

A Dunfermline Song Book

A collection of songs brought together by
Dunfermline Folk Club in the autumn of 2014



The work involved in compiling this book was
supported by a Culture Grant from Fife Council.



The current **Dunfermline Folk Club** was formed on 16th March 1994, and has met every Wednesday since then - apart from the obvious festive breaks. The first Dunfermline Folk Club met in 1961 in the Howff in Chalmers Street, and regular folk nights have been held in the town ever since.



Nights at the club have featured some of the best acts on the Folk Music circuit, some significant visitors from other lands, and some newcomers to the scene, many of whom have gone on to make a name for themselves.

And of course it will always provide all singers and musicians with a chance to perform should they wish to do so. The club has gained a reputation for its relaxed and good humoured events.

The club meets at 8.00pm every Wednesday in the Thistle Tavern, Baldridgeburn, and is open to all who wish to attend. It is possible to join, and membership costs £10.00. For this, members get £1.00 off on guest nights, and numerous other benefits as agreed from time to time.

Club nights take 3 forms:

- **Guest nights** when a guest artist performs 2 x 45 min sets, and a charge is made for entry. Space in the programme allows for a limited number of floor spots.

- **Spot Nights** when the artist(s) on the spot perform(s) 2 sets, and all musicians attending are given the chance to perform. Entry is free, and a collection is taken for the artist(s).

- **Session Nights** when all entertainment is provided by those that turn up. Entry is free, and everyone gets a chance to sing a song, tell a story, play a tune, or listen and show appreciation for the efforts of others. Always an enjoyable and uplifting experience.

The Club hosts a weekend of Folk Music on the last full weekend in October.

A full programme of events can be found on the club website at
www.dunfermlinefolkclub.co.uk.

A Dunfermline Song Book

The songs in this book were collected in the run up to the 2014 Dunfermline Folk Weekend, and a number of them were sung at that event. The idea was to bring together songs with a Dunfermline connection that people might think to sing. An invitation was put out in the local papers, on Facebook and on the club's website, and all songs suggested have been included in this booklet. Many aspects of Dunfermline life past and present are covered - the Pans, the bridges, the dockyard, mining, weaving, Dunfermline characters and the kings and queens that have lived and died here. A number of songs created by local children are included. It is by no means comprehensive, and anyone with a further song to contribute can submit it through the club's website on www.dunfermlinefolkclub.co.uk.

The tunes for some of these songs are well known. A list of recordings where tunes can be found has been included on the website. And of course the best way to find out is to get along to Dunfermline Folk Club and it is more than likely that someone will know, or know someone that does.

Thanks are due to all that made this collection possible. A group of club members met over a four week period to collect and sing Dunfermline songs so they take a lot of the credit for this collection coming together. Particular thanks to Jeanie, Alex, Helen, Michael and Isobel. Permission to include songs by John Watt was given by Cathie Watt, Rab Noakes, and Pete Shephard as well as Gifford Lind of the New Makers Trust. The notes included with all John Watt's songs were written by John in the late 1900's. Thanks also to Jean Barclay without whom Robert Gilfillan's songs might well have been forgotten about. And thanks to Fife Council for a Culture Grant in support of the work.

The book was compiled and edited by Gifford Lind.

Albums with Dunfermline Songs

Heroes John Watt and friends contains *Day That Billy Cody Played The Auld Grey Toon; Big Neil; Pittenweem Jo; Charlie Dickson; Herzogin Cecile; Kentucky Saturday Night; Ode To Joe Corrie; I Don't Like Dundee; Kelty Clippie; John Thomson; Flooers O' The Forest; Jocky's Incredible Flight; Owt For Nowt; No Snow Falls Today; Wild West Show*. Available from Neon - see below.

Life in the Kingdom 51 songs by children from Fife schools about life in their community. Currently sold out. Contact New Makers Trust for further information.

Shores of the Forth John Watt and Davey Stewart. Contains *Shores of the Forth; Dunfermline Linen; Pittenweem Jo; My Wee Dog; The Eymouth Disaster/ The Boatie Rows; Annabelle Rosabelle; Kelty Clippie; Mining Trilogy: Athony Reilly/ Eany Many/ Schooldays Over; Bobby Muldoon, The Poachers; Farewell tae the Ferries; Fife's Got Everything*. Available from Springthyme Records - see below.

Between the Tay and the Forth Various artists. Contains *The Day That Billy Cody Played The Auld Grey Toon; The Auld Grey Toon; Explosion At The Lindsay Colliery; Toon O' Rosyth*. Currently sold out. Contact New Makers Trust for further information.

Song Views 18 songs about life in Abbeyview, Dunfermline including songs from all three primary schools, StNinians church songwriting group and local songwriters. A project of the New Makers Trust. Available from New Makers Trust.

Songs of Mining Life An album of songs about mining Life written with visitors to Kirkcaldy Museum's 7 Pit Wynd MAC bus project, winner of the UK Educational Initiative Category of the Museums and Heritage Awards for Excellence 2003. Available from Gifford Lind tel 01383 729673.

But Lately Seen A collection of songs by Gifford Lind. Available from Gifford Lind tel 01383 729673.

Songs of Pitcorthie Life A booklet and CD of songs created by pupils of Pitreavie Primary School with Gifford Lind. Available from Pitreavie PS or Gifford Lind on 01383 729673.

The Comfort of Memory A booklet and CD of songs created by West Fife Younger Persons Group of Alzheimers Scotland with Gifford Lind. Available from Gifford Lind on 01383 729673.

Contacts for albums:

Neon, Studio 2, 19 Marine Crescent, Kinning Park, Glasgow, G51 1HD
T: 0141 429 6366, mail@go2neon.com, <http://www.go2neon.com>

Springthyme Records, Balmalcolm House, Balmalcolm, Cupar, KY15 7TJ
T: 01337 830773, music@springthyme.co.uk <http://www.springthyme.co.uk>

New Makars Trust Contact Gifford Lind, Secretary, 30 Pitcorthie Road, Dunfermline, Fife, KY11 8DR
T: 01383 729673 www.newmakarstrust.org, email giffordlind@ednet.co.uk

A Dunfermline Song Book

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Bluebell Polka

(Florence Stanley/Paddy Roberts)

This is a tune that has strong associations with Dunfermline Athletic. Even when they lose, fans can go home in a slightly better mood after leaving the ground to Jimmy Shand's classic performance. These words let you sing it as well!

Pickin' a bluebell in the merry month of
May,
And suddenly I saw him strolling on his
way,
Pickin' a bluebell just the same as I was
too,
I thought I could be happy with a boy like
you.

And as he turned and smiled at me my
heart stood still,
I never knew a smile could give me such a
thrill.
He was a handsome laddie and he looked
so good,
I promised that I'd meet him in the bluebell
wood.

Half past seven by the old oak tree,
I was waiting anticipating
What would happen to a girl like me
When he came along?

Pickin' a bluebell in the merry month of
May,

And suddenly I saw him strolling on his
way,
Pickin' a bluebell just the same as I was
too,
I thought I could be happy with a boy like
you.

He looked wonderful, oh so wonderful,
How was I to see he would make a fool of
me?
Two dark flashing eyes looked like
paradise;
My heart flickered like a flame.

What was I to do? Met my Waterloo.
There I stood for him, waiting in the wood
for him;
I'm confessing, I learned my lesson
And now I'll never be the same.

Pickin' a Bluebell in the merry month of
May
Is something I'll remember when I'm old
and grey,
And if I live to ninety-two I know darn well,
I never want to see another Scots bluebell.

Dunfermline Linen

John Watt regularly performed this poem. It's origin is obscure, but Tony Harris may well have had a part in it.

In a mean abode doon the Limekilns Road
Lived a man cried Chairlie Groat
And he'd a wife the plague o'his life
Wha continually got on his goat
Till one day at morn wi' her nichtgoon on
He slit her skinny throat

Wi' a razor gash he settled her hash
Ha Ha Never wis crime sae quick
While the pool o' gore on the bedroom
floor
Grew cauld and clotted and thick

Well he was glad that he'd done what he
had
As his wife lay there sae still
So tae finish the fun sae weel begun
He decide himsel' tae kill

So he's taen the sheet fae around her
cauld feet
And he's knotted it intae a rope
And he's hanged himself from the lobby
shelf
Twas an easy death let's hope
While wi' his last breath in the grips o'
death
He's uttered a prayer tae the pope.

Noo the funniest turn o' the hale concern
Ye see it's only just beginnin'
For chairlie went tae Hell
But his wife's noo well
She's still alive and sinnin'
For ye see the razor blade was Japanese
made
But the sheet was Dunfermline linen

Sir Patrick Spens

This has been described as Scotland's oldest poem, and some believe that it was written in Dunfermline. A full history and discussion of the ballad can be found in '**Sir Patric Spens**' edited by **Clive Wilcox** (2014) in which the ballad is depicted by the artist Robert Burns in monastic calligraphy and images. Six well known experts discuss the ballad and the artist. (Hardback £25). Available from Waterstones. This includes various shorter versions that could be better for singing.

The king sits in Dunfermline toun,
Drinkin' the bluid red wine
'O whaur will I get a skeely skipper,
To sail this ship o' mine?'

Then up and spak an eldern knicht,
Sat at the king's richt knee,
'Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailor,
That ever sail'd the sea.'

Our king has written a braid letter,
And seal'd it wi' his han',
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,
Was walkin' on the stran'.

'To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway owre the faim;
The king's dochter o' Noroway,
It's thou maun bring her hame.'

The first line that Sir Patrick read,
Sae long and loud laughed he;
The neist line that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blinded his e'e.

'O wha is this has dune this deed,
And tauld the king o' me,
To send us oot at this time o' the year
To sail upon the sea?

Be't wind, be't weet, be't hail, be't sleet,
Our ship maun sail the faim;
The king's dochter o' Noroway,
It's we maun fetch her hame.'

They boys'd their sails on Mononday,
Wi' a' the speed they may;
They hae landed in Noroway
Upon a Wodnesday.

'Mak ready, mak ready, my merry men a',
Our guid ship sails the morn',
'O say na sail, my maister dear,
For I fear a deidly storm.

I saw the new moon late yestreen,

Wi' the auld moon in her arm,
And I fear, I fear, my maister dear,
That we will come to harm.

They had na sail'd a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the light grew dark, and the wind
blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the tapmasts lap,
'Twas sic a deidly storm
And the waves cam owre the broken ship,
Till a' her sides were torn.

Gae fetch a wab o' the silken claith,
Anither o' the twine,
And wap them to our guid ship's side,
That the saut sea come na in.

They fetch'd a wab o' the silken claith
Anither o' the twine,
And they wapp'd them round that guid
ship's side,
But still the sea cam in!

O laith, laith were our guid Scots lords,
To weet their cork-heel'd shoon;
But lang or a' the play was play'd,
They wat their hats aboon.

And many was the feather bed,
That flauchter'd on the faim;
And mony was the guid lord's son,
That never mair cam hame!

The ladyes wrang their fingers white,
The maidens tore their hair,
A' for the sake o' their true loves,-
For them they'll see nae mair!

O lang, lang may the ladyes sit,
Wi' their fans into their han',
Before they see Sir Patrick Spence
Come sailin' to the stran'!

O lang, lang may time maidens sit,
Wi' their gowd kaims in their hair,
A' waiting for their ain dear loves,-
For them they'll see nae mair!

Half o'er, half o'er tae Aberdour,
And fifty fathoms deep,
There lies guid Sir Patrick Spence,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet!

Fordell Ball

Notes by John Watt:

by accordian player Jim Dunn to the old melody "Kelvin Grove" this depicts the desire of a young miner to take his sweetheart to the ball at the "big hoose". The irony is that the local dance at Fordell was held in a tin- roofed shack. Jim had heard the chorus and first verse sung by his father, and then added the second and third verses based on his own experiences attending dances, and enjoying the wee small hours in the company of a young lady met at the dance.

*Will ye gang tae Fordell Ball,
My bonny lassie o
Will ye gang tae Fordell Ball,
My bonny lassie o
Gin ye'll gang tae Fordell Ball,
I wad dress ye like a doll
Ye'd be the floo'er abune them a',
My bonny lassie o*

There will be lords and ladies there, My
bonny lassie o
Wi' poodered wigs and scented hair, My
bonny lassie o

There will be lords and ladies there,
But at you they'll stop and stare
Ye'd be the fairest o' the fair, My bonny
lassie o

When the dancin' it's a' dune, My bonny
lassie o
We will greet the risin' sun, My bonny
lassie o
With the curlew and the hare,
We will share the mornin' air
Whaur the laverock sings sae clear, My
bonny lassie o

We will bless yon leafy bower, My bonny
lassie o
Whaur we spent the midnight hour, My
bonny lassie o
We will bless yon leafy bower,
Whaur we spent the midnight hour
'Neath the hawthorn's scented flower, My
bonny lassie o

Repeat First Verse

The Auld Grey Toun (1)

Gifford Lind, March 1996

Written after living in Dunfermline for 21 years, this song reflects the one constant in the life of the town - it constantly changes. It is a song of fact about the past, and hope for the future.

Kings and queens came here to stay
Courts, processions had their day
King Malcolm worshipped Margaret's
ways
The auld grey toon was changing.

Carnegie plundered stateside steel
To keep his mother's spinning wheel
A glen, a hall, a swimming pool
The auld grey toun was changing

Chorus

*No more linen, no more mines
Or gable ends in crooked wynds
No more Kings to drink their wine
The auld grey toun is changing*

Now Burgh, District, both have gone
The kingdom comes, a brand new throne
The provost's chain and gown have gone
The auld grey toun is changing

And Bruce's bones lie here today
The brave king's heart lies far away
Dunfermline's heart is here to stay
The auld grey toun is changing

Chorus

Each year sees changes coming round
New life soon fills this auld grey toun
The sovereign line keeps marching down
The auld grey toun is changing

Chorus

The Wild West Show

John Watt © NEON Music 1994. Notes by John Watt. William Frederick Cody, 'Buffalo Bill' (1846-1917) was, in turn, a Pony Express Rider, Meat Supplier to worker on the Union Pacific Railway (killing 4,280 buffalo 1867-68), Army Scout and Showman. Cody bought the original 'Deadwood Stage', filling it with the crowned heads of Europe, who endured an 'Indian chase' with flying arrows, to their great delight. American, British, French, German and Russian troops were also used from time to time. Chief Sitting Bull spent a year with the show, left and died in a hail of bullets from Indian policeman, Sergeant Red Tomahawk. At Mackaye's Indoor Pageant at Glasgow East End Exhibition, Cody hired elephants from France and 30 zulu women from Henry M (Doctor Livingstone I presume) Stanley, who had been 'showing them in Hamburg'. In 1884 Cody appeared before Queen Victoria, and in 1904, Edward VII and the Prince of Wales. In 1883 he began touring with his Wild West Show which included 500 horses and 800 men, cowboys, Red Indians, Japanese, Cossacks, Sitting Bull and Mexican sharp shooters (including Annie Oakley and Wild Bill Hickock).

He visited Britain in 1887 and 1904 when he played before every crowned head in Europe on a 4 year tour. Three trains carried the equipment and the tented area, 200 yards by 48 yards open one side, accommodated 8,000 spectators. The Sioux tribe were finally defeated at the Battle of Wounded Knee (Jan 1891), Cody died, ill and penniless in Denver, Colorado, on 10 Jan 1917.

The Show 'exhibited' in Dunfermline (The Auld Grey Toon) on Aug 16, 1904, appearing at the Race Park. They also 'exhibited' at Kirkcaldy (17), Dundee (18,19, 20) and 'visited' (presumably paraded) in Kelty (19) and Cowdenbeath (23).

As a 13 year old, John Watt's father, Gordon (1891-1983), saw Buffalo Bill's parade coming down Douglas Street, Dunfermline, in August 1904, and saw the show in the Race Park (south side of Coal Road, now built over). "A tremendous show the largest I have ever seen" (G.W.)

V1 Buffalo Bill with the long white hair,
He early left the farm,
Helped part of the nation to the
reservation,
Where they could do no harm.
The red man rides for the white man's fee,
Better than a grave at wounded knee,
I'll bet he never thought he'd see,
The spires of the auld grey toon.

Ch
Buffalo Bill, Buffalo Bill,
My daddy saw you coming down the hill,
A great success for soldier blue,
With the last brave dead in the snow,
So what do you do with the Cheyenne and
the Sioux?
Well you put them in a Wild West Show.

V2 Buffalo Bill with the long white hair,
Rode for the Pony Express,
Took a little ride for some buffalo-hide,
The braves fed on the mess.
The Cossack rides for the white man's
dough,

Better than starving in the snow,
I bet he never thought he'd go,
To the hills of the auld grey toon.

V3 Buffalo Bill with the long white hair,
Knew the bisons' ways,
While a thousand stands on the prairie
lands,
Fell, and none were left to graze.
The Japanese ride for the white man's
dough,
Better than a paddy-field in Hokkaido,
I bet they never thought they'd go,
To the hills of the auld grey toon.

V4 Buffalo Bill with the long white hair,
Played for the King and Queen,
And ticket sales for the Prince of Wales,
Were the best he'd ever seen.
The show it rides for the palace pay,
Bill tried to sign them up, they say,
He thought that they'd complete the play,
For the spires of the Auld Grey Toon.

The Day That Billy Cody Played The Auld Grey Toon

John Watt © Neon Music 1995 Tune 'Phil the Fluters Ball'. Battle of Wounded Knee was in Jan 1891. Goth - Gothenburg, public house run by a trust, with percentage of profits used for benefit to the local community. For notes see 'Wild West Show'

There were brown skins, red skins, yellow
skins and white,
Russians and Prussians, and sticks o'
dynamite,
Geordie Custer got his duster, and he
never saw the morn,
Where the painted life gied him the knife
and stuffed him at the Horn.
There was Texas jack, loads o' crack, and
plenty jugs o' booze,
Waggon wheels, cart wheels, Indian
papoose,
Cowboy suits, fancy suits, beaver and
racoons,
On the day that Billy Cody played The Auld
Grey Toon.

Cyclist Carter got a starter, he just came
for the ride,
And the Deadwood Stage was a' the rage
wi' royalty inside.
While the King o' Sweden wisnae heedin',
hingin' by a threed,
And Sittin Bull, he had nae pull, because
that he was deid.
There were knife throwers, cotton growers,
a wheen o' whips tae crack,
Buffaloes, Crooked Nose, includin' Texas
Jack,
Cuban heels, Zulu chiefs, stampin up and
doon,
The day that Billy Cody played The Auld
Grey Toon.

There were Shawnees, Pawnees, bandy
knees and hairy knees
Sitting Bull, the crowd tae pull, and Billy
Hickock please,
Has No Horse and yes off course, Annie
Oakley too,
Arapahoes in fancy clothes, and don't
forget the Sioux.
There were Cheyenne, Mary Anne, even
san fairy ann,
Trumpets and cornets, and every kind o'
band,
Prairy dogs, savage mogs, howlin' at the
moon,
On the day that Billy Cody played The Auld
Grey Toon.

Billy packit up and jackit up, and moved
doon tae the coast,
He'd paraded up in Kelty where they
thocht he was the most.
A refugee frae Wounded knee, they cried
him Spotted Sloth
Nae pipe o' peace or rammy cease when
spotted in the Goth.
Firewater, watch your daughter, gie me the
papoose,
Arrows fly, Injuns die when Cody's on the
loose,
Dreams true, here's the Sioux, all reached
for the moon,
On the day that Billy Cody played The Auld
Grey Toon.

Here's tae the Auld Grey Toon o' Dunfermline

Lyrics from John Watt. From the singing of Tony Harris from Dunfermline, it sounds music-hall but he may have made it up himself?

Here's tae the Auld Grey Toon o'
Dunfermline,
It's the town where I was born,
Where we used tae gang tae the school in
the mornin'
Come hame wi' oor breeks a' torn.

Way oot by Pittencrieff, Crossford and
Cairneyhill,
Dookin' at the Basin by the auld Limekilns.
Here's tae the Auld Grey Toon o'
Dunfermline,
It's the place where I was born.

The Auld Grey Toun (2)

as performed by Heritage; submitted by Jeanie Gardiner.

Here's tae the Auld Grey Toun O'
Dunfermline
It's the place where I was born,
Where we yistae play truant frae the
schuile in the morning
An gang hame wi our breeks a torn.
Way roun bi Pittencrieff, Crossford n
Cairneyhill,
Dookin in the basin doon bi auld Limekilns
O' here's tae the Auld Grey toon o'
Dunfermline
It's the place where I was born!

Maggie Murphy sells fish tuppence
halpney a dish,
Dinnae buy them, dinnae buy them, fur
she dips them
In a pool o' dirty watter. See the baggie
minnies scatter
Some are big an some are fatter
In a pool o' dirty watter!

He's torn a' rippet a' torn a' ma goon!
Torn a' rippet a' torn a' ma goon!
He's torn a' rippet a' torn a' ma goon!
Did ever ye see, sic an ill tricket loon?

O' the broon coos broken oot n' eaten a'
the corn
The broon coos broken oot an eaten a' the
corn
The broon coos broken oot an eaten a' the
corn
If she disnae eat it a' the day, she'll eat it a'
the morn

He's torn a' rippet a' torn a' ma goon!
Torn a' rippet a' torn a' ma goon!
He's torn a' rippet a' torn a' ma goon!
Did ever ye see, sic an ill tricket loon?

O the big bulls broken oot n' bulled a' the
kye

the big bulls broken oot n' bulled a' the kye
the big bulls broken oot n' bulled a' the kye
If he disnae bull them a' the day, he'll bull
them bye n' bye

He's torn a' rippet a' torn a' ma goon!
Torn a' rippet a' torn a' ma goon!
He's torn a' rippet a' torn a' ma goon!
Did ever ye see, sic an ill tricket loon?

Mary had an iron coo, she mulked it wi a
spanner
The mulk came oot in shilnie tins n' wee
yins fur a tanner!

Mary had a wristlet watch she swallowed it
one day
She took a dose o' Epsom salts to pass
the time away

The Epsom salts refused to work
The time refused to pass
So if you want to know the time,
Just look up Mary's telephone number!

He's torn a' rippet a' torn a' ma goon!
Torn a' rippet a' torn a' ma goon!
He's torn a' rippet a' torn a' ma goon!
Did ever ye see, sic an ill tricket loon?

Here's tae the Auld Grey Toun O'
Dunfermline
It's the place where I was born,
Where we yistae play truant frae the
schuile in the morning
An gang hame wi our breeks a torn.
Way roun bi Pittencrieff Crossford n
Cairneyhill
Dookin in the basin doon by auld Limekilns
O' here's tae the Auld Grey toon o'
Dunfermline
It's the place where I was born!

Dunfermline Fee'in Merkit

Lyrics from John Watt. Muck yer nowt - clean out your cattle

Big ye a rick o' stray - build you a stack of straw; Feein' market - hiring fair for farm servants; Shilling - coin to seal the bargain; DCI - Dick's Co-operative Institute, corner of Bonnar St. and High St. Dunfermline; Syne - then; Shin - shoes; From the singing of Jack Beck, Dunfermline. Jack got the song from Tony Harris of Dunfermline who said that he had collected it from an old man at the Cattle Market which used to be in Inglis Street, Dunfermline. Jack and John Watt strongly suspect that Tony may well have composed this song himself, but who knows? Alex Black contributed the second last verse

Come a' ye jolly plooboy lads that work
amongst the grund,
An' listen tae ma story weel, ah'll no detain
ye long,
Ah'm nae as young as ah used tae be,
some say ah've had ma fling,
But ah' feel just like a five year auld when
ah' being tae sing.

*Ch Liltafalooralie-do, liltafalooralay,
I'll ca' yer horse and I'll muck yer nowt,
I'll big ye a rick o' stray,
I'm happy as a lark, frae morn till dark,
Singing' a' the day,
Lilta falooralie-do, tooralooralay.*

At Dunfermline feein' market, noo listen
tae what ah' say,
Ah fell in wi' a lad ca'd Jackie Broom, an' he
said 'Hoo dae ye dae?'
An hae ye got yer shillin' yet, oh hae ye got
yer fee?'
Ah says 'Noo Jackie Broom, Jackie Broom',
says I,
'Come on an' I'll let ye see.

So we baith gaed up tae D.C.I.'s an' then
the fun began,
We ordered steak and kidney pie an' lots o'
strawberry jam.
And come the time tae pay the fee, time
tae pay the score,
We did a polka roond the flair and syne
richt oot the door.
We went intae the Royal Hotel tae try their
Ushers beer
The Auld Inn an the Union fur the bothie
boys wis there
Then doon tae Christie Cowan's till ma
pooches they wis tim
An we feenished aff a richt guid nicht when
we began tae sing

So come a' ye jolly plooboy lads that work
amongst the grund,
And dinnae spend yer fee on ale or cakes
or Jackie Broom,
But walk richt past auld D.C.I.'s wi' its cake
and its fancy meat
And spend yer fee on woolen hose, and
gud shin for yer feet.

Living With the Bones of Kings

Gifford Lind

Chorus

*Living with the bones of Kings
Living with the bones of the ones that
made this land
Living with the bones of Kings
Living with the bones of the women and
the men that built this land*

Living by the Canmore Tower
Living where the Canmore's power
Ruled the land the real Macbeth had
formed
Living where the Abbey walls
Grew to hold the Palace halls
Where so many Kings and Queens were
born

Living where the Bruce lies buried
The only place a King could lie
By the ones that built the land he saved
Could they think that Scotia's land
Resting in their Royal hands
Could become the land that we know
today

Living where the dreams were made
Living where the plans were laid
Where a feeling in your bones was born
Oh so many things have gone
How the place has tumbled down
Can the glory of this Auld Grey Toun live
on.

Toon o' Rosyth

Written by Robin Laing and a group of people from Rosyth Resource Centre as part of the Celebrating Fife in Song project of the New Makars Trust. Two further verses added by Gifford Lind during a visit to Trondheim in 2004.

I'll sing ye a song o' the toon o' Rosyth
And the way it was before;
Wi' a few simple hooses in green and
pleasant fields
And a castle doon by the shore,

Then came the year o' 1909
When the dockyard construction began,
And to build the docks on such a giant
scale
From the sea we reclaimed some land,

From every corner o' the British Isles
Workers and their families poured in
And to find them homes in an empty, open
land
Oh, they threw up a town made of tin,

During the war the sirens wailed
And enemy bombs came near,
But the ordinary folk o' Rosyth and
Dollytoon
Were too busy to give in to fear

Down through the years o' the dockyard's
life
With a bustle of men and machines
Oh, the Navy and the Crown could turn to
this wee town
Wi' their warships and their submarines

In '45 when the war was o'er
And man found peace with man
Sailors sailed to Norway far away
To make peace in their land

And with the boats a message went
Fae young folk fae all aroon
A bond of friendship struck for evermore
With the young folk o' Trondheim Toun

I'll sing you a song o' the toon o' Rosyth
And the way it was before,
But the changes we've seen in the long
years in between
Have given us something much more
Than a castle doon by the shore.

My Pittenweem Jo

John Watt © Neon Music

Tune is a variation of 'Ho Ro my Nut Brown Maiden'. First song I ever wrote in 1960. Same tune as Joe Corrie. The words and music of this lovely and lyrical song are by John Watt who ran the Howff at Dunfermline. It was published in Norman Buchan's "101 Scottish Songs".

Oh I gang wi' a lass frae Pittenweem,
She's every fisher laddie's dream;
She guts the herrin' doon on the quay,
And saves her kisses just for me.

'Twas in July this cam' tae pass,
I met this bonnie fisher lass,
Wi her een sae blue an' black her hair,
I met her doon at Anster Fair.

Chorus

*Pittenweem, Pittenweem, She's every
fisher laddie's dream;
She guts the herrin' doon on the quay,
And saves her kisses just for me.*

Oh I speired at her could I tak her hame?
She said "Oh fine I ken your game,
But ne'er the less you're awfu' kind,
In fact I widny really mind".

Oh I took her hame on the Saturday night,
The moon was shinin' oh sae bricht,
An' as we lay there on the grass
I said "Oh Jo, will you be my lass?"

She's ma lass noo, o' that I ken
She disny look at ither men.
For I was quick an' they were slow,
That's hoo I won my Pittenweem Jo.

Have you seen my garden

Gifford Lind 30th May 2003

I had been working in one of the areas of Dunfermline which has the reputation of being depressed or deprived or both. It's really not as bad as all that, and having visited the area for the best part of a year, I have experienced no trouble, although many people do not believe me. Along with a number of other songwriters I was offering to work with people to write songs about life in their local area.

Like many other areas, single parent mums were often blamed for there being trouble. Another problem that annoyed people was when gardens were not kept. One such garden was spotted, and the usual complaints started to get made. Comments were made at local meetings, and disgust expressed - "How can anyone live like that?". One enlightened soul asked, "Do you know who lives in the house? Have they ever done a garden? Do they have any tools?" and this prompted one committee member to speak to the young woman that lived there with her recently born baby. She had never had to keep a garden before, and had no tools or knowledge about what to do. And she had the child. On hearing this the man offered a loan of the tools, and when he arrived to find that she didn't know how to use them he suggested that he would just cut the hedge and the grass while he was at it. This song has little to do with the garden - it's more to do with how a young mother might feel about the way she was being treated.

Have you seen my garden?
And have you seen my child?
The only one that's close to me
The garden that grows wild
I've no time or money
To keep the weeds from growing
It's not a thing my life has ever known
It's not a thing my life has ever known

I sometimes wish that life
Had dealt another hand
That motherhood was understood
As I now understand
That men could find that fatherhood

Was not a one-night stand
It's not a thing my life has ever known
It's not a thing my life has ever known

I know you've seen my garden
I know you've seen my child
The only one that's close to me
The garden that grows wild
I've no time or money
To keep the weeds from growing
It's not a thing my life has ever known
It's not a thing my life has ever known
It's not a thing my life has ever known

Bobby Muldoon

John Watt © Springthyme Music

Notes by John: A song built round a legendary character from Dunfermline (the name has been changed to avoid a libel suit). He will recognise himself, if he is ever unfortunate enough to hear the song. East End Park is the home of Dunfermline Athletic Football Club. The Auld Grey Toon is Dunfermline.

Noo me and ma pal Bobby Muldoon,
Oh we hivnae got nae jobs
Oh we hing about the Cross in the Auld
Grey Toon,
A-pickin up the tanners and bobs
A wee bit lead, a tip on the dugs,
In sunshine or in snaw
Flet on the grund's whaur ye'r find wur
lugs,
For we'r aye on the ba.

Noo if ye go tae a game at East End Park,
And ye drive aff in yer car
Ye'll find Bobby and me has been at wark,
Wi'oot wheels ye'll no gang far
For the battery's doon at his Aunty Jean's,
The mirror at his Uncle Wull's
Oh Bobby and me live wi'in oor means,
Oh we're naebodie's fulls.

Noo Bobby and me hae oor quiet spells,
Gien pleasure tae the Queen
But we dinnae sit greetin in oor cells,
A-thinkin o whit micht hae been
Preparations we've made for commercial
trade,
Wur pockets is stuffed wi snout
At runnin a book, oh the screws we jook,
Preparin for the day we're out.

Noo at Christmas time when the berries
winnae grow
That's when we mak wur breid
Bobby's genuine imitations at a dollar a
throw,
Are gobble up wi ragtime speed
Oh if ye want cheap drink, copper or zinc,
We're the boys tae see
Beware o imitation, we're the finest
combination,
Oh that's Bobby and me.

Fife's Got Everything

John Watt © Springthyme Music. Notes by John Watt. Verses 3 and 4 by Davey Stewart, remainder by John Watt. A humorous look at Fife in the middle 60's. Some things have changed, there are now no bings in Fife, whisky is no longer distilled at Markinch and the dockyard is now privatised and is now Babcock. Some things have not altered much - "Several Fife beaches leave a lot to be desired"Kevin Dunion, Director, Friends of the Earth, 1997.

The new Tay Road Bridge, finest in the country,
Half a croon tae cross it and it disnae raise a cheer,
It's a bob tae cross the Mersey, stuff it up your jersey,
Would they pay it down in London? Nae bloody fear.

Chorus

*Fife's got everything, finest in the country,
See the bonnie pit bings, staundin in a raw.*

Fife's entertainments, finest in the country,
We're the boys tae come to if you want tae get some tips
There's fitba' at Central Park, neckin' burdies in the dark,
Haggis suppers, hot pies, bingo and chips.

Fife's Scotch whisky, finest in the country,
Distilled frae mountain water at the Coaltown of Markinch,
Man, it's got such power, matured for half an hour,
So don't be vague, just ask for Hague, it's whisky at a pinch.

Fife coast beaches, finest in the country,
If ye like sewage, floatin' roond yer toes,
The Costa the East Neuk,
It's enough tae mak ye puke,
If ye want tae go in for a dook,
Ye hae tae haud yer nose.

Fife's got culture, finest in the country,
When it comes tae arty talk, we're no the mugs,
We've got Chink nags on oor wa's
A wheen o' gonks in oor ha's,
Yer Vernon Ward Tretchikof
And white wallydugs.

The Rosyth Dockyard, finest in the country,
If ye want a cushty job workin' for the state,
Auld folks, blind folks, holiday inclined folks,

And if ye want a submarine, hurl it oot the gate.

Fife's Got Everything, additional verses.

Since the song was written in 1965, the following verses have been used, verses 1 and 2 for 'Just the place for tourists', 1997, BBC Radio.

Fife's entertainment, finest in the country,
Stock cars at Central Park, ole the Blue Brazil,
Fish and chips nearly deid, three cheers for nan breid,
Popadums, pakora, chapatis and dill.

Rosyth Dockyard furniture, finest in the country,
No need to shop at Habitat if you want to buy a suite,
Comfy sofas, tables, chairs, rolling stock doon the stairs,
Qualities the word you need, echoed doon the street.

Cowdenbeath Football Club, finest in the country,
Famous for fitba', stock cars and dugs,
Fifteen years in the jyle, Paddy Dolan nae smile,
Shotguns, pistols, and buckets fu' o' drugs.

Cowdenbeath Football Club survives through being subsidised by stock car racing. Blue Brazil - Cowdenbeath Football nickname. Rosyth Dockyard, now Babcock, manufacture furniture. Patrick Dolan, ex Cowdenbeath manager was jailed in 1997 for drug dealing and five arms offences for 15 years in Edinburgh.

Fife's got dog shit, finest in the country,
Piles o' crap, on the map, three thousand ton,
Thirty five thousand dugs, mak shin like divers clugs,
And Seafield Beach, Kirkcaldy, is nae really fun.

In 1997, Councillor Danny Leslie stated that Fife's 3,500 dogs deposited 2,500 tons of faeces in the county. Seafield beach, Kirkcaldy contained so

much human excrement, he refused to take his dog walking there.

Fife's got nudists, finest in the country
Doon at the Merkat, they're shoppin' in the scud
Peepin' Toms on the prom, The Lang
Toon's goin' a bomb
Watchin' a the bare bums merchin' through the mud.

Several years ago it was mooted that part of the beach at Kirkcaldy should be designated 'A nudist' beach! Presumably temperature alone would scupper this! Merkat - Kirkcaldy shopping centre; Lang Toon - Kirkcaldy; In the scud - naked.

2 other verses of more recent origin from Gifford Lind

Fife's got fishing, finest in the country
Aw the folk that did it are now playing golf instead
The only fishing boat you'll see
Is on the road at Pittenweem
Landed there years ago
A fine garden shed.

Fife's got railways, finest in the country
If you want to see the place on a summer's day
Don't expect to find a train
Or engineer to take the strain
The only way to see it on
Is pedal all the way

The Collier Laddie

From 101 Scottish Songs edited by Norman Buchan, Collins 1962.

Many people in Dunfermline and throughout the mining areas of Fife have had this song performed at wedding ceremonies - a statement of the worth of all men, and particularly collier laddies.

I've traivalled west, and I've traivalled east
And I hae been at Kirkcaldy;
But the bonniest lass that e'er I spied
She was followin her collier laddie

"O, whaur live ye, my bonnie lass?
Come tell me what they ca' you."
"Bonnie Jean Gordon is my name,
And I'm following my collier laddie."

"O see ye not yon hills and dales
The sun shines on sae brawly:
They a' are mine and they shall be thine
Gin ye'll leave yer collier laddie.

"And ye shall gang in gay attire,
Weel buskit up sae gaudy;
And ain to wait on every hand,
Gin ye'll leave yer collier laddie."

"Though ye had a' the sun shines on
And the earth conceals sae lawly,
I would turn my back on you and it a'
And embrace my collier laddie."

Then he has gaen tae her faither dear
Tae her faither gane sae brawly.
"Wad ye gae tae me your bonnie lass,
That's following a collier laddie?"

I'll gie her lands and I'll gie her rents,
And I'll make her a lady;
I'll make her one of a higher degree,
Than to follow a collier laddie."

Then he has tae his daughter gane,
Tae his daughter gane sae brawly;
Says: "Ye'll gae with this gentleman
And forsake your collier laddie."

"I winna hae his lands nor I winnae hae his rents,
I winna be his lady;
I've got gold and gear enough,
And I'm aye wi' my collier laddie."

Her faither then baith vowed and sware:
"Though he be black he's bonnie
She's mair delight in him I fear,
Than you wi' a' your money."

"I can win my five pennies a' day
And spend at nicht fu' brawly;
And I'll mak' my bed in the collier's neuk
And lie doon wi' my collier laddie.

"Love for love is the bargain for me,
Though the wee cot hoose should haud me,
And the world before me tae win my fee,
An' fair fa' my collier laddie."

Charlie Dickson

John Watt © Springthyme Music 1989. Ochilview - home of Stenhousemuir Football Club.

The normal pie order for Stenhousemuir!

Jimmy Millar, transformed from Dunfermline to Glasgow Rangers in 1955 for £5,500.

Charlie scored the second goal in the 1961 cup final. Dunfermline 2 Celtic 0.

Frank Haffey, Celtic goalkeeper.

Charlie scored 240 goals for Dunfermline 1955-1964.

St Mirren Football Club, a 'Buddy' is a citizen of Paisley.

Charlie left Dunfermline 1964 for the Dumfries side Queen of the South for a feww of £2,500.

There's a team that plays at East End,
They wear the black and white,
And a boy that is a'bodies friend,
Wi' baith feet dynamite,
Batter the ba' tae Cowdenbeath,
Duck your heids and watch your teeth,
For here comes Charlie 'D'.

*Ch Shoot on sight was the name o' the
game,
Charlie Dickson was his name.*

He made is debut at Ochilview,
They bocht three dozen pies,
Tho' Jimmy had joined the boys in blue,
They cheered Chic tae the skies,
Diddle doon the middle like a bull tae a
rag,
Goalpost, crossbar, corner flag,
For here comes Charlie 'D'.

He wisnae tricky and he wisnae neat,
But the goals came thick and fast,

His shots would sometimes hit the street,
And aften Halbeath glass,
But his goal was the one that sealed the
cup,
Gied big Haffey his last hiccup,
For here comes Charlie 'D'.

His tally o' goals was ower twa ton,
Gainst the Buddies he got six,
At East End Park there was aye some fun,
When Chic got near the sticks,
It was '64' when they showed him the door,
But we'll love him for evermore,
For here comes Charlie 'D'.

When Chic he meets that judgement day,
And staunds ootside the gate,
We'll a' hear Saint Peter say,
'It's time to celebrate,
Pit doon yer wings, let's hear you sing,
Let's a' make the rafters ring
For here comes Charlie 'D'

The Pars Supporter

John Watt. Tune: Wullie Wee (The Railway Porter) © Neon Music

1 Oh I am a Pars supporter;
I'm oot there every week,
Standin' on the terracing,
It's enough tae mak ye seek.
The shouts and swears frae a' the crood,
Fare maks the ozone reek,
And ye'll hear me shout 'Come on the
Paraletic'

2 Oh, they've gien us the electric,
They've raised up a' oor hopes.
Wi' beatin' hearts and knockin' knees,
We've climbed these classic slopes.
Noo ah've come tae the conclusion,
That we're just a lot o' dopes,
Tae stand and shout 'Come on the
Paraletic'

Ch For there's Rangers and St Mirren,
The Celtic and Hibee,
Arbroath and Partick Thistle,
Don't forget the Bully Wee,
There's Raith and Hearts the old Hi Hi,
Kilmarnock and Dundee,
But ma heart will ayways be at East End.

3 But wait for the Europe Cup ma boys,
We'll mak their faces rid,
The lichts'l shake that much,
Oh they'll jump rich aff the grid,
When we'll whack the Moscow Dynamos,
Tak ten aff Real Madrid,
And ye'll hear me shout 'Come on the
Paraletic'.

4 Oh I am a Pars supporter,
Oh mighty whit a lark,
We're the boys that whipped the Saints,
At Tynecastle Park.
You used to think ma song was funny,
But we're the boys that's in the money,
Come on boys, come on the Paraletic

5 From East End's verdant green,
To the slopes of Hampden Park,
The black and white supporters,
Have fairly made their mark,
And we beat the Celtic too,
And then we a' got fu',
And yelled 'Come on the Paraletic'.

6 And noo the Scottish Cup is won,
Displayed in The Auld Grey Toon,
Ah'll pit awa' ma bunnet,
And lay ma rattle doon.
For Summer's cricket time - aye mate,
That's when I Hiberniate,
And shout 'Come on the Paraletic'.

7 Oh I am a Pars supporter,
We licked the Toffee Men,
We dance the old fandango,
Roond thae boys frae sunny Spain
Wi' glov-ed Waldo and his mates
We'll tak them on again,
And we'll shout 'Come on the Paraletic'.

8 On I dinnae want a coffin,
I dinnae want a shroud,
Just scatter a' ma ashes
Aboot the East End crowd.

And somewhere in the wind,
Ye'll hear ma voice real loud,
Get stuck in boys - 'Come on the Paraletic'

1 Pars - Nickname for Dunfermline Athletic Football Club. Either from 'On a par, equal home and away', or supposedly at the building of Rosyth Dockyard, many workers who hailed from Plymouth displayed banners P.A.R.S. (Plymouth Argyll Supporters).

2. Paraletic - what some supporters called the team.

3. Electric. Floodlights at East End Park were inaugurated by English side, Sheffield Wednesday on 26 October, 1959.

4. Hibee - Hibernian Football Club, Edinburgh.

5. Bully Wee - Clyde Football Club, Glasgow (now Cumbernauld).

6. Hi Hi - 3rd Lanark Football Club, Glasgow defunct 1950's.

7. Scottish Cup Semi-Final, 5 April 1961. Dunfermline 1 St Mirren 0 (after 0-0 draw).

8. Dunfermline beat Glasgow Celtic 2-0, to win the Scottish Cup at Hampden Park Glasgow on 26 April, 1961 (after 0-0 draw).

9. Toffee Men - Everton Football Club.

Dunfermline beat Everton 2-0 in the first round of the Fairs Cup on Wednesday 19 December 1962 giving them a 2-1 aggregate to proceed to round 2.

10. Waldo - Valencia's Brazilian Centre-forward, who wore gloves on a very chilly night at East End Park, Dunfermline, where the score was Dunfermline 6 Valencia (Spain) 2, levelling the aggregate at 6-6. Dunfermline lost the deciding game 0-1 on 7th February 1963 in the Stadium of Light, Lisbon before only 1,000 spectators in a ground which held 50,000. Dunfermline's share of the gate money for this game was precisely £3.50 for a 2,000 miles round trip.

Note: Adam McNaughton later used the Wullie Wee tune with a few alterations for the Jeelie Piece song.

When the Kingdom Jazzmen Play

Words and music by Bob Proudfoot - member of the Kingdom Jazzmen, and one of the members of the first Dunfermline Folk Club in the Howff on Chalmers Street on 1961.

Send your worries on their way

Save them for another day

Let your troubles drift away

When the Kingdom Jazzmen play

Brian played the meanest horn
Andy on the slide trombone
Alan gave guitar a go
When he wasn't strummin' on the old banjo

Jeek was banging on the drum
Hutchie played euphonium

Johnny tickled the ivory
And the guy on the clarinet was me

We played in bars, we played in pubs
Sometimes Miners Welfare Clubs
We played in dance halls all around
Everybody moving to the Kingdom sound

Then we went our separate ways
No more Kingdom Jazzmen days
But happy memories were made
When the Kingdom Jazzmen played

Singing all the way home

Gifford Lind 30th May 2003

While working on the New Makars Trust's Songviews project in Abbeyview I was told about a resident who had loved to sing. Unfortunately for him, his confidence to sing only developed when he had a drink, and most of his singing was done as he walked home from the pub, generally on a Friday night. He sang classical and operatic arias, but despite this, he was regularly reported to the police and arrested for causing a breach of the peace. In contrast, his immediate neighbours were delighted to hear his singing because it meant he had managed to get home without being arrested. He lived alone, and when he died the StNinians Church was filled to capacity.

Jimmy was a working man
Fae up in Abbeyview
And he went singing all the way home
Jimmy loved tae sing his songs
At night when he was fu
Aye he went singing all the way home

Singing all the way home
Singing all the way home
Jimmy loved tae sing his songs
At night when he was fu
Aye he went singing all the way home

Jimmy's voice would fill the air
All over Abbeyview
As he went singing all the way home
Folk fae up in Keltie
Wid jine in the wans they knew
As he went singing all the way home

SingingSinging all the way home
Folk fae up in Keltie
Wid jine in the wans they knew
As he went singing all the way home

Ye'd think that aw his neebors
Would want him tae be quiet
As he went singing all the way home
But when they heard Jimmy singing
They knew he was aw right
As he went singing all the way home

Singing Singing all the way home
But when they heard Jimmy singing
They knew he was aw right
As he went singing all the way home

Things are awffy quiet now since Jimmy
passed away
There's no more singing all the way home
But Jimmy's route tae heaven had him
singing all the way
Aye he went singing all the way home

Singing Singing all the way home
Jimmy's route tae heaven had him singing
all the way
As he went singing all the way home

Scots Wha Hae

Robert Burns. Suggested by Colin Crombie. I have always thought it interesting that this song was written after Burns had visited Dunfermline and shed tears when he saw the state of the grave of Robert the Bruce. Enough to inspire this song?

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!
Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave!
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!
Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!—
Let us do or die!

Glenlogie

Traditional. Gavin Greig commented that this was one of the most popular north east ballads (FSNE 58, Child 238, Last Leaves 131). The ballad is often known by the alternative title Jean o Bethelnie, as in the earliest form of the ballad provided to F.J. Child in 1768. Jean is in some versions Jeanie Gordon and in others Jeanie Melville. Jock is certain that the song should refer to Jeanie Meldrum who came from a family of landowning gentry who at one time owned Fyvie, Meldrum and Tolquhon Castles and most of the land in between. The Meldrums had sold Fyvie Castle to Alexander Seton who became Lord Fyvie and was created Lord Dunfermline. 'I'll wad ye to Dunfermline' is in the song. Jeanie was no doubt exercising a little female guile to get her chosen Glenlogie.

Thair wis fower an twanty nobles sat in the
king's haa
An bonnie Glenlogie wis the floer o thaim
aa
Thair wis fower an twanty nobles rade thro
Banchory fair
An bonnie Glenlogie wis the floer o thaim
thair

Thair wis six and six maidens sat in the
king's haa
Bonnie Jeannie o Bethelnie wis the floer
o thaim aa
Doun cam Jeannie Gordon she cam trippin
doun stairs
An she's chosen Glenlogie o aa that wis
thair

Glenlogie, Glenlogie, gin ye'll prove kind
My luve is laid on ye an A've tellt ye my
mind
Bit he's turnt him roun lichtlie, like the
Gordons does aa
A thank ye, Jeannie Gordon, bit A'm
promist awa

She's caad her maidens tae mak her a bed
Wi ribbons an napkins tae tie up her head
Bit out spak her faither an a wey man wis
he
A'll wad ye tae Dunfermline, he's mair
gowd than he

Och, haud yer tongue, faither, for that
maunnae be
Gin A getnae Glenlogie then for him will a
dee
Bit her faither's ain chaplain, a man o great
skill,
He's wrate a braid letter an indytet it weill

A pox on ye, Logie, nou sin it is so
Thair's a ladie's luve is on ye, maun she
die in her woe?
An a pox on ye, Logie, nou sin it is time

Thair's a ladie's luve is on ye, maun she
die in her prime?

Whan Logie got the letter, he bein amang
men
It's out spak Glenlogie, whit does young
women mean?
Whan he lookit on the letter, than a licht
lauch gied he
Bit ere he read owre it, the tear blint his ee

Gae saddle me the black horse, gae
saddle me the broun
Bonnie Jeannie o Bethelnie'll be deid ere A
win
Bit the horses werenae saddled, nor lead
on the green
Till bonnie Glenlogie wis three mile his
lane

An sae pale an wan wis she whan
Glenlogie he cam in
Bit it's reid an rosie grew she whan she
kent it wis him
Whaur lies yer pain, ladie, does it lie in yer
side?
Whaur lies yer pain, ladie, does it lie in yer
heid?

O na,na, Glenlogie, ye're faur frae the pairt
For the pain that a lie under, it lies in my
hert
Turn roun, Jeannie Gordon, turn roun on
yer side
An a'll be the bridegroum an ye'll be the
bride

Nou Jeannie's gotten mairriet an her
tocher's doun tauld
Bonnie Jeannie o Bethelnie wis scarce
saxteen year auld
O Bethelnie, o Bethelnie, ye shine whaur
ye staun
An the heather bells aroun ye shine owre
Fyvie's laun

Rock'n Roll Riders

Written in a workshop involving a group of people from Dunfermline and West Fife with early onset Alzheimers. Many members of the group had experiences of being on motor bikes, and the song contains a collection of the actual events they had been involved in. Group members; Jimmy Agnew, Kathleen Crowshaw, Jaqui Finnie, John McComb, Jim Muir, John Smith. Alzheimers Scotland staff: Janine Adair, Heather Hailstones, Mary Hammon, Julie Penn. Songwriting facilitator: Gifford Lind.

PC Jock Penman at the top o the New
Row
Lashin' out his tongue tae tell folk where to
go
Dunfermline Bikers Cafe Racing
Riding the bends on the Auchtertool Road

Dirty Greasy Rockers on their Nortons and
Triumphs
Norton Dominators, Vellasetts and BSAs
Ye wouldnae find a Vespa or a Lambretta
They'd get run down on the way

Chorus
Rock'n Roll Riders
Rock'n and a Rollin
Rock'n all over this land

A thrill for the boys was a wumman on the
pillion
Steering the driver from behind

On the New Row one went flying o'er the
handlebars
But she got her teeth back in the end

Chorus x 2
Instrumental

Some sat a test - others didnae have tae
A provisional would always get you home
A Triumph on its test lost its driver on the
East Port
The Bike went on and passed it on its own

Every year it was off tae Kirkcaldy
Tae see them racin' roon and roon the
Beveridge park
One guy couldnae keep up wi the others
They cheered him in when he finished in
the dark

Chorus x 2
Repeat verse 1

Bingo Bella (adapted for Dunfermline)

Tune: The Darktown Strutters Ball.
Adapted from the original by Matt McGinn.

I'll be down to get you for the bingo Bella
Rendezvous at the new Kingsgate
Mind Bella don't be late
We've got to be there before the crowd
starts queuing
Remember when we get there Bella
We're going to be trying for the big
snowball
But whether it's win or lose
We'll have a damn good feed of the booze
Tomorrow night at the Alhambra Bingo Hall

You and I were nearly winning last time
Bella
If it hadn't been for Maggie McGill
Wouldn't yon one make you ill?
Seven hundred and twenty two smackers.

Hasn't spoken to a neighbour since then
After tapping them for seventeen years
Ah but mind you there's one thing nice,
Lightning never strikes the same place
twice
So we'll have a chance at the Alhambra
Bingo Hall

We'll be catching a bus to the bingo Bella
We'll alight at the Carnegie Hall
Pie and peas with tomato sauce
Till we can lay our hands on that snowball
Then we'll be heading for the taxi Bella
To the City Hotel with a ten bob tip
And when they ask us what do we want
We'll say pour us oot yer creme du menthe
Tomorrow night at the Alhambra Bingo Hall

Nobaddywaddy

Words and music by Bob Proudfoot, formerly from Dunfermline.

In my early life, I grew up in Fife
Listening tae that guid auld rock 'n' roll
Maybe I'll go back some day and meet up
with auld friends and play
The music that's embedded in my soul

(Chorus)

*And we'll call ourselves Nobaddywaddy
No' that guid but no' too shabby
Better than Showaddywaddy
Just a few auld gits wi' guitars*

I'll put on my brothel creepers and meet up
wi' a few auld neibors
Makin' music doesn't stop when you retire
That's when me and the boys, we'll mak a
hoor o' a noise
When we're singin' about those great balls
of fire

We'll shake and rattle and roll, with a lot of
rhythm and a bit of soul

And we'll waken up the neighbors round
the block
We'll put on our blue suede shoes and
we'll find a cure for the summertime blues
So come on everybody, let's rock around
the clock

And we'll sing Rave On that crazy feelin',
'cause I know you've got me reelin'
I'm so glad that you're revealin' you're love
for me
Rave On, Rave On and tell me, tell me not
to be lonely
Tell me you love me only, Rave On me

In my early life, I grew up in Fife
Listening tae that guid auld rock 'n' roll
Maybe Ah'll go back some day and meet
up with auld friends and play
The music that's embedded in my soul

*Yeah a few auld gits wi' guitars
Aye a few auld gits wi' guitars*

The Vulcans Skiffle Group

Words and music by Bob Proudfoot - member of the Vulcans Skiffle Group in Dunfermline, and one of the members of the first Dunfermline Folk Club in the Howff on Chalmers Street in 1961.

We were just three lads at school and fitba'
was our game
We kicked that ba' till the sun went down
and then we a' went hame
Our houses were for sleeping in and a
place to get some food
Then Lonnie came on the radio and
changed our lives for good

*Phil and me strummed guitars, Ben played
double bass*

*It was made out of a tea chest and it took
up lots of space*

*We sang our songs to the same three
chords and the music sounded grand
We were the Vulcans Skiffle Group, the
finest in the land*

Soon people got to know us, our fame was
on the rise
And at the local talent show we picked up
second prize

We sang about John Henry and the big
Grand Coulee Dam
We were the Vulcans Skiffle Group and
Lonnie was our man

Time moved on and music too, soon rock
'n' roll was king
Then things got worse, our voices broke
and we could no longer sing
But still the memories linger on and in my
mind I see
The famous Vulcans Skiffle Group, Phil
and Ben and me

And we sang
Don't you rock me daddy-o, don't you rock
me daddy-o
Don't you rock me daddy-o, don't you rock
me daddy-o

Yes, we were the Vulcans Skiffle Group,
the finest in the land

The Trooper and the Maid

Military life has always had its part in Dunfermline. This old song describes the relationship between a soldier and a bonnie lassie who then finds herself having to follow him until she had to stop in Dunfermline to have the child she was carrying.

A trooper lad came here ae night
Wi' riding he was weary
A trooper lad cam' here ae night
When the moon shone bright and clearly

She's taen the trooper by the haun
And let him tae her chamber
She's gied him cheese and wine tae drink
And the wine it was like amber

Chorus:

*Bonnie lassie I'll lie near ye noo
Bonnie lassie I'll lie near ye
I'll gar all yer ribbons reel
In the morning e'er I leave ye*

She's made her bed baith lang and wide
And made it like a lady
She's taen her coatie ower her heid
Saying trooper are ye ready

Chorus

They hadnae been but an 'oor in bed
An 'oor and half a quarter
When drums cam' beatin doon the street
And every beat was shorter

Chorus

And when will you come back again
My own dear soldier laddie
And when will you come back again
And be your bairnies daddy

Bonnie lassie I maun leave ye noo
Bonnie lassie I maun leave ye
When heather bells grow cockle shells
Then I'll come and see ye

She's taen her coatie ower her heid
And followed him up to Stirling
She grew sae fu' she couldnae boo
He left her in Dunfermline

Chorus

A Fabulous Place To Be

Created by pupils in P5/6 at Pitreavie Primary School working with Gifford Lind in May 2010

Chorus:

*Dun-fer-m-line, Dun-fer-m-line a fabulous
place to be
Dun-fer-m-line, Dun-fer-m-line it's home to
you and me*

In the Abbey Robert Bruce
A saviour of our country
Cheer the Pars At East End Park
Hooray a goal whoopee

Chorus

The birth place of Carnegie
A famous Scot was he,
He made a lot of money
And gave it all away.

Chorus

The bridges span the Firth of Forth
The gateway to our kingdom
When the wind is blowing
You'd better take great care

Chorus

Every Week day you can find us
At Pitreavie School
Learning is important
The skills of life are cool

Chorus

O Gentle Father

Bill MacIntosh was Principal of Carnegie College, formerly Lauder College, and now Fife College. The song is about his father, a resident of Abbeyview who had worked as a miner, and was a great servant to the Abbeyview community. Recorded on Song Views album NMT08 of the New Makars Trust

O Gentle father do not leave
The day has only dawned
The pain you must not sacrifice
The living must go on
Dig deep old man your spirit's strong
It's always worked before
Hold fast there's no surrender yet
Come on let us talk some more.

O gentle father how you loved
Those days down by the sea
What hours of happy memories
Are blowing back to me
Dig deep old man your spirit's high
Let's walk along that shore
Hold on the sun is warmer still
Come on let us laugh some more.

O gentle father how you fought
The pity and the tears
The heart ache and the misery
The silence and the fears
Dig deep old man as miners must
You never feared the night
So gently with your silent rage
Continue with the fight.

O gentle father stay a while
The heavens and the host
The angels and the ecstasy
The promise and the ghost
Dig deep old man a moment stay
Eternity can wait a week a day an hour
delay
For this you can be late.

O gentle father now you've gone
There's much I meant to say
The darkness is much blacker now
And the brightness much more grey
But gentle father how you talked
So humbly and so well
That living can be heaven here on earth
Or living can be hell.

O gentle father now I see
That even in the blackest night
You gently smile a sad goodbye
And darkness holds you tight
But distance cannot stretch so far
And you will slip from view
And gently gently will I hold
The life I shared with you.

Sammy the Tammy and Bluebell the coo

Created by pupils from Carnegie Primary School working with Gifford Lind in October 2012.

Sammy the Tammy lives in ma street
Everybody shouts you've got big feet.
I was out one day Sammy came my way
So I screamed and ran away.

One day I saw Bluebell the coo
I said "hi" and she said "moo"
I was out one day she came my way
So I screamed and ran away

I was at a game just the other day
I saw Sammy and Bluebell play,
So I shouted "Big feet moo"
and they ran away.

La la la la la la la la
La la la la la la la la
La la la la la la la la
La la la la la

Repeat Verse 1

Lament for a Long Lost Heart in the Borders

Written by Gifford Lind in August 1996. This song was built from a realisation that this great Scottish hero whose remains are in the Abbey had spent most of his time here without a heart. At an exhibition of the imagery of Roslin in Edinburgh which drew on the StClair family records, I had also come across quite detailed accounts of what had happened on the Crusade. The song largely follows the story as told there. And then somebody found Bruce's heart in Melrose. In an attempt to get a song written by Pittencrieff PS children performed on the radio while the heart was being reburied, I let slip that I had a song about Robert's heart, so was asked to perform it on Radio Scotland as the heart was being laid to rest. I did this on condition that they also broadcast the song by the Pittencrieff pupils.

*Bruce's body's lying here but his heart has
gone away
To warmer places for a while, then Melrose
for to stay
His body's feelin lonely, and the Abbey
cries his name
A body that has lost its heart just isnae
quite the same*

Longshanks sacked the Abbey, pulled the
Palace down
Plundered all the siller, and ransacked
through the town
He put a man in Abbot House, to pillage
and to robb
'Till Robert Bruce he soon rose up and
finished off the job

When Robert he was finished, to gie his
heart a rest
He sent it tae a warm place, though it
wasnae at its best
His body in the Abbey, without a heart
inside
While his heart went off wi' a bunch o'
mates, in a casket for to bide.

It sailed the Bay of Biscay, and ended up
in Spain
Where a bunch o Muslims stood and said,
ye cannae pass this way
The Scotsmen were nae put off though
outnumbered 10 to 1

Life in the Mine

Created by Chris, Joanna, Michelle, Stephen, Natasha, Emma, Scott R., Scott B of Pitreavie Primary School in 2002 working with Gifford Lind as part of the 7 Pit Wynd project on the MAC bus.

Life in the mine will be dirty and damp
Crawlin about in the light o my lamp
Workin all night and workin all day
Finish the week and take home my pay

Dirty wee Charlie he never got out
His dinner was cut down tae one Brussel
Sprout

And Douglas lobbed the heart at them to
see if they would run
But they didn't!

Now the Muslims were impressed about
the way the Scots had fought
Others would have given up, but na, na,
no' the Scots
So they made a presentation to the
Scotsmen that were left
Sinclair's legs and Bruce's heart to take
home to his chest.

Well off they marched some pride restored
to bring these relics home
One man locked the heart up, that's how
Lockharts got their name
They got as far as Melrose, where
Robert's heart gave in
But Sinclair's legs they marched on and
were buried in Roslin

Now Bruces heart has rested there in
Melrose all this time
His heartless body pines for it, and thinks
it's out of line
And when his clay ears heard that they
had dug it up again
They longed to hear about the time that he
had had in Spain

Repeat Verse 1

Cause one day Wee Charlie he had got
caught
Nickin' the pieces the miners had brought.

Life in the mine will be dirty and damp
Crawlin about in the light o my lamp
Workin all night and workin all day
Finish the week and take home my pay

Three Men Fae Carntyne

Tony Harris made this song up after he had visited a folk club in Glasgow in the mid 1960's. It was later sung by Billy Connolly, and reached the top of the charts.

Three men fae Carntyne went to join the parish
Three men fae Carntyne went to join the parish
The young men from the east end of glasgow went to sign social security!

Three men fae Carntyne and a bottle of wine
Went to join the parish
Three men fae Carntyne and a bottle of wine
Went to join the parish

Three men fae Carntyne and a bottle of wine and five Woodbine, Went to join the parish
Three men fae Carntyne and a bottle of wine and five Woodbine, Went to join the parish
(sing! thats..again!)

Three men fae Carntyne and a bottle of wine and five Woodbine,
And a big black Greyhound dog called Bob, Went to join the parish
Three men fae Carntyne and a bottle of wine and five Woodbine,
And a big black Greyhound dog called Bob, Went to join the parish

Three men fae Carntyne and a bottle of wine and five Woodbine,
And a big black Greyhound dog called Bob fae up oor close, along oor street
Went to join the parish
Three men fae Carntyne and a bottle of wine and five Woodbine,
And a big black Greyhound dog called Bob fae up oor close, along oor street
Went to join the parish

Three men fae Carntyne and a bottle of wine and five Woodbine,
And a big black Greyhound dog called Bob fae up oor close, along oor street,
And a lassy named Agnes that works in the dairy she's been skelly since the Milanda boy, hit her on the heid wi' a breidboard, Went to join the parish

Three men fae Carntyne and a bottle of wine and five Woodbine,
And a big black Greyhound dog called Bob fae up oor close, along oor street,
And a lassy named Agnes that works in the dairy she's been skelly since the Milanda boy, hit her on the heid wi' a breidboard, Went to join the parish

AND IT WAS SHUUUUUUUUUT!

A Day in Dunfermline

Canmore PS P4 session 1998/99 working with Gifford Lind as part of the New Makars Trust's Celebrating Fife in Song project

We Travelled back in time
We made an application
We travelled in a Rennie's bus
Magiced from the station

We went to Abbot House
And what did we see there
A ghostly monk on video
And an Abbot's chair

And when we got inside
A clock was there to tell
If we'd had our porridge
If we had it rang a bell

We saw the ghostly monk
Sitting at a table
Writing stories of his horse
Sleeping in the stable
(*Snores*)
A cat was lying there
Sleeping in the sun
Squirrels jumping in the trees
Having lots of fun

Putting bread out for the birds
But not the pecking hens
And listening to the voices
Of the peacocks in the glen
(*Peacock noises*) then repeat V1.

Farewell to the Ferries

John Watt © Springthyme Music. Tune: Adaptation of "Squid Jiggin Ground". The opening of the Forth Bridge in September 1964 linking Fife with the Lothians saw the demise of the ferry service across the River Forth between North and South Queensferry. Auld Reekie - Edinburgh
The fare for a pedestrian was 8d (2.5p), 12/6 (62.5p) for a coffin. Queen Margaret travelled up the Forth in 1068 to marry Malcolm Canmore, King of Scotland at Dunfermline, the ancient capital of Scotland.

Noo the wide River Forth oh it keeps us
apart,
Frae the hustle and bustle o' Auld Reekies
Clime,
While the motorist glowers as he sits here
for hours,
Farewell the ferries and no afore time.

2 There's a wheen o' guid siller been made
o' the ferries
They rob ye that much, by god, it's a crime
Eightpence ye need - twelve and six if yer
deid
Farewell fae the ferries and no afore time.

3 Noo Queen Margaret she crossed wi' her
ladies in waiting
We're still waitin noo foul weather and fine

In an hour they rowed - now we're slower
by God
Farewell tae the ferries and no afore time.

4 Aft times have I laughed at the head o'
the queue
At times other poor devils a half mile
behind
For wherever they're goin' they'd be far
quicker rowin
Farewell tae the ferries and no afore time.

5 So here's tae the brig, that's crossin' the
Forth
All the tolls paid un' scarcely a whine
For its South o' the border free travels the
order
Farewell tae the ferries and no before time.

Little Boxes

Words and music by Malvina Reynolds; copyright 1962 Schroder Music Company, renewed 1990.
Malvina and her husband were on their way from where they lived in Berkeley, through San Francisco and down the peninsula to La Honda where she was to sing at a meeting of the Friends' Committee on Legislation (not the PTA, as Pete Seeger says in the documentary about Malvina, "Love It Like a Fool"). As she drove through Daly City, she said "Bud, take the wheel. I feel a song coming on."
This song was suggested as appropriate for Dunfermline today, particularly the Eastern Area Expansion, by Colin Crombie.

Little boxes on the hillside,
Little boxes made of ticky tacky,
Little boxes on the hillside,
Little boxes all the same.
There's a green one and a pink one
And a blue one and a yellow one,
And they're all made out of ticky tacky
And they all look just the same.

And the people in the houses
All went to the university,
Where they were put in boxes
And they came out all the same,
And there's doctors and lawyers,
And business executives,
And they're all made out of ticky tacky
And they all look just the same.

And they all play on the golf course
And drink their martinis dry,
And they all have pretty children
And the children go to school,
And the children go to summer camp
And then to the university,
Where they are put in boxes
And they come out all the same.

And the boys go into business
And marry and raise a family
In boxes made of ticky tacky
And they all look just the same.
There's a green one and a pink one
And a blue one and a yellow one,
And they're all made out of ticky tacky
And they all look just the same.

Herzogin Cecile.

John Watt © Springthyme Music 1990 Notes by John: This song draws on the memories of John's father who owned and ran Watts the printers in Dunfermline.

Notes by John Watt My father, Gordon Watt, was born in the village of Limekilns, next to Charleston harbour, Fife in 1891. He saw the Herzogin Cecilie come into Charleston harbour around 1904. Charleston at that time was a busy port, full of ships from the Baltic, unloading rock salt, timber, etc. Charleston (Limekilns) exported lime amongst other commodities. Gordon Watt later served in the Royal Naval Reserve as a despatch rider and latterly as a 2nd Lieutenant in Queens' Own Cameron Highlanders (7th Bn) in France during World War I. Gordon Watt, born 20 July, 1891 died 24 March, 1983. I changed 'Cecilie' to Cecile because 'Cecilie' is very difficult to sing! John Watt.

The Herzogin Cecile, a four masted barque was built in 1902 by Rickmers shipyard at Bremerhaven, Germany, for the Nordeutscher Lloyd shipping line of Bremen. The Nordeutscher Lloyd, a large shipowner was second in size only to the Hamburg-America line and employed the HC to train cadets as officers for their own fleet of ships. In addition to the officers, and teachers, a skeleton crew of seamen and tradesmen, she was fitted out to carry 90 cadets. She had the best possible equipment, but with plenty of man-power on board, to pull the braces, she was rigged without any brace winches, as was customary at this time in large sailing ships of this class. She was a good sailor and made many excellent voyages. During the First World War, she was interned in the port of Coquimbo, Chile. After the war, she brought a cargo of nitrates to Ostend, Belgium, and was then allocated to the French government. In November 1921, she was purchased by Gustaf Erikson, Mariehamn, Sweden, and under his flag was employed chiefly in the Australian grain trade. She foundered on April 25, 1936 off Salcombe, Devon, after running aground in a heavy fog. Search Utube and you can find a video of the wreck.

Old man - father. Capernaum - local pronunciation 'Coppernom', a pier at Limekilns. Red Row - Street facing water. Gauts - literally 'Gates', remains of old pier at Limekilns. Crown - the Herzogin Cecilie was originally used for training of cadets for the Nordeutscher Bremen line, many of whom would emerge as naval officers in the Kaiser's navy on the outbreak of war. After the war, the HC was handed over to the French government. Limekilns and Charlestown are adjacent villages in Fife.

The old man lived in Limekilns,
To the West of Capernaum,
The Red Row, it's still standing there
While I sing this song,
And by the shore he'd fish and swim,
As a boy he'd play and sport,
And watch the tall ships sailing in,
To Charlestown's busy port.

Now Charleston today,
It's only full of yachts,
No full-rigged ships to make their way,
Past the shoreline 'Gauts',
But on that day in 1904,
Herzogin Cecilie arrived,
The old man standing by the shore,
What a sight for a wee boy's eye!

*Herzogin Cecilie,
Where are you now?
Do you still find your way,
By the Pole and Plough?
Battling through the wind and rain,
You always held your place,
With holds a' full of golden grain,
On the great Australian race.*

In Bremerhaven you were built,
In the year of 1902,
Nordeutscher Lloyd from Bremen,
They supplied the crew,

And round the world you oftimes sailed,
To train boys for the crown,
Till in the year of 1904,
You sailed to Charlestown.

Years rolled by, the war it came,
And then you were interned,
At Coquimbo, Chile, you lay there,
Your rest it was well earned,
You rotted there for four long years,
Was that your journey's end?
But you appeared with all sail set,
At the harbour of Ostend.

Nitrates was your cargo,
You carried many a ton,
The French sold you to Ericson,
In the year of 21,
The Swede, he sailed you fifteen years,
To Australia's sunny clime,
With holds a' full of golden grain,
You always made your time.

And then one day, you ran aground,
In the year of 36,
Off Salcombe, Devon, you were found,
Your sails stripped from your sticks,
Now you and Da, you both are gone,
You're always in my thoughts,
Perhaps you two have met agin,
By Limekilns' stony 'Gauts'

The Shuttle Rins

This is a very interesting account of the process of making cloth. The wife turns the spinning wheel to make the thread. Her husband sits at his loom, throwing the shuttle from side to side through the threads. The later verses emphasise the weaver's dignity and rights, as the writer intended, for the words come from 'Poems And Songs Chiefly For The Encouragement Of The Working Classes' by Henry Syme. It has been suggested that this song had its origins in Dunfermline. It was suggested by Alex Black.

The weaver's wife sits at the fire
And ca's the pirn wheel
She likes tae hear her ain gude man
Drive on the shuttle weel

Threid efter threid maks up the claith
Until the wage he wins
And ilka weaver maks the mair
The mair his shuttle rins

Chorus

*The shuttle rins, the shuttle rins
The shuttle rins wi speed
O sweetly may the shuttle rin
That wins the bairns' breid*

He rises early in the morn
He toils fu late at nicht
He fain wad independent be
He kens what is his richt

Although he has nae dainty fare
His wages being sma
Yet he can wi his thrifty wife
Keep hungry want awa

Chorus

He fondly soothes a neebor's grief
Or shares a neebor's glee
And fain tae gie his bairns lair
He gars the shuttle flee

State cormorants may crawl fu crouse
And haughty be an proud
But were they paid by "ells o keels"
They wadna laugh sae loud

Chorus

The proudest o the land wad pine
Wi 'oot the weavers' wark
The pampered priest, the haughty peer
Wad gang wi'oot a sark

Then cheer your hearts ye workin men
An aa like brithers be
Rise up against restrictive laws
And set industry free

Chorus

Abbot House Ghost

Created by pupils in P5/6 at Pitreavie Primary School working with Gifford Lind in May 2010.

He comes out at night
Giving people frights
Black coat draped round
He rules the grounds

Chorus

*whoo uo o boo
whoo uo o boo
he's a ghost*

If you get too close
remember he's a ghost
But if you get too close
He might just steal your soul

Chorus

When the ghosts awake
The ground might shake
From the fright people get
The fright they get at night

Chorus

White figure
In the pink house
Quiet as a mouse
As evil as a louse

Chorus

The Donibristle Mossmorran Disaster

James R Murray, Cowdenbeath, September 1901. Notes by John Watt:

In a government report, the Donibristle Coal Company was exonerated from any blame, but is still remembered by miners who live in the Kinross and Milnathort area who travel to work in the Fife coalfields.
Industrial Song in Kinross Area

Approximately ten miles south of Kinross, six miles to the east of Dunfermline, lying between Cowdenbeath on the north, and the now extinct village of Donibristle on the south lies the Moor of Mossmorran.

This bleak moor, upon which was sited the Donibristle Colliery, belonging to the Donibristle Colliery Company, was the scene of a major disaster on the afternoon of Monday 26th of August, 1901.

Engineers were drilling a ventilation shaft from within the Mynheer seam to the surface when a tremendous inrush of water and peat moss sealed off the workings.

A rescue party, led by Thomas Rattray, was lowered into the workings and were successful in rescuing several miners. However, with further flooding, the rescue party were themselves sealed off together with another five men.

The entombed men, led by Rattray, tried to make their way out along old workings, but were unable to break through the stoppings which sealed off abandoned workings from the surface.

The nine miners, including the rescue party of Thomas Rattray, William Hynd, James McDonald and Andrew Patterson, gradually died from lack of oxygen.

Rattray, being an oversman, carried a company time book and messages to relatives were noted down on the pages. The messages can still be seen today in the Murison Burns collection in the reference department of Dunfermline Public Library - they make poignant reading - "I don't feel as if death was on me, I feel just the same as if I was in the house", "We are choking".

Because of its situation, the Mossmorran pit could be seen from many vantage points, and during the rescue attempts over period of four or five days, many thousands of people congregated.

At the time there were numerous ballads written regarding the disaster, but the one which has stood the test of time was written by James R Murray of Cowdenbeath, and is known by many people in mining communities. The first folk song collection in which it appears is A L Lloyd's Coal Dust Ballads. It has been recorded by Matt McGinn on the Topic LP The Iron Muse.

James R Murray had a bakers shop at the Fountain, Cowdenbeath (corner of Broad Street and High Street) - he was a well known local poet. John Watt

On the 26th of August our fatal moss gave way

Although we did our level best, its course we could not stay.

Ten precious lives there were at stake,
"Who'll save them" was the cry
We'll bring them to the surface, or along with them we'll die.

There was Rattray and McDonald, Hynd and Patterson

Too well they knew the danger and the risk they had to run

They never stopped to count the cost,
"We'll save them" was the cry
We'll bring them to the surface, or along with them we'll die.

They stepped upon the cage, they were ready for the fray
We knew they all meant business as they chapped themselves away

They quickly reached the bottom, far from the light of day

They were off to search the workings, and Tom Rattray led the way.

They lost their lives, God help them, oh yes it was a fact
Someone put a stopping, so of course they ne'er got back

Was that another blunder, my God it was a sin

To put that cruel stopping, for it closed our heroes in.

But we never shall forget them, nor how they lost lives
So we must pay attention to their children and their wives

It simply is our duty, so let us all beware
Their fathers died a noble death and left them in our care.

Winter Sun

Written by Gill Bowman, set to Ivan Drever's tune Leaving Stoer, sung by MacAlias (Gill Bowman and Karine Polwart, guitars), recorded Q10.

Inspired by stories uncovered in research for New Makars workshops in Lochgelly, this song tells of the early days of mining when women and children worked under dreadful conditions and were bound for life by the mine owners.

Both Gill Bowman and Karine Polwart are songwriters with a special interest in Scottish songs and ballads. This song helps to remember the many women and children who worked down the mines of Dunfermline and the surrounding area.

Chorus

*Girlhood days are done
Now she'll never feel the summer rain
Till it's running underground
Never see a winter sun
And never question that the likes of her are bound*

Bound before her birth, Faither paid tae tie
his faimly
Worked them half tae death, Aff the
daylevel mine
And she cairried coals and climbed Up the
stair and doon the ladder
Shifting mair than fifteen ton Afore she was
nine

Chorus

Darker than the night Were the days that
she endured
She never learned tae write, But she
kenned aa her sangs
And the oors were lang and drear
Breathing in the foul carbolic

Wishing for a lad to come and take her in
his arms

Chorus

Mairried for her strength Mair than for her
passing beauty,
Wrocht wi him the length O the dark dusty
seams
For a man must hae a wife Tae cairry
creels and redd the coals
And raise the bonny bairnies that will haunt
her dreams

Chorus

Since her man was taen, Still she's had
tae work her seam
And leave the youngest bairn by the dark
stoup side
And she gies the bairn the breast Cauld
stoved tatties tae the rest
Starts her auldest lassie working by her
side

Chorus

Pars they're the Best

Created by pupils in P5/6 at Pitreavie Primary School working with Gifford Lind in May 2010

Pars they're the best
The best team in the league
Football oh football
Come on the Pars

Go and score a goal
Come on what a peach
Come on Dunfermline
Score more goals

We're football crazy
We're football mad
When the pars score a goal
We feel glad

We sing and we laugh
And a wee lad says Hey
We'll go with Dunfermline
All the way

The Work o' the Weavers

This song was very popular in Forfarshire and other centres of the handloom weaving industry. The author was a Forfar weaver, David Shaw. He died in Forfar in 1856. For many years many Dunfermline people were employed in weaving and linen production, so this song certainly fits the past life of this town.

We're all met thegither here tae sit and tae crack,
Wi' our glasses in oor hands an' oor work upon oor back
There's no a trade in a' the earth can either mend or mak'
Gin it wasnae for the work o' the weavers.

*If it wasnae for the weavers what would they do
We widnae hae claith made o' oor woo
We widnae hae a coat neither black nor blue
Gin it wasnae for the work o' the weavers.*

There's folks that's independent o' other people's work,
For women need nae barbers and dykers need nae clerks,
But none o' them can dae without a coat or a sark,
Naw they canna want the work o' the weavers.

There's smiths and there's wrights an there's mason's cheils an aw
There's doctors and there's meenisters an them that live by law
An oor freens that bide oot ower the sea in South America
They aw need the work o the weaver

Oor sodgers an' oor sailors we know that they are bauld
But if they didnae hae claes they couldnae fight for cauld,
The high an' low, the rich an' poor - abody young an' auld,
They a' need the work o' the weavers.

So the weaving is a trade that can never, ever fail,
As long as we need claes to keep a body hale
So let us raise oor glasses wi' a bicker o' good ale
An' drink tae the health o' the weavers.

The Wooden Railway Line to Inverkeithing

Written by pupils of Carnegie Primary School working with Gifford Lind in October 2012, this song is about a railway line constructed with wooden rails between Halbeath and Inverkeithing. The line was opened in 1783 by the owners of Halbeath Colliery. It ran from the colliery which was sited about a mile to the north of the current village of Halbeath to the harbour at Inverkeithing and was single track throughout with passing loops every 550 yards. As well as coal from Halbeath and Townhill collieries there was also considerable traffic from other sources - from the limestone quarry at Sunnybank, the freestone quarries at Bonnyside and Rosebank and the distillery at Boreland in Inverkeithing. The line also served the Inverkeithing Fire Brick and Gas Retort Works to the north of Inverkeithing (opened c.1831) and also the Inverkeithing Gas Company's gasworks off Waggon Road and south of King Street in Inverkeithing. Remains of the line can be found in the Calais woods. Notes taken from 'Early Railways of West Fife: An Industrial and Social Commentary [Hardcover]' by W. Brotchie (Author), Harry Jack (Author).

*Rumble rumble all day long
if it gets hot it all go wrong
wooden rails 8 miles long
down to inverkiething*

coal travelling here and there
heat travelling everywhere
bringing coal to our houses
keeping us so warm

Chorus

cosy fires to be desired
in the evening when we're tired
then in the morning back to work
filling up the wagons

Chorus

barley travelling here and there
beer travelling everywhere
bringing whiskey to our houses
keeping us so calm

Chorus x2

Explosion At The Lindsay Colliery

Written by Jim Affleck from Kinross. He was working at the Lindsay colliery when the explosion occurred. This song is a personal tribute to the men that died. Jim died a few years ago.

On the east side o' Kelty, by the road tae
the 'ferry
There aince stood a bing, and a pitheid
sae fine,
Where generations o' Fifers, found gainful
employment.
They ca'ed it the Lindsay, baith a pit and a
mine

Twas the year fifty-seven, in the month o'
December
And Christmas was barely a fortnight
away.
When nine score brave miners, went out
on the night-shift.
On Friday the thirteenth, that was a black
day.

Well by four in the morning, the work was
weel forward
The steel had been drawn, and the packs
were in place
The brushers had started to clead in their
girder
The coal-cutter crew was half way up the
face.

Then just for a minute, the pit fell gey silent
Had a door no' been shut, or a screen
pull'd away.
Then a mighty explosion ripped down thro'
the section
Nine miners would ne'er see, the bright
light o' day

Ye'll mind big Dave Scott, who aye worked
the night-shift,
At a fa' or a break-down, he was never in
doubt.
He was first tae the face, wi' his three
gallant nee'bors
And he payed wi' his life, when the air it
gave out.

We'll see them nae mair, at the darts or the
fitba'
We'll aye miss their crack, as we wait for
the bus
Auld nee'bors and mates, who had
laboured the gither
That night it was them, but it could hae
been us.

They cam' frae Lochgelly, Lochore and
Ballingry.
Fae Cowdenbeath, Kelty, Glenraig and
Crosshill.
Their lives blown away, for a miner's bare
wages
When we talk o' the pits, we'll remember
them still.

On the east side o' Kelty, by the road tae
the 'ferry
There aince stood a bing, and a pitheid
sae fine,
Where generations o' Fifers, found gainful
employment.
They ca'ed it the Lindsay, baith a pit and a
mine

The Glen

Created by pupils from Carnegie Primary School working with Gifford Lind in October 2012.

Down by the old Glen
Andrew Carnegie
Let us run about and play
Chutes and monkey bars ,
Trampolines too
We'd stay there all day

Chorus

*We love going to the Glen
We love going with a friend*

*You know you'll see us
When we're there
We would play all day*

You know you want to go yourself
And run about and play all day
Sometimes you see Sammy the Tammy
It's fun to go there and play

Chorus

John Thomson

John Watt © Springthyme Music

John Thomson Celtic F.C. 1926 - 1931. Written in 1981 to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the death of Cardenden's John Thomson, Celtic goal keeper in a fatal accident at the feet of Sam English the Rangers centre forward at Ibrox Park, Glasgow on 5th September 1931. The song featured on a Radio documentary produced by Robin Hall 'The Fifty Fifty Ball' in 1981. Information was gathered from John Thomsons brother Jimmy Thomson of Cardenden.

1 In twenty six frae the pits o' Fife
A lad fae Celtic came
None knew that he would give his life
For fitba's but a game
Between the posts at Wellesley
He was the prince o' men
John Thomson came frae Bowhill
Bowhill Cardenden.

2 At Paradise he'd spend five years
He first appeared at Dens
The boy frae Fife who knew no fear
Made twenty thousand friends
Between the posts at Parkhead
Aged seven years and ten
John Thomson came frae Bowhill
Bowhill, Cardenden

3 Cups and medals and prizes came
And everybody knew
That he would join the hall of fame
And soon wear Scotlands blue
Between the posts at Hampden

He was the prince o men
John Thomson came frae Bowhill
Bowhill Cardenden

4 Then in thirty-one at Ibrox ground
A cross beat McStay and then
As the Salmon dives young John went
down
And never rose again
Between the posts at Ibrox
He was the prince o men
John Thomson came frae Bowhill
Bowhill Cardenden

5 He was laid to rest in Bowhill Fife
Thirty thousand friends were there
At twenty two he gave his life
A talent brave and rare
Between the posts at Paradise
He was the prince o' men
John Thomson came frae Bowhill
Bowhill Cardenden.

We Know Where to Go

Created by pupils in P5/6 at Pitreavie Primary School working with Gifford Lind in May 2010

Bergen Avenue Duloch
Johnston Crescent too
Lasswade and Elizabeth Street
And Izatt Avenue

Gorrie Street by ASDA
Glen Nevis, and Oakley
McLelland Crescent, Grange Park
High Street and Dovecot Way

Chorus
We come here every morning
Rain, hail or snow
We know where we've all come from
And we know where to go

Some come here from groves of trees
That are in easy reach
Elm, Lilac, Walnut Grove,
Cedar Grove, and Beech

Pitcorthie Drive, Pitbauchlie Bank
Auld names handed doon
Torbain Place and Birrell Drive,
A Provost of oor toun

Chorus
We come here every morning
Rain, hail or snow
We know where we've all come from
And we know where to go

Passing By Pitcorthie

Created by pupils in P5/6 at Pitreavie Primary School working with Gifford Lind in May 2010

Tune: Rolling Home

Pitcorthie land has seen the changes
Many folk have passed along
Weavers taking cloth tae market
And the pilgrims singing songs

Twas the Picts that named Pitcorthie
Was this where the Corthie stayed
Did the Romans ever pass here
before they turned and went away

Chorus

*Passing by, Passing by
Passing by Pitcorthie Ground
Heading south tae catch a ferry,
Or up north tae see the toun*

Margaret sailed up the river
Landed on the Rosyth shore
Found a stone up by Pitcorthie
And worked hard to help the poor

Malcolm swore that he would help her
And he offered her his hand
They were married in the castle
She became Queen of the land

Chorus

Did Pitcorthie see the royals
That were born in this auld Toun
Did it see yon Edward Longshanks
When he pulled the Palace down

Robert Bruce came to Dunfermline
And his son became the King
Many people must have passed here
If you're quiet, you'll hear them sing

Chorus

Cromwell's men came here to battle
With the loyal royal men
Many died down at Pitreavie
Seven hundred were McLeans

Then they burned down the palace
No more kings or queens to stay
And the walls began to crumble
As the Kingdom passed away

*Passed away, passed away
As the Kingdom passed away
And the walls began to crumble
As the kingdom passed away*

Now Pitcorthie's full of houses
And its people often roam
Far away from Pitcorthie
Before they come rolling home

*Last Chorus x 2 or 3
Rolling Home, Rolling home
Before they come rolling home
Rolling home to Pitcorthie
To the place where they belong*

Ghost of the Alhambra

Created by pupils in P5/6 at Pitreavie Primary School working with Gifford Lind in May 2010

Where are the ghosts, ghosts, ghosts ?
Are they over there, there, there?
Creeping around round, round
making no sound, sound, sound

Chorus

*Oh it's ghosts, ghosts, ghosts
Will they come and haunt us?
I don't know, know, know
Can you help us please?*

Scare them away way, way

We don't know, know
I asked if it was there, there, there
He gave me a glare

Chorus

I heard footsteps {step noises}
Should I go, go, go?
I went outside side, side
This was creeping me out, out, out

Repeat v1 then Chorus x 2

The Animals of Pitreavie School

Created by pupils in P5/6 at Pitreavie Primary School working with Gifford Lind in May 2010

A man keeps chickens over there
And we made pizzas over there
With chicken on the top
Bought from a shop
A man keeps chickens over there

Chorus

*These are the animals
These are the animals
These are the animals of Pitreavie School*

Rabbits running round the school
We all think they're pretty cool
Black and brown
Running round and round
Rabbits running round the school

Chorus

Tarantulas crawling up the drive

Wasps and bees makin hives
Cats and dogs
And Prickly hedgehogs
This whole area's alive

Chorus

I had a very strange dream
I was eating ice cream
Wasps and bees
Came buzzin round my knees
I let out a big scream

Chorus

You know we're telling you the truth
About pigeons sitting on the roof
I've seen a frog
And a hedgehog
And dogs that bark Woof Woof

A Better Life

Tune - Tramps and Hawkers

By Irene Robertson, Ann Tawse, Nancy Donaldson, Eleanor Farquhar, Elizabeth Fisk, Gifford Lind. Created as part of the Song Views Project of the New Makars Trust in 2003. Recorded on Song Views album NMT08 of the New Makars Trust.

We're aff tae live in the country
Where it's quiet and the air is guid
Tae walk the fields in the afternoons
Or the Gypsy Lane tae the wids

Folk came here for a better life
Share ye ken whit a mean
Tae find new friends and faimlie hames
And baths tae keep us clean

Miners cam frae airts and pairts
Fae Blantyre, Shotts an' aw
Tae work in pits throughout oor land
Fae Brighills tae Blairha'

Buses carried dockyard folk

And miners all aroon
Weavers tae Dunfermline mills
And shoppers up the toun

I came tae live in the country
Where it's quiet and the air is guid
Tae walk the fields in the afternoons
Or the Gypsy Lane tae the woods

Noo Abbeyview's seen mony a change
Share ye ken whit ah mean
But I'm still here for a better life
And a bath tae keep me clean

*Yes I'm still here for a better life
And a bath tae keep me clean*

Waiting for Regeneration

By Elizabeth Fisk, AnnTawse, Nancy Donaldson, Eleanor Farquhar, Gifford Lind
Created as part of the Song Views Project of the New Makars Trust in 2003. Recorded on Song Views album NMT08 of the New Makars Trust.

*We're waiting for regeneration
Waiting for new life tae start
The blossom tae show
The flowers tae grow
A new hope tae bloom in my Heart
A new hope tae bloom in my Heart*

This is nae here for the first time
We've laid our foundations before
Houses and parks
Yon great Trondheim flats
They've aw been pulled doon, aye ye'll see
them no more

The auld yins will mind fae the last time
They saw this community grow
The old Cresta bar
The Abbeyview pub
The cafe upstairs fae the Cope for yer grub

Chorus

There's sadness today about changes
Up here in this part o the toun
Wi cars everywhere
Pollutin our air
And folk moving on tae new places aw
roon

Some o the changes are good ones
We're hoping that they'll be here soon
The bowling goes on
The church keeps on growin
Though some mind the day when they tore
the cross down

Chorus

Abbeyview Song

Tune: Glory, Hallelujah - "The Battle Hymn of the Republic", also known as "Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory" or John Brown's Body. Written by Tony Eric Cox, and frequently performed by the late Lucy Hunter. Recorded on Song Views album NMT08 of the New Makars Trust.

*The secret of living isn't reaching new
heights
I don't have to live underneath the bright
lights
Just give me peace and the tranquil life
And the friends that I know in this corner of
Fife*

*Chorus
So don't be lonely, don't be blue
You'll find here the people are true
And we'll be pleased to welcome you
When you come here to Abbeyview*

*My bairns have grown up, and some have
moved away
But this is my homeland, and this is where
I'll stay
It's not a resort or a holiday draw
But the people are great and the
countryside is braw*

Chorus

*The clubs are all friendly, the service is
right
And we guarantee that you'll have a good
night
You don't need a bankroll, the prices are
fair
There's no need for you to move on
anywhere*

Chorus

*Some folk from London see neon signs
glow
Others from Scotland may come from
Glasgow
But I can declare and I swear that it's true
That I'm proud to tell folk that I'm from
Abbeyview*

Chorus

A Collier's Life

Created by P5 at Pitreavie Primary School in 2002 as part of the 7 Pit Wynd project on the MAC Bus.
Recorded on 'Songs of Mining Life' MTS.

Up in the morning
Wife's no weel
Kendle the fire
The day is cool
Got to do the washing
Kids tae school
Then its aff tae the pit in the morning.

*A collier's life is the life for me
It's aff tae the pit in the morning*

Onto my bike and doon tae the pit
Archie fell and dropped his kit
Bob and Jock were both in fits
Doon in the pit in the morning

*A collier's life is the life for me
It's doon in the pit in the morning*

Great big bang and the lights went oot
Gaffer made the hooter hoot
We were lucky tae get oot
Oot fae the pit in the morning

*A collier's life is the life for me
Oot fae the pit in the morning*

Came back hame tae the place a tip
Aff tae the Goth for a pint and a nip
Then tae bed for a good night's kip
And it's aff tae the pit in the morning

*A collier's life is the life for me
It's aff tae the pit in the morning
A collier's life is the life for me
It's aff tae the pit in the morning*

Hard Days but Happy Days

Written by Larry, Lenny, Betty, Anne, and Roy, and Gifford Lind
At Craigie House, Crossgates, September 2002 as part of the 7 Pit Wynd MAC bus project. Included on the album
'Songs of Mining Life' MTS 052.

*Chorus
Hard days, but happy days working doon
the mine
Dodgin on the coal tubs tae get you doon
the line
Oh but I remember, yes I remember fine
They were hard days but happy days
working doon the mine*

Walking doon the main road makin for the
face
Keep yer wits about ye as ye move intae
yer place
Sit doon on the main road when gaffer
shouts the break
And whit's inside yer piece box but a
Dundee steak

Chorus

Working in the Valleyfield, folk fae aw the
airts
Neebors through fae Ayrshire, and other
foreign parts
We tunnelled through tae Bo'ness in ablo
the Forth
Then took a boat at weekends for tae wet
yer drouth.

Chorus

Noo the mines have gone and there's only
tales tae tell
The sadness and the good times that I
remember well
Like running fae the pithead into the light
of day
An everybody cheerful when they're
queuing for their pay

Chorus

Ode to Joe Corrie

John Watt, 1969 © Springthyme Music Notes by John
Nimmo Pit closed leaving only a bing.
Cowdenbeath Palais de Dance, burnt down 1965.
Star Cinema at Crosshill closed early 1960s.
Happyland - area in Lochgelly.

Lone stands the black bing with the grass
growing green.
The old Nimmo shaft is deserted and bare:
Farewell to the days of the Colliery Queen.
And nights at the Palais on a Saturday tear.

The shops in Glenraig are shuttered and still.
The last film has flickered on the screen at The
Star:
The daisies are rampant on the pitch on the
hill.
The reign of King Coal is distant and far.

The Happyland is no more for the colliers have
left.
A new era approaches that doesn't need coal:
The bings disappear from the land that's a'
ref.
New methods for old ones that no-one can
thole.

The town of Glenrothes in an electronic age.

Saw the twilight of the flame that at one time
gave life:
But the new generation with television the
rage.
Did not have the time for the poet from Fife.

In the last dimming shadows of Auld Reekie's
walls.
His time was played out, we all knew what
way:
His verse and his wit, his plays that fill halls.
Remain with us yet, though he is away.

Last verse/Chorus
So goodbye Joe Corrie, we drink to your
health
In the image o' God you aye walked through
your life
It was not by siller we measured your wealth
God bless you and keep you, the poet from
Fife

Free Wee Charlie

Created by P5 at Pitreavie Primary School in 2002 as part of the 7 Pit Wynd project on the MAC Bus.
Tune: Bonnie Charlie's Noo Awa.

Doon in the dark bleak pit the day
A wee pit pony pines away
Before a miner starts his day
Doon in the dark bleak pit the day

The miner sees him pine away
And says "wee Charlie it's your day"
In the sunshine you shall stay
Nae mare dark bleak days for you

As he gets to see the the light
The wee pit pony gets a fright
He runs back tae the anthracite
There wee Charlie wants to stay

When he finds he is free
He thinks that he will run away
Last seen passing Ballingry
Forever Charlie will be free

Then he ran tae Kirkcaldy
Next he swam the river Tay
Heading up for Benachie
Forever Charlie will be free

Took a drink beside the Spey
Flew up oer the Milky Way
Interviewed on BBC
Forever Charlie will be free
Forever Charlie will be free

Owt for Nowt

John Watt © Neon Music 1994

When you're lounging on the beaches of
Espana's sunny shore
And the hawkers group like leeches,
helados por favor
Remember Franco's icy reign, as you ride
on R.E.N.F.E.'s rails
Think of the terror and the pain, that lurked
in Spanish jails

Espana you bled, from Bilbao to Seville
While the ghosts of your dead, they walk
the beaches still
So while you're busy getting laid, and
you're raising merry hell
Think of what the price was paid, for your
dirt cheap San Miguel

A holiday for Adolph's planes, with Spain a
practice course
While Uncle Joe, he pulled the reins, when
he'd backed a losing horse
As Albion left Madrid to bleed, as she
watched the game being played
The backbone of Espana's need,
International Brigade

Costa Brava, costa plenty, more than you
will ever know
And that card from San Vicente, where all
the tourists go

Let's Go on the Train

Written by pupils at Donibristle Primary School in 1998 working with Jim Reid as part of the New Makars Trust's Celebrating Fife in Song project. This song celebrates the opening of the new Dalgety Bay Station on 28th March 1998. Pupils had been given a trip to Edinburgh, and this song tells how it went.
Tune: Johnny Lad.

Chorus

*There's a fuss on the bus
There's a strain on the plane
We have a brand new station
So let's go on the train.*

One day we went to catch a train
from Dalgety Bay
Then we crossed the Forth Rail Bridge
to stop at Waverley

Chorus

When we arrived at Edinburgh
At the famous Princes Street
We walked past old Holyrood

No-one gives you owt for nowt, when you
think that you've got friends
That, Espana soon found out, each one
pursues his ends

Espana to sangraste, de Bilbao a Sevilla
Mientras tanto, los fantasmas andan por la
playa
Cuando tu estas borracho, a la noche el
hotel
Que un precio muy grande, por el San
Miguel

Helados por favor - ice cream please.
R.E.N.F.E. Red Nacional de los Ferrocarriles
Espanoles
National Spanish Railway Network
In 1936, 38 people from the mining villages of Fife
joined the 5000 Britons who fought for the
International Brigade in Spain. Willie Gallagher,
Communist M.P. for West Fife acted as a Special
Correspondent for the Daily Worker in Spain.
This song was written after meeting Hugh Sloan of
Buckhaven who fought for the Republicans in
Spain in 1936. Hugh met American author Ernest
Hemingway in Spain. On returning to Fife he
worked as a miner for 37 years. He was a
cartoonist for The Daily Worker, morning star and
pit paper The Spark, he was also a poet and wrote
'The Tribute' published in the Times. He was
invited back to Spain in 1981 and died in 1994
aged 82.

To climb up Arthur's Seat

Chorus

And when at last we reached the top
It was a lovely day
It was so clear when we looked north
We saw Dalgety Bay

Chorus

And now that we are homeward bound
And sitting on the train
We enjoyed our trip so much
We'll all go back again

Chorus

The Kelty Clippie

John Watt © Neon Music. Clippie - Bus Conductress. Pyramids - Pit Bings. Pitch & Toss - Miners gambling game

1 I have travelled roon' this countrie,
From shore tae shining shore,
Frae the swamps o' Auchterderran
Tae the jungles o' Lochore,
But in all these far flung places
There's none that can compare
Wi' the Lily o' Lumphinnans,
She's ma bonnie Maggie Blair.

Ch
Oh, she's just a Kelty Clippie,
She'll no' tak' nae advice;
It's "Ach drap deid, awa' bile yer heid,
Ah'll punch yer ticket twice."
Her faither's jist a waister,
Her mither's on the game,
She's jist a Kelty clippie
But I love her just the same.

2 Frae the pyramids up in Kelty
Tae the mansions in Glenraig,
We've trod the bings together
In mony's the blyth stravaig;
Watched the moonlight over Crosshill,
Trod Buckhaven's golden sand,
And mony's the happy oor we've spent
In Lochgelly's Happy Land.

3 Well I met her on the "eight fifteen"
That nicht o' romantic bliss.
I says "Hey Mag pit doon yer bag
And gie's a wee bit kiss".
Well she didnae tak' that kindly,
No she didnae like ma chaff,
And bein' a contrary kind o' lass
She says "Come oan - get aff".

4 Noo she hisnae got nae culture,
Ach she drives me roon' the bend,
She sits every nicht in an old arm chair
Readin' the "People's Friend".
Her lapels is fu' o' badges
Frae Butlins doon at Ayr,
And she gangs tae the Bingo every nicht
Wi' the curlers still in her hair.

5 But things is a wee bit better noo,
Ah've gone and bocht the ring;
I won it frae Jim at the Pitch and Toss
Last nicht at the Lindsay Bing.
Wi' her wee black hat and her ticket
machine
She did ma hear ensare,
She's the Lily o' Lumphinnans,
She's ma bonnie Maggie Blair.

The Donibristle Messenger

Wrttten by pupils at Donibristle Primary School in 1998 working with Jim Reid as part of the New Makars Trust's Celebrating Fife in Song project. This song tells the story of a servant of the Bonnie Earl of Murray who had died in his efforts to get news of the Earl's death to the queen in Edinburgh.

The Donibristle messenger
was standing at the shore
The wind and rain were very strong
and made the waves to roar
He had to cross the Firth of Forth that night
which filled his heart with dread
The message that he had to take
the Bonnie Earl was dead

The ferryman had told him
that the boat would never cross
"I have a message for the queen,
so I must get across.

I'll launch the boat and row myself
for I must sink or swim."
The ferryman he shook his head,
his chances were so slim.

He rowed and rowed and fought so hard
The waves they were so high
They crashed around, the boat went down
No-one saw him die
The news soon spread around the land -
The Bonnie Earl was slain!
His loyal servant tried so hard
and lost his life in vain

No Snow Falls Today

John Watt © Springthyme Music

Christmas starts at four o' clock, opening
up the toys,
The place is like a madhouse, happy girls
and boys.
While Dad, he goes in raptures, as he
opens up his box.
Half a dozen handkerchiefs and a pair of
Argyll socks.

Ch Mistletoe and wind, how the candle
glows,
See that reindeer Rudolph, oh I hate his
shiny nose.
And as for dear old Santa Claus and his
dirty rotten sleigh.
I hope he leaves it in the shed and no
snow falls today.

Willie's got a mountain bike, expressions
of great glee,
Mum, she's got a Hoover for the needles
from the tree.
It's what she's always wanted, you can see
it by her face.
As she whistles happy Christmas tunes as
she's clearin' up the place.

Moby, Moby

Written by pupils at Donibristle Primary School in 1998 working with Jim Reid as part of the New Makars Trust's Celebrating Fife in Song project. The tune was created by Jim. A whale had become stranded in the Forth and been the focus of much press coverage. Many of the efforts made to save it had been witnessed by pupils at the school which has a fine view of the Firth of Forth.

There was a whale came to the Forth
His name - we called him Moby
We think he must have lost his way
On his journey in the North Sea

Chorus

*Moby, Moby came from the north
Moby, Moby, trapped in the Forth*

Was he sick and dying?
To us it wasn't showing
Was he distressed and ailing
Westward he was going.

Chorus

Then it's struggle with the turkey, baste
that wretched bird,
Nerves begin to jangle, oh it really is
absurd.
Brandy butter, Christmas pud, 'Did you put
on the peas?'
Aroond about the festive oor, we're on oor
hands and knees.

Then Aunty Jean and Uncle Jim are
knocking at the door,
It's all right for the likes o' him, he's pissed
by half past four.
When 'The Sound of Music', it has passed,
and we've listened to the Queen
We lie in torpid stupor as Maw tries oot her
machine.

And so we stumble up to bed, with sore
and throbbing heids,
Happy in the knowledge that we've met the
Yuletide needs.
And there's only six more days to go
before it starts again.
How barren would our poor life be without
oor many friends.

Trapped between the bridges
frightened by a car.
People tried to rescue him
But to him it seemed so far
Chorus

Then at last his time did come
And Moby passed away
People cried and grieved for him
Their emotions he did sway

Chorus

Did Moby think the Forth went west
Or did he mean to die
We didn't know if he was ill
Nor yet the reason why.

Chorus

Be Afraid of Robert the Bruce

Written in 1998 by Steven, Michelle, Callum, Jennifer, Ryan, and David, pupils from Pittencrieff Primary School with Ewan McVicar as part of the Celebrating Fife in Song project of the New Makars Trust. *Tune: Leathering Bat.* This song about Robert the Bruce was performed on Radio Scotland as Robert the Bruce's heart was being reburied at Melrose Abbey on 22 June 1998.

Robert the Bruce was the Scottish King
Robert the Bruce fought fearlessly
At the Battle of Bannockburn
He fought and won for you and me

Be afraid of Robert the Bruce
Be afraid of Robert the Bruce

He was hiding in a cave
A spider it climbed up the wall
He watched it fall then climb again
Try again each time you fall

A bannock is an oatmeal cake
A burn is like a river or stream
We all need bread and water too
And we need the Bruce's dream

Robert the Bruce was the Scottish King
Robert the Bruce fought fearlessly
At the Battle of Bannockburn
He fought and won for you and me.

St Margaret the Queen of the Land

Written in 1998 by pupils from Pittencrieff Primary School with Ewan McVicar as part of the Celebrating Fife in Song project of the New Makars Trust. *Tune: The Rout of the Blues.* Based on research done by the class into the life of St Margaret, Queen of Scotland.

St Margaret the Queen of the land x 2

St Margaret was married
to Malcolm the King
She lived in a tower in the Glen
St Margaret was happy
to wear his gold ring
She thought him the best of all men

St Margaret the Queen of the land x 2

St Margaret she always
cared well for the poor
The orphans she fed every day
She'd gather the ointments
and herbs that would cure
She did it without any pay

St Margaret the Queen of the land x 2

St Margaret she thought of
becoming a nun
She wanted to help the pilgrims

She started a ferry
to help everyone
And in her fine church they sang hymns

St Margaret the Queen of the land x 2

St Margaret went into
a dark cold cave
She went there to pray and to read
She prayed that the people
would learn to behave
She counted their sins on her beads

St Margaret the Queen of the land x 2

St Margaret was married
to Malcolm the King
She lived in a tower in the Glen
St Margaret was happy
to wear his gold ring
She thought him the best of all men

St Margaret the Queen of the land x 2

The Exile's Song

Robert Gilfillan (1798–1850) was born in Dunfermline on 7th July 1798, and lived here until 1811 when he moved to Leith where he spent 7 years as a bound apprentice to a cooper. Hammering tubs and barrels was not for him, and he returned to Dunfermline in 1818 to work for 3 years in a grocer's shop on the Maygate, and this brought him the inspiration to start to write songs and poetry which he shared with many in the town. In 1821 he moved back to Leith where he worked in an oil and colour warehouse and a wine merchant, before being appointed collector of the police rates at Leith. Unlike many others, he was never dismissed from this position which he held till the end of his life. During this time, he published 3 books of poems and songs, and became known as one of Scotland's best poets and songwriters of his time. A dinner was organised in Edinburgh's Royal Exchange in 1835 at which he was presented with a silver cup inscribed "Presented to Mr. Robert Gilfillan, by the admirers of native genius, in token of their high estimation of his poetical talents and private worth. Edinburgh, 1835." His songs were regularly performed all over Scotland, and one - "The Exile's Song" - became very well known in America, and is still in the repertoire of a number of American choirs. He died on 4th December 1850, and was buried in the church yard at South Leith.

Tune: Ruffian's Rant - attributed to Neil Gow - or Lowlands of Holland; can be sung to a tune by Fowke otherwise known as William Marshall's "Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey" (1781), or occasionally as Scarborough Settler's Lament. Scarborough is a borough of Toronto.

OH! why left I my hame?
Why did I cross the deep?
Oh! why left I the land
Where my forefathers sleep?
I sigh for Scotia's shore,
And I gaze across the sea,
But I canna get a blink
O' my ain countrie.

The palm-tree waveth high,
And fair the myrtle springs;
And, to the Indian maid,
The bulbul sweetly sings.
But I dinna see the broom
Wi' its tassels on the lee,
Nor hear the lintie's sang
O' my ain countrie.

Oh! here no Sabbath bell
Awakes the Sabbath morn,
Nor song of reapers heard
Among the yellow corn:
For the tyrant's voice is here,
And the wail of slaverie;
But the sun of freedom shines
In my ain countrie.

There 's a hope for every woe,
And a balm for every pain,
But the first joys o' our heart
Come never back again.
There 's a track upon the deep,
And a path across the sea;
But the weary ne'er return
To their ain countrie.

Fare Thee Well

Robert Gilfillan - See Exile's Song

The tune listed for this in Gilfillan's book is Roy's Wife, although I have not found this to be a particularly good fit, so have created an alternative tune which, so far, I quite like.

We part--but by those dew-drops clear,
My love for thee will last for ever;
I leave thee--but thy image dear,
Thy tender smiles, will leave me never.

Chorus

*Fare thee well, for I must leave thee;
But, oh, let not our parting grieve thee;
Happier days may yet be mine,
At least I wish them thine--believe me!*

Oh! dry those pearly tears that flow--
One farewell smile before we sever;
The only balm for parting woe
Is--fondly hope 'tis not for ever.

Chorus

Though dark and dreary lowers the night,
Calm and serene may be the morrow;
The cup of pleasure ne'er shone bright,
Without some mingling drops of sorrow!

Chorus

Dumferline Toun

TUNE—The bonniest Lass in a.' the World.

Robert Gilfillan - see notes with The Exile's Song above.

O, Dumferline toun is a bonnie bonnie toun,
An' wha says that it isna bonnie?
For gin we had again braw kings o' our ain,
It would lift up its head yet wi' ony.
O, Dunferline toun is a bonnie bonnie toun,
An' it tells o' auld Scotland's grandeur ;
For within it, langsyne, kings " drank the bluid red wine,"
While their queens 'mang its bonnie braes did wander.

O, Dumferline toun, an' my ain native toun,
Will ony ane daur to deride thee ?
Thou place of ancient name, which kings aye made their hame,
And now they're a' sleeping beside thee !
Brave MALCOLM the sceptre, wi' MARGARET, did sway
In yonder palace, auld now and hoary;
An' there BRUCE did ponder ower his country's wae,
How he'd achieve her freedom, fame, and glory !

O, Dumferline toun, thou bonnie bonnie toun,
Wi' thy green woods thy valleys lining ;
An' the sun shines sae gay on ilka turret grey,
As if for thee alane he was shining.
O, Dunfermline toun, thou art still a bonnie toun,
An' thy braes are as bonnie as ever ;
But the gowan's pu'd nae mair by the princely bairnies fair,
And our gallant chiefs hae left thee a' thegither.

O, Dumferline toun, thou hast tint thy king an' croun,
An' thy queens nae langer would tarry ;
But there's still a lovely queen near thy palace to be seen,
An' I ca' her my bonnie " queen Mary !"
O, Dumferline toun, an' my Mary's toun,
Though the fates hae caused us to sever,
Let days be as I've seen, an' let Mary aye be queen,
An' I'll be her subject for ever !



printed by
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