

## Dark Pearls

- ❑ **LORD GREGORY**
- ❑ **King's Shillin**
- ❑ **Fishgutters**
- ❑ **Fisherrow**
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### **Plooman Laddies**

#### **Capernaum**

#### **Bonnie Laddie I gan by ye**

#### **Sailor Laddie**

### **LORD GREGORY**

"Oh I will build a bonny boat and I will sail the sea,  
And I will gang tae Lord Gregory, since he canna come hame tae me,  
Oh, open the door, Lord Gregory, Oh open and let me in,  
For the wind blows through my yellow hair,  
And the rain draps ower my chin"

When the cock had cawn and the day did dawn, and the sun began tae peep,  
Then up and raise Lord Gregory, and sair, sair, did he weep.

"Oh I hae dreamed a dream, mither, I hope it may prove true,  
That the bonny lass of Lochryan, was at the yett e'en noo".

Oh, cherry, cherry was her cheek, an gowden was her hair,  
But clay cauld were her rosy lips, nae spark o life was there,  
"Oh wae betide my cruel mither, an ill death may she dee,  
She turned fair Annie frae the door, wha died o love for me"

gang- go  
blaws- blows  
draps- drops  
cawn- crowd  
sair- sore  
yett- gate  
gowden- golden  
cauld- cold

## the kings shillin'

by Iain Sinclair

oh my love has left me wi bairnies twa,  
and that's the last o' him I ever saw  
he joined the army an' he mairched tae war  
he took the shillin', he took the shillin' an' he  
mairched tae war

ch

come laddies come, hear the cannons' roar  
tak the kings shillin' an' we re aff tae war

o he looked sae proud an' sae gallant then  
wi his kilt an his sporran an' his musket gun  
their ladies kissed them as they mairched awa  
an' they sailed awa by, they sailed awa by the  
Broomielaw

ch

o the pipes did play as they mairched alang  
and the drums did beat out their battle songs  
march on march on cried the captain gay  
for king an country, for king an' country we will  
fight this day.

ch

o the battle echoed tae the sound of guns  
an' the bayonets flashed in the morning sun  
the drums did beat out an the canons roared  
an' the shillin didn' t seem, the shillin didn' t  
seem worth much no more  
kings shillin' p2

ch

some lost the battle , their bodies fell  
cut down by bayonet an' cannon ball  
an' many of those brave young men  
would never fight for, would never fight for their  
king again

ch

oh my love...  
he took the shillin' an it wisnae braw.

## Song of the Fishgutters

Come aa ye fisher lassies noo an come awa wi me, *all, now, away*  
fae Cairnbulg an Gaimrie an fae Inverallochy, *from*  
Fae Buckie an fae Aiberdeen an aa the country roon  
We're awa tae gut the herrin, we're awa tae Yairmouth toon. *Away*

Ye rise up in the mornin wi yer bundle in yer han,  
be at the station early or ye'll shairly hae tae stand, *you'll, surely*  
tak plenty tae eat and a kettle fer yer tea,  
or ye'll mebbe dee o hunger on the way tae Yairmouth Quay

The journey it's a lang un an it taks a day or twa,  
an when ye reach yer lodgins, sure it's soon asleep ye'll faa *fall*  
but ye rise at five wi the sleep still in yer ee  
ye're awa tae find the guttin yairds alang the Yairmouth Quay

It's early in the mornin an it's late intae the nicht

Yer hans aa cut an chappit an they look an unco sicht *hands, chapped  
awful, sight*

An ye'll greet like a wean when ye pit them in the bree salt *water*  
An ye wish ye were a thoosan miles awa fae Yairmouth Quay

There's coopers there an curers there, there's buyers, canny cheils *people*  
Lassies at the picklin aye an ithers at the creels  
An ye'll wish the fish had been aa left in the sea  
By the time ye've finished guttin herrin on the Yairmouth Quay.

We've gutted fish in Lerwick an in Stornoway an Sheilds  
Worked along the Humber neath the barrels and the creels  
Whitby, Grimsby, we've traivelled up an doon  
But the place tae see the herrin is the quay at Yairmouth toon

Fisherrow, trad.

As I cam in by Fisherrow Muselburgh was near me  
I threw off my mussel poke an courted wi ma dearie

chorus

Upstairs, doonstairs, timmer stairs fears me  
I thocht it lang tae lie ma lane when I'm sae near ma dearie

O had ma apron bidden doon, the kirk wad ne'er hae kent it  
But noo the word's gaen roon the toon, I fear I canna mend it

An it's ye mun mount the cutty stool an I maun mount the pillar  
That' the way the pur folk dae because they hae nae siller

Jenny Nettles

Saw ye Jenny Nettles Jenny Nettles Jenny Nettles  
Saw ye Jenny Nettles comin fae the mairket  
Bag an baggage on her back, her fee an bountith in her lap  
Bag an baggage on her back, an a baby in her oxtar

I met ayont the cairney, Jenny Nettles Jenny Nettles  
Singin till her bairnie, Robin Rattle's bastard  
Tae flee the dool upon the stool, an ilka ane that mocks her,  
She roon aboot seeks robin oot tae stap it in his oxtar

Fie, fie, Robin Rattles Robin Rattles Robin Rattles  
Fie, fie, Robin Rattles, treat Jenny Nettles kindly  
Score oot the blame an shun the shame wi'oot mair debate o'it  
Tak hame yer wean, mak Jenny fain, the leal an leesome gait o'it

## Fause, Fause

Fause, Fause hae ye been tae me my love  
An often ye've changed yer mind  
But noo ye've lain yer love upon some other fair one,  
an I'm afraid ye'r nae mair mine.

I climbed intae a tree that was too high for me  
Seeking fruit whaur there wisnae ony growin  
I was lifting warm water fae beneath cauld clay  
An against the tide I was rowin

But I mean tae climb intae some far higher tree an I'll herrie a  
white snowflake's nest  
An doon I will fall wi'oot ony fear intae the airms that loo me the  
best

## Sheath and Knife

It's whispered in the kitchen an it's whispered in the hall  
*The broom blooms bonny an the broom blooms fair*  
That the King's ae dochter Jean gans wi a bairn tae her brither  
*An they'll never gan doon tae the broom ony mair*

He has tae'n his sister doon tae her faither's deer park  
Wi his yew tree bow an arrow slung fast upon his back

As they gaed doon the brae whaur the tall trees grow  
The little birds were singin an chirplin a the while

An it's then when ye hear me gie a loud cry  
Shoot from yer bow an arrow an there let me lie

An it's then when he heard her gie a loud cry  
A silver arrow from his bow he suddenly let fly

When he went back tae his faither's ha  
There was music, ther were minstrels, they were dancin, ane an aa

Whit ails ye? Whit ails ye? His servant said  
I hae lost the sheath and knife I can never find again

But yer faither he has ships that sail upon the sea  
An he will send for a sheath and knife tae be brocht hame for thee

It's true ma faither he has ships that sail the sea,  
But sic a sheath and knife he can never bring tae me.

## The Twa Brithers

Two pretty boys were goin tae the school, and one evenin comin  
home says William tae John, "Can ye throw a stone, or can ye play  
at ball?"

Said John tae William "I cannot throw a stone, nor little can I play  
at ball, but if ye come doon tae yon merry green woods, I'll try a  
wrestlin fall

So they cam doon tae yon merry green woods, beneath the  
spreading moon, an the little penknife slipped out of William's  
pocket an gied John his deadly wound

Oh, ye'll tak off yer white holland shirt, an ye'll tear it fae gore tae  
gore, an ye will bind my deadly wounds, an they will bluid no more

So he took off his white holland shirt an he tore it it fae gore tae  
gore, an he did bind his deadly wounds, but they bled ten times  
more an more

Oh what will I tell tae yer brither dear, this night when I go home  
You can tell him I've gone tae a London School and the good books  
I'll bring home

Oh what will I tell tae yer sister dear, this night when I go home  
You can tell her I've gone tae a London School and a good scholar  
I'll come home

Oh what will I tell tae yer sweethert dear, this night when I go  
home  
You can tell her I'm dead an in graves laid, an the grass is growin  
green

Oh what will I tell tae yer faither dear, this night when I go home  
You can tell him I'm dead an in graves laid, an the grass is growin  
green

Oh what will I tell tae yer stepmother dear, this night when I go  
home  
You can tell her I'm dead an in graves laid, for she prayed I might  
never come home

## The rovin ploughboy

1

Saddle tae me ma auld grey mare, saddle tae me my pony-o, for a'm on the road  
an' a'm gaun far awa' awa' wi' ma rovin ploughboy-o

**ch**

Ploughboy -o, ploughboy -o, follow the rovin ploughboy-o

2

Last night a slept on a fine feather bed, sheets an' blankets sae cosy-o, tonight  
a'll sleep on a cauld barn floor, rowed in the airms o ma ploughboy-o

3

Champion ploughboy ma Geordie lad, cups an' medals an' prizes-o, in bonnie  
Deveronside there is none tae compare wi' ma jolly rovin poughboy-o

4

Sae fare thee weel tae Huntly toon, fare thee weel Drumdelgie-o for a'm on the  
road an' a'm gaun far awa', awa' wi' ma jolly rovin ploughboy-o

## Plooman Laddies

Doon yonder den there's a plooboy lad  
An some simmers day he'll be a my ain

An sing laddie and sing laddie o  
The plooman laddies are a the go

## Capernaum

If aa the blood shed at thy Tron, Embro, Embro  
If aa the blood shed at thy Tron were sped intae a river  
Twad ca the mills o Bonnington, Embro, Embro  
Twad ca the mills o Bonnington, for ever an forever

If aa the tears that thou hast grat  
were shed intae the sea,  
Whaur wid ye find an Ararat,  
fae that fell flood tae flee

If aa the psalms sung in thy kirks

were gaithered in the wind  
'T would shaw the taps o Roslin's birks  
till time was oot o mind

If aa the broken herts o thee  
were heapit in a howe  
There wid be neither land nor sea  
but yon reid brae an thou

Bonnie Laddie I gan by ye

It happened on a day in the merry month o May  
I gaed oot tae see ma bonnie lad, he promised he'd come  
my way  
I gaed oot tae see ma bonnie lad, he promised he'd come  
my way  
But ma bonnie laddie never yet come by me.

O what hae I said love an what hae I done  
An what objection tae me hae ye found  
Or hae ye gaen a courtin another pretty maid  
Is that the reason laddie ye gan by me.

O naethin hae ye said love, an naethin hae ye done  
An nae objection tae ye hae I found, But Aye, I've gaena  
courtin anither pretty maid an that's the reason lassie I  
gan by ye.

Weel ye micht hae courted six ye micht hae courted seven  
ye micht hae courted eight , nine, ten or eleven  
ye micht hae courted dozens ower an ower again an been  
kinder tae yer ain love for aa that.

The trees they are high but the leaves are nae rotten,  
although I'm forsaken, I'm no hertbroken  
I'll court anither lad an ye'll soon be forgotten,  
then sae neatly bonnie laddie I'll gan by ye

## Sailor Laddie

I've been East an I've been West an I've been in Dundee  
But the bonniest lad that e'er I saw he ploughs the raging sea

### Chorus

Awa wi ma sailor laddie awa wi him I'll go  
Awa wi ma sailor laddie awa wi him I'll go

I've been East an I've been West an I've been in Montrose  
But the bonniest lad that e'er I saw he wears the tarry clothes

He skips upon the plainsteens an he sails upon the sea  
An he's a bonnie sailor lad, the lad that I gan wi

His jersey's o the bonnie blue, his jacket's o the white  
He's a curly kep wi a tinsel band, that sailor's ma delight

I saw ma laddie gang aboot, I saw ma lad set sail  
I saw ma laddie gang aboot, awa tae catch the whale

He bad me aye keep up ma hert he bad me nae be dull  
He bad me aye keep up ma hert till he'd tak me till himsel



