<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Track</th>
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<th>Artist</th>
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<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>Green Grows the Laurel</td>
<td>Len Graham</td>
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<td>2</td>
<td>The Bold Fisherman</td>
<td>Emily Portman</td>
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<td>3</td>
<td>Old Yorkie Watson</td>
<td>Brian Dawson</td>
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<td>4</td>
<td>Nicky Tams</td>
<td>John Valentine</td>
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<td>5</td>
<td>The Russian Jew</td>
<td>Elizabeth Stewart</td>
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<td>6</td>
<td>Willie O</td>
<td>Len Graham</td>
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<td>7</td>
<td>Princie and Jean</td>
<td>Joe Aitken</td>
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<td>8</td>
<td>O Good Ale</td>
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<td>The Owls and the Mice</td>
<td>Brian Dawson</td>
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<td>Princie and Jean</td>
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<td>Time Wears Awa</td>
<td>Emma Spiers</td>
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<td>Dobbin’s Flowery Vale</td>
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<td>Our Captain Calls</td>
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<td>14</td>
<td>Three Score and Ten</td>
<td>Brian Dawson</td>
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<td>My Last Farewell tae Stirling</td>
<td>Jimmy Hutchison</td>
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<td>16</td>
<td>The Little Ball of Yarn</td>
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<td>The Day I Met Wi Hector</td>
<td>John Valentine</td>
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<td>The Bonnie Wee Shirt</td>
<td>Duncan MacRae</td>
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<td>The Sweet Nightingale</td>
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<td>Over the Hills and Far Away</td>
<td>Len Graham</td>
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<td>21</td>
<td>Ye Boys o Callieburn</td>
<td>Peter Shepheard</td>
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**Autumn Harvest AH 011 © P 2012**

**Live from the Fife Traditional Singing Festival, May 2011**
Since the day he began tae wark there as a loon,
A trustworthy hand at the Mains o Drumcloddie,
A kenspeckle figure wis auld Wattie Broon;
Since he crossed the bay of Biscay O.
 Seven long years I've been constantly waiting,
And where he's bound I do not know;
Young Willie sails on board a tender,
"Oh here comes a Russian Jew."
And the kids aa cry when I pass by,
In ma bonnie coat o blue,
I’m as strong as ony horse.
And although I’m no jist awfa stout,
I belang tae the Aiberdeen Force;
I first pit on ma nerra breeks tae hap ma spinnle trams,
Ma faither fee’d me tae the mains tae chaw his milk an meal;
And when you went to plough, lads, he made you dump it out.
With a fo ldiddie r I do, work it all the day.

Fen I was only ten year aur I left the paarth squere,
Ma faither fee’d me tae the mains tae chav his milk an meal;
I first pit on ma nierr breeks tae hae ma spinnle trams,
Syre bukkelt room ma knappin knaes a pnicky tams.

Oh ma freens kens weel I’m a ceewel chap,
I belong tae the Aberdeen Force;
And although I’m no jist awfa stout,
I belonged tae the Aberdeen Force;
I first put on my nerra breeks to hang my spinnle tams,
Ma faither fee’d me tae the mains tae chaw his milk and meal;
And when you went to plough, lads, he made you dump it out.
With a foldiddie I do, work it all the day.

There’s been a horse market for mony’s a day,
Fur the sake o ma health I took a wauk one summer’s day at
I met a pretty maid and this is what I said,
One fine day in May I took a walk one day,
My last farewell to Stirling O.
But I must bid my last goodbye,
Nae lark in transport mounts the sky,
Our fishing smacks as well,
Going down to earn their daily bread,
A crew with hearts so brave,
Methinks I see some little craft,
"Dry up those briny tears and leave off weeping,
I wis lying in ma bed wi nothin on,
For ma mither left the blanket in the pawn.
Oh ma mother said, “I canna leave him nakit,
I'll need tae get him something, can’t ye see?”
Aye, and there wis me a—yin lookin glaikit.
In the bonnie weet shirt ma mither made for me.

Well met pretty maid and be not afraid,
I mean you no mischief I vow.
"What is it you will?" “Come give me your pail,
You shall take home to your cow, cow,
I’ll take it safe home to your cow.”

Once there was a maiden fair,
Now she’s widowed old and grey;
Her true love ploughs the salt sea spray,
Over the hills and far away,
She’ll sit down on yonder hill,
And take her pen and write with skill;
Her love she’ll raise all else above,
Her deeds she’ll praise, his worth she’ll prove.

Refrain:
Sé mo laoch mo Ghile Mear,
Sé mo Sheasair, Ghile Mear;
Suan ná seán ní bhfuairas fén,
Ó laith i ghaol mo Ghile Mear.

Boy o Boys o Callieburn—Shepherd, Spiers & Watson
John Blair and I have the notion,
Tae cross the wide Atlantic ocean;
Rab MacKiny’s gain afore us,
We’ll keep the acc in order.

Refrain:
Hame fareweel, freens fareweel,
And ye boys o Callieburn, fare ye weel.

Thanks to all the singers who have given free use of
their recordings to the East of Scotland Traditional Song Group.
Recorded by Tom Spiers. Photograph by Davey Stewart. Design & transcriptions by Peter Shepheard. All songs traditional arranged by the singer except 7 G Corrigall; 17 S Brown. All Copyright Control/ MCPS. Full song texts and notes are at www.springhymne.co.uk/ath1

WILLIE O THE RUSSIAN JEW

WILLIE O THE BOLD FISHERMAN

WILLIE O THE SWEET NIGHTINGALE

WILLIE O THE RUSSIAN JEW

WILLIE O THE SWEET NIGHTINGALE

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