

The Witch of the West-mer-lands

Pale was the wounded knight
That bore the rowan shield
Loud and cruel were the raven's cries
That feasted on the field
Saying, "Beck water cold and clear
Will never clean your wound
There's none but the maid of the winding mere
Can make thee hale and sound."

So course well, my brindled hounds
And fetch me the mountain hare
Whose coat is as grey as the Wastwater
Or as white as the lily fair
Who says, "Green moss and heathered bands
Will never staunch the flood
There's none but the witch of the west-mer-land
Can save thy dear life's blood."

So turn, turn your stallion's head
'Til his red mane flies in the wind
And the rider of the moon goes by
And the bright star falls behind."
And clear was the paly moon
When his shadow passed him by
Below the hill were the brightest stars
When he heard the owlet cry,

Saying, "Why do you ride this way
And wherefore came you here?"
"I seek the witch of the west-mer-lands
That dwells by the winding mere."
"Then fly free your good grey hawk
To gather the goldenrod
And face your horse into the clouds
Among yon gay green woods."

And it's weary by the Ullswater
And the misty brake-fern way
'Til through the cleft of the Kirkstane Pass
The winding water lay.

He said, "Lie down my brindled hounds
And rest ye, my good grey hawk
And thee, my steed, may graze thy fill
For I must dismount and walk
But come when you hear my horn
And answer swift the call
For I fear 'ere the sun shall rise this morn
You will serve me best of all."

And it's down to the water's brim
He's borne the rowan shield
And the goldenrod he has cast in
To see what the lake might yield
And wet rose she from the lake
And fast and fleet gaed she
One half the form of a maiden fair
With a jet-black mare's body

And loud, long, and shrill he blew
'Til his steed was by his side
High overhead the grey hawk flew
And swiftly he did ride,

Saying, "Course well, my brindled hounds
And fetch me the jet-black mare
Stoop and strike, my good grey hawk
And bring me the maiden fair."

She said, "Pray sheath thy silvery sword
Lay down thy rowan shield
For I see by the briny blood that flows
Ye've been wounded in the field."
And she stood in a gown of the velvet blue
Bound 'round with a silver chain

She's kissed his pale lips once and twice
And three times 'round again

And she's bound his wounds with the goldenrod
Full fast in her arms he lay
And he has risen hale and sound
With the sun high in the day
She said, "Ride with your brindled hounds at heel
And your good grey hawk in hand
There's no can harm a knight wha's lain
With the Witch of the West-mere-land!"

words and music by Archie Fisher
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The Cuillins of Home

Soon shall I see thy bright shores in the sunlight
The heather of hills and the rising of morn
The rolling grey sea-mist blows East in the morning
To run the wild hills of the Cuillins of home.

Far away seaward, thy green hills are lovely
Where glide the hill waters all down to the sea
They tumble at noontide
Like snow wreaths in moonlight
As those who, heart yearning, would yearn it to be.

Far away seaward, my green land, my youth land
Far away seaward, the Cuillins of home
While here in my dreamtide I'm hearing hill waters
The laughter of streams by the Cuillins of home.

traditional, arranged by Archie Fisher
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Black-Eyed Susan

There was a girl in a cold northern harbor
And she came with me when I asked her to go
Although I knew that she was a captain's lady
But he was so far away, how was he to know?

So we traveled south
Through the warm gulf-stream waters
And she stayed with me in the ports along the way
And as time went by, this lady she grew distant
But I grew closer to her every day.

Chorus: I was in love with a black-eyed Susan
Where is my heart, where is my soul?
To be in love with a black-eyed Susan
Is to travel down to the harbor no more

She cried aloud; it was early one morning
And he heard her voice, 'though it was far, far away
Too many miles, too many lovers
Too many voices down in English Bay.

The next thing I knew,
She was off and she was running
Down to the shore, into the water far below
And that's when I knew I was just another lover
And now I'm walking on this cold beach alone.

Later that day, when the Gold Coast was shining
His ship went down, and nobody reached the shore
And in his log book, her captain he had written,
"There's only one thing I'm not sorry for..."

words and music by Doug MacArthur
© Skye Songs, CAPAC

Oh No, Not I

A Newfoundland sailor went walking on the strand
He spied a pretty fair young maid
And took her by the hand
"Oh, will you go to Newfoundland
Along with me?", he cried
But the answer that she gave to him was,
"Oh no, not I!"

If I were to marry you, on me 'twould be the blame
Your friends and relations
Would scorn me to shame
If you were born of noble blood
And me of low degree
Do you think that I would marry you?
It's oh no, not me."

Six months being over and seven coming nigh
This pretty fair young maiden began to look so shy
Her corsets would not meet
And her apron would not tie
Made her think on all the times that she said,
"Oh no, not I."

Eight months being over and nine coming on
This pretty fair young maiden brought forth a son
She wrote a letter to her love
To come most speedily
But the answer that he gave to her was
"Oh no, not me."

He said, "My pretty fair maid,
The best thing you can do
Is take your child upon your back
And a-begging you may go
And it's when that you get tired
You can sit ye down to cry
And think on all the times when you said,
"Oh no, not I!"

So come all you pretty fair maids,
A warning take by me
Don't ever put your trust in the green willow tree
For the leaves they will wither
And the root it will die

Make you think on all the times that you said,
"Oh no, not I."

traditional, arranged by Ken Theriot

© Raven Boy Music, ASCAP

Dark-Eyed Molly

Deep and dark are my true love's eyes
Blacker still is the winter turning
As the sadness of parting proves
And brighter now is the lantern burning
That lightens my path to love.

No fiddle tune will take the air
But I'll see her swift feet a-dancing
And the swirl of her long brown hair
Her smiling face, and her dark eyes glancing
As we stepped out "Blinkbonny Fair".

And if my waiting prove in vain
Then I will pack and track ever take me
And the long road will ease my pain
No gem of womankind will make me
E'er whisper love's words again.

For in drink I'll keep good company
My ears will ring with the tavern's laughter
And I'll hear not her last sweet sighs
Then who's to know in the morning after
That I long for her dear, dark eyes?

words and music by Archie Fisher
© Kettle Music, PRS

Adelaide

Adelaide, Adelaide
So much there in your soul to save
Can you bear it all alone?
Not all hearts are made of stone
And not every man has been too blind to see.

Adelaide, dear Adelaide
It hurts me so to see you live your life that way
You've had your days of weeping
And pain that runs so deep
But there's a man who says your life is not yet over.

Ch: "Lady of mystery, it's alright," he says,
"I've come from long ago and far away to see you smile
Lovely lady, for your love I quest
For I've been living half a life without it."

Adelaide, dear Adelaide
Rest your mind and put your trust in me this day
Give to me your hand
I'll not stand a day without you
'Cause I've stood alone thinking about you for too long.

words and music by Ken Theriot
© Raven Boy Music, ASCAP

Jenny Bryce

This morn as I was lost in thought
As up the hill I wandered
Sitting there to greet the dawn
Upon my life I pondered
I glanced along the shaded grove
Where often I have been
With Jenny Bryce, Jack the Rover's daughter

Sweet Jenny Bryce, Jack the Rover's
daughter.

Her family came of tinker's stock
Baptised by flowing water
Old Jack, he was disposed to roam
And so his only daughter
And me a lad of seventeen
I left my parents' home
For Jenny Bryce, Jack the Rover's daughter
Sweet Jenny Bryce, Jack the Rover's
daughter.

And from wooded glen to heathered moor
With Jenny I went roving
Her voice so sweet made soft the road
From daylight 'til day's closing
And when at night I lay to rest
'Twas in my true love's arms
Jenny Bryce, Jack the Rover's daughter
Sweet Jenny Bryce, Jack the Rover's
daughter.

Then one day she said, "Oh, Willy
I weary of the road"
So I fine small house I built for us
Down in yon shaded grove
And there with Jenny by my side
I led a settled life
With Jenny as companion and as wife.

And one day she said, "Oh, Willy
A child for us I bear"
And all that winter long I worked
And helped her to prepare
But none but God could help us
With a birth such as she saw
She was Jenny Bryce, she bore for us a
daughter
She was Jenny Bryce, she bore for us a
daughter.

Six tortured hours she lingered
And never once complained
And all there was to do for her
I did to ease her pain
When morning came I formed a cross
And carved on it her name
She was Jenny Bryce, Jack the Rover's
daughter
Sweet Jenny Bryce, Jack the Rover's
daughter.

And this morn as I was lost in thought
As up the hill I ambled
Back along the shaded stream
Where with my love I rambled
To greet a child of seven years
Who bears her mother's name
She is Jenny Bryce, Jenny Bryce's daughter
She is Jenny Bryce, Jenny Bryce's daughter.

words and music by James Keelaghan
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Red, Red Rose

Oh, my love is like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June
My love is like a melody
That's sweetly played in tune

So fair art thou, my bonnie lass
So deep in love am I
That I will love thee still, my dear
'Til all the seas gang dry

'Til all the seas gang dry, my dear
And the rocks melt with the sun
And I will come again, my love

While the sands of time shall run

So fare thee well, my own true love
Fare thee well a while
But I will come again, my love
'Though it were ten thousand mile
And I will come again, my love
'Though it were ten thousand mile

Oh, my love is like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June...

words by Robert Burns
music by Ken Theriot
© Raven Boy Music, ASCAP

Borderland

The young man sat above the town
In the glow of the setting sun
With his head held cradled in his hand
His back against a stone
Saying, "Why have I so little time
In this wretched place to stand
When I can't take the girl I love
Back home to the Borderland, oh?"

For I watch her dance upon the hill
And I live but for her song
And she never dreamed I waited here
So silent and so long
But her golden hair does strike me dumb
And her brown eyes strike me blind
And the thought I'll ne'er see her again
Is torturing my mind, oh."

The maid walked down the hill nearby
Toward home at the end of day
And she caught the sound of the young man's
words
As she stopped upon her way
And no voice had she ever heard so sweet
As the voice of the stranger lad
And she stood there as if turned to stone
And listened from the shadows.

And the young man's words reached out to her
Where she stood upon the lea
And they built her ships upon the clouds
And castles on the sea

And as he spoke her eyes did flash
And burn as with a flame
And the maid stepped out around the stone
As if he'd called her name, oh.

"Pray lament no more," she said
Her voice like the gentle sea
"For I have heard your every word
And I know they're meant for me
And if you speak in truth, my lad
And you love me as you say
There can be no reason we must part
Not even for a day, oh."

The young man started at her words
And he stood up straight and tall
Said, "I never meant for you to hear me
Speak this way at all
For you can never have me, love
It's useless to deceive
For I must return to the Borderlands
Oh, I am bound to leave you."

"I care not where you're bound, my lad
I care not where you're from
For the one thing that I'm certain
'Tis this maiden's heart you've won

So take me with you where you must
I freely go your way
And I will lie here in your arms
To greet the light of day, oh."

Tenderly he laid her down
And next to her did lie
The wind that whispered through the trees
Was sweet as a lullaby
And bending down, he folded her
Into his soft embrace
And with a touch he sent her fast asleep
With a smile upon her face, oh.

"Sleep content, my love," he said,
"I cannot cause you pain
For the dawn will find me far away
And I won't be back again
And 'though I'd take you if I could
I am not what I seem
So forget we ever tarried here
And wake as from a dream, oh."

For I am not of your world, my love
I come from another time
And I crossed here from the Borderlands
Between your world and mine
And 'twas there that I first heard your
voice
And longed for your face to see
And I gathered all the powers I had
And stepped out on your lea, oh.

And you know I watched you quietly
As you danced upon the hill
And 'though I dared not call to you
I loved you stronger still
But no longer do I have the power
No longer can I stay

And I'll be pulled back into my time
By the dawning of the day, oh.

But I will be your pillow
Where'er your head will lie
And I'll be the star you can only catch
In the corner of your eye
And I'll be the sound of laughter
In the first low flower of dawn
And I'll be the touch to brush your cheek
And wake you in the morning."

Saying this, he bended low
And he kissed her once goodbye
And as the dawn broke on the hill
He vanished like a sigh
And the maid, she opened up her eyes
And smiled up through the trees
For as she listened, she could almost hear
His voice upon the breeze, oh.

"Oh, I know you hear me, love," she spoke
As she lay on her grassy bed
"For I felt your touch and I felt your kiss
And I heard the words you said
But the next time that our worlds combine
Cannot be very far
And I'll be waiting then to take your hand
And dance among the stars, oh."

words and music by Chris Caswell
and Danny Carnahan
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