

## Foreword

*Here are the lyrics for all the songs I recorded on my first album, Turn to Me. Very few of the songs are exactly how I originally found them - verses have been added or taken away, tunes have been subtly and not so subtly altered, and in two songs the lyrics are my own, set to traditional tunes.*

*I hope you feel, as I do, that the changes enhance the songs; maybe they'll stay with the songs as they're sung and added to / altered by others as part of the ongoing tradition.*

*Best wishes  
Bill*

## Track 1: Mist covered Mountains of Home

*Trad arr. Bill Jones*

1. There will I see the place of my birth  
And they'll give me a welcome, the warmest on earth  
So loving and kind, full of music and mirth  
In the sweet sounding language of home

*chorus.*

*Ho-ro, soon shall I see them*

*Ho-ro, see them oh see them*

*Ho-ro, soon shall I see them*

*The Mist Covered Mountains of Home*

2. There I'll converse with my warm hearted mother  
And play a few tunes with my white headed father  
Light is my heart as I turn my steps nearer  
The Mist Covered Mountains of Home

*chorus*

3. There I shall gaze on the mountains again  
And the fields and the woods, and the burns in the glen  
And away 'mongst the corries, beyond human ken  
In the haunts of the deer I shall roam

*chorus*

4. Hail to the mountains with summits of blue  
And the glens, with their meadows of sunlight and dew  
To the women and men, ever faithful and true  
Ever ready to welcome you home

*chorus*

*chorus*

*Tune learnt in 1992 from Gaelic version recorded by The Rankin Family on their album "North Country". English translation supplied by Brian Jary in 1998.*

## **Track 2: The Handsome Cabin Boy**

*Trad arr B Jones*

1. It's of a lass from Staffordshire, as you may understand  
Outlawed by king and country into some foreign land  
She dressed herself in sailor's clothes or so it does appear  
And she hired with a captain to serve him for a year
2. Her cheeks they were like roses and her hair fell in a curl  
The sailors often smiled and said he looked just like a girl  
When eating at the captain's table her colour did destroy  
And the waist did swell of pretty Nell the handsome cabin boy
3. 'Twas in the bay of Biscay her governed ship did plough  
One the night among the sailors was a fearful flying row  
They tumbled from their hammocks for their sleep it did destroy  
And they swore about the groaning of the handsome cabin boy
4. "Oh doctor, dear oh doctor" the cabin boy did cry  
My time has come I am undone and I will surely die  
The doctor come a running and a smiling at their fun  
To think a sailor lad should have a daughter or a son
5. The sailors when they saw the babe they did all stand and stare  
The child belonged to none of them they solemnly did swear  
The captains wife she says to him "my dear I wish you joy  
'Tis either you or me's betrayed the handsome cabin boy"

*Learnt from the B-side of a Kate Bush single around 1992. I altered the tune in 1999 to make it more angular.*

### Track 3: The Fisherboy

*Trad arr B Jones*

1. Was down in the lowlands a poor did wander  
Down in the lowlands a poor boy did roam  
By his friends he was neglected, he looked so dejected  
Cried the poor little fisherboy so far away from home
2. Crying where is my cottage, oh where is my father  
Alas they're all gone which caused me to roam  
My mother died on her pillow while my father was out on the billow  
Cried the poor little fisherboy so far away from home
3. Bitter was the night and loud roared the thunder  
The lightening did strike while the ship was overcome  
The boat soon I clasped and reached my native shore  
In the deep I left my father so far away from home
4. I waited on the beach while around me dashed the water  
I waited on the beach but alas no father came  
So now I am a stranger exposed to every danger  
Cried the poor little fisherboy so far away from home
5. A lady when she heard him quick opened up her windows  
And into the house she bid for him to come  
The tears fell from her eyes as she listened to the cries  
Of the poor little fisherboy so far away from home
6. She begged of her father to find him employment  
She begged of her father no more to let him roam  
Her father said "don't grieve me the boy will never leave me  
Poor boy I will relieve thee so far away from home"
7. Many years the little boy laboured to please his noble master  
Many years the little boy laboured in time became a man  
And now he tells each stranger the heartbreak and the danger  
Of the poor little fisherboy so far away from home

*Learnt in 1999 from a library book called "Songs from Northumberland". My tune is more offbeat than original, and the 3rd line of the tune is written by me.*

#### **Track 4: Táimse im Chodladh**

*Tune trad, Words & arr B Jones*

1. I am sleeping, do not wake me  
I hear you calling  
Come back again, I'll show you how  
I am sleeping, do not wake me  
The day is dawning  
Come back again, don't wake me now  
Just look high and low, and search round the town  
For the wildflower where we met the first time  
If you pull the petals all the spell may be broken  
Come back again, don't wake me now
2. I am sleeping, do not wake me  
The day is dawning  
Come back again, I'll show you how  
I am sleeping, do not wake me  
No need for mourning  
Come back again, don't wake me now  
And when you return, don't knock on the door  
Just climb the old way and lie down next to me  
If you kiss my lips the spell may be broken  
Come back again, don't wake me now
3. So he came in and he found her  
And he read the letter  
Come back again, don't wake me now  
So he went into the town  
And he found the flower  
Just in the place she had told him how  
And when he returned, didn't knock on the door  
He just climbed the old way and lay down next to her  
When he kissed her lips the spell it was broken  
He lay with her and she's waking now.

*Tune learnt in 1996 from the playing of a brilliant Irish fiddler called Matt Crannich. I wrote the words for verses 1 & 2 in 1997 and verse 3 in 1999.*

**Track 6: A Brisk Young Sailor**

*Trad arr B Jones*

1. A brisk young sailor courted me  
He robbed me of my liberty  
My liberty and my right good will  
I must confess I love him still
2. There is an ale house in the town  
Where my love goes and sits him down  
And he pulls a strange girl all on his knee  
Now isn't that a grief to me
3. A grief to me and I'll tell you why  
Because she has more gold than I  
But the gold it'll waste and the beauty will pass  
And he'll come to a poor girl like me at last
4. Oh when I wore my apron low  
My love he followed through mist and snow  
But when I wore it right up to my chin  
My love walked past and never came in
5. I wish my baby it was born  
Sat smiling on its nurse's knee  
And I lay sleeping all in my grave  
With the green grass growing over me
6. I wish, I wish but it's all in vain  
I wish I was a maid again  
But a maid again I never will be  
'Til an apple grows on an orange tree

*Learnt in 1999 at Sandra's house from a recording of a singer called Linda Adams*

**Track 7: Blood and Gold & The Universal Soldier**

**(1) Blood and Gold** words by Andy Irvine & Jane Cassidy, tune traditional Bulgarian, arr B Jones

1. On rides the captain and three hundred soldier lads  
Out of the warring mist and through the silence go  
Whistling gaily rides the captain at the head  
Behind him sadly weeping soldier laddies go
2. For when you took my gold and swore to follow me  
You stole away my life and my liberty  
No more you'll work the soil, no more you'll till the land  
No more to the dance you'll go and take girls by the hand

Oh mothers weep for your sons  
They have gone to kill and die

3. He'll weep and die by the keen edge of the sword  
All alone by the muddy Danube shore  
He gave the order for the drummers to beat their drums  
That mothers all might know the life a soldier leads
4. Unfurl your ragged banner and raise your pale young face  
You'll all go in the fire there'll be no hiding place  
Mothers hear the drumbeat in the village square  
That drum's for me to go for a soldier there

Oh mothers, sisters, wives  
Marked as Cain we die alone  
Marked as Cain we die alone

*I learnt this song in 1999 from the singing of Werca's Folk, Sandra Kerr's Morpeth based women's choir*

**(2) The Universal Soldier** words by Buffy Ste Marie, tune trad, arr B Jones

1. He's five foot two and he's six foot four  
He fights with missiles and spears  
He's 31 and he's only 17  
He's been a soldier for a thousand years, my friends  
He's been a soldier for a thousand years
2. He's a Hindu, a Catholic and an atheist  
A Buddhist and a Baptist and a Jew  
He knows he shouldn't kill but he always will  
Kill you for me and me for you, my friends  
Kill you for me and me for you
3. He fights for Russia and he fights for Japan  
He fights for the US of A  
He fights for Canada and he fights for France  
And he thinks he'll end all war this way, my friends  
He thinks he'll end all war this way
4. He fights for democracy and he fights for the reds  
He fights for the good of all  
He's the one who will decide who's to live and who's to die  
But he never sees the writing on the wall, my friends  
He never sees the writing on the wall

5. He's the universal soldier and he is to blame  
 His orders aren't from some distant shore  
 They come from him and from me and you  
 This is not the way to put an end to war, my friends  
 This is not the way to put an end to war

*Learnt in 1999 from the Digital Song Tradition (Digitrad) database, on the Mudcat Café website. I wanted a song to go with Blood and Gold, so I did a search for songs using the keyword "war" and this was the one I liked best. The tune is similar to the original but is actually the tune of a trad song called "The Birmingham Boys".*

### **Track 8: Long John Moore**

*Trad arr B Jones*

1. Now Long John's from the mountain gone, he's to London town.  
 And the king's daughter in fair London, she fell in love with him  
 Now Long John was a giant born, he was fourteen feet in height  
 And the king's daughter, she wept for him as she lay alone at night
2. And when the king he heard of this, an angry man was he  
 Says "this mighty man shall stretch the rope that hangs on the gallows tree"  
 So he sent young men and cunning men and around him they did creep  
 They fed him drops of laudanum and they laid him fast asleep
3. And when he's awoken from his sleep, a sorry man was he  
 With his jaws and hands in iron bands and his feet in fetters three  
 So he's bribed him a servant, Long John, he's given him meat and fee  
 To run to his uncle, Old John, to come and rescue he
4. And the first mile well the little boy walked and he ran from dusk til dawn  
 He climbed up Eagle Mountain and he spied two giants tall  
 "Oh rise up , rise up Old John and Jackie North, come see  
 For Long John he's in prison strong and hanged he must be"
5. So they went over hill & they went over dale & they went over mountain high  
 They come down to London town at the dawning of the day  
 They cried upon yon city gates "come open at my call"  
 And they up with their feet and they kicked a hole straight into London wall
6. And they trampled down by Drury Lane, the crowd before them ran  
 And there they spied them Long John stood under the gallows bin
7. They said "Is it for murder, is it for rape, is it for robbery?  
 For it it's any heinous crime we'll stand and watch you die"  
 He said "Not for murder, not for rape, and not for robbery  
 But it's all for the love of a lady fair they're here to see me die"
8. So they took him from the gallows bin, before the king went they  
 Their armour bright cast such a light it fair dazzled his eye  
 "Good day to you" cries Jackie North, "Good day to you" cries he  
 We've come down for your daughter's wedding down from the mountains high"
9. They've taken the lady by the hand, set her prison free  
 And the drums did beat and the fifes did play they spent the night in glee  
 And then Long John and Old John and Jackie North all three  
 One new bride and the serving boy ran back to the mountains high

*I learnt this in 1999 from a Martin Carthy CD, where the song has a two line verse. I then extended the tune and fiddled with the words to give four line verses. There are several further verses that I have not included in this version.*

## Track 9: Young Waters

*Trad arr B Jones*

1. All about you when the winds do blow and the round tabors begin  
All them that's come to our king's court, many's the well favoured man  
The Queen looked over the castle wall, the servants they looked down  
And there she spied young Waters come a riding to the town
2. His footmen they did run before and his horsemen rode behind  
On mantle of the burning gold did keep them from the wind  
Golden harnesses his horse before and silver shod behind  
The horse young Waters rode upon was swifter than the wind
3. Then up spoke the wily King, and unto the Queen said he  
"Oh, tell me whose is the fairest face rides in the company"  
"Well I've seen lords, and I've seen lairds and knights of fine degree  
But young Waters is the fairest face that ever my eyes do see"
4. Then up spoke the jealous King, and an angry man was he  
"Oh, if I had have been twice as fair you might have accepted me"  
"You're neither lord nor laird she said but the King who wears the crown  
And there's not a knight in all of Scotland but to thee must lie down"
5. But for all that she could do or say appeased he would not be  
And for the words that the Queen had spoke young Waters he must die  
And they've taken young Waters and put fetters on his feet  
And they've taken young Waters and thrown him in dungeon deep
6. Oft have I ridden through Stirling town in the wind both and the wet  
But I've never ridden through Stirling town with fetters on my feet  
Oft have I ridden through Stirling town in the wind both and the rain  
But I've never ridden through Stirling town never to return again
7. Oh they've taken to their heading hill his horse both and his saddle  
And they've taken to their heading hill his young son in his cradle  
And they've taken to their heading hill his lady fair to see  
And for the words that the Queen had spoke young Waters he did die.

*Learnt in 1996 as part of my music degree at City University, London, from lecturer of "British and European Folk Music" module, Steve Stanton.*



## Track 11: The Wee Croppy Tailor

*Trad arr B Jones*

1. Oh in London's fair city a great dame dwells  
For fame birth and breeding none can her excel  
She's a blacksmith's daughter the truth for to tell  
And her husband he must be a trooper
2. There's an elegant tailor lives next door by  
And on this fair damsel he soon cast an eye  
And he swore by his soul that with her he would lie  
For he didn't give a damn for the trooper
3. Well the tailor he went to this lady's one night  
He called her his dear his joy and his delight  
"Ten guineas I'll give for my lodgings tonight  
For I know that your husband's on duty"
4. "Oh yes Mr tailor well you're very right  
When you say that my husbands on duty tonight  
But if he comes home he'll give you such a fright  
That'll put you in mind of the trooper"
5. When the bargain was struck and all things said and done  
They both went to bed and the spree it begun  
When the spree it was over they both fell asleep  
And they minded no more of the trooper
6. Now the trooper came home in the middle of the night  
He knocked on the door and he gave them a fright  
"Oh hide me oh hide me" the wee tailor cried  
"For I hear the bold knocks of the trooper"
7. "There's an old useless cupboard that stands by the door  
And in it you'll be safe snug and secure  
I'll trip down the stairs and I'll open the door  
And I'll let in my husband the trooper"
8. With kindness and compliments, oh to be sure  
She tripped downstairs and she opened the door  
"For your compliments, well love I don't give a damn  
Come light me a fire" says the trooper
9. "Oh husband oh husband there's no fire stuff  
Just get into bed and you'll be warm enough"  
"There's an old useless cupboard that stands by the door  
Let's burn it this night" says the trooper
10. "Oh husband dear husband grant me one desire  
That old useless cupboard's too good for the fire  
And in it I rear a game cock I admire"  
"What game cock is this?" says the trooper
11. Well the trooper went forward and he opened the door  
And he found the wee tailor safe snug and secure  
And he hauled him right onto the bare wooden floor  
"Is this your game cock?" says the trooper
12. "Oh yes Mr tailor you're a very sly fox  
When did you become one of my wife's game cocks?  
And for that very reason I'll give you a knock  
That'll put you in mind of the trooper"
13. He caught hold of the tailor right by the two ears  
And he clean cut them off with his own little shears  
And for that night's diversions he paid mighty dear  
And away went the wee croppy tailor

*Learnt in 1999 from a book at Sandra Kerr's house called "Songs from Ulster" - the tune and words have been kept close to the original.*

## Track 12: Turn to Me

*Tune Trad, Words & arr. B Jones*

1. Your love is leaving in search of a living  
Leaving Newcastle to make a new start  
The work's all dried up and he needs to support himself  
You love it here and it's breaking your heart

*ch. Cool is the light as it shines on the moor  
Dark is the night as we walk Marsden shore  
The narrow back lane where you held me and whispered  
Hor ro ro Mairi, turn ye to me*

2. Soldier's wives move 'cross countries and borderlines  
Dropping all else for the love of their men  
Their children uprooted soon blossom and flourish  
It's hard work, you know you can't do it again

*chorus*

3. So you sit down and talk it out, nearily clearly  
Can't lose your home nor the love you hold dear  
You speak, then he speaks, not hearing each other  
And then stumble home, blinded by fear

*chorus*

4. It rains in the night and it drums on the windowsills  
Gales through the trees and you're all on your own  
It's clear now you'll move with him, go with him, stay with him  
This is the place that you'll always call home.

*chorus*

Turn ye to me

*The tune comes from a traditional Hebridean song, and I learnt it from a children's songbook in 1997. These words are my own (apart from the last line of the chorus, which is from the original). The original song was also sung in the '70s by The Corries.*

**Track 13: A Jug of This**

*Trad arr. B Jones*

1. Ye mariners all as you pass by  
Come in and drink if you are dry  
Just call your drinks and think not amiss  
And stick your nose in a jug of this
2. Ye tipplers all if you've half a crown  
You're welcome all for to sit down  
Just call your drinks and think not amiss  
And stick your nose in a jug of this
3. My father told me when I was small  
Now you drink this son or not at all  
He held me up my hand in his  
And let me taste a jug of this
4. When I am old and can scarcely grow  
With a long grey beard and a head that's bald  
Crown my desire and fulfil my wish  
A pretty young girl and a jug of this
5. When I am in my grave and dead  
And all my sorrows are past and fled  
Transform me then into a fish  
And let me swim in a jug of this

*Learnt in 1998 from The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem songbook, published by Oak Publications. Third verse added by me.*