

CD1 HANDSEL – MALINKY CDTRAX402

Begone Bonnie Laddie

Words trad. adapted Steve Byrne,
music trad arr. Malinky, Grian Music

I sat low and the moon shone high
Lookin for ma bonnie love tae pass me by
Lookin for ma bonnie love but twa cam by
An ma bonnie lad, he ne'er lookit near me

But tae try him again I'll deck ma hair
And tie it up wi green ribbons fair
An busk it sae braw wi richt mickle care
Though he says he'll never mair come near me

O it's I am awa tae ma laddie's bedside,
I am awa for tae be ma laddie's guide.
I am awa tae ma laddie's bedside,
Though his faither and mither be angry.

“O, at my bedside, ma lassie, ye'll no sit,
At my bedside, ma lassie, ye'll no sit.
For I hae choos'd a guide, and a far better fit,
So begone, lassie, wha cares for ye?”

“Well ye micht hae courted ane, ma love, ye micht hae courted seeven,
Ye micht hae courted eight, nine, ten and eleiven.
Ach, go and coort anither, that'll mak up the dizzen,
Sae begone bonnie laddie for I carena

“O come back, ma bonnie lassie, dinna gang awa,
Come back, ma bonnie lassie, dinna gang awa,
Or else ma verra hert, it will brak in twa
I was only in a jest for tae try ye.”

“Well if ye were in a jest, ma laddie, I wis in nane.
So lang, lang, ma bonnie laddie, may ye lie yer lane,
Aye lang, lang, ma bonnie laddie, may ye lie yer lane
And think upon the bonnie lass that lo'ed ye.

“For the trees they are high, ma love, the leaves they are green,
The years are passing by, ma love, that ye and I hae seen.
The lang winter's nicht when ye hae tae lie yer lane,
Ach! Ye'll weary lang before I'll come and see ye.”

Aye the trees they are high ma love the leaves aa faan
Though I be forsaken I'm nae ower thrawn
As lang's there's anither bonnie laddie tae be won
Begone bonnie laddie for I carena.

The Forester

Words trad. adapted Steve Byrne,
music trad arr. Malinky, Grian Music

I'm a forester in this wood,
And you're the same design
It's the mantle or your maidenheid,
bonnie lassie, never mind

Chorus:
Singin diddy-i-o, sing fal-a-do,
Sing diddy-i-o, i-ay

Syne you've laid me doon
It's come pick me up again
An syne ye've teen the wills o me
come tell to me your name

Chorus

Sometimes they call me James and
Sometimes they call me John
An fan I'm on the king's highway
Young Daniel is my name

Chorus

They neither call ye James or
They neither call ye John
An' when ye're on the king's highway
Young William is your name

Chorus

When he heard his name called oot
He's mounted on his steed
She's buckled up her petticoats,
And efter him she's gaed

Chorus

He's run an she's run
The lang summer day
Till they come till a water,
That's cried the river Tay

Chorus

It's dae ye see yon castle
That's owre on yonder green
There is the bonniest maidens there
That wad dazzle your een

Chorus

It's aye i've see yon castle
That's ower on yonder green
There is nae bonnier maiden there
Than that afore ma een

Chorus

She has tane the narrow ford,
An he has tane the wide,
Afore he got his steed turned roon,
She wis on the other side

Chorus

She's gaed tae the king's haa door,
As fast as she could hie
There is a knicht intae yer court
This day has robbit me

Chorus

Did he steal your mantle,
Or did he steal your fee
Or did he steal your maidenheid,
The floer o your bodie

Chorus

He neither stole my mantle,
Or he neither stole my fee
But he stole ma maidenheid,
The floer o ma bodie

Chorus

If he is a single man,
Then mairried you may be
And if he is a merri man,
We'll tie him tae a tree

Chorus

Ah wisht Ah'd drunk the waater
The nicht I drunk the wine
Tae hae a shepherd's dochter
Tae be a love o mine

Chorus

When the mairriage it cam off,
They laughed to see the fun
She's the Laird o' Urie's dochter,
He wis a blacksmith's son

Chorus x 2

The Maid of Doneysheil

Words Paddy McGuckian, public domain, additional verse trad.

adapted Mark Dunlop and Steve Byrne, music Mark Dunlop PRS/MCPS

The first place that I saw my love was at Rasharkin Fair
Little I thought that I would meet one so exceeding rare
Her sparkling eyes like diamonds bright were comely to behold
Her hair in ringlets wavering like shining links of gold.

O I stepped up to this fair maid with sentiments confined
For to amend my sorrow with nature's works combined
Said I "Fair maid, your dwelling place from me do not conceal"
She smiled and said "Sir, I was bred nigh to sweet Doneysheil".

Sweet Doneysheil, it is the place where my true love does dwell
That known place of beauty; admirers all can tell
No charming note of bird afloat all in the morning pale
Could charm the grove like my true love, the maid of Doneysheil

To sweet Kilcreen where I have been, I now must bid adieu
It grieves my heart all for to part from my dear comrades too
For Nova Scotia I am bound; tomorrow I'll set sail
But o'er the sea my heart will be with the maid of Doneysheil

For when I reach that foreign shore and there fair maidens see
It's then I'll think far more of her, and the vow she made to me
Hope may contain life's ebbing vein, but the thought will oft prevail
To see once more whom I adore, the maid of Doneysheil.
To see once more whom I adore, the maid of Doneysheil.

SLEEPYTOON

Words William Clark, public domain,
music trad arr. Malinky and Ellie Beaton, Grian Music

It happened at last Whitsunday
I tired o ma place;
As I gaed up tae Insch tae fee,
Ma fortune for tae chase.

Chorus:
And sing ay-ree arrity adie and
Sing ay-ree arrity an

I met in wi Adam Mitchell
Tae fee we did presume.
He's a fairmer fae Kennethmont
An he bides in Sleepytoon.

Chorus

"If you and I agree," he says,
"We'll hae the fairest play,
For I never bid ma servants work
Abeen ten hoors a day."

Chorus x 2

"If aa be true ye'll tell to me
I think the place will suit.
Gweed faith I think I'll gang wi you
Although ye're an ugly brute."

Chorus x 2

Twas on a Monday mornin
I gaed hame by Sleepytoon
An he ranked us out in gweed order
Tae lay his turneeps doon

Chorus

The order was to bed at nine
And nivver leave the toon,
For every time we left it
We'd be fined near half a croon.

Chorus

Mony's a croon have I been fined
But never lost the hairt,
Ma neighbour Knowles was fined a poond
Fir cowpin ower a cairt.

Chorus

We never heeded Adam
But aye we took the pass
Sometime tae buy tobacco
Sometimes tae see oor lass

Chorus

But noo the term has come at last
Oor fee is safely won
An we'll awa tae Rhynie meer
An it's there we'll hae some fun

Chorus x 2

Fan we are ower in alford
We'll gar the gless gae roon
And we'll tell them o the usage that
We got at Sleepytoon

Chorus x 2

We'll mebbe see Aul Adam yet,
Jist at his dish o brose
And mebbe I'll gie him a hankie
Jist tae dicht his snuffy nose.

Chorus x 3

True Lover John

Words and music trad arr. Malinky and Len Graham, Grian Music

It happened for to be on a cold winter's evening,
A fair maid sat waiting alone,
She was thinking on her father, likewise her aged mother,
Aye and also her true lover John.

Young Johnny he was sweet and he promised for to meet,
But he tarried an hour too long.
He met with great delay which caused him for to stray,
Aye and I weary waiting all alone.

Young Johnny came at last and he found the door was fast,
And he slowly, slowly tinkled at the pin.
This fair maid she arose and she hurried on her clothes
In order to let young Johnny in.

He took her in his arms aye and off to bed they went
And it's there they laid talking of their plan;
"I wish," this maid says she, "this night would prove to be
Aye as long since the world first began.

"Fly up, o fly up, my pretty little cock,
And don't crow until it breaks day,
And your cage it shall become of the very shining gold,
And your wings of the silvery grey."

But this pretty little cock, so cruel as he was,
He crowed out an hour too soon;
And he sent my love away before the break of day,
It being only the light of the moon.

This fair maid she arose and quickly followed after,
Saying "When will you come to see me?"
"When the fishes they do fly, and the seas they all run dry,
And seven moons shine brightly o'er yon lea."

There was once I thought my love was as constant unto me
As the stones that lie under yon ground.
But now since I do find he has altered his mind
I would rather live single as be bound.

The Braes o Broo

Words trad. adapted Steve Byrne, Music trad. arr. Malinky, Grian Music

Chorus:

The plooman laddie's my delight
The plooman laddie loves me
They say the plooman lad's wi me
When I'm sure he's no near me

Get up get up ye lazy loons
Get up an waur them aa man
Rhe Braes o Broo are ill tae ploo
They're roch an reesky aa man

Oh he's taen up his owsen gowd
It sets him weel tae caa man
He's laid it ower the owsen bow
Says "Scurry, come awa man!"

Chorus

What think ye o oor ploomen noo
Their high-cuttin ploods and aa man?
It wasna sae aince in a day
When the wooden pleuchie plooded aa man

What think ye o oor fairmers noo
Wi their binders ane and aa man?
It wasna sae aince in a day
When the plooman shure it aa man

Chorus

What think ye o oor lasses noo
Wi their bicycles sae braw man?
It wasna sae aince in a day
That widna dee at aa man

Whit think ye o oor lasses noo
Their parasols and aa man
At kirk or mercat when they gang
Wi aa their ribbons braw man

I've learned tae spin wi threid sae fine,
Ma plooman lad tae clead man
I'll weave the hose tae hap his feet,
The bonnet for his heid man

It's I will wash ma plooman's hose,
I'll brush his dubby sheen man
I'll maybe be a plooman's wife,
Ere aa thae days be deen man

Chorus x 2

The Baron o Brackley

Words trad. adapted Steve Byrne, music trad. arr.
Malinky and Cameron Nixon, Grian Music.

Doon Deeside cam Inverey a-whistlin an playin
An he cam by Brackley's yetts ere the day was dawin
"Oh an are ye there, Brackley, and are ye within?
There's shairp swords are at yer yetts, will gar yer bluid spin"

Then rise up my Baron and turn back yer kye
For the lads fae Drumwharran are drivin them by
Oh how can I rise up, or turn them again?
For whaur I hae ae man, I wat they hae ten

Gin I had a husband whereas I hae nane
He widna lie in his bed and see his kye tane
Well rise up ma Peggy and gie me ma gun,
For tho I maun gang oot, I michtna return

When Brackley was mounted and rade on his horse
A bonnier baron ne'er rade ower a course
Tho there cam wi Inverey thirty and three
There wis nane wi bonnie Brackley but his brither and he
Twa gallanter Gordons did never sword draa
But against fower & thirty, wae's me, whit is twa?

At the head o the Etnach the battle began
At little Auchoilzie they killed the first man
They killed Alexander and James o the Knock
And brave Arthur Gordon, the flooer o Glenmuick

Wi their dirks & their broadswords, they did him surroon
They've slain bonnie Brackley wi mony's the wound
Frae the heid o the Dee tae the banks o the Spey
The Gordons shall mourn him and ban Inverey

Oh cam ye by Brackley, or cam ye by here?
And saw ye his lady a-rivin her hair?
Oh an I cam by Brackley, an I was in there
An I saw his fair lady, she wis makkin guid cheer

She was rantin an dancin an singin wi joy
An she vowed that verra nicht she would feast Inverey
She's lauched wi him, danced wi him, welcomed him ben
She was kind tae the villain wha'd slain her guid man

She kept him till mornin, syne bad him be gane
And showed him the road that he widna be tane
Through Birse and Aboyne she says, lyin in a tour
Ower the hills o Glen Tanar ye can skip in an hoor

O fy on ye lady, how could ye gang by?
And open yer yetts tae the fause Inverey?
And up spak her young son, on his nurse's knee,
Gin I live tae manhood, avenged I'll be.

For there's dule in the kitchen & mirth in the haa
The brave gallant Brackley is deid and awa

Gie me a Lass wi a Lump o Land

Words Allan Ramsay, public domain,
music trad arr. Malinky and Barbara Dymock

Gie me a lass wi a lump o land,
We for life shall gang thegither,
Daft or wise, I'll ne'er demand,
Black or fair, it maks nae whither.

I'm aff wi' wit, and beauty will fade,
Blood alane's nae worth a shillin
She that's rich, her Market's made,
Ilka charm about her is killin.

Gie me a lass wi a lump of land,
In ma bosom I'll hug ma treasure;
Gin I had aince her gear in ma hand,
Should love turn dowf, it will find pleasure.

Laugh on wha likes, there's my hand,
I hate with poortith, tho bonny, to meddle,
'Less she brings cash, or a lump of land,
She'll ne'er get me to dance to her fiddle.

There's meikle guid love in bands and bags,
Siller and gowd's a sweet complexion;
Beauty and wit, and virtue in rags,
Hae tint the airt o gainin affection:

Love tips his arrows wi' wids and parks,
Castles and riggs, and muirs and meadows,
Naithing can catch oor modern Sparks,
But weel-tocher'd lasses and joynter'd widows.

The Tarbolton Lasses

Words Robert Burns, public domain,
music Thomas Dymock, PRS/MCPS

If ye gae up tae yon hill-tap,
Ye'll there see bonnie Peggy:
She kens her faither is a laird,
And she forsooth's a leddy.

There's Sophy ticht, a lassie bricht,
Besides a handsome fortune:
Wha canna win her in a nicht
Has little airt in coortin.

Gae down bi Faile, and taste the ale,
And tak a look o Mysie;
She 's dour and din, a deil within,
But aiblins she may please ye.

If she be shy, her sister try,
Ye'll maybe fancy Jenny:
If ye'll dispense wi want o sense
She kens hersel she's bonnie.

As ye gae up by yon hillside,
Speir in for bonie Bessy:
She'll gie ye a beck, and bid ye licht,
And handsomely address ye.

There's few sae bonny, nane sae guid,
In aa King George's dominion;
If ye should doot the truth o this
It's Bessy's ain opinion.

Lovely Armoy

Words and music trad. arr. Malinky, Grian Music

Draw near, my kind friends and relations, I'm going to take my farewell
I am bound for a far distant nation, no longer in Armoy to dwell
I am leaving that neat little village wherein I was reared as a boy
And now for to leave you it grieves me and part from you, lovely Armoy.

By the banks of that bonny Bush water where fishes swim neatly and fair
By those banks I have oftentimes wandered at evening, when free from all care
By those banks I have oftentimes wandered at evening, when free from employ
And now for to leave you it grieves me and part from you, lovely Armoy.

I am taking my leave of this evening as bright Phoebus declines from my view
I will take my last walk round the garden where the flowers are all sprinkled with dew
With the banks of blown roses all round me, there a fair maid oft met me with joy
No wonder it grieves me to leave you and part from you, lovely Armoy.

We kissed and shook hands and then parted; I started my course without fail
Til we came to the city of Belfast where our good ship lay ready to sail
Strict orders were given to board her; my pen I no longer employ
And now for to leave you it grieves me and part from you, lovely Armoy.

The Hash o Bennagoak

G.S Morris, Kerr's Music Corp LTD/James S. Kerr

Instrumental: Dugald Dunlop's Hornpipe, Mark Dunlop PRS/MCPS

Noo sax month come Mairtinmas I fee'd tae Turra toon,
They said I wis the brawest chiel in aa the country roon,
Wi a ring dum day, ring dum a day, ring dum diddle cum, a dandy-o.

Now auld Wullie fee'd ma, but Rabbie nivver spoke,
Tae come and caa the second pair at th' Hash o Bennagoak,
Wi a ring dum day, ring dum a day, ring dum diddle cum, a dandy-o.

The foreman's like a constable, he nivver faas asleep,
It's up and doon the lang rigs, he nivver slacks a theet,
Wi a ring dum day, ring dum a day, ring dum diddle cum, a dandy-o.

The second billie, that's masel, I caa a pair o broons,
Raisin ragnails on the foreman's heels, I fairly keep ma roons,
Wi a ring dum day, ring dum a day, ring dum diddle cum, a dandy-o.

The third he comes fae Fogielloan, he's a pynted chiel,
His horse and his harness are aye lookin weel,
Wi a ring dum day, ring dum a day, ring dum diddle cum, a dandy-o.

Noo Sharnie Taes the baillie, he's a sturdy chiel,
It's roon about the kittlie neuks he gars the barra reel,
Wi a ring dum day, ring dum a day, ring dum diddle cum, a dandy-o.

Syne we hiv an orra man, he seldom caa's the ploo,
There's aye plenty orra jobs, and whiles some neeps tae pu,
Wi a ring dum day, ring dum a day, ring dum diddle cum, a dandy-o.

Wullie rises in the mornin, gis the door a crash,
Hauls oot aneth his pickie say, I think we'll hae a thrash,
Wi a ring dum day, ring dum a day, ring dum diddle cum, a dandy-o.

It's aa ye jolly horseman, ye'll ging tae the ploo,
The orra man tae caa the neeps and Sharnie full in pu,
Wi a ring dum day, ring dum a day, ring dum diddle cum, a dandy-o.

Noo Wullie his a brither, he's wrang amon the feet,
Tae see him kneipin roon the closs, wid fairly gar ye greet,
Wi a ring dum day, ring dum a day, ring dum diddle cum, a dandy-o.

And syne he his a sister, she's perjink and neat
But faith she keeps the kitchie billies fairly scant o meat,
Wi a ring dum day, ring dum a day, ring dum diddle cum, a dandy-o.

We hae a gallant kitchie deem, her name it's Bessie Broom,
Faith t'wid tak a saiddle girth her middle tae ging roon,
Wi a ring dum day, ring dum a day, ring dum diddle cum, a dandy-o.

The author o this canty lay, if ye wint it tae be known,
Jist spier ye at the herrin boats at the pier o Foggielloan,
Wi a ring dum day, ring dum a day, ring dum diddle cum, a dandy-o.

The Lads o the Lindsay

Steve Byrne PRS/MCPS

In the hairst time o fifty three
We lost six Lichties on the sea
Lifeboat lads fae the fisher way
Gaed doon ae nicht ayont the bay

A bonnie boat jist 3 year auld,
The Robert Lindsay she wis called
A gallant crew o seiven men
Jist ane cam hame again

Chorus:
Oh the Lindsay's doon
Send the news aroon the toon
The Fit'll ring wi tears the nicht
For the lads that left the Lindsay

Flares gaed up abune the Tay
Arbroath and Ainster made their way
A sandboat missin fae Dundee
Sailin bound for the port o Leith

Islandmagee had gone astray
They searchit roond till break o day
Try as they micht nae trace wis foond
Aff Crail aa hands gaed doon

Chorus

Noo their brave search had been in vain
So the Robert Lindsay heidit hame
The wild winds they cam lashin on
They tried tae mak it through the storm

They were telt tae bide oot ower the bar
Fae Arbroath's shore a few hunner yards
But the scowie nicht began tae lour
Waves broke and cowped them ower

Chorus

The alarm wis raised an oot they gaed
They searchit fir the Lindsay brave
Cries o help in wind an rain
Bit come the morn twas aa in vain

Chorus

Bakie's Erch wis pu'd alive
For in the dark he'd grabbed a line
They couldna find the rest that nicht
Till the breakin o the licht

Next morn the boat lay on the rocks
Strapped tae the wheel wis Bruce the cox
Brave Adams on the Links wis found
Wi young Cargill he cam aground

Twa loons were gettin merrit suin
They widna see their bleckenin
And Swankies, fae the fisher way
Aa lost that fatefu day

Chorus

We bade fareweel ae rainy day
The toonsfowk sent them on their way
Wives and dochters left forlorn
Aye, the hail toon it cam oot tae mourn

Up by the Abbey they did gang
Their toorie bunnets mairched alang
Floors upon floors were lain
As the Lindsay lads cam hame

Chorus

And noo the day the lads ging oot there still
Battlin brave wi Neptune's will
Descendants o the Lindsay crew
Riskin their lives oot on the blue

And noo they'll no tak mair than ane
Fan twa lads bear the names the same
For hell forfend they ging doon again
Mind on the Lindsay's men

Chorus x 2

The Groves of Donaghmore

Words and music trad. arr. Malinky and Dàibhidh Stiùbhard, Grian Music

Her love he is a nice young man, he's handsome, tall and thin
He's manly in proportion, there's none to equal him
Wi a gunbelt and a bayonet and a broadsword by his side
If she could find her Mícheál Bán, she would surely be his bride

"What regiment is your true love in?" the sentry he did say
"Or is he in some barracks? Come tell to me I pray"
"He listed in the eighty-eight, he bein a fine young man, and
He commands a hundred and forty-four in the front line where he stands."

I will go amidst the roses my mind for to divert
To banish grief and sorrow all from my broken heart
My true love's absence I will mourn for seven years or more
My love won't wane I'll still remain by the Groves of Donaghmore

My name it is young Mícheál Bán, I'm not afraid to tell
From the county of Tyrone, a place you all know well
I'm sailing from Amerikay three thousand miles or more
And I'm goin home, no more to roam from the Groves of Donaghmore

This couple they got married, they're living at their ease
They go out when they're ready and they come in when they please
Oh such a couple deep in love you've never seen before
As young Mary-Ann and Mícheál Bán from the Groves of Donaghmore

Awa Wi Ma Laddie

Words trad./Mabel Skelton, additional verse Steve Byrne
music trad. arr Malinky, Grian Music

Chorus:

Awa wi ma laddie, it's awa wi him I'll gang
Yes awa wi ma laddie, for he's a nice young man

Noo the stoory mill's for poverty but the Brothock Mill's for pey
The Brothock Mill's a bonnie wee mill, doon by the burnside

Chorus

I took him doon tae the Brothock Mill tae see them aa gaein in
Rosy cheeks and curly hair, that's the wey they rin

Chorus

Mebbes I'll get mairried yet, an mebbes no ava
Mebbes I'll get mairried yet, tae ma laddie far awa

Chorus

Fir Brothock is a braw wee toon, frae Seaton tae the Wyndies
Tae the bonnie lads and lassies there, we'll aye be shair tae mind yese

Chorus

Noo the stoory mill's for poverty but the Brothock Mill's for pey
The Brothock Mill's a bonnie wee mill, doon by the burnside

Chorus x 2

CD2 HANDSEL – MALINKY CDTRAX402

Martinmas Time

Trad. arr. Byrne, Dunlop, Patterson, Polwart, PRS/MCPS

It fell out upon one Martinmas time
When the snow lay on the border,
There came a troop of soldiers here
To take up their winter quarters.

Chorus:

Wi me right fol idle diddle dye me daddy o
Wi me right fol idle diddle dye do

They rode north and they rode south
And they rode ower the border.
And there they met a nice wee girl
She was the farmer's daughter.

Chorus

And they made her swear a solemn oath
With a salt tear in her eye, oh,
That she would come to the quarter gates
When no-one did her spy, oh.

Chorus

She went to the barber's shop
To the barber's shop went soon, oh.
She's made him cut off her long yellow hair
As short as any dragoon, oh.

Chorus

She went to the tailor's shop
Dressed up in soldier's clothes, oh.
Two long pistols hangin by her side
And a nice little boy was she, oh.

Chorus

So she went to the quarter gates,
And loudly she did call, oh,
"There comes a troop of soldiers here
We must have lodgings all, oh!"

Chorus

And the quartermaster he comes down,
And gives her eighteen pence, oh:
"Go seek your lodgings in yonder town
For tonight there comes a wench, oh."

Chorus x 2

Oh she's taken a whistle from her side,
And blew it loud and shrill, oh:
"You're all very free with your eighteen pence,
But you're not for a girl at all, oh."

Chorus

And she's taken the garters from her knee,
The ribbons from her hair, oh.
She's tied them round the quarter gates
As a token that she'd been there, oh.

Chorus

And when they found that it was her
They've tried to have her taken.
But she's slapped her spurs to her horse's side
And she's ridden home a maiden.

Chorus x 6

Alison Cross

Trad. arr. Malinky, Grian Music

Alison Cross lives in yon tower
The ugliest witch in the north countrie
She's trysted me ae day till her bower
And mony's the braw spreech she made tae me

She showed me a mantle o reid scarlet
Weel wrocht wi gowd and fringes fine
Says, "Gin ye'll be my leman sae true
This gudely gift, it shall be thine"

Chorus

"Awa, awa ye ugly witch
Haud far awa and let me be
Afore I'll kiss yer ugly mou
I'd raither toddle around the tree"

She showed him a sark o the saftest silk
Weel wrocht wi pearls abune the band
Says, "Gin ye'll be my leman sae true
This gudely gift's at your command"

Chorus

She showed him a cup o the gude reid gowd
Weel wrocht wi jewels sae fair and fine
Says, "Gin ye'll be my leman sae true
This gudely gift, it shall be thine"

Chorus

An she's taen oot her grass-green horn
She blew it three times loud and shrill
She swore by the moon and the stars abune
She'd gar me rue the day I ever was born

An she's taen oot her silvery wand
She's straked it three time ower her knee
She's muttered sic words as ma senses failed
I fell doon senseless tae the ground

Chorus

It fell upon last Halloween
When the seely coort came riding by
The queen's lichtit doon on a gowany bank
Nae far fae the tree whaur I did lie

An she's taen oot her silvery wand
She's straked it three times ower her knee
She's turned me back tae ma proper shape
Nae mair tae toddle around the tree

Chorus x 2

Whaur Dae Ye Lie?

Karine Polwart, Grian Music

Chorus:

Whaur dae ye lie, my faither?
Whaur dae ye lie, my son?
Whaur dae ye lie, my ain true love?
When will the truth be won?

Oor friends, they came tae protect us
Oor friends, they bade us bide
Oor friends left us standing there naked
Wi nae place left tae hide

Chorus

Oor neighbours, they came wi a hundred year hate
Oor neighbours, they came wi guns
Oor neighbours, they came for oor menfolk
An they slew them, everyone

Chorus

I hae sought oot yer grave wi my mither
I hae sought oot yer grave in vain
I hae sought the bare banes o the truth and the men
Faither, whaur are ye lain?

Chorus

I hae cried oot yer name tae the four winds
I hae cried oot yer name till the dawn
An I cried in the arms of yer sister dear
Whaur dae ye lie, my son?

Chorus

I hae dreamed o yer breath upon me
I hae dreamed o yer yellow hair
I hae dreamed o the sounds o yer dyin love
Whaur dae ye lie, my dear?

Chorus x 2

Billy Taylor

Trad. arr. Malinky/Karine Polwart PRS/MCPS

Billy Taylor was a sailor, he was courtin a fair lady
Instead of Billy gettin married, he was forced untae the sea
But his bride soon followed after under the name of Richard Carr
Snow-white fingers, long and slender, covered ower wi pitch and tar

Chorus:

Fal-da-ral-da-rum-dum-day-dee

Fal-da-ral-de-rum-dum-day

She's dressed herself in sailor's clothing, oh but she was a bonnie young man
Away she sailed upon the ocean, all aboard the Mary Anne
A storm blew up upon the water, she bein there among the rest
The wind blew off her silver buttons and there appeared her snow-white breast

Chorus

"Well, now," said the captain, "My dear lady, what misfortune brought ye here?"

"I'm in search of my true lover whom you have pressed the other year"

"Well," said the captain, "My dear lady, tell to me the young man's name"

"Some folk call him Billy Taylor, William Taylor is his name"

Chorus

"Well, if Billy Taylor's your dear lover, then he has proved to you untrue

He's got married tae another and left you here alone to rue

Rise ye early in the mornin, early at the break of day

And there you'll spy young Billy Taylor, walkin oot wi his lady gay"

Chorus

She rose early up next mornin, early at the break of day

And there she spied young Billy Taylor walkin oot wi his lady gay

Gun and pistol she commanded, gun and pistol at her side

And there she shot young Billy Taylor walkin oot wi his new-made bride

Chorus x 3

The Lang Road Doon

Steve Byrne PRS/MCPS

Chorus:

Far are ye gan the day, my Willie-o?
Far are ye gan the day, sae blithe and bonnie?
Gone o'er the knowe and doon the brae
Tae serve the king you were bound away
Fan will ye come hame tae oor Jamie?

Ah mind o aa the winter's nichts
Ye'd keep me frae hairm
The lang waarm days in the summer's licht
Doon on Hully's fairm
Fan ye an me wid be sae free
Frae thochts and frae cares
Till the sairgeant, he cam roond
And took ye frae ma airms

Chorus

Ah mind the day ye first cam by
Ye'd cam for the shearin
Dae ye mind how Ah caught yer rovin eye?
But noo Ah'm left here fearin
For noo Ah da ken fan we'll be
Back again thegither
Ye are far noo o'er the sea
Fan will oor bairnie see his faither?

Chorus

Ah saa ye tak the lang road doon
Yer claes aw in a bunnle
Ah suin lost the soond o yer trampin shoon
Ma hert teen a tummel
As Ah saa yer heid gang oot a sicht
As Ah luiked across the Mearns
Fa will bide wi me the nicht?
Fa will haud ma bairn?

Chorus x 2

The Trawlin Trade

John Connolly, Maypole Music

North to the Faeroe Islands, south to the coast of Spain
West with the whaling fleet and up to the pole again
Over the world of water, seventeen seas we've strayed
Now to the north we're sailing back to the trawling trade

Chorus:

Come, ye bold sea-farin lads
There's fortunes to be made
In the trawling trade

It's back to the midnight landings, back to the fish salt smell
Back to the frozen winds that bite like the teeth of hell
Back to the strangest game that ever a man has played
Haul the stormy rollers back to the trawling trade

Chorus

Doon wi yer nets and tackle, doon wi yer nets and gear
Wait for the winches winding, wait for the deckie's cheer
Up wi the shining harvest, glittering silver spray
Down to the decks below to pay for the trawling trade

Chorus

Home wi the harvest wind and back to the Humber tide
Down to the water's edge and jump to the waterside
Roll with a rolling bunch of fishermen newly paid
Down to dockside pubs to drink to the trawling trade

Chorus x 2

King Orfeo

Trad. arr. Malinky, Grian Music

There lived a lady in yon haa
Scowan erla grae
Her name was Lady Liza Bell
Far yorten han grun orla

The king, he has a-huntin gane
Scowan erla grae
An left his lady all alane
Far yorten han grun orla

The Elfin King wi his dairt
Scowan erla grae
Pierced his lady tae the hert
Far yorten han grun orla

When the king came hame at noon
Scowan erla grae
He spiered for Lady Liza Bell
Far yorten han grun orla

His nobles untae him did say
Scowan erla grae
"My lady was wounded, noo she's deid"
Far yorten han grun orla

Noo they've taen her life frae me
Scowan erla grae
But her corpse they'll never hae
Far yorten han grun orla

The king, he's caad his nobles aa
Scowan erla grae
Tae waltz her corpse intae the haa
Far yorten han grun orla

But when the lords were faan asleep
Scowan erla grae
Oot o the haa her corpse did creep
Far yorten han grun orla

Noo awa tae the woods he's gane
Scowan erla grae
An there he sat upon a stane
Far yorten han grun orla

He sat there for seiven years
Scowan erla grae
Till a company him drew near
Far yorten han grun orla

Some did ride and some did ging
Scowan erla grae
He saw his lady then amang
Far yorten han grun orla

The company, they then made their way
Scowan erla grae
Tae a haa upon a hill
Far yorten han grun orla

Noo he set him doon fu wae
Scowan erla grae
He's taen oot his harp tae play
Far yorten han grun orla

First he played the notes o noy
Scowan erla grae
Then he played the notes o joy
Far yorten han grun orla

An then he played the guid gabber reel
Scowan erla grae
That would mak a sick hert heal
Far yorten han grun orla

There cam a boy frae oot the haa
Scowan erla grae
Ye're bidden tae play amangst us aa
Far yorten han grun orla

The Elfin King tae him did say
Scowan erla grae
"What will you hae for aa yer play?"
Far yorten han grun orla

For my play I will ye tell
Scowan erla grae
I'll hae my Lady Liza Bell
Far yorten han grun orla

My sister's son, the unworthy thing
Scowan erla grae
The morn he will be crowned king
Far yorten han grun orla

Noo ye can tak yer lady hame
Scowan erla grae
An you'll be king o aa yer ain
Far yorten han grun orla

Clerk Saunders

Trad. arr. Malinky, Grian Music

Clerk Saunders and May Margaret
Were walking on yon gravelled green
Sad and heavy was the love
I wot it fell this twa between

"A bed, a bed," Clerk Saunders said
"A bed, a bed for you and me"
"Oh no, oh no," the lady cried
"Until the day we mairrit be

For in will come my seiven brithers
And aa their torches burnin bright
They'll say we hae but yin sister
And here she's lyin wi you this night"

"Ye'll tak the sword frae my scabbard
And loowly, loowly lift the gin
And ye maun swear a solemn oath
Ye'll never let Clerk Saunders in"

"Ye'll tak me in your airms twa
And cairry me ben untae yer bed
And ye maun swear a solemn oath
Across your bower I ne'er did tread"

They werenae lang untae the room
They werenae lang untae the bed
When in there cam her seiven brithers
An aa their torches were burnin red

Oot then spak the first brither
"It's lang since ere this love began"
Oot then spak the second brither
"It's a sin tae kill a sleepin man"

Oot then spak the third brither
"We'd better gang and let them be"
Oot then spak the neist o them
"You'll no be killed this nicht for me"

Oot then spak the fifth brither
Aye and an angry man was he
"I bear the sword in my right hand
That will gar Clerk Saunders dee"

He's taen oot his lang, lang sword
That he had strappit through the strae
And through and through Clerk Saunders' body
I wot he has garred iron gae

"Awake, awake, Clerk Saunders," she says
"Awake, awake for sin or shame
For the day is light, the sun shines bright
And I'm afraid we will be taen"

Aye she waukened this dead man
Aye she rocked him to and fro
Aye she waukened this dead man
But of his death she did not know

"I'll do as much for ye, Clerk Saunders
Whatever ladies wouldnae thole
Till seven years has passed and gane
There's ne'er a shoe gaes on my sole

There'll ne'er be a sark upon by back
There'll ne'er be a kaim straik through my hair
There'll ne'er be coal or candle light
Shine in my booeer nae mair"

Seán Ó Duíbhír a' Ghleanna

Trad. arr. Malinky, Grian Music

Oft of a pleasant morning, sunshine all adorning
I heard a horn give warning with the birds' mellow call
Badgers flee before us, woodcocks startle o'er us
Guns in a ringing chorus amid the echoes all
The fox runs high and higher, horsemen shouting nigher
The maid in mourning by her geese that are all gone
Now they fell the wild woods, farewell home of childhood
Oh Seán ó Duíbhír a' ghleanna, your day is o'er

For it is my sorrow sorest, woe the falling forest
The north wind brings me no rest, and death is in the sky
My faithful hound tied tightly, never sporting brightly
Who would make a child laugh lightly with the tears in his eye
The antlered, noble-hearted stags are never parted
Never chased nor started from the whinny hills
Oh if peace came but the small way I would journey down on Galway
And leave, though not for always, my Erin of the ills

My woe and ruin through sinless death undoing
Came not o'er the strewing of all my bright hopes
How oft on sunny morning I would watch the spring returning
The autumn leaves are falling and the dew on woodland slopes
Now my land is a plunder, far my friends asunder
I must hide me under branch or bramble screen
And if soon I cannot save me by flight from foes who crave me
Oh Seán ó Duíbhír a' ghleanna, death will come between

Pad The Road Wi Me

Text trad, additional verses Steve Byrne PRS/MCPS
music Mike Vass PRS/MCPS

Says I, "My dearest Molly, come let us fix the time
Fan ye and I will mairried be and wedlock us combine
Fan ye and I get mairried, love, richt happy we will be
For ye are the bonnie lassie that's tae pad the road wi me"

"Tae pad the road wi you, sir, cauld winter's comin on
Besides, my aged parents have ne'er a girl but one
Besides, my aged parents have ne'er a girl but me
So I'm no the bonnie lassie that's tae pad the road wi thee"

"Oh never mind cauld winter, love, the spring will follow on
Come sit ye doon beside me, and I'll sing you a nice song
I'll sing you a nice song while I diddle ye on ma knee
For you're the bonnie lassie that's tae pad the road wi me"

"Oh the ither lads that I hae had, they proved of cruel mind
They beat me and bad used me and proved tae be unkind
They beat me and bad used me and garred me rue the day
That e'er I gied my love tae them tae pad the road away"

"Oh lassie, dearest lassie, love, I'd never dae ye wrang
It's on my honest faither's life I swear I'll dae nae hairm
I'll busk ye braw and fairer so ye could bear the gree
As the belle o aa the country roon tae pad the road wi me"

So she has donned her hose and shoon and tae the kirk they've gane
And lang, ay lang ere mornin that couple were made ane
And lang, lang ere the mornin, her troubles were set free
For she's the bonnie lassie that's tae pad the road wi me
For she's the bonnie lassie that's tae pad the road wi me
She's the bonnie lassie that's tae pad the road wi me

Son David

Trad. arr. Malinky & Donald Shaw, PRS/MCPS

“O what is the blood that's on yer sword,
My son David, O son David?
What is the blood that's on your sword?
Come promise, tell me true.”

“O but that is the blood o my grey hound,
Hey lady mother, ho lady mother;
That is the blood of my grey hound,
Because it widnae be ruled by me.”

“O but that blood it is ower clear,
My son David, O son David;
That blood it is ower clear,
Come promise, tell me true.”

“O but that is the blood o my grey mere,
Hey lady mother, ho lady mother;
That is the blood of my grey mere,
Because she widnae be ruled by me.”

“O but that blood it is ower clear,
My son David, O son David;
That blood it is ower clear,
Come promise, tell me true.”

“O but that is the blood o my brither John,
Hey lady mother, ho lady mother;
That is the blood of my brither John,
Because he drew his sword tae me.

“For it's I'm gaan awa in a bottomless boat,
In a bottomless boat, a bottomless boat,
For it's I'm gaan awa in a bottomless boat,
For I'll never return again.”

“O but when will ye come back again
My son David, O son David?
When will ye come back again?
Come promise, tell me true.”

“When the sun and the moon meets in yon glen,
Hey lady mother, ho lady mother;
When the sun and the moon meets in yon glen,
For I'll never return again.”

Fisherman's Wife

Trad. arr. Byrne, Dunlop, Patterson, Polwart, PRS/MCPS

Fa wid be a fisherman's wife
Tae work wi a tub an a scrubber an a knife,
A deed oot fire an a raivelt bed
An awa tae the mussels in the mornin

Chorus:

Here we come scoorin in,
Three reefs tae the foresail in
An there's nae a dry stick tae pit on wir back,
But still we're aa teetotallers

Fa'll gie's a hand tae rin a ripper lead
Tae try for a coddie in the bay o Peterheid?
They're maybe at the Lummies or the clock on
Sauthoose Heid
Fan we gan tae the sma lines in the mornin

Chorus

Well ma pair auld faither's in the middle o the flair
Beatin heuks ontae tippets an they're hingin on his
chair
They're made wi horses hair, for that's the best o
gear
Tae be gaan tae the fishin in the mornin

Chorus

It's doon the Gadle Braes in the middle o the nicht
Wi an aul seerup can an a cannel for a licht
Tae gaither up the pullars, every een o them in sicht
An get the linie baited in the morning

Chorus

It's easy to the cobbler, sittin in his neuk,
Wi a big copper kettle hingin on a crook
We're in the boo and we cannae get a heuk
It's sair haird work in the morning

Chorus

Well it's no the kin o life that a gentle quine can thole
Wi her fingers reid raw wi the scrubbin oot a yoll
An a littlen on her hip, she's awa tae cairry coal,
She'll be caad sair deen in the mornin

Chorus

Still an aa she widna change fir the grandest o yer
gear
Fir she never kens the minute when her hert'll loup wi
fear
He's awa tae the sea and he's aa that she has dear
She could be a widda wi his bairn in the mornin

Chorus x 3

The Newry Highwayman

Trad arr. J. Bews, S. Byrne, M. Dunlop, L. McCann, K. Polwart, PRS/MCPS

In Newry Town I was bred and born
Now in Stephen's Green sure I lie in scorn
I was apprenticed to the saddlin' trade
But I grew up to be and I grew up to be a rovin' blade

At seventeen now I took a wife
And I loved her dearer than I loved my life
And for to keep her in fine array
I went a-robbin' I went a-robbin' on the King's highway.

I've never robbed any poor man yet
Nor any tradesman did I beset
I robbed the Lords and the Ladies bright
And took their jewels, and took their jewels to my heart's delight.

I robbed Lord Golding I do declare
And Lady Maunsell in Grosvenor Square
I shut the doors and bade them goodnight
And took their jewels, and took their jewels to my heart's delight.

To Covent Garden I took my way
With my dear wife for to see a play
Lord Fielding's men, they did me pursue
And I was taken, and I was taken by that cursed crew.

My father cried for his daring son
My wife, she wept and cried "I am undone"
My mother tore her white locks and cried
Saying in the cradle, saying in the cradle now he should have died

And when I'm dead and I'm in my grave
No fancy tombstone will I crave
Just Six bold highwaymen to carry me
Give them good broadswords, give them good broadswords and sweet liberty.

Six pretty fair maids to bear my pall
Give them primroses and ribbons all
And when I'm dead they will speak the truth
"He was a wild and, he was a wild and a wicked youth"

The Bonnie Lass o Fyvie

Trad. arr. Bews, Byrne, Dunlop, Hunter, McCann, MacPherson, Patterson, Polwart, Vass, Wood PRS/MCPS

*Good evening. It's lovely to be back in Glasgow, how are ya?
Twenty years eh? Twenty years!*

Eh, please sing along with this one if you know this one too.

There once was troop of Irish dragoons
Come marchin doon through Fyvie O
An the captain's faan in love wi a very bonnie quine
Her name that she had was pretty Peggy O

"Ah come runnin doon the stairs, pretty Peggy, my dear
Come runnin doon the stairs, pretty Peggy O
Come runnin doon the stairs an tie back yer yellow hair
Tak a last fareweel tae yer daddie O

For it's I'll buy ye ribbons an I'll buy ye rings
An I will buy ye necklaces o lammer O
I'll buy ye silken goon for tae clead ye up an doon
If ye'd just come doon intae ma chamber O"

"Well, I'll hae nane o yer ribbons, I'll hae nane o yer rings
An nane o yer necklaces o lammer O
An as for silken goon, I will never put it on
And I never will enter yer chamber O"

There's mony a bonnie lass in the Howe o Auchterless
An mony a bonnie lassie in the Garioch O
There's mony a bonnie Jean in the toon o Aberdeen
But the flooer o them aa bides in Fyvie O

Well, the colonel, he cries, "Mount, boys, mount, boys, mount"
And the captain, he cries, "Tarry O!
Tarry for a while, just anither day or twa
For tae see if the bonnie lass will marry O"

"Well I'll drink nae mair o yer guid claret wine
I'll drink nae mair o yer glasses O
For the morn is the day that I maun ride away
Wi adieu tae ye, Fyvie lassies O"

An syne e'er we got tae Old Meldrum toon
Oor captain we had for tae carry O
Syne e'er we got intae bonnie Aberdeen
Oor captain we had for tae bury O

Green grow the birks on Bonnie Ythanside
Low lie the Lowlands o Fyvie O
Oor captain's name was Ned, an he's died for a maid
He's died for the sodger lass o Fyvie O

First verse if you know it!

There once was troop of Irish dragoons
Come mairchin doon through Fyvie O
An the captain's faan in love wi a very bonnie quine
Her name that she had was pretty Peggy O

On the far end there on the box and whistles from County Tyrone in Ireland, that's Leo McCann.

On the fiddle here, would you give your hand together for Mr Kit Patterson.

Equally dapper on the fiddle from Edinburgh, that's Jon Bews.

Our very own highland man on fiddle and excellent backing vocals, Mr Mike Vass

From Liverpool via Edinburgh on string things, this is Ewan MacPherson.

From Newcastle on bouzouki and guitar and vocals, Mr Dave Wood.

Out-frocking me in the middle, from Glasgow, Fiona Hunter!

The one, the only, the original, on vocal, excellent guitar playing, Ms Karine Polwart!

From Antrim in the north of Ireland...I don't know how we've made it mate – Mark Dunlop.

And last but not least. Well hardly! My old chum, on eh, well all that, and singin as well, and he writes songs too, and he's a great business brain, and a lovely beard as well. Mr Steve Byrne from Arbroath!

1, 2, 3,