

In The Scottish Tradition

Tracks:

If My Memory Serves Me Well
Ho Ro! My Nut Brown Maiden
Bonnie George Cambell
Doon The Watter
Bonnie Strathyre
Uist Tramping Song
Broom O' The Cowdenknowes
My Love's She's But A Lassie Yet
Three Fishers
Banks O' Sicily

Credits:

Alex Beaton—Vocals, Guitar
Bob Gothar—Guitar
Robin Lorentz — Fiddle
Randy Farrar— Bass, Keyboards
The Browne Sisters - Background Vocals



The Waverly on the Clyde

*If my hearing doesn't foil the lark I'll surely hear
The sound of churning water as "The Waverly" leaves the
pier
The trains of Central Station, street buskers as they wail
I pray to hear it all again if my hearing doesn't fail
If my hearing doesn't foil*

*If my step holds firm and strong I'll stroll around George
Square
Where Sir Walter Scott is perched away up in the air
I'd wonder down Argyle Street and feel like I belong
Just to walk My Glasgow if my step holds firm and strong
If my step holds firm and strong*

If My Memory Serves Me Well

*I recall a dear green place with a river flowing through
Many years and many tears have fallen by before I knew
I must return to look one more upon my town to dwell
A birthplace with no rival if my memory serves me well
If my memory serves me well*

*If my sight remains acute I'll watch the River Clyde
Flowing through the centre of my Glasgow with pride
Young lovers walk through Kelvingrove no more
romantic route
I pray to see it all again if my sight remains acute
If my sight remains acute*



Kelgrove Park



Ho Ro! My Nut Brown Maiden

*Ho ro my nut brown maiden, hee ree my nut brown maiden
Ho ro ro maiden, o she's the maid for me*

*Her eye so mildly beaming, her look so frank and free
In waking and in dreaming is ever more with me*

*o Mary mild-eyed Mary by land or on the sea
Though time and tide may vary, my heart beats true to thee*

*With thy fair face before me how sweetly flew the hour
When all thy beauty o'er me came streaming in its power*

*And when with blossoms laden bright summer comes again
I'll fetch my nut brown maiden down from the bonnie glen*

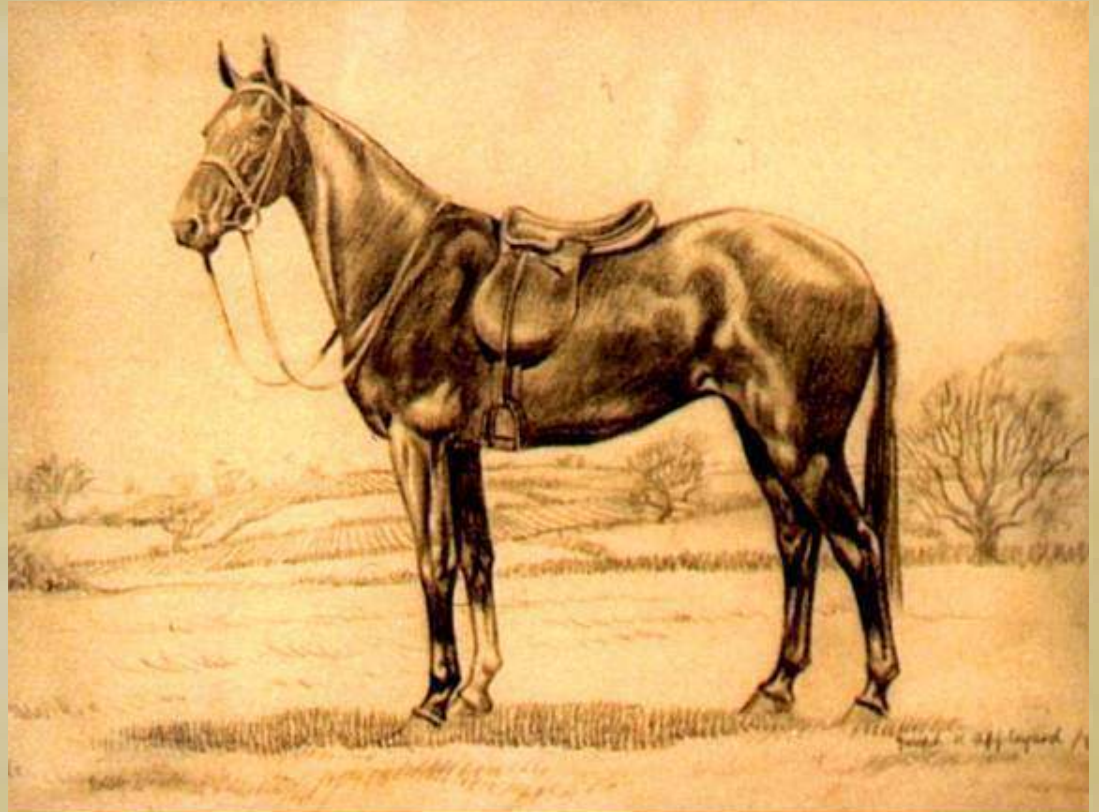
Bonnie George Cambell

*High upon hielands and leigh upon Tay
Bonnie George Cambell rode oot on a day
Saddled and bridled sae bonnie rode he
Home came his guid horse but never come he*

*Saddled and bridled and booted rode he
A plume tae his helmet, a sword at his knee
But toom come his saddle a' bloody toe see
Home came his guid horse but never came he*

*Doon came his ould mother greefin' fu' sair
Oot came his bonnie wife rivin' her hair
My meadows lie green and my corn is unshorn
My barn is toe build and my baby's unborn*

*High upon hielands and leigh upon tay
Bonnie George Cambell rode oot on a day
Saddled and bridled sae bonnie rode he
Home came his guid horse but never come he*



Doon The Watter

*My father worked for buttons in a wee dry salters shop
But we were young and didnae have a care
Our shoes were scuffed and worn, our dungarees a' torn
Our sloppy joes they wirnae fit to wear
Noo me and ma wee brother we were headaches to my
mother
And dirty for the best port o' the year
But she had us clean as whistles in our kilts and co-op
sandals
When we went down the watter for the fair*

Chorus:

*And we're sailing doon the Clyde, sailing doon the Clyde
And headin' for Kilgreggan in the morning
Then on to Rothesay Bay we'd leave on Saturday
To catch the Jeannie Dean frae Crigendoran*

*The summertime was all I'm sure that kept my father
gain'
A time that he enjoyed as much as me
The family a' the gither we didnae mind the weather
He'd laugh and sing and bounce us on each knee
"o toora loora liddey ah finish work on Friday"
His troubles seem to vanish in the air
Ah but noo he's gone forever like the steamers on the
river
That went sailing doon the wafter for the fair*

Chorus

*The golden age of paddle steamers sadly disappeared
And summertime has never been the same
Those days of river cruisin' that slowly we were losing
An era that will never come again
For now we fly to Malta Majorca and Gibraltar
France and Spain and sunny Italy
A' the kids a' think it's heaven like the Clyde for me at
seven
But the days of doon the watter's gone for me*



Rothesay Bay

Bonnie Strathyre

*There's meadows in Lanark and mountains in Skye
And pastures in Hiellands and Lowlands forbye
But there's no greater luck that the heart could desire
Than to herd the fine cattle in Bonnie Strathyre
O it's up in the morn and awa' to the hill
When the long summer days are soe warm and sae still
Till the peak of Ben Voirlich is girdled with fire
And the evenin' falls gently in Bonnie Strathyre*

*Then there's mirth in the sheiling and love in my breast
When the sun has gone down and the kye are at rest
For there's many a prince would be proud to aspire
To my winsome wee Maggie the pride o' Strathyre
Her lips are like rowans in ripe summer seen
And mild as the starlight the glint o' her e'en
Far sweeter her breath than the scent o' the briar
And her voice is sweet music in Bonnie Strathyre*

*Set Flora by Colin and Maggie by me
And we'll dance to the pipes swellin' loudly and free
Till the moon in the heavens climbing higher and higher
Bids us sleep on fresh bracken in Bonnie Strathyre
Though some in the towns o' the Lowlands seek fame
And some will gang sodgerin' far from their home
Yet I'll aye herd my cattle and bigg my oin byre
And love my oin Maggie in Bonnie Strathyre*



Bracklinn Falls, Strathyre

Uist Tramping Song

*Come along come along let us step it out together
Come along come along be it fair or stormy weather
With the hills of home before us and the purple of the heather
Let us sing a happy chorus come along come along*

*O now gaily sings the lark and the sky is awake
With the promise of the day for the road we gladly take
For it's heel and toe and forward bidding farewell to the town
And the welcome that awaits us ere the sun goes down*

*It's the smell of sea and shore, it's the tong of bog and peat
It's the scent of briar and myrfie that puts magic in your feet
So on we go rejoicing over bracken over style
And soon we will be tramping out that last long mile*



Loch Maddy, South Uist



Broom O' The Cowdenknowes

*How blithe was I each morn to see
My love come o'er the hill
She tripped the burn and she ran to me
I met her wi' guid will*

Chorus:

*O the broom, the the bonnie bonnie broom
The broom o' the Cowdenknowes
Fain would I be in my am country
Herdin' my faither yowes*

*We neither wanted ewe nor lamb
While the flock near us lay
I gathered in my sheep at night
She cheered me a' the day*

*Hard fate that I should banished be
Gang warily and mourn
Because I lo'ed the fairest lass
That ever yet was born*

*Fareweel ye Cowdenknowes fareweel
Fareweel a' pleasures there
To wander by her side once again
Is all I crave or care*

My Love's She's But A Lassie Yet

*O my love she's but a lassie yet
O my love she's but a lassie yet
We'll let her stand a year or two
She'll no be half sae saucy yet*

*I rue the day I sought her o
I rue the day I sought her o
Who gets her need nae sae he's woo'd
But he may say he's bought her o*

*Come draw a drop o' the best o' it yet
Come draw a drop o' the best o' it yet
Gie seek for pleasure where you will
But here I never missed it yet*

*We're a' dry wi' drinkin' o't
We're a' dry wi' drinkin' o't
The minister kiss't the fiddlers wife
And couldnae preach for thinkin' o't*





Three Fishers

*Three fishers went sailing out into the west
Out into the west as the sun went down
Each thought on the woman that loved him the best
And the children stood watching them out of the town*

*For men must work and women must weep
For there's little to earn and many to keep
And the harbour bar be moaning
And the harbour bar be moaning*

*Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower
They trimmed the lumps as the sun went down
And they looked at the squall and they looked at the shower
And the night-wrack come rolling in rugged and brown*

*For men must work and women must weep
'Though storms be sudden and the waters be deep
And the harbour bar be moaning
And the harbour bar be moaning*

*Three corpses lay out in the shining sand
In the morning gleam as the tide went down
And the women were weeping and wringing their hands
For those who would never come back to the town*

*For men must work and women must weep
And the sooner it's over the sooner to sleep
And good-bye to that bar and its moaning
And good-bye to that bar and its moaning*

Banks O' Sicily

Chorus:

*Foreweel ye banks o' Sicily
Fare ye weel ye valley and shore
There's no Jock will mourn the kyles o' ye
Poor bloody soldiers ore weary*

*The pipie is dozie the pipie is fey
He wullnae come roon for his vino the day
The sky ow'r Messina is unco and grey
An' a' the bricht chaulmers are eerie*

Chorus

*The drummy is fine and the drummy is grand
He cannot be seen for his straps and his band
He's hauled himself up to take leave of his land
To be home with his loved one, his dearie*

Chorus

