



## macdougall's men

WORDS AND MUSIC BY CAROLYN KALLIS

A beautiful contemporary song by a Scots-American. The themes of infidelity and revenge brighten not only the Celtic tradition but modern country music and dinner table conversation in Vermont

MacDougall's men are come
They'll be here ere the morn
I travelled hard upon the road, thru the rainy night
Call the men tae arms, my lads, it'll be a heavy fight

I did not come for naught, I came to warn

It seems the lass ye've taken in is promised tae anither She's no who she appears to be, she lied about her mither

She said she was a tinker lass who lost her way sae blind And so she came untae your door, she knew ye'd treat her kind

-REFRAIN-

I fear she has deceived you weel and tho you would believe her

Look close upon her face and hands, ye'll see she's no a tinker

For tho her cloak is ragged now, her skin is soft and pretty

She's traded her fine linens in for garments torn and dirty

-REFRAIN-

I see that she has won your heart and ye'll no give her freely

But for the kindly deed ye've done I fear ye'll pay most dearly

MacDougall's men for vengeance come, their minds are bent on slaughter For hear me weel, she's no poor lass, she is MacDougall's daughter

-REFRAIN-

#### texas rangers

I first heard this song done by Ian and Sylvia. This version was performed by Almeda Riddle, whose music I was introduced to by Norman Kennedy to whom I am indebted for much of the information and inspiration for this record. In both versions the implied drone bespeaks the melody's Scots-Irish derivation.

Come all you Texas rangers Wherever you may be I'll tell to you of some troubles That happened unto me And my name's nothing extra So that I will not tell But here's to all you rangers I'm sure I wish you well

Twas at the age of 20 I joined the ranger band We marched from San Antonio Down to the Rio Grande Our captain he informed us Perhaps he thought it right Before you reach the station boys We'll surely have to fight

And when the bugle sounded And our captain gave command To arms to arms he shouted And by your horses stand I saw the smoke ascending And it seemed to reach the sky The first thought then it struck me My time has come to die

I saw the Indians coming I heard them give their yell My feelings at that moment No tongue can ever tell I saw their glittering lances Their arrows 'round me flew And all my strength it left me And all my courage too

We fought them for nine hours Before the strike was o'er The like of dead and wounded I never saw before And when the sun was rising The Indians they had fled We loaded up our rifles And counted up our dead

And all of us were wounded Our noble captain slain The sun was shining sally All on that flooded plain Sixteen as brave a rangers As ever roamed the west Were buried by their comrades With arrows in their breasts

I've seen the fruits of rambling 1 kown it's hardships well 1 I've been in the Rocky Mountains Rode down the streets of hell I've been in the great southwest boys Where the wild Apache roam And I can tell you from experience You're better off at home

And now my song is ended I'm sure I've sung enough The life of a Texas ranger boys You see is very tough And here's to all you ladies I'm sure I wish you well I'm bound to go a ranging So ladies fare you well

#### fhear a bhata

(THE BOAT MAN)

Words translated from the Gaelic by Thomas Pattison. An old Highland melody.

How often haunting the highest hilltops I scan the ocean a sail tae see Wilt come tonite love wilt come tomorrow Wilt ever come love to comfort me

Fhear a bhata no ho ro eil'e Oh fare thee well love where e're ye be

They call thee fickle they call thee false one And seek tae change me but all in vain For thou art my dream a thru the dark night And every morning I scan the main

-CHORUS-

There's not a hamlet too well I know it Where you go wandering or set a while But all the auld folk you win with talking And charm it's maidens with song and smile -CHORUS-

Dost thou remember the promise made me The tartan plaidie the silken gown The ring of gold with thy hair and portrait That gown and ring I will never own

-chorus-

# the haughs of cromdale

A song of the Jacobite rebellion. Learned from Norman Kennedy. This is most widely known as an instrumental for the pipes.

I'll throw me plaidie oot oer me shooder A bag wi meal And a flask wi pooder Syne I'll tak out oer the hills

I gaed across the davemoor And I wandered on for hoor and hoor And syne I saw the paths gae doon Intae the Haughs of Cromdale

Intae the Haughs of Cromdale

And as I gae'd in by Auchindoon An a little a wee bit fae the toon Fin tae the highlands I was boon Tae view the Haughs of Cromdale

I met a man in tartan trews And I speir'd at him what was the news The hieland army sarely rues That e'er it went tae Cromdale Fer we were in bed sir ev'ry man When the English host upon us cam A bloody battle sane begun Upon the Haughs o Cromdale

The English horse they were sae rude They bathed their hooves in hieland blood But our brave clansmen boldly stood Upon the Haughs o Cromdale

But alas we could nae longer stay Sae oer the hills we cam away And sair do we lament the day That e'er we get tae Cromdale

For McDonalds men McCronnels men McKenzies men Macgillavrys men The hieland men the lowland men They faucht and died on Cromdale

### johnnie cope

Another song of the rebellion, about the the battle of Prestonpans in 1745. General Sir John Cope was defeated by the forces of Bonny Prince Charlie and his ignominious retreat is here chronicled by Adam Skirving.

Cope sent a challenge frae Dunbar Saying Charlie meet me an' ye daur An' I'll learn you the art of war If you'll meet me in the morning

Hey, Johnnie Cope are ye waukin yet Or are your drums a beatin yet If ye are waukin I wad wait To gang to the coals in the morning When Charlie look'd the letter upon He drew his sword the scabbard from 'Come follow me, my merry men An' we'll meet Johnnie Cope in the mornin'

-chorus-

'Now Johnnie be as guid as your word Come let us try baith fire an' sword An' dinna flee like a frichtet bird That's chas'd frae it's nest in the mornin'

-CHORUS-

When Johnnie Cope he hear o' this He thocht it wadna be amiss To hae a horse in readiness To flee awa in the morning

-chorus-

'Fie Johnnie noo get up and rin The highland bagpipes mak a din It's best to sleep in a hale skin For 'twill be a bloody mornin'

-chorus-

When Johnnie Cope to Berwick came They speir'd at him 'Where's a' your men' 'The deil confound me I dinna ken for I left them a' in the mornin'

—chorus—

Now Johnnie trauth ye weren'y blate Tae leave yer men in sic a state And come with the news of yer own defeat Sae early in the mornin' -CHORUS-

O' Faith quoth johnnie I got sic flegs Wi' you Claymores and your Philabegs If I face them again deil brak my legs I wish ye a good mornin'

—CHORUS—

## black jack davey

One of the many variants both European and American of the Gypsy Laddies. Learned from a recording by Almada Riddle. The song exists in countless variations and survived to the present day in the cross-over "The Gypsy Rover," a hit of 1960s, and in quotes of both lyrics and melody in Bob Dylan's Boots of Spanish Leather.

Ohh . . . The Black Jack Davey came a ridin' by A whistling so merrily He made the woods all around him ring And he charmed the heart of a lady

Will you go with me my pretty little one
Oh go with me my honey
I swear by the beard upon my chin
That you'll never want for money

Pull off pull off those high heeled shoes All made of Spanish leather Put on put on your low heeled boots And we'll ride off together

She pulled off her high heeled shoes All made of Spanish leather She put on her low heeled boots And they rode off together That night her husband he came home Just a lookin' for his lady Her maid she spilled before she thought Said she's with Black Jack Davey She's gone with Black Jack Davey

Go saddle me up my coal black stud My white one's not so speedy Iv'e rode all day, I'll ride all night And I'll overtake my lady And I'll bring home my lady

He rode all night till broad daylight He come to a river a raging And there he spied his darling bride In the arms of Black Jack Davey

Pull off pull off those long black gloves All made of spanish leather And get behind me on my horse And we'll ride home together

She pulled off the long black gloves All made of spanish leather She gave to him her lily white hand But said goodbye forever She said goodbye forever

Would you forsake your house and home Would you forsake your baby Would you forsake your wedded love And go with Black Jack Davey

Last night I slept in a warm feather bed Between my husband and baby Tonight I sleep on the cold cold ground In the arms of Black Jack Davey

#### the cruel mither

A haunting and hypnotic song. Hearned it from Norman Kennedy. Infantiade is a recurring theme in Celtic songs of which it has been said the war songs are happy and the love songs sad.

There wis a lady in the north Hey the rose and the linsie o And she wis coorted by her faither's clerk Doon by you greenwood sidie o

He's coorted her a year and a day Until this fair maid he did betray

She's leant her back against a tree And it's there the saut tear it blinded her ee

She's leant her back against a thorn And it's there twa bonnie boys tae her was born

She's ta'en the penknife fae her side And it's theres she's twined them o their sweet lives

She's ta'en the kerchief fae her head Tae make for them their winding sheet

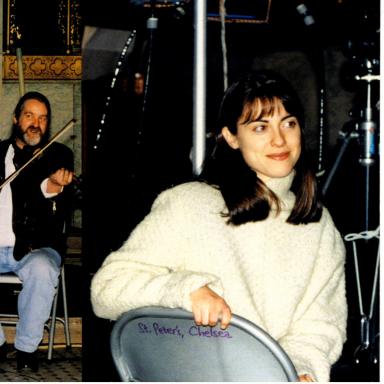
She's lain them 'neath a marble stane Thinking tae gyang a maiden hame

As she was walking by the school She spied twa bonnie boys a playin the ball

Oh bonnie boys gin ye wert mine I'd dress ye in silks and satin sae fine

Oh cruel mither fin we wert thine We saw very little o' yer satins sae fine





Oh bonnie boys cam tell tae me What will the judgement on me be

O' seven long years a bird in the wood And it's seven long year a fish in the flood

O' seven long years a warning bell And it's seven long years in the pit o' hell

O' welcome welcome bird in the wood And it's welcome welcome fish in the flood

O' welcome welcome warning bell But God's mercy keep me fae the pit o' hell

## the four marys

A Child ballad—he collected 28 versions—and another song of infanticide concerning an incident at the Court of Mary Queen of Soxs. The four Marys were apparantly her four ladies in waiting and are referred to, along with Shakespeare's sister, as fictional exemplars of feminine possibility by Virginia Woolf in "A Room of One's Ourn."

Word is tae the kitchen gane And word is tae the ha And word is up tae madame the queen And that is the worst of all That Mary Hamilton's born a babe To the highest Stuart of a'

Down then stepped the good auld queen Gowd tassels in her hair O Mary where's the bonnie wee babe That I heard greet sae sare

I put it in a piner pig

And set it on the sea
I bad it sink or it might swim
It should never came hame tae me

O rise o rise Mary Hamilton O rise and go with me There is a wedding in Edinbro town This day we'll go and see

She put not on her black clothing She put not on her brown But she put on the glistering gowd To shine thru Edinbro' Town

As they came thru the canongate The city for to see The bailies wife and the provosts wife Said och and alas for thee

Gie ne'er alas for me she said Gie ne'er alas for me Tis all for the sake of my puir babe This death that I must dee

Cast off cast off my gown she said But let my petticoat be And tie a napkin o'er my face For that gallows I daurna see

Last night there were four marys Tonight there'll be but three There was Mary Setan and Mary Betan And Mary Carmichael and me

## her bright smile

A foc'scle song, not a shantey or a work song. This sea ballad was meant to be performed for entertainment. Collected by Joanna C. Colcord in her book Roll and Go, a wonderful compilation of songs she learned as a child on her father's whaling ship.

'Tis years since last we met, and we may not meet again I have struggled to forget, but the struggle was in vain. For her voice lives on the breeze, and her spirit comes at will

In the midnight on the seas, her bright smile haunts me still.

For her voice lives on the breeze, and her spirit comes at will

In the midnight on the seas, her bright smile haunts me still

I've sailed 'neath alien skies, I have trod the desert path I have seen the storm arise, like a giant in his wrath. Ev'ry danger I have known, that a reckless life can fill Yet her presence is not flown; her bright smile haunts

me still For her voice lives on the breeze, and her spirit comes

at will In the midnight on the seas, her bright smile haunts me

### the banks of newfoundland

still!

Another from Roll and Go. This is a shantey or hauling song, unusual and to me especially evocotive as it is all about the cold.

You ramblin' boys of Liverpool, I'll have ye's to beware When you go in a yankee packet ship no dungarees do wear

But have a monkey jacket all unto your command For there blows some cold nor'westers on the banks of Newfoundland

We'll wash her and we'll scrub her down With holystone and sand And we'll bid adieu to the virgin rocks On the banks of Newfoundland

We had one lynch from ballynahinch Jim Murphy and Mike Moore It was in the winter of '72 those sea boys suffered sore They pawned their monkey jackets And sold them all out of hand

Not thinking of the cold north winds on the banks of Newfoundland

-REFRAIN-

We had one lady fair on board, Ann Reilly was her name To her I promised marriage and on me she had claim She tore her flannel dresses into mittens for our hands For she could not see the sea boys freeze on the banks of Newfoundland

-REFRAIN-

Now boys we're off sandy hook, the land's all covered with snow

The tug will take our hawser and for New York we will tow

And when we arrive at the black ball dock, the boys and girls will stand

Bid adieu to packet sailing and the banks of Newfoundland

-REFRAIN-

We'll wash her and we'll scrub her down with holystone and sand

For it's whilst we're here we can't be there on the banks of Newfoundland

## jock o hazeldean

Norman Kennedy sang this song for me after dinner in Vermont. The first verse is quite ancient and of unknown authorship, the rest were added by Sir Walter Scott.

Why weep ye by the tide lady Why weep ye by the tide I'll wed ye tae my youngest son And ye shall be his bride And ye shall be his bride lady Sae comely tae be seen But aye she's let a tear doonfa' For Jock o' Hazeldean

Noo let this willfu' grief be done And dry that cheek sae pale Young Frank is Lord of Errington And Chief of Langlydale His foot is first in peaceful hall His sword in battle keen But aye she's loot a tear doonfa' For lock o' Hazeldean

A rope o pearls ye salna want
Nor gold tae bind yer hair
Nor metalled hound nor managed hawk
Nor palfrey bright and fair
But ye the foremost of the land
Shall ride oor forest queen
But aye she's loot a tear doonfa'
For jock o' Hazeldean

The Kirk was decked at morning tide'
The taper glistened fair
The groom and priest they wait the bride
And dame and knight were there
They've searched for her in bower an ha'
The lady wisnae seen
She's ower the border and awa
Wi Jock o' Hazeldean

#### the twa corbies

Two crows discuss a dead knight. John Loesberg, in "Traditional Folk Songs and Ballads of Scotland," writes that this melody is in fact and old Bereton time "An Alarch" [The Swan] which was found to fit the lyrics of the old lowland ballad.

As I was walking all alane I heard twa corbies makin a mane The tane unto the tither did say Whaur sall we gang and dine the day o Whaur sall we gang and dine the day

It's in ahint yon auld fail dyke I wot there lies a new slain knight And naebody kens that he lies there But his hawk and his hound and his lady fair o But his hawk and his hound and his lady fair

His hound is to the hunting gane His hawk to fetch the wild fowl hame His lady ta'en anither mate So we may mak' oor dinner swate o So we may mak' oor dinner swate

Ye'll sit on his white hause-bane And I'll pike oot his bonnie blue e'en Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair We'll theek oor nest when it grows bare-o We'll theek oor nest when it grows bare

There's mony a ane for him maks mane But nane sall ken whaur he is gane O'er his white banes when they are bare The wind sall blaw for evermair-o The wind sall blaw for evermair

## hey how my johnnie lad

Learned from a recording of Ewan McColl who got it from "The Scots Musical Museum," a song of a sadder but wiser lass who has learned from the experience.

Hey how my Johnnie lad Yer no sae kind's ye should hae been G'in yer voice I had na kent, I cou'd nae eithly trow my een

Sae weel's ye micht hae touzled me, And sweetly prie'd my mou bedeen Hey how my Johnnie lad Yer no sae kind's ye should hae been

My faither he was at the ploo Ma mither she was at the mill Ma Billy he was at the moss And no ane near our sport tae spill

The feint a body was therein There was nae fear of being seen Hey how my Johnnie lad Yer no sae kind's ya should hae been Wad any lad wha loued her weel Hae left his bonny lass her lane To sigh and greet ilk langsome hour And think her sweetest minutes gane

Oh had ye been a wooer leel We should hae met with hearts more keen Hey how my Johnnie lad Yer no sae kind's ya should hae been

But I maun hae anither Joe Wha's love gangs niver oot o' mind And winna let the moment pass When tae a lass he can be kind

Then gang yer ways tae blinkin Bess Nae more fer Johnnie shall she green Hey how my Johnnie lad Yer no sae kind's ya should hae been

## the gypsy laddies

(SEE BLACK JACK DAVEY)

Norman told me about the Earl of Cassilis' wife who was abducted and seduced by a nobleman dressed as a gypsy. The nobleman and his brothers (his accomplices) were captured and executed by the Earl. His wife was imprisoned in a tower. Into the tower steps were sculpted the Jacs of the seven brothers so that the unfortunate lady could look upon them everyday and meditate upon her disgrace. Learned from a recording of Jeannie Robertson from her LP "The Great Scot Ballad Singer."

Three gypsies cam tae oor ha' door An' oh but they sang bonnie-o They sang sae sweet and too complete That they stole the heart of a lady-o For she cam trippin doon the stairs Her maidens too before her-o And when they spied her weel faird face They trowed their spell oot o'er her-o

When her good lord came home that night He was askin' for his lady-o The answer the servants gi'ed tae him She's awa with the gypsy laddies o

Gae saddle tae me my bonnie bonnie black My bruin it's na'er sae speedio That I may go ridin this long summer's day In search of my true lady-o

For it's he rode east and he rode west And he rode thru strath boggieo And there he met a guy auld man That was coming thru Strathboggieo

For it's did you come east or did you come west Or did ye come thru Strathboggieo Or did ye see a guy lady That was comin thru Strathboggieo

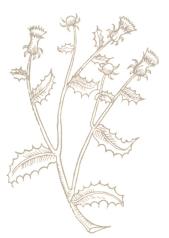
For it's I've come east and I've come west And I've come thru Strathboggieo And the bonniest lady that e'er I saw She was following three gypsy laddy's-o

For the very last night that I crossed this river I had dukes and lords to attend me-o But this night I must put in ma warm feet and wade With the gypsy's wadin before me-o

Last night I layed in a good feather bed My own wedded lord beside me-o But this night I must lie in a cold corn barn And the gypsy's lyin' around me-o For it's will you give up your houses and your lands And will you give up your baby-o And will you give up your own wedded lord And keep followin the gypsy laddies-o

For it's I'll give up my houses and my lands And I'll give up my baby-o And I'll give up my own wedded lord And keep following the gypsy laddies-o

We are seven brothers of the saule We all are wondrous bonny-o And this very night we all shall be hanged For the stealin' of the earl's lady-o



Vocal, Vocal Arrangements Rebecca Pidgeon Musical Arrangements Rebecca Pidgeon and Paul Miller

Guitar George Naha
Fiddle, Mandolin Johnny Cunningham
Uilleann Pipes, Tin Whistle Jerry O'Sullivan
Cello Tomas Ulrich
Accordion Charles Giordano
Perussion, Snare Emedin Rivera
Banjo Akira Satake (courtesy Alula Records)
Hamnony Vocals Carolyn "Coco" Kallis, Paul Miller

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