

SHORES OF THE FORTH SONG BOOK



John Watt & Davey Stewart
with
**THE BEGGAR'S MANTLE
CEILIDH BAND**

- 1: Lochaber Gathering/ Tam Bain's Lum
- 2: Shores of the Forth/ Fisher's Hornpipe
- 3: Dunfermline Linen
- 4: Pittenweem Jo
- 5: My Wee Dog
- 6: Dundee City Police Pipe Band/ Hills of Glenorchy
- 7: The Eymouth Disaster/ The Boatie Rows
- 8: Annabelle Rosabelle
- 9: Keltj Clippie
- 10: Barbara Donnachie/ Coolie's Reel
The Ash Plant/ The Corner House
- 11: Mining Trilogy: Athony Reilly/ Eany Meany/ Schooldays Over
- 12: Bobby Muldoon
- 13: The Poachers
- 14: The New Toon Hall/ There Cam a Young Man
- 15: The Goby O/ Rosin the Beau
- 16: Farewell tae the Ferries
- 17: Fife's Got Everything including 17: Blue Skies



1: LOCHABER GATHERING/ TAM BAIN'S LUM

Two favourite pipe tunes from the band.



The first tune, Lochaber Gathering, is a four part march by George Stewart MacLennan. It is unclear when the Lochaber Gathering originated, but its beginnings go back to the dawn of competition among pipers. It is known however, that as far back as 1816, the event was recorded in the annals of the Highland Society of London. The composer GS MacLennan (or McLennan) was born in Edinburgh in 1883 to a leading and long-standing piping family and died in his prime at age 46 in 1929 with his only book of music just off the press. Those who heard him say his fingers were miraculous. His astonishing technical prowess contributed to an important evolution in Highland pipe technique in the early part of the twentieth century. As a composer, the quality and lasting appeal of his tunes are unequalled. The second tune, Tam Bain's Lum, is a four part pipe hornpipe by Donald Shaw Ramsay. Though it seems tame today, in the days before the modern, finger-twisting, bent-note pipe tunes, this DS Ramsay composition pushed the envelope. The tune was reportedly written about a chimney ('lum') in Laurieston, near Falkirk, in the shape of Abraham Lincoln's hat. It was part of a row of tenement houses and owned by a fellow named Tam Bain. Ramsay was apparently quite taken by the sight and named this tune after it. The tune was probably written in the early 1950s.

The Band: *Jock Ritchie from Inverkeithing on fiddle, Jock Mullen from Keltj on accordion, Robin McKidd from Glenrothes on guitar and bass and Brian Miller from Penicuik on guitar and mandolin.*

2: SHORES OF THE FORTH/ FISHER'S HORNPIPE

A song from Davey and a tune from the band.



The song, Shores of the Forth, was composed by Matt Armour from Anstruther in Fife. The town of Anstruther, known locally as Ainster, is a thriving fishing port in the East Neuk of Fife. The herring shoals disappeared from the Forth many years ago forcing the boats to travel further and further in search of catches. The song captures the feelings of fisher folk of the area to the changing fortunes of the fishery.

1: Come aa you East Neuk fishin lads that stand in
the prime o yer youth,
Come sit awhile along wi me, I'll tell ye aa the truth;
For I've lived nearby for aa ma days along East
Ainster toon,
Noo I'm gey near deid, I've earned ma breid, on the
cauld hard herrin grund.

Chorus:

In the auld trawl boats and the lang seine nets,
I've yaised up all o my youth;
Noo the herrin grund's nae mair are fund,
Alang the shores o the Forth.

2: I signed wi Jimmy Gairdiner on the Annie Dear
for tae sail,
Pit on a suit o ileskins, the makin o Willie Miles;
And I gaed tae the herrin grund, and man, that life
was hard,
But a man stood high when his catch was cried
along by the auld sail yaird.

3: Ma brither Tam gaed doon alow when the Rose of
Forth turned ower,
And I masel near done the same in the year o '24;
These hands that used tae drag aa day are spleen
and thravn wi pain,
When an East wind's blawn, I'm aa for gaun tae the
herrin grund's again.

Chorus:

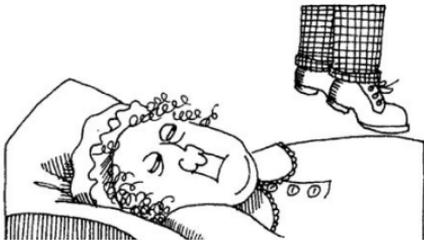
In the auld trawl boats and the lang seine nets,
I've yaised up all o my youth;
Noo the herrin grund's nae mair are fund,
Alang the shores o the Forth.

The song is followed by the popular Fisher's Hornpipe, a traditional dance tune, and a popular fiddle competition tune, documented in manuscripts dating back to the late 1700's. It is well known in Scottish and Irish tradition and has been retained in the Appalachian tradition where it is not uncommon to hear it at bluegrass and old time festivals. Recently, it became even more popular among bluegrass mandolin pickers, as a result of two young, lightning-fingered mandolin players. It has become a popular tune to play at Scottish/Irish/Celtic sessions and in the USA, where it is often played faster in 4/4 time it is a favourite at a Bluegrass jam, a Fiddle jam and an Old-Time jam ... how's that for versatility!

3: DUNFERMLINE LINEN

A recitation from John.

Dunfermline in Fife was, at the turn of the 20th century, one of the largest producers of linen in Europe. The text comes from Dunfermline draper Harold Hutton who gleaned it from a pre-war 1939-45 newspaper article. There is also a Belfast version.



1: In a mean abode, doon the Limekilns road lived a man cried Charlie Groat,
And he'd a wife, the plague o his life, wha continually got on his goat;
Till one day at morn, wi her nichtgoon on, he slit her skinny throat.
Wi a razor gash he settled her hash, ha ha, never was crime sae quick,
But the steady drip on the pilly slip o her life blood made him sick,
While the pool o gore on the bedroom floor grew cauld and clotted and thick.

2: Well, he was glad that he'd done what he had, as his wife lay there sae still,
So tae finish the fun, sae weel begun, he decided himsel tae kill;
So he's taen the sheet frae around her cauld feet and

he's knotted it intae a rope,
And he's hanged himsel frae thc lobby shelf, 'twas an easy death let's hope,
While wi his last breath, in the grips o death, he's uttered a prayer tae the Pope.
Noo, the funniest turn o the hale concern, it's only just beginnin,
Ye see, Charlie went tae hell, but his wife's noo well, she's still alive an sinnin;
For ye see, the razor blade was Japanese made, but the sheet was Dunfermline linen.

4: PITTENWEEM JO

A simple lyrical song written by John in 1960. Pittenweem, a picturesque East Neuk fishing village, has the main commercial fish auction of that part of Fife. The tune is an adaptation of the well known Scots tune Ho Ro My Nut Brown Maiden.



1: I'm gaun wi a lass frae Pittenweem,
She's every fisher laddie's dream;
She guts the herrin doon by the quay,
And saves her kisses just for me.

2: Oh last July it came tae pass,
I met this bonnie fisher lass;

Wi her een sae blue and black her hair,
I met her doon at Ainster Fair.

Chorus:

Pittenweem, Pittenweem,
She's every fisher laddie's dream;
She guts the herrin doon by the quay,
And saves her kisses just for me.

3: I says tae her "Can I tak ye hame?"
She says "Oh fine I ken yer game;
But ne'er the less ye're awfy kind,
In fact I widnae really mind."

4: I took her hame that Saturday night,
The moon was shinin oh sae bricht;
And as we lay there on the grass,
I says "Hey Jo, wad ye be ma lass?"

5: She's my lass noo, and weel I ken,
She disnae gang wi ither men;
For I was quick where they were slow,
And that's how I won ma Pittenweem Jo.

Chorus:

Pittenweem, Pittenweem,
She's every fisher laddie's dream;
She guts the herrin doon by the quay,
And saves her kisses just for me.

5: MY WEE DOG

A nonsense song by John. 'East Fife' and 'Dunfermline Athletic' are rivals on the football field.



I've got a dog, a nice wee dog
Oh he barks all day in the field and plays
My dog's called Phineas Fogg
Oh he went roond the world in thirty days
Hath September, April, May
And Auntie Meg for stealin coal
Black are the bings, full o creepy crawly things
Some are black and some are blue
East Fife one Dunfermline two
Bad you were'nt here when the pub gave out free
beer
These are a few o ma favourite things
Ships and shoes and queens and kings
Oh my!

**6: DUNDEE CITY POLICE PIPE BAND/ HILLS OF
GLENORCHY**

Another set of tunes from the band - the first is a composition from Jimmy Shand, the second a well known traditional pipe tune.

Jock Ritchie from Inverkeithing on fiddle, Jock Mullen from Kelty on accordion, Robin McKidd from Glenrothes on guitar and bass and Brian Miller from Penicuik on guitar and mandolin.

7: THE EYMOUTH DISASTER/ THE BOATIE ROWS



On Friday, October 14, 1881, 149 fishermen from the Berwickshire village of Eyemouth lost their lives in a great storm. The song was compiled from information supplied by the late Storey Collin, Eyemouth harbourmaster, with whom John became very friendly. The Fife tune *The Boatie Rows* follows the song. The allusion in verse three refers to the marriage custom of *Creeling of the Groom*. The song is followed by the tune of the old Fife song, *The Boatie Rows* that wishes good luck to the fishermen of *Largo Bay* in the *Firth of Forth*. Written by John in 1964.

1: By the dowie rocks o Hurkur,
Though deadly were the signs,
Oot sailed the Eyemouth Fifes
Wi a thousand baited lines;
Though a glass-like sea and cloudless sky,
Made the elders bid them stay;
For these are the times that brave men die,
But the halflins held the sway.

2: Two score and five sailed out that day,
For the deep hole they were bound;
With all sail set from Eyemouth Bay,
None better could be found;
And fourteen score o fishers brave,
Sent out one heart-felt plea,
That they'd be spared upon the wave,
To reap the white fish from the sea.

3: Three leagues from shore the lines were cast,
And the wind it held its breath;
While the sails hung limp frae every mast,
And the sea was still as death;
But death was the bride that cam at noon,
Cut the ribbons frae the creels;
'Twas a raging wave hit Eyemouth toon,
And took her bonnie chiefls.

4: The wind it raged and the sea ran high,
Stripped the sails frae every mast;
And many brave boys were soon to die,
E'er that long night was past;
First home the Onward stout and true,
Andrew Dougal to the fore;
Nae tear in his een though his son he knew,
Lay dead on Eyemouth's shore.

5: Wives and bairns stood at the quay,
Jim Stott was one week wed;
Press Home came ploughing through the sea,
But Jimmy he was dead;
The Brothers lay on the rocks at Ross,
The Janet 'neath the waves;
The cruel seas gain was Eyemouth's loss,
Aye the sea was a cruel grave.

6: The Excellent beached at Holy Isle,
Tom Martin washed ashore;
On Eyemouth's coast for mile on mile,
The death toll mounted more;
While at Monday's wake the crowd they wept,
And despaired each dawning day;
As poor limp corpses they were swept,
To the shores of Eyemouth Bay.

7: There's many a bride has lost her groom,
As the death toll quickly grew;
Craigs and Collins met their doom,
Aye Burgon, Fairbairn too;
Maltman, Scott, all Eyemouth bred,
They died in the wind and rain;
Oh the floer o Eyemouth toon lay dead,
But her sons would rise again.

8: From the Orkneys to the Channel Isles,
On that October day;
The wind it blew two thousand miles,
From Hoy to Newlyn Bay;
And seven score mothers' sons and nine,
They died off Eyemouth's shore;
These bonny boys who held the line,
Would plough the waves no more.

9: The grinding turn o the hearse wheel,
In October eighty one;
Made every man and woman kneel,
In prayer for Eyemouth's sons;
For this was the price they had to pay,
The living and the dead;
And the price that Eyemouth paid that day,
To earn her daily bread.

8: ANNABELLE ROSABELLE

A parody by John on Donovan's Jennifer Juniper.



'Broo' – Labour Exchange; 'Packit lugs' – Dirty Ears; 'Windae hingin' – Leaning out of a window; 'Lannie' – Lantiqu, an intoxicating beverage; 'Cludgie' – Toilet/WC.

1: Annabelle Rosabelle Jamieson McGee,
Sixteen stone o flesh and bone
And only twenty three.

Do I see her often? Yes I do sir!
Every Friday at ra broo sir!
All she gets she hands it o'er tae me,
Annabelle Rosabelle McGee.

2: Annabelle Rosabelle, hair like mouldy hay,
Feet like clugs and packit lugs
And in the family way.

Plastic earrings, windae hingin,
Prams o washin, steamin, mingin;
Tells me that our love is here to stay,
Annabelle Rosabelle McGee.

3: Our greyhound Bob sits in wur close and looks
out for her,

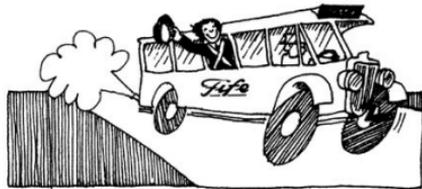
He knows that Annabelle knows all the tricks,
Will gie him a fix;
And then some day he'll be top dog and then –
Annabelle and Bob and me we'll live just like the
sheiks;

We'll have vats o Lannie, a thousand trannies,
And golden lamé breeks;

Diamonds aa aroond wur cludgie,
Electric blankets for wur budgie,
We'll change oor motor car each seven weeks;
Annabelle, thank you, Rosabelle,
Annabelle, thank you, Rosabelle,
Annabelle Rosabelle McGee.

9: KELTY CLIPPIE

John's celebration of a passing way of life.



'Clippie' - Bus Conductress; 'Pyramids' - the Pit Bings (Slag Heaps); 'Happyland' - Miners' Rows in Lochgelly now demolished; 'Pitch and Toss' - Game favoured in mining areas where bets are made on the toss of a coin.

1: I have travelled ower this country,

Frae shore tae shining shore;

Frae the swamps o Auchterderran,

Tae the jungles o Lochore.

But in aa these far flung places,

There's nane that can compare;

Wi the Lily o Lumphinnans,

She's ma bonnie Maggie Blair.

2: Frae the pyramids up in Kelty,

Tae the mansions in Glencraig ;

We've trod the bings together,

In mony's the blyth stravaig.

Watched the moonlight over Crosshill,

Trod Buckhaven's golden sand;

And mony's the happy oor we've spent,

In Lochgelly's Happy Land.

Chorus:

Oh she's just a Kelty Clippie,

She'll no tak nae advice;

It's, "Ach drap deid, awa bile yer heid,

Or Ah'll punch yer ticket twice!"

Her faither's just a waster,

Her mither's on the game;

She's just a Kelty Clippie,

But I love her just the same.

3: Well I met her on the 'eight fifteen',

That nicht o romantic bliss;

Ah says "Hey Mag, pit doon yer bag,

And gie's a wee bit kiss."

But she didnae tak that kindly,

No she didnae like ma chaff;

And bein a contrary kind o lass,

She says, "Come oan get aff."

4: Noo she hasnae got nae culture,

Oh she drives me roond the bend;

Oh she sits every nicht in an old arm chair,

Readin the People's Friend.

Her lapels is fu o badges,

Frae Butlins doon at Ayr;

And she gangs tae the Bingo every nicht,

Wi the curlers still in her hair.

5: But things is a wee bit better noo,

Ah've gone and got the ring;

Ah won it frae John at the pitch and toss,

Last night at the Lindsay bing.

Wi her wee black hat and her ticket machine,

She did ma hert ensnare;

She's the Lily o Lumphinnans,

She's ma bonnie Maggie Blair.

Chorus:

Oh she's just a Kelty Clippie,
She'll no tak nae advice;
It's, "Ach drap deid, awa bile yer heid,
Or Ah'll punch yer ticket twice!"
Her faither's just a waster,
Her mither's on the game;
She's just a Kelty Clippie,
But I love her just the same.

10: BARBARA DONNACHIE/ COOLIE'S REEL THE ASH PLANT/ THE CORNER HOUSE

A set of four reels from the band.

11: MINING TRILOGY: ANTHONY REILLY/ EANY MEANY/ SCHOOLDAYS OVER

A trilogy of songs that take a critical look at the politics and hardships of the life of a miner. The first song, Anthony Reilly, was written by Ivan Frieman and set to music by Archie Fisher, the second, Eany Meany – a poem by John, and the third Schooldays Over – a fine song from the pen of Ewan MacColl.



11a: ANTHONY REILLY

1: As I made my way down the street to the colliery,
As I to my work was a-making my way;
I heard the sad news and I heard the men talking,
Young Anthony Reilly has worked his last day.

2: And old Emlyn Williams lies dead in the fan-house,
The roof has caved in and the sides have gave way;
It'll be in the papers, splashed over the headlines,
What a big coup the newshounds will pocket this day.

3: Willing hands to the rescue of poor stricken comrades,
To move the big rocks and discover their fate;
Upon the next payday there'll be a collection,
Not a newspaper owner will be there to donate.

4: It's in the newspaper splashed over the headlines,
A capital story upon the front page;
But there's blood on the girders in the old Parker fan-house,
And weeping dependents go with the cortege.

5: When the coal merchant calls and ye pay yer good money,
Count well the bags as he lays them aside;
Ye'll be counting the cuts and the knocks and the bruises,
Ye'll be counting the lives of the men who have died.

11b: Eany Meany

The poem by John, highlights the migration South by thousands of families after the closure of many of the Fifie coalfields.

Eany meany miney mo,
Which pitheid's the next tae go?
Every day tae feed the mouth,
The hungry miner journeys South.
For empty bellies none can thole,

Or twenty thousand on the dole.
 A man's a man, the poet said,
 But not unless he has his bread;
 And even then, by bread alone,
 A man can't live – and that's well known.
 Tae have his meat, that's what he needs,
 So pack the trunks and aff tae Leeds;
 For where there's muck there's brass they say,
 And dear auld Scotland's had its day.
 Awa wi kilts and dirks and kings,
 We're thinkin noo o ither things;
 Its aff wi the auld and on wi the new,
 That's what we'll aa hae to do;
 And mak for the England o oor dreams,
 Whaur Scotsmen play for English teams.

11c: School days Over

The third of three songs in John & Davey Mining Trilogy is from the pen of Ewan MacColl and deals with boys going down the pit for the first time.

1: Schooldays over, come on now John,
 Time to be getting your pit boots on;
 On wi yer sark and yer moleskin trousers,
 It's time ye were on yer way;
 It's time ye were learnin the collier's job,
 And earnin the collier's pay.

2: Come on now Dai, it's almost light,
 Time to be down in the anthracite;
 The morning mist is in the valley,
 It's time ye were on yer way;
 It's time ye were learnin the miner's job,
 And earnin the miner's pay.

3: Come on now Jim, it's time tae go,
 Time ye were workin down below;

Time ye were handlin a pick and shovel,
 It's time ye were on yer way;
 It's time ye were learnin the pitman's job,
 And earnin the pitman's pay,
 Earnin the pitman's pay.

12: BOBBY MULDOON

A song written by John built round a legendary character from Dunfermline – the name has been changed to avoid a libel suit. He will recognise himself, if he is ever unfortunate enough to hear the song. East End Park is the home of Dunfermline Athletic Football Club and The Auld Grey Toon is of course Dunfermline.



1: Noo me and ma pal Bobby Muldoon,
 Oh we hivnae got nae jobs;
 Oh we hing about the Cross in the Auld Grey Toon,
 A-pickin up the tanners and bobs.
 A wee bit lead, a tip on the dugs,
 In sunshine or in snaw;
 Flet on the grund's whaur ye'll find wur lugs,
 For we're aye on the ba.

2: Noo if ye go tae a game at East End Park,
 And ye drive aff in yer car;
 Ye'll find Bobby and me has been at wark,
 Wi'oot wheels ye'll no gang far.
 For the battery's doon at his Aunty Jean's,
 The mirror at his Uncle Wull's;

Oh Bobby and me live wi'in oor means,
Oh we're naebodie's fulls.

3: Noo Bobby and me hae oor quiet spells,
Gien pleasure tae the Queen;
But we dinnae sit greetin in oor cells,
A-thinkin o whit micht hae been.
Preparations we've made for commercial trade,
Wur pockets is stuffed wi snout;
At runnin a book, oh the screws we jook,
Preparin for the day we're out.

4: Noo at Christmas time when the berries winnae
grow,
That's when we mak wur breid;
Bobby's genuine imitations at a dollar a throw,
Are gobbled up wi ragtime speed.
Oh if ye want cheap drink, copper or zinc,
We're the boys tae see;
Beware o imitation, we're the finest combination,
Oh that's Bobby and me.

13: THE POACHERS

In the eighteenth and nineteenth century many people from Scotland were transported to Van Dieman's Land, now Tasmania, for the most trivial of crimes. The text of this well known transportation ballad is from Ord's Bothy Songs and Ballads but excluding two trite and moralistic verses which may well have been added at a later date.

Sung by Davey Stewart with the Band.



1: Come all you gallant sporting boys that ramble
void of care,
When you go out on a moonlight night with your
dog your gun your snare;
The harmless hare and pheasant you have at your
command,
No thinkin on your last career upon Van Dieman's
Land.

2: There was poor Tom Brown from Glasgow town,
Jack Williams and poor Joe,
We were three gallant sporting boys, the country
well did know;
One night we were trepanned by keepers in the
sand,
And for fourteen years transported unto Van
Dieman's Land.

3: And the day on which we landed upon that fatal
shore,
The planters stood around us, full twenty score and
more ;
And they ranked us up like horses, and they sold us
out of hand,
And they yoked us to the plough, me boys, to
plough Van Dieman's Land.

4: And the houses that we dwell in here are made of
clod and clay,
With rotting straw for bedding, we dare not say
them nay;
And our cots are fenced with wire, and we slumber
when we can,
And we fight the wolves and tigers which infest Van
Dieman's Land.

5: But there came a lass frae sweet Dundee, Jean
Stewart is her name,
For fourteen years transported, for the stealin of
the game;
Our captain bought her freedom, and he married her
off-hand,
And she gives us all good usage upon Van Dieman's
Land.

6: Although the poor of Scotland do labour and do
toil,
They are robbed of every blessing and produce of
the soil;
Your proud imperious landlords, if you break their
command,
They will send you to the British hulks, or to Van
Dieman's Land.

14: THE NEW TOON HALL/ THERE CAM A YOUNG MAN/ THE GOBY O/ ROSIN THE BEAU

Four more tunes from the band - in jig time. The first, The New Toon Hall, is by band fiddler Jock Ritchie composed in celebration of the new town hall in Inverkeithing. The remaining tunes traditional Scottish and Irish favourites of Jock's - There Cam a Young Man is in volume 1 of Kerr Merry Melodies and is also known under the title of The Big Headed Man (Fear a' Chinn Mhòir). The second, The Goby O, is known in various forms in both Scotland and Ireland and the third, Rosin the Beau, is of course well known as an Irish traditional song.

15: FAREWELL TAE THE FERRIES

When the Forth Road Bridge linking Fife with the Lothians opened in September 1964 it saw the demise of the ferry service across the river Forth between North and South Queensferry - and the end of some of the frustrations of ferry travel. John's composition takes a wry look

at some of the problems and frustrations of travel by ferry. Auld Reekie - Edinburgh. The fare for a pedestrian was 8d, for a coffin and corpse 12/6d. Queen Margaret travelled across the forth in 1068 to marry Malcolm Canmore, King of Scots at Dunfermline, the ancient capital of Scotland. At first, in 1964, the new bridge crossing was free, then tolls were added and finally abolished by Scotland's SNP government in 2008 - and now in 2012 a second bridge is under construction to cope with the enormous increase in traffic.



1: Noo the wide river Forth oh it keeps us apart,
Frae the hustle and bustle o Auld Reekie's clime;
While the motorist glowers as he sits here for hours,
It's farewell tae the ferries and no afore time.

2: There's a wheen o guid siller been made on the
ferries,
They rob ye that much, by Jove it's a crime;
Oh eightpence ye need - twelve and six if ye're deid,
It's farewell tae the ferries and no afore time.

3: Aft times have I laughed at the heid o the queue,
At these other poor devils a half mile behind;
For wherever they're goin they'd be far quicker
rowin,
Farewell tae the ferries and no afore time.

4: Noo Queen Margaret she crossed wi her ladies in
waiting,
We're still waitin noo, foul weather and fine;

In an hour they rowed – noo we're slower by Jove,
It's farewell tae the ferries and no afore time.

5: So here's tae the brig, that's crossin the Forth,
All the tolls paid wi scarcely a whine;
For its South o the border free traivel's the order,
Farewell tae the ferries and no afore time,
Farewell tae the ferries and no afore time.

16: FIFE'S GOT EVERYTHING & 17: BLUE SKIES

Another humorous look at Fife through the eyes of John Watt with verses 3 and 4 herewith by Davey. The tune is a variant of the Strathspey Smith's a Gallant Fireman. Central Park is Cowdenbeath Football Club's home ground. The naval dockyard of Rosyth lies within the city boundary of Dunfermline.



1: The New Tay Road Bridge, finest in the country,
Half a croon tae cross it and it disnae raise a cheer;
It's a bob tae cross the Mersey, ye can stuff it up
yer jersey,
Would they pay it down in London, oh no bloody
fear.

Chorus:

Oh Fife's got everything, just the place for tourists,
See the bonny pit bings staundin in a raw.

2: Fife's entertainments, finest in the country,
We're the boys tae come tae if ye want tae get some
tips;
There's fitba at Central Park, neckin burdies in the
dark,
Haggis suppers, hot pies, bingo and chips.

3: Fife's Scotch Whisky, finest in the country,
Distilled frae mountain water at the Coaltown of
Markinch;
Man it's got such power, matured for half an hour,
So don't be vague and ask for ●●● it's whisky at a
pinch.

4: Fife Coast beaches, finest in the country,
If ye like sewage, floatin mond yer toes;
The Costa the East Neuk, it's enough tae mak ye
bloody puke,
If ye want tae go in for a dook, ye hae tae haud yer
nose.

5: Noo Fife's got culture, finest in the country,
Oh when it comes tae arty talk, oh we're no the mugs;
We've got Chink nags on oor waas, a wheen o gonks
in oor haas,
Vernon Ward, Tretchikof and white wally dug.

6: The Rosyth Dockyard, finest in the country,
If ye want a cushy job just working for the State;
There's auld folks, blind folks, holiday inclined folks,
And if ye want a submarine, just hurl it oot the gate.

Chorus:

Oh Fife's got everything, just the place for tourists,
See the bonny pit bings staundin in a raw.

17: BLUE SKIES

In his sign-out from the album John mentions various Fife people and places. Onesiphorus Tyndall-Bruce was an Englishman, the only one on this record, who in 1849 restored Falkland Palace and built the church there. His monument stands on Green Hill, Falkland. Largo Law is the hill to the North of Upper Largo, a Fife village close by Lower Largo, the birthplace of Alexander Selkirk, otherwise known as Robinson Crusoe. Robin is responsible for the pun (the 'long arm' of the Largo Law). The tune, Blue Skies, is of course by Irving Berlin - to whom copyright may have been paid.

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If you have freely acquired this Song Book but do not have the CD then go to www.springthyme.co.uk/1002/

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