

A photograph of three men in front of a stone building. The man on the left is seated, wearing a plaid shirt and glasses, playing a black and silver Hohner accordion. The man in the center is standing, wearing a red zip-up jacket and blue jeans, holding a violin. The man on the right is seated, wearing a dark blue sweater and glasses, holding a long metal pipe. The background is a rustic stone wall with a window.

SHEPHEARD
SPIERS
& WATSON

Over the High Hills

1: THE AULD BEGGARMAN - ARTHUR

A beggar is given shelter for the night but before daybreak he and the daughter of the house steal away together.

The earliest dated version of the ballad was published in Allan Ramsay's *Tea Table Miscellany* of 1724 under the title *The Gaberlunzie Man* (volume 1, page 80). In all the published versions the story ends without any return (as here in verses 15 to 19). However this conclusion to the ballad appears commonly in versions collected from the oral tradition. That this fuller version of the ballad precedes Allan Ramsay is now clear as an earlier broadside has recently been identified by Emily Lyle in the National Library of Scotland that includes the later part of the ballad - and so confirms both the veracity and age of the oral tradition.

The beggar in the ballad - who later turns out to be a wealthy gentleman - is often identified by traditional singers as being King James V. (Child 279, Roud 118, Greig Duncan 2:275)

Arthur (lead vocal) with Pete (melodeon and vocal) and Tom (fiddle and vocal)

1: An auld beggarman cam ower the lea,
Wi many's a fine tale tae tell tae me;
"O guidwife for your charity,
Wad ye lodge a beggarman?"
Liddle el ti tow row ray.

2: An the nicht wis cauld, the carle wis wet,
Intae the ingle neuk he sat;
He's taen his meal pyok aff his back,
An aye he rantit an he sang.

3: An fen the auldwife she wis fast asleep,
Intae the dother's bed he did creep;
Intae the dother's bed he did creep,
He wis a ge y auld beggarman.

4: "An noo if I wis black as I am white,
Like the snaw that lies ahin your dyke;
I'd dress masel fu beggar-like,
An awa wi you I'd gang."

5: "Aye, but lassie, lassie ye are far ower young,
An ye hanna got the cant nor the beggin tongue;
Ye hanna got the cant or the beggin tongue,
An wi me ye canna gyang.

6: "Aye, but I'll bend my back and I'll boo ma knee,
I'll pit a black patch ower ae ee;
An for a beggar they'll tak me,
An awa wi you I'll gyang."

7: Noo these twa thegither they hae laid up a plot,
Tae rise twa oors afore the fowk;
Sae cannily he's slippit the lock,
An it's oot ower the fields they ran.

8: An it's early that mornin the auldwife arose,
An cannily pit on her claes;
An stracht tae the servant's bed she gaes,
Tae speir for the peer auld man.

9: An the servant gaed far the auld man lay,
The sheets wis cauld, he wis away;
She's lifted up her hands, crying, "Weel-a-day!
Has ony o oor gweed gear gane?"

10: An some ran tae the coffer an some ran tae the
kist,
But nothin wis awa that could be missed;
She's lifted up her hands, crying, "Praise be tae the
Blessed!
That he hae lodged an honest auld man."

11: "Noo that nothin is awa that we can learn,
There's kye tae milk, there's milk tae kinn;
Gae but tae the room, lass, an wauken up the bairn,
An aye, an bid her come speedily ben."

12: So the servant gaed far the dother lay,
The sheets wis cauld, she wis away;
The sheets wis cauld an she wis away,
She wis awa wi the beggar man.

13: An it's some rade on horseback, some ran on fit,
It's aa bit the auldwife, she wisna fit;
She's hirpled up an doun fae hip tae hip,
An aye she has cursed an banned.

14: Far awa oot ower the lea,
Fu snug in a glen far nane could see;
These twa mi muckle sport an glee,
Fae a new cheese cut a whang.

15: Noo a few years later, mebbe twa, mebbe three,
That same auld beggar man cam ower the lea;
"O guidwife for your cherity,
Wad ye lodge a beggar man?"

16: "O noo a beggarman, a beggarman I'd never lodge
again,
I haed a dother, een o ma ain;
I haed a dother, Jeannie wis her name,
An she's awa wi a beggar man."

17: "Aye, bit aulwife, aulwife fit wad ye dee,
A sicht o yer ain daughter Jean tae see;
A sicht o yer ain daughter Jeannie for tae see,
Her that's awa wi the beggar man?"

18: "For yonder she's comin oot ower the lea,
Wi many's a fine tale tae tell tae ye;
She's a bairn on her back, she's anither at her knee,
She's anither on the road comin hame.

19: "An it's yonder she's comin intae the bower,
Wi silks an satins an mony's a floor;
She's lifted up her arms an she's praised the oor,
She's awa wi the beggar man.
Liddle el ti tow row ray.

2: JOHNNIE GALLACHER - TOM

This song was collected from Jessie MacDonald of Macduff in 1966 by Peter Hall. Jessie was a traveller, born in the mid 1870s and learned most of her songs before 1900. Her version didn't have the chorus – that's an addition we made recently - it just happened when we were singing it at a practice - yes, we do sometimes practice! The song was obtained by Gavin Greig in 1908 from Sam Davidson, a farm servant, who had the text in his manuscript book of songs - with the location as Urie rather than Ugie. Versions have also been collected in England, Ireland and in Newfoundland with variation in names and places. (Greig Duncan 1:80, Roud 920)

Tom (lead vocal and fiddle) with Pete (melodeon and vocal) and Arthur (whistle and vocal)

1: As I was a-walkin by Ugie one day,
I met Sergeant Kelly by chance on my way;
Says he, "Johnnie Gallacher, you're a handsome young
man,
Wid ye come doon tae Ugie wi me for a dram?
Wi me for a dram, wi me for a dram,
Wid ye come doon tae Ugie wi me for a dram?"

2: We sat in the ale hoose jist takin oor dram,
Fan he says, "Johnnie Gallacher, wid ye prove ye're
a man?
Wid ye list and tak the bounty and come awa wi me,
Far ower the ocean strange places tae see?
Strange places tae see, strange places tae see,
Far ower the ocean strange places tae see?"

3: He pit his hand in his pocket and the shillin he
drew,
"Tak this my brave laddie and ye will never rue."
'Tis then I was listed and the bargain it was made,
The ribbons they were brocht and pit on my cockade.
Pit on my cockade, pit on my cockade,
The ribbons they were brocht and pit on my cockade.

4: Well a curse on that sergeant and his lyin tongue,
A curse on the day that I follaed the drum;
One night in the guard room and the next in the jile,
Wi nae topcoat nor blanket tae wrap mysel in.

Tae wrap mysel in, tae wrap mysel in,
Nae topcoat nor blanket tae wrap mysel in.

5: Bad luck tae my uncle farivver he be,
For he was the first man that his ruined me;
Gin he had been an honest man and learnt me a
trade,

Then I never wid hae listed nor wore the cockade.

Nor wore the cockade, nor wore the cockade,
No I never wid hae listed nor wore the cockade.

3: JIMMY DRUMMOND - PETE

A song in Scots traveller cant. A traveller man is caught stealing gannies (chickens) and is sentenced to kerstardee (jail) leaving his mort (wife) and kenchens (children) to fend for themselves.

Pete Shepheard: With his wife and children scattered, he seems to regret his ways and vows to go 'a-chouran' no more - unless he should go on such a venture alone. I have heard this from several traveller singers and it is collated from the singing of John Stewart recorded at Peat Inn, Fife in April 1967 (67.2.16), Mary Reid, Peat Inn April 1967 (67.2.17), John MacDonald, Marshall's Field, Alyth August 1965 (65.17) and from Willie McPhee of Perth. (Roud 2506)

Pete (vocal and melodeon) with Tom (fiddle) and Arthur (whistle)

1: O ma name it is young Jimmy Drummond,
I travelled fae Campbelltown;
And last night I layed in a granzie, [barn
Ma mort an ma kenchens free. [wife; children

2: But tonight I lie in kerstardee, [house; jail
An I cannae nash avree; [run; away
An ma mort an ma kenchens lie scattered,
An I dinna jan whaur they may be. [know

3: Now if ever youse dae bing a-chouran, [go stealing
See i ye nash be yersel; [that you go by yourself
For a-chouran for gannies be dozens, [stealing of
chickens by dozens

I was sentenced one twelvemonth tae jail.

4: For the sherriff says, "Drummond, you're guilty,
You are lookin so white and so pale;
But it's quickly I altered my colours,
When I heard I had a twelvemonth in jail.

5: But when I do get out o kerstardee,
I'll go back to the girl that I know;
In steads of gold rings on her fingers
She'll be wearing gold rings on her toes.

6: I will yoke up my ox and my waggons,
An I'll go a-chouran no more;
For when I do get out o kerstardee,
I'll go back to the girl I adore.

7: But if ever I dae bing a-chouran,
I'll be sure an I'll gang be masel;
I will moud aa the gannies in dozens, [kill
For there'll be naebody there for tae tell.

4: ROBIN HOOD AND THE PEDLAR - ARTHUR

A rare ballad (#132 in FJ Child's collection) that has, nevertheless, been found in the living tradition both in England and in Scotland in the last decades. This version is from the singing of Willie Robertson recorded by Hamish Henderson in Aberdeen in the 1950s.

The ballad is one of a large cycle of Robin Hood ballads that excited enormous public interest after they were first compiled together from early broadsheets and manuscript collections and published in two small 8vo volumes by Joseph Ritson in 1795. (Child 132; Roud 333)

Arthur (lead vocal) with Pete (melodeon) and Tom (fiddle)

1: A pedlar busk and a pedlar thrum,
A pedlar he linked ower the lea;
There he spied two troublesome men,
Two troublesome men they proved tae be.

2: "Fit's in your pack ma pedlar man?
Fit's in your pack ma gey felliee?"
"There's seiven shirts, aye, and three cravats,
Likewise ma bowstrings two and three."

3: "If there's seiven shirts and three cravats,
Likewise yer bowstrings two and three;
It's by ma soul," cried Little John,
"The pack and aa will pass tae me."

4: Then the pedlar taen his pack doun aff his back,
He's set it low down by his knee;
"If ye can fecht me three steps back,
Then the pack an aa will faa tae ye."

5: An Little John drew a guid broadsword,
The pedlar mannie he drew the same;
They swakkit swords till sair they swat,
Crying, "Pedlar man, noo haud your hand."

6: "Fit is yer name, ma pedlar man?
O fit is yer name ma gey felliee?"
"It's ne'er a word o ma name I'll tell,
Till baith yer names ye've tellt tae me."

7: "And the one of is bold Robin Hood,
The ither, Little John, sae free."
"It's noo ye've tellt me baith yer names,
Then ma name an ma place I'll tell tae ye."

8: "I'm Gammel Gold o the gey green wood,
I've traivelled far across the sea;
For killin a man in ma faither's land,
Fae ma faither's land I'm forced tae flee."

9: "If ye're Gammel Gold o the gey green wood,
That has traivelled far fae across the sea;
Then you an me's two sister's sons,
And fit closer cousins could we be?"

10: They sheathed their swords wi richt guid will,
And they hae spoke richt merrily;
Then tae the alehouse that stood close by,
Where they crackit bottles by two and by three.

5: BARBARA ALLEN - TOM

Learnt by Tom from a recording made by Peter Hall in the early 1960s of John Stewart, a settled traveller in Aberdeen.

Tom Spiers: Since early childhood I'd often heard this ballad sung, but was never motivated to learn it until I heard a recording made by Peter Hall in the early 1960s, of John Stewart, a settled traveller in Aberdeen. I loved the tune and the feeling he put into it. Over the years I've changed a few lines and added a couple of verses, but don't ask me which ones.

Barbara Allen is one of the most popular traditional ballads both in print and collected from the living tradition. Bronson published 198 tunes and texts for the ballad, but I think he missed this one. (Child 84, Greig Duncan 6.1193)

Tom (lead vocal and fiddle) with Pete (melodeon and vocal) and Arthur (whistle and vocal)

1: It fell aboot the Martinmas Time,
Fan the green leaves they were faain;
That young John Graeme, fae the north countrie,
Fell in love wi Barbara Allan,
Fell in love wi Barbara Allan.

2: He's coortit her for seven lang years,
Till he could coort nae langer;
For he fell sick and his hert wis sair,
So he sent for his true lover,
Aye he sent for his true lover.

3: He sent his man doon through the toon,
Tae the place far she wis dwellin;
Sayin, "Haste ye come tae my maisters side,
Gin yer name bees Barbara Allan,
Gin yer name bees Barbara Allan."

4: Sae hooly hooly she's raised up,
And sae slowly she's gaed wi him;
And fan she's poud the curtains roond,
She said, "Young man I think yer dyin."
Said, "Young man I think yer dyin."

5: "Aye surely I am dyin love,
But one kiss fae you nicht cure me."
"One kiss fae me that will never be,
Though yer herts bleed wis a-spillin,
Though yer herts bleed wis a-spillin."

6: "For mind ye no young man," she said,
"Fan we sat in yonder tavern?
Ye gart the healths gae roond an roon,
But ye forgot yer Barbara Allan,
Ye forgot yer Barbara Allan."

7: "O look ye doon tae my bed fit,
And it's there ye'll find a token;
A china vase that's full o tears,
Gae that tae Barbara Allan,
Gae that tae Barbara Allan."

8: Then he's turned his face untae the waa,
For death wis wi him dealin;
And he's bid farewell tae aa his freens,
And adieu tae Barbara Allan,
And adieu tae Barbara Allan.

9: Well she hid scarcely walked a mile,
Fan she heard the deid bell tollin;
And every strike, it seemed tae say,
Hard-herted Barbara Allan,
Hard-herted Barbara Allan.

10: "O mither, mither mak my bed,
For I am broken herted;
For young John Graeme his died for me,
But we winna lang be partied,
No we winna lang be partied."

11: The pair were laid in yon kirkyaird,
Aye she wis lain aside him;
And fae her hert there grew a rose,
And fae his hert a briar,
And fae his hert a briar.

12: They grew up tae the bell tower tap,
Till they could grow nae higher;
And there they've made a lover's knot,
The rose among the briar,
The rose among the briar.

6: FAN DIEMEN'S LAND - PETE

From the early 1800s until the abolition of penal transportation in 1853 many thousands of men and women and even children were banished from these islands by transportation - in this case to Tasmania or Van Diemen's Land as it was then known.

Pete Shepheard: I recorded this version from two singers Hughie Stewart (2 verses) and Ronnie McDonald (5 verses) on the Blairgowrie berryfields in August 1965. Neither singer had the first verse. (Greig Duncan 2:252, Roud 221)

Pete (vocal) with Tom (fiddle)

1: Come aa ye jolly poacher boys that ramble void
of care,
That do go out on a moonlit night with your gun,
your dog, your snare;
The harmless hare and pheasant you have at your
command,
Never thinking on your last career upon Fan Dyman's
Land.

2: There was poor Jock Brown from Glasgow town,
Will Guthrie and wee John,
They were three of the loyalest comrades that ever
the sun shone on;
The keeper caught then hunting with gun and snare
in hand,

They were fourteen years transported boys upon Fan
Dyman's Land.

3: O once I had a sweetheart, Jean Summers was her
name,
They tried her down in Dundee town for the selling
of the game;
The captain he fell in love with her, he married her
out of hand,
Ah, but she was more than good to us upon Fan
Dyman's Land.

4: Now the place that we'd tae land upon was on
some foreign shore,
The settlers thay gathered around us boys, five thou-
sand there or more;
They herded us like cattle, they sold us out of hand,
And they yoked us up like horses boys to plough Fan
Dyman's Land.

5: And the houses that we dwell within were made of
clod and clay,
With rotten straw to lay upon, no better by night
nor day;
Around the camp we keep close watch, we slumber
when we can,
And we fight the wolves and tigers boys upon Fan
Dyman's Land.

6: One night as I lay sleeping I had a sad old dream,
I dreamt I was back in Scotland beside a flowing
stream;
And by my side a fair young lass, and her at my
command,
But when I awoke, my poor heart broke, I was on Fan
Dyman's Land.

7: So come aa ye jolly poacher boys and a warning
take by me,
It's never go a-hunting for it is against the law,
It's never go a-huntin with gun or snare in hand,
Or you will find yourself in the place they call Fan
Dyman's Land.

7: ROVIN EYE/ CASTLEGATE - ARTHUR

An ever popular traditional song of a young ploughboy
who goes to town on a spree and falls into a scrape with
a young woman.

Arthur Watson: Most versions of the song refer to the
Overgate and the Beefcan Close in Dundee but here the song
is claimed by Aberdeen's Castlegate and the nearby Peacock's
Close - a place that retained its reputation as a place of
ill-repute till recent times. (Roud 866)

Arthur (lead vocal) with Tom (fiddle and vocal) and Pete
(vocal)

1: As I gaed ower the Castlegate,
I met in wi a bonnie wee lass;
She looked at me fae the tail o her ee,
As I gaed walkin past.
Wi ma rovin eye, Right fa laddie,
Right fa laddie, Toura lye.

2: I've askit her tae gyang wi me,
And tak a drappie wine;
And as we baith walked doun the street,
She's linked her airm in mine.

3: I've gaen up tae her sittin room,
A bittie ower the burn;
It's true fit Rabbie Burn's said,
That a man wis made tae murn.

4: Wi mutton pies and porter,
Wi whisky wine an beer;
An I swear she ate an drunk as muckle,
As I wad at a guid New Year.

5: I've askit her fit wis her name,
She says, Jemima Rose,
Ans she's bidin in a lodgin hoose,
At the fit o Peacock Close.

6: I've askit her, her landlady's name,
She says it wis Mistress Bruce;

An wi that, she's invited me,
Tae come tae the lodgin hoose.

7: As we gaed up that windin stair,
The wyes bein lang an dark;
I've slipp'd ma money fae ma inside pooch,
An I tied it tae the tail o ma sark.

8: We scarcely had got up the stair,
Fen she taen me tae a room;
An there we pulled a bottle oot,
An it's there that we baith sat down.

9: She askit me tae tak a drink,
She fillt a flowin gless:
She looked at me fae the tail o her ee,
"Plooman laddie, dae your best."

10: But in cam twa policemen,
They've took me be the heid o the hair,
An they've gien me a dose o the whirly jigs,
In ma sark tail doon the stair.

11: It's aa nicht lang I dreamt I wis lyin,
In the airms o Jemima Rose,
But fen I awoke I wis lyin in ma sark,
At the fit o Peacock Close.

12: Oh she stole fae me ma watch an chain,
Ma speuchan and ma purse;
But I stole fae her her maidenheid,
And that's a damn sicht worse.
[speuchan - tobacco pouch

13: So come aa ye jolly plooman lads,
That gyang oot for a lark,
An mind on the money in yer inside pooch,
If the wyes be lang an dark.
Wi ma rovin eye, right fa laddie,
Right fa laddie, toura lye,
Wi ma rovin eye, fal a doo a dye
Wi ma rovin eye, dum dairy, wi ma rovin eye.

8: THE BANKS O AIRDRIE - TOM

Tom heard this sung by Jeannie Robertson and by Norman Kennedy before Norman left for North America, and remembers it as one of the first ballads he learned in the 1960s - the repetitions in the story making it easy to pick up. The ballad has survived in the oral tradition of many in the Scottish traveller community.

The robber's name in this version - Bubblin Jockie - is presumably related to the name Baby Lon in the Perthshire version published by Motherwell in 1827 and taken by Child as his A version with the ballad name Babylon. (Child 14, Greig Duncan 2:199, Roud 27)

Ingmar Bergman's 1960 film *The Virgin Spring* (Swedish: *Jungfrukällan*) is based on *Töres döttrar i Wänge*, a Swedish version of the ballad.

Tom (lead vocal) with Pete (vocal) and Arthur (vocal)

1: Three bonnie sisters gaed oot for a walk,
Eechan aye say bonnie O,
They've met wi a robber on the road,
By the bonnie banks o Airdrie O.

2: He's taen the first yin by the hand,
He's birl'd her roon an bid her stand.

3: "Will ye be a rank robber's wife?
Or will ye dee by my penknife?"

4: "I'll nae be a rank robber's wife,
I'd rather dee by your penknife."

5: He's taen the next yin by the hand,
He's birl'd her roon an bid her stand.

6: "Will ye be a rank robber's wife,
Or will ye dee by my penknife?"

7: "I'll nae be a rank robber's wife,
I'd rather dee by your penknife."

8: Then he's taen the third yin by the hand,
He's birl'd her roon an he's bid her stand.

9: "Will ye be a rank robber's wife,
Or will ye dee by my penknife?"

10: "I'll nae be a rank robber's wife,
Nor will I dee by your penknife."

11: "For in this wid I've a brither true,
An gin ye kill me syne he'll kill you."

12: "Come tell me fit is yer brither's name."
"It's Bubblin Jockie they cry him."

13: "Oh my God, fit hiv I din!
I've killed my sisters, aa but yin."

14: "Then he's picket them up an he's cairried them
hame,
Eechan aye say bonnie O,
A-robbin, a-robbin I'll niver gang again,
By the bonnie banks o Airdrie O.

9: THE PLOOMAN'S DUE - PETE

This Fife bothy ballad tells of a day in the life of the ploughmen in the Spring of the year as they are called out by the foreman to work their horses on the land.

Pete Shepheard: I learnt this from the singing of Archie Webster of Strathkinness in Fife in 1968 (Springthyme 17.6.68). Archie was himself a made horseman and worked on the farm of Denbrae outside St Andrews where the work of the farm was done entirely with horse and man until the 1950s.

The song is in the Greig Duncan collection under the title Harrowing Time where, as here, it is sung to variations of the tune Drumdelgie. (Roud 5587, Greig Duncan 3:421)

Pete (vocal and melodeon) with Tom (fiddle) and Arthur (whistle)

1: Cauld winter now is over an Spring is come again,
The cauld winds o Maurch month has driven awa the
rain;
Has driven awa the dreary rain likewise the frost an
snow,
An the foreman in the mornin has ordered oot tae
saw.

2: Has ordered oot tae saw my boys an we maun
follae fast,
But we're told by oor hard maister that there'll be nae
time tae rest;
For we maun be intae the yoke each mornin by half
five,
An merrily merrily ower the rigs oor horses we will
drive,

3: We wander then till twelve o'clock tae dinner then
we go,
We scarce hae gotten a half an oor when the foreman
cries, "Hallo!
Hallo, hallo, hallo ma lads, it's yokin time again,
Come let us get it aa harried afore it comes on rain."

4: We wander then until the sun behind the hill does
hide,
'Tis then oor horses we will lowse an hameward we
will ride;
Hameward we will ride ma boys an get oor horses fed,
We'll kame them weel fae hape tae heel an their tails
an manes we'll rade.

5: An after that we supper then an after that we hie,
Tae see oor bonnie lassies a-milkin o their kye;
A-milkin o their kye ma lads an pree their cherry mou,
An tak a daffin oor or twa, shak hands an bid adieu.

6: 'Tis noo ma song I mean tae end and end it up
wi this,
Let ploomen get mair wages it is the ploomen's wish;
Let ploomen get mair wages it is the ploomen's due,
For he keeps up the rich and grand by the sweat
that's on his broo.

10: JOHN BARLEYCORN - ARTHUR

The character of John Barleycorn in the song represents the spirit of the harvest, and of the alcohol made from it - whisky and beer. In the song, John Barleycorn suffers from the ploughing of the ground, the reaping of the crop, the milling of the grain and the conversion of the grain into alcohol. Finally a glass of the liquor is in raised as a toast to his health.

The song was known to Robert Burns and is widespread in English tradition but this version is from the repertoire of the late Duncan Williamson, Scottish traveller, and master of the storytelling art. (Roud 164; Greig Duncan 3:559)

Arthur (lead vocal) with Pete (melodeon and vocal) and Tom (vocal)

1: There came three men oot fae the west,
Three men baith great and high;
And they hae swore a solemn oath,
That John Barleycorn should die.

Chorus:

Oh! Oh! John Barley,
Oh! John Barleycorn,
It wad break the heart o a dying man,
Tae hear John Barley moan.

2: They hae ploughed him deep intae the grund,
Put sods upon his heid;
And they hae swore a solemn oath,
That John Barleycorn wis deid.

3: Aye, an gentle spring cam kindly on,
And showers began tae faa;
John Baleycorn rose up again,
Aye, an sair surprised them aa.

4: Aye, an sultry summer soon it cam,
And the sun it brightly shone;
John Barleycorn grew a lang, lang beard,
Aye, and so became a man.

5: They hae taen a scythe baith land an shairp,
Cut him about the knee;
And they've tied him fast upon a cairt,
Like some rogue for a felony.

6: They hae roasted him ower the scorching fire,
Till the marra ran fae his bones;
And the miller used him worse than that,
He's crushed him between two stones.

7: Aye, but John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
And of noble enterprise;
If ever you do taste his blood,
It'd mak your courage rise.

8: So let us toast John Barleycorn,
Every man wi his gless in his hand;
Aye, an may his great prosperity,
Never fail in aa Scotland.

Chorus:

Oh! Oh! John Barley,
Oh! John Barleycorn,
It wad break the heart o a dying man,
Tae hear John Barley moan.

11: EARL RICHARD - TOM

Tom Spiers: I found this short version of *Young Hunting* in Motherwell's *Minstrelsy* of 1868 and tweaked the words a bit to get it to fit the two-part tune at the back of the book. I thought this was a great find, as I had never heard anyone else sing it. I later discovered it was sung quite commonly in the USA, to a different tune and under the name of *Loving Henry*. However, as seems to be the norm with the move to America, the supernatural ending had been lost. I rather like the ending, where she tells the bird (clearly the spirit of Earl Richard) to clear off or she'd kill it too. Motherwell – from the recitation of Miss Stevenson of Glasgow, January 1825. (Child 68; Greig Duncan 7:1465; Roud 47)

Tom (lead vocal and fiddle) with Pete (melodeon) and Arthur (whistle)

1: Earl Richard is a-huntin gaen,
As fast as he could ride;
A huntin-horn hung round his neck,
And a shairp sword by his side.

2: Fan he's come tae my lady's gate,
He's tirtled at the pin;
There wis nane sae ready as my lady,
To gae doon and let him in.

3: "Licht doon licht doon Earl Richard," she says,
"Licht doon and bide aa nicht;
We'll hae cheer wi charcoal clear,
Aye and candles burnin bricht."

4: "I canna bide I winna bide,
I canna bide ava;
For a fairer lady than ten o ye,
Is waiting at my haa."

5: He's bent doon fae his milk-white steed,
Tae kiss her rosy cheek;
She's taen a pen-knife in her hand,
And wounded him richt deep.

6: "Lie ye there Earl Richard," she says,
"Lie there until the morn;
And a fairer lady than ten o me,
Will think ye're lang comin hame."

7: Then she has caad her servin maids,
Aye she's caad them twa by twa;
"There is a deid man at my gate,
And I wish he wis awa."

8: Twa maids hae taen him by the hands,
And twa hae taen his feet;
And they've flung him in a deep draw-well,
Fu fifty fathoms deep.

9: Then up there spake a bonny bird,
That sat upon a tree;
"Gae hame, gae hame ye fause lady,
And pey your maids their fee."

10: "Come doon here my bonny bird,
And sit upon my hand;
I'll gie ye a cage o the beaten goud,
And nae the hazel wand."

11: "Gae hame, gae hame ye fause lady,
And an ill death may ye dee;
For as ye've din tae Earl Richard,
Sae wid ye dae tae me."

12: "Gin I had a bent bow in my hand,
An arrow on the string;
I'd shoot a dart at your prood hert,
Amang the leaves sae green."

12: BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL - PETE

This old song may be a fragment of a longer ballad - the story line is bare and leaves much unstated. This version is largely from traveller singer Duncan Williamson of Ladybank.

Pete Shephard: I have always liked the song and it has a fine tune and after I heard a slightly longer version sung by the traveller singer Duncan Williamson I took to the song again. (Child 210, Roud 338)

Pete (vocal and melodeon) with Arthur (whistle) and Tom (fiddle)

1: High upon heilands and low upon Tay,
Bonnie George Campbell rade oot on a day;
Saddled and bridled and mounted gaed he,
Hame cam his good horse but never cam he.

2: Saddled and bridled and mounted gaed he,
A feather to his hat and a sword at his knee.
Hame cam his saddle, aa bloody to see,
Hame cam his good horse but never cam he.

3: Oot cam his auld mother, she wis greetin fu sair,
Oot cam his bonnie wife rivin her hair;
The meadow lies green and the corn is unshorn,
Ma barn's yet tae big and my babe yet unborn.

4: Bonnie George Campbell rade oot on a day,
A band o MacDonalds he met by the way;
They took him, they killed him, they hung him sae
high,
Hame cam his good horse but never cam he.

5: High upon heilands and low upon Tay,
Bonnie George Campbell rade oot on a day;
Saddled and bridled and mounted gaed he,
Hame cam his good horse but never cam he.

13: WILLIE'S LYKE WAKE - ARTHUR

The hero who feigns death to draw a timid maiden is a common ballad theme. This is among the commonest of ballads in Danish, and is known in Magyar, Slovenian, and Italian variants but has been rare in Scotland. This version is based on the fragmentary ballad sung by Mrs Gillespie of Glasgow as learnt by her in Buchan from her father's stepmother, here with additional text from a similar but full version published as *Among the Blue Flowers and the Yellow* by Peter Buchan in his *Ballads of the North of Scotland* of 1828. (Child 25, Roud 30; Greig Duncan 4:843)

Arthur (lead vocal) with Pete (melodeon and vocal) and Tom (fiddle and vocal)

1: "Willie ma son, why look ye sae sad?"
As the sun shines over the valley
"I lie sairly sick for the love o a maid."
Among the blue flooers and the yellow

2: "O Willie, ma son, I wad learn ye a wile,
It is how ye can this maiden beguile."

3: "And it's ye'll gie the bellman his bell groat,
Tae ring his deid bell at your true love's gate."

4: And he's gien the bellman his bell groat,
And he's rung his deid bell at Willie's true lover's gate.

5: And the maid she stood and she heard it aa,
Aye, and doun her cheeks the tears did faa.

6: And she's gaed doun tae Willie's yett,
Willie's seiven brithers were standin thereat.

7: And they did convoy her intae Willie's haa,
For there were weepers an mourners among them aa.

8: She has lifted up the coverin, the coverin o reid,
An wi a melancholy countenance tae gaze upon the
deid.

9: Willie's taen around the middle sae sma,
An he's laid her atween him and the waa.

10: "O Willie, O Willie let me stay a maid,
And the very next mornin I'll be your bride."

11: "Aye, but noo ye've cam intae my bower,
Ye winna ging a maid anither quarter o an hour."

12: It wis at Willie's wake that she got her beddin,
As the sun shines over the valley
And the very next day was her gay weddin.
Among the blue flooers and the yellow

14: THE BONNIE WEE LASSIE - TOM

A song that Tom remembers from Jeannie Robertson's repertoire - but set to a different tune. A young man meets in with a young woman who says she is "the lassie that never said no!" The song is also found in Northern Ireland. (Roud 2903)

Tom (lead vocal and fiddle) with Arthur (whistle) and Pete (diddle on last instrumental)

1: Well I've cam tae a cross faar I met a wee lass,
Says, I, "Ma wee lass are ye willin tae go?"

She says, "Sir I will, for the share o a gill,
For it's I'm the wee lassie that niver said no."

2: Sae we've gaen tae an alehouse and straicht up
tae bed,

We niver did rise till the cock it did crow;
Then it's gless efter gless I did merrily toss,
Wi the bonnie wee lassie that niver said no.

3: Then the landlady's opened the door an cam in,
She's lifted a gless and said wi a smile,
"Here's a health tae the lad faas brocht in this lass,
Here's a health tae the lass that can jig it in style."

4: "Go and bring us mair liquor," the lassie she said.
They've brocht in jugs and bottles a-new,
Then it's glass efter glass I did merrily toss,
Till the lass and the landlady filled themsels fou.

5: "O look intae yer pocket," the landlady said,
"Ye owe me twa shillins tae pey for yer bed,
O look for layin her doon ye owe me a croon,
O look intae yer pocket," the landlady said.

6: I've pit a pound in her pocket but five I've taen
oot,
And I thocht tae myself I will bundle and go;
Well I bid her goodbye but she's made nae reply,
The bonnie wee lassie that niver said no.

15: NIGHT VISITING SONG - PETE

A woman is woken in the night by her lover's knock at the window. He is but the ghost of her lover and must depart before sunrise to return to the other world.

There are many versions of this collected from recent living tradition in Scotland and the evidence of the night visitor being a returning ghostly lover is not always present. The titles vary: *I Must Away*, *The Porter Laddie*, *Night Visit Song*, *The Lover's Ghost*.

This version is largely from the singing of Duncan

Johnstone of Torwood, Birnam recorded by Peter Shephard in 1967 (Springthyme 67.4.3) but with the tune and some text from Bella Higgins and Andra Stewart recorded by Hamish Henderson in Blairgowrie in 1958.

The indicators of the supernatural are the departure of the lover as the cocks begin to crow, the sounding of his trumpet as he leaves and his statement that he "must cross the morning's tempest" - a return journey to the other world. The song may ultimately derive from, or is at least related to, the ballad named by Francis James Child as *The Grey Cock* (Child 248) and also *Sweet William's Ghost* (Child 77). (Roud 179: Greig Duncan 4:783; Child 248)

Pete (vocal and melodeon) with Tom (fiddle and vocal) and Arthur (whistle and vocal)

1: Although the night be as dark as dungeon,
No a star to be seen above;
It's over the high hills I'll roam with pleasure,
Into the arums of my true love.

2: He stepped up to her bedroom window,
He's kneeled down silently upon a stone;
And through the window he,s whispered softly,
"My darling dear do you lie alone?"

2: She rose up from her down white pillow,
She's lifted her arums from her lilly white breast;
"Who'se that, who'se that at my bedroom window,
Disturbing me at my long night's rest?"

4: "'Tis I, 'tis I love, it is your own true lover,
Open the door now and let me in;
For I am come on a long night's journey,
And I am near drenched unto the skin."

5: She rose up then wi the greatest of pleasure,
She rose up and she let him in;
And they were locked in each other's arums,
Until that long night was past an gone.

6: And when that long night, it was past and over,
And all the small cocks began to crow;
They've kissed an parted, he's saddled and mounted,
He sounded his trumpet and away did go.

7: "For I must away love, I can no longer tarry,
This morning's tempest I hae tae cross;
It's over the high hills I'll roam wi pleasure,
Since I've been in the airms of my own true love.
It's over the high hills I'll roam wi pleasure,
Since I've been in the airms of my own true love."

Music:

Pete Shephard: Hohner 3-row Corona II in A/D/G, Castagnari melodeons in D/G and C/F.

Tom Spiers: Milne fiddle in standard tuning, Marshall fiddle in various open tunings.

Arthur Watson: Whistles by Generation (D and C), Susato (D and Bb) and Overton (low F).

Credits:

Recorded by Tom Spiers.

Design & transcriptions by Peter Shephard.

Photographs by Lena Shephard - rear photo at the Portsoy Traditional Boat Festival August 2011.

All songs are from traditional sources and are arranged by Shephard, Spiers & Watson and published Flash Company Music.

Song notes and texts are at www.springthyme.co.uk/1043/

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Over the High Hills

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- 3: Jimmy Drummond 2.55**
- 4: Robin Hood and the Pedlar 3.33**
- 5: Barbara Allen 5.49**
- 6: Fan Diemen's Land 4.22**
- 7: Rovin Eye/ Castlegate 4.32**
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