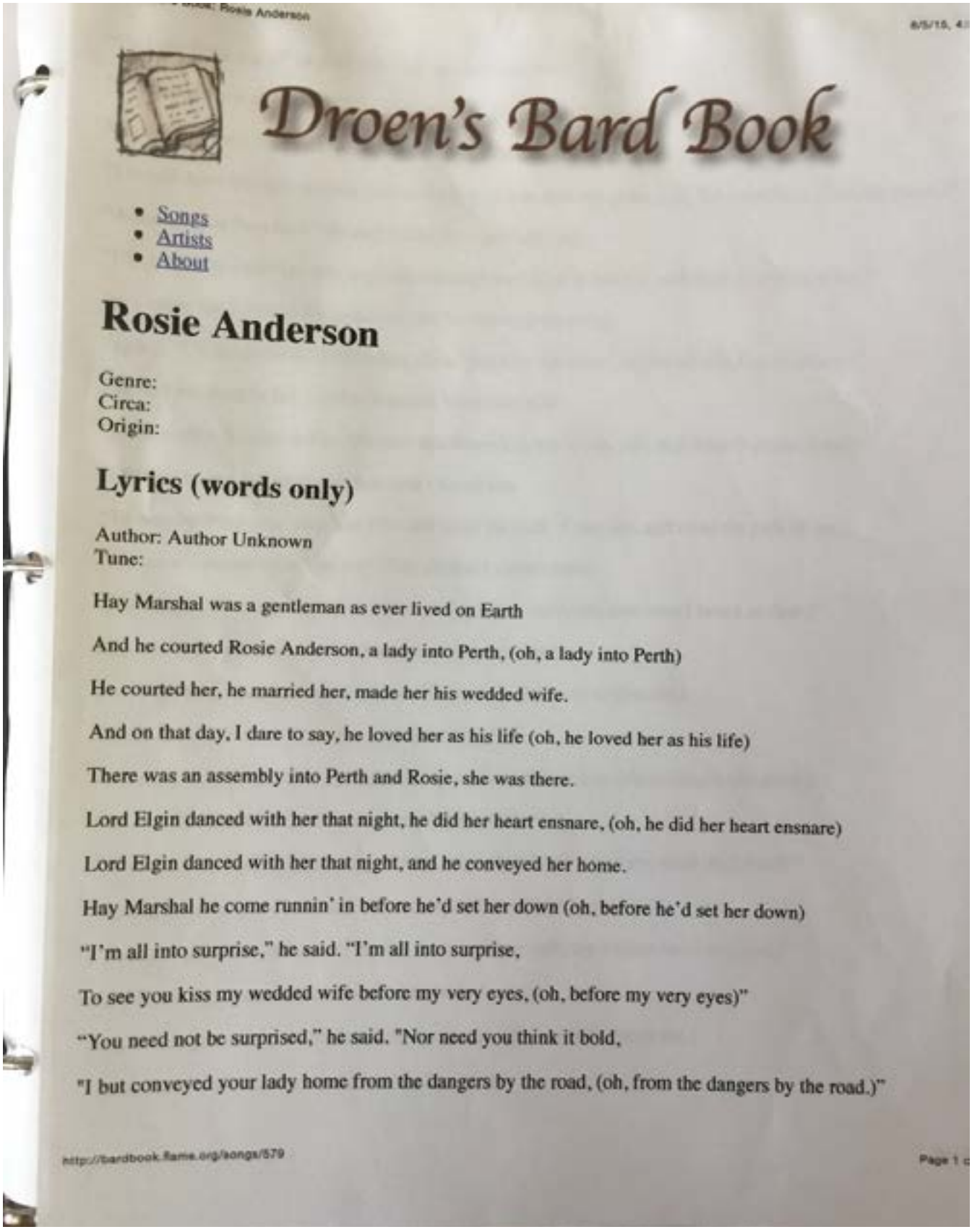
G
Round Cape Horn one frosty morning,
C
When our sails were filled with snow
D G
Clear your sheets and brace your halliards'
D C G
Swing her out and let her go!

Up aloft amid the rigging
Blows a wild and rushing gale,
Like a monsoon in the springtime,
Filling out each well known sail.

G
And the waves we leave behind us,
C
Seem to murmur as they flow,
D G
There's a hearty welcome waiting,
D C G
In that land to which we go.

G
Many thousand miles behind us
C
Many thousand miles before
D G
Ocean lifts her winds to bring us
D C G
To that well remembered shore.

Tune: https://youtu.be/1-D5AQP_i6A?si=f1F7TX3a170iJfw5



Rosie Anderson 8/5/15, 4:

Droen's Bard Book

- Songs
- Artists
- About

Rosie Anderson

Genre:
Circa:
Origin:

Lyrics (words only)

Author: Author Unknown
Tune:

Hay Marshal was a gentleman as ever lived on Earth

And he courted Rosie Anderson, a lady into Perth, (oh, a lady into Perth)

He courted her, he married her, made her his wedded wife.

And on that day, I dare to say, he loved her as his life (oh, he loved her as his life)

There was an assembly into Perth and Rosie, she was there.

Lord Elgin danced with her that night, he did her heart ensnare, (oh, he did her heart ensnare)

Lord Elgin danced with her that night, and he conveyed her home.

Hay Marshal he come runnin' in before he'd set her down (oh, before he'd set her down)

"I'm all into surprise," he said. "I'm all into surprise,

To see you kiss my wedded wife before my very eyes, (oh, before my very eyes)"

"You need not be surprised," he said. "Nor need you think it bold,

"I but conveyed your lady home from the dangers by the road, (oh, from the dangers by the road.)"

http://bardbook.flame.org/songs/579 Page 1

Rosie Anderson

Hay Marshall was a gentleman as ever lived on earth
And he courted Rosie Anderson, a lady into Perth (oh, a lady into Perth)
He courted her, he married her, made her his wedded wife
And on that day, I dare to say, he loved her as his life (oh, he loved her as his life)

There was an assembly into Perth and Rosie she was there
Lord Elgin danced with her that night, he did her heart ensnare (oh....)
Lord Elgin danced with her that night and he conveyed her home
Hay Marshall he came running in before he'd set her down (oh...)

"I'm all into surprise," he said, "I'm all into surprise
To see you kiss my wedded wife before my very eyes"
"You need not be surprised," he said, "nor need you think it bold
I but conveyed your lady home from the dangers by the road"

"Had she not a maid," he said, "or had she not a guide?
Oh, had she not a candle? Then of what was she afraid"
Young Betsy she was sent for, the truth for to rehearse
"I would have brought my lady home, but Lord Elgin took my place"

"Although you be a lord," he said, "And I but a provost's son
I'll make you smart for this, my lord, although you think it fun"
He's taken his Rosie by the hand and led her through the room
Saying, "I'll send you to fair London, till all this fuss die down"

She had not been in fair London a month but barely nine
When word is come to Hay Marshall that Rosie's gotten a son
"Oh woe be to your roses red, that ever I loved you
To wander from your own true love and tread the path of rue"

"My meat I cannot take," he said, "My clothes I cannot wear
For thinking of Rosie Anderson that once I loved so dear"
Hay Marshall's on to fair London with money in his hand
For to get him witnesses, his Rosie to divorce

A lady from a window high was spying with a glass
And what did she see but a light grey gown rolling in the grass
Hay Marshall had twenty witnesses and Rosie had but two
"Woe's me," cried Rosie Anderson, "Alas, what shall I do"

"Spring is coming on," she said, "some regiments will be here
I'll maybe get some officer, my broken heart to cheer"
Now Rosie's gotten an officer but he has proved untrue
And he has gone and left her, her folly for to rue

"In bedlam I must lie my lay, in bedlam I must cry
In bedlam I must lie" she said, "and in bedlam I must die"
Come all ye ladies young and fair and a warning take by me
Never to leave your own husband o'er any that you see."

Tune: https://youtu.be/pzMXDwsuxxk?si=VaPsjlgwenOKMQiy

"Had she not a maid," he said. "Or had she not a guide?

"Oh, had she not a candle? Then of what was she afraid, (oh, then of what was she afraid?)"

Young Betsy, she was sent for, the truth for to rehearse

"I would have brought my lady home, but Lord Elgin took my place, (oh, but Lord Elgin took my place.)"

"Although you be a lord," he said "and I but a provost's son,

"I'll make you smart for this, my lord, although you think it fun, (oh, although you think it fun.)"

He's taken his Rosie by the hand, and led her through the room.

Saying, "I'll send you to fair London, till all this fuss die down, (oh,till all this fuss die down.)"

She had not been in fair London a month but barely nine

When word has come to Hay Marshal that Rosie's gotten a son, (oh, that Rosie's gotten a son.)

"Oh woe be to your roses red, that ever I loved you

"To wander from your own true love and tread the path of rue, (oh, and tread the path of rue.)

"My meat I cannot take," he said. "My clothes I cannot wear.

"For thinkin' of Rosie Anderson that once I loved so dear, (oh, that once I loved so dear.)"

Hay Marshal's on to fair London with money in his hand.

For to get him witnesses, his Rosie to divorce, (oh, his Rosie to divorce.)

A lady from a window high was spying with a glass

And what did she see but a light gray gown rolling in the grass, (oh, rolling in the grass.)

Hay Marshal had twenty witnesses and Rosie had but two

"Woe's me!" cries Rosie Anderson "Alas, what shall I do? (oh, Alas, what shall I do?)"

"Spring is coming on," she said. "Some regiments will be here.

I'll maybe get some officer my broken heart to cheer, (oh, my broken heart to cheer.)"

Now Rosie's gotten an officer but he has proved untrue

And he has gone and left her, her folly for to rue, (oh, her folly for to rue.)

"In bedlam I must lie my lay, In bedlam I must cry,

"In bedlam I must lie," she said "and in bedlam I must die, (oh and in bedlam I must die.)"

Come all ye ladies young and fair and a warning take by me...

Never to leave your own husband o'er any that you see, (oh, o'er any that you see.)

Sheet Music (may contain lyrics)

None

Back

Collection of songs gathered by Heather Graff from many sources. Site design © Michael Graff.

ROUT OF THE BLUES

As I crossed over Salisbury Plain,'Twas a dainty fine sight I behold,All the lasses were crying and tearing their hair‖: Oh the rout has just come for the Blues. :‖

Then each one home to their mothers do run,Saying, "My heart is undone, it is true,I'll pack up my clothes without more delay‖: And boldly I'll march with the Blues." :‖

The landlord and landlady walks hand in hand,And so do they pretty girls too,And each one pours out a bottle of gin‖: To drink a good health to the Blues :‖

Our ship she is rigged and we all set sail,And sweetly the French horns play tooAnd each one sets up a loud huzzah‖: "Success to King George and his Blues." :‖

They're as gallant young fellows as ever you'll see,Though you search bonny Britain all through.When dressed in His Majesty's suit you'll agree‖: There's none can compare with the Blues. :‖

Rout of the Blues

As I crossed over Salisbury Plain,
'Twas a dainty fine sight I behold,
All the lasses were crying and tearing their hair,
Oh the rout has just come for the Blues. Oh the rout has just come for the Blues.

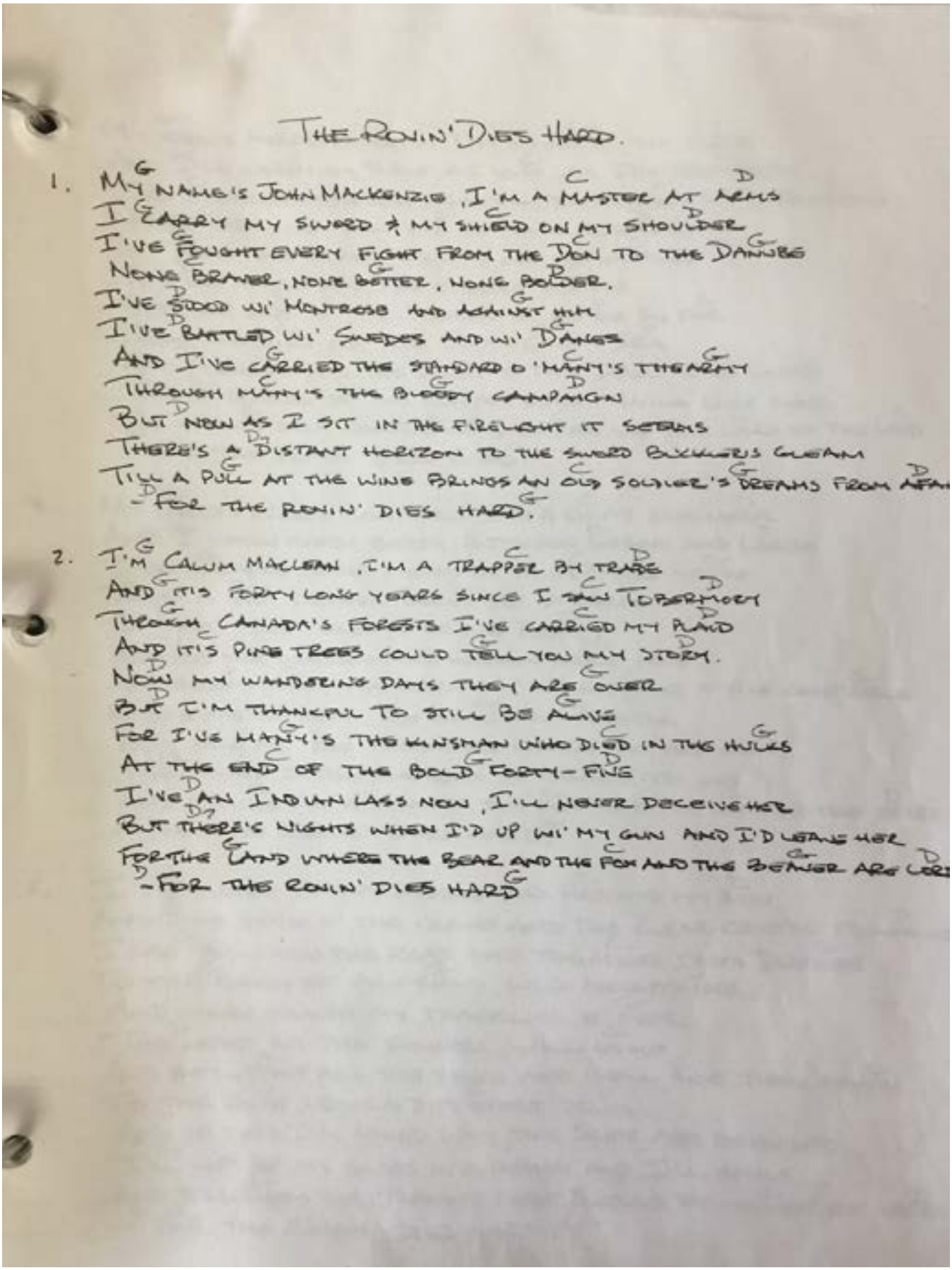
Then each one home to their mothers do run,
Saying, "My heart is undone, it is true,
I'll pack up my clothes without more delay
And boldly I'll march with the Blues." And boldly I'll march with the Blues.

The landlord and landlady walks hand in hand,
And so do they pretty girls too,
And each one pours out a bottle of gin
To drink a good health to the Blues. To drink a good health to the Blues.

Our ship she is rigged and we all set sail,
And sweetly the French horns play too
And each one sets up a loud huzzah,
"Success to King George and his Blues." Success to King George and his Blues.

They're as gallant young fellows as ever you'll see,
Though you search bonny Britain all through.
When dressed in His Majesty's suit you'll agree
There's none can compare with the Blues. There's none can compare with the Blues.

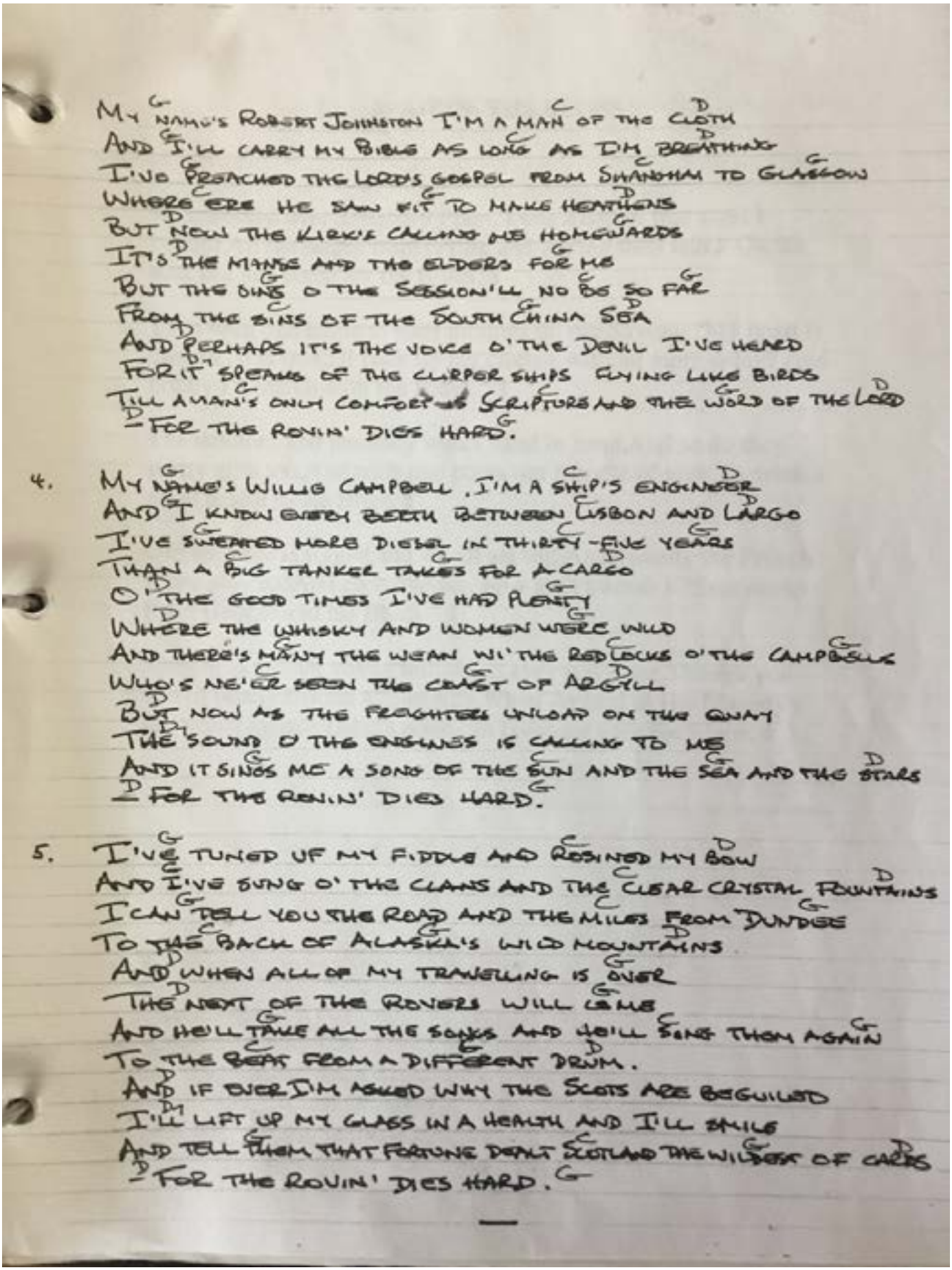
Tune: https://youtu.be/LRi3g_c6Xz4?si=67UHSgV5ZsBpcjzK



THE RONIN' DIES HARD.

1. MY NAME'S JOHN MACKENZIE, I'M A MASTER AT ARMS
I CARRY MY SWORD & MY SHIELD ON MY SHOULDER
I'VE FOUGHT EVERY FIGHT FROM THE DON TO THE DANUBE
NONE BRAVER, NONE BETTER, NONE BOLDER.
I'VE STOOD WI' MONTROSE AND AGAINST HIM
I'VE BATTLED WI' SWEDES AND WI' DANES
AND I'VE CARRIED THE STANDARD O' MANY'S THE ARMY
THROUGH MANY'S THE BLOODY CAMPAIGN
BUT NOW AS I SIT IN THE FIRELIGHT IT SEEMS
THERE'S A DISTANT HORIZON TO THE SWORD BLADE'S GLEAM
TILL A PULL AT THE WINE BRINGS AN OLD SOLDIER'S DREAMS FROM AFAR
- FOR THE RONIN' DIES HARD.

2. I'M CALUM MACLEAN, I'M A TRAPPER BY TRADE
AND IT'S FORTY LONG YEARS SINCE I SAW TOBERMORY
THROUGH CANADA'S FORESTS I'VE CARRIED MY PLAID
AND IT'S PINE TREES COULD TELL YOU MY STORY.
NOW MY WANDERING DAYS THEY ARE OVER
BUT I'M THANKFUL TO STILL BE ALIVE
FOR I'VE MANY'S THE KINSMAN WHO DIED IN THE HULKS
AT THE END OF THE BOLD FORTY-FIVE
I'VE AN INDIAN LASS NOW, I'LL NEVER DECEIVE HER
BUT THERE'S NIGHTS WHEN I'D UP WI' MY GUN AND I'D LEAVE HER
FOR THE LAND WHERE THE BEAR AND THE FOX AND THE BEAVER ARE LORD
- FOR THE RONIN' DIES HARD



My name's Robert Johnston I'm a man of the cloth
And I'll carry my Bible as long as I'm breathing
I've preached the Lord's Gospel from Shanghai to Glasgow
Where'er He saw fit to make heathens
But now the Kirk's calling me homewards
It's the manse and the elders for me
But the sins o the session'll no be so far
From the sins of the South China Sea
And perhaps it's the voice o' the Devil I've heard
For it speaks of the clipper ships flying like birds
Till a man's only comfort is Scripture and the word of the Lord
– For the Rovin' dies hard.

4. My name's Willie Campbell, I'm a ship's engineer
And I know every berth between Lisbon and Largo
I've swapped Mobil Diesel in thirty-five years
Than a big tanker takes for a cargo
O' the good times I've had plenty
Where the whisky and women were wild
And there's many the wean wi' the red locks o' the Campbells
Who's ne'er seen the coast of Argyll
But now as the freighters unload on the quay
The sound o' the engines is calling to me
And it sings me a song of the sun and the sea and the stars
– For the Rovin' dies hard.

5. I've tuned up my fiddle and rosined my bow
And I've sung o' the clans and the clear crystal fountains
I can tell you the road and the miles from Dundee
To the back of Alaska's wild mountains
And when all of my travelling is over
The next of the rovers will come
And he'll take all the songs and he'll sing them again
To the beat from a different drum.
And if ever I'm asked why the Scots are beguiled
I'll lift up my glass in a health and I'll smile
And tell them that fortune dealt Scotland the wildest of cards
– For the Rovin' dies hard.

The Rovin' Dies Hard

(Brian McNeill)

G C D
My name's John Mackenzie, I'm a master-at-arms
G C D
I carry my sword and my shield on my shoulder
G C D
I've fought every fight from the Don to the Danube
C G D
None braver, none better, none bolder
D G
I've stood with Montrose and against him
D G
I've battled with Swedes and with Danes
G C G
And I've carried the standard o' many's the army
C G D
Through many's the bloody campaign
D
But now as I sit in the firelight it seems
D7
There's a distant horizon to the sword buckle's gleam
G C D G
Till a pull at the wine brings an old soldier's dreams from afar
D G
For the rovin' dies hard

G C D
I'm Calum McLean, I'm a trapper by trade
G C D
And it's forty long years since I saw Tobermory
G C D
Through Canada's forests I've carried my plaid
C G D
And its pine trees could tell you my story
D G
Now my wandering days they are over
D G
But I'm thankful to still be alive
G C G
For I've many's the kinsman who died in the hulks
C G D
At the end of the bold forty-five
D
I've an Indian lass now, I'll never deceive her
D7
But there's nights when I'd up with my gun and I'd leave her
G C D G
For the land where the bear and the fox and the beaver are lord
D G
For the rovin' dies hard

My name's Robert Johnston, I'm a man of the cloth
And I'll carry my Bible as long as I'm breathing
I've preached the Lord's Gospel from Shanghai to Glasgow
Where'er He saw fit to make heathens
But now the Kirk's calling me homewards
It's the manse and the elders for me
But the sins of the Session will no' be sofar
From the sins of the South China Seas
And perhaps it's the voice of the Devil I'e heard
For it speaks of the clipper ships flying like birds
Till a man's only comfort is Scripture and the word of the Lord
For the rovin' dies hard

My name's Willie Campbell, I'm a ship's engineer
And I know every berth between Lisbon and Largo
I've sweated more diesel in thirty-five years
Than a big tanker takes for a cargo
Of the good times I've always had plenty
When the whisky and the women were wild
And there's many's the wean wi' the red lock o' the Campbells
Who's ne'er seen the coast of Argyll
But now as the freighters unload on the quay
The sound of the engines is calling to me
And it sings me a song of the sun and the sea and the stars
For the rovin' dies hard
Stream Albums

I've tuned up my fiddle, and I've rosined my bow
And I've sung of the clans and the clear crystal fountains
I can tell you the road and the miles frae Dundee
To the back of Alaska's wild mountains
And when my travelling days they are over
And the next of the rovers has come
He'll take all my songs and he'll sing them again
To the beat of a different drum
And if ever I'm asked why the Scots ae beguiled
I'll lift up my glass in a health, and I'll smile
And I'll tell them that fortune's dealt Scotland the wildest of cards
For the rovin' dies hard

Tune: https://youtu.be/83unOfkJkik?si=BSZuOV6-vytzfvp9

THE ROVIN' PLOUGHBOY

1. COME SADDLE THE HIS MY AULD GRAY MARE
COME SADDLE THE ME MY PONY - O
I'LL TAKE THE ROAD AND I'M GAUN FAR AWA
AWA WI' MY ROVIN' PLOUGHBOY - O.

CHO. PLOUGHBOY - O, PLOUGHBOY - O
I'LL FOLLOW THE ROVIN PLOUGHBOY - O.

2. LAST NIGHT I SLEPT IN A FINE FEATHER BED
SHEETS AND BLANKETS SAE COFT - O
TONIGHT I HAUN LIE IN A CAULD BARN SHED
ROWED IN THE ARMS O' MY PLOUGHBOY - O

3. CHAMPION PLOUGHBOY MY GEORDIE - O
CUPS AND MEDALS AND PRIZES - O
IN BONNY DENEROLSIDE THERE'S NONE CAN COMPARE
WI' MY JOLLY ROVIN' PLOUGHBOY - O.

4. SO FARE ME WEEL THE AULD HUNTLY TOWN
FARE HE WEEL DRUMDELGH - O
FOR I'M ON THE ROAD AN' I'M GAUN FAR AWA
AWA WI' MY ROVIN' PLOUGHBOY - O.

The Rovin' Ploughboy

1. Come saddle tae me my auld grey mare
   Come saddle tae me my pony-O
   An I'll tak the road and I'm goun far awa
   Awa wi' my rovin' ploughboy-O

Chorus

Ploughboy-O, ploughboy-O
I'll follow the rovin ploughboy-O

2. Last night I lay in a fine feather bed
   Sheets and blankets sae cosy-O
   Tonight I maun lie in a cauld barn shed
   Rowed in the airms o' my ploughboy-O

3. Champion ploughboy, my Geordie-O
   Cups and medals and prizes-O
   In bonny Deveronside, there's nane can compare
   Wi' my jolly rovin' ploughboy-O

4. So fare ye weel tae auld Huntly toon
   Fare ye weel Drumdelgie-O
   For I'm on the road an' I'm gaun far awa
   Awa wi' my rovin ploughboy-O

Tune: https://youtu.be/1i9xniAZaOI?si=l4tGtvLUJU-EQA2r

SAE WILL WE YET

1. SIT DOON HERE MY LOOLIES AND GIE US YOUR CRACK
LET THE WIND TAK' THE CARE O' THIS LIFE ON ITS BACK.
FOR OOR HEARTS TAE DESPONDONCH WE WILL NEVER SUBMIT
FER WE'VE AYE BEEN PROVIDED FOR AND SAE WILL WE YET

CHO AND SAE WILL WE YET AND SAE WILL WE YET
FOR WE'VE AYE BEEN PROVIDED FOR AND SAE WILL WE YET
(REPEAT LAST LINE OF EACH VERSE)

2. SO FILL UP A TANKARD O' HAPPY FERMAN ALE
IT'LL COMFORT OUR HEARTS AND ENLIVEN THE TALE
FOR WE'LL AYE BE THE MERRIER THE LANGER THAT WE SIT
FOR WE DRANK THE GITHER MONY'S A TIME AND SAE WILL WE YET.

3. HERE'S A HEALTH TAE THE FARMER AND PROSPER HIS PLOOS
REWARDING HIS ARDOUR TILL A' THE YEAR THROUGH
FOR HIS SEEDTIME AND HARVEST WE EVER WILL GET
FOR WE'VE LIPPENED AYE TAE PROVIDENCE AND SAE WILL WE YET

4. SO FILL UP YOOR GLASS LET THE BOTTLE GAE ROOND
FOR THE SUN IT WILL RISE THOUGH THE MOON HAS GANE DOON
AND THO' THE ROOM BE RUNNIN' ROOND ABOOT IT'S TIME ENOUGH TAE FLIT
WHEN WE FELL WE AYE GOT UP AGAIN AND SAE WILL WE YET.

Sae Will We Yet

D A G
Sit doun here my cronies, and gie us your crack
D A D
Let the wind tak the cares o this life on its back
D G A
For oor hairts tae despondency we never will submit
D A G A
For we've aye been provided for, and sae will we yet

Chorus
D A G
And sae will we yet, and sae will we yet
D A G A
For we've aye been provided for, and sae will we yet

So fill up a tankard o' nappy brown ale
It'll comfort our hearts and enliven the tale
For we'll aye be the merrier the langer that we sit
For we drank the gither mony's a time, and sae will we yet

And sae will we yet, and sae will we yet
For we drank the gither mony's a time, and sae will we yet

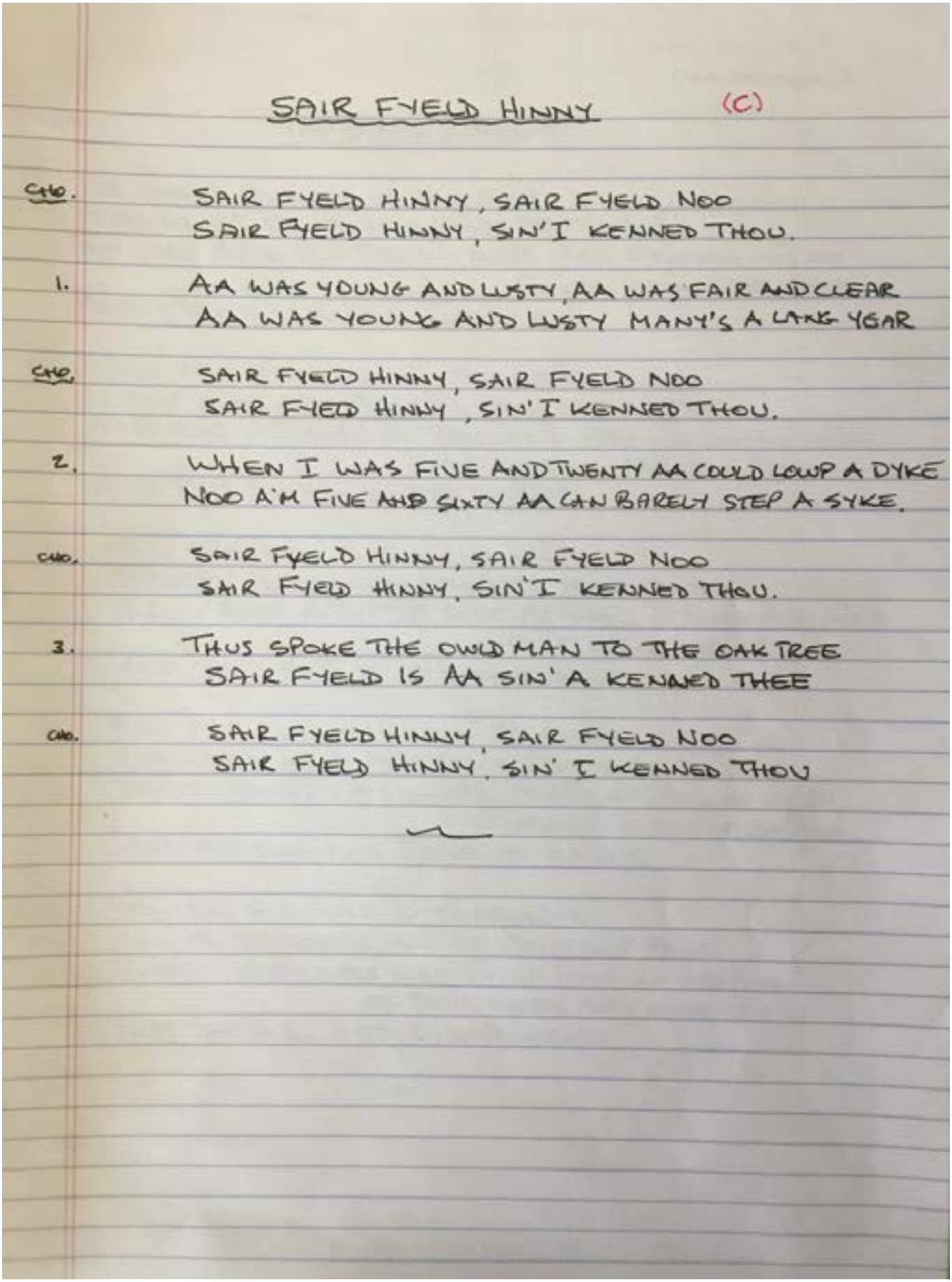
Here's a health to the farmer, and prosper his ploo
Rewarding his ardent toil a' the year through
For it's seedtime and harvest we ever will get
For we've lippened aye tae Providence and sae will we yet

And sae will we yet, and sae will we yet
For we've lippened aye tae Providence and sae will we yet

So fill up your glass, let the bottle gae roond.
For the sun it will rise though the moon has gane doon
And tho' the room be runnin roond aboot, it's time enough tae flit.
When we fell we aye got up again and sa will we yet

And sae will we yet, and sae will we yet
When we fell we aye got up again, and sae will we yet

Tune: https://youtu.be/jyhVGTcBcnM?si=4wPWrJFPePmfpfOJ



SAIR FYELD HINNY (C)

CHO. SAIR FYELD HINNY, SAIR FYELD NOO
SAIR FYELD HINNY, SIN' I KENNED THOU.

1. AA WAS YOUNG AND LUSTY, AA WAS FAIR AND CLEAR
AA WAS YOUNG AND LUSTY MANY'S A LANG YEAR

CHO. SAIR FYELD HINNY, SAIR FYELD NOO
SAIR FYELD HINNY, SIN' I KENNED THOU.

2. WHEN I WAS FIVE AND TWENTY AA COULD LOUP A DYKE
NOO A'M FIVE AND SIXTY AA CAN BARELY STEP A SYKE.

CHO. SAIR FYELD HINNY, SAIR FYELD NOO
SAIR FYELD HINNY, SIN' I KENNED THOU.

3. THUS SPOKE THE OWLD MAN TO THE OAK TREE
SAIR FYELD IS AA SIN' A KENNED THEE

CHO. SAIR FYELD HINNY, SAIR FYELD NOO
SAIR FYELD HINNY, SIN' I KENNED THOU

Sair Fyeld, Hinny (C)

Sair fyeld, hinny, sair fyeld noo,
Sair fyeld, hinny, sinna kenned thou.

Aw was young and lusty, aw was fair and clear,
Aw was young and lusty, mony a lang year.

Sair fyeld, hinny, sair fyeld noo,
Sair fyeld, hinny, sinna kenned thou.

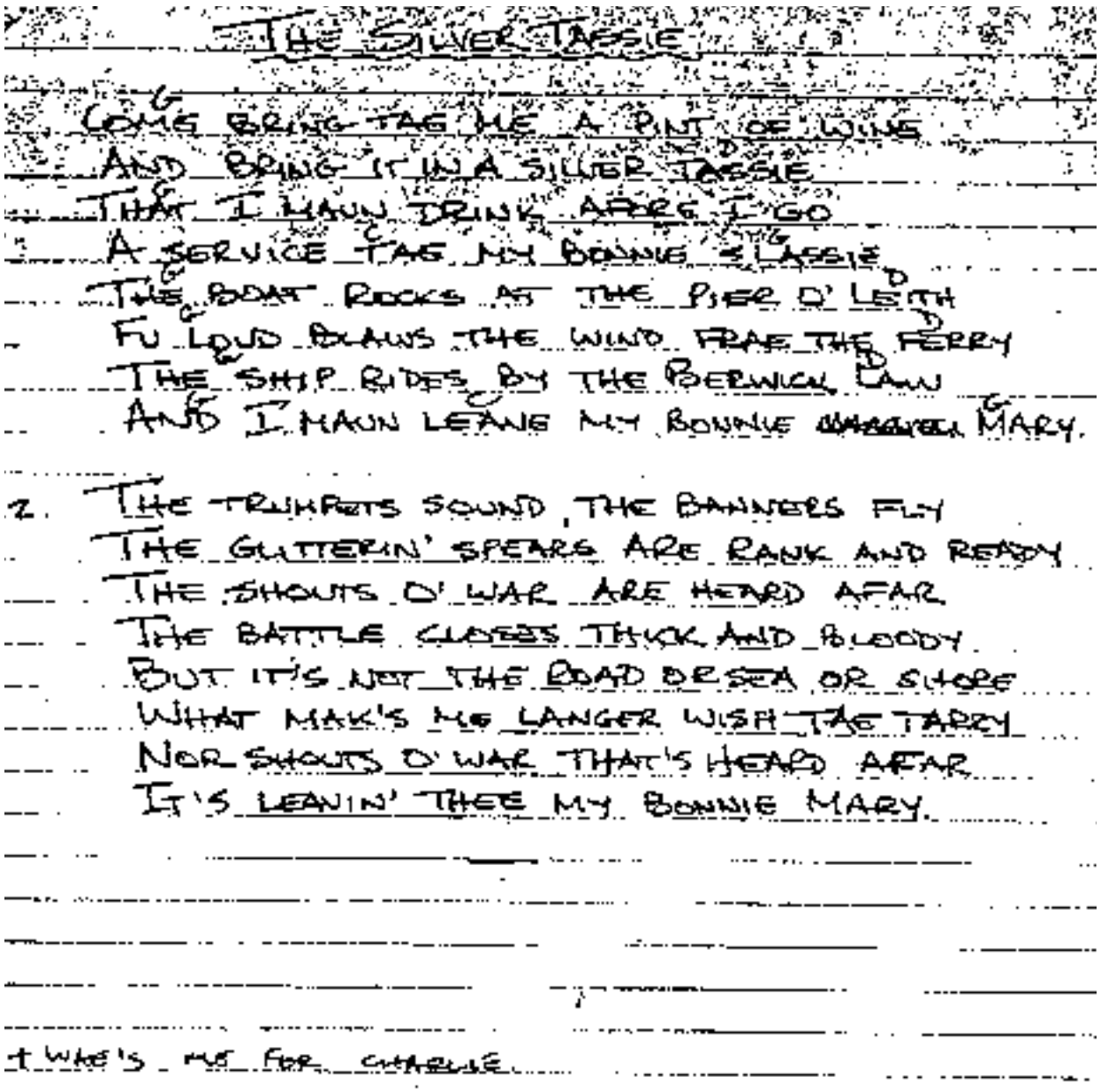
When aw was five and twenty, aw could lowp a dyke;
But noo aw'm five and sixty, aw can barely step a syke.

Sair fyeld, hinny, sair fyeld noo,
Sair fyeld, hinny, sinna kenned thou.

Thus spoke the awd man to the oak tree:
Sair fyeld is aw sin' aw kenned thee.

Sair fyeld, hinny, sair fyeld noo,
Sair fyeld, hinny, sinna kenned thou.

Tune: https://youtu.be/w4RCdR1ySw8?si=XzzD2pRLXjey2LP8



THE SILVER TASSIE

COME BRING TAE ME A PINT O' WINE
AND BRING IT IN A SILVER TASSIE
THAT I MAUN DRINK AFFRE I GO
A SERVICE TAE MY BONNIE LASSIE
THE BOAT ROCKS AT THE PIER O' LEITH
FU LOUD BLAWS THE WIND FRAE THE FERRY
THE SHIP RIDES BY THE BERWICK LAW
AND I MAUN LEAVE MY BONNIE MARY.

2. THE TRUMPETS SOUND, THE BANNERS FLY
THE GLITTERIN' SPEARS ARE RANK AND READY
THE SHOUTS O' WAR ARE HEARD AFAR
THE BATTLE CLOSES THICK AND BLOODY
BUT IT'S NOT THE ROAR O' SEA OR SHORE
WHAT MAK'S ME LANGER WISH TAE TARRY
NOR SHOUTS O' WAR THAT'S HEARD AFAR
IT'S LEAVIN' THEE MY BONNIE MARY.

[illegible] WHA'S ME FOR CHARLIE

The Silver Tassie

Robert Burns

1. Come bring to me a pint of wine,
And bring it in a silver tassie;
That I maun drink, afore I go,
A service tae my bonie lassie
The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith,
Fu loud blaws the wind frae the Ferry,
The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

2. The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glitterin' spears are rank and ready,
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes thick and bloody.
But it's not the road or sea or shore,
What mak's me langer wish tae tarry;
Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar –
It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary

Tune: https://youtu.be/9F6ba8LpsSU?si=wwVw0_uRHVOci5SH

SKYE BOAT SONG

CHORUS:

G Em Am D
Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing
G D7 G
"Onward!" the sailors cry.
G Am D
"Carry the lad that was born to be king,
G D7 G
Over the sea to Skye!"

VERSE:

Em Am
Loud the winds howl, loud the winds roar,
Em Am Em Am
Thunder clouds rend the air;
Em Am
Baffled our foes stand on the shore,
Em Am7 D7
Follow they will not dare.

Though the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep,
Ocean's a royal bed;
Rocked in the deep, Flora will keep
Watch by your weary head.

Many's the lad fought on that day,
Well the claymore could wield,
When the night came, silently lay
Dead on Culloden's field.

Burned are our homes, exiles and death
Scatter the loyal men;
Yet e'er the sword cool in the sheath
Charlie will come again.

Skye Boat Song

Chorus:

G Em Am D
Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing,
G D7 G
Onward! the sailors cry;
G Em Am D
Carry the lad that was born to be king
G D7 G
Over the sea to Skye!"

Verse:

Em Am
Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar,
Em Am Em Am
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Em Am
Baffled, our foes stand on the shore,
Em Am7 D7
Follow they will not dare.

Chorus

Though the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep,
Ocean's a royal bed.
Rocked in the deep, Flora will keep
Watch by your weary head.

Chorus

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Well the claymore could wield;
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Dead on Culloden's field.

Chorus

Burned are their homes, exile and death
Scatter the loyal men;
Yet e'er the sword cool in the sheath
Charlie will come again.

Tune: https://youtu.be/n1CTxa-FuKc

The Soldier and The Lady

As long as soldiers wander the land far away from home, and as long as young ladies respond to good fiddling, this will be a topical song. This version was transcribed by Ethel Raim, from the singing of Neil Morris of Timbo, Arkansas, on "Folksongs from the Ozarks," Southern Journey Vol. 6, Prestige International PI 25006.

Mr. Morris, a great graditional singer and storyteller, is the father of Jimmie Driftwood.



"Oh, where are you going?" said the soldier so free
"I'm going to the river, it's sparkling for me
I'm going to the river, down by the great spring
To see the water gliding and hear the nightingales sing."

"May I go with you as you journey along?
May I go with you, I'll sing you a song
Sing the 'Old Concord' for that will make the fiddle ring
And we'll see the water gliding and hear the nightingale sing."

Said the lady to the soldier, "I'm lonesome and blue
And it seems from your action that you're lonesome, too
So we'll go together down to that great spring
There we'll see the waters gliding and hear the nightingales sing."

Well, they had not been there more than an hour or two
Till out from his satchel a violin he drew
Sang the "Old Concord" and he made the violin ring
And he seen the water gliding and heard the nightingale sing.

Said the soldier to the lady, "It's time we should go"
"Oh, no," said the lady, "Play me just one tune more
I would rather hear the fiddle, one tap on the string
Than see the water gliding and hear the nightingales sing."

So he tuned up his fiddle in a higher key
Played the "Shamrock of Erin" and he played it so free
Played the "Shamrock of Erin" and he made the violin ring
And seen the water gliding and heard the nightingale sing.

Said the lady to the soldier, "Why don't you marry me?"
"Oh, no, "said the soldier, "That never could be
I've got a sweet wife in Scotland and children twice three
You know that's a-plenty for a soldier like me."

"Goodbye," said the soldier, with a parting caress
"Tomorrow I'm going to the throne of Queen Bess
But if I ever come back, it'll be that great spring
To see the water gliding and hear the nightingale sing."

"Goodbye," said the lady, as she gave him her hand
"I'll think of you often in Erin's fair land
But I'd rather hear you fiddle one tap on the string
Than to see the water gliding and hear the nightingale sing."

The Soldier and the Lady

One morning, one morning, one morning in May
Oh, I spied a fair couple just a making their way
And one was a lady, a lady was she
And the other was a soldier and a brave one was he.

"Oh, where are you going?" said the soldier so free
"I'm going to the river, it's sparkling for me
I'm going to the river, down by the great spring
To see the waters gliding and hear the nightingales sing."

"May I go with you as your journey along?
May I go with you, I'll sing you a song
Sing the 'Old Concord' for that will make the fiddle ring
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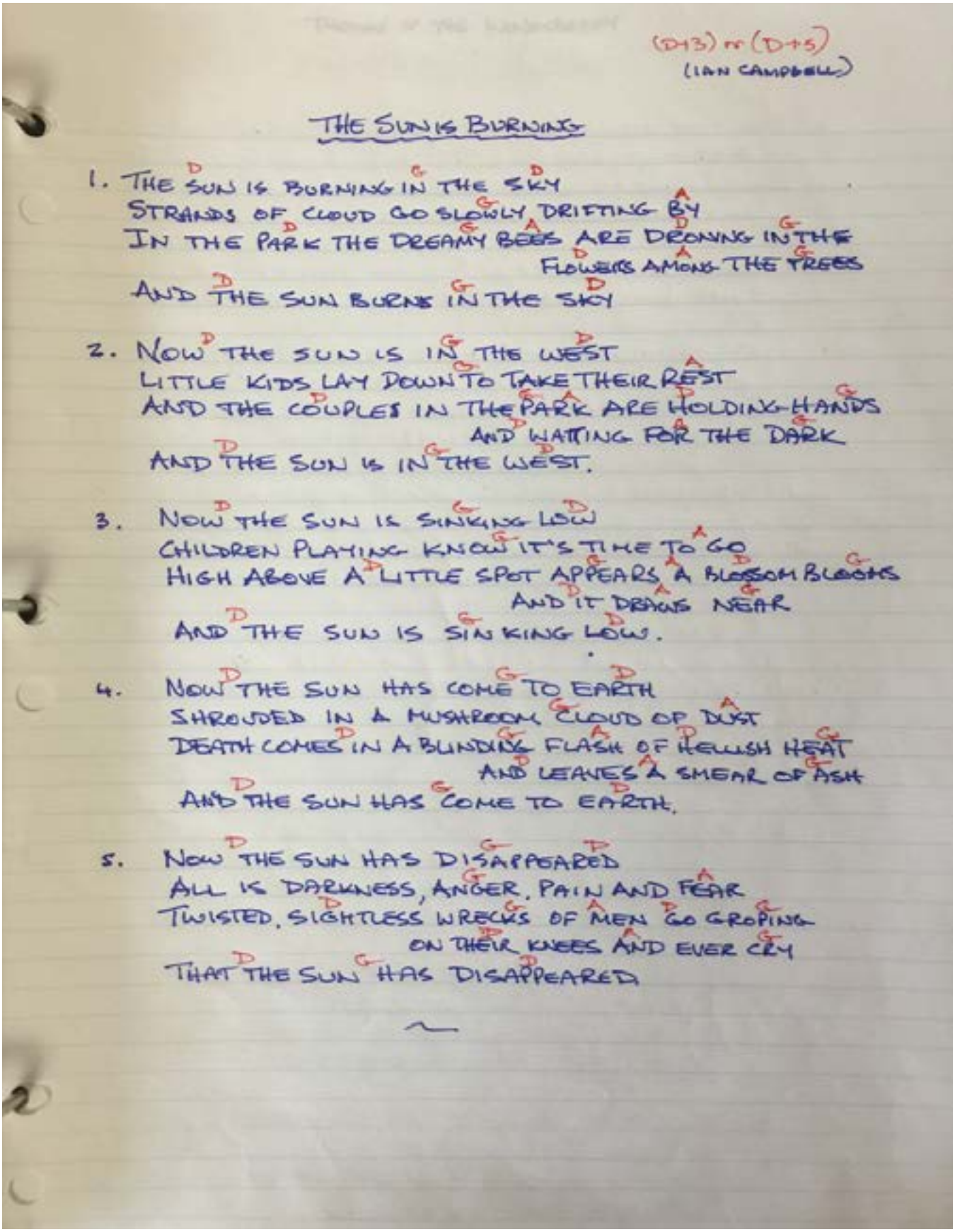
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Played the 'Shamrock of Erin' and he played it so free
Played the 'Shamrock of Erin' and he made the violin ring
And seen the water gliding and heard the nightingale sing.

Said the lady to the soldier, "Why don't you marry me?"
"Oh no," said the soldier,"That never could be
I've got a sweet wife in Scotland and children twice three
You know that's a-plenty for a soldier like me."

"Goodbye," said the soldier, with a paeting caress
"Tomorrow I'm going to the throne of Queen Bess
But if ever I come back, it'll be in the spring
To see the water gliding and hear the nightingale sing."

'Goodbye," said the lady, as she gave him her hand
"I'll think of you often in Erin's fair land
But I'd rather hear you fiddle one tap on the string
Than to see the water gliding and hear the nightingale sing."

Tune: https://youtu.be/lrDAvnxRDek?si=mLoy5ES9sIZEErsH



(D+3) or (D+5)
(IAN CAMPBELL)

THE SUN IS BURNING

1. THE SUN IS BURNING IN THE SKY
STRANDS OF CLOUD GO SLOWLY DRIFTING BY
IN THE PARK THE DREAMY BEES ARE DRONING IN THE
FLOWERS AMONG THE TREES
AND THE SUN BURNS IN THE SKY

2. NOW THE SUN IS IN THE WEST
LITTLE KIDS LAY DOWN TO TAKE THEIR REST
AND THE COUPLES IN THE PARK ARE HOLDING HANDS
AND WAITING FOR THE DARK
AND THE SUN IS IN THE WEST.

3. NOW THE SUN IS SINKING LOW
CHILDREN PLAYING KNOW IT'S TIME TO GO
HIGH ABOVE A LITTLE SPOT APPEARS A BLOSSOM BLOOMS
AND IT DRAWS NEAR
AND THE SUN IS SINKING LOW.

4. NOW THE SUN HAS COME TO EARTH
SHROUDED IN A MUSHROOM CLOUD OF DUST
DEATH COMES IN A BLINDING FLASH OF HELLISH HEAT
AND LEAVES A SMEAR OF ASH
AND THE SUN HAS COME TO EARTH.

5. NOW THE SUN HAS DISAPPEARED
ALL IS DARKNESS, ANGER, PAIN AND FEAR
TWISTED, SIGHTLESS WRECKS OF MEN GO GROPING
ON THEIR KNEES AND EVER CRY
THAT THE SUN HAS DISAPPEARED

The Sun is Burning

(D+3) or (D+5)

Ian Campbell

D G D
The sun is burning in the sky
G A
Strands of clouds go slowly drifting by
D G A
In the park the dreamy bees
D G D A G
Are droning in the flowers, among the trees
D G D
And the sun burns in the sky

D G D
Now the sun is in the West
G A
Little kids lay down to take their rest
D G A
And the couples in the park
D G D A G
Are holdin' hands and waitin' for the dark
D G D
And the sun is in the West

D G D
Now the sun is sinking low
G A
Children playin' know it's time to go
D G
High above a little spot appears
A D G D A G
A blossom blooms and it draws near
D G D
And the sun is sinking low

D G D
Now the sun has come to Earth
G A
Shrouded in a mushroom cloud of dust
D G A
Death comes in a blinding flash
D G D A G
Of hellish heat and leaves a smear of ash
D G D
And the sun has come to Earth

D G D
Now the sun has disappeared
G A
All is darkness, anger, pain and fear
D G A
Twisted, sightless wrecks of men
D G D A G
Go groping on their knees and ever cry
D G D
That the sun has disappeared

A metaphoric song about a nuclear disaster: a nuclear explosion produces heat like the sun and is like the beneficial in its distance sun has touched the Earth. Then it disappears leaving darkess, havoc, complete disaster. This song has also been covered by Simon & Garfunkel in their debute in 1964.

Tune: https://youtu.be/eNvZsB_4-cM?si=Om5yXzEY64237Bjf

(Dm)

TAKE THE ROAD

1. Dm C Dm
Of all the trades in England, the beggin' is the best.
F C
For when a beggar's weary, he can lie and sit down an' rest.

Chorus: Dm C Dm
Take the beggin' I will go, I will go.
Take the beggin' I will go.

2. I've a pocket for me fiddle an' sleeve, an' there for me salt
I've a little pair o' pruthers, that should see me I reckon halt.

3. There's patches on me fusty coat, there's a black patch on me eye
But when it comes to tellin' lies, I can see as well as thee.

4. There's a bed for me where e'er I lie and I don't pay no rent
I make me nose my room's me mind and I am rarely content.

5. I can beg when I am tired and I need no master's call
O' a man would be daft take be a king when beggars live so well.

6. Now I've been bound in Dinnaffield and I've been lame in Shaw
And now's the feet and willin' legs I've begged in the straw.

7. Well if beggin' be as good a trade and as I hope it may
It's time that I was out o' here and headed down the way.

Tae the Beggin' (Dm)

Dm C Dm
1. Of all the trades in England, the beggin' is the best
F D C
For when a beggar's weary he can aye sit doon an' rest

Dm C Dm
Tae the beggin' I will go will go,
C Dm
Tae the beggin' I will go.

2. I've a pocket for me bread an' cheese, anither for me salt
I've a little pair o' crutches, thou should see how I can halt.

3. There's patches on me fusty coat, there's a black patch on me e'e
But when it comes tae tuppeny ale, I can see as weel as thee

4. There's a bed for me where e'er I lie and I don't pay no rent
I have no noisy lochs tae mind and I am reet content

5. I can rest when I am tired and I heed no master's bell
O' a man would be daft tae be a king when beggars live sae well

6. Now I've been blind in Duncanfield and I've been lame in Shaw
And mony's the reet and willin' lass I've bedded in the straw

7. Well if beggin' be as good a trade and as I hope it may,
It's time that I was oot o' here, and headin' doon the way.

Tune: https://youtu.be/4XnETm2xePw?si=nf6gcYbBLF2bqRtD

THOMAS O' WINESBERRY

1. THE KING HAS BEEN A PRISONER
A PRISONER LANG IN SPAIN
LORD THOMAS O' THE WINESBERRY
HAS LAIN WI' HIS DOCHTER AT HAME

2. WHAT AILS, WHAT AILS YE MY DOCHTER JANET
WHY LOOK YE SAE PALE AND WAN
OH HAE YE HAD ONY SAIR SICKNESS
OR YET BEEN LYING WI' A MAN ?

3. I HAVENA HAD ONY SAIR SICKNESS
OR YET BEEN LYING WI' A MAN
IT IS FOR YOU MY FAITHER DEAR
FOR BINDING SAE LANG IN SPAIN.

4. CAST OFF, CAST OFF YOUR BERRY BROWN GOWN
STAND NAKED UPON THE STANE
THAT I MIGHT KEN YE BY YOUR SHAPE
IF YE BE A MAIDEN OR NANE.

5. SHE'S CASTIN OFF HER BERRY BROWN GOWN
STOOD NAKED UPON THE STANE
HER BACK WAS BENT AND HER BELLY WAS SLACK
AND HER APRON STRINGS WI'NA PIN.

6. OH WAS IT TAE A DUKE OR A KNIGHT
OR A MAN O' BIRTH AND FAME
OR WAS IT ONE O' MY SERVIN' MEN
THAT'S LATELY COME OOT O' SPAIN.

7. IT WASNAE TAE A DUKE OR A KNIGHT
OR A MAN O' BIRTH AND FAME
IT WAS THOMAS O' THE WINESBERRY
I COULD BIDE NAE LANGER ALANE.

8. GIN IT BE THOMAS O' THE WINESBERRY
AS WEEL I TRUST IT BE
THEN AFFE THAT I DO EAT OR DRINK
THOU HIGH HANGIT HE SHALLBE.

Thomas O' Winesberry

The king has been a prisoner
A prisoner lang in Spain,
Lord Thomas of the Winesberry
Has lain wi' his daughter at hame.

What ails, what ails ye, my dochter Janet?
Why look ye so pale and wan?
O hae you had ony sair sickness
Or yet been lyin' wi' a man?

I havena had any sair sickness
Or yet been lyin' wi' a man.
It is for you, my father dear,
For binding so lang in Spain.

Cast off, cast off your berry-brown gown,
Stand naked upon the stane,
That I might ken ye by your shape
If you be a maiden or nane.

She's castin off her berry-brown gown,
Stood naked upon the stone.
Her back was bent and her belly was slack
And her apron springs widna pin.

Oh was it tae a duke or a knight,
Or a man of birth and fame?
Or was it one o' my servin' men
That's lately come oot o' Spain?"

It was nae tae a duke or a knight
Or a man o' birth and fame.
It was Thomas o' the Winesberry,
I could bide no langer alane.

Gin it be Thomas o' the Winesberry,
As weel I trust it be
Then afore that I do eat or drink
Then high hangit he shall be.

Rise up Thomas o' the Winesberry,
Rise up and haste away
For the king has sworn by his right hand
That the day is your dyin day.

What hae I robbed or what hae I slain
Or what hae I done any wrang
That I should fear tae face the king
And the time shall no be lang.

An' when he cam' the king afore,
He was dressed all in the silk.
His cheeks were like the berries red,
His skin was as white as the milk.

It is nae wonder, said the king,
That my dochter's love you hae won.
For had I been a woman, as I am a man,
My bedfellow you would hae been.

And will you marry my dochter Janet,
By the truth of ye're right hand?
Or will you marry my dochter Janet?
And I'll make you the laird o' the land.

I will marry your dochter Janet
By the truth of my right hand.
I will marry your dochter Janet,
But the de'il tak' a' your lands.

And he's mounted her on a milk-white steed
Himsel' on the dapple grey.
An' he's made her the lady o' as much land
As she'd ride on a lang summer's day.

Tune: https://youtu.be/L0VcDiQBMDg?si=SUTxxxeX4t7F0Pwj

9. RISE UP THOMAS O' THE WINESBERRY
RISE UP AND HASTE AWAY
FOR THE KING HAS SWORN BY HIS RIGHT HAND
THAT THE DAY IS YOUR DYING DAY.

10. WHA HAE I ROBBED OR WHA HAE I SLAIN
OR WHA HAE I DONE ONY WRANG
THAT I SHOULD FEAR TAE FACE THE KING
AN' THE TIME SHALL NO BE LANG.

11. AN' WHEN HE CAM' THE KING AFORE
HE WAS DRESSED ALL IN THE SILK
HIS CHEEKS THEY WERE LIKE THE BERRIES RED
HIS SKIN WAS AS WHITE AS THE MILK.

12. IT IS NAE WONDER SAID THE KING
THAT MY DOCHTER'S LOVE YE HAE WON
FOR HAD I BEEN A WOMAN AS I AM A MAN
MY BED FELLOW YE WAD HAE BEEN.

13. AND WILL YE MAIRRY MY DOCHTER JANET
BY THE TRUTH O' YE'RE RIGHT HAND
OR WILL YE MAIRRY MY DOCHTER JANET
AN' I'LL MAK' YE LAIRD O' THE LAND.

14. I WILL MAIRRY YOUR DOCHTER JANET
BY THE TRUTH O' MY RIGHT HAND
I WILL MAIRRY YOUR DOCHTER JANET
BUT THE DE'IL TAK' A' YOUR LANDS.

15. AN' HE'S MOUNTED HER ON A MILK-WHITE STEED
HIMSEL' ON THE DAPPLE GREY
AN' HE'S MADE THE LADY O' AS MUCH LAND
AS SHE'D RIDE ON A LANG SIMMER'S DAY.

~

Bold General Wolfe



Video: https://youtu.be/71ck3qVbPd0

Silver in the Stubble

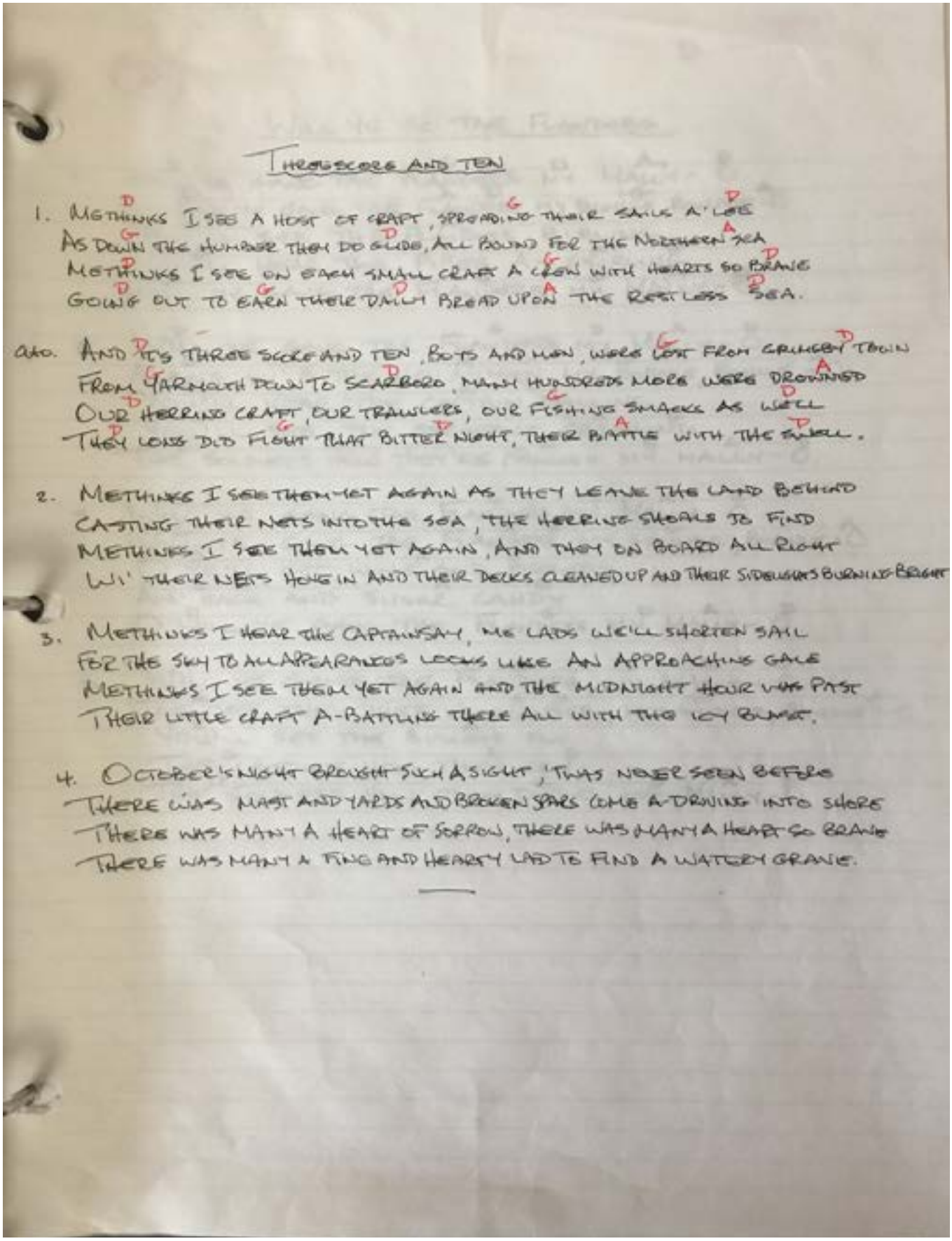


Video: https://youtu.be/Xj1inR8aSlk

White Cockade



Video: https://youtu.be/tDT3Y4JPPHs



THREESCORE AND TEN

1. METHINKS I SEE A HOST OF CRAFT, SPREADING THEIR SAILS A' LEE
AS DOWN THE HUMBER THEY DO GLIDE, ALL BOUND FOR THE NORTHERN SEA
METHINKS I SEE ON EACH SMALL CRAFT A CREW WITH HEARTS SO BRAVE
GOING OUT TO EARN THEIR DAILY BREAD UPON THE RESTLESS SEA.

Adv. AND IT'S THREE SCORE AND TEN, BOYS AND MEN, WERE LOST FROM GRIMSBY TOWN
FROM YARMOUTH DOWN TO SCARBORO, MANY HUNDREDS MORE WERE DROWNED
OUR HERRING CRAFT, OUR TRAWLERS, OUR FISHING SMACKS AS WELL
THEY LONG DID FIGHT THAT BITTER NIGHT, THEIR BATTLE WITH THE SWELL.

2. METHINKS I SEE THEM YET AGAIN AS THEY LEAVE THE LAND BEHIND
CASTING THEIR NETS INTO THE SEA, THE HERRING SHOALS TO FIND
METHINKS I SEE THEM YET AGAIN, AND THEY ON BOARD ALL RIGHT
WI' THEIR NETS HUNG IN AND THEIR DECKS CLEANED UP AND THEIR SIDELIGHTS BURNING BRIGHT

3. METHINKS I HEAR THE CAPTAIN SAY, ME LADS WE'LL SHORTEN SAIL
FOR THE SKY TO ALL APPEARANCES LOOKS LIKE AN APPROACHING GALE
METHINKS I SEE THEM YET AGAIN AND THE MIDNIGHT HOUR WAS PAST
THEIR LITTLE CRAFT A-BATTLING THERE ALL WITH THE ICY BLAST.

4. OCTOBER'S NIGHT BROUGHT SUCH A SIGHT, 'TWAS NEVER SEEN BEFORE
THERE WAS MAST AND YARDS AND BROKEN SPARS COME A-DRIVING INTO SHORE
THERE WAS MANY A HEART OF SORROW, THERE WAS MANY A HEART SO BRAVE
THERE WAS MANY A FINE AND HEARTY LAD TO FIND A WATERY GRAVE.

Threescore and Ten

1. Methinks I see a host of craft spreading their sails a-lee
   As down the Humber they do glide all bound for the Northern Sea
   Methinks I see on each small craft a crew with hearts so brave
   Going out to earn their daily bread upon the restless sea.

[Chorus]

And it's three score and ten boys and men were lost from Grimsby Town
From Yarmouth down to Scarboro, many hundreds more were drowned
Our herring craft, our trawlers, our fishing smacks as well
They long did fight the bitter night their battle with the swell.

2. Methinks I see them yet again as they leave the land behind
   Casting their nets into the sea, the herring shoals to find
   Methinks I see them yet again, and they on board all right
   With their nets hone-in and the decks cleared up and their sidelights burning bright

3. Methinks I heard the Captain say, Me lads we'll shorten sail
   For the sky to all appearances looks like an approaching gale.
   Methinks I see them yet again and the midnight hour was past
   Their little craft a-battling there all with the icy blast

4. October's night brought such a sight, 'twas never seen before.
   There was mast and yards and broken stars come a driving into shore
   There was many a heart of sorrow, there was many a heart so brave
   There was many a fine and hearty lad to find a watery grave

Tune: https://youtu.be/d-oqbBrsSSI?si=J7G_rC0uN29fCjpB

The Trooper and the Maid

1. A trooper lad came here an night
Wi' riding he was weary
A trooper lad cam' here the night
When the moon shone bright and clearly

Chorus: Bonnie lassie I'll lie near ye yet
Bonnie lassie I'll lie near ye
I'll dare a' your ribbons reel
In the morning e'er I leave ye

2. She's taken the trooper by the hand
And led him to the chamber
She's gied him cheese and wine to drink
And the wine it was like amber

3. She's made her bed baith large and wide
And made it like a lady
She's ta'en her coats over her head
Sayin' trooper and ye be ready.

4. They hadna been but an hour in bed
A hour and half a quarter
When drums can' beatin' from the street
And every beat was shorter.

5. And when will you come back again
My own dear sister lassie
And when will ye come back again
And be your barnies daddy

6. Bonnie lassie I mann leave ye noo
Bonnie lassie I mann leave ye
When heather bells grow o'er the knowe
It's then I'll come and see ye

7. She's taen her coats over her head, And followed him up the strand
She grew sae fu' she couldna rise, He left her in Dunfermline.

The Trooper and the Maid

Em G
1. A trooper lad cam here ae nicht
D D
Wi' riding, he was weary
Em G
A trooper lad cam' here ae nicht
G D Em
When the moon shone bright and clearly

[Chorus]
Em G
Bonnie lassie I'll lie near ye yet
D D
Bonnie lassie I'll lie near ye
Em G
I'll gar a' your ribbons reel
G D
In the mornin' e're I leave ye

2. She's ta'en the trooper by the hand
And led him tae the chamber
She's gied him chees and wine tae drink
And the wine it was like amber

3. She's made her bed baith lang and wide
And made it like a lady
She's ta'en her coatie over her heid
Sayin' trooper are ye ready

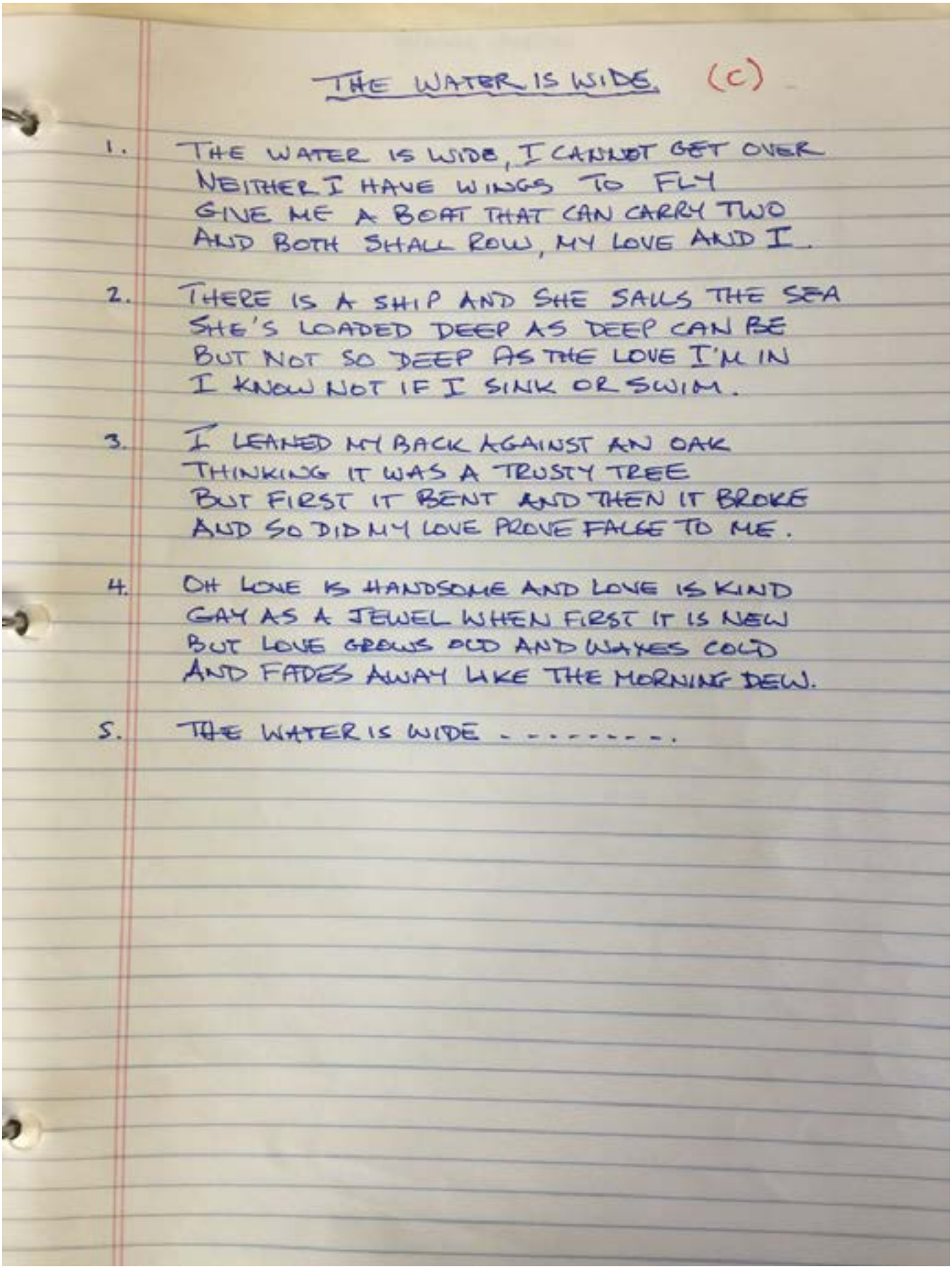
4. They hadn'a been but an 'oor in bed
A 'oor and half a quarter
When drums cam' beatin' doon the street
And every beat was shorter

5. And when will you come back again
My own dear soldier laddie
And when will ye come back again
And be your bairnie's daddy?

6. Bonny lassie I maun eave ye noo
Bonnie lassie I maun leave ye
When heather bells grow cockleshells
Ot's then I'll come and see ye

7. She's ta'en her coatie ower her heid
And followed him up tae Stirling
She grew sae fu' she couldn'ae boo
He left her in Dunfermline

Tune: https://youtu.be/6AqynQbswos?si=dUCSH6LuiXnwqw5O



THE WATER IS WIDE (C)

1. THE WATER IS WIDE, I CANNOT GET OVER
NEITHER I HAVE WINGS TO FLY
GIVE ME A BOAT THAT CAN CARRY TWO
AND BOTH SHALL ROW, MY LOVE AND I.

2. THERE IS A SHIP AND SHE SAILS THE SEA
SHE'S LOADED DEEP AS DEEP CAN BE
BUT NOT SO DEEP AS THE LOVE I'M IN
I KNOW NOT IF I SINK OR SWIM.

3. I LEANED MY BACK AGAINST AN OAK
THINKING IT WAS A TRUSTY TREE
BUT FIRST IT BENT AND THEN IT BROKE
AND SO DID MY LOVE PROVE FALSE TO ME.

4. OH LOVE IS HANDSOME AND LOVE IS KIND
GAY AS A JEWEL WHEN FIRST IT IS NEW
BUT LOVE GROWS OLD AND WAXES COLD
AND FADES AWAY LIKE THE MORNING DEW.

5. THE WATER IS WIDE .....

The Water Is Wide

(C)

The water is wide, I cannot get over
Neither I have wings to fly
Give me a boat that can carry two
And both shall row, My love and I

There is a ship and she sails the sea
She's loaded deep as deep can be
But not so deep as the love I'm in
I know not if I sink or swim

I leaned my back against an oak
Thinking it was a trusty tree
But first it bent and then it broke
And so did my love prove false to me.

Love is handsome and love is kind
Gay as jewel when first it is new
But love grows old and waxes cold
And fades away like morning dew

The water is wide, I cannot get over
Neither I have wings to fly
Give me a boat that can carry two
And both shall row, My love and I

Tune: https://youtu.be/gvv_TnAGGKA

WILL YE GANG LOVE

1. AS I CAM' IN BY YON AYRSHIRE MOOR
I SPIED HIM AT HIS TRUE LOVE'S DOOR
MY HEART GREW SAIR AND MY EEN GREW BLIND
TAE SEE MY BONNY LOVE LEAVE ME BEHIND

CHO AND WILL YE GANG LOVE AND LEAVE ME NOO
WILL YE GANG LOVE AND LEAVE ME NOO
WID YE FORSAKE YOUR AIN LOVE TRUE
AND GANG WI' A LAD YE NEVER KNEW.

2. AND AS I CAM' DOON BY YON HEATHER GLEN
I SAW ANOTHER MY LOVE ATTEND
I BOWED MY HEAD AND I CRIED CRI-CRIS
THE BEST OF MY GOOD DAYS ARE DONE

3. AND I WILL TELL YE THE REASON WHY
BECAUSE HE HAS MORE GOLD THAN I
AND I WILL TELL YOU THE REASON TRUE
THE SWEETER TASTE OF A LOVE THAT'S NEWEW.

4. I LEANED MY BACK UP AGAINST AN OAK
THINKING IT WAS A TRUSTY TREE
BUT FIRST IT BENT AND THEN IT BROKE
AND SO HAS MY LOVE DONE UNTO ME

5. BUT IF YE LOVE ME AND WHAT I'VE NAW GOT
AND INSTEAD O' GOWD YE CAN HAE MY HEART
YE CAN HAE MY HEART WI' A RIGHT GOOD WILL
YE'RE A BONNIE LASS AND I LOO YE STILL.

Will Ye Gang Love

1. As I cam' in by yon Rashie moor,
   I spied him at my true love's door
   My heart grew sair and my e'en grew blind,
   Tae see my bonny love leave me behind.

Chorus

And will ye gang love and leave me noo
Will ye gang love and leave me noo
Wid ye forsake your ain love true
And gang wi' a lad ye never knew?

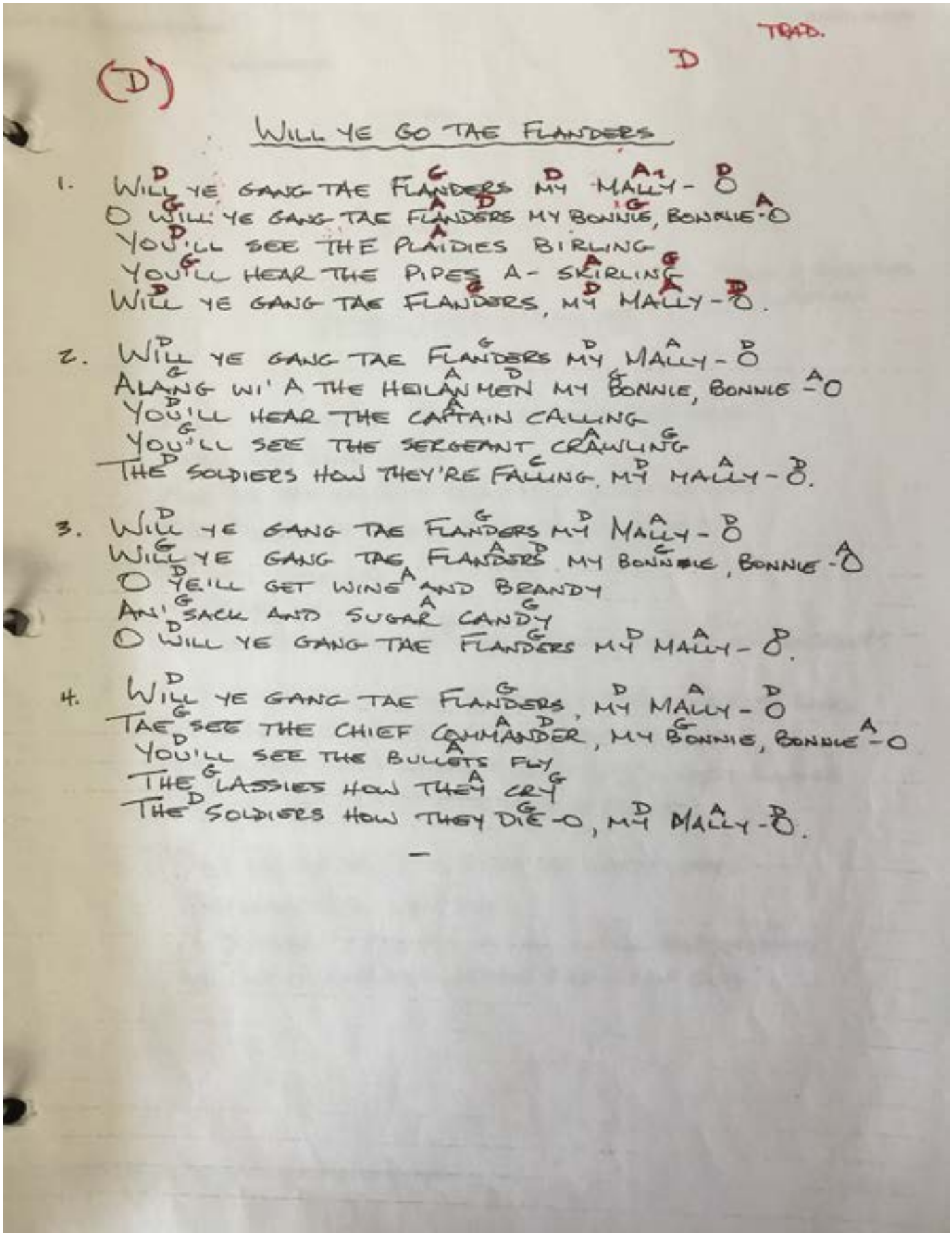
2. And as I cam' doon by yon heather glen
   I saw another my love attend
   I bowed my head and I cried Och-one
   The best of my good days are done

3. And I will tell you the reason why
   Because he has more gold than I
   And I will tell you the reason true
   The sweeter taste of a love that's knew

4. I leaned my back up against an oak
   Thinking it was a trusty tree
   And first it bent and then it broke
   And so has my love done unto me

5. But if you love me and what I've got
   And instead o' gowd ye can hae my heart
   Ye can hae my heart wi' a richt good will
   Ye're a bonnie lass and I loo ye still

Tune: https://youtu.be/3u33ftn8lt4?si=Vze0uBYiNUMLSqZs



TRAD.

D

(D)

WILL YE GO TAE FLANDERS

1. WILL YE GANG TAE FLANDERS MY MALLY-O
O WILL YE GANG TAE FLANDERS MY BONNIE, BONNIE-O
YOU'LL SEE THE PLAIDIES BIRLING
YOU'LL HEAR THE PIPES A-SKIRLING
WILL YE GANG TAE FLANDERS, MY MALLY-O.

2. WILL YE GANG TAE FLANDERS MY MALLY-O
ALANG WI' A THE HEILAN MEN MY BONNIE, BONNIE-O
YOU'LL HEAR THE CAPTAIN CALLING
YOU'LL SEE THE SERGEANT CRAWLING
THE SOLDIERS HOW THEY'RE FALLING MY MALLY-O.

3. WILL YE GANG TAE FLANDERS MY MALLY-O
WILL YE GANG TAE FLANDERS MY BONNIE, BONNIE-O
O YE'LL GET WINE AND BRANDY
AN' SACK AND SUGAR CANDY
O WILL YE GANG TAE FLANDERS MY MALLY-O.

4. WILL YE GANG TAE FLANDERS, MY MALLY-O
TAE SEE THE CHIEF COMMANDER, MY BONNIE, BONNIE-O
YOU'LL SEE THE BULLETS FLY
THE LASSIES HOW THEY CRY
THE SOLDIERS HOW THEY DIE-O, MY MALLY-O.

Will Ye Go tae Flanders?

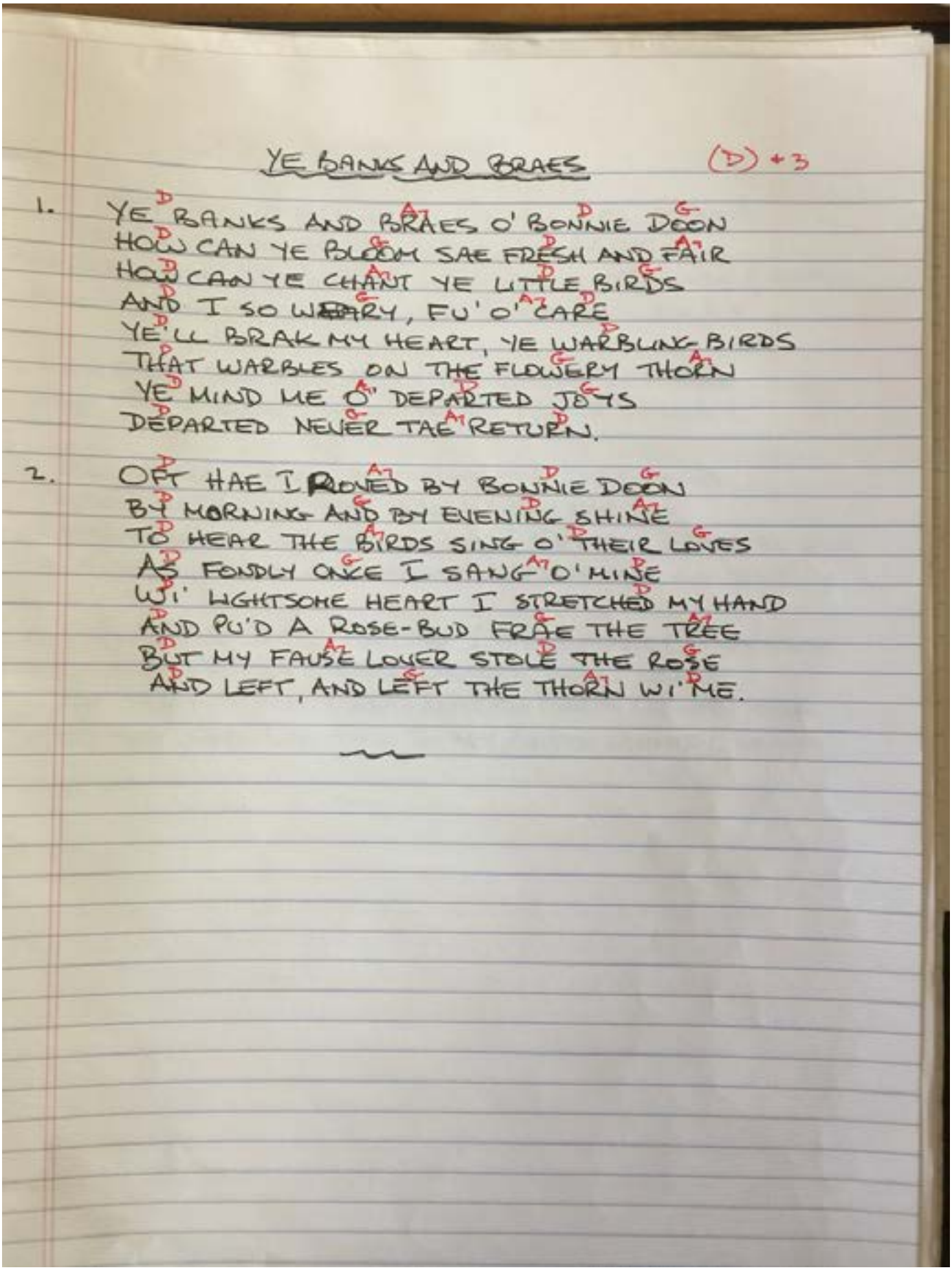
D G D A D
1. Will ye gang tae Flanders, my Mally-O
G A D G A
O will ye gang tae Flanders, my bonnie, bonnie-O
D A
You'll see the plaidies birling
G A G
You'll hear the pipes a-skirling
D G D A D
Will ye gang tae Flanders, my Mally-O?

D G D A D
2. Will ye gang tae Flanders, my Mally-O?
G A D G A
Alang wi' a' the Hielan men, my bonnie, bonnie-O?
D A
You'll hear the captain calling
G A G
You'll see the surgeon crawling
D G D A D
The soldiers how they're falling, my Mally O.

D G D A D
3. Will ye gang tae Flanders, my Mally-O?
G A D G A
Will ye gang tae Flanders, my bonnie, bonnie-O?
D A
O ye'll get wine and brandy
G A G
An' sack and sugar candy
D G D A D
Oh will ye gang tae Flanders, my Mally-O?

D G D A D
4. Will ye gang tae Flanders, my Mally-O?
G A D G A
Tae see the chief commander, my bonnie, bonnie-O?
D A
You'll see the bullets fly
G A G
The ladies how they cry
D G D A D
The soldiers how they die-o, my Mally-O.

Tune: https://youtu.be/TIXurb-wlFk?si=zn9NqeZ52oDhpCiG



YE BANKS AND BRAES (D) +3

1. YE BANKS AND BRAES O' BONNIE DOON
HOW CAN YE BLOOM SAE FRESH AND FAIR
HOW CAN YE CHANT YE LITTLE BIRDS
AND I SO WEARY, FU' O' CARE
YE'LL BRAK MY HEART, YE WARBLING BIRDS
THAT WARBLES ON THE FLOWERY THORN
YE MIND ME O' DEPARTED JOYS
DEPARTED NEVER TAE RETURN.

2. OFT HAE I ROVED BY BONNIE DOON
BY MORNING AND BY EVENING SHINE
TO HEAR THE BIRDS SING O' THEIR LOVES
AS FONDLY ONCE I SANG O' MINE
WI' LIGHTSOME HEART I STRETCHED MY HAND
AND PU'D A ROSE-BUD FRAE THE TREE
BUT MY FAUSE LOVER STOLE THE ROSE
AND LEFT, AND LEFT THE THORN WI' ME.

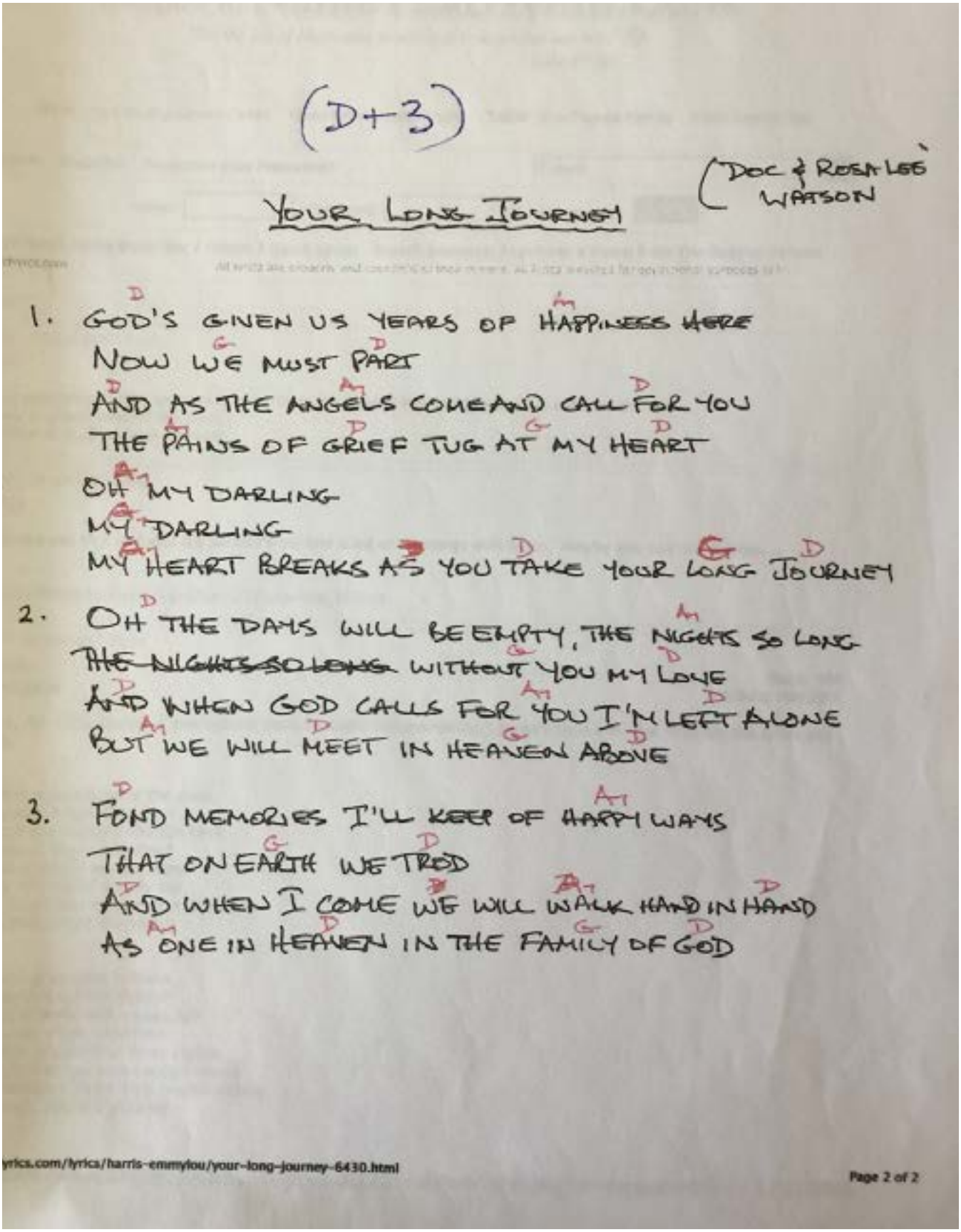
Ye Banks and Braes

(D) +3

D A7 D G
Ye banks and braes o' Bonnie Doon
D G D A7
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair
D A7 D G
How can ye chant ye little birds
D G A7 D
And I so weary, fu' o' care
D D
Ye'll brak my heart, ye warbling birds
D G A7
That warbles on the flowery thorn
D A7 D G
Ye mind me o' departed joys
D G A7 D
Departed never tae return

D A7 D G
Oft hae I roved by Bonnie Doon
D G D A7
By morning and by evening shine
D A7 D G
To hear the birds sing o' their loves
D G A7 D
As fondly once I sang o' mine
D D
Wi' lightsome heart I stretched my hand
D G A7
And pu'd a rose-bud frae the tree
D A7 D G
But my fause lover stole the rose
D G A7 D
And left, and left the thorn wi' me.

Tune: https://youtu.be/mWz1pbcDPZI



(D+3)

(DOC & ROSA LEE WATSON

YOUR LONG JOURNEY

1. GOD'S GIVEN US YEARS OF HAPPINESS HERE
NOW WE MUST PART
AND AS THE ANGELS COME AND CALL FOR YOU
THE PAINS OF GRIEF TUG AT MY HEART
OH MY DARLING
MY DARLING
MY HEART BREAKS AS YOU TAKE YOUR LONG JOURNEY

2. OH THE DAYS WILL BE EMPTY, THE NIGHTS SO LONG
~~THE NIGHTS SO LONG~~ WITHOUT YOU MY LOVE
AND WHEN GOD CALLS FOR YOU I'M LEFT ALONE
BUT WE WILL MEET IN HEAVEN ABOVE

3. FOND MEMORIES I'LL KEEP OF HAPPY WAYS
THAT ON EARTH WE TROD
AND WHEN I COME WE WILL WALK HAND IN HAND
AS ONE IN HEAVEN IN THE FAMILY OF GOD

yrics.com/lyrics/harris-emmylou/your-long-journey-6430.html

Page 2 of 2

Your Long Journey (D+3)

Doc Watson / Rosa Lee Watson

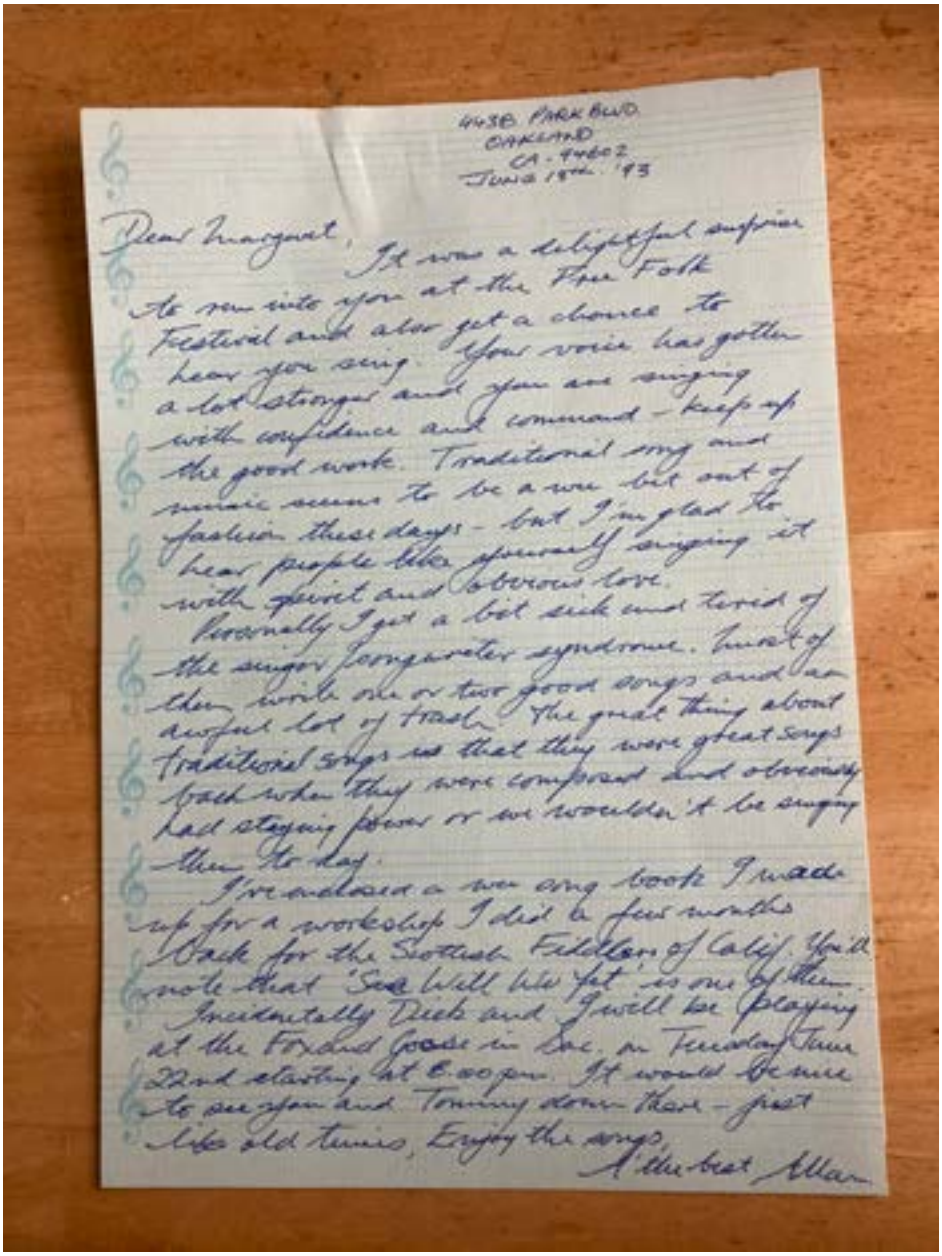
D A7
1. God's given us years of happiness here
G D
Now we must part
D A7 D
And as the angels come and call for you
A7 D G D
The pains of grief tug at my heart

A7
Oh, my darling
G7
My darling
G7 D G D
My heart breaks as you take your long journey

D A7
2. Oh, the days will be empty, the nights so long
G D
Without you, my love
D A7 D
And when God calls for you, I'm left alone
A7 D G D
But we will meet in Heaven above

D A7
3. Fond memories I'll keep of happy ways
G D
That on Earth we trod
D A7 D
And when I come, we will walk hand in hand
A7 D G D
As one in Heaven, in the family of God

Tune: https://youtu.be/_Z3-ZPXHeZg?si=7KgJK75nWYumQnHv



4438 PARK BLVD.
OAKLAND
CA - 94602
June 18th. '93

Dear Margaret,

It was a delightful surprise to run into you at the Free Folk Festival and also get a chance to hear you sing. Your voice has gotten a lot stronger and you are singing with confidence and command — keep up the good work. Traditional song and music seems to be a wee bit out of fashion these days — but I'm glad to hear people like yourself singing it with spirit and obvious love.

Personally I get a bit sick and tired of the singer/songwriter syndrome. Most of them write one or two good songs and an awful lot of trash. The great thing about traditional songs is that they were great songs back when they were composed and obviously had staying power or we wouldn't be singing them today.

I've enclosed a wee song book I made up for a workshop I did a few months back for the Scottish Fiddlers of Calif. You'll note that 'Sae Will We Yet' is one of them.

Incidentally Dick and I will be playing at the Fox and Goose in Sac. on Tuesday June 22nd starting at 8:00 pm. It would be nice to see you and Tommy down there — just like old times. Enjoy the songs.

A' the best,
Allan

Scots Folk Song

Allan's Choice

Are Ye Sleepin', Maggie
Bonnie George Campbell
Bonny Woodhall
Broom O' The Cowden-Knowes
Ca' The Yowes
Eilean Moolah
Gallawa Hills
Mormond Braes
Norland Wind
The Plooboy Laddies
The Rovin' Ploughboy
Sae Will We Yet
Silver Tassie
Tae the Beggin'
The Trooper and the Maid
Will Ye Gang Love
Will Ye Go Tae Flanders

June 13, '93
Dear Margaret,
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Allan

I. H. W.

